

Prologue

*H*ISTORY *of the*

9th Bombardment Group (VH)

1st, 5th, And 99th Squadrons

as a

B-29 Superfortress Unit In World War II

In Training at McCook AAF, Nebraska
and

In Combat as a Unit of the

313th Bombardment Wing

On Tinian Island In The Marianas
under the

XXI Bomber Command

of the

20th Air Force

United States Army Air Forces

9th Bombardment Group (VH) History

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Cross References:

1. World War II
2. Strategic Air Warfare in World War II
3. Strategic Air Offensive Against Japan
4. The B-29 Superfortress
5. The Aerial Mining Campaign Against Japan
6. The Use of the Atomic Bombs

Cover painting by Aviation Artist, Jack R. Crescenzi
Painting commissioned by William L. Wienert, 5th Sqdn.



Figure iii. 9th Bomb Group Emblem

9th BOMBARDMENT GROUP

This emblem was approved in 1924. The motto SEMPER PARATUS is *Always Ready*.

The emblem's official significance

The *shield* contains the old colors of the Air Service (vert and sable), parted by a wavy line representing the Rio Grande and with a gold band containing four black crosses representing the four World War I offensives in 1918 in which the 1st and 99th Squadrons of the group were involved.

The *crest*, consisting of a rattlesnake entwined about a prickly pear cactus, recalls the group's 1st Squadron's combat service in Mexico in 1916-17.

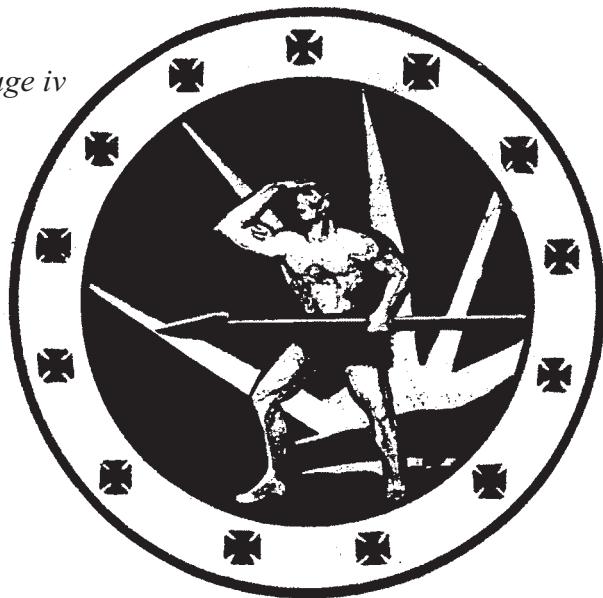


Figure 0iv-a. 1st Bomb Squadron

1st Bombardment Squadron

This emblem was approved in 1931. Its official significance: The caveman represents the beginning which is symbolical of this being the first squadron of the Air Service. The caveman's posture represents observation (which the squadron was originally so designated) and is symbolical of man's eternal look forward with hope and desire to future accomplishments. The five rays of the sun represent the five campaigns during World War I and the crosses the confirmed air-to-air combat victories in that war.



Figure 0iv-b. 5th Bomb Squadron

5th Bombardment Squadron

This emblem was approved in 1924. No written statement of its significance was recorded. When it was approved it was for the 5th as an observation squadron; hence, it seems reasonable to assume that the owl, moon, and telescope all symbolize that mission, and that the five stars represent the unit's numerical designation.

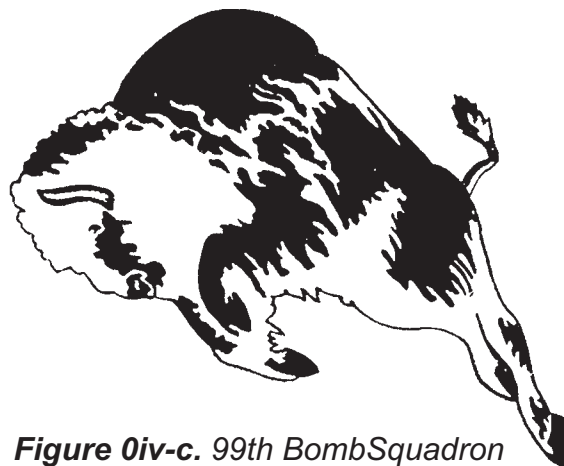


Figure 0iv-c. 99th Bomb Squadron

99th Bombardment Squadron

This emblem was approved in 1924. No written statement of its significance was recorded. It seems to assume that the charging buffalo represents the spirit of the squadron.

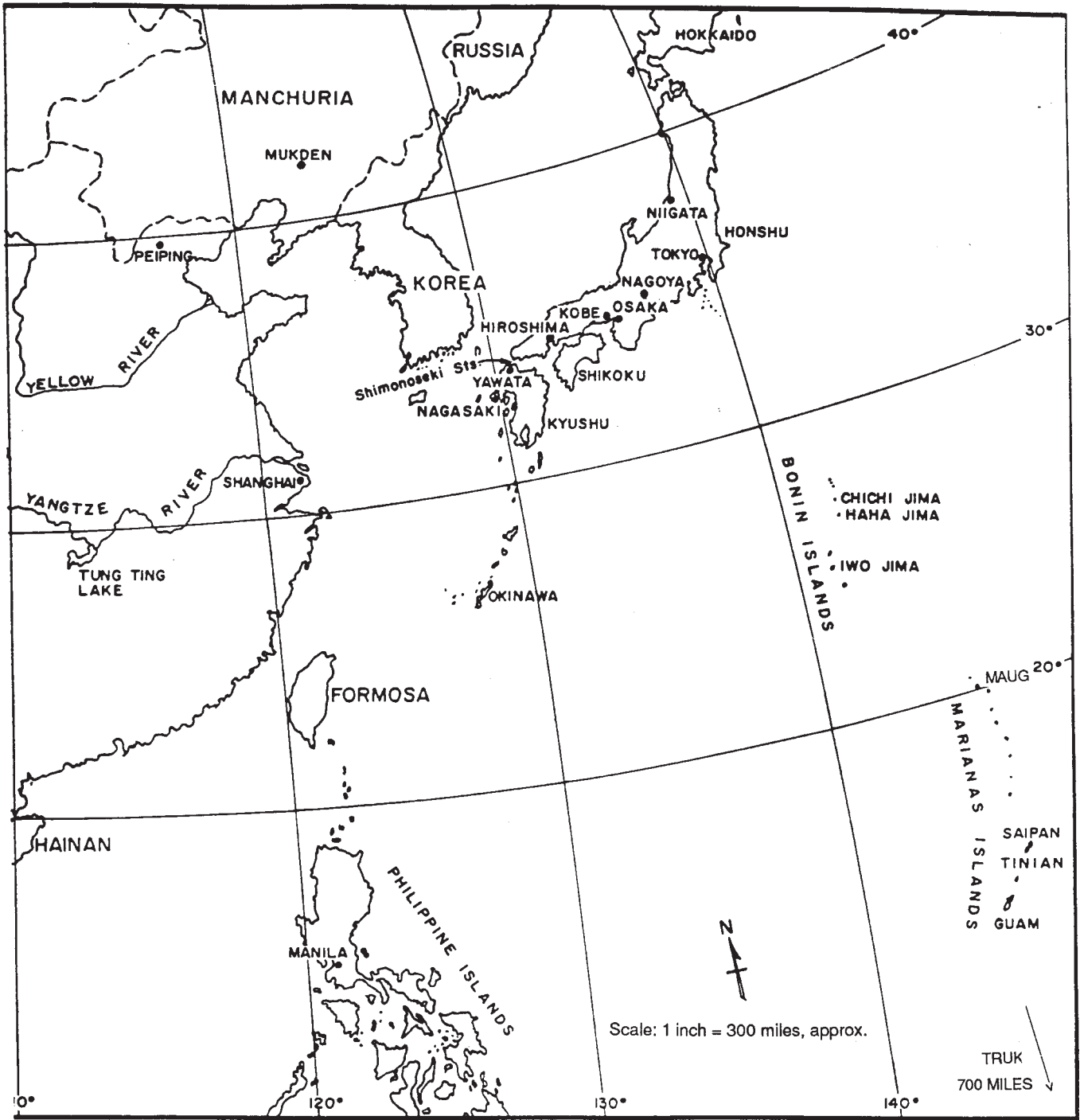


Figure 00v. Map of the Western Pacific region

Western Pacific Area

TOKYO
1500 MI.

IWO JIMA
200 MI.

SAIPAN
3 MI.

313th
WING
HQ'S.

9th
BOMB
GROUP

"THE STATES"
SAN FRANCISCO
5140 MI.

GUAM
75 MI.

TINIAN

MARIANAS · 1945

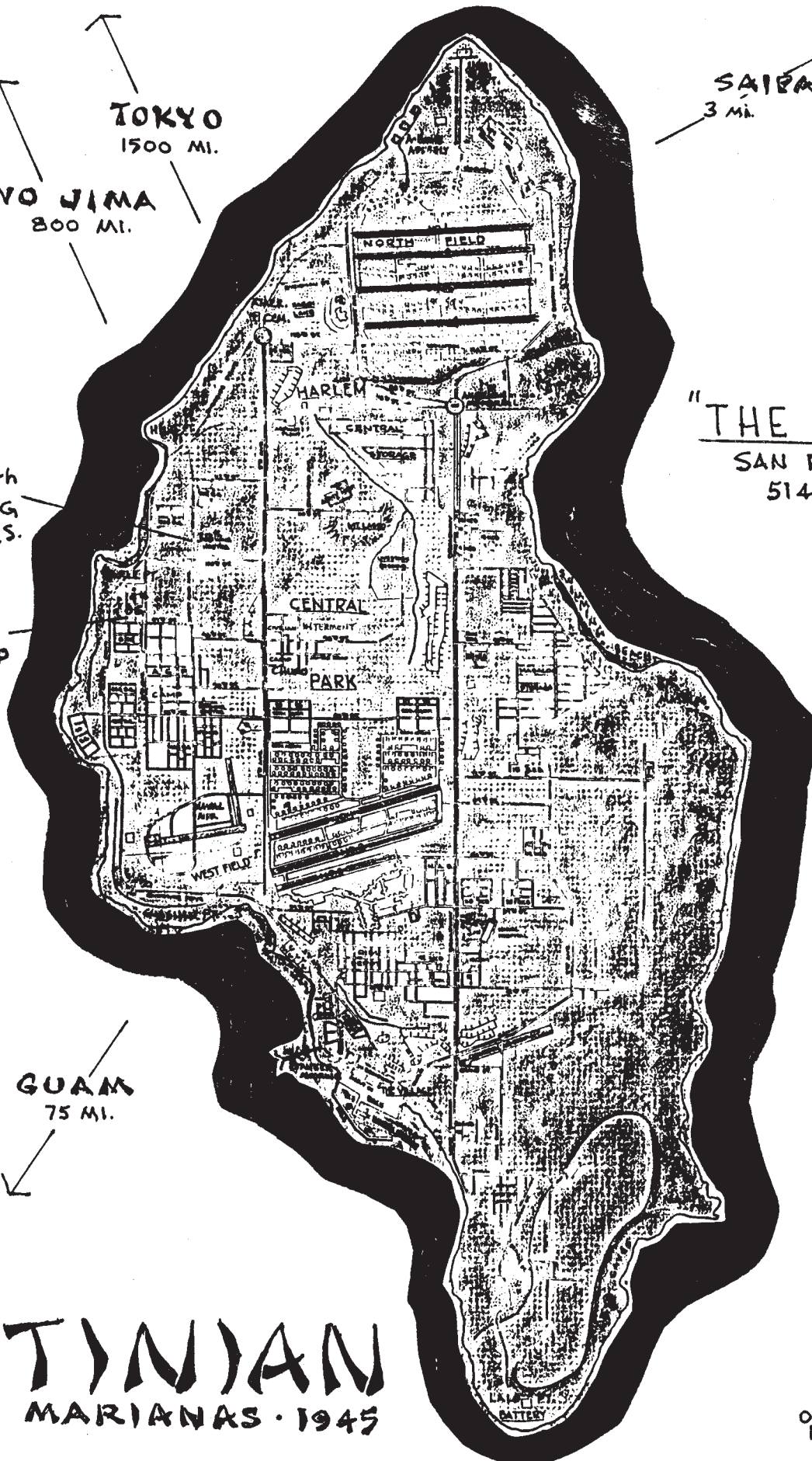


Figure 0vi. Tinian Marianas - 1945

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Foreword

This history is a segment of the history of World War II. It is focused on the 9th Bombardment Group (VH) as a B-29 unit in the strategic air campaign against Japan in that war. But it also includes descriptions of the context in which this group's personnel, equipment, and combat operations functioned, both historically and, to some degree, in relation to other military forces in that war.

This history has been written primarily for the remembrances of, and tribute to, the 2900 plus men who served in the 9th Group between April 1944 and September 1945. It is also for the interest of the families of their generation and of future generations, to help them to know about and appreciate the trials, tribulations, tragedies, and triumphs that these men of the 9th experienced, and their contributions to the victory over Japan in World War II.



Dedication

This history is dedicated to the memory of those who gave their lives in the service of our country who were members of:

- Our 9th Group.
- The Marine and Army Divisions which captured Tinian Island, the Marine Divisions which captured Iwo Jima, and the Navy Seabees and Army Engineers who built our air base on North Tinian and the vital emergency airfield on Iwo Jima.
- The VIIIth Fighter Command based on Iwo Jima whose P-51 pilots accompanied many of our daylight missions over Japan and helped us deal with the Japanese fighters attacking our bombers.

Note: To honor the Fifth Marine Division—and through them **all** the Marines—for their key role in the capture of Iwo Jima, the B-29 depicted on the back cover was given the name and insignia, *The Spearhead* of that division. (This B-29 was assigned to Captain David Rogan's crew of the 1st Squadron.)



Acknowledgements

This history has been written as a combined effort of many members of the 9th Group.

The central figure has been the Group Historian, Lawrence S. Smith. Maurice I. Ashland was his right-hand man and dedicated helper throughout. Herbert W. Hobler made major contributions to the whole process.

Henry C. Huglin wrote Chapters 1, Introduction, Historical Background and Analysis and 3, Group Commander's Reminiscences. He also researched and drafted the Foreword, Dedication, Preface, Postscript, and the other chapters, except: 4, Personnel; 5, Air Crews ; 10, Aircraft and Nose Art; and 14, Anecdotes.

Erwin Vernon, who has maintained the active roster and list of deceased, has prepared the personnel listing in Chapter 4. Robert Hunt drafted articles for the personnel chapter, while continuing to locate new members. Francis Gulling researched the aircraft histories for Chapter 10.

Chaplain Richard P. Chambers "Creative Remembering," which was read by him at the Tucson reunion, comprises a major part of Chapter 10, Casualties and Memorials.

The anecdotes in Chapter 14 and many photos, including aircraft nose art, have been compiled from contributions from many group, and some family, members

Bonnie Chiravalle provided expert computer services, including coordinating and inputting all sources into a composite book, augmented by Virginia Smith and Deborah Vanasek.

Other contributors were:

- The Air Force Historical Research Agency, Maxwell AFB, Alabama, for the valuable information from the microfilm files of the 9th Group wartime records and the group's and squadrons' emblems and histories pre-and post-World War II
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PRE-B-29 HISTORY OF THE 9TH GROUP AND ITS 1ST, 5TH AND 99TH SQUADRONS

1ST SQUADRON

The 1st Squadron was originally organized at Texas City, Texas in 1913 as the 1st Provisional Aero Squadron of the U.S. Army Signal Corps. It moved to San Diego, California in late 1915 and then to Ft. Sam Houston, Texas on November 26, 1916. It served with the *Punitive Expedition* to Mexico, 1916-1917, operating from a base at Columbus, New Mexico.

The squadron served in France during World War I. It was awarded campaign streamers for the campaigns designated *Lorraine, Ile-de-France, Champagne, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel* and *Meuse-Argonne*.

In 1918 the suffix *Observation* was added to its designation. On January 25, 1923 it was redesignated the *1st Observation Squadron*. On March 1, 1935 it was redesignated the *1st Bombardment Squadron*.

5TH SQUADRON

The 5th Squadron was organized as the 5th Aero Squadron in 1917 at Kelly AAF, Texas. It served as a flying training unit in the continental U.S. during World War I.

In 1921 the suffix *Observation* was added to its designation. Between June and September 1921, the squadron participated in the demonstration aerial bombardment of warships.

In 1923 it was designated as the *5th Observation Squadron*. On March 1, 1935 it was redesignated the *5th Bombardment Squadron*.

99TH SQUADRON

The 99th Squadron was originally organized in 1917 as the *99th Aero Squadron* at Kelly AAF, Texas.

It served in France during World War I. It was awarded campaign streamers for the campaigns designated *Lorraine, Alsace, St. Mihiel*, and *Meuse-Argonne*.

Demobilized in June 1919, it was reconstituted a month later as the *99th Corps Observation Squadron*. On March 1935 it was redesignated the *99th Bombardment Squadron*.

9TH GROUP

The 9th Group was originally organized on July 19, 1922 as the 9th Observation Group at Mitchell AAF, N.Y. On March 1, 1935 it was redesignated the 9th Bombardment Group.

In 1935 the group and the three squadrons were stationed at Mitchell AAF, N.Y. where they remained until 1940 when the group and the squadrons were transferred to Panama as part of the Panama Canal Zone defenses. The group was then equipped with B-18 bombers.

After the Japanese attack on Hawaii, the 9th Group Headquarters and the 1st Squadron moved to Trinidad, B.W.I., the 5th Squadron went to Saint Lucia, and the 99th Squadron went to Surinam. Their mission was to fly anti-submarine patrols in the Caribbean, the eastern approach to the canal, and protect the vital shipping in that area.

In October 1942 the group and squadrons were moved “on paper,” i.e., without personnel or equipment, to the Army Air Forces School of Advanced Tactics, AAFSAT, at Orlando AAF, Florida. There the units were reconstituted with personnel and equipment. In this new role, the group helped evolve new combat tactics, performed over a hundred equipment tests, helped develop glide bombing and trained crews in its tactical use, demonstrated the feasibility of high level precision bombing against a maneuvering ship by 3-plane formations, performed bombing pattern tests, and trained 44 bombardment group cadres in organizing and running bombardment groups.

These activities continued for a year and a half, until the group and squadrons were moved again “on paper” to Dalhart, Texas, as an interim base, for the move to McCook, Nebraska as B-29 units.

For its operations in the Caribbean, the group was awarded a campaign streamer for the Anti-Submarine Campaign in the American Theater.





Chapter 1

Introduction:

Historical Background and Analysis From Kitty Hawk to Hiroshima

by Henry C. Huglin

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF AIR WARFARE

The first airplane flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk in 1903 was only 11 years before the 1914 outbreak of World War I in which air power was first used, only 36 years before World War II broke out in Europe in which air power played a vital role, and 38 years before World War II was extended to the Pacific where air power, in the form of B-29s, played the decisive role in achieving the capitulation of the Japanese on August 15, 1945 without an invasion of their homeland.

Airplanes were used extensively in World War I for observation, aerial dogfights, and some strafing and bombing. But air power had no significant impact on the outcome of that war. However, the innovative technological developments in airplane design, armaments, ordnance, and aerial tactics during that war were harbingers of what was to develop in the use of air power in World War II.

In 1907 an Aeronautical Division of the Army Signal Corps was established. In 1914 it was upgraded to an Aeronautical Section of the Signal Corps and this remained the Army's designation of its air arm through World War I and until 1926, when the Army Air Corps was established as a full-fledged branch of the Army. That designation remained until 1941 when the Army was divided into three major units: Army Air Forces, Army Ground Forces, and Army Service Forces.

Between the world wars there were steady aeronautical technological developments. Further, there were many studies, doctrines, strategies, and tactics advanced for the use of air power in the event of another major war.

The rationale and goal of the doctrine developed for strategic air warfare is to so damage the will and war-making capacity of an enemy nation— by destroying or seriously disrupting, in its heartland, its factories and their work forces, and the sources and means of transportation of industrial materials—that the enemy would either surrender or be so weakened that their nation could be readily overrun and occupied by ground forces.

GEOPOLITICAL & MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS IN THE 1930s, 1940, & 1941

In the 1930s, after Adolph Hitler came to power in Nazi Germany, he put Germany on a huge program of rearmament, including rapidly building a strong modern air force. Also in the 30s, Japan was in the grip of militarists who started and pursued a war to conquer Manchuria and China, which included a large buildup of their Army and Navy air arms.



Meanwhile, in our country, the mood was strongly isolationist, in the illusionary idea that the problems of the rest of the world were not ours and we could be safe behind our “ocean moats,” regardless of conflicts abroad. So, our armed forces were small and generally equipped with obsolete weapons, including, with few exceptions, vintage airplanes. On September 1, 1939, when Hitler attacked Poland and brought on World War II in Europe, the whole U.S. Army was only about 200,000 strong and the Army Air Corps consisted of some 26,000 officers, cadets, and enlisted men, of whom about 2000 were pilots, with about 800 aircraft, all of which were obsolescent, except 23 B-17s. At that time, there were 500,000 in the German Air Force of which 50,000 were air crews, and they were equipped with 4100 first-line aircraft!

Despite the small size of our Army Air Corps in the 1930s, the strategic planners and aeronautical engineers developed doctrine for daylight precision strategic bombardment at long ranges, primarily at high altitude. Following on these studies, the Air Corps’ planners worked with the aircraft companies to exploit aeronautical design and materials developments and to contract for three principal strategic bombers: the Boeing B-17 in the mid-1930s, the Consolidated B-24 in the later 1930s, and the Boeing B-29 in 1940, the first test flight of which was in September 1942. The goal of the strategic bomber program was to develop the longest-range, highest-performance aircraft possible, to defend our territory against any surface attack and to carry the war to the enemy in Europe or Asia from bases that might be far from their homeland, including from bases in the U. S. In the cases of the B-17 and B-24, the development of these new aircraft took many years, from the concept, through numerous design changes, wind-tunnel tests of a model, setting up a production line, and then much flight testing and modification after production was under way. In the case of the B-29, under the pressure of our entry into the war, this process was accelerated to the maximum and the normal span of time cut in half.

In 1939 and 1940 the world, including the American people, were profoundly shocked by the spectacular successes of Hitler’s army and air force in overrunning Poland in September 1939, Denmark and Norway in April 1940, and Holland and Belgium in May followed by the fall of France in June. Thereafter the remnants of the British army, which had been fighting alongside the French, barely escaped capture thanks to an heroic effort by a makeshift flotilla of diverse boats making possible the evacuation from Dunkirk across the English channel, while being vitally protected in the air by British Royal Air Force fighters keeping the German Air Force from disrupting that crucial rescue.

In the next four months, June to October 1940, Hitler’s plan to invade and conquer Britain was barely foiled, partly by faulty German air strategy but mostly by the skillful and dedicated pilots of the RAF Fighter Command preventing the German Air Force from gaining control of the air over Britain, which was essential to the planned invasion. Britain’s Prime Minister Winston Churchill paid proper tribute to those gallant airmen when he said: “Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.”

These events in Europe in 1940 stirred up enough concern in this country over the gross inadequacies of our armed forces—in view of an increasingly hostile geopolitical environment beyond both of our “ocean moats”—to support a relatively modest rearmament program. For the Army Air Corps this program included a buildup to a strength of 220,000 with 4000 aircraft by April 1942.



In 1941 this program was significantly increased after Germany attacked the Soviet Union in the summer, the Japanese signed an alliance with Germany and Italy and expanded their war in China, made a deal with the government of occupied France to take over bases in Indochina, and became more antagonistic toward our country. The new program included a further buildup by July 1942 of the (newly designated) Army Air Forces to a strength of 400,000 with 7500 combat aircraft.

Shortly after December 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and Hitler declared war on us, the goal for the Army Air Forces was escalated to a greatly expanded force of about 2.2 million men and over 63,000 airplanes—which goal was achieved in 1945—a hundredfold expansion from 1939 levels!

DEVELOPMENT OF STRATEGIC AIR WARFARE IN WORLD WAR II

In Europe, during 1942, 1943, and 1944, strategic air warfare—carried out by the British using their bombers, and by our forces using B-17s and B-24s—played a crucial role in the victory, but was not the decisive factor as envisioned by the strategic air warfare enthusiasts. Some of these enthusiasts believed that the Mediterranean campaign, undertaken in November 1942 and carried on through 1943 and 1944—entailing a major diversion of B-17s and B-24s from the strategic campaign against Germany—seriously limited that strategic campaign. These enthusiasts believed that, otherwise, Germany could have been decisively crippled by strategic bombardment and would have surrendered without an invasion—or at least with a far less costly invasion and land battle than that which had to be waged from the D-day invasion of Europe on June 6, 1944 to the German surrender on May 8th, 1945. So, the strategic air warfare enthusiasts counted on the B-29s in their strategic air campaign against Japan to prove their theories which, as it turned out, they did.

In the Pacific-Asia theater the B-29 was the only bomber which had the capability to attack Japan effectively. B-17s and B-24s were not only widely used with great effect in Europe and North Africa, but also in the southwest Pacific throughout the war. Yet these aircraft did not have the range to reach Japan from any base feasible to be seized from the Japanese in 1944. And our Navy carrier planes did not have the capability to effectively conduct strategic air warfare.

The range of the B-29 enabled it to marginally reach Western Japan from bases in China, and the whole of Japan from the Marianas Islands 1500 miles south of Tokyo. The Joint Chiefs of Staff decided in 1943 that main bases would be built in India with the approval and support of the British government which then controlled India, with advance staging bases in China, built by the Chinese, to be operational in early 1944. Further, they decided that Marine and Army forces, supported by Navy carrier forces, would seize the Marianas Islands of Guam, Saipan, and Tinian from the Japanese in the summer of 1944, and that Navy construction battalions, the Seabees, and Army Engineers would construct five large airfields for the B-29s, two each on Guam and Tinian, and one on Saipan. Further, the island of Iwo Jima, half way between the Marianas and Japan would be seized in February 1945, and Okinawa, southwest of the main islands of Japan, in March 1945.



B-29 COMMAND STRUCTURE

In 1944 the 20th Air Force was set up as the top of the command structure for all B-29 units. Its headquarters was in the Pentagon in Washington. General H.H. Arnold, Commander of the Army Air Forces, was designated by the Joint Chiefs of Staff as the 20th's commander. No units were to be placed under the command of the two theater commanders in the Pacific area: Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur, nor the East Asian area commander General Stilwell, all of whom wanted control of the B-29s. But, in an emergency, those commanders could appeal to the Joint Chiefs of Staff for diversion of the B-29s for help for their forces.

Under the 20th Air Force there were originally two bomber commands, the XX in India and China with but one wing, the 58th, and the XXI in the Marianas which started with one wing, in November 1944, and expanded rapidly to these five wings, in order of their deployment: the 73rd on Isley Field, Saipan, November-December 1944; the 313th, with the 9th Group, on North Field, Tinian in January-February 1945; the 314th on North Field, Guam, February-March 1945; the 58th, redeployed from India-China in April-May to West Field, Tinian; and the 315th on West Field, Guam in May-June, 1945. (The XX Bomber Command Headquarters was inactivated when the 58th Wing moved to Tinian.)

Each wing had 4 bombardment groups of 3 squadrons except the 313th Wing which had five groups, including the 509th which joined the wing in June. In addition, there were support units of many kinds: engineering, communications, photo, medical, etc.

The Tables of Organization and Equipment were designed for 30 B-29s per group with corresponding air and ground crews. But the groups were soon overloaded by 50% to 45 or more airplanes without a fully corresponding increase in air and ground crews and support personnel. Only dedicated long hours of work, high morale, increasingly fine supply of spare parts and munitions, along with nearly ideal weather conditions on Tinian, enabled us effectively to maintain and operate all the aircraft assigned. This challenge for top performance was magnificently met by all the men in the group.

TRAINING OF GROUPS AND DEPLOYMENT TO COMBAT ZONES

The first B-29 units, those of the 58th Wing's four groups, were formed in 1943 and trained at airfields in Kansas. When their training—handicapped with great shortages of equipment, serious aircraft engine problems, and persistent time pressure—was barely completed in early 1944, they were deployed to their main bases in India and forward bases in China.

The second wing, the 73rd, trained in Kansas, following the departure of the 58th Wing and about 2 months before we, who were in the 313th Wing, started our training in Nebraska. While the 73rd and we were in training, Marine and Army forces, backed by the Navy, invaded and took the Marianas Islands from the Japanese occupiers. Then the Seabees and Army Engineers began speedily building airfields and other facilities. The two follow-on wings, the 314th and 315th, trained on Kansas and Nebraska airfields, respectively.

President Franklin Roosevelt was a strong believer in the use of air power. He pressed for



the development of the B-29s on a top priority basis and insisted that they be deployed to India and China in the spring of 1944. His insistence was based primarily on geopolitical factors, including bolstering the morale of the Chinese government which was being sorely pressed by the expanding Japanese campaign of conquest in that country. Further, this deployment was a means of usefully employing the B-29s until the bases in the Marianas were ready.

The B-29 pioneers in the 58th Wing were plagued with handicaps and difficulties. The air base facilities available to them were limited. They had many supply shortages. They had to ferry all of their fuel and munitions 1200 miles over “the hump,” the high Himalayan mountains between India and China. They continued to have serious problems with the B-29 engines overheating and failing. And, at first, they were short on training.

Although from the advance bases in China the 58th Wing’s B-29s could barely reach western Japan, from those bases and the ones in India they could reach many Japanese targets in Manchuria, Formosa (Taiwan), and in occupied areas of China, Indochina, and Malaysia, in particular, Singapore. In raids on Singapore, the B-29s sank the only floating capital-ship dry dock outside Japan, and destroyed the largest land-based dry dock as well. From China they bombed the steel mill at Mukden, Manchuria, and supported McArthur’s Philippine invasion in late 1944 by destroying a major Japanese air depot on Formosa, severely limiting the number of Japanese aircraft that could reach the Philippines. Further, they destroyed the Japanese small arms ordnance depot at Rangoon, Burma, which helped eliminate the effectiveness of the Japanese army in that country.

So, the 58th Wing, despite the handicaps and difficulties, carried out a number of useful missions. Further, their experiences contributed to the needed on-going modifications of the B-29 airframe, engines, equipment, and operational tactics. Still, considering the effort and resources involved, the results were limited and often disappointing. Some critics began claiming that the B-29 couldn’t perform the strategic bombing mission for which it was designed.

Even the results of the early months of operations from the Marianas, November 1944 to March 1945, were disappointing. The Soviets refused to pass to our meteorologists reports of the weather over Siberia, which reports would have been of great help in improving forecasting of the follow-on weather over Japan. Hence, our forecasters had only weather reconnaissance planes’ reports of current weather on which to guess what the weather would be during our missions 24 or so hours later. Further, we ran into unexpected high-altitude winter winds over Japan (the first discovery of the jet stream). So, our high-altitude operations were more often than not handicapped with layers of clouds and/or high winds that prevented accurate, visual bombing. Therefore, the results were disappointing and worrisome.

In March 1945, the whole picture began speedily changing for the better. Major General Curtis E. LeMay, the XXI Bomber Command commander, added a markedly effective additional tactic of night low-level incendiary raids; and he also significantly lowered the altitude of daylight missions to avoid the jet stream and the higher layers of obscuring clouds. Further, the nagging bugs in the aircraft engines had by then been worked out. Also, the capture of the island of Iwo Jima with its emergency airfield greatly helped our operations. And the on-going buildup of the force to over 1000 B-29s steadily increased the command’s clout. All of these developments added up to achieving what General Spaatz in August called “the best organized and most technologically and



tactically proficient military organization that the world has seen to date.”

COMMAND SUPERSTRUCTURE SET UP

In July 1945, two months after the surrender of Germany, the strategic air forces in the Pacific were reorganized.

Until then the B-29 command in the Marianas, as earlier mentioned, had been the XXI Bomber Command under Major General LeMay, with the headquarters on Guam and the five wings based on Saipan, Tinian, and Guam.

On July 15, 1945, the 20th Air Force Headquarters was relocated from the Pentagon in Washington to Guam and replaced the XXI Bomber Command. Lt. General Nathan Twining, who had been the commander of the 15th Air Force in Italy, arrived to be the commander of the 20th. Concurrently, the Headquarters of the 8th Air Force, which had been the strategic air force operating out of Britain against Nazi Germany, was reconstituted on Okinawa with Lt. General Jimmy Doolittle as the commander and the B-29 units being trained for the 8th Air Force were starting to be deployed there. Over the two air forces was set up the Headquarters, U.S. Strategic Air Forces (USSTAF) also on Guam with General Carl Spaatz, who had been the overall commander of U.S. strategic air forces in Europe, as the commander. Major General LeMay became General Spaatz' chief of staff. (In 1947 when the separate U.S. Air Force was split off from the Army, General Spaatz became the first Chief of Staff. General Twining and General LeMay were later Chiefs of Staff, too.)

This reorganization was all being done in preparation for the enhanced bombing operations planned to be conducted before and during the land invasions of Japan scheduled for November 1945 on southern Kyushu and for March 1946 on Honshu, southwest of Tokyo. (A million U.S. Army ground forces and many Air Force groups in Europe were under orders to redeploy to Okinawa and the Philippines for these invasions to supplement the U.S. forces already there.)

By November there would have been few, if any, really strategic bombing targets left. Bombing intensity had already reached a monthly level of 42,700 tons in July. The planning figure was to achieve a monthly tonnage of 115,000, as the frequency of missions of the 20th Air Force continued to increase and the 8th Air Force on Okinawa achieved full strength. The B-29s would likely have been used mainly in close pattern bombing in interdiction support of the ground forces, which would have been devastating for the Japanese forces.

ROLE OF THE B-29S IN THE VICTORY OVER JAPAN

Our country responded magnificently to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and Hitler's subsequent declaration of war against us. With all-out mobilization of our strengths in nearly every field of endeavor, with great sacrifice, and with the heroic efforts of our allies, we won a vital and decisive victory over both of our enemies. (Yet our involvement and, in fact, the war itself, might well have been avoided if we and our allies had been both militarily and politically strong enough in the 1930s.)

In the Pacific, the fighting over nearly four years by our Navy, Marines, Army Ground Forces, other Army Air Force units, and our allies was essential to the victory, but not to Japan's surrender without its homeland being invaded. The enormous destruction of the B-29's strategic bombing campaign on Japan's industrial and urban areas, plus the highly successful strangulation aerial mining campaign—planned by the Navy and carried out by the 313th Wing, including the 9th Group, which isolated Japan from overseas resources—combined to drastically reduce the Japanese' war production capacity, their ability to get essential food and raw materials from overseas, and their civilian morale. Left, though, were still over 2,500,000 Japanese under arms in their homeland along with 9,000 kamikaze aircraft, organized to meet the invasions with a last-ditch “die for the Emperor” massacre.

Our whole national effort, including all the skill and heroism of all the armed forces were necessary for our ultimate victory, but the strategic air campaign, carried out by the B-29 20th Air Force, was crucial in achieving victory in 1945—as is attested to in the following quoted analyses of the campaign and the role of the atomic bombs.

On August 9th President Truman told the American people, and also the Japanese government: “I realize the tragic significance of the atomic bomb. Its production and its use were not lightly undertaken by this government. But we knew that our enemies were on the search for it. We won the race of discovery against the Germans. Having found the bomb we have used it. We have used it against those who attacked us without warning at Pearl Harbor, against those who have starved and beaten and executed American prisoners of war, against those who have abandoned all pretense of obeying international laws of warfare. We have used it in order to shorten the agony of war, in order to save the lives of thousands and thousands of young Americans. We shall continue to use it until we completely destroy Japan's power to make war. Only a Japanese surrender will stop us.” The second atom bomb was dropped that day and Japan surrendered 6 days later.

The atom bombs and President Truman's warning provided the crucial psychological shock and impetus which enabled the Emperor to surrender on August 15th, rather than months later, without being overthrown by the fanatics in the Army.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson wrote about the use of the atomic bomb:

“We had developed a weapon of such a revolutionary character that its use against the enemy might well be expected to produce exactly the kind of shocks on the Japanese ruling oligarchy which we desired, strengthening the position of those who wished peace, and weakening that of the military party....But the atomic bomb was more than a weapon of terrible destruction; it was a psychological weapon...So far as the Japanese could know, our ability to execute atomic attacks, if necessary by many planes at a time, was unlimited. As Dr. Karl Compton has said, ‘It was not one atomic bomb or two, which brought surrender; it was the experience of what an atomic bomb will actually do to a community, *plus the dread of many more*, that was effective.’

“The bomb thus served exactly the purpose we intended. The peace party was able to take the path of surrender, and the whole weight of the Emperor's prestige was exerted in favor of peace....I felt that we must use the Emperor as our instrument to command and compel his people to cease fighting and subject themselves to our authority through him, and that to accomplish this we



must give him and his controlling advisers a compelling reason to accede to our demands. This reason furthermore must be of such a nature that his people could understand his decision. The bomb seemed to me to furnish a unique instrument for that purpose....

“My chief purpose was to end the war in victory with the least possible cost in the lives of the men in the armies which I had helped to raise. In the light of the alternatives which, on a fair estimate, were open to us I believe that no man, in our position and subject to our responsibilities, holding in his hands a weapon of such possibilities for accomplishing this purpose and saving those lives, could have failed to use it and afterwards looked his countrymen in the face....

“The decision to use the atomic bomb was a decision that brought death to over a hundred thousand Japanese. No explanation can change that fact and I do not wish to gloss it over. But this deliberate, premeditated destruction was our least abhorrent choice. The destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki put an end to the Japanese war. It stopped the fire raids and the strangling blockade; it ended the ghastly specter of a clash of great land armies....”

General Arnold wrote the following assessment:

“The collapse of Japan has vindicated the whole strategic concept of the offensive phase of the Pacific war. Viewed broadly and simply, that strategy was to advance air power, both land and carrier-based, to the point where the full fury of crushing air attack could be loosed on Japan itself, with the possibility that it would bring about the defeat of Japan without invasion and with the certainty that it would play an essential and vital role in preparation for and cooperation with an invasion. The entire island-hopping campaign in the southwest and central Pacific had as one of its principal objectives the acquisition of air bases ever closer to, and finally within range of, Japan....

“This, then, was how the surrender of the Japanese was brought about. I wish to stress it, because the harnessing of the atom and its dramatic use as the climax of this campaign has tended to overshadow a most important point. When the atomic bomb was ready, we were in a position to deliver it, practically unopposed, to any point in Japan that we chose. The appalling effects of the delivery are shown in the Japanese Emperor’s rescript announcing surrender: ‘Should we continue to fight, it would...result in an ultimate collapse and obliteration of the Japanese nation.’

“This is true but the Japanese situation was hopeless before that. There is reason to think that, from the Japanese standpoint, the atomic bomb was really a way out. Because the bomb was incredibly destructive, it was possible for the Emperor, without too much loss of face, to give up, as the only answer to this unheard-of development. The Japanese position was hopeless even before the first atomic bomb fell because the Japanese had lost control of their own air. They could not counter our air strikes, and so could not prevent the destruction of their cities and industries. They could not offer any effective opposition to the gathering of the immense forces of our land-sea-air team, which was preparing to descend on their coasts.”

In 1946 the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey completed its investigation and analysis of the strategic air campaigns against both Germany and Japan and published reports on its findings, of which the following excerpts are particularly pertinent to this introduction:

“Basic United States strategy contemplated that the final decision in the Japanese war would

be obtained by an invasion of the Japanese home islands. The long-range bombing offensive from the Marianas was initiated in November 1944 with that in mind as the primary objective. As in Europe prior to D-day, the principal measure of success set for strategic air action was the extent to which it would weaken enemy capability and will to resist our amphibious forces at the time of landings. This led, originally, to somewhat greater emphasis on the selection of targets such as aircraft factories, arsenals, electronics plants, oil refineries, and finished military goods, destruction of which could be expected to weaken the capabilities of the Japanese armed forces to resist at the Kyushu beachheads in November 1945, than on the disruption of the more basic elements of Japan's social, economic, and political fabric.

“With the benefit of hindsight, it appears that the twin objectives of surrender without invasion and reduction of Japan's capacity and will to resist an invasion, should the first not succeed, called for basically the same type of attack. Japan had been critically wounded by military defeats, destruction of the bulk of her merchant fleet, and almost complete blockade. The proper target, after an initial attack on aircraft engine plants, either to bring overwhelming pressure on her to surrender, or to reduce her capability of resisting invasion was the basic economic and social fabric of the country....

“The total tonnage of bombs dropped by Allied planes in the Pacific war was 656,000. Of this, 160,800 tons, or 24 percent, were dropped on the home islands of Japan. Navy aircraft accounted for 6,800 tons, Army aircraft other than B-29s for 7,000 tons, and the B-29s for 147,000 tons. By contrast, the total bomb tonnage in the European theater was 2,700,000 tons of which 1,360,000 tons were dropped within Germany's own borders....

“In the aggregate, 104,000 tons of bombs were directed at 66 urban areas; 14,150 tons were directed at aircraft factories; 10,600 tons at oil refineries; 4,708 tons at arsenals; 3,500 tons at miscellaneous industrial targets; 8,115 tons at airfields and seaplane bases in support of the Okinawa operations; and 12,054 mines were sown....

“Physical damage to plant installations by either area or precision attacks, plus decreases due to dispersal forced by the threat of further physical damage, reduced physical productive capacity by roughly the following percentages of pre-attack plant capacity: oil refineries, 83 percent; aircraft engine plants, 75 percent; airframe plants, 60 percent; electronics and communication equipment plants, 70 percent; light metal, 35 percent; ingot steel, 15 percent; chemicals, 19 percent....

“Generally speaking, the urban attacks resulted in a serious and widespread collapse in public morale which was reflected in all phases of the Japanese war economy....

“Perhaps the most significant result of the raids on the general population was the spreading of the conviction that continued resistance to the Allied strength was futile. Particularly, the extension of the bombing program to the smaller cities convinced the people that the Allied aircraft could, and would, destroy every city in Japan. Furthermore, they were made painfully aware of the impotence of their government which could do nothing to prevent the wholesale destruction, or minimize its effects....



“The physical destruction resulting from the air attack on Japan approximates that suffered by Germany, even though the tonnage of bombs dropped was far smaller. The attack was more concentrated in time, and the target areas were smaller and more vulnerable. Not only were the Japanese defenses overwhelmed, but Japan’s will and capacity for reconstruction, dispersal, and passive defense were less than Germany’s. In the aggregate some 40 percent of the built-up area of the 66 cities attacked was destroyed. Approximately 30 percent of the entire urban population of Japan lost their homes and many of their possessions. The physical destruction of industrial plants subjected to high-explosive attacks was similarly impressive. The larger bomb loads of the B-29s permitted higher densities of bombs per acre in the plant area, and on the average somewhat heavier bombs were used. The destruction was generally more complete than in Germany...

“As in Germany, the air attacks against Japanese cities were not the cause of the enemy’s defeat. The defeat of Japan was assured before the urban attacks were launched. But this defeat, before it could be translated into the terms of surrender, might have required a costly invasion of the home islands had not the effect of the air attacks, both precision and urban, on Japan’s industries and people exerted sufficient pressure to bring about unconditional surrender on 15 August. The city raids contributed substantially to that pressure by their impact on the social and economic structure of Japan...

“A striking aspect of the air attack was the pervasiveness with which its impact blanketed Japan. Roughly one-quarter of all people in cities fled or were evacuated, and these evacuees, who themselves were of singularly low morale, helped spread discouragement and disaffection for the war throughout the islands. This mass migration from the cities included an estimated 6,500,000 persons. Throughout the Japanese islands, whose people had always thought themselves remote from attack, United States planes crisscrossed the skies with no effective Japanese air or anti-aircraft opposition. That this was an indication of impending defeat became as obvious to the rural as to the urban population...

“Sixty-four percent of the population stated that they had reached a point prior to surrender where they felt personally unable to go on with the war...

“The Survey has estimated that the damage and casualties caused at Hiroshima by the one atomic bomb dropped from a single plane would have required 220 B-29s carrying 1,200 tons of incendiary bombs, 400 tons of high-explosive bombs, and 500 tons of anti-personnel fragmentation bombs, if conventional weapons, rather than an atomic bomb, had been used. One hundred and twenty-five B-29s carrying 1,200 tons of bombs would have been required to approximate the damage and casualties at Nagasaki...

“It seems clear...that air supremacy and its later exploitation over Japan proper was the major factor which determined the timing of Japan’s surrender and obviated any need for invasion...

“Based on a detailed investigation of all the facts, and supported by the testimony of the surviving Japanese leaders involved, it is the Survey’s opinion that certainly prior to 31 December 1945, and in all probability prior to 1 November 1945, Japan would have surrendered even if the atomic bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion



had been planned or contemplated.”

(Of course, this final speculative opinion of the members of the Survey was based upon research and analysis made after the war. They were drawing on information on morale and attitudes of the Japanese people and their leaders which, obviously, was not known and available to President Truman and Secretary of War Stimson in making the decision to use the atomic bombs.)

In any event, at Pearl Harbor the Japanese “sowed the wind” and from the B-29s they “reaped the whirlwind.”

Following on this introductory historical background and analysis, the history of the 9th Bombardment Group (VH) is set forth in the following pages.



Figure 01-011. *B-29 Bomber Number 2*



Figure 01-012. *Aerial View of the Tinian Marianas*



Chapter 2

Chronology of Relevant Major Events

- Dec. 7, 1941** The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and Hickam AAF, Hawaii.
- Sept. 21, 1942** First flight of XB-29 bomber.
- April 1944** At Dalhart AAF, Texas, the 9th Bombardment Group, and its 1st, 5th, and 99th Squadrons, were redesignated B-29 units by the addition of the suffix (VH), for “very heavy.” Colonel Donald W. Eisenhart was designated the Group Commander; Lt. Colonel Henry C. Huglin was designated the Deputy Group Commander.
- May** The group with its three squadrons moved to McCook AAF, Nebraska to build up its personnel to full strength and start training, initially with B-17 bombers.
- July 13** First B-29 arrived at McCook.
- Nov. 18** The Ground Echelon, under command of Lt. Colonel Albert Perry, Group Executive Officer, left by train for Seattle and there embarked on the troop ship “Cape Henlopen” for an unforgettable 30 day “cruise” to Tinian Island in the Marianas.
- Dec. 28** The Ground Echelon arrived at Tinian and started construction and organization of the group’s encampment.
- Jan. 1945** The air crews staged through Herington AAF, Kansas and then individually flew to Tinian via Mather AAF, CA, Hickam AAF or John Rodgers AAF, HA and Kwajalein Island. The Flight Echelon (staff and groundcrew members), left by air transport for Tinian too.
- Jan. 18** The first 9th Group B-29, flown by Lt. Raymond Johnson’s crew of the 99th Squadron, arrived on North Field, Tinian.
- Jan. 27, 29, 31, & Feb. 6** Training missions were flown to Maug Island in the northern Marianas.
- Feb. 9** First combat mission, with 30 B-29s, flown to the island of Truk.
- Feb. 19** U.S. Marines invade Iwo Jima island, halfway to Japan, to seize it for a B-29 emergency base and a base for a wing of P-51 escort fighters.



- Feb. 25** First mission to Tokyo with 32 B-29s.
- Mar. 4** Lt. Raymond Malo's crew flew the first B-29 into Iwo Jima, for emergency repairs, on return from a daylight bombing mission against an aircraft factory near Tokyo.
- Mar. 7** Colonel Eisenhart reassigned to be Chief of Staff of the wing. Lt. Colonel Huglin took over as Group Commander.
- Mar. 9** Start of General LeMay's startlingly new tactics of night incendiary raids against urban areas at altitudes of 5000 to 7000 feet. This first raid on Tokyo burned out 15 square miles of the center of that city. Two of our aircraft had to ditch short of Tinian and these ditchings cost three lives, our first combat mission casualties..
- Mar. 11, 13, 16** Night incendiary raids successively on Nagoya, Osaka, & Kobe.
- Mar. 18** A follow-on repeat raid on Nagoya completed this highly effective "blitz." This "blitz" greatly enhanced the effect on the Japanese of our B-29 strategic air campaign, in both the destruction of their war-making capabilities and their will to continue to fight. It really constituted "the beginning of the end" for them.
- Mar. 27** Mining mission to Shimonoseki Straits, the first of 14 mining missions flown by the group—part of the mining blockade campaign of Japan planned by the Navy and assigned to the 313th Wing to carry out.
- April 15** Night raid on Kawasaki resulted in our greatest loss: 4 air crews.
- April 18** Kobuku airfield, Kyushu. This was the first of 12 missions flown over the next 3 weeks to damage airfields on Kyushu and Shikoku. These missions were to help deal with the Japanese "kamikaze" suicide flights staging through these airfields and attacking our Navy's ships supporting the invasion of Okinawa. This partial diversion of B-29 operations was ordered by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in response to the Navy's request.
- May 8** Germany unconditionally surrendered, ending the war in Europe.
- May** Airfield attacks and mining were the objectives in the 14 missions flown in May. Both of these types of missions were completed during that month.
- June & July** The 20 missions flown in these two months included 3 daylight precision raids on aircraft engine factories; the rest were night and some daylight incendiary raids on urban areas.



- July 16** First atomic bomb successfully tested at Alamogordo, NM
- July 26** At the Potsdam Conference, President Truman, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek issued a declaration on Japan, reiterating their demand for unconditional surrender and warning: “If they do not accept our terms they may expect a rain of ruin from the air, the like of which has never been seen on this earth.”
- Aug. 1** As part of a “maximum effort” of the whole B-29 force, 47 of the 48 B-29s assigned to the group were launched, attacked the Nagaoka target area in Japan, and returned to Tinian with no losses—a great demonstration of the efficiency and skill which the air crews and ground crews had developed.
- Aug. 6** First atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima by Colonel Paul Tibbets—Commander of the 509th Composite Group based with us in the 313th Wing on our North Tinian airfield—with his crew in the B-29 “Enola Gay.”
- Aug. 9** Second atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki by Major Charles Sweeney’s crew of the 509th Group in the B-29 “Bockscar.”
- Aug. 9** Soviet Union declared war on Japan and launched attacks on the Japanese forces in Manchuria and Korea.
- Aug. 14** Last “maximum effort” mission: attack on Marifu railroad marshalling yards (30 miles south of Hiroshima) with 41 aircraft.
- Aug. 15.** Last combat mission: night raid on Kamagaya urban area. Four air crews of 9th participated.
- Aug. 15** Emperor Hirohito broadcast Japan’s capitulation. The war was over!
- Aug 30 & 31** Participated in “Display of Power” over Tokyo.
- Sept. 1** 20 aircraft dropped supplies for prisoner of war camps.
- Sept. 2** 21 aircraft participated in the fly-over by 450 B-29s of the surrender ceremonies on the battleship “Missouri” in Tokyo Bay.



ORGANIZATION OF COMBAT UNITS OF THE 20TH AIR FORCE

As of July 1, 1945

With focus on the chain of command relative to the 9th Bomb Group

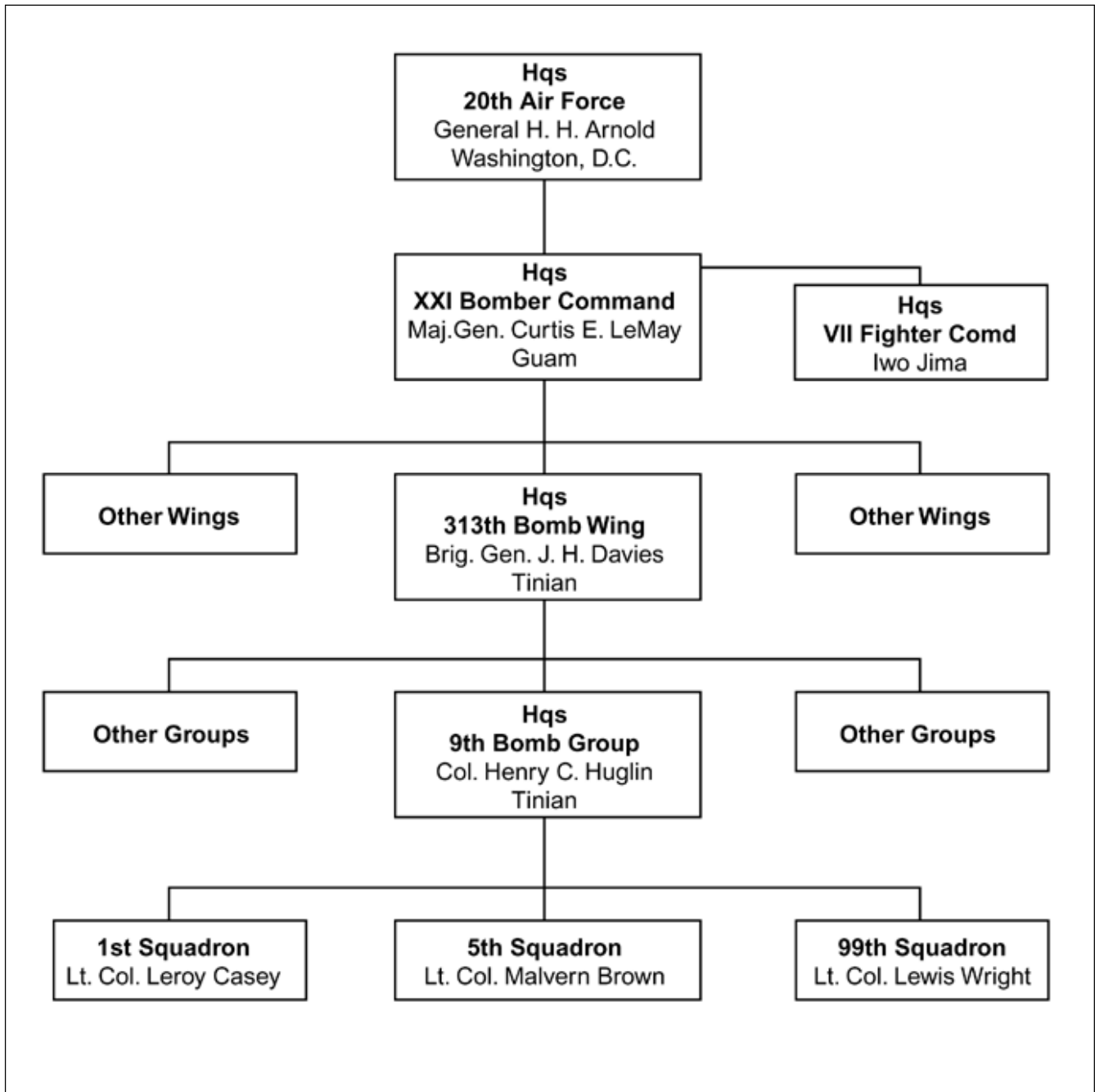


Figure 02-016. *20th Air Force Organizational Chart*

Note: The numerous and important support units at all levels of the command are not included in this chart.



Chapter 3

Group Commander's Reminiscences

by Henry C. Huglin

ORGANIZING THE 9TH BOMB GROUP AND PREPARING FOR COMBAT

In April 1944 the 9th Bombardment Group, with the 1st, 5th, and 99th squadrons, was moved with some personnel from Orlando, Florida to Dalhart AAF, Texas and had the suffix (VH) for “very heavy,” for B-29, added to its title.

During April the key personnel of the group and squadrons were assembled at Dalhart. Colonel Donald W. Eisenhart was the designated group commander. I, being the next senior officer, was appointed the deputy group commander. Shortly after most of the group and squadron headquarters key personnel arrived at Dalhart we were transferred to McCook AAF, Nebraska. Then this cadre went by train to the Army Air Forces School of Advanced Tactics at Orlando, Florida for a month of training in how to organize and operate these units. While the cadre was at Orlando, a steady buildup of personnel continued at McCook to which the cadre returned the beginning of June.

The other three groups of what was to be the 313th Wing, the 6th, 504th, and 505th, were in training concurrently at three other airfields in Nebraska.

From June on at McCook we were busy with a full schedule of receiving new people, organizing the crews and squadrons, conducting an intensive program of flying and ground training, and getting prepared to take the group to combat. Our first airplanes were B-17s which we used for all kinds of flying training: takeoff and landings, instrument, night, cross-country navigation, and formation flying. We also had bombing and gunnery practice. On July 13th we started getting B-29s.

By late November 1944 our group was trained and ready for our scheduled deployment to Tinian. The “ground echelon,” consisting of most of the administration and support officers and enlisted men, went by train to Seattle and then by ship, in a rough trip, to Tinian, which voyage took more than a month. Meanwhile, we who were in the “air echelon” went to Herington, Kansas where we got our processing and equipment for our deployment to the Pacific war zone, with new B-29s acquired either at McCook or Herington. When the crews were fully processed they took off individually to fly to Tinian, via Sacramento, Hawaii, and Kwajalein Island.

Colonel Eisenhart led the air echelon. He and the crew he flew with reached North Tinian airfield on January 18th. As the deputy commander, I was designated to bring up the rear. The equipping process of the whole group at Herington took about 3 weeks. We, who were bringing up the rear, got to Tinian on February 2nd.



DESCRIPTION OF TINIAN AND OUR LIVING CONDITIONS

Tinian Island is about 12 miles long and 5 miles wide. (See map p.vi) The Navy Construction Battalions, Seabees, and the Army Engineers had built our airfield in six months on the north end of the island. (See photo hereafter.) When completed it was the largest airfield in the world. It consisted of four parallel blacktopped runways, oriented east & west, 8500 feet long. In between the runways were 13 taxiways and 230 "hardstands" on which the B-29s were parked and where maintenance was done and bombs or mines and ammunition were loaded before the combat missions. There were also "flak towers" for the anti-aircraft batteries. However, by the time the air echelon arrived, Iwo Jima Island, halfway between Tokyo and the Marianas and through which the Japanese bombers had to stage, had been neutralized. So, we were free of Japanese air attacks.

A few miles from the airfield were tent camps set up for each of the groups of the 313th Wing. The island, though in the tropics, had little jungle and few trees. It did have a number of sugar cane plantations. The whole island had been sprayed with DDT and, hence, we had no insects to worry about. (At that time we knew nothing of the deleterious effects of DDT, which were only discovered later, but I doubt that we were adversely affected by the spraying. Certainly it was great being free of flying and crawling pests.)

The weather was ideal with only occasional rain storms. We lived in tents with G.I cots. We had group and squadron headquarters tents, a mission briefing tent, a mess hall, dispensary, and theater, all built by the Seabees as part of their job. The theater had nightly movies and occasional USO shows, thereby providing a major recreation facility. Later, Quonset huts replaced the tents.

There was a swimming area for us off the rocky edge of the island not far from our camp. Also, we had a primitive baseball diamond and a parade ground. We scheduled parades from time to time, during which we pinned on the medals which had been awarded, mainly to the air crews, and principally Air Medals for every eight missions, and Distinguished Flying Crosses later for the 10 air crews who completed their 35 missions before the end of the war.

We did have beer, mainly from Australia, and limited rations of liquor we could buy. Also, at the end of every mission, after debriefing, we all had available, if we wanted it, a shot glass of whiskey to help us unwind. As far as I know, most of us tossed down that little dividend for our efforts.

Early on, we took up collections, as did the other groups, of parts of our liquor rations and traded them to the Seabees for their off-duty building of an enlisted men's club and an officers' club, neither of which was on the Seabees' schedule of required construction. These clubs each became equipped with a bar and music and, of course, became principal places for relaxation and relating of yarns about the missions flown.

Our food was wholesome and adequate. But we did get mighty tired of reverse-lend-lease liver from New Zealand especially since the Navy, which delivered the liver, ate steaks from the U.S.!

All of Tinian was a military encampment. There were no civilian settlements except for a



compound of interned Japanese and Korean civilians and a few native Chamorro families. Our recreation was in swimming, or at the theater, or at our officers' and enlisted men's clubs. Overall, our setup was ideal from which to conduct combat air operations. We were all intent on doing our part to end the war as soon as possible and, so, we worked 7 days a week with great dedication to that end.

AIR CREW MAKEUP AND EARLY MISSIONS

Our 11-man air crews consisted of an airplane commander, pilot, navigator, bombardier, radar observer, flight engineer, radio operator, and four gunners. I was not assigned to a crew but selected a crew to fly with when I went on a mission. When I went, it was as "command pilot" of the group's mission. I displaced the pilot in his right-hand seat and I took the controls during takeoff and/or landing, just to keep up my flying skills.

Our "warm-up" combat missions were flown to Truk, a Japanese held island about 700 miles southeast of Tinian, and to Iwo Jima. Both of these missions were what we termed "milk runs;" i.e., some anti-aircraft flak over the target, but no great danger.

The group flew its first mission to Truk on February 9th with 30 aircraft. Colonel Eisenhart led that mission. The group's second mission and my first was to Iwo Jima on February 12th with 21 aircraft; I flew with Stanley Black's crew. The third group mission was a Japanese picket boat search off the coast of Japan with 11 aircraft. The fourth mission and my second was to Truk on February 18th with 17 aircraft; I flew with Dean Fling's crew.

The fifth mission and first to Tokyo was on 25 February with 32 aircraft. This was led by Don Eisenhart. I led the sixth mission and the second one to Tokyo on March 4th with 23 aircraft; I flew with Howard McNeil's crew.

These early missions were good "shakedowns" for us, and we were fortunate in not having any losses.

IWO JIMA AND ITS IMPORTANCE

One of the major hazards from the beginning of B-29 operations from the Marianas was the prospect of having to ditch at sea on the way back from Japan, in case battle damage or mechanical problems resulted in not being able to make the distance to home base. So, the creation of an emergency base on Iwo Jima was highly important for us.

Iwo is about 6 miles long and 4 miles wide. (See map.) For weeks in February it had been "softened" up by B-29 bombing and by naval ship bombardment (the heaviest shelling of the war) in preparation for the invasion by the Marines on February 19th.

The principal grand strategy purpose of taking Iwo was to provide a base for the VII Fighter Command, the P-51 fighters which were to accompany our daylight missions to the mainland off Japan to help take care of Japanese defense fighter aircraft and to perform strafing runs on Japanese ground targets. The planned secondary purpose was to provide an emergency landing base for



crippled B-29s returning from missions over Japan. This purpose proved, by far, to be the more important.

The taking of Iwo was a very tough battle for the Marines. The Navy planners had forecast that it would be secured in 3 days of fighting. It took 33 days. Unknown was the catacomb maze of 7 levels of tunnels and caves dug out by the 23,000 Japanese troops. It was the first Japanese territory invaded and the defenders had orders to fight to the death, which 22,000 did, even hiding out in caves and coming out for hand-to-hand night attacks on the Marines and, later, on the fighter pilots and their ground crews. For the Marines it was the most savage and costly battle in their history. The first day of invasion was more costly in casualties than D-day was in Normandy. Before Iwo was fully secured, the Marines suffered 28,821 casualties of which 6821 were killed. Twenty seven Medals of Honor were awarded, of which 13 were posthumous. Admiral Nimitz wrote: "Uncommon valor was a common virtue."

Although secured at a very high price, Iwo was, as anticipated, extremely valuable to us. From early March to the end of the war it was used 2251 times by crews with B-29s so battle damaged or with such mechanical problems that they clearly, or most likely, could not make it back to the Marianas. Further, because we had this emergency field available, we were able to reduce the amount of fuel we carried on most missions and increase the bomb or mine loads.

The largest number of B-29s which landed at Iwo on one day was 197 on July 24th returning from 9 separate missions and, after a single mission, 100 on August 8th returning from the Yawata attack.

The first B-29 crew to utilize Iwo was Raymond Malo's from our group, on March 4th. They were low on usable fuel due to a malfunctioning fuel transfer pump. They were only on the field about 20 minutes while the pump was repaired. During that time the Marines were exchanging fire with the Japanese not far from the short Japanese runway on which they had landed. Some Seabees offered to add 1000 feet to the runway if they would stay overnight. Malo knew he could take off all right with his light load and enough gas to get back to Tinian and declined the offer. That day the Marines saw a B-29 close-up for the first time and, I believe, started appreciating the worth of their efforts and sacrifices in contributing to the B-29's capability of carrying the war effectively to the Japanese homeland. (After the war, our wing commander, Brigadier General John H. Davies, invited the Marine generals who had been in command of the Iwo operation to a luncheon and briefing at wing headquarters to explain to them the great value Iwo had been to the B-29s.)

EARLY OPERATIONS FROM THE MARIANAS

All the missions from November 1944, when operations were launched by the 73rd Wing on Saipan, through early March, 1945 were daylight precision attacks at high altitude, i.e., 25,000 to 30,000 feet. As discussed in Chapter 1, the results were very disappointing due to frequent cloud cover over the targets and to the newly-discovered "jet stream." Sometimes the jet stream would be 150 miles an hour, which messed up the accuracy of the bombing runs if downwind or crosswind, and if upwind exposed the bombers to longer periods of vulnerability to the Japanese anti-aircraft guns and fighter aircraft.

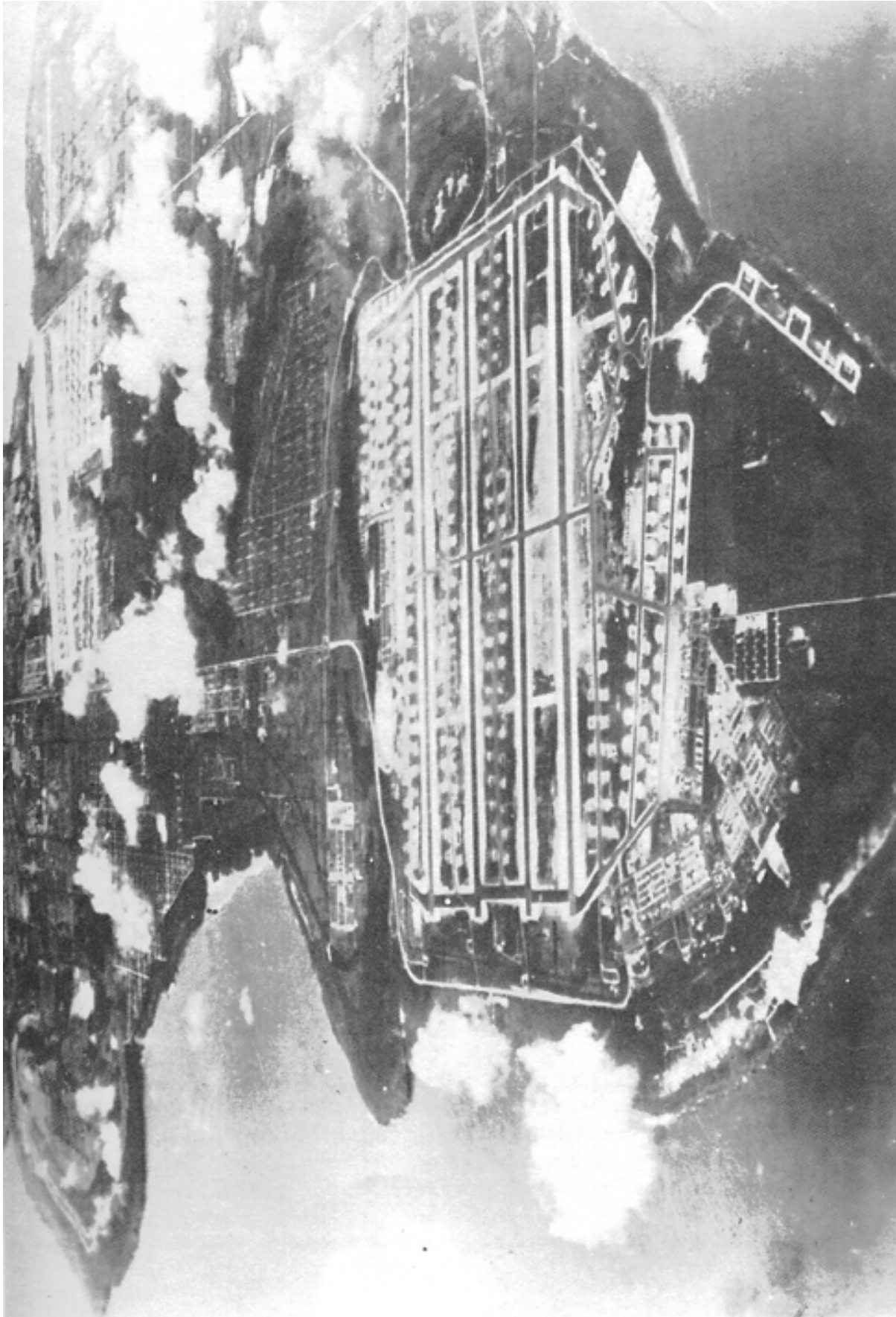


Figure 03-020a. Tinian North Field—mid. 45. North Field, then the world's largest air base and home of the 313 BW, in background. West Field, home of the veteran 58 BW, in upper center



IWO JIMA

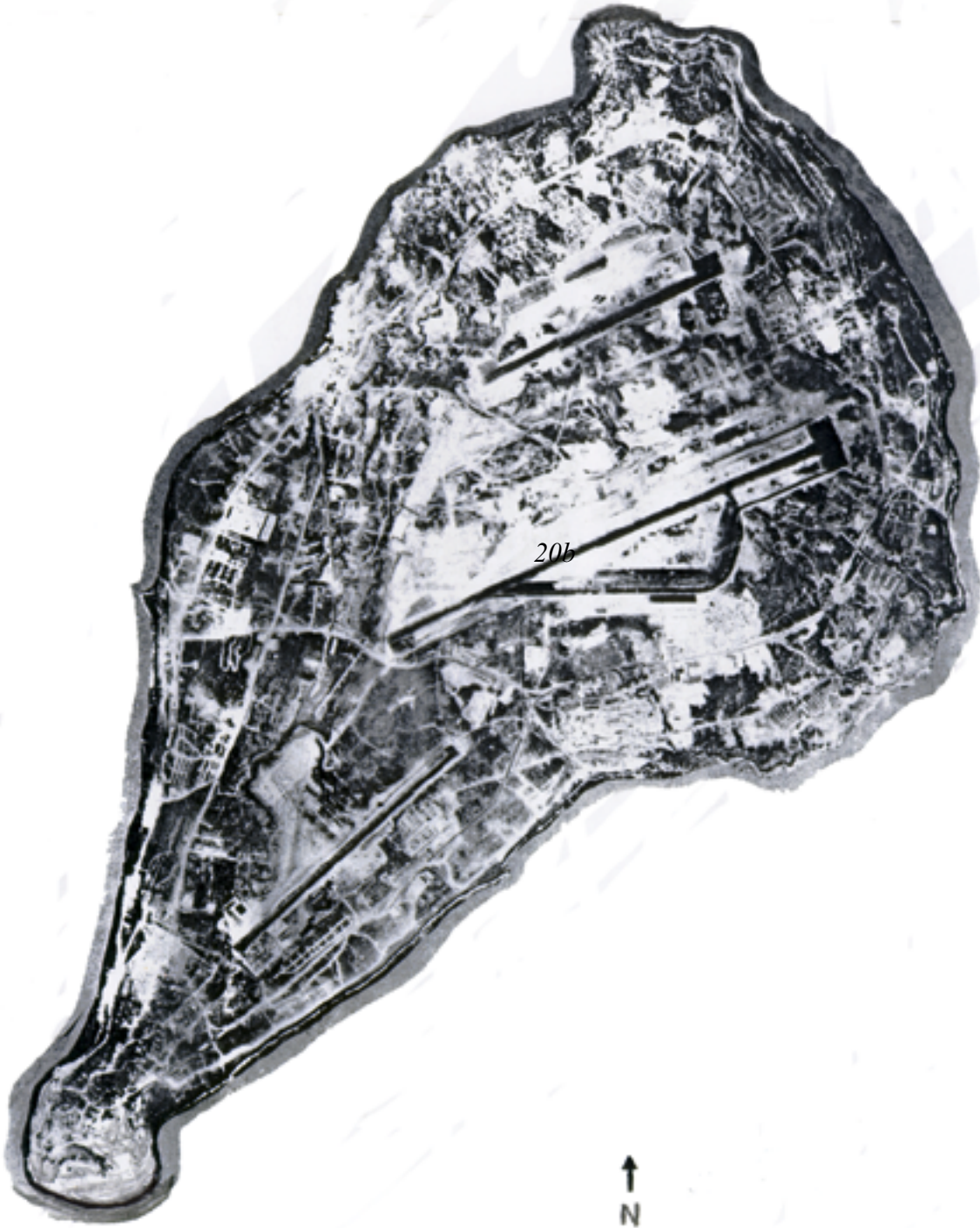


Figure 03-20b. Aerial View of IWO JIMA



Because of the poor results, by early March the 20th Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon, in consultation with Major General Curtis E. LeMay, the XXI Bomber Command Commander on Guam, had decided on a shift of a major part of the effort to night bombing with incendiaries at low altitude—a radical departure from the U.S. strategic air power doctrine.

Such night incendiary raids had been used extensively by the British Royal Air Force in attacks on Nazi Germany while the U.S. Air Force concentrated on daylight precision bombing, which method had been carried over to attacks against Japan up through March 4th. However, contingency plans had been made for possible incendiary raids on Japan and a limited supply of incendiary bombs had been sent to the Marianas which were now going to be used.

The Japanese had spread their war industry into all parts of their cities, including much manufacturing being done in small plants in neighborhoods and even in many individual homes. Hence it was a valid tactic of employing incendiaries against the flammable construction of Japanese buildings to destroy the Japanese capability for making war and their will to continue to do so.

GROUP COMMAND CHANGE

Before this operational change got underway, though, there was another development which affected me in a major way. On the February 25 mission to Japan, the wing chief of staff was flying with a crew that was shot down. General Davies decided to transfer Don Eisenhart—who had done an outstanding job of commanding our group during our training in McCook, deployment to Tinian, and through the first month of combat—to the wing to take that chief of staff position. Concurrently, General Davies designated me to become commander of the 9th Group on March 7th. I was, of course, gratified with this expression of confidence and the opportunity this afforded me. Having had quite a bit of command experience and with my knowledge of the group, I had no qualms as to my ability to carry out my job, although here I was, 29 years old and in command of 2200 men and responsible for up to 48 B-29s and all other equipment of the group.

THE NIGHT INCENDIARY “BLITZ”

New tactics of low-level, 5000-9000 feet, night incendiary bomb attacks on Japan were launched two days after I became commander of the group. General LeMay ordered a “blitz” of attacks successively on four different target cities: Tokyo, March 9th; Nagoya, March 11th; Osaka, March 13th; and Kobe, March 16th; with an add-on repeat to Nagoya on March 18th.

The stunning orders from bomber command, launching the untried tactics, included a “maximum effort” for these missions; that is, we were to send out all planes that were in commission for combat. In addition to the startlingly low altitude, the orders also included no ammunition to be loaded in the guns—to avoid mistakenly shooting at other B-29s in the melee over the target. Intelligence could not predict if there would be barrage balloons and the weather briefing indicated cloud cover all the way to Japan limiting celestial navigation. The whole briefing was mind-boggling for many air crewmen. Between the briefing and departure for the airplanes there were many special letters written to loved ones.



For this first unprecedented night low-level mission to Tokyo we had 33 airplanes ready and scheduled. I flew with Robert McClintock's crew in the first plane of our group. Our takeoff was in late afternoon with target time over Tokyo about midnight. Our wing, led by our group, was given takeoff times which put us following about 1/3 of the 300 total airplanes in the bomber "column."

Our flight path took us a few miles south of Tokyo Bay, then to the northeast for about 20 miles, and then left 90 degrees onto our northwest "axis of attack" across the Chiba peninsula toward the heart of Tokyo. We were all flying individually at our assigned altitudes between 6400 and 7800 feet. As we approached Tokyo Bay and turned northeast, we could see huge fires and great masses of boiling clouds of smoke, interlaced with searchlights and anti-aircraft shells streaking up from the ground. For about 12 minutes we had before us this panorama that looked like what Dante described as "hell's inferno" as we made our way toward our turning point and then onto our "axis of attack." We were about to fly through this maelstrom, not knowing if we or any others would get through it. Over our aiming point in the middle of Tokyo we looked down on the blazing city, as though we were looking down into a huge blast furnace. Our time flying over the danger area was probably not more than 6 minutes but it seemed so much longer. We felt the concussions of bursting anti-aircraft shells around us, but none hit our airplane.

The seven hour return flight to Tinian was uneventful, during which we all gradually unstressed and said our private prayers of gratitude for coming through that trial by fire. Of the 33 B-29s scheduled by our group, 5 aborted due to mechanical problems, either before takeoff or before reaching the target. Two airplanes were damaged but overflew Iwo to try to get back to Tinian and had to ditch in the ocean. We lost three men, our first casualties, in those ditchings. Overall, the bomber command lost 14 airplanes, fewer than expected. Over fifteen square miles of Tokyo were destroyed. Hence, with the relatively low losses and highly effective results, the new tactics were a resounding success for us, but they were a staggering blow for the Japanese in death, destruction, and morale.

Brigadier General Thomas Power, the commander of the 314th Wing on Guam, had been designated by General LeMay to circle over Tokyo, at a much higher altitude, during and after the raid, to take pictures, and to report back to him. After the war General Power gave this assessment of that one raid: "It was the greatest single disaster incurred by any enemy in military history. It was greater than the combined damage of Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

The next raid, two days later on Nagoya was not so successful but the ones on Osaka two days later and on Kobe, three days after Osaka, were highly successful. The follow-on raid on Nagoya two days after the one on Kobe achieved the results sought. This "blitz" achieved a major and highly significant change in the war against Japan. We demonstrated that the Japanese defenses were relatively ineffective and that we could inflict whatever damage we chose whenever we chose. This was a major step in the psychological effect of our operations on the Japanese; from then on there was no question that they had lost the war. The task thereafter was to break their cultural resolve to fight to the death for the Emperor. Our strategic attacks, topped by the overwhelming psychological impact of the two atomic bombs in August, broke that resolve and led to the surren-



der without the loss of hundreds of thousands of U.S., allied, and Japanese lives which would have occurred had an invasion and protracted ground war on the Japanese mainland been necessary.

General LeMay wrote this assessment of the “blitz” and subsequent fire raids: “It was that rain and reign of flame which demoralized Japanese industry, and shattered the military heart, and whipped the populace into a state where they could—and would—accept the idea of surrender.”

As might be expected, in contrast with the effect on the Japanese, the pictures of burned-out Tokyo, posted on all the squadron bulletin boards, made the morale of all the men in the XXI Bomber Command soar. We all felt, rightly, that we were now really on course to ending the war. And the morale stayed high the rest of the war.

ADJUSTMENT IN TACTICS OF DAYLIGHT BOMBING

The five raids of the “blitz” used up the store of incendiary bombs available. Until more incendiaries arrived, we resumed daylight precision bombing of aircraft and munition factories, etc., but now we flew at much lower altitude than before, between 14,000 and 25,000 feet, having determined that the Japanese anti-aircraft was not appreciably more effective at those altitudes than at the higher ones. Lower altitude missions, day and night, used less fuel, strained the engines less, and permitted heavier bomb loads. A highly significant campaign of aerial mining was also added, at altitudes between 5,000 and 12,000 feet.

MINING CAMPAIGN

Starting in late March, our 313th Wing was ordered to fly missions to drop mines to destroy or bottle up Japanese shipping. The U.S. Navy devised the basic planning for this whole campaign and our group, along with the other groups of the wing, executed it over a period of about 4 months.

These missions were carried out by individual sorties at night, at low altitudes, dropping the mines by parachute with radar offset aiming in the harbors and inland sea of Japan and some harbors in Korea. This campaign was well-planned and executed; consequently it was highly successful.

The target areas, types of mines, timing of the missions, etc. came to us in orders from the bomber command. But our operational staffs had to work up the routes, aiming points, and other operational details. Then our air crews, including especially the radar operators—using the relatively new APQ-13 radar system as the primary means of dropping the mines on the target areas—had to carry out these missions. They did so splendidly, often through strong enemy flak and night fighter attacks. One of the two Presidential Unit Citations, quoted in Chapter 11, cites the group’s outstanding performance in this campaign.

These Navy-developed mines were ingeniously designed to thwart mine-sweeping operations. Some of them were set to count the number of ships passing over and only explode on a certain one, say the 13th; hence, the minesweepers would ply back and forth many times with no effect and then, after they gave the “all clear,” the mine would be activated later and blow up a



cargo ship. Other mines would only explode on a certain size of ship. The result was that, when the campaign was completed in July, Japan was essentially blockaded with no movement of ships of any appreciable size between China or Korea and Japan or between coastal cities in Japan. Fifteen hundred twenty eight sorties were flown by the 313th Wing, of which the 9th Group flew 328. I flew on two mining missions with George Bertagnoli's and William Wienert's crews. Although not well publicized in the U.S. and not at all in Japan, this mining campaign doubtlessly had a major psychological impact on the Japanese military and political leaders, reinforcing the obvious, growing feeling that their situation was hopeless.

After the war, the commander of the Japanese mine-sweeping force told an American interrogator: "The result of the mining by B-29s was so effective that it eventually starved the country. I think you probably could have shortened the war by beginning earlier."

DIVERSION TO HELP THE NAVY WITH THE OKINAWA INVASION

An unexpected additional mission was given to the bomber command in April.

In late March our Marines and Army Forces had invaded the Japanese island of Okinawa, from which the first great invasion of the mainland of Japan was planned to be launched in November. As with the invasion of Iwo Jima, the Japanese fought desperately to defend their own territory. But, in regard to Okinawa, they added a defensive campaign of "kamikaze" aircraft attacks on our ships that were unloading our troops and supplies. Most of the kamikaze aircraft were relatively simple machines, designed for only one mission carrying one bomb and flown by a suicide pilot. The kamikaze pilots were indoctrinated with the glory of dying for their Emperor and given enough flying training to enable them to make their flights from one of the airfields on Kyushu or Shikoku, the nearest main Japanese islands to Okinawa, to dive their planes on our ships anchored in Okinawa waters. Although many of these aircraft were shot down by the Navy's anti-aircraft gunners, there were still enough getting through that heavy, serious damage was being done to the invasion forces. The Joint Chiefs of Staff ordered General LeMay to divert a good portion of our B-29 effort to drop high-explosive bombs on the runways and other facilities of the Kyushu and Shikoku airfields every few days to help counter these kamikaze attacks. This diverted effort lasted about a month and provided the help the Navy needed. Although these diversionary missions were interspersed with some other day bombing missions, night incendiary raids, and our mining operations, they obviously did lessen somewhat the scope and intensity of our strategic missions, but in a most worthy cause.

COMPLETION OF THE B-29 BUILDUP IN THE MARIANAS

In February and March the 314th Wing had deployed to an airfield on Guam. In May the 58th Wing was redeployed from India/China to an airfield on the west side of Tinian. In May and June the 315 Wing was deployed to another airfield on Guam. Thus, progressively, the B-29 force was built up so that, by June, there were nearly 1000 B-29s in the Marianas, and this force could put more than 600 B-29s over targets in Japan whenever so ordered. By then, the "bugs" that had been in the B-29 engines and other equipment had been worked out, and our supplies of spare parts, munitions, and gasoline were all adequate. Hence, progressively, heavy air raids on Japan could be launched nearly continuously, with great flexibility of targets, tactics, and munitions.

OPERATION STARVATION

Japs' Inland Sea, Key Harbors 'Polluted' With Mines by B-29s

Greatest Aerial Blockade in History Being Carried Out, Gen. Le May Says

By the Associated Press.
 GUAM, May 11.—Super Fortresses, carrying out the largest aerial mining blockade in history, have "polluted" Japan's Inland Sea and the Tokyo and Nagoya harbors with high explosives, Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay announced today.
 The 21st Bomber Command chief said nearly a dozen aerial mining missions had been carried out by the Super Forts, each equipped with approximately 10 tons of mines.
 Brig. Gen. John H. Davies, Piedmont, Calif., commands the Tinian-based B-29s mining the enemy waters.
 Operations have not been confined to the areas mentioned today. Mines have been dropped in all major ports of Japan, and particularly in Shimonoseki Strait between Kyushu and Honshu Islands.
 Gen. Davies personally led the first mission March 27 in the opening of the first attempt in military history to impose a complete mine blockade on a maritime nation.
 The objective of the mine-laying campaign is to supplement the thunderous step-up in bombing of

Japan's homeland islands by other Super Forts. Carrying out of both operations can aid in destruction of Japan's productive power.
 It is estimated 75 per cent of all Japanese transportation is water-borne.
 Mines also were strewn in strategic areas to support the invasion of Okinawa.
 All missions were flown at night, generally under 10,000 feet altitude. Parachutes from 6 to 9 feet in diameter were automatically released from the Navy-made mines on contact with the water. Gen. LeMay explained that an aerial mining campaign must be maintained to be successful. Aerial mines used to sink to the bottom. They explode when a ship comes near enough to activate firing mechanism, and contact is not necessary.
 The mine blockade, however, remains effective only as long as it takes for the Japanese to clear a channel through fields.
 "Thus, while the Inland Sea is polluted with mines and Tokyo and Nagoya harbors are filled with missiles, the 21st Bomber Command must be constantly alert to keep them so," the general's announcement stated.
 A constant check on mine placement is maintained by aerial reconnaissance.
 Japan is dependent more on sea lanes, railroads and air routes than on any other mode of transportation, Gen. LeMay said.

2 THE WASHINGTON POST
 Saturday, May 12, 1945

B-29s Mining Ports To Blockade Japan

MINE BLOCKADE HEMS IN JAPAN

Sea Lifeline P
 New Raids
 Plants a

Guam 15
 America
 Japan
 11

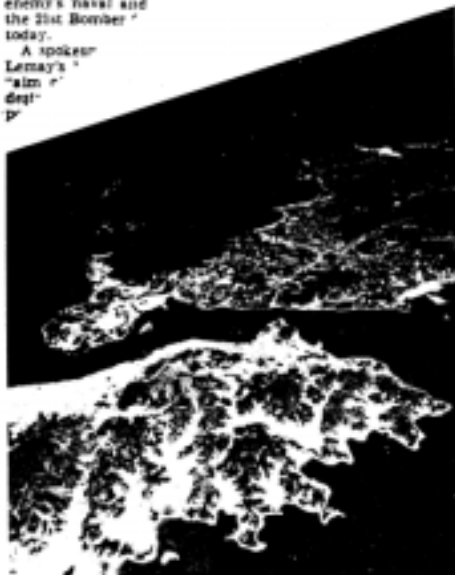
B-29s Sow All Sealanes Unique Maneuver

GUAM, Saturday
 American Super
 Japan's harbor
 mines in
 disorganize
 fleet

In late Mar 45 the 313 BW undertook history's most successful aerial mining blockade campaign. Forty-three missions were flown with the vital Shimonoseki Strait, separating Honshu and Kyushu, the principal target. Since all operations were at night, few photos are available.

B-29's Choke Japs' Inland Sea With Mines

By LLOYD TURLING
 GUAM, May 11.—(U.P.)—Japan's inland sea and major harbors "polluted" with explosives, a spokesman said today. The Superfortresses seeking to choke the enemy's naval and the 21st Bomber Command today.
 A spokesman said the Superfortresses "aim" at destroying the enemy's sea lanes.



The Shimonoseki Strait from high altitude



Grossman



9 BG over Japanese home waters—25 May 45



An actual drop of a Mark 26 magnetic mine

Figure 03-025. Operation Starvation Aerial Blockade, May 1945



HEADQUARTERS 313TH BOMBARDMENT WING

APO 336, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

15 August 1945

SUBJECT: Report on 313th Bomb Wing Mining Operations

TO: The Commanding General, 313th Bomb Wing

1. On 27 March 1945 the 313th Bombardment Wing embarked upon the most ambitious, and successful program of aerial mine-laying in the history of warfare. After the initial mine fields in the Shimonoseki Straits and Inland Sea areas had been established by the combined efforts of all groups within the Wing, the mining offensive settled down to an almost every other night schedule with a force of usually only one group. This smaller force, however, operated continuously and with regularity, replenishing the major fields at frequent intervals, establishing new ones in the harbors along the northern coast of Honshu, and, beginning in July, planting new fields in all of the major ports of eastern Korea.

2. The effectiveness of this mine-laying program has been far greater than anticipated. At a time when she could least afford it, Japan's sea lanes of communication were disrupted, the flow of supplies from China and Manchuria was choked off, and even within the home islands adequate distribution of food and war materials was prevented. The 313th Bomb Wing performed this vital task at a critical time when no other force could strike Japanese shipping in the home waters of Japan.

3. Conservative estimates as of 10 August 1945 indicate between 700,000 and 1,000,000 tons of Japanese vessels of 1000 tons or over have been sunk or damaged by mines laid by this Wing. This figure represents an estimated 45% of all shipping sunk or damaged from all causes during the period of mine laying. Total Japanese shipping sunk from all causes since the beginning of the war approximates 8,000,000 tons, with submarines accounting for nearly 5,000,000 tons.

4. The following figures show what it took to accomplish the results obtained and cover the period 27 March 1945 through 15 August 1945:

TOTAL Mining A/C Airborne		1,526
TOTAL Mining A/C Effective		1,424
TONS of Mines Effectively Planted		8,860
NUMBER of Mines		14,000
AIRCRAFT LOST from ALL causes		16
COMBAT and UNKNOWN	9	
OPERATIONALLY	7	
PERSONNEL CASUALTIES		114
MISSING	81	
KILLED	20	
WOUNDED	13	
AIR-SEA RESCUE SAVED		26

5. In conclusion it is safe to say that the mining operations conducted by the 313th Bomb Wing, as far as intensity of effort was concerned, were the greatest of the war. In ETO, for example, 50,000 mines (including those laid by surface craft) were planted, but it took 4½ years to do it. The 313th Wing laid 14,000 mines in 4½ months, giving it an average monthly rate of over three times as great. And, moreover, this intensity of effort paid off by undoubtedly making a major contribution toward shortening the war with Japan.

S/
H. D. KENZIE
Lt. Col., AC
A-2

Figure 03-026. August 15th report to Headquarters regarding the 313th Bomb Wing Mining Operations



FIGHTER ESCORT FROM IWO JIMA

The P-51s of the VIIth Fighter Command, deployed on Iwo Jima, started joining our daylight raids in April to engage Japanese air defense aircraft which, though becoming fewer and less effective, could sometimes shoot down a B-29. The Mustang P-51s were single engine aircraft without navigation equipment and they had to fly 700 miles over water to Japan and 700 miles back to Iwo, with weather fronts to deal with en route. Several B-29s always escorted the P-51 formations to provide navigation guidance, but some were lost in the weather fronts. Those fighter pilots were certainly brave and capable. After escorting our B-29 formations over Japan, if they had any extra fuel left beyond what was needed for the trip back to Iwo, they would dive down and strafe “targets of opportunity”: trains, truck convoys, airfields, coastal shipping, etc. They were just great. They flew 10 escort and 33 strike missions of their own. They destroyed or damaged 1,062 enemy aircraft and lost 114 fighters in combat.

B-29 AIRPLANE COMMANDERS PLAYING FIGHTER PILOTS

In regard to strafing airfields, I learned at one of our group’s reunions, 45 years after the war, that two of our daredevil B-29 airplane commanders, after dropping their bombs on a daylight mission, observed that the Japanese fighters that had been harassing their bomber formation were landing on an airfield below, obviously in need of gas. So, they dived their B-29s down and across the airfield while their gunners sprayed the airplanes and hangars with 50 caliber machine gun bullets!

It is a good thing that I didn’t learn about this escapade at the time. I would have had to decide whether to court martial them for endangering their crews and airplanes, or recommend them for medals for foolhardy bravery, or both.

ARRIVAL OF THE 509TH COMPOSITE GROUP

In June a fifth group, the 509th, arrived on our north Tinian airfield and joined the wing. We quickly learned that this outfit was up to something special, but no one knew what. This group was smaller than the others and it didn’t participate in any of our missions. It sent individual airplanes on high altitude missions by themselves to Japan. We only learned some months later, when the whole world learned, what this group was up to.

DIVERSE OPERATIONS FUNCTIONING BRILLIANTLY AND ROUTINELY

As mentioned above, night mining, daylight precision bombing of airfields and industrial targets, and day and night incendiary bombing were interspersed in April. In mid-May our role in the airfield bombing was finished and by late May our group’s role in the mining campaign had been completed. So, in June, July, and August the missions were divided between day and night incendiary attacks on cities and daylight precision bombing attacks on aircraft and engine factories, oil refineries and, later, railroad marshalling yards.



On some missions we had no losses and occasionally no aircraft damage. On other missions we lost one or more aircraft shot down over Japan. Our worst loss was on a night raid on April 15th on Kawasaki, south of Tokyo which cost us four crews—a tragic time for us. But, relatively, the losses in our group, and in the bomber command as a whole, were much less than anticipated. The Japanese fighter defense aircraft and anti-aircraft guns were not as effective as had been feared. Nevertheless, each of our losses was deeply felt. (Only 12 members of the crews that were shot down over Japan and captured survived their harsh treatment and were rehabilitated after the war.) Some crews, whose aircraft were so badly damaged that they couldn't make it even to Iwo, but could get away from the Japanese mainland, bailed out over a known location of a U.S. Navy submarine and were picked up and rescued that way.

After May, the group commanders were allowed to fly only two missions a month. As I had before, I picked specific missions to learn the most about our various operations and I flew with a different crew each time. As mentioned earlier, the air crew members had to fly 35 missions to complete their tours and go home. Ten of the 9th's crews completed that many before the war was over.

Our operations, like the other groups, became more and more efficient and almost routine. Amazingly, late in the war, casualties in the XXI Bomber Command in combat were less than those in training back in the states! Obviously this was because our air crews and ground crews had become so highly skilled and the enemy defenses so diminished.

After the war it was found out that the Japanese high command had decided around May or June to save most of their remaining airplanes and aviation fuel for their planned climactic fight to the finish when the expected land invasion would come. Hence, about 9000 airplanes of all types were hidden near disguised primitive runways, ready to be launched in kamikaze attacks. This move—along with the destruction of the airframe and engine factories that we had achieved and the number of fighters shot down by B-29 gunners and the P-51s—explained the significant reduction in defensive fighter action we encountered in the last few months of the war.

EFFECTIVE PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS

Starting in July some B-29s were sent on a new mission to shower leaflets on potential target cities, warning the inhabitants:

“In the next few days the military installations in some or all of the cities named on the photograph will be destroyed by American bombs. These cities contain military installations and workshops or factories which produce military goods. The American Air Force, which does not wish to injure innocent people, now gives you warning to evacuate the cities named and save your lives. America is not fighting the Japanese people, but is fighting the military clique which has enslaved the Japanese people. The peace which America will bring will free the people from the oppression of the military clique and mean the emergence of a new and better Japan. You can restore peace by demanding new and good leaders who will end the war. We cannot promise that only these cities will be among those attacked, but some or all will be, so heed the warning and evacuate these cities immediately.”



There wasn't any mass exodus until three of the cities listed were attacked. Thereafter, subsequent warnings were heeded and all warned cities were evacuated. This leaflet tactic clearly further showed the Japanese the inability of their government to protect their cities from destruction even when given warning.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES

Stanley Black's crew had an incredible experience on one of the early incendiary raids on Osaka. As I mentioned, at the beginning of the fire raids we were sent in at 5000 to 7000 foot altitude to avoid the most expected effective altitude range of the anti-aircraft guns. Black's crew was flying near the end of the bomber column and, by the time they were over the target, there were immense thermal clouds boiling up from the firestorm created by the incendiaries already dropped. Just after they had released their load of bombs, they flew into one of these clouds which was as violent as a severe thunderstorm. The power of this thermal threw their B-29, weighing over 100,000 pounds, up several thousand feet and tossed it on its back! Black, with great difficulty, skillfully completed a barrel roll in the process of which he lost thousands of feet of altitude, pulling out at 1500 feet and, in the incredible maneuver, exceeded the design maximum airspeed of the plane. The airplane certainly proved its rugged worth since it got the crew home safely, but the wings had so many stress wrinkles in them they looked like washboards and had to be replaced. As a consequence of this and similar horrendous experiences of our air crews and others, the altitude for the incendiary raids was raised to 10,000 to 12,000 feet, which altitude was not appreciably more vulnerable to the anti-aircraft defenses.

On another mission, on June 5th, on which I was flying with Robert McClintock's crew, we were witnesses to a spectacular incident. We had completed a daylight raid on Kobe, Japan's 5th largest city, and had just left the Japanese coast at about 14,000 feet. We noticed a formation of B-29s from some other group ahead and above us. But then our attention was drawn to a Japanese fighter which was diving on one of the B-29s which had fallen behind the group's formation. To our great surprise this Japanese pilot flew his fighter directly at the tail of the B-29 and deliberately struck and sheared off its rudder and vertical stabilizer with one of his wings, which was also broken off. But this was no kamikaze; he bailed out and opened his parachute. The crippled B-29 went into a sweeping, spiral descent and the crew bailed out. Hopefully, they were rescued by one of our Navy submarines, but we couldn't see them thereafter nor did we have any way to learn later of their fate. Certainly this was a wholly surprising and spectacular incident of war for which we had, by chance, a grandstand view.

During our night missions in June and July a UFO phenomenon was reported. Our air crews started sighting "balls of fire," i.e., glowing objects about the size of a full moon which flew around in the vicinity of our flying patterns over Japan. One of our crews reported that one of the objects followed their airplane half way to Iwo Jima. I saw them on two missions. I don't remember any reports of any hostile action by these objects and the reports of sightings stopped after a couple of months. The object of these reports was dismissed by some "experts" as the planet Venus. And, after these reports started coming in, some crews did mistake the rising full moon as one of these "balls of fire." Some reports speculated that these "balls of fire" were exhausts from a Japanese



development called a “Baka Bomb,” but exhaust flames can only be seen from the rear; and these objects appeared to have the same size and intensity in whatever direction they were travelling. I have never heard of any official assessment as to what these objects were. I had an occasion to ask General LeMay about them several years after the war and he had no explanation. I am sure that what I saw was neither Venus nor the moon nor a “Baka Bomb”; hence, for me, they were UFO’s.

PROMOTION

In June I had a fine personal morale booster. General LeMay had a sound policy of not approving a promotion of a group commander until after he had proved himself by commanding the group for three months. Obviously, I was judged to have proved myself because, on June 11, three months after I moved up from deputy to group commander, I was promoted to full colonel. I was 29 years and 10 months old but that wasn’t so unusual since some of my contemporaries had been promoted to full colonel much before me and at earlier ages. (We, who earned our pilot wings a couple of years before Pearl Harbor, generally had the opportunity to advance fairly rapidly in rank during the war—if we could prove ourselves and survived.)

Within the constraints we had in the Table of Organization and bomber command policies, the squadron commanders and I tried, and I think generally succeeded, in being conscientious about promoting all the personnel who proved themselves fully capable and effective in their jobs.

VISIT OF GENERAL OF THE ARMY H.H. ARNOLD

Also in June, General Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Commander of the 20th Air Force, arrived in the Marianas to get an on-the-spot report on our operations. He was briefed thoroughly by General LeMay and the bomber command staff. Then he visited the various wings briefly. General Davies asked the group commanders to come to wing headquarters for lunch when General Arnold visited our wing. During this lunch General Arnold instructed General LeMay to fly to Washington to personally brief the other members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and, if possible, President Truman on the remarkable effectiveness of the B-29 operations. It was General Arnold’s view, shared by General LeMay, that Japan could be defeated without an invasion, which did prove to be the case. But the invasion plans went forward at that time because the Japanese will to fight had not yet been broken and when it would be was uncertain.

SMOOTH FUNCTIONING OF THE GROUP

We had a fine team in the key command and operations people that I worked with particularly closely: Bill Hall, deputy group commander; LeRoy Casey, Mal Brown, and Lew Wright, squadron commanders; Frank Luschen, group operations officer and his operations staff; and the squadron operations officers and their staffs. Of the many aspects of my job, the one I was most interested in and spent the most time on was combat operations. Frank Luschen quickly learned that he had limited freedom of action, that I was “looking over his shoulder” all the time. Fortunately, we worked well together.



The group maintenance officer, Norm Weinberg, was highly qualified. With his staff and the great support of the squadron maintenance officers and their staffs and mechanics, that vital aspect of our activities was splendidly handled. Norm kept me informed and gave me no major problems.

In the field of administration, Al Perry, the group executive officer, and Thell Rea, the group adjutant, working closely with the squadron administrative sections, kept that area of activity going smoothly and well.

Chaplain Richard Chambers ministered very well to our spiritual needs which, quite understandably, were especially strong among the air crews before missions.

Our other activities, including ordnance, armament, medical, etc. were handled by highly competent people who did their jobs well with little supervision. In fact, everyone was greatly motivated throughout the group and, when we hit our stride, the morale was always high.

One of the things I did to help sustain our high morale was to have the whole group assemble at the theater every month for a briefing on how we were doing, any problem we had, and the prospects for our future operations as I was privy to them.

Of course there were some personnel problems. Shortly before I took over command of the group, one of the squadron commanders, who had developed such a martinet attitude that he was seriously affecting the morale and effectiveness of that squadron, had to be relieved of his command and transferred out of the group. Otherwise, a few air crew members had to be reassigned when they developed psychological problems related to their combat duties. But generally and overall, we were a harmonious, smooth-working, dedicated, and highly effective group of fine men with whom I was fortunate to be associated.

To me it has always been a matter of amazement, gratification, and pride that we 2200 Americans, almost all in our late teens or 20s, could, in a relative short time, gain the skill and practice of cooperative effort to achieve the high morale and effectiveness our 9th Group attained. As a group, I think that we exemplified the best in America.

As it turned out, it was not possible to give recognition to all those deserving recognition for bravery, skills, dedication, and efficiency, due to the fast tempo of our operations, the abruptness of the end of the war, and the quick demobilization thereafter. This is regrettable because outstanding and exceptional performance by many were practically routine. The Presidential Unit Citations, quoted in Chapter 11, provide a measure of tribute to all in the group for their performance, through the selection of our mining missions and the raid on which we suffered our heaviest losses for these special awards.



TRAGEDY AND CONSEQUENCES

A trying, but very important, task that I had was writing letters of condolence to mothers or wives of the men we lost. Fortunately, that task didn't have to be performed very often.

There were a number of stressful, heart-rending happenings. The worst was during a mining mission takeoff on May 20th. I was up in a flak tower watching our group's planes takeoff at intervals of about a minute. Several planes had already completed takeoff and were on their course to Japan. But, as the next B-29 in line rolled down the runway, something obviously went very wrong as the airplane went out of control, cartwheeled and rolled up into a massive ball of fire that kindled the mines which then started to explode one by one. The fire trucks and ambulances raced to the scene to do what could be done, which was very little. (Only one member of the crew survived, the tail gunner.) Knowing I could do nothing at the crash site, and conscious that the rest of the mission had to go, I got in my jeep, drove over to the head of the line of airplanes still waiting to takeoff and signalled them to follow me. I led them to a far runway and launched them on their way, meanwhile mourning for the men we had just lost.

VISIT BY GENERAL CARL SPAATZ

General Spaatz, recently arrived on Guam to be commander of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces, Pacific, and thus to head the expanded strategic command set up, came up to our wing on August 1st for an orientation visit. General Davies asked us group commanders to join him and General Spaatz for lunch at wing headquarters. Driving up to the wing in my jeep, I was speculating as to what I would tell General Spaatz if he should say to me: "Colonel, what problems do you have that I can help with?" Well, General Davies had me seated next to General Spaatz who, during lunch, said just that! Having daydreamed myself into preparation for such an opportunity, I told him the ones I had thought up, most of which were relatively minor, because our whole operation was going wonderfully well. But there was one that was an important morale issue and that was the long delay in getting decorations for our men who had performed outstandingly. I cited the case of Master Sergeant Klabo, a crew chief, whose airplane, named "Goin' Jessie," had flown 50 missions without any serious significant mechanical troubles. I had put in a recommendation for a Legion of Merit for him some six weeks before and had had no response. General Spaatz said: "I'll present him with a Legion of Merit this afternoon," which he did! This was a good morale booster and an example of the advantage of being prepared to bring up something concrete and reasonable to a commander who is understanding and decisive.

MAXIMUM EFFORT; GROUP'S REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

General Spaatz had also ordered the command to put on a maximum effort on August 1st. Our group had 48 B-29s assigned. Forty seven were in commission and we put them all in the air over Japan and back safely to Tinian! This was a fine example of the developed efficiency of our group's maintenance and operations.

MY MOST MEMORABLE BIRTHDAY

I chose to fly a mission on my 30th birthday. I flew with Wendell Hutchison's crew. (It happened to be that crew's 35th and final mission.) It was a night incendiary raid and the target time



was a little past midnight at the start of my birthday. The mission itself was uneventful and we landed back at Tinian in the early morning. A few hours later we learned that during our return flight our path had crossed that of a B-29 named Enola Gay, from the 509th Composite Group on our base, piloted by Colonel Paul Tibbets, the commander of that group, en route to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima that morning. Some eventful 30th birthday for me and an enormously eventful day for mankind!

VIOLATION OF “NEED TO KNOW”

A couple of days after the second atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki I got instructions from the wing, along with the other group commanders, to go to the wing headquarters for a briefing. The briefing officer was Brigadier General Farrell. He was the deputy to Lt. General Leslie Groves, the commander of the Manhattan Project which had developed the atomic bombs, and was General Groves’s representative on Tinian. He proceeded to tell us astonished colonels the super secrets of the atomic bombs, their design and how they worked. None of us had any need to know what we were told, and all I could guess was that General Farrell had had to keep quiet about this so long that he was bursting to share it and picked us and this time to do so. At the time I wondered if we would be permitted to fly any more missions because what we heard was obviously of the highest secrecy and we should not have been told about it. Well, a few weeks later, after the war was over, higher authority heard of this briefing. General Farrell was severely reprimanded and we were required to sign a statement that we would not disclose what we had heard without the personal permission of the President of the United States!

THE LAST FEW DAYS OF THE WAR

About this same time, General Spaatz had the command “stand down;” i.e., not conduct any combat operations. Rumors were rife about negotiations underway for Japan to surrender. But General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army in the Pentagon, issued an order to General Spaatz to launch a maximum effort attack on August 14th, obviously to put pressure on the Japanese. The mission our group was given was to bomb a railroad marshalling yard about 30 miles south of Hiroshima.

The squadron commander whose turn it was to lead the group came to me to report that some of the air crews were upset over this mission since, from the rumors afloat, the Japanese might be about to surrender and, if they were, the mission would be unnecessary and, also, the Japanese might “throw everything they had left against the raid.” I told him that that being the feeling of some of the air crews and the fact that the mission had to go, I should lead the group. But, in addition to deciding to lead the mission, I went to General Davies to tell him the situation. When he heard my story, he decided to go on the mission himself. I flew with Alton Donnell’s crew. As it turned out, and contrary to the speculation, this mission was not opposed by either anti-aircraft fire or fighters.

There was one more combat mission the night of the 14th–15th, on which four 9th Group crews flew.



The next day, August 15th, the Emperor's decision to surrender was broadcast to the Japanese people. And so World War II was ended; mission accomplished!

After August 15th our group, along with the others, flew missions to drop supplies to prisoner of war camps in Japan and, during the surrender signing ceremonies September 2nd on the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay, our group participated in a fly-over of 450 B-29s.

SUMMATION OF GROUP'S ACHIEVEMENTS

The 9th Bomb Group, from February 9th to September 2, 1945: flew 75 missions comprising 2012 sorties (one aircraft flying on one mission), including 1515 bombing and 328 mining; delivered 11,376 tons of bombs and mines; shot down 26 enemy aircraft and probably destroyed 11 others; lost 27 men killed and 96 missing in action (12 of whom were captured and repatriated after the war); had 30 wounded or injured; and lost 19 B-29s, of which 14 were in combat.

Of the 75 missions the group flew, I flew on 17: 1 to Iwo Jima, 1 to Truk, and 15 to mainland Japan. Besides the crews I have already mentioned, I also had the privilege of flying with James Curry's, Raymond Johnson's, Cornelius Fulton's, Leon Smith's, Frederick Scheaffer's, Theodore Littlewood's, Maurice Ashland's, and John Hobough's crews. A couple of the airplanes I flew in were damaged by flak or fighter fire but not seriously, and there were no personnel casualties. Pure good fortune.

The group was awarded two Presidential Unit Citations, one for the April 15th attack on Kawasaki, and one for the mining, which are quoted in Chapter 11.

ASSESSMENT OF THE REASONS FOR THE B-29'S GREAT SUCCESS

I think that the remarkable performance and superb effectiveness of the 20th, which rapidly developed in 1945, were the result of this combination of vital factors:

N1. The independent command status which was unique in World War II and in the history of warfare.

N2. The skill and dedication of the air crews, ground crews, and supporting units and staffs which were molded and brought to the highest level of professionalism by our leaders at all levels—from airplane commanders and crew chiefs up to General LeMay.

N3. The B-29 itself, a remarkably fine airplane which proved capable of being evolved rather quickly from a new design with significant problems to the most effective and reliable bomber the world had ever seen.

N4. The support provided by the headquarters and other commands of the Army Air Forces, especially in training and materiel, and by other components of the Army.

N5. The Marine and Army units which, with Navy support, captured the Marianas, where



our five air bases were built by the Seabees and Army Engineers; and Iwo Jima, which the Marines also captured and where the highly important airfield was expanded for emergency use by battle-damaged or fuel-short B-29s, and which also served as the base for the P-51 fighters who provided escort for many of our daylight missions over Japan during the last months of the war.

N6. The Navy, which provided the ships to move our ground crews, ordnance, and other supplies to our island bases. The Navy also did the target planning and developed and provided the highly sophisticated and effective aerial mines which were dropped by our 313th Wing to accomplish the strangulation blockade of shipping to and from Japan. Further, the Navy provided submarines which played an important role in the rescue of air crews forced to bail out of their crippled airplanes off the Japanese coast.

So, the support and assistance were broad among the services. But the great success of the 20th Air Force was still basically from the efforts of the 75,000 or so men of the XXI Bomber Command based on Saipan, Tinian, and Guam—following on the rugged shakedown operations of the 58th Wing in India and China.

FINAL REFLECTIONS

Every war is brutal and destructive. But no war that the U.S. has been involved in has had a more clear-cut purpose: to defeat the Japanese who attacked us and the Nazis who declared war on us; in this case, the country was solidly behind the World War II effort.

As it turned out, I was not able to get into combat until I got in the B-29 program. It was such an efficient, well-managed program and the situation of our base on Tinian being so relatively ideal, that I missed the hardships and problems others endured earlier in the war and in miserable places. We had the potential hazards of being wounded, killed, or shot down over Japan, captured and tortured, or having to ditch at sea, but I was spared such a fate. The stress of responsibility, combat risks, and the agony of losses took its toll on me, although I didn't realize it until some months after the war was over when some "combat fatigue" set in, but it didn't last long.

In accord with our country's eagerness to demobilize the armed forces and get back to civilian occupations, our group, along with all the others, rapidly redeployed back to the States those who had been with the group most of the time we were in combat. But we who were regular career officers were not eligible for reassignment to the States, as were the others being demobilized, until we completed what was then established as a "tour" of 30 months in the Pacific theater.

Shortly after the Japanese surrender was signed on September 2nd, I received orders to Headquarters U.S. Strategic Air Forces on Guam. There I was assigned to work with General Power, who had been reassigned from commander of the 314th Wing to be Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans and Operations. Our principal work, during the 3 months I was there, was planning and issuing the orders for the deployment of our units back to the States or, what was left of them, to other bases in the Pacific. For instance, what was left of the 9th Bomb Group was moved to Clark Field in the Philippines.



I continued on in my military career until I voluntarily retired in 1964 after nearly 30 years service. I had many fine assignments, including a year in Korea, during the occupation before the Korean War, then seven months in Japan as Commander of Nagoya Air Base. The remainder of my active duty in the Air Force was highly worthwhile, including 11 years of very interesting duty in NATO assignments, of which 3 years were at the NATO headquarters near Paris, France and 8 years, in two different tours, were with the NATO Military Committee in the Pentagon. In 1959 I was promoted to brigadier general, which promotion was, I believe, at least in part, due to my wartime service with the 9th Group.

I have been blessed by good fortune most of my life, including many interesting military assignments. But being with the 9th Group ranks for me as the most treasured experience. None of my other assignments matched the challenges, stimulations, sense of achievement, and camaraderie of my duty with the 9th. For all of that, I am very grateful.





SCENES from TINIAN

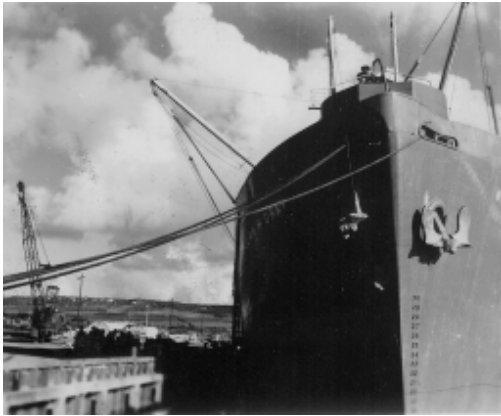


Figure 03-034a.1. *William Gray at Tinian Harbor*



Figure 03-034a.2. *Tinian Harbor in the background*



Figure 03-034a.3. *Memorial Seabees*



Figure 03-034a.4. *9th Bomb Group Area*



Figure 03-034a.5. *Aftermath*



Figure 03-034a.6. *Prehistoric Ruins "House of Tag"*



SCENES from TINIAN



Figure 03-034b.1. Native camp compound



Figure 03-034b.2. Bob Whitney with Japanese guns



Figure 03-034b.3.
Japanese gun on landing beach



Figure 03-034b.4. Japanese fighter



Figure 03-034b.5. Ships in Tinian Harbor



Figure 03-034b.6. Broadway Road from harbor to North Field



Figure 03-034b.7. Japanese tanks



CAMP LIFE



Figure 03-034c.1. Tinian Maytags



Figure 03-034c.2. Interior view of Officers Club



Figure 03-034c.3. Exterior view of Officers Club



Figure 03-034c.4. Enlisted Club



*Figure 03-034c.5. Left to right:
Francis Cuthbertson, Arthur Hershkowitz,
Dillon Mathews*



Figure 03-034c.6. A high class laundry



CAMP LIFE



Figure 03-034d.1. Outdoor theater



Figure 03-034d.2. Keeping the troops informed...



Figure 03-034d.3. Left to right: Gene Autry, Maj. Feil, Rufe Davis, Willie Chapman



Figure 03-034e.1. 1st Bomb Squadron Orderly Room

CAMP LIFE



Figure 03-034e.2. Rothman in front of bomb shelter

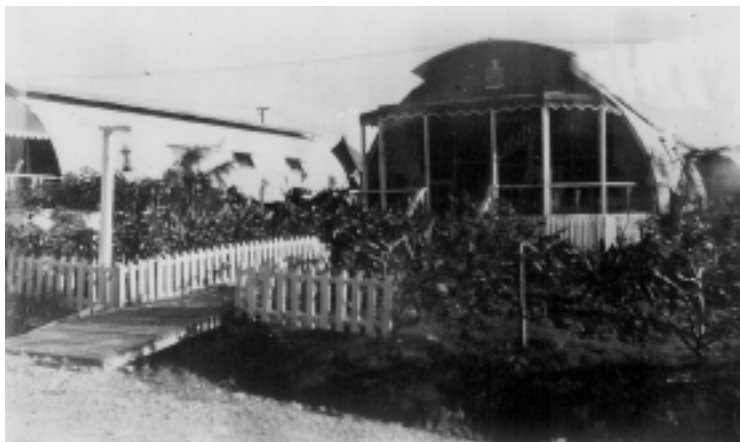


Figure 03-034e.3. Rated "The Best"—Vista Linda



Figure 03-034e.4. Charles Peters with Saipan in background



Figure 03-034f.1. *Tulloch's Flying Circus*

CAMP LIFE



Figure 03-034f.2. *9th Bomb Group "Major League" baseball team*



Figure 03-034f.3. *Tinian Casino*



Figure 03-034f.4. *Opening day at the officers club*



Figure 03-034g.1. Leonard Capri on his way back to the beach



Figure 03-034g.2. Tinian Beach Boys



Figure 03-034g.4. Tinian Palm Beach

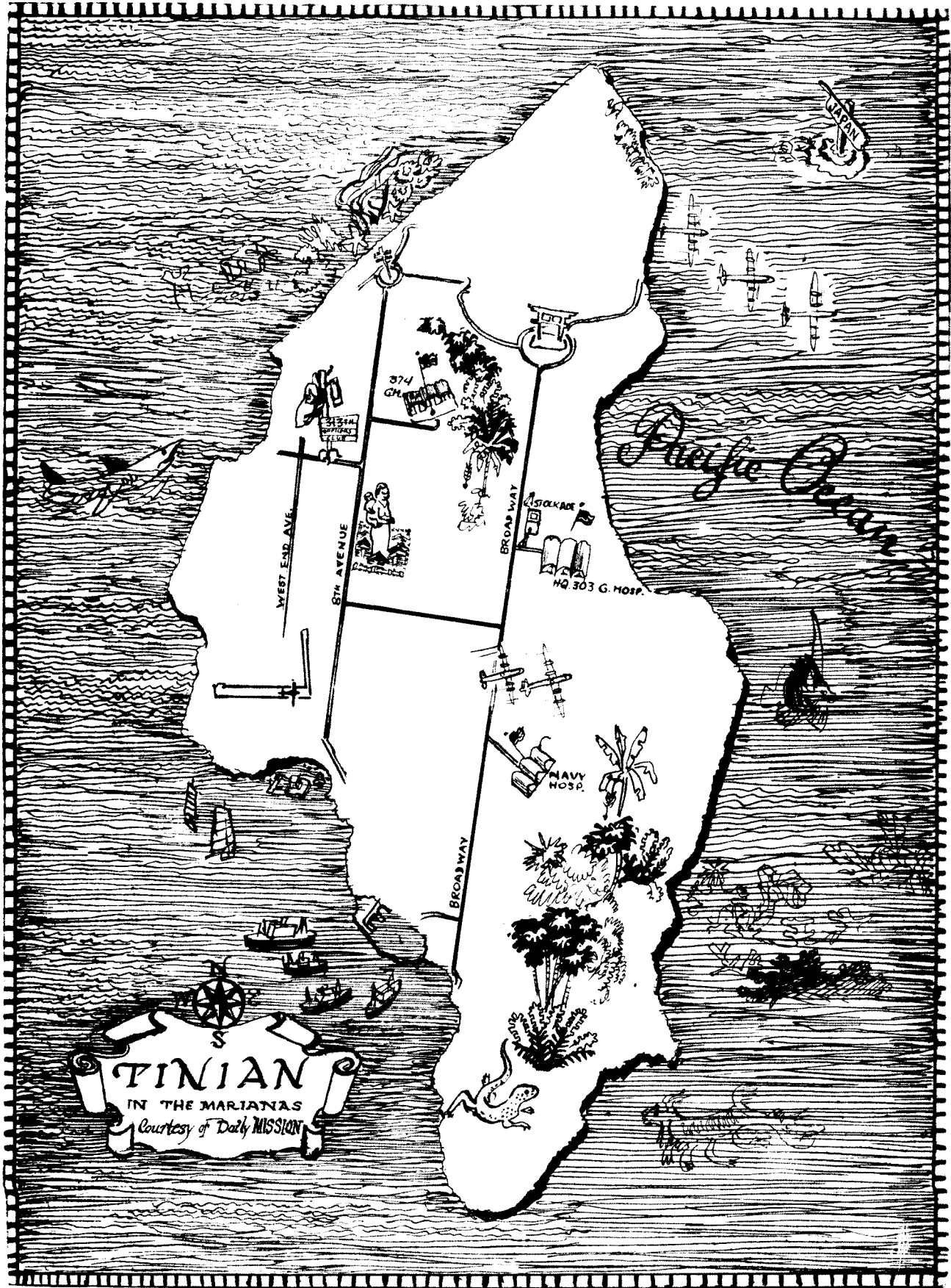
CAMP LIFE



Figure 03-034g.3. Tinian East Beach



Figure 03-034g.5. Left to right: Monty, Peters, Smart



TINIAN
IN THE MARIANAS
Courtesy of Daily MISSION

Figure 03-034h. Graphic Map of Tinian in the Marianas

Chapter 4

Personnel

Men of the 1st, 5th, and 99th Squadrons as assigned to Orlando, FL, in 1942 became the core personnel of the 9th BG being assembled at McCook in mid 1944 under the overall command of Colonel Donald Eisenhart. From June 1944 on, men who had been specially trained for B-29 operations were assigned to the 9th BG at McCook.

Some of the flight crew officers came from the war zones in Europe, the Aleutians, and the Mediterranean. Others came from the cadet training program to be pilots, navigators, and bombardiers. Many came from stateside assignments. A number of the men scheduled to be flight engineers, crew chiefs, and engine mechanics received training at Boeing. Central fire control operators and technicians received training at Lowry Field in Denver. Radio and radar operators and maintenance men, and gunners were trained in their specialty at many different bases. A high percentage of these had aspired to cadet training but were given other options when it was determined that no further men were needed in that program.

A listing of some of the many specialization areas provided by ground personnel gives an idea of the complexity of what it takes to make a B-29 combat group function: command, plans, operations, engineering, weather, armament, intelligence, medical, personal equipment, communications, food (mess), sanitation, transportation, recreation, security, supply, and chaplain. It is unknown what percentage of the men forming the group at McCook were aspiring to a military career; however, the greater percentage were men who had either volunteered for the immediate war effort or were drafted—civilians at heart.

Aircrew personnel are listed in Chapter 5, insofar as the records provide. The personnel listing that follows does not differentiate between ground and air assignments. The listing is based on data from 1944 and 1945 official orders that have been provided to the historian since the formation of the 9th BG Association in 1986. Other information has come from microfilm records of the group that were provided by the Historical Research Center Reference Division at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama.

While the peak number of men assigned to the group at one time was 2,224 in July 1945, as is shown in the accompanying table, the following personnel listing reveals that over 2,900 men were with the group sometime between June of 1944 and August 1945. The listing is alphabetical by last name with rank and unit where known. This record may err in the rank of individuals which may have been higher than the records available for this history indicate. The listing includes the names of the men killed or missing in action which are further listed in Chapter 12, Casualties and Memorials. It is your editor's fear that someone's name will be omitted.

I, your editor and historian, have always been proud to have served with the 9th BG in 1944-45. This pride has been heightened when one considers that in a half year's time a group of 2,000 men, largely unknown to each other, were organized into a cohesive combat unit with 45 B-29s; and, after deployment to Tinian, conduct bombing missions on targets 1,500 miles distant requiring navigation over water in all weather conditions. We had a significant role in the surrender of Japan. While it is a miracle, it is perhaps more of a tribute to the dedication with which all served, that our job was accomplished with so little loss of life to the members of the group.



9th BG PERSONNEL STRENGTH

1944

June	1353
July	1593
August	2136
September	1968
October	1993
November	1980
December	1965

1945

January	1913
February	1925
March	2063
April	2104
May	2122
June	2134
July	2224
August	2210



THE GROUND CREW

Le Triplett, Pres, 504th BG Assoc.

At dawn their silver wings had spread
In chilling heights of blue
And now our hearts were so much lead
The flight was overdue.

The wind was still and the gathering night
Fell like a smothering cloak
As we sweated out the returning flight
And hardly a word was spoke.

We had clocked the time they would hit the shore
The enemy fighters and flak
Their radio flashed, "We did it once more
Now we're heading that long way back."

The grimy lines on the crew chief's face
Outlined by his cigarette glow
That only the sound of his ship could erase
For he knew its fuel was low.

The threatening clouds were towering high
And light was almost gone
We searched the gloom with aching eye
And strained to hear a drone.

Suddenly a sound - more like a sigh
Our ears strained all the more
Our throats were now so tight and dry
Could that be an engine's roar?

"It's them! They're back," went up the cry
"And look, there comes the rest!"
Tired, weary birds from out of the sky
Coming home to nest.

Wheels down and checked - flaps full down
They're on the final run
A screech of tires as wheels touch the ground
Another mission's done!



OUR GROUND CREW

Author unknown

Here's to the men with greasy hands
Who fuel our planes when we come in to land
Who fix the flak damage and stop the leaks
Who change the tires and oil the squeaks
Tend to the controls and make them fly straight
Wait for the planes when the pilots are late
Who smooth the scratches, rivet the panels
Check "Loud and clear" on the radio channels
Who read off the write-ups and make the repairs
Check the lines and wires for chafing and tears
Who pull the chocks and check the wings
And do a million other things
That make an aircraft safe and ready to fly
So here's a salute to those hard working guys
From a group of flyers who too seldom ponder
About the men who keep us up
In the wild blue yonder.

Personnel Roster

Abbott, Robert L.	Capt	1st	Anglesey, Walter M.	Sgt	1st
Abbott, Samuel	2 Lt	1st	Angsten, William R.	Sgt	1st
Abdon, Charles L.	Pfc	5th	Annis, Harold J.	Sgt	5th
Abraham, Cass M.		5th	Ansell, Norris J.	Capt	1st
Abraham, Donald J.	2 Lt	Hq	Antell, Sidney D.	S/Sgt	1st
Accardi, Joseph C.	Cpl	5th	Antonio, Stephen	Cpl	1st
Acuff, Hoyt N.	S/Sgt	5th	Appel, John H. C.	Sgt	5th
Adam, Edward M.	Maj	5th	Appleby, Seymour R.	2 Lt	1st
Adams, Edward M.	Sgt	1st	Arddis, Harrison R.	M/Sgt	99th
Adams, Joseph B.	M/Sgt	99th	Arkules, Sam C.	Sgt	99th
Adams, Robert G.	2 Lt	5th	Armbruster, Adam N.	Sgt	5th
Aguar, Charles E.	Sgt	1st	Armburst, William F.		5th
Ague, Charles W.	Sgt	99th	Armistead, Alton	2 Lt	1st
Aguglia, Joseph B.	Sgt	1st	Armstrong, Charles B.	1 Lt	1st
Aikens, James L.	2 Lt	99th	Armstrong, Jackson Lee	Sgt	99th
Akin, James C.	S/Sgt	5th	Armstrong, William T.	S/Sgt	1st
Aladun, Walter A.	Capt	Hq	Arnold, Cyril P.	2 Lt	99th
Albanese, Joe		5th	Arnold, Maurice V.	1 Lt	99th
Albert, Alfred I.	Pfc	99th	Arrigo, James J.	2 Lt	5th
Albert, Francis X.	Cpl	99th	Arsenault, Eugene E.	T/Sgt	1st
Albizati, Peter J.	F/O	5th	Ashford, James W.	F/O	1st
Albrecht, Elroy C.	Sgt	1st	Ashland, Maurice I.	Capt	5th
Albritton, George E	Capt	Hq	Askounis, Homer J.		
Alderette, Charles	Sgt	99th	Aston, Edward C.	T/Sgt	1st
Aldrich, William W.	Sgt	5th	Atlas, Robert C.	2 Lt	1st
Aldridge, Edward A.	Sgt		Aufford, William A.	1 Lt	99th
Alexander, Norman E.	S/Sgt	5th	Aukee, Orvo P.	Cpl	99th
Alexander, Robert J.	Sgt	1st	Aulisio, William J.	S/Sgt	99th
Alfano, Mario A.	S/Sgt	1st	Aultman, Arthur	M/Sgt	5th
Alford, Budd	Cpl	5th	Austin, Donald F.	Capt	99th
Allan, Charles G.		5th	Auth, Robert J.	Sgt	5th
Allan, Charles M.	S/Sgt	99th	Auvil, Herman D.	Sgt	99th
Allan, Donald E.	2 Lt	1st	Aventi, Frank H.	Pfc	99th
Allegree, Richard D.	Cpl	1st	Avery, William N.Jr	S/Sgt	5th
Allen, Claude V.	S/Sgt	5th	Bachelder, Frank K.	1 Lt	99th
Allen, Donald E.	2 Lt	1st	Baczynski, Ray		
Allen, Jack J.	1 Lt	99th	Baden, Eldor A.	2 Lt	5th
Allen, John B.	1 Lt	5th	Badman, Russell W.		
Allen, Kenneth L.	T/Sgt	5th	Baechler, Wayne H.	Pfc	5th
Allen, Paul V.		99th	Bagby, Robert M.	Cpl	99th
Allen, Thomas H.	Pvt	Hq	Baile, Richard A.	1 Lt	Hq
Allen, Verne S.	1 Lt	Hq	Bailey, Calvin V.	Pvt	Hq
Almas, Leonard E.	Cpl	5th	Bailey, Charles C.	Maj	5th
Almon, Madison L.	Sgt	5th	Bailey, James E.	2 Lt	1st
Alpert, Israel S.		99th	Bailey, Wayne W.	2 Lt	99th
Alteman, Arthur	M/Sgt	5th	Baird, Dale E.	1 Lt	1st
Alward, Harold W. Jr			Baker, Clarence I.	Cpl	99th
Amabile, Mario	Sgt	5th	Baker, Colin R.		1st
Ambruso, John M.	Sgt	1st	Baker, Richard C.	Sgt	1st
Anderson, Bartholomew W.	Cpl	5th	Baker, Roy W.		
Anderson, Billy		1st	Balarini, Leo	Sgt	5th
Anderson, Bruce	S/Sgt	Hq	Balasick, Ernest J.	M/Sgt	1st
Anderson, Charles E.		99th	Bales, Vern B.	Cpl	5th
Anderson, Richard	S/Sgt	5th	Balint, Steve	Sgt	99th
Anderson, Sterling L.	2 Lt	5th	Ballard, Denzil G.	Pfc	Hq
Anderson, Willie E.	2 Lt	99th	Ballard, George P	Capt	5th
Andrews, Albert H.		99th	Ballengee, Paul R.		
Angell, James F.	Sgt	99th	Banet, Arthur C.	S/Sgt	5th



Banna, William T.			Bennett, Houston W.	Sgt	5th
Bannister, Howard L.	Sgt	5th	Bennett, William H.	Cpl	1st
Bantz, William O.	S/Sgt	1st	Bennison, Bernard	2 Lt	1st
Barber, John F.		1st	Benschorner, Clifford F.	S/Sgt	1st
Barber, Robert L.	Sgt	5th	Benson, Claire F.		5th
Barbham, William V. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Berchin, John	1 Lt	1st
Barmore, John O.	Pfc	99th	Berg, Leo	1 Lt	99th
Barnes, Harold J. Jr	1 Lt	5th	Berger, George V.	Cpl	1st
Barnes, Robert J.	Pfc	99th	Berr, John J.	Sgt	5th
Barnett, Edgar	Pfc	1st	Berry, Robert		99th
Barnett, John A.	Pfc	5th	Bertagnoli, George	Maj	1st
Barneyback, William G.	1 Lt	5th	Besterfield, Allen H.	1 Lt	99th
Barnhart, William R.	Capt	1st	Bettinger, Maurice E. Jr	2 Lt	1st
Barr, Melvin S.	Cpl	99th	Betus, William		
Barr, Robert W.	2 Lt	99th	Bezsesinski, Donald S.		
Barresi, Joseph	Cpl	5th	Biancucci, Carlo A.	Sgt	Hq
Barrett, Benjamin J.	Sgt	1st	Biasi, Vito A.	S/Sgt	5th
Barrett, Clarence H.	Sgt	1st	Bice, Tilbert H.	Cpl	Hq
Barrett, John A.	Pfc	5th	Biddulph, Norman	Capt	1st
Barron, Maurice T.			Billedeau, Lucien		
Barry, Donald S.	T/Sgt	1st	Bingham, Theodore H.	Pfc	99th
Barry, Earl T.	Sgt	99th	Birch, Don A.		
Bartow, Walter T.	2 Lt	1st	Birch, John R.	1 Lt	1st
Basinski, Howard R.	Sgt	1st	Bischman, Roger R.	Sgt	99th
Bateman, Richard T.	1 Lt	1st	Bishop, Floyd A.	1 Lt	1st
Bateman, Wallace B. Jr	Sgt	5th	Bitsogaio, Kenneth B.	Pfc	5th
Bates, Robert E.	2 Lt	5th	Bixler, John H. Jr	S/Sgt	1st
Batwinick, Bernard	Cpl	5th	Bjornstad, Gerald O.	Cpl	1st
Bauchwitz, William H.	2 Lt	1st	Black, David A.	Sgt	5th
Bauman, George E.	Sgt	5th	Black, Stanley C.	1 Lt	1st
Bayles, Henry F.	Sgt	99th	Blackburn, William H.	S/Sgt	99th
Bayman, Rex L.	M/Sgt	1st	Blackstock, Ben L.	Sgt	99th
Bazik, John S.	S/Sgt	1st	Blair, Jack C.	Cpl	99th
Beacham, Robert H.	S/Sgt	5th	Blair, Leonard J.	Sgt	99th
Beachler, Wayne H.	Pfc	5th	Blair, Richard G.	Cpl	1st
Beam, Lewis O.	Cpl	99th	Blake, Gerald J.		
Bean, Snap F.	T/Sgt	99th	Blanchette, Rolland H.	2 Lt	1st
Bearden, Alfred J.	Pfc	99th	Blas, Samuel W.	2 Lt	5th
Bearden, John G.			Bleet, Thomas C.	S/Sgt	99th
Bearden, Robert C. Jr	Capt	99th	Blevins, Jack E.	1 Lt	1st
Beardshear, Orin W.	WO/jg	Hq	Block, Curtis P.	Cpl	99th
Beasley, Johnnie W.	Sgt	1st	Bloomfield, William M.	2 Lt	1st
Beaudry, Donald A.	Cpl	99th	Bobo, Lacey H.	1 Lt	99th
Bebe, Lacy H.	2 Lt	99th	Bocker, Roy A.	2 Lt	1st
Beck, James A.	Capt	1st	Boegel, Rudolph G.	Sgt	5th
Beck, John K.	Sgt	Hq	Boerner, Herbert	2 Lt	99th
Beck, Noel E.	Sgt	5th	Boggs, Aaron N.		
Becker, Roy A.	2 Lt	1st	Boltz, Mark L.	2 Lt	1st
Bedell, Roy L.	F/O	1st	Bonack, Nicholas	Sgt	1st
Beeler, William S.	Pfc	5th	Bondono, Roland	Cpl	1st
Beggs, Aaron N.	Sgt	99th	Bones, John P.	Sgt	99th
Behan, William E.	Sgt	5th	Bonnickson, Leroy W.	2 Lt	1st
Beiber, David	Cpl	99th	Boo, Benjamin Jr	1 Lt	1st
Beichek, Alexander N.	2 Lt	99th	Booker, John G.	Capt	Hq
Beistel, Norwood H.	Pfc	5th	Boots, Keith L.	Pfc	1st
Beliak, John	Cpl	99th	Borden, Daniel A.	Sgt	5th
Bell, Gilbert C.	Cpl	Hq	Bortz, Elden W.	S/Sgt	99th
Belmont, August M.	Sgt	99th	Bostick, Robert	Pfc	5th
Benefield, Ernest O.	M/Sgt	1st	Bott, George F.	2 Lt	1st
Benjamin, Seymour E.	Pfc	1st	Botwinick, Bernard	Cpl	5th
Bennett, Charles	Sgt	1st	Bouillion, Ralph E.	Pfc	5th
Bennett, George E.	1 Lt	5th	Bouma, Creston E.	Cpl	99th

Bourgoin, Harold		99th	Brown, Leonard R.	Capt	Hq
Bovi, Joseph D.	Sgt	99th	Brown, Malvern H. W.	Lt Col	5th
Bowdoin, Allen G.	Cpl	5th	Brown, William D.	Cpl	99th
Bowen, Alexander T.	2 Lt	5th	Brown, William H.	Cpl	5th
Bowen, Thomas A.			Brown, William J.	Cpl	99th
Bower, Stanley R.	Cpl	5th	Brown, Winton C.	Capt	Hq
Bowers, Alvin P.	1 Lt	5th	Brucci, Pasquale E.	Sgt	99th
Bowers, James A.	Sgt	1st	Brueggen, Lawrence J.	Sgt	1st
Bowker, J. B.	Sgt	1st	Brumley, Lyster A.	Maj	Hq
Bowman, Charles H. Jr	Sgt	99th	Brunelle, Eugene O. Jr	F/O	1st
Bowman, Daryl F.	2 Lt	1st	Bruno, Robert A.	2 Lt	5th
Bowman, Wayne C.	F/O	5th	Bruns, Arthur W.		
Boyce, James A.	S/Sgt	1st	Brusca, John J.	Cpl	99th
Boyd, Stanley J.	Cpl	99th	Brutlage, Valentine H.	S/Sgt	1st
Boyer, Glenn H.	Sgt	1st	Bryan, Carlos	T/Sgt	1st
Boyle, Walter J. Jr	Pfc	5th	Bryant, Patrick A.	Cpl	Hq
Boyle, William F. Jr	Pfc	1st	Bryant, Wiley W.	1 LT	1st
Bozarth, Charles W.	Sgt	5th	Buckhalt, H. J.	Sgt	99th
Bracker, Arthur T.	S/Sgt	5th	Buckingham, George		
Brackett, Robert W.	Sgt	1st	Buckley, William F.	2 Lt	1st
Bradley, Fred E.	Sgt	1st	Buckner, John H.	F/O	1st
Bradley, John W. Jr	Sgt	99th	Buecher, Raymond		1st
Brady, John J.	1 Lt	5th	Buecker, Matthew D.	Pvt	5th
Branch, John H.	S/Sgt	99th	Buetus, William J.	Cpl	99th
Brandt, James	Sgt	5th	Buffo, John W.	Sgt	5th
Brannon, Chester O.	T/Sgt	99th	Buhl, Sheldon	M/Sgt	1st
Bratham, William V. Jr			Buhlman, Frank C.	2 Lt	99th
Brattain, Gean	Cpl	99th	Bulis, Henry C. Jr	Cpl	5th
Braud, Blanchard J.	Cpl	5th	Bull, George A.	2 Lt	99th
Bray, Harland J.	Sgt	99th	Bunce, Arthur J.		
Brayton, Melvin A.	Cpl	5th	Bunch, Simeon W.	Sgt	5th
Breen, Denis F.	Sgt	5th	Bundgard, Norman F.	Capt	99th
Breeze, John E.			Burda, Philip C.	1 Lt	1st
Bregeman, Irvin	2 Lt	99th	Burdett, Curtis L.	M/Sgt	5th
Breiwa, Norbert J.	S/Sgt	99th	Burgess, Frank V.	S/Sgt	1st
Breneman, Jordan C.	Sgt	99th	Burkam, Julian R.	S/Sgt	5th
Brent, Karl G.	Pfc	5th	Burke, Aldron E.	Cpl	5th
Brewer, Bertis L.	S/Sgt	99th	Burkhalter, James H.	1 Lt	1st
Brewer, Cecil	Sgt	5th	Burnes, Ralph L.	Cpl	1st
Brewer, Lloyd M.	S/Sgt	1st	Burnette, George E.	2 Lt	1st
Brewer, Lowell Jr	Sgt	99th	Burns, George E.	Sgt	1st
Brewer, Thomas W.	Pfc	Hq	Burns, George L.	Sgt	5th
Bricker, Charles R.	Sgt	5th	Burns, R. E.	Cpl	5th
Brickner, Merol E.	Capt	Hq	Bursby, Harvey D.	Pfc	5th
Bridges, Roy S. Jr	Cpl	99th	Burton, McKay C.		1st
Bright, Robert E.	S/Sgt	5th	Bush, Adrian H.	Pfc	99th
Broeze, John E.	Sgt	1st	Bussart, Dean L.	2 Lt	1st
Brogman, Irvin	2 Lt	5th	Butler, Abraham L.	S/Sgt	5th
Brollier, Lowell, E.	M/Sgt	Hq	Butler, James H.		99th
Broniarczyk, Anton	M/Sgt	1st	Butler, Joseph J.	T/Sgt	99th
Bronson, Boyd C.	S/Sgt	99th	Butler, Lewis J.	Sgt	1st
Brooking, Morris W.	F/O	99th	Butler, Lloyd G.	Maj	1st
Brooks, Charles J.	Pfc	5th	Butler, Thomas L.	2 Lt	99th
Brooks, Lionel W.			Buzan, Ellis G.	M/Sgt	1st
Brothers, Ridgeway H.	Maj	Hq	Buzzar, Albert	Cpl	5th
Brotman, Sydney S.	F/O	5th	Byrne, James J.	Cpl	99th
Brown, Benjamin F.	S/Sgt	5th	Byrnes, Vincent P.	Cpl	5th
Brown, Charles D.	Cpl	99th	Cable, George P.	S/Sgt	Hq
Brown, Cullin R.	S/Sgt	1st	Cacciola, Joseph N.	Cpl	99th
Brown, Eldon A.	Sgt	1st	Cagan, Jack	1 Lt	5th
Brown, Eugene L.	1 Lt	1st	Caldwell, Claude H.	1 Lt	99th
Brown, Kingsbury Jr	1 Lt	Hq	Caldwell, William J.	2 Lt	1st



Cale, Theodore Jr	Capt	1st	Casteel, William A.	Sgt	99th
Calhoun, Billie G.	Sgt	99th	Castilio, Robert R.		
Calhoun, Walter C.	T/Sgt	99th	Catalano, Charles A.	Cpl	99th
Calkin, Charles R.			Caudell, Roger C.	Sgt	5th
Calkins, John R.		5th	Cavanaugh, Robert E.	Sgt	5th
Callahan, John J.	T/Sgt	99th	Cero, Thomas A.	Sgt	1st
Callahan, William S.	Capt	1st	Chadesh, Matthew C. Jr	Sgt	1st
Calligan, John J. Jr	2 Lt	99th	Chakires, Andrew J.	S/Sgt	1st
Callihan, Stuart L.	1 Lt	1st	Challender, Ancel E.	Pfc	5th
Calogrides, William B.	Sgt	5th	Chamberlain, William H.	2 Lt	1st
Cameron, Franklin D.	Cpl	5th	Chambers, Johnny H.	M/Sgt	5th
Camole, Edward P.	Cpl	5th	Chambers, Richard P	Capt	Hq
Camp, James R.		5th	Chancellor, William A. Jr	Sgt	5th
Campbell, Donald L.	Cpl	99th	Chandler, Roy L.	Cpl	1st
Campbell, Edward E.	Capt	99th	Chaney, Marion D.	Pfc	1st
Campbell, Gene	M/Sgt	1st	Changnon, Harry M.		
Campbell, Hugh D.	Cpl	1st	Chapel, Ralph H.	Maj	Hq
Campbell, James E.	Cpl	5th	Chapman, Patton G.	Cpl	99th
Campbell, Robert H.			Chapman, Wilson M.	Maj	5th
Campbell, Thomas A.	Cpl	99th	Chapo, Arthur H.	Pfc	99th
Campbell, William W.	Pfc	Hq	Charifson, William	S/Sgt	5th
Campion, Paul J.	2 Lt	5th	Chase, Charles E.	Cpl	Hq
Canfield, Dwight	1 Lt	99th	Chase, Harry G. Jr	2 Lt	1st
Cannon, Clarence L.	Sgt	5th	Chase, Robert C III	Cpl	5th
Canole, John H.	Sgt	5th	Chastain, Earl	Pfc	Hq
Canova, Robert R.	Sgt	99th	Chauncey, Charles G.	2 Lt	5th
Cantone, Charles			Chavarin, Jesus R.	Cpl	99th
Cappozzo, Frank F.	S/Sgt	1st	Chavez, O. E.		
Capps, William E.	F/O	99th	Check, Jesse J.	Cpl	5th
Caraher, Edward P.	Cpl	5th	Chedester, John J.	Pfc	5th
Carboneau, Lewis O.	Sgt	99th	Cheek, Jesse J.	Cpl	5th
Cardone, Vincent J.	Pvt	1st	Cherniak, Walter	S/Sgt	1st
Carey, Arvid H.	Sgt	99th	Cherry, Harry C.	1 Lt	Hq
Carey, Herschel D.	Sgt	1st	Chertkow, Louis	M/Sgt	5th
Carey, Raymond H.	S/Sgt	5th	Ches, Harry C.	Sgt	99th
Carleton, Elmo B.	Sgt	5th	Chilipka, Julius J.	2 Lt	5th
Carley, Bobbie M.	Sgt	1st	Chipps, Frederick M.	Sgt	5th
Carlson, Donald E.	Cpl	5th	Chmielarski, Stanley K.	Sgt	1st
Carlson, Rodney	S/Sgt	5th	Chrisman, Morris E.	S/Sgt	1st
Carlson, Walter C.		5th	Christ, Robert H.	S/Sgt	99th
Carney, James A.	Sgt	1st	Christena, Raymond C.	1 Lt	1st
Carpenter, Charles	1 Lt	99th	Christie, Charles W.	S/Sgt	1st
Carpenter, Sidney A.	Sgt	1st	Christie, Donald P.	S/Sgt	Hq
Carpentier, George M.	Sgt	1st	Christie, George S.	1 Lt	99th
Carpi, Leonard W.	1 Lt	5th	Christopherson, Bernard C.	S/Sgt	5th
Carr, George T.	T/Sgt	1st	Cimino, Antonio		
Carrigan, David J.	2 Lt	99th	Clapp, Eldon C.	S/Sgt	5th
Carroll, Eugene A.			Clark, Edwin B.	Sgt	1st
Carroll, Joseph B.	Sgt	99th	Clark, George T.	Sgt	5th
Carroll, Kenneth E.	Pfc	5th	Clark, Gordon E.	1 Lt	5th
Carroll, William J.	Sgt	1st	Clark, Orien T.	1 Lt	99th
Carson, Paul	Sgt	1st	Clark, Samuel G.		99th
Carter, Donald H.	Cpl	99th	Clark, Sherwood P.		99th
Carter, Donald R.	Cpl	5th	Clark, Vern F.	Sgt	5th
Carter, James M.	Sgt	99th	Clark, William A.	Cpl	1st
Carter, William J.	S/Sgt	1st	Clark, William O.	Cpl	99th
Carver, Samuel M. Jr	1 Lt	99th	Clarke, Finch B.	T/Sgt	99th
Casarda, John	Sgt	1st	Clarke, Edwin B.		1st
Casey, John J.			Clarke, George E. Jr	Cpl	99th
Casey, Leroy V.	Lt Col	1st	Clarke, Harry J.	Sgt	99th
Cash, James T.	Pvt	1st	Claude, Walter C.		
Cassidy, Edward J.	Pfc	99th	Clauson, Emil C. Jr	Sgt	5th

Clay, Arthur					
Clay, William S.	Pfc	99th			
Clearly, William J.	Sgt	1st			
Clemons, Eugene E.	Sgt	1st			
Climie, George S. Jr	Sgt	1st			
Clinkscales, Robert S.	Sgt	1st			
Clumb, Marcel J.					
Cobble, Arthur L.	Sgt	1st			
Coble, Jessie R.	S/Sgt	1st			
Coble, Richard C.	Sgt				
Cocke, William T. Jr	Sgt	1st			
Cockins, Richard A.	M/Sgt	5th			
Codispoti, Anthony	Sgt	1st			
Coen, Paul E.	Cpl	Hq			
Coenen, Victor W.	S/Sgt	1st			
Coff, Allen J.	T/Sgt	99th			
Coffield, William H.	Sgt	99th			
Cohen, Joe					
Cohen, Philip E.		Early 9th			
Coker, Thomas F.	Cpl	1st			
Cole, Harry	Sgt	99th			
Cole, Thomas S.	Sgt	5th			
Coleman, Paul A.	Sgt	5th			
Coleman, Samuel D.	1 Lt	99th			
Collier, Leroy E.	Pfc	99th			
Collins, Albert T.	Sgt	99th			
Collins, Charles L.	Capt	5th			
Collins, Edward M.	S/Sgt	99th			
Collins, George B.	Pfc	1st			
Collins, Richard M.	Sgt	99th			
Collins, Thomas C.	2 Lt	1st			
Colozzi, Lawrence J.	Sgt	1st			
Colpo, John J.	F/O	1st			
Colvin, Delphis D.	Pfc	5th			
Conley, John C.	Maj	Hq			
Conley, Robert M.		5th			
Conlon, Francis X.	M/Sgt	99th			
Connell, Howard A.	Pfc	1st			
Connelly, Robert W.		99th			
Conner, Daniel W. Jr	Cpl	5th			
Connolly, Robert W.	Cpl	1st			
Connor, Donald R.	Sgt	99th			
Conomy, Luke J.	Cpl	1st			
Conrad, Charles H.	Sgt	99th			
Conrow, Walter R.	F/O	99th			
Conti, Mario A.	Cpl	1st			
Conway, James S.	S/Sgt	1st			
Cook, Hobart					
Cook, Richard L.	S/Sgt	Hq			
Cook, Thomas P.	Sgt	5th			
Coolman, Curtis	S/Sgt	99th			
Cooney, Harley D.	Cpl	99th			
Cooper, Samuel	Sgt	99th			
Cooperman, Henry	Cpl	99th			
Copeland, Robert M.	Pfc	99th			
Coppenhaver, Richard F.	Cpl	99th			
Corbett, Eugene I.	Pfc	1st			
Corbin, George	Sgt	99th			
Corcione, Aniello	Cpl	99th			
Cork, Tom T.	S/Sgt	5th			
Correll, E. V. Jr	2 Lt	5th			
Cosgrove, George E.	Cpl	5th			
Coslop, Benjamin J.	Cpl	99th			
Costello, James P.	Sgt	1st			
Cotner, Donald L.	1 Lt	99th			
Cottam, Clarence C.	Cpl	99th			
Coughlin, George J.	1 Lt	5th			
Coulter, James W.	Pvt	99th			
Coulter, John R.	S/Sgt	99th			
Countryman, Dayton	Maj	99th			
Courtney, Clinton C.	Sgt	5th			
Couts, Leroy W.	Sgt	99th			
Cowan, John H.	S/Sgt	5th			
Cowie, Donald G.	Cpl	1st			
Cox, Burton E.	Capt	5th			
Cox, Claude W.	Capt	5th			
Cox, Herman E.	Sgt	5th			
Cox, James G.	S/Sgt	1st			
Cox, John C. Jr	Maj	5th			
Cox, Samuel D					
Cox, Thomas R.	Pfc	5th			
Coyle, Benjamin L.	Pfc	5th			
Coyle, Flave M. J.	M/Sgt	1st			
Craddock, Robert E.	Sgt	1st			
Craig, Sydney P. Jr	2 Lt	5th			
Craig, Warren	Pfc	99th			
Cramer, John F. Jr	1 Lt	5th			
Crapo, Wiliam G.	Sgt	99th			
Crawford, Howard E. Jr	2 Lt	99th			
Crawford, Russell S.	Pvt	Hq			
Crawford, Wesley O.	Sgt	5th			
Creek, Verner V. Jr	Sgt	5th			
Creger, James E.	Cpl	1st			
Cripps, Ira L.	Cpl	5th			
Cristiano, Nick J.	Cpl	99th			
Crochet, Quincy	2 Lt	99th			
Crossman, Carroll A.	Sgt	1st			
Crosthwaite, Harold D.	S/Sgt	5th			
Crotty, John D.	Sgt	5th			
Crouch, Robert M.	Sgt	5th			
Crowe, Benjamin D.	Cpl	1st			
Croyle, Robert G.	Sgt	1st			
Cull, James I.		5th			
Culver, Kenneth	Pfc	99th			
Cummings, Edward R.	Sgt	99th			
Cunning, Robert H.	1 Lt	1st			
Curran, Charles C.	Sgt	5th			
Curry, James H.	Capt	99th			
Curtin, Charles M.	2 Lt	1st			
Curtis, Frederick J.	Sgt	99th			
Curtis, Gaynell	2 Lt	99th			
Cushman, Robert B.	Sgt	1st			
Cuson, Eugene E.	Sgt	1st			
Cuthbertson, Francis	S/Sgt	5th			
Cutler, William R.	Cpl	5th			
Cutting, Douglas O.	Sgt	1st			
Cytrynowicz, Alexander	S/Sgt	5th			
Czarnocki, Eugene H.	S/Sgt	99th			
Czyzewski, Erwin V.	1 Lt	5th			
D'Anna, Frank F.	Pvt	1st			
Dacier, Donald R.	Sgt	5th			
Dahan, Irving I.		1st			
Daherty, Lawrence P.	Pfc	5th			
Dahlberg, Harold	S/Sgt	1st			



Dahle, Arnold J.	1 Lt	99th	DiNardi, Peter C.	S/Sgt	5th
Dailey, Edward N.		5th	DiNardo, Rocco B.	Cpl	99th
Dalke, Clarence E.	2 Lt	1st	DiNovo, Frank S.	1 Lt	1st
Dalkiewicz, Edward B.	S/Sgt	99th	DiSanto, Anthony M.		
Daly, James C.	Sgt	5th	Diamond, Paul E.	Sgt	1st
Dangeles, Andrew J			Dickinson, Tony		
Daniel, Lloyd E.	Sgt	1st	Dickson, George A.	Capt	Hq
Daniels, Leon F.			Diefanbach, Paul H.	S/Sgt	5th
Danko, John	Cpl	1st	Diffendal, Joseph C.	2 Lt	5th
Darr, Raymond P.	2 Lt	Hq	Dillon, Roy J.	1 Lt	1st
Darrah, Wallace L.	Cpl	5th	Dinstder, George C.	Pfc	1st
Dashine, Paul	Cpl	99th	Dionise, Paul P.	Cpl	1st
Daugenbaugh, Jerold D.	2 Lt	99th	Dipaola, John J.	T/Sgt	1st
Daugherty, Dale A.	S/Sgt	5th	Dirnbauer, Martin J.	Capt	1st
Daugherty, Frederick C.	Sgt	99th	Discepolo, Joseph P.	Cpl	5th
Davenport, Lewis B.	2 Lt	Hq	Dismukes, Willis E.	Sgt	5th
Davidow, Marvin B.	Sgt	1st	Disser, Edward J.	Sgt	99th
Davidson, Earl R.	Cpl	5th	Ditmer, John G.	Cpl	99th
Davis Heyward B.	M/Sgt	99th	Dixon, John S.	S/Sgt	99th
Davis, Charles M.	2 Lt	1st	Dixon, Warren J.	Sgt	99th
Davis, George L.	Capt	1st	Dobrovich, Vincent J.	Pfc	1st
Davis, Heyward B.		99th	Dockery, Clarence A.	Sgt	99th
Davis, James F.	Cpl	1st	Dockham, George K.	S/Sgt	1st
Davis, John E.	Cpl	Hq	Doernberg, Robert J.		Hq
Davis, John O.	Sgt	99th	Doherty, James B.	Capt	5th
Davis, R. E.	2 Lt	5th	Doherty, Lawrence P.	Pvt	5th
Davis, Thomas E.	Sgt	99th	Dolan, John E.	S/Sgt	99th
Davis, Warren L.	Pfc	1st	Dolan, Raymond B.	1 Lt	5th
Davison, Quentin D.	Cpl	99th	Dolan, William		
Dawling, Earl E.	T/Sgt	5th	Dolan, William H. P.	1 Lt	5th
Day, Frank R.	Cpl	5th	Donatelli, Vincent W.	Cpl	99th
Day, Osborne H.			Donatsky, Charles B.		5th
DeKoyer, Harold J.	1 Lt	1st	Donegan, Herbert A.	Pfc	99th
DeLevie, Sidney S.	Sgt	1st	Donelson, Kenneth H.	S/Sgt	5th
DeLong, David D.	Cpl	5th	Donica, Carl	Capt	99th
DeLorenzo, Mario	Sgt	99th	Donnell, Alton B.	Maj	1st
Deanda, Jesus S.	Pfc	1st	Donovan, William G.	Pfc	99th
Dearden, Fred S.	Sgt	1st	Doolan, Richard T.	Pfc	5th
Dearing, Richard B.	1 Lt	5th	Dornin, Wilbur H.	Cpl	5th
Deaton, Harold J.	Pvt	Hq	Dorph, Odd J.	Cpl	5th
Decamara, Joseph R.	2 Lt	5th	Dotson, Lowell H.	1 Lt	1st
Decker, Kenneth R.	T/Sgt	1st	Dougherty, Charles W.	S/Sgt	1st
Decker, Norman A.		1st	Dougherty, Richard G.	1 Lt	1st
Deeb, Victor			Douglas, Lloyd W.		99th
Degler, Norman A.	Sgt	1st	Dow, John D.	S/Sgt	99th
Deinek, William	Cpl	5th	Dowling, Earl E.	T/Sgt	5th
Deist, Leonard F.	1 Lt	1st	Downing, Raymond H.	M/Sgt	1st
Delaney, John F.	Sgt	1st	Downing, Robert H.		5th
Delahanty, Edward M.	1 Lt	1st	Downing, William E.	Cpl	99th
Dempsey, Stephen V.	1 Lt	5th	Doyon, Raymond F.		1st
Denner, Elton D.	2 Lt	1st	Drake, James F.	1 Lt	1st
Depugh, Donald W.	Sgt	5th	Draths, Marty	Sgt	1st
Depury, Edward G.	Sgt	1st	Drawbond, Carl O.	T/Sgt	99th
Derks, Lawrence L.	S/Sgt	5th	Dreese, John H.	M/Sgt	99th
DesJardins, Arthur L.	Sgt	1st	Drew, Robert L.	1 Lt	5th
Desanna, Joseph A.	S/Sgt	1st	Driscoll, Robert W.		
Desautels, Stanley E.	S/Sgt	99th	Driskell, Gerald D.	S/Sgt	1st
Desilets, Lucien	T/Sgt	1st	Dronzek, Elmer J.	Sgt	99th
Deutsch, Ernest P.	2 Lt	1st	Drumm, William M.	Capt	Hq
Dever, James W.		1st	Dudley, James O.	Cpl	99th
Dewalt, Howard J.	Cpl	99th	Duffield, Clarence H.	S/Sgt	1st
DiMaio, Eugene N.	Cpl	5th	Duft, William L. Jr	2 Lt	99th

Duke, Harold W.	S/Sgt	5th	Elman, Arthur	2 Lt	5th
Dukes, James L.	Capt	Hq	Elsbury, Herman M.	Sgt	1st
Dumas, June A.	Sgt	5th	Emershaw, John M.	Sgt	1st
Dumm, Walter C.	2 Lt	1st	Emery, Marvin C.	2 Lt	5th
Dunagan, John M.	Sgt	99th	Emery, Theodore B.	Sgt	Hq
Duncan, Donald	1 Lt	5th	Emmett, Glenn E.	S/Sgt	5th
Duncan, Herbert L.	Cpl	5th	Emmons, Beeman E.	Capt	99th
Dunckelman, L. V.	2 Lt	99th	England, Frank C.	Cpl	5th
Dunning, Chelsey Y.	Sgt	5th	Ennen, Eldon M.	Cpl	99th
Duran, Don C.	Sgt	5th	Eppes, John K.	Capt	99th
Durante, Luigi M.	Sgt	1st	Eppler, Joseph C. Jr	Sgt	5th
Durham, Julian R.	Sgt	5th	Ercolono, George	Pvt	1st
Durkee, Wallace N.	Capt	1st	Erdman, Ellis E.	S/Sgt	5th
Dusing, Robert E.	Pfc	5th	Eschman, Leo R.	2 Lt	1st
Dutrow, William E.	2 Lt	99th	Estes, Randall E.	Cpl	1st
Duvanich, Rudolph A.	Sgt	99th	Evangelatos, Cosmos	Cpl	Hq
Dvorak, John D.	Sgt	99th	Evans, David P.	S/Sgt	5th
Dwyer, Donald F.	2 Lt	1st	Evans, John L.	Sgt	5th
Dwyer, Robert E. Jr	Cpl	5th	Everett, Curtis L.	1 Lt	1st
Dwyer, William F.	S/Sgt	99th	Fagan, Clarence J.	Cpl	5th
Dyer, Burton	S/Sgt	1st	Fagen, Michael		Early 9th
Dyer, Langdon T.	S/Sgt	1st	Fahl, Jackson T.	1 Lt	5th
Dziczek, Mitchel	S/Sgt	99th	Failor, Joel A.	Sgt	1st
Dzoik, Frederick A.	Sgt	99th	Falick, Lawrence	Sgt	99th
Eames, William G.	2 Lt	1st	Falkenhan, Charles J.	Sgt	5th
Earl, Thomas E.		5th	Falkner, Ernest Jr	Sgt	5th
Eastwood, Tom F.	Cpl	1st	Fancovic, Frank G.	Cpl	1st
Eaton, Edward	Sgt	99th	Fanizzi, Frank	Pfc	5th
Eaton, Warren B.	1 Lt	99th	Fant, Sanford E.	Pfc	1st
Eber, Joseph H.	S/Sgt	1st	Farkas, Robert		
Eberhart, William W.	Cpl	99th	Farnsworth, Frank W.	2 Lt	99th
Ebersole, Edwin P.	Pfc	99th	Farrer, William W. Jr	Sgt	5th
Ebken, Jack H.	T/Sgt	5th	Farris, Carroll	S/Sgt	99th
Echols, Obie L.	S/Sgt	5th	Faunce, Arthur B.	Capt	99th
Eddins, Ronald H.	2 Lt	1st	Faust, Howard Jr	Cpl	1st
Eddy, James E.	S/Sgt	99th	Fawbush, Neil D.	Pvt	5th
Ede, Everett D.	1 Lt	1st	Fay, Robert C.	S/Sgt	1st
Edelman, Charles L.	Sgt	5th	Fee, Russell J. Jr	1 Lt	5th
Edelstein, Phillip P.	Sgt	5th	Fefferblum, Julius	Sgt	99th
Edwards, Calvin H.	Sgt	99th	Fegley, Arthur H.	S/Sgt	1st
Edwards, James L.	Sgt	1st	Feil, Harold D.	Maj	Hq
Effler, Frank E.	Cpl	Hq	Feil, Morris J.	S/Sgt	1st
Eginton, Lawrence G.	2 Lt	1st	Feith, Clifford	Cpl	5th
Ehrig, Paul C.	Cpl	5th	Felder, Leonard G.		Early 9th
Eichenseer, Emil M.		5th	Feldmann, William	Cpl	99th
Eichler, Donald R.	1 Lt	1st	Feldmeyer, John J.	Sgt	5th
Eick, Robert F.	Sgt	99th	Fellouris, Alexander J.	Pfc	1st
Eidschun, Billy J.	Cpl	1st	Ferracamo, Anthony	Sgt	Hq
Eilson, Robert L.	2 Lt	99th	Ferrell, Ray H.		5th
Einkouf, Oscar E. Jr	Sgt	1st	Fettner, Theodore	Cpl	5th
Eisenhart, Donald W.	Col	Hq	Fetto, Michael	S/Sgt	99th
Ekstan, Roy M.	M/Sgt	1st	Ficeto, Michael	Cpl	1st
Elder, Harold B.	M/Sgt	5th	Fidorra, John	Cpl	99th
Eldridge, Richard S.	Sgt	1st	Fiedelman, Howard W.	1 Lt	99th
Elias, Samuel M.	Capt	5th	Fiedler, Howard A.	Sgt	99th
Elledge, James W.	1 Lt	1st	Fields, George W. Jr	Sgt	99th
Ellener, Robert	Pfc	1st	Fife, James A.	Pfc	99th
Eller, Franklin R.	Sgt	1st	Fillmore, Joe D.	Pfc	1st
Ellingsen, Joseph T.	Sgt	5th	Filson, Robert	2 Lt	99th
Ellington, Clayton L.	S/Sgt	5th	Finch, Arlee E.	S/Sgt	1st
Ellis, James M.	2 Lt	99th	Finch, George W.	1 Lt	1st
Ellis, Samuel	Pfc	1st	Finigan, Fred T.	Sgt	99th



Finney, James D.	Sgt	1st	Friedman, S. L.	2 Lt	99th
Finnigan, Thomas J.	Sgt	1st	Friedman, Sampson L.	F/O	5th
Fischer, Leo A.			Frohe, Robert L.	Cpl	1st
Fish, George E.	Sgt	99th	Frohm, Donald E.		99th
Fishkin, Murray	S/Sgt	5th	Fromm, Carl M.	F/O	1st
Fitzpatrick, Neal E.	F/O	99th	Fulghum, Robert C.	2 Lt	99th
Flaherty, William R.	2 Lt	1st	Fulks, James W.	S/Sgt	99th
Flanagan, Raymond V.	T/Sgt	1st	Fuller, Richard G.	Capt	1st
Fleenor, Charles	1 Lt	1st	Fuller, Robert H.	Maj	Hq
Fleming, John D.	Capt	5th	Fullilove, C.	1 Lt	5th
Fleming, John P.	Pvt	99th	Fulton, Charles T.	M/Sgt	99th
Fletcher, Otto Jr	T/Sgt	99th	Fulton, Cornelius Jr	1 Lt	1st
Flexner, Narvel C.	2 Lt	1st	Fulton, Thomas L.		
Fling, Dean A.	Maj	1st	Furgione, Robert A.	Pfc	1st
Flinkman, Solomon H.	Cpl	99th	Fusek, Edward G.	Sgt	5th
Flocker, Dale P.	1 Lt	5th	Gabavani, Charles		
Floody, Edward J.	Pfc	5th	Gabor, George	1 Lt	5th
Flores, Jesse R.	S/Sgt	5th	Gabrelcik, Francis D.	S/Sgt	1st
Flournoy, John L. Jr	1 Lt	1st	Gadeke, Lewis O. Jr	1 Lt	5th
Flowers, Samuel T.		5th	Gage, Forrest A.		
Floyd, Asa B. Jr	S/Sgt	1st	Gagliano, Manuel R.	Sgt	1st
Fluck, Arthur E.	2 Lt	1st	Gagnon, Cleo N.	S/Sgt	99th
Flynn, Stewart C.	Sgt	99th	Gahl, Ralph D.	Capt	99th
Foley, James G.	Maj	5th	Gailbraith, Bruce S.		5th
Fomby, Howard J.	M/Sgt	1st	Games, John L.	Sgt	99th
Ford, Alfred E.	Pfc	1st	Gandly, Curtis H.	Sgt	99th
Ford, Clarence O.	S/Sgt	1st	Gardner, Clyde I.	T/Sgt	5th
Ford, Henry R.	M/Sgt	99th	Garner, Frank P.	Cpl	5th
Fortier, Gerard L.	2 Lt	5th	Garner, John M.	Pfc	99th
Fortin, Norman F.	Sgt	1st	Garrett, Cecil W.	Pvt	1st
Fortune, Peter			Garrett, Donald R.	T/Sgt	5th
Foster, Boutwell H. Jr	2 Lt	99th	Garrison, Earl W.	Sgt	99th
Foster, Grady H.	Sgt	1st	Garrity, John E.	Sgt	99th
Foster, Meade J.	S/Sgt	99th	Garson, Lester		
Fourie, Robert	2 Lt	99th	Gartmann, Otto R.	1 Lt	1st
Fowler, Shelby F.			Garvin, William L.	Sgt	5th
Fowler, Spencer M.	M/Sgt	1st	Gates, George F.	Cpl	1st
Frame, William T.	Pfc	5th	Gates, Robert D.	2 Lt	5th
Francis, Edward J.	T/Sgt	5th	Gates, Rufus A.	Sgt	99th
Frank, Albert Jr	1 Lt	5th	Gatte, Paul C. Jr		
Frank, Charles S.	2 Lt	1st	Gaudino, John R.	2 Lt	5th
Frank, Robert E.	Pfc	1st	Gaunt, Lancaster	Sgt	Hq
Frank, William J.	2 Lt	99th	Gautreaux, Edgar P.	Sgt	99th
Franke, Glenn A.	Cpl	1st	Gazibara, Nick Jr	Cpl	5th
Franklin, James T. Jr	M/Sgt	1st	Geer, Merrill E.	S/Sgt	5th
Franklin, John Jr	Pfc	99th	Gelnett, Burdette E.	2 Lt	99th
Franklin, Lloyd C.	Sgt	1st	Gendron, Raymond P.	Cpl	5th
Franklin, Roy M.	Cpl	99th	Gentile, Dominic M.	Sgt	5th
Frantz, Leonard E.	1 Lt	5th	George, Frank	S/Sgt	1st
Franz, Harry B. Jr	S/Sgt	5th	Geraff, William E.	T/Sgt	5th
Frase, David E.		5th	Gerci, Albert F.	Sgt	1st
Freeman, George R.	Capt	1st	Gerdau, Richard V.	2 Lt	5th
Freeman, Terrance A.	1 Lt	1st	Gerin, Ralph H.	T/Sgt	Hq
Freeze, Edgar R.	Sgt	99th	Germann, Robert D.	Sgt	1st
Freitick, Leonard J.	1 Lt	99th	Gertenbach, Robert F.	1 Lt	5th
Frena, George S.	Sgt	99th	Gerty, John B.	M/Sgt	5th
French, Jesse K.	1 Lt	99th	Getman, Kendall G.	Capt	Hq
Frentz, Joseph W.	1 Lt	5th	Gette, Paul C. Jr	Cpl	99th
Frentz, William			Giannetta, Lawrence G.		1st
Frey, Gordon W.	Cpl	99th	Giaque, Carl E.		
Frick, Varge L.	Capt	5th	Gibbs, Ronald	1 Lt	5th
Friedman, Lester	2 Lt	5th	Gibson, Doris E.	T/Sgt	5th

Gibson, Herbert R.	S/Sgt	99th	Grant, Edward F.	Capt	1st
Gilbertson, Merlin L.	Pfc	99th	Grant, George	Sgt	1st
Gilgore, John T.		1st	Grapevine, Edward A.	S/Sgt	1st
Gill, William R.			Graves, Clifford M.	Sgt	1st
Gillespie, Cecil E.	1 Lt	99th	Graves, Hubert R.	Sgt	99th
Gillis, Erwin C.	T/Sgt	1st	Gray, Gordon L.		
Gilman, Richard A.	Sgt	1st	Gray, Harland J.	S/Sgt	5th
Gilreath, Hubert R.	Cpl	5th	Gray, Swinney D.	1 Lt	5th
Gilson, Oliver J.		5th	Greathouse, W. D.	F/O	1st
Gimblin, Albert L.	Sgt	99th	Green, Ben		Early 9th
Ginden, George L.	Cpl	1st	Green, Floyd W.	S/Sgt	99th
Ginnelly, John E.	Sgt	99th	Greenberg, Robert	2 Lt	1st
Giudici, Ralph L.	Pvt	99th	Greene, Charles E.	Cpl	99th
Given, James A. Jr	Sgt	99th	Greenfield, Morris		
Glazier, Abraham I.	Cpl	Hq	Greenglass, Jerald	2 Lt	99th
Gleadall, Joseph Jr			Greening, Elmer O.	Pfc	99th
Gleason, Thomas F.	Sgt	1st	Greenspan, Marvin G.	Cpl	5th
Gleicher, David B.	2 Lt	1st	Greenwood, Joe E.	Sgt	5th
Glick, Harvey M.	2 Lt	5th	Gregg, Joseph W.	T/Sgt	1st
Glock, Charles A.	1 Lt	5th	Gregory, Robert J.	Sgt	1st
Glynias, Joseph J.	S/Sgt	5th	Grguras, Adolf R.	Sgt	5th
Gochenour, John W.	Pfc	1st	Griffin, Erwin R.	M/Sgt	5th
Godwin, Glenn G.	Cpl	99th	Griffin, John A.	S/Sgt	99th
Goede, Milton N.	Capt	5th	Griffin, Ray A.	M/Sgt	99th
Goff, Allan J.	F/O	99th	Griffith, Jack	2 Lt	99th
Gohmann, Arthur M.		5th	Griffith, Kenneth G.	S/Sgt	99th
Goldman, Everett C.	Pfc	5th	Griffith, William L.	Sgt	99th
Goldman, John G.	Sgt	5th	Grimes, John J.	Cpl	1st
Goldsby, Robert T.	M/Sgt	5th	Grine, Edward A. Jr	Pfc	99th
Goldstone, Edward C.	T/Sgt	1st	Griswold, Kenneth D.	Cpl	5th
Golf, Joseph J.	Pfc	5th	Gromatsky, Wilburne C.	1 Lt	99th
Gonzales, Claudio S.	S/Sgt	99th	Gross, Bud	Pfc	1st
Gonzalez, Frank E.			Grossman, Frederic	Sgt	99th
Good, Milton	Sgt	1st	Grove, Richard E.	S/Sgt	1st
Goode, Jack P.	Maj	5th	Gruber, Joseph D.	Cpl	1st
Goodis, Nathan			Gudgell, Paul W.	2 Lt	99th
Goodloe, James G.	2 Lt	5th	Guedel, Ernest E.	Pfc	1st
Goodman, Arthur G.	Sgt	1st	Guimbara, Charles J.	Pfc	99th
Goodman, Robert W.	Pfc	Hq	Gulantic, Thomas		
Goodman, Seymour S.	1 Lt	1st	Gulling, Francis T.	S/Sgt	1st
Goodman, Sydney M.	T/Sgt	Hq	Gumbert, Max E.	F/O	99th
Goodpasture, George W.		1st	Gunderson, Calvin M.	T/Sgt	5th
Goodwin, Roy E.	Capt	1st	Gustafson, Edward P.	Sgt	1st
Goramm, William E.			Gutherie, Stanley	2 Lt	1st
Gordon, Richard D.	2 Lt	99th	Guzewicz, Joseph A.	F/O	5th
Goss, Lou A.	Sgt	5th	Haas, Calvin	Sgt	99th
Gossic, Walter C. Jr	Cpl	5th	Haas, Donald J.	Pfc	5th
Gott, Donald W.	S/Sgt	99th	Haas, John R.		1st
Gottselig, Albert F.	Sgt	99th	Haas, Raymond O.		99th
Gould, Lawrence D.	1 Lt	1st	Habeshian, Harold	Sgt	5th
Gould, Ozro D	Capt	Hq	Hachten, Raymond C.	S/Sgt	5th
Governor, Arthur J.	Sgt	5th	Hackleman, James	2 Lt	1st
Gowenlock, James H.		5th	Hackman, Charles W.	Sgt	1st
Grabovetz, John	Sgt	1st	Hagans, Albert D.	Cpl	1st
Grace, Glenn W.			Hall, Richard R. Jr		99th
Grady, Thomas W.		5th	Hall, William L.	Lt Col	Hq
Grady, Walter R.	Cpl	5th	Hambor, Andrew N.	1 Lt	99th
Grady, William J.	Sgt	1st	Hamilton, Bernard	Capt	1st
Graff, Charles H.	Sgt	1st	Hamilton, Harper K. Jr	F/O	5th
Graff, William D.	T/Sgt	5th	Hamilton, O. K.	Sgt	99th
Graminske, Donald A.	Cpl	99th	Hamilton, Robert G.	Cpl	1st
Granieri, Michael	Sgt	99th	Hammer, Howard F.	2 Lt	99th



Hampson, Norman R.	Cpl	99th	Heckman, David L.	Cpl	99th
Hampton, Elmer W.	Sgt	5th	Hedrick, William E.		
Hampton, Hale D.		5th	Heiderscheidt, Martin J.	S/Sgt	5th
Hanchett, Hollis K.	2 Lt	1st	Heimann, Wayne K.	2 Lt	99th
Handschuh, Joseph M.	S/Sgt	99th	Heiser, Harold		5th
Hanifen, Edward F.		5th	Heiser, Warren G.	2 Lt	5th
Hankins, Terry C.	S/Sgt	5th	Heist, Charles R.	Pfc	5th
Hannas, Edgar R.	Cpl	1st	Heller, Grant D.	T/Sgt	99th
Hannigan, John J.	Cpl	5th	Hemsoth, Max J.	Sgt	1st
Hansberger, Edwin L. Jr	Sgt	1st	Henderson, Alexander	Sgt	99th
Hansel, Joseph Q.	Pfc	5th	Henderson, Dave H.	1 Lt	1st
Hansen, Charles J.	M/Sgt	Hq	Hendleman, James A.		
Hansen, Hans L. Jr	Maj	Hq	Hendrickson, Edward F.	1 Lt	99th
Hansen, John N.	1 Lt	99th	Henley, Carlton C.	Sgt	99th
Hanshon, E. C.			Henley, Newton L.	Pfc	1st
Hanson, Robert S.	Sgt	1st	Henninger, Alfred G.	Sgt	99th
Harakal, Andrew M.	Sgt	99th	Henry, John L.	S/Sgt	1st
Harborth, Erwin W.	S/Sgt	5th	Henry, William W.	M/Sgt	99th
Hardeman, John D.			Henson, Bernard K.	S/Sgt	99th
Harder, Harry Jr	Pfc	5th	Hepler, Ernest L.	Cpl	99th
Hardgrave, Murel	1 Lt	1st	Herd, Guy S.	M/Sgt	5th
Hardiman, Clarence		1st	Herda, Bernard E.	S/Sgt	1st
Hardine, Harold J.	Sgt	99th	Hernandez, Hermengildo Jr	Pfc	1st
Hardy, Claude M.	1 Lt	99th	Herrmann, Arthur R.	2 Lt	1st
Hardy, Robert F.	Col	Hq	Hershberger, Dalton C.	Cpl	Hq
Hare, Leroy	Sgt	5th	Hershkowitz, Arthur D.	S/Sgt	5th
Hargett, Charles L.	Sgt	1st	Hetrick, Clayton R.	Cpl	99th
Hargett, William K. Jr	Sgt	1st	Hetrick, William D.	2 Lt	1st
Harley, Vernon G.	S/Sgt	5th	Heuer, Alfred P.	1 Lt	1st
Harlowe, Francis E.		99th	Heverly, Robert V.	Pfc	1st
Harman, Travers		5th	Hewitt, Dale R.		
Harmon, Howard H.	Sgt	99th	Hiata, Paul S.	Cpl	1st
Harmon, Thornton L.	S/Sgt	1st	Hibay, Stephen	Sgt	1st
Harris, Gwinn M.	Sgt	99th	Hicks, Frank L.	2 Lt	1st
Harris, James C.	Sgt	5th	Hicks, Kenneth C.	Pfc	99th
Harrison, Anthony P.	2 Lt	1st	Hicks, Winfred A.	Cpl	99th
Harrison, Paul P.	Capt	99th	Higgins, Charles W.	M/Sgt	1st
Harry, Ray E.	2 Lt	99th	Higgins, Richard F.	2 Lt	5th
Hartel, Delroy	Cpl	5th	Hildebrand, Robert R.	Cpl	1st
Hartenbach, William H.			Hill, Alan K.	Sgt	1st
Hartupee, David T.	Sgt	99th	Hill, Donald E.	Cpl	1st
Harvey, Miles J.	Sgt	5th	Hill, Frank W.	Cpl	99th
Harvey, Paul B.	Capt	Hq	Hill, James A.	Pvt	Hq
Hash, James T.	Sgt	99th	Hill, James C. Jr	Sgt	5th
Hatcher, Robert L.	Sgt	5th	Hill, Robert J. Jr	2 Lt	1st
Hatkevich, Francis J.	Sgt	99th	Hill, Robert T.	M/Sgt	5th
Hauenstein, William D.	Sgt	5th	Hilling, George G.	Cpl	99th
Haungs, John P.	Pfc	1st	Hilling, Thomas E.	Pvt	Hq
Hauptert, Barton J.	1 Lt	Hq	Hillstad, Milo O.	T/Sgt	1st
Hauptle, Carroll D.	2 Lt	5th	Hoare, Hubert E.	Sgt	99th
Hauslik, Frank Jr	M/Sgt	5th	Hoatson, Calvin D. Jr	Capt	1st
Hawes, William G.	Capt	5th	Hobaugh, John H.	Maj	5th
Hawke, Russell E.	Pfc	5th	Hobbs, Harold E.		
Haworth, Tom	Sgt	1st	Hobert, Frank J.	Cpl	1st
Hayes, John E.	1 Lt	1st	Hobler, Herbert W.	1 Lt	1st
Hays, Daniel		1st	Hockheiser, Harold	Sgt	5th
Hayslett, Paul T.		1st	Hodge, Clinton H.	S/Sgt	5th
Headley, George H.	2 Lt	1st	Hoffer, John R.	Sgt	1st
Heakin, Richard J.	Pfc	5th	Hoffler, Julian A.		
Hearn, Rodney L.	Sgt	1st	Hogan, Ernest K.	Sgt	1st
Heath, Winifred R. Jr	1 Lt	5th	Holden, Carleton N.	1 Lt	5th
Hebel, Richard H.	Sgt	99th	Hole, Walter E.		

Holec, John F.	Pfc	1st	Ikerd, Auston F.	Sgt	1st
Holland, Leemand D.	Cpl	99th	Iliff, Gile D.	Sgt	5th
Hollander, Anton			Ingalls, John B.	2 Lt	1st
Holler, Kenneth A.	Cpl	1st	Ingraldi, Joseph		
Hollschwander, Albert	Cpl	99th	Ingram, Edward		
Holman, Bailey M.	Sgt	99th	Inman, Alvin H.	Sgt	1st
Holtschulte, Raymond E.	Sgt	99th	Inman, Harold R.	M/Sgt	99th
Holzapfel, Henry E.	Capt	1st	Irby, Albert Z.	M/Sgt	5th
Hood, Thomas J.	Cpl	1st	Ironside, Joe E.	Sgt	99th
Hooks, Thearon G.	S/Sgt	99th	Israel, Melvin	Sgt	Hq
Hoover, T. N.	Sgt	1st	Iverson, Robert	S/Sgt	1st
Hopkins, Carl S.	1 Lt	5th	Jackson, John T.	S/Sgt	1st
Hopkins, Elmo R.	S/Sgt	99th	Jackson, Thomas L. Jr	Sgt	1st
Hornberger, William P.	Pfc	99th	Jackson, William H.	Sgt	5th
Hornbrake, William	T/Sgt	1st	Jacobs, Curtiss L.		5th
Horne, Richard L.			Jacobs, Edward A.		
Horne, Walter B.	2 Lt	1st	Jacobson, Alden D.	Capt	99th
Horner, Clark		Early 9th	Jagmin, Eugene T.		
Horton, Alan		1st	Jakstis, Adolph M.	1 Lt	5th
Horton, Marion E.	Maj	Hq	James, Ernest F.	Cpl	1st
Horton, Peyton H.		99th	Jameson, Joseph C.	S/Sgt	5th
Horton, John N.	1 Lt	99th	Jammer, Oscar C.	Cpl	1st
Hostey, John T.	F/O	5th	Janovsky, Frank J.		
Houchin, Claude	1 Lt	99th	Jarvis, Warren F.	Capt	99th
Hounshell, Robert	Cpl	99th	Jenkins, Irving H.	Cpl	5th
Houser, Henry F.	1 Lt	5th	Jenkins, Reynold E.	Sgt	99th
Howard, Cecil M.	Sgt	1st	Jenkins, Roy		
Howard, Paul L.	Cpl	5th	Jenkins, William J.	2 Lt	99th
Howard, Raymond S.	Sgt	1st	Jenks, William G.	2 Lt	5th
Howell, Clyde	S/Sgt	99th	Jensen, Harvey W.	2 Lt	99th
Howell, Joseph W.	Maj	1st	Jentner, Thomas A.	2 Lt	99th
Howington, Clarence E.	Sgt	1st	Jero, John P.	F/O	99th
Hricik, John	Sgt	5th	Jesser, David L.	Sgt	99th
Huckaby, Charles O.		5th	Jewett, John R.	2 Lt	99th
Hudgens, Delmar L.	Sgt	99th	Johnson, C. C.	M/Sgt	1st
Hudgens, Robert D.	Cpl	1st	Johnson, Delaine C.	Sgt	1st
Hudson, James O.	M/Sgt	1st	Johnson, Donald C.	F/O	5th
Hudson, Richard J.	Sgt	99th	Johnson, Earl L. Jr	Maj	Hq
Hudson, William R. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Johnson, Fay V. Jr	Capt	5th
Hughes, Donald J.	Cpl	99th	Johnson, Frank L.	Sgt	1st
Hughes, Richard K.	2 Lt	5th	Johnson, Harold R.	S/Sgt	1st
Hughes, Robert S.			Johnson, Millard J.	2 Lt	1st
Huglin, Henry C.	Col	Hq	Johnson, Raymond E.	Capt	99th
Hulme, Henry C.	Pvt	5th	Johnson, Richard	F/O	1st
Hulse, Frederick E.	T/Sgt	5th	Johnson, Richard E.	Sgt	99th
Hummel, Jack S.		5th	Johnson, Tom L. Jr	Sgt	1st
Humphery, Marcus		1st	Johnson, Tuttle P.	Sgt	99th
Humphreys, E. C.			Johnson, Vern	S/Sgt	99th
Hunegs, James	Sgt	99th	Johnson, Walter P.	F/O	99th
Hungerford, Claude A.		1st	Jones, Frank H. Jr	Sgt	99th
Hunt, Robert V.	Cpl	99th	Jones, Harold H.	2 Lt	99th
Hunter, Lynn E.	F/O	5th	Jones, Harry R.	Sgt	5th
Hunter, Miles M.	S/Sgt	99th	Jones, James L.	Sgt	1st
Hurford, Glen H.	S/Sgt	5th	Jones, John M.	Cpl	99th
Hurta, Charles R.	Cpl	99th	Jones, Oliver	Pfc	99th
Husa, Joseph F.			Jones, R. B. Jr	1 Lt	5th
Hussey, George H.	S/Sgt	1st	Jones, William E.	1 Lt	99th
Hutchens, Wallace J.	F/O	99th	Jordan, Gene E.	2 Lt	1st
Hutchinson, John W.	2 Lt	1st	Jorges, Glen J.	Sgt	99th
Hutchison, Wendell W.	Maj	1st	Josephs, Aaron H.	Sgt	1st
Ice, Elden L.	Sgt	5th	Joyce, Don R.	1 Lt	Hq
Ierardi, John A.			Judge, John W. Jr	Sgt	99th



Juliot, Virgil F.	2 Lt	1st	Kessinger, Leo W.	1 Lt	1st
Jund, Raymond B.	Sgt	1st	Kessler, Albert R.		99th
Just, Vernon E.	S/Sgt	5th	Kessler, Benny	Sgt	99th
Justice, Walter Jr	Cpl	99th	Kibler, Lawrence L.	Sgt	99th
Kafton, Howard E.	S/Sgt	99th	Kiener, Vincent J.	Cpl	5th
Kahl, George D.	1 Lt	1st	Kilgore, John T.	T/Sgt	1st
Kaiser, Orval H.	Sgt	99th	Kimbrough, Troy H.	Sgt	5th
Kaltenbaugh, Raymond Jr	Sgt	5th	Kinas, Walter F.	Cpl	1st
Kanarsky, Peter	Pfc	5th	Kincade, Frank L.	S/Sgt	5th
Kane, Phillip F.			Kincaid, John L. Jr	Sgt	5th
Kannuck, George	S/Sgt	99th	Kindervatter, Ernest A.	Sgt	5th
Kaplan, Albert	Sgt	1st	King, Edward C.	Sgt	5th
Kapps, William E.	2 Lt	99th	King, John R.	Sgt	99th
Karas, Charles A.	Sgt	5th	King, Joseph R.	S/Sgt	99th
Karbowniczek, Mike	Pfc	5th	Kinser, Harold	T/Sgt	1st
Karlov, Frank J.	F/O	5th	Kirby, Forrest L. Jr	Sgt	5th
Karrick, Paul F.	Sgt	5th	Kirby, Robert L.	Maj	5th
Karst, Charles E.	S/Sgt	5th	Kish, Joseph F.	M/Sgt	5th
Kasel, Vernon T.	Sgt	1st	Klabo, Einar S.	M/Sgt	5th
Kasler, James H.	Sgt	5th	Kleh, Paul	Cpl	5th
Kasper, Benjamin L.	M/Sgt	99th	Klein, Eugene W.	1 Lt	1st
Kasper, Clarence L.			Klein, Norman J.	S/Sgt	99th
Kately, Marvin L.	Pfc	5th	Klein, Phillip J.	1 Lt	99th
Katz, Robert B.	Capt	Hq	Klein, Samuel	2 Lt	99th
Kaufmann, Stanley N.	Sgt	5th	Kleist, Walter R.	Cpl	5th
Kausen, Meredith M. Jr	S/Sgt	99th	Klemme, Robert E.	1 Lt	5th
Keagle, Lloyd B.			Klempke, Donald R.	Cpl	5th
Keating, Robert W.	S/Sgt	5th	Kline, George D.	2 Lt	1st
Keene, Ernest L.	Cpl	99th	Kloppenburg, Paul E.	Pfc	99th
Keene, Leon M.	Maj	99th	Kluefer, John O.	Cpl	99th
Keeney, Lindley C.		1st	Knefely, Charles L.	T/Sgt	5th
Kehoe, John M.	Sgt	99th	Knight, Leland S.	Cpl	5th
Kelch, Paul	Sgt	5th	Knight, Melvin J.	Sgt	99th
Kellenberger, Stanford O.	Cpl	1st	Knille, Robert A.		
Keller, George F.	1 Lt	5th	Knoll, James J.	M/Sgt	99th
Keller, Hayden C.	M/Sgt	1st	Knowlton, Clifford	2 Lt	1st
Keller, Richard T.	2 Lt	1st	Knox, Aaron A.	T/Sgt	Hq
Keller, William R.	Sgt	5th	Knox, Edwin U. Jr	Sgt	1st
Kelley, Edward Jr	M/Sgt	99th	Knutson, Lonnie	Cpl	5th
Kelley, Halleck D.	Sgt	99th	Kober, Emil	Cpl	5th
Kelley, Harold O. Sr	Pfc	99th	Kober, Walter J.	S/Sgt	1st
Kellum, Cecil	Cpl	99th	Koble, Richard C.		5th
Kelly, Daniel P.	M/Sgt	5th	Koester, William A. Jr	1 Lt	99th
Kelly, Homer V.	Cpl	1st	Kogan, Warren O.	Sgt	5th
Kemp, Vernon W.		5th	Kolbo, Boniface J.		
Kemp, Wilbert B.	S/Sgt	5th	Koleduk, John		1st
Kempfer, Morris E.	Sgt	5th	Komarek, Harold F.	T/Sgt	5th
Kendrick, Ralph L.	Sgt	99th	Konnick, Andrew J.	Pfc	1st
Kendrick, Waldo C.	Pfc	99th	Konrad, Wesley	2 Lt	5th
Kenna, John J.	T/Sgt	99th	Koontz, Richard W.	M/Sgt	99th
Kenney, Lindley C.	2 Lt	1st	Kopisch, Arthur F.	S/Sgt	5th
Kennick, Andrew J.		1st	Kordich, Rudolph	S/Sgt	5th
Kenny, Wilson W.	Pfc	1st	Korte, Virgil W. Jr	Cpl	1st
Kenrick, Ralph L.		99th	Koski, Theodore R.	S/Sgt	99th
Kent, Franklin		5th	Kosmolsick, Joseph	Cpl	99th
Kent, Robert	Capt	5th	Kosoglov, Joseph A.	S/Sgt	1st
Keogh, William J.			Kostopoulos, Andrew	S/Sgt	5th
Kerner, Frank C. Jr	Sgt	5th	Kostrobala, Walter S.		
Kerner, Vincent J.	Cpl	5th	Kotnik, Andrew	Sgt	1st
Kerr, John R.	S/Sgt	5th	Kotulak, Joseph E.	Cpl	5th
Kesler, Richard J.	Cpl	1st	Kotzen, Morris B.	Pfc	1st
Kessel, Edward L.	Pfc	5th	Koutnik, Louis J. Jr	1 Lt	1st

Kovac, John Jr	S/Sgt	5th	Lawless, John J.	S/Sgt	99th
Kovach, Gabriel G.	Cpl	99th	Lawrence, James O.	Capt	1st
Kovalenko, John			Lawry, Francis J.	Sgt	5th
Kozmyna, Charles	Early 9th		Laws, Norman H. Jr	Sgt	1st
Kraft, John A.	F/O	1st	Lawson, Calvin C.	2 Lt	1st
Krall, Thomas Q.	Sgt	5th	Lawson, John B.	F/O	1st
Krammerer, Carl W.		5th	Lazzarotti, Elmo G.		
Kraner, Kenneth W.	Sgt	1st	Lazzio, Thomas	CIV	Hq
Krasnowsky, Sylvin			LeBalbo, Carmelio C.	Pfc	5th
Krawczyk, Richard J.	Cpl	99th	LeClaire, Robert V.	Pfc	1st
Krawiek, Frank A.			LeFevre, Charles V.	Cpl	5th
Krcik, John	Sgt	5th	LeGrande, Glenn	M/Sgt	5th
Krebill, Homer G.	S/Sgt	99th	LeGrande, Logan E.	Sgt	5th
Krebill, Lester J.	S/Sgt	99th	Lea, William T.	2 Lt	1st
Krida, Robert P.	Sgt	5th	Leach, Raymond M.	Cpl	5th
Krog, Arnold J.	T/Sgt	99th	Leader, Martin	Pvt	Hq
Kruk, Stanley	S/Sgt	5th	League, Harry H.		
Kruse, William H.	S/Sgt	99th	Lee, Dwight L.	Cpl	99th
Kubinciak, Joseph	Cpl	5th	Lee, Forrest A.	2 Lt	1st
Kuchera, Warren F.	Sgt	99th	Lee, Jackson F.	Capt	Hq
Kucinski, John R.	M/Sgt	5th	Lee, Owen W.		
Kugler, George K.	S/Sgt	99th	Lee, Paul A.	Pfc	1st
Kulhavy, Stephen A.	S/Sgt	1st	Lee, Paul W.	S/Sgt	1st
Kulis, Harry J.	S/Sgt	5th	Leech, Glen H.	F/O	99th
Kulman, Lawrence A.	Cpl	99th	Leesman, Raymond F.	Sgt	1st
Kupferman, Theodore	2 Lt	99th	Lefevre, Charles V.	Cpl	5th
Kurasz, Charles L.	T/Sgt	5th	Legg, Charles N.	Cpl	99th
Kurzen, Robert R.	1 Lt	1st	Leheide, Earl F.		
Kurziak, John	S/Sgt	5th	Lehman, Charles F.	Cpl	5th
Kush, John Jr	F/O	1st	Lehnerd, Robert R.	S/Sgt	5th
Kyger, George F.	Sgt	99th	Lemal, David J.	S/Sgt	99th
LaBarrer, Frank G. Jr	S/Sgt	99th	Leonard, Robert A.	2 Lt	1st
LaSalle, Ralph	Cpl	99th	Leonerd, Robert R.	Sgt	5th
Laasch, Robert P.	Sgt	5th	Leopard, Robert K.	Cpl	1st
Lackie, Frank W.	2 Lt	1st	Leslie, George E.	Pfc	99th
Lackos, John	Pfc	1st	Lesselbaum, Felix B.	T/Sgt	99th
Ladd, Bernard T.	Sgt	99th	Lessin, William N.	F/O	99th
Lafflin, Floyd J.	S/Sgt	5th	Lessner, Raymond J.		5th
Landford, Arthur P.	S/Sgt	99th	Levine, Stanley H.	2 Lt	5th
Landgraf, James L.	S/Sgt	99th	Lewis, Chester J.		99th
Landolt, Paul A.	CIV	Hq	Lewis, Frank A.	Cpl	5th
Landry, Arthur E.	Cpl	99th	Lewis, Joseph R.	1 Lt	99th
Landry, Arthur P.	1 Lt	5th	Lewis, Keith S.	Cpl	5th
Lane, David H.	Pfc	99th	Lewis, Paul E.	1 Lt	1st
Lane, William R.	Cpl	1st	Lezovich, John R.	Sgt	5th
Lanford, Arthur P.	T/Sgt	99th	Liebeg, Clarence H.	Cpl	1st
Lang, Frederick J.			Lilienstein, Fred	Sgt	Hq
Langdon, Emory L.	2 Lt	1st	Lincoln, James D.		
Langley, Richard C.	Sgt	99th	Lindemann, Frederic C.	2 Lt	5th
Lanham, Marion M.	Cpl	99th	Lindsley, Donald A.	Cpl	99th
Lankford, Lowell T.	Pfc	99th	Lingle, Joseph J.	Capt	99th
Lanzillo, Charles F.	M/Sgt	1st	Lingo, John E.	2 Lt	1st
Laprade, Robert F.	Sgt	99th	Linn, Harold A.	Cpl	99th
Lapufsky, Albert		5th	Linner, Marvin		
Larson, John N.		5th	Lipman, Robert S.	Cpl	5th
Larson, Norman E.	Pfc	5th	Litchfield, Roy F. Jr	S/Sgt	1st
Larson, Robert W.	2 Lt	99th	Littlewood, Theodore P.	1 Lt	99th
Lassman, Hal A.	Capt	1st	Llewellyn, Stewart P.	Sgt	99th
Lasto, Robert A.	Sgt	99th	LoBalbo, Carmelo C.	Pfc	5th
Laughlin, Delbert B.	Sgt	1st	Lobdell, Kenneth C.	2 Lt	99th
Lawe, Joseph A. Jr	Sgt	5th	Loepker, Paul J.	Cpl	1st
Lawhon, Charles W.	Cpl	Hq	Lofblad, Harry		5th



Loftis, Harold T.			March, Robert H.		
Logan, Kenneth E.	Cpl	1st	Marchetto, Alfred E.	Sgt	1st
Loheide, Earl F.	T/Sgt	Hq	Marcum, Bige	Sgt	1st
Lokken, Herman E.	F/O	1st	Marietti, Luigi A.	Cpl	1st
Lombardo, Norman A.		1st	Marine, Godfrey L. Jr	2 Lt	99th
Long, James S.	Cpl	5th	Marinelli, Frank Jr	Pfc	1st
Long, Marshall D.	Sgt	99th	Markette, Victor J.	Pfc	99th
Looper, Baylor L.	2 Lt	99th	Markwell, Frank C.	Cpl	99th
Lopez, Fermin T.	Pfc	5th	Marschall, Joseph N.	S/Sgt	99th
Lord, Stuart L.	Cpl	1st	Marsh, Harold C.	Capt	Hq
Losey, George W.	Cpl	5th	Marsh, Robert H.		99th
Love, Martin		1st	Marshall, George A.	1 Lt	99th
Lovell, Clarence A. Jr	Pfc	99th	Marshall, Gwynn W.	Sgt	1st
Lovell, Park L.	S/Sgt	1st	Marshall, Henry M. Jr	1 Lt	99th
Lovewell, Frankie A.	Sgt	99th	Marshall, Merle G.		
Lovinski, Frank J.	Pvt	99th	Marshburn, Eulas L.	M/Sgt	Hq
Lovvorn, Robert W.	Cpl	1st	Marten, James I.	Cpl	99th
Lowe, Joseph A. Jr	Sgt	5th	Martens, Helmer J.	1 Lt	5th
Lowry, Francis J.	Sgt	5th	Martin, Burl A.	Sgt	1st
Loy, James R.	Capt	99th	Martin, Ernest W.	2 Lt	1st
Lucier, Adelard J.	Pfc	5th	Martin, Leland O.	Sgt	99th
Luck, Edmond H.	Cpl	5th	Martin, Raymond C.	Sgt	99th
Luevano, Andres	Cpl	1st	Martin, William J.	2 Lt	5th
Luft, William			Martinez, Raymond G.	Sgt	1st
Lukenbill, Russell E.	Cpl	1st	Mathe, John A.	Sgt	99th
Lukens, Eugene M.	2 Lt	1st	Mathieson, Albert V.	Cpl	5th
Lunneborg, Glen J.	Sgt	1st	Matroka, Joseph	Cpl	99th
Lupomech, Edward J.	Sgt	5th	Matsukis, Gust	S/Sgt	Hq
Luschen, Frank L.	Lt Col	Hq	Matt, Kenneth U.		
Lynch, John F.	S/Sgt	1st	Mattern, James B.	Sgt	1st
Lynch, Melvin T.	Sgt	1st	Matthews, Dillon W.	M/Sgt	5th
Lyon, John C.	Sgt	5th	Matthews, James F. Jr	2 Lt	1st
Lytle, Raymond E.	Sgt	99th	Mattingly, William T.	S/Sgt	1st
MacAfee, Sherman D.	S/Sgt	99th	Matuschek, Stephen J.	Sgt	5th
MacDermid, Charles A.	S/Sgt	5th	Matvichuk, George H.		5th
MacDowell, Donald	Cpl	5th	Maxey, Eugene J.	Pfc	1st
MacKenzie, George W.	S/Sgt	99th	Maxwell, Frank P.	2 Lt	1st
MacLean, Donald A.			May, Edward R.	Sgt	5th
Mackey, Arnold E.	S/Sgt	5th	May, Irby R.	Sgt	5th
Macy, Herbert C.	Sgt	99th	May, Otis N.	Pfc	1st
Madara, Irvin E.	Sgt	5th	May, Walter A. Jr	Pfc	1st
Magnuson, Arthur R.	2 Lt	99th	Maycumber, Edward P.	2 Lt	99th
Magnuson, Wallace B.	Cpl	1st	Mayhew, Charles T.		
Magoon, Norman R.	1 Lt	1st	McAdams, Garland L. Jr	Cpl	1st
Maher, Herbert	1 Lt	1st	McAnally, Harold T.	Sgt	99th
Maher, Joseph H.	S/Sgt	1st	McAuliff, Al J.		5th
Mahew, Charles T.	S/Sgt	99th	McAuliff, William F.		5th
Malkowski, Leonard J.	Pfc	99th	McBride, Henry D.	Cpl	99th
Mallory, Robert W.	1 Lt	5th	McCarthy, Timothy L. Jr	Sgt	5th
Malloy, Raymond C.	Sgt	1st	McCaskill, Paul E.	Cpl	1st
Malo, Raymond F.	1 Lt	1st	McClain, Bradford A.	S/Sgt	1st
Malovany, Arthry	1 Lt	1st	McClintock, Buster L.	Pvt	1st
Maltese, Salvatore	Cpl	5th	McClintock, Robert A.	Capt	5th
Manara, Anthony A.	Sgt	Hq	McClure, Charles L.	2 Lt	99th
Mancuso, Lorenzo S.	1 Lt	99th	McClure, Harold F.	Sgt	5th
Mandato, Frank I.	1 Lt	99th	McConnell, Thomas A.	S/Sgt	99th
Mandracchia, John A.	S/Sgt	5th	McCorchy, Timothy L. Jr	Sgt	5th
Manlove, Paul	2 Lt	99th	McCowan, Robert J.		
Mann, Charles L. Jr	Sgt	5th	McCray, Philip R.		Early 9th
Mann, Joe D.	Cpl	1st	McCready, Richard R.	Sgt	5th
Mann, Robert E.	2 Lt	1st	McCrong, John Jr		99th
Mansogan, John	Pfc	1st	McCulley, Ted		

McDaniel, James O.		5th	Mickelson, T. M.		
McDaniel, Lawrence C.	S/Sgt	1st	Mickla, Edward G.	Cpl	5th
McDivitt, Raymond O.	Sgt	1st	Mickle, George M.	Sgt	5th
McDonald, John C. Jr	Sgt	5th	Mieszcak, Edward	Sgt	1st
McDonald, Lawrence W.	Cpl	5th	Mika, John C.	S/Sgt	5th
McDorman, Willis O.			Milbrand, Melvin W.	Cpl	1st
McEwan, William G.		1st	Millars, Jack L.	Sgt	99th
McFann, Howard H.	Sgt	5th	Miller, Alvin L.	1 Lt	5th
McGarity, Stuart, W.			Miller, Charles R.	Cpl	1st
McGarry, John B. Jr	Sgt	5th	Miller, Clare W.	Pfc	99th
McGillicuddy, James P.	1 Lt	5th	Miller, George E.	T/Sgt	1st
McGlone, Desmond	S/Sgt	99th	Miller, Joe D.	Sgt	1st
McGlothlin, William W.		1st	Miller, Leonard R.	1 Lt	5th
McGonagle, Daniel D.		1st	Miller, Richard J.	1 Lt	99th
McGrath, John D.	F/O	1st	Miller, Robert B.		Hq
McGuigan, John E.	Sgt	1st	Miller, William L.	Sgt	99th
McGuire, Charles S.	1 Lt	1st	Millin, Douglas J.	1 Lt	99th
McHugh, Donald D.	S/Sgt	5th	Millington, John K.	Pfc	99th
McHughes, Dan D.	Cpl	5th	Millner, Phillip	Sgt	1st
McIlvain, Wayne M.			Millner, Phillip	Sgt	1st
McKay, James K. Jr	Maj	Hq	Mills, Grover M.	Sgt	1st
McKee, James A.	Sgt	99th	Milosovic, Stanley	S/Sgt	1st
McKenna, Edward T.	Cpl	99th	Mingus, Russell J. Jr	S/Sgt	5th
McKewan, Ambrose F.	Cpl	1st	Mitchell, Richard O.	Sgt	5th
McKewan, Edward R.	Cpl	1st	Mitchner, Howard E. Jr	Pfc	1st
McKinley, James R.	Cpl	5th	Mithen, Ward F.	S/Sgt	5th
McKnight, Charles W.	Cpl	5th	Mockler, Edwin	2 Lt	1st
McMahan, Lewis C.	Maj	1st	Moffatt, Eugene R.	Sgt	99th
McMenamy, Louis F.	F/O	5th	Moldenhauer, Charles F.	S/Sgt	99th
McMonagle, Daniel D. Jr	Sgt	1st	Molidor, Norman W.	Sgt	5th
McMurtry, Benton R.			Monneyham, Grover C.		
McNeil, Howard L.	Maj	99th	Monroe, Brooks	Cpl	Hq
McNulty, Hugh	Cpl	99th	Montague, Robert C.	Cpl	99th
McRae, David D. Jr	S/Sgt	99th	Montfort, Woodson W. Jr	Capt	Hq
McTeigue, Jean G.	1 Lt	99th	Montgomery, Gates H.	S/Sgt	5th
McThrall, Joseph E.	T/Sgt	5th	Montgomery, Vee M.	S/Sgt	99th
McVey, Gerald W.	Sgt	99th	Monti, Nicholas P.	Sgt	1st
Meadows, Curtis W.	S/Sgt	5th	Montoya, Charles C.	Sgt	1st
Meadows, Frederick V.	Cpl	1st	Montoya, Sylvester R.	Pfc	5th
Medieros, Daniel			Mooney, James T.	Cpl	1st
Medley, William R.	Sgt	99th	Moore, Edward H.	Capt	99th
Medlock, Robert	Pfc	99th	Moore, James R.	2 Lt	99th
Meeks, Charles J.	2 Lt	99th	Moore, Jennings D.	Sgt	99th
Meeks, Donald L.	S/Sgt	1st	Moore, Malcom M.	Sgt	1st
Meeks, James L.	Sgt	99th	Moore, Max E.	Pfc	5th
Meigs, James H.	Maj	Hq	Moore, Merrill A. Jr	Pfc	1st
Meisler, Max			Moore, Robert H.		1st
Mekul, Alex	Cpl	5th	Moore, Tom B.	1 Lt	5th
Mellibo, Lewis	Pfc	5th	Moorhead, Glenn K.	S/Sgt	99th
Mellors, George F.	Sgt	5th	Morelli, James L.	Pfc	99th
Melnick, Donald	Cpl	99th	Morgan, Harold N.	Sgt	99th
Melton, James O.	Sgt	1st	Morgan, James W.		1st
Meranti, Ralph J.	Cpl	99th	Morgan, John B.	S/Sgt	5th
Merdink, Burt A.	T/Sgt	1st	Morgan, Winston B.	Sgt	99th
Merrow, Alvin Jr	2 Lt	1st	Mornone, Augustus J.	Cpl	99th
Messex, Kenneth S.	Sgt	1st	Morris, Homer W.	Capt	1st
Metroka, Joseph		99th	Morris, Louis	Cpl	1st
Metzger, James W.	2 Lt	5th	Morris, Lowell A.	S/Sgt	5th
Meyer, William G.	Sgt	1st	Morris, Warren G.	1 Lt	1st
Mezwa, Stephen	Sgt	99th	Morrissey, Daniel	Sgt	99th
Michell, Richard O.	Sgt	5th	Mory, Robert M.	1 Lt	99th
Michielli, Bernard A.	Cpl	5th	Moseley, Milledge C. Jr	Sgt	5th



Mosie, Frederick C.	S/Sgt	5th	Nesmith, David C.	M/Sgt	1st
Mosley, Paul S.	Sgt	99th	Nestel, John I.	Capt	Hq
Moss, Paul W.	Pfc	5th	Neu, Richard F.	S/Sgt	Hq
Motichka, Michael		1st	Neubert, Norman F.	F/O	5th
Mott, Norman		1st	Newkirk, Samuel J.	T/Sgt	99th
Mowen, Olin M.	Sgt	5th	Newman, Arnold J.	Pfc	1st
Mozwa, Stephen		99th	Newsted, Earl P.	M/Sgt	5th
Muchler, Cyrus E. Jr	Cpl	5th	Newton, Buell E.		
Muchnick, Jerome	2 Lt	5th	Nichalos, Clarence F.	T/Sgt	5th
Mufford, Harold E.	S/Sgt	99th	Nicholas, Kenneth L.	Sgt	1st
Muir, George A.	Cpl	99th	Nicholas, Stephen	Pfc	1st
Mullen, Andrew J.	Pfc	99th	Nichols, Donald E. Jr	2 Lt	99th
Mullens, Edward K.	1 Lt	5th	Nichols, Solomon T. Jr	S/Sgt	99th
Mulligan, James F.	T/Sgt	99th	Nicks, Benjamin A.	Capt	1st
Mulligan, James H. C.	Capt	Hq	Nicoles, Kenneth	S/Sgt	1st
Mullins, John A.	M/Sgt	1st	Nidelchoff, Robert	Pfc	99th
Mumbleau, William N.	Sgt	1st	Niemann, Melvin T.	S/Sgt	1st
Munneke, Joseph M.	T/Sgt	1st	Nienaltowski, Walter J.		
Murad, Ronald V.	Sgt	99th	Nighswonger, Roy F.	Capt	1st
Murdock, Joseph	Cpl	1st	Nikitas, Christus M.		5th
Murphy, Donald F.	Sgt	1st	Niksa, Thaddeus P.	S/Sgt	5th
Murphy, John H. Jr	S/Sgt	99th	Nimon, Jack C.	Pfc	1st
Murphy, John W. A.	Sgt	99th	Nishwitz, James W.	Cpl	5th
Murray W. G.			Nixon, George V.		1st
Murray, Louis	S/Sgt	5th	Noble, Daniel F. Jr	Sgt	1st
Murray, Robert F. Jr			Noble, Gordon P.		5th
Musso, Joseph A. M.	Cpl	99th	Nolan, Bill	Cpl	1st
Musson, James F.	1 Lt	99th	Nolan, Joseph P	Cpl	99th
Mutchler, Cyrus E. Jr	Cpl	5th	Nole, Jack D.	Maj	Hq
Myers, Earl E.	2 Lt	5th	Noorhees, Raymond O.	S/Sgt	99th
Myers, Henry L.	S/Sgt	1st	Norman, Rex J.	Cpl	1st
Myers, Lyle A.	Sgt	1st	Norris, Harvey L.	Pfc	1st
Myers, Robert F.	Pvt	1st	Norton, Nathan V.	Sgt	1st
Myers, Warren F. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Norwood, Oliver F.	Sgt	5th
Nack, Arthur L.	2 Lt	1st	Nothstein, Kenneth W.	Sgt	1st
Nadelle, Arthur O.	S/Sgt	1st	Novak, Richard C.	S/Sgt	5th
Naile, Ralph A.	Cpl	1st	Novicki, John T.	Cpl	99th
Namoff, Leon B.	S/Sgt	99th	Novosel, Michael J.		99th
Napier, William S. M.	1 Lt	5th	Novosel, Tony M.		
Naples, Alexander	Cpl	Hq	Nowaczyk, Stanley J.	Sgt	1st
Naquin, Walter K.	M/Sgt	99th	Nowakowski, John J.	S/Sgt	5th
Nash, Archie L.	Capt	5th	O'Connor, Edward J.	Sgt	5th
Nash, Everett H. Jr	Sgt	5th	O'Connor, Joseph M.		1st
Nash, George A.	S/Sgt	1st	O'Connor, Robert E.	Cpl	1st
Nash, Henry O. Jr	S/Sgt	1st	O'Connor, Robert W.	M/Sgt	Hq
Naumowicz, Chester Jr	1 Lt	5th	O'Donnell, Hubert C.	Pfc	5th
Navak, Richard C.	S/Sgt	5th	O'Malley, Robert J.	Sgt	99th
Naylor, William J. Jr	Sgt		O'Neil, James J.	Sgt	1st
Nazro, John Jr	Pfc	1st	Oakes, Jacob D.		
Neale, Walter F.		5th	Oakley, Abram Jr	Sgt	Hq
Nearhoof, Russell T.	S/Sgt	5th	Odgers, Walter R.	S/Sgt	5th
Neeson, Leo J.	Sgt	1st	Oesterling, Warren F.	2 Lt	5th
Neff, Alan M.	F/O	99th	Ogden, Harold R.	Pfc	99th
Neifert, Lorange W.	1 Lt	99th	Ogle, Emery W. Jr	Cpl	5th
Nelson, Gordon K.	1 Lt	5th	Oglesby, David L.	Sgt	99th
Nelson, Harold J. Jr	2 Lt	5th	Older, Richard R.	Sgt	99th
Nelson, John Q.	Cpl	99th	Oldham, Daniel	S/Sgt	5th
Nelson, Milland E.	Pfc	5th	Oldham, Nile W.	Hq	
Nelson, Ronald	2 Lt	5th	Oleaszewski, Harold J.	1 Lt	5th
Nelson, Vernon F.	S/Sgt	99th	Olenzinski, Alphonse A.	Cpl	1st
Nerhood, Harold E.	S/Sgt	5th	Oligney, James B.		
Nesbitt, William F.	Pfc	1st	Olson, John J.		

Olson, Robert W.	1 Lt	Hq	Peerenboom, Sylvester G.	S/Sgt	5th
Ondell, Burl	T/Sgt	99th	Pellar, George	M/Sgt	Hq
Ordahl, Donald D.	Pfc	5th	Pellens, Allen H.	Pfc	1st
Orlandi, Carl D.	Cpl	99th	Pellish, Stephen J.	Cpl	5th
Orlando, Nicholas J.	Pfc	5th	Pemberton, Atkins K.	Pfc	5th
Orman, Robert		1st	Pendergast, Howard E.	S/Sgt	1st
Osborne, Earl E.	Cpl	5th	Penhorwood, Richard J.	S/Sgt	5th
Ottoson, Raymond H.	1 Lt	1st	Penler, Eugene N.	F/O	1st
Owen, Edison M.	1 Lt	1st	Penner, Clarence E. Jr	Sgt	5th
Owen, Roger K.		5th	Pennini, Salvatore D.	S/Sgt	5th
Owens, Richard S.	Pfc	99th	Penny, George L.	Cpl	99th
Pace, Charles N.	S/Sgt	1st	Peragine, Frank A.	Pfc	5th
Padgett, Jack J.	Cpl	1st	Perrette, Ralph J. Jr	Sgt	1st
Pafford, Lyniel H.			Perritt, James D.	Sgt	Hq
Paige, Joseph	S/Sgt	5th	Perry, Albert L.	Lt Col	Hq
Pakarska, Joseph E. Jr	Sgt	5th	Perry, James W.	Sgt	99th
Palmer, Charles E.	Sgt	1st	Perry, Morton D.		5th
Palmer, Garth C.	1 Lt	99th	Perry, Norman P.	Pfc	5th
Palmer, Robert H.			Person, Edward J.	Cpl	1st
Palmer, Willard A.			Pete, Paul T.	Pfc	5th
Pangallo, Dominic J.	Pfc	1st	Peter, Charles Z.	Cpl	99th
Papa, Victor			Peters, Charles M.	Capt	Hq
Papas, John C.	S/Sgt	1st	Peters, Sidney R.	Sgt	1st
Paquette, Edward N.	S/Sgt	5th	Peterson, Archie M.	2 Lt	99th
Paradis, Phillip E.		99th	Peterson, Charles L.	Sgt	5th
Parish, George H. Jr	S/Sgt	99th	Peterson, Harold L.	Capt	1st
Parisi, Frank			Peterson, John W.	2 Lt	5th
Park, Jack L.		5th	Peterson, Marsden W.	Cpl	1st
Parkhurst, Harold A.	Sgt	1st	Peterson, Robert C.	1 Lt	1st
Parobeck, Daniel M.	Sgt	1st	Peterson, Therlo D.	Pvt	99th
Parrett, Carl L.	Cpl	Hq	Peterson, William L.	1 Lt	5th
Parris, Vernon M.	S/Sgt	5th	Petras, Alex S.	Cpl	1st
Parrish, Harry C.	S/Sgt	5th	Petras, Michael	Sgt	99th
Parsons, Bender Sr	S/Sgt	99th	Petrella, Donald P.	Sgt	5th
Parsons, Chester L.	Cpl	5th	Petrulas, Thomas G.	1 Lt	5th
Pascarella, Louis C.	Sgt	99th	Pette, Paul P.	Pfc	5th
Paspas, Robert E.		99th	Petters, Theodore A.	Pfc	1st
Patch, Nathaniel M.	1 Lt	5th	Pettit, Alvin E.	S/Sgt	99th
Paterno, Anthony	Pvt	99th	Pettit, Philip H.	1 Lt	1st
Patisaul, Clayton F.	T/Sgt		Pettit, Weldon M.	Capt	Hq
Patterson, George R.	Sgt	1st	Peyer, John R.	Sgt	1st
Patterson, John W.	Pfc	1st	Pezza, Frank	Pfc	1st
Patterson, Minor H.	Sgt	5th	Pharis, Cleo W.	Cpl	1st
Patterson, Theodore T. Jr	Cpl	1st	Phenner, Clarence E. Jr	T/Sgt	5th
Patterson, William M.	Cpl	Hq	Phillips, Arthur C.	Pfc	99th
Pattison, Karolek M.	1 Lt	99th	Phillips, Benjamin R.	Cpl	5th
Paule, Marvin W.	T/Sgt	1st	Phillips, Bernard G.	S/Sgt	1st
Pavon, Wilbur T.	Sgt		Phillips, Henry W.	Cpl	5th
Pawlowski, Casimir D.	Capt	99th	Phillips, Maurice	Sgt	1st
Payer, Michael J.	Cpl	5th	Phillips, Morris	Sgt	1st
Payne, Jack Q.	Capt	1st	Piatek, Edward P.	1 Lt	99th
Payne, Wallace A.	Sgt	1st	Pickrel, William G.		
Payton, Chalmers L.	Sgt	5th	Pielsticker, Robert J.	1 Lt	5th
Peacock, James Jr			Pierzak, Emil	M/Sgt	5th
Pearia, Kenneth B.	Cpl	99th	Pieri, Luigi	Sgt	5th
Pearls, Herbert		Early 9th	Pierman, George	1 Lt	1st
Pearsall, Earl L.	Sgt	5th	Piersol, Ralph W.	Sgt	1st
Pearson, Charles E.	Sgt	99th	Pietaraszek, Ray L.	Sgt	99th
Pearson, Marcel E.	S/Sgt	5th	Piette, Bernard M.	Cpl	1st
Peck, George F. J.	T/Sgt	99th	Pileski, John w.	Sgt	99th
Pecoraro, Joseph J.	Pfc	99th	Pingitore, George A.	Sgt	5th
Peebles, Harold W.	Pvt	99th	Piper, Charles W.	2 Lt	Hq



Platz, Gerhardt H.	Capt	1st	Rapp, James A.	Cpl	5th
Plotzka, Joseph B.	S/Sgt	99th	Rasmussen, Floyd		Early 9th
Plunkett, John S. Jr	Sgt	5th	Rau, Richard J.	Cpl	1st
Pocock, Keith F.	S/Sgt	1st	Raue, Donald	Cpl	Hq
Poe, Keithen D.	S/Sgt	99th	Rauen, Vincent J.	Sgt	5th
Poehlman, John L.	Pfc	99th	Rawls, Robert J.	T/Sgt	1st
Poff, Edward J.	Sgt	1st	Ray, Dan P.	Pfc	1st
Pokraka, Joseph E. Jr			Rayborne, Allen L.	Sgt	99th
Pollack, William P.	M/Sgt	5th	Raymond, Thomas E. Jr	1 Lt	99th
Pollish, Stephen J.	Cpl	5th	Rayson, Don		
Pomerantz, Isadore	Sgt	99th	Razickas, Anthony A.	T/Sgt	Hq
Ponce, Frederick			Reagan, William S.	S/Sgt	99th
Ponder, Clair	Sgt	5th	Reason, William E.		
Poole, Garland P.	S/Sgt	99th	Reed, Donald		
Poore, James F.	S/Sgt	5th	Reed, Edmond Jr	Pfc	99th
Pooren, Sylvester G.		5th	Reed, Edward B.	T/Sgt	99th
Pope, Carl E.	S/Sgt	Hq	Reed, Raymond	Sgt	5th
Pope, William			Reed, Robert L.	Sgt	1st
Poprik, Michael	Sgt	5th	Reese, Glynn M.	Cpl	1st
Porter, Joseph W.	Cpl	1st	Reese, Vernard A.	Cpl	1st
Porter, Roy	Sgt	1st	Reeves, Charles V.	Sgt	Hq
Portnoy, Morris B.	S/Sgt	5th	Reeves, Edwin L.	Sgt	99th
Postman, John V.	Cpl	1st	Rehberg, George G. Jr	Pfc	1st
Potrzebowski, John J.	Cpl	5th	Rehnert, Thomas A.	Sgt	1st
Pouder, Clair O.		5th	Reichert, Donald E.		
Poutney, Clifford H. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Reick, Donald L.	Cpl	5th
Pouvila, Weimer J.	S/Sgt	1st	Reick, Harvey B.	Pfc	99th
Powell, Raymond V.	Sgt	1st	Reid, George D.	2 Lt	1st
Powers, Franklin I.	Capt	99th	Reid, Keith K.	1 Lt	99th
Powers, Gene F.	Sgt	5th	Reid, Robert L.	Sgt	1st
Powers, William R.	S/Sgt	1st	Reid, William J.	1 Lt	1st
Pratt, Perry J.	Sgt	1st	Reifke, Willard H.		99th
Praxel, Anthony J.	2 Lt	99th	Reilly, William B.	Cpl	5th
Prehoda, John C.	1 Lt	1st	Reinert, George L.		1st
Price, Melvin H.	S/Sgt	5th	Reinert, Robert A.	1 Lt	99th
Priest, James R.	Sgt	99th	Reinhart, James A. Jr	2 Lt	5th
Prine, Louis G.	Cpl	99th	Reisch, Frank K.		5th
Proctor, John P.			Remley, Robert R.	Maj	Hq
Proctor, Lester A.	Sgt	1st	Renick, Robert R. Jr	Sgt	5th
Prushke, Francis	T/Sgt	5th	Reynolds, Walter D.	Sgt	99th
Pugh, Thomas A.	Sgt	5th	Reynolds, William A.	Capt	5th
Pugliano, John S.	2 Lt	5th	Rhea, Thell E.	Capt	Hq
Pulsfort, Charles L.	1 Lt	1st	Rhodes, Charles W. Jr	Pfc	5th
Pummer, Newton D.	S/Sgt	99th	Rhodes, James E.	Cpl	5th
Pumphrey, Ben H.	2 Lt	99th	Ricci, Hubert E.	2 Lt	1st
Purcell, Donald		99th	Rice, Charles W.	Sgt	5th
Pyles, Robert C.	S/Sgt	5th	Rice, Robert J.		
Quinn, Creed W.	S/Sgt	1st	Rich, Larry	S/Sgt	1st
Quintana, Albert	Sgt	99th	Richardson, Richard J.	Sgt	99th
Raab, Frank A.		5th	Richey, George S.	Sgt	5th
Radziewicz, Walter	Sgt	5th	Ricketson, Curtis F.	Cpl	1st
Raganella, Anthony J.		5th	Ricketson, Edward E. Jr	Sgt	1st
Rahn, Fred T.	Sgt	99th	Ridge, Joseph W.	1 Lt	1st
Railey, Randolph S. D.	Cpl	1st	Rieck, Donald L.	Cpl	5th
Rake, Howard N.	S/Sgt	5th	Rieck, Harvey B.		
Rakowski, Albert M.	Cpl	1st	Rielly, John F.	Sgt	5th
Rakowski, Robert M.	Sgt	1st	Riesel, Joseph	Pfc	5th
Ralston, Dwight L.	T/Sgt	5th	Rigby, William G.	Sgt	99th
Ramirez, Frank C.			Riley, Joseph R.	Capt	Hq
Ramirez, Jess M.			Riley, Morris G.	Maj	Hq
Randall, Daniel G.	Pfc	Hq	Riley, Vaughn E.	2 Lt	5th
Ranney, John S. Jr	Sgt	5th	Ritchie, John Jr	Capt	Hq

Ritchie, Lloyd R.	M/Sgt	5th	Rowe, William E. Jr	2 Lt	99th
Rittenhour, Charles W. Jr	Maj	1st	Ruckel, Frank G.	Cpl	99th
Ritter, Robert L.	Sgt	5th	Rudde, William A.	Pfc	1st
Robb, Robert E.			Rudolph, Marvin C.	1 Lt	99th
Roberson, Jammie F.	S/Sgt	1st	Ruede, William		1st
Roberts, Calvin J.	Pfc	1st	Rule, Charles C.	1 Lt	99th
Roberts, Donald H.	Cpl	99th	Rumble, Robert C.	CIV	Hq
Roberts, Gerald W. Jr	S/Sgt	5th	Rumstay, Harry	2 Lt	1st
Roberts, Hubert F.	Sgt	1st	Runge, Richard H.	Sgt	Hq
Roberts, John H.	2 Lt	1st	Runner, James W.	Pfc	1st
Robertson, Forest R.	Sgt	1st	Runyon, Claude B.		
Robertson, J. T.	Pfc	5th	Ruple, Dean E.	Sgt	5th
Robertson, John Jr	M/Sgt	5th	Ruppenthal, Hermann	Sgt	99th
Robider, John C.	S/Sgt	5th	Russ, Arthur J. Jr		5th
Robinette, Thomas	Sgt	5th	Russell, Carl H.	M/Sgt	Hq
Robinson, Esserie L.	2 Lt	1st	Russell, Marshall L.	Cpl	99th
Robinson, George W.			Russo, Savario	Sgt	99th
Robinson, Harry L.	Capt	1st	Rustige, Paul W.	Cpl	5th
Robinson, James W.	M/Sgt		Rutan, John F.	1 Lt	99th
Robinson, Otho	2 Lt	1st	Ruyle, Covy B.	Sgt	99th
Robinson, William A. Jr	Sgt	1st	Ryan, John F. C.	S/Sgt	Hq
Robitzer, Eugene M.	Sgt	5th	Ryan, Tom		Early 9th
Rock, Clifton B.	S/Sgt	1st	Ryder, John A.	T/Sgt	1st
Rock, Larry			Ryerson, Charles H.	Sgt	1st
Rodenhouse, Robert H.			Sabey, Richard H.	Sgt	99th
Roderique, Frederick L.	Cpl	1st	Sabin, Wesley W.	T/Sgt	1st
Rodriguez, Alfred A.			Sacia, Merlin G.		5th
Roelle, Charles	Sgt	5th	Sagraves, Harold R.	2 Lt	1st
Roemer, Walter R.	Sgt	Hq	Saitta, Gaetano	Sgt	99th
Rogan, Dave L.	Maj	1st	Salen, George E.	Sgt	1st
Rogers, Harold			Salle, Juston D.	Sgt	5th
Rogers, Oral H.	Sgt	99th	Salsgiver, Charles C.	Pfc	99th
Rogers, Ralph B.	Cpl	99th	Sampin, Paul	2 Lt	5th
Rogissart, Marcel	Sgt	99th	Sampson, Harold M.	Cpl	5th
Rohlfing, John C.	T/Sgt	1st	Samuels, Karl M.	S/Sgt	99th
Rohner, Rudolph D.	Sgt	5th	Sanders, Charles J.	Pfc	1st
Rohrer, Harley S.	M/Sgt	5th	Sanders, Wallas M.	Sgt	99th
Rojano, Indalecio C. Jr	Pfc	99th	Sanderson, Clarence H.		Early 9th
Rolston, John A.	1 Lt	5th	Sands, Carl A.	F/O	99th
Romaro, Joe	Pfc	1st	Sapin, Charles J.		99th
Romer, Paul E.	T/Sgt	5th	Sappington, Charles P.	Sgt	5th
Roncace, Enrico R.	S/Sgt	5th	Sarra, Aurelio J.	Cpl	99th
Rooney, Herbert	Sgt	1st	Sarraffian, Steve	Pfc	99th
Roop, Horace G.	2 Lt	99th	Sartor, Homer F.	S/Sgt	5th
Root, John W.	Cpl	5th	Sasser, Hubert E.	S/Sgt	1st
Rosburg, Lyle R.	Sgt	99th	Sather, John M.	2 Lt	1st
Roscoe, Walter T.	Pfc	5th	Savage, John W. Jr	S/Sgt	99th
Rose, James M.	Cpl	Hq	Sayre, Oscar A.	Sgt	1st
Rose, Larry J.	T/Sgt	1st	Scanlon, John W. Jr	2 Lt	99th
Rose, Meredith C.	Sgt	1st	Schabacker, Christoph E. Jr	1 Lt	99th
Rose, William L.	S/Sgt	5th	Schadewald, Richard A.	Sgt	99th
Rosen, William	2 Lt	1st	Schaefer, James G.	Sgt	5th
Rosenbaum, Kurt	Sgt	99th	Scheaffer, Frederic B.	Maj	5th
Ross, Joseph M. Jr	Cpl	5th	Schedlebauer, LeRoy	Sgt	99th
Ross, Walter R.	Capt	5th	Schenkel, Richard W.	SgtCpl	1st
Roth, Arthur J.	Capt	99th	Schenyo, John D.	Sgt	99th
Roth, Bud J.	Sgt	1st	Scher, Frank L.	M/Sgt	99th
Roth, Kenneth A.	Sgt	5th	Schick, Charles H.		
Roth, Richard W.	Pfc	99th	Schiek, Charles E.		
Rothman, Henry H.	1 Lt	5th	Schiestle, John P.	Sgt	5th
Roush, Earl W.	Pfc	Hq	Schilling, Edward J.	2 Lt	99th
Rowe, Lewis M.	S/Sgt	5th	Schimel, John W.	Sgt	99th



Schivik, Theodore		Early 9th	Sheehan, John D.	2 Lt	1st
Schlosberg, Richard T.	Capt	99th	Sheeran, Thomas J.	S/Sgt	5th
Schmaltz, Joseph W.	2 Lt	5th	Shelton, Thomas W.	Cpl	99th
Schmid, Milne J.	Capt	Hq	Shenefiel, Eugene	Capt	1st
Schmidt, Arthur E.	Cpl	1st	Shenyo, John D.		99th
Schmidt, Billy E.	2 Lt	99th	Sher, Sol	Sgt	99th
Schmidt, Morris E.	Sgt	5th	Sheridan, Richard A.	S/Sgt	5th
Schmutzer, Andrew	Sgt	5th	Sherlock, Richard H.	Sgt	99th
Schnell, William N.	Sgt	1st	Sherman, Sam		Early 9th
Schnieder, Bernard	2 Lt	99th	Sherod, Guy E. Jr	S/Sgt	99th
Schnieder, Marvin	Cpl	1st	Sherrill, Leo K.	Sgt	5th
Schofield, Harold J.	Cpl	5th	Sherron, Thomas J.	Sgt	5th
Schoonmaker, John R.	Sgt	1st	Sherrow, Bert A. Jr	1 Lt	5th
Schrader, Richard C.	Sgt	1st	Sherwin, Richard P.	S/Sgt	5th
Schroeder, Robert E.	M/Sgt	1st	Sherwood, Lawrence	Sgt	99th
Schubel, Frank	Sgt	1st	Shiek, Charles H.	Sgt	5th
Schubert, Bernard O.			Shields, Robert C.	1 Lt	99th
Schultz, Gardner C.	Cpl	99th	Shields, Thomas L.	2 Lt	1st
Schultz, Seymour	Sgt	99th	Shilling, Edward J.	2 Lt	99th
Schuster, Gerald J.			Shinew, Robert M.	Cpl	1st
Schwab, Charles A.	Cpl	5th	Shinkle, Lewis G.	Cpl	99th
Schwartz, Anton V.	S/Sgt	5th	Shinliver, Avon V.	T/Sgt	5th
Schwarz, Jean J.	Cpl	5th	Shiple, Henry E.	Sgt	1st
Schweitzer, Henry J.	Cpl	5th	Shipp, Oscar P.	Cpl	1st
Schwendimann, John M.	1 Lt	1st	Shirley, Ernest M. Jr	1 Lt	1st
Schwiekert, Albert C.	Capt	5th	Shirley, Samuel T.	Cpl	Hq
Scott, Johnny M.	Cpl	5th	Shoaf, Junius F.	1 Lt	1st
Scott, Robert G.	Sgt	Hq	Shoemaker, Leason D.	Sgt	1st
Scribner, Donald H.	Sgt	5th	Shore, William T.		99th
Seater, William J.	Sgt	1st	Shreiar, Albert M.	Cpl	99th
Seay, John D.	M/Sgt	1st	Shriver, James V.	Cpl	1st
Seberle, Harold		Early 9th	Shubert, Bernard O.	Cpl	99th
Sedan, Robert K.	Sgt	5th	Shuman, Clarence C.	S/Sgt	1st
Seder, Edward V.	F/O	5th	Shurtliff, Darrell G.	Pfc	1st
Sedivy, Alvin T.	F/O	99th	Sias, John A.	2 Lt	99th
See, C. J.	Cpl	5th	Sibole, Lawrence G.	S/Sgt	5th
Seekatz, Albert G.	S/Sgt	1st	Sibus, Charles		99th
Segal, Eiman B.	Cpl	Hq	Siddens, Charles E.	S/Sgt	1st
Segalla, Remo	2 Lt	1st	Siehr, Walter H.	1 Lt	5th
Sehm, Robert C.	Pfc	99th	Sikes, Benjamin G.	Sgt	5th
Seigler, Arthur M.		99th	Silverberg, David H.	Cpl	1st
Seiple, James E.	F/O	99th	Silverman, Richard D.	Sgt	5th
Seitz, Robert W.	Cpl	5th	Simanian, Nazareth	S/Sgt	5th
Selby, Lawrence E.	Sgt	1st	Simard, George O.	S/Sgt	5th
Sellke, George M.	Sgt	99th	Simoneaux, Rodney H.	Cpl	1st
Sens, John	Sgt	1st	Simons, Thomas J.	Sgt	1st
Sero, Vincent A.	2 Lt	99th	Simpkins, Charles D.	Cpl	99th
Setten, Alfred I.	Cpl	1st	Simpson, Oliver D.	CIV	Hq
Setterlund, Roy W.	1 Lt	5th	Simpson, Thomas S.	2 Lt	5th
Settle, Ralph E.	Maj	1st	Simpson, William L.	Sgt	5th
Severance, B. Wayne	1 Lt	1st	Sinai, James M.	Sgt	99th
Sexton, Robert L.	Cpl	5th	Sindall, John		1st
Shaffer, Archie D.	Pfc	99th	Sinopole, Thomas	Pfc	5th
Shaffer, Merle K.		5th	Sipes, Frederick A.	Cpl	1st
Shafner, Clifford N.	Sgt	5th	Sitton, Harold S.		99th
Shanks, James C. Jr	Cpl	Hq	Six, Charles W.	Sgt	1st
Sharp, Fermen H.	Cpl	99th	Skeels, Robert	F/O	1st
Sharpsteen, Edward F.	S/Sgt	5th	Sklenka, Albert F.	Sgt	99th
Sharrock, June B.		5th	Skodack, Rudolph P.	F/O	99th
Shaw, Elmer C.	1 Lt	1st	Skul, Joseph F.		
Shearman, Victor T.	Cpl	1st	Slade, Russell		5th
Sheehan, George C.	M/Sgt	99th	Slater, Samuel M.	Capt	1st

Sloan, Ross W.	Pfc	Hq	Spain, Charles J.	2 Lt	99th
Smalley, Harry R.	Cpl	1st	Spangler, Kenneth M.		5th
Smallwood, William H.			Spargo, Douglas W.	1 Lt	
Smart, Walter E. Jr	Capt	99th	Sparks, Elmer G.	Pfc	Hq
Smith, Albert E.	Capt	1st	Spaulding, Francis B.	2 Lt	1st
Smith, Arthur C.	Capt	99th	Spauling, Edward J.	S/Sgt	1st
Smith, Carl C.	S/Sgt	99th	Spawn, Albert F.	Sgt	99th
Smith, Charles L.	Sgt	1st	Specter, Edgar G.	1 Lt	99th
Smith, Charles W.	Sgt	99th	Spencer, Herschall	1 Lt	1st
Smith, Chester W.	Sgt	1st	Spencer, Lynn L.	S/Sgt	1st
Smith, Dale Z. V.	Cpl	5th	Spielberg, Nathan		5th
Smith, Daniel F.	S/Sgt	99th	Spirounias, George	F/O	99th
Smith, Donald E.	Pfc	1st	Spirounias, John		
Smith, Earl A.	2 Lt	99th	Sponberg, Charles W.	S/Sgt	1st
Smith, Edward D. Jr	1 Lt	5th	Sposato, Francis C.	S/Sgt	99th
Smith, Eugene E.	1 Lt	1st	Spracklen, Wilmer D.	Sgt	1st
Smith, Jesse C.	T/Sgt	99th	Squires, Raymond W.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Julian E.	2 Lt	99th	St Denis, Walter R.	1 Lt	1st
Smith, Justin L.	Cpl	5th	Staehle, Edward J.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Lacey H.	Cpl	1st	Stafford, Charles W.	Cpl	99th
Smith, Laurence S.	T/Sgt	99th	Stainkamp, Robert D.	Sgt	1st
Smith, Lawrence S.	T/Sgt	1st	Stanco, Amato M.	S/Sgt	1st
Smith, Leon A.	Maj	1st	Stanley, Clayton F.	Cpl	1st
Smith, Marvin J.	Pfc	1st	Stanley, Marion L.	Pfc	99th
Smith, Peyton E.	Sgt	1st	Staps, Thomas L.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Preston B.	Sgt	1st	Stark, Ralph T.	Cpl	5th
Smith, Ralph E.	Cpl	99th	Starr, Charles W.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Richard E. Jr	S/Sgt	1st	Statkus, Frank	M/Sgt	1st
Smith, Robert B.	S/Sgt	5th	Stats, Thomas L.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Robert C.		1st	Stavris, Peter T.	Sgt	5th
Smith, Roy J.	S/Sgt	Hq	Steckert, George W.	Sgt	99th
Smith, Russell C.	1 Lt	5th	Steffek, Earl E.	Cpl	99th
Smith, Thorpe C.	S/Sgt	1st	Stefkovich, Joseph		Early 9th
Smith, Wilbur			Steger, Arthur	2 Lt	5th
Smith, William D. Jr	Sgt	99th	Steger, David		
Smozynski, Daniel M.	Cpl	99th	Steger, King D. Jr	Sgt	1st
Smyth, Delbert S.	F/O	99th	Steiger, Robert C.	Sgt	Hq
Snavely, Lyle G.	Sgt	1st	Stein, Howard E.	Sgt	99th
Snell, John H.	M/Sgt	99th	Steinberg, Leonard J.	1 Lt	99th
Snively, Mark W.		1st	Steliges, George G.	Sgt	99th
Snowden, Carlos G.	S/Sgt	1st	Stelmack, Stanley J.	Cpl	5th
Snyder Conway S.	S/Sgt	99th	Stephens, Kenneth	1 Lt	1st
Snyder, Charles H.	Pfc	99th	Stephens, Roscoe Jr	1 Lt	5th
Snyder, Charles J.			Sternin, Norman	M/Sgt	5th
Snyder, Emory R.	Pvt	99th	Stevens, Irving L.	Sgt	1st
Snyder, John P.	Cpl	99th	Stevens, Virgil H.	Capt	5th
Snyder, Kenneth W.	Sgt	99th	Stewardson, Robert N.	Cpl	5th
Snyder, Lester W. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Stewart, Charles	Sgt	99th
Snyder, Raymond K.	Cpl	1st	Stewart, Harry R.	Sgt	1st
Snyder, Stanley T.			Stewart, Marvin G.	M/Sgt	5th
Snyder, William L.	Cpl	99th	Stewart, Myron L.	Cpl	99th
Sobocinski, Norbert G.	Pfc	99th	Stiens, Charles L.	Sgt	1st
Soderbeck, Earl G.	1 Lt	5th	Stiffler, Lloyd E. Jr	Sgt	99th
Sojka, John E.	Sgt	99th	Stilley, Talmadge D.	Cpl	1st
Sojka, Michael Jr	Sgt	1st	Stith, Robert E.	Sgt	99th
Sokal, Melvin S.	1 Lt	1st	Stitz, Joseph W.	Sgt	99th
Solis, Joe Jr	Pfc	99th	Stively, Robert		
Soloman, Robert	Sgt	1st	Stock, John P.	Sgt	Hq
Sontag, Henry	Cpl	99th	Stokes, Homer G.	Sgt	99th
Sorague, Joseph J.	Sgt	99th	Stokes, Randell J.		5th
South, W. Stanley	Cpl	99th	Stolle, Wilbert O.	Pfc	99th
Spaargaren, John	1 Lt	99th	Straccamore, Harry R.	Pfc	1st



Strahl, Harold D.	Cpl	Hq	Taylor, Ernest M.	Sgt	99th
Straight, Willard D.			Taylor, Harland D.	Sgt	1st
Straup, William L.		5th	Taylor, James D.	2 Lt	99th
Stricker, Matt	S/Sgt	1st	Taylor, Warren		
Strobel, Ralph		99th	Tayson, Donald E.	Cpl	5th
Stroh, Donald C.	Sgt	5th	Teates, William E.	Pfc	99th
Strohl, Harold D.		Hq	Tennant, John J.	Cpl	5th
Strong, John S.	S/Sgt	1st	Terrell, George C.	Sgt	99th
Stroup, William L.	Sgt	5th	Terrell, Roger N.	Sgt	1st
Studenroth, Paul R.	Cpl	99th	Terry, Joseph B.	Sgt	5th
Stuetz, Donald E.	Sgt	99th	Tettling, Lester H.		
Sturgell, James W.	S/Sgt	5th	Tewell, Kenneth M.	Cpl	1st
Sturgeon, John V.			Thacker, Charles H.	Pfc	99th
Sturm, Wilburt E.	Sgt	99th	Thacker, Fred W.	Capt	1st
Sublett, Orville W.	S/Sgt	5th	Tharp, Paul A.	T/Sgt	5th
Sugg, Benjamin B. Jr	1 Lt	Hq	Thimlar, Howard R.	Capt	99th
Sulentic, Thomas L.	Sgt	1st	Thoburn, Norman L.	1 Lt	1st
Sullivan, Albert L.	Sgt	5th	Thomas, Albert H.	Cpl	1st
Sullivan, Billy J.	2 Lt	99th	Thomas, Alfred C.	Cpl	99th
Sullivan, Charles E.	S/Sgt	5th	Thomas, Arthur G.		
Sullivan, Edward E.	1 Lt	5th	Thomas, Floyd R.	Sgt	5th
Summy, William J.	2 Lt	1st	Thomas, Thomas E. Jr		
Sunseri, Joe N.	Cpl	5th	Thompson, Eugene R.		
Surface, Meredith W.	Cpl	99th	Thompson, Garland N.	Sgt	5th
Surma, Francis E.	Sgt	1st	Thompson, Harry C. Jr	Cpl	5th
Sutliff, James D.	Sgt	99th	Thompson, Harry D.	Cpl	5th
Sutton, Harold S.	Cpl	99th	Thompson, John E. Jr	Cpl	99th
Sutton, Russell G.	S/Sgt	1st	Thompson, John L.	Sgt	99th
Sutton, Wilber P.	Sgt	99th	Thompson, Ken		
Suvara, Joseph E.	Cpl	1st	Thompson, Melvin J.	Sgt	1st
Svitak, Donald R.	S/Sgt	5th	Thompson, Raymond T.	2 Lt	Hq
Swallick, Dana P.		1st	Thompson, Robert R.	1 Lt	99th
Swanson, Edward A.	2 Lt	99th	Thorne, Thomas C.	Sgt	1st
Sweeney, James E.	Cpl	1st	Thrasher, Dale		
Sweeny, Daniel J. Jr	S/Sgt	5th	Thrasher, Marion B.	Sgt	5th
Sweet, Everd L.	Sgt	5th	Throckmorton, Harry C.	Sgt	1st
Swenson, Stuart G.	2 Lt	1st	Thurber, Bert C.	Pfc	5th
Swiecki, Lewis J.	S/Sgt	1st	Tieslau, Henry S.	Cpl	99th
Swift, Charles A.	Cpl	5th	Tillman, Robert L.	M/Sgt	99th
Swihart, John M.	2 Lt	5th	Tilmon, Oscar W.	Sgt	99th
Swirski, Casmir C.	Sgt	5th	Tinello, Vincent J.	2 Lt	1st
Switzer, Paul K.	Cpl	5th	Tipps, Kelly C.	S/Sgt	5th
Swope, Eddie L.	Sgt	1st	Tischuck, David P.	Sgt	5th
Symanowicz, Edward J.	S/Sgt	5th	Tissot, Wesley H.	F/Ot	1st
Symons, Thomas J.	Sgt	1st	Tjiema, Merlin R.	S/Sgt	99th
Szabo, Joseph	S/Sgt	5th	Tobey, Edward W.	2 Lt	1st
Szallai, Kalman G.	Sgt	Hq	Tobkin, Irwin	2 Lt	1st
Szanto, Elmer G.	Cpl	99th	Toffolo, Louis	T/Sgt	5th
Szarko, Maurice A.	M/Sgt	99th	Tolliver, Raymond F.		Early 9th
Taggart, John Q.	S/Sgt	5th	Tomasiewicz, Stanley J.	Sgt	1st
Taggert, James E.	Sgt	5th	Tomaszewski, Chester C.	S/Sgt	5th
Takach, Paul A.	2 Lt	99th	Tomerlin, James O.	Cpl	99th
Talbot, Robert M.	S/Sgt	5th	Torres, Joe	Pfc	99th
Tankersley, Jarvis E.		5th	Toscano, Eugene J.		
Tanner, Francis A.			Tosser, Ansel R.	Sgt	5th
Tarleton, Wayne T.	Sgt	5th	Touvila, Weimer J.		1st
Tarpy, David J. Jr	Cpl	99th	Townsend, Donald H.	Sgt	1st
Tarrant, Claude W.			Toytina, Leonard A.	S/Sgt	1st
Tataczuk, Edward A.	1 Lt	5th	Tracy, William H.	Sgt	99th
Tautfest, Howard E.	Sgt	99th	Tratos, Mark	Cpl	5th
Taylor, A. J. S.	Cpl	99th	Trecker, Joseph J.	Sgt	1st
Taylor, Charles H.	1 Lt	99th	Trementozzi, John J.	Sgt	1st

Tribby, John M.	Pfc	99th	Vitalone, Bruno	Pfc	99th
Tricot, Roger R.	M/Sgt	99th	Vogiantzis, Peter H.	Sgt	1st
Troll, John H.	S/Sgt	5th	Vogt, Guy	1 Lt	99th
Trotter, Sheldon J.	1 Lt	5th	Voight, Robert W.	S/Sgt	5th
True, Philip A.	2 Lt	99th	Von Seggern, Vernon F.	S/Sgt	5th
Trujillo, Henry E.	Pfc	5th	Voorhees, Raymond O.		99th
Trullo, Joseph C. Jr	Sgt	99th	Vovrick, George R.	1 Lt	5th
Tubiak, John		5th	Voytina, Leonard A.		
Tucker, Coy	Pfc	99th	Vrabel, Peter J. Jr	Sgt	1st
Tuft, Paul C.	Sgt	99th	Wachenheim, Arnold L.	2 Lt	99th
Tuite, John E.		1st	Wacht, Edward F.	Sgt	5th
Tullis, George O.	Cpl	99th	Waddell, Charles R.	1 Lt	99th
Tulloch, Walter S.	Capt	5th	Waddell, Frank F. Jr	Sgt	99th
Tumo, Otto	S/Sgt	5th	Wade, David	Col	Hq
Tunnage, Cecil	Pfc	5th	Wadsworth, Forrest H.	Sgt	99th
Turner, Alfred E.	Sgt	99th	Wagner, Richard H.	Sgt	1st
Turner, Aubrey M.	S/Sgt	1st	Wahl, Richard C.		5th
Turro, Paul A.	1 Lt	1st	Wakefield, Charles W.	1 Lt	1st
Tutton, Raymond N.	1 Lt	5th	Walcher, Leroy D.	T/Sgt	99th
Tyler, Forrest M.	Cpl	99th	Waldie, Hunter S.		
Tyrell, Arthur R.	Sgt	1st	Waldman, Harry	Sgt	5th
Uffelman, Herbert W.	Sgt	1st	Waldron, Robert J.	Sgt	5th
Ullery, Russell W.	M/Sgt	5th	Walen, Ingram T.	S/Sgt	99th
Ulrey, Emanuel L	1 Lt	5th	Walker, Gerald L.	Cpl	99th
Umina, Anthony	Sgt	99th	Walker, James V.	S/Sgt	5th
Unger, Barney L.	Sgt	99th	Walker, Louis E.	Pfc	5th
Urshan, Samuel A.	2 Lt	5th	Walker, Roger C.	2 Lt	1st
Usrey, Bluford B. Jr	2 Lt	1st	Walker, Thomas R.		
Uszciwek, Casmir D.	Sgt	99th	Wallace, John A.	Cpl	5th
Valeno, Nicholas B.	Sgt	5th	Waller, Robert A.	2 Lt	1st
Vallitutto, Francis J.	Pfc	99th	Walsh, James F.		
Van Augt, Anthony			Walsh, Richard J.	2 Lt	1st
Van Blarcom, William A.	1 Lt	5th	Walter, Clyde F.	F/O	5th
Van Demark, Richard	Pfc	1st	Walter, Jerome F.	Pfc	99th
Van Gelder, George J.	Sgt	1st	Warchus, Warren L.	2 Lt	1st
Van Inwegen, Donald E.	S/Sgt	99th	Warden, Clarence M.	S/Sgt	5th
Van Meter, Cecil E.		1st	Wardle, Charles H.	Cpl	99th
Van Vugt, Anthony	Sgt	1st	Wardroup, William R. Jr	2 Lt	Hq
Vance, Leslie O.	Pfc	1st	Ware, Donald B.	Sgt	5th
Vandenberg, Richard	S/Sgt	5th	Warick, Lawrence J.	Sgt	5th
Vander Schans, W. J.	Capt	99th	Warn, George R. Jr	Sgt	99th
Vann, Gordon P.	S/Sgt	5th	Warneke, John E.	Cpl	99th
Vanook, Sidney	Sgt	1st	Warner, George R.	S/Sgt	99th
Varney, Ermal R.	Sgt	5th	Warner, Robert L.		
Vaughn, Eugene R.			Washinko, Peter	Pfc	1st
Vaughn, Herman W.	S/Sgt		Wasniewski, John W.	Pfc	1st
Vaughn, Homer N.	Cpl	Hq	Waterman, Robert H.	Maj	99th
Vaughn, Tony D.	Sgt	99th	Watkins, Paul E.	S/Sgt	5th
Venable, John R.	1 Lt	5th	Watson, Donald L.	Pfc	1st
Venetucci, Justin J. Jr	Cpl	99th	Watson, George A.	Sgt	1st
Verble, Ottis T.	F/O	1st	Watson, Henry M.		
Vespa, Albert F.	Sgt	1st	Watson, Rayford D.	Sgt	5th
Vick, Eugene M.	Sgt	5th	Watts, Robert K.	Sgt	1st
Vick, Eugene W.	Cpl	99th	Waugespack, Vernon G.	M/Sgt	5th
Vickey, Gerard A.	Sgt	99th	Wayman, William A.	Sgt	5th
Vicks, William L.	Sgt	1st	Wayne, Curtis N.	Sgt	99th
Victery, Gary G. Jr	Sgt	99th	Weagley, Robert Jr		1st
Victory, Elliott F.	Sgt	1st	Weaver, Charles W.		
Vielleux, William A.	T/Sgt	5th	Weaver, Wilbert P.	Cpl	5th
Vining, Gerald B.	Pfc	1st	Webb, Joseph B.	1 Lt	99th
Visintainer, Louis J.	Cpl	5th	Webb, Robert L.	Sgt	99th
Visnieski, Martin S.	Cpl	1st	Webber, Charles F.	CIV	Hq



Weber, James M.	Pfc	99th	Widing, Lorentz L.	Cpl	99th
Weber, Robert P.	Sgt	99th	Wielman, Luzern H.	Cpl	1st
Weddle, Arthur J. Jr	1 Lt	99th	Wienert, William L.	Maj	5th
Weilemenn, Luzern H.		1st	Wilcher, Grady L	Pfc	1st
Wein, Edmond H.	T/Sgt	5th	Wilcox, Robert E.	Cpl	1st
Weinberg, Norman S.	Capt	Hq	Wild, Norbert C.	S/Sgt	5th
Weiner, Harold J.	S/Sgt	1st	Wilde, Carroll L.	M/Sgt	99th
Weiner, Jack		Early 9th	Wilder, Calvin C.	Sgt	99th
Weise, Paul E.	Cpl	99th	Wilkins, Dolphus B.	Sgt	5th
Weiskopf, Leroy A.	F/O	99th	Wilkinson, Robert C.	Cpl	99th
Weiss, Allen E.	Sgt	99th	Willard, Marvin H.	S/Sgt	5th
Weitzel, Frederick G.	Cpl	99th	Willars, Jack L.	Sgt	99th
Welch, Ario E.	Sgt	1st	Willert, Marvin E.	S/Sgt	5th
Welche, Lee R.	Sgt	1st	Williams, David M.	1 Lt	1st
Welken, Lloyd O.	1 Lt	1st	Williams, Douglas E.	Sgt	1st
Wells, Charles L.	Cpl	99th	Williams, Earnest		1st
Wendland, Orville F.	Pfc	5th	Williams, Edgar H.	2 Lt	99th
Wenzel, Robert D.	Capt	5th	Williams, Leslie A.	Cpl	5th
Wesley, James A.	Sgt	1st	Williams, Melvin J.	S/Sgt	5th
West, Albert L.	Sgt	1st	Williams, Paul E.	S/Sgt	5th
West, Ernest R.	Sgt	99th	Williams, Wayland W.	2 Lt	99th
West, Lewis B.		5th	Williamson, John R.	S/Sgt	5th
West, Richard		99th	Willocks, Clemeth R.	Sgt	5th
Westover, Joseph E.			Willson, Richard B. Jr	S/Sgt	99th
Westwater, Lawrence J.	T/Sgt	1st	Wilmarth, Lester N.	Capt	1st
Wexler, Meyer	Pfc	1st	Wilson, Francis E. Jr	Sgt	1st
Weyman, William A. Jr	Sgt	5th	Wilson, Lloyd F.	Sgt	99th
Weymouth, Charles M.	Pfc	1st	Wilson, Richard C.	Cpl	1st
Whalen, Glenn D.	Sgt	5th	Wilson, Robert E.	1 Lt	1st
Wharram, Thomas C.	Sgt	1st	Wilson, Robert H.	1 Lt	99th
Wharton, Charles W.	Cpl	5th	Wilson, Robert K.	Capt	Hq
Wheeler, Arthur F.	Sgt	99th	Wilson, Thomas E.	S/Sgt	5th
Wheeler, Charles S.	Cpl	5th	Wilson, William E.	S/Sgt	99th
Wheeler, Jack	Sgt	99th	Winborn, Earnest		
Whelan, John J.	Sgt	5th	Winchell, Robert R.	Cpl	99th
Whelchel, Victor D.	Pvt	99th	Winchester, Edward Jr	S/Sgt	5th
Whipp, Roger M.	Sgt	5th	Wing, Joseph	Sgt	1st
Whipple, Duain H.	Pfc	99th	Winston, John D.	Pfc	1st
Whipple, Robert C.	Cpl	1st	Wintermantle, Roy C.	Cpl	5th
Whitaker, Jefferson N.	Sgt	1st	Winters, Howard R.	Sgt	99th
Whitaker, Robert N.			Wise, Jack V.	2 Lt	99th
White, Albert E.	Sgt	99th	Withers, Donald T.	Cpl	99th
White, Henry N. Jr	F/O	1st	Withstandley, Richard	Sgt	5th
White, Marvin L.	Capt	99th	Witkoski, Leonard M.	Pfc	99th
White, Peyton P.	Cpl	99th	Witt, Leonard J.	Cpl	1st
White, Robert C.			Woelber, William W.	S/Sgt	Hq
White, Wesley P.		5th	Wogaman, Louis F.	S/Sgt	1st
Whitehead, Clifford L.	Cpl	5th	Wold, Norman H.	S/Sgt	5th
Whitehurst, Leon Jr	1 Lt	5th	Wolf, Arnold S.	S/Sgt	99th
Whitelegg, Douglas V.	1 Lt	99th	Wolf, Kenneth G.	1 Lt	99th
Whitfield, Charles W.	Sgt	1st	Wolverton, Robert B	S/Sgt	99th
Whithstandly, Richard	Sgt	5th	Womer, Paul E.	T/Sgt	5th
Whiting, Fred H. Jr	S/Sgt	5th	Wondro, William J.		1st
Whitlock, A. J.	T/Sgt	99th	Wong, Gin D.	2 Lt	99th
Whitlock, Wallace S.	Sgt	1st	Wood, Ero P.	2 Lt	1st
Whitmore, William	Sgt	1st	Wood, Farris W.	Sgt	1st
Whitney, Robert J.	Sgt	5th	Wood, George W.	M/Sgt	1st
Whitson, Robert H.		5th	Wood, John W.		
Whittier, James Y.	Cpl	99th	Wood, Robert S.	1 Lt	5th
Whittington, Robert	Sgt	99th	Woodcock, Walter B.	S/Sgt	5th
Whitton, George F.	F/O	99th	Woods, Edwin L.	S/Sgt	99th
Wiand, Simon D.	Pfc	5th	Woodward, Morris W.	Sgt	5th

Woodward, Richard L.	2 Lt	1st
Worden, Glennwood R.	1 Lt	1st
Worgul, John W.	S/Sgt	99th
Worley, Hal G.	S/Sgt	99th
Worman, Morton Jr	Sgt	5th
Worrall, Frederick J. Jr	Pfc	99th
Worrel, Vernon J.	2 Lt	5th
Wrazen, Walter J.	Sgt	5th
Wright, Billy R.	Sgt	5th
Wright, D. L.	Cpl	1st
Wright, George W.	Cpl	5th
Wright, Jack E.	Pfc	1st
Wright, John L.	Sgt	99th
Wright, Lewis J.	Lt Col	99th
Wright, Ralph B.	Sgt	1st
Wyatt, Noah A.	T/Sgt	1st
Wylie, Robert J.	Cpl	99th
Wynar, Arthur	Pfc	99th
Wynne, Francis H.	Sgt	5th
Wytashek, Chester J.	Sgt	1st
Yanoshak, Russell	Sgt	1st
Yarewick, William	S/Sgt	99th
Yauorsky, Walter J.	Cpl	99th
Yensen, Harold A. Jr	Sgt	5th
Yglesias, Emanuel J.	Sgt	5th
Young, Aloysius J.	Sgt	99th
Young, Clarence E. Jr	S/Sgt	5th
Young, Destel W.	S/Sgt	5th
Young, Fred D. Jr	F/O	1st
Young, Henry M.	Pfc	99th
Young, Robert J.	S/Sgt	5th
Yuhasz, Alex J.	Cpl	5th
Zachman, Vernon W.	Sgt	5th
Zagorski, Stanley J.	Sgt	5th
Zaher, Joseph H.		1st
Zapf, Martin L.	S/Sgt	5th
Zatal, Milton	F/O	99th
Zdanowicz, Edward P.	2 Lt	1st
Zdon, Victor J.	S/Sgt	99th
Zen, Sella J.	Pfc	99th
Zickerman, Irving	Pvt	99th
Zielenkiewicz, Chester S.	Sgt	1st
Zielinski, Alexander J.	Pfc	1st
Ziamba, Walter E.	Cpl	99th
Ziemniak, John S.	F/O	1st
Zimmerman, Julius		
Zimmerman, Wilburn E.	Cpl	Hq
Zitnik, Edwin J.	Sgt	1st
Zobrist, Howard L.	Sgt	5th
Zoercher, Ralph P.	Capt	1st
Zolla, Casimir J.	M/Sgt	1st
Zuegon, Robert K.	Cpl	5th
Zwail, Stanley	Sgt	99th
Zwisler, Harold M.	Cpl	99th



BRIGADIER GENERAL J. H. DAVIES
COMMANDER, 313TH BOMBARDMENT WING (VH)
TINIAN ISLAND, JANUARY - AUGUST 1945



Figure 04-062. Brigadier General J.H. Davies

J. H. Davies was born in 1903 and grew up in Piedmont, California. He graduated from the University of California in 1928. He became a flying cadet in 1929. He graduated from the Air Corps Flying School in February 1930 and was commissioned a second lieutenant. During the 1930s, he was stationed at Hickam Field, Hawaii; Barksdale Field, Louisiana; Langley Field, Virginia; and Maxwell Field, Alabama. Shortly before the attack on Pearl Harbor he was ordered to the Philippines and took command of the 27th Bomb Group. On December 16, 1941 he received orders to lead a flight of bombers to Brisbane, Australia. A few months thereafter, he was ordered to move his group, which by then consisted of two squadrons of dive bombers and two squadrons of medium bombers, to Port Moresby. From there his group operated with great effect against the Japanese forces in New Guinea and New Britain.

In December 1942 he was ordered back to the States for duty at the Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics until March 1943. He then returned to New Guinea to be Chief of Staff of the 5th Bomber Command. In October he was moved up to be Commanding Officer of the 5th, which position he held until January 1944.

In February 1944 he returned again to the States, to the Second Air Force Headquarters in Colorado Springs, and was given command of the 313th Bombardment Wing Headquarters in April 1944, to organize that headquarters and participate in the supervision of the training of the groups for that wing. He assumed command of the groups upon the deployment of the wing headquarters and the groups to Tinian in January 1945.

From his wartime service, he received the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star with oak leaf cluster, Legion of Merit, and Air Medal with oak leaf cluster.

He retired from the Air Force in 1957 as a major general. He died in 1976.

COLONEL DONALD W. EISENHART
COMMANDER, 9TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (VH)
MAY 1944 -JAN. 1945, McCOOK, NE.; JAN. 45-MAR.45, TINIAN, ISLAND



Figure 04-063. *Colonel Donald W. Eisenhart*

Donald W. Eisenhart was born April 4, 1911 and raised in Culbertson, Nebraska. He attended Culbertson schools and then the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, from which he graduated in 1932 with a BSC degree in Business Administration.

In 1933 he became a Flying Cadet and trained at Randolph and Kelly Fields, Texas. He graduated in 1934 as a fighter pilot. He was stationed at March Field, California from 1934 to 1937 with the 95th Fighter Squadron flying P-12s, P-26s, and A-17s. From 1937 to 1940 he was assigned to Randolph Field as a flying instructor. Thereafter he was assigned as a Unit Commander and Staff Officer, Headquarters, Western Flying Training Command, Santa Ana, California. In 1943 he went through the B-17 Transition School and thereafter was Commander of the B-17 Crew Training School at Ardmore, Oklahoma. From May 1944 to March 1945 he was the Commander of the 9th Bombardment Group (VH), first at McCook, Nebraska, during the period of training until the group's deployment to Tinian Island in January 1945 and then during the group's initial period of combat, until March 7, when he was moved up to be the Chief of Staff of the 313th Bombardment Wing (VH), in which position he served until the end of the war in September.

He served as Deputy Chief of Staff, A-3, Headquarters, 8th Air Force on Okinawa from the autumn of 1945 through most of 1947. In 1948 he attended the Air War College, Maxwell AFB, Alabama. In 1949 he was assigned again as Commander of the 9th Group, then designated as a Strategic Reconnaissance Group based at Travis AFB, California. From 1950 to 1954 he was assigned to Headquarters, Air Materiel Command as Chief of the Foreign Aid Division. In 1954 he attended the Armed Forces Industrial College, Ft. McNair, Washington, D. C. From 1955 to 1958 he served as Chief, Air Force Section, MAAG, Paris, France. From 1959 to 1961 he was Commander of Webb AFB, Texas. From 1962 to 1966 he was Deputy Commander, Lackland AFB and Shepard AFB, Texas. He retired from active duty in 1966 and settled in San Antonio, Texas. During his service he was awarded the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Air Force Commendation Medal, and Army Commendation Medal.

In 1935 he married Dorothy Hill of San Antonio who died in 1975. They had three sons: Donald Jr., Robert, and John. In 1976 he married Anne L. Nevitt of San Antonio.



COLONEL HENRY C. HUGLIN
COMMANDER, 9TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (VH)
MARCH-SEPT. 1945, TINIAN ISLAND



Figure 04-064. Colonel Henry C. Huglin

Henry C. Huglin was born and raised in Fairfield, Iowa. He attended the Univ. of Iowa one year. He graduated from West Point in 1938. In August 1939 he earned his pilot wings at Kelly Field, TX.

He spent 1939 to 1943 in the Air Corps Flying Training Command, first as an instructor of advanced flying at Kelly Field, for a year and, thereafter, as Commanding Officer of two primary and one basic contract flying schools. In August 1943 he transitioned on B-24s. Thereafter, he was Director of Training at Biggs Field, TX and Almagordo, NM. In May 1944 he joined the 9th Group at McCook, NE as Deputy Group Commander. About a month after the group's move to Tinian, he was moved up to Group Commander and served in that position the last six months of the war. In 1946-47 he served as Chief of Staff, 308th Bombardment Wing, Kimpo Air Base, Korea. Then April-October 1947 he served as Commanding Officer, Nagoya Air Base, Japan. From 1948 to 1953 he served in the Pentagon, including a period as Deputy Executive to Mr. Symington, Secretary of the Air Force. From 1953 to 1956 he was assigned to SHAPE, the NATO Headquarters outside Paris, France. In 1957 he graduated from the National War College. From 1957 to 1962 he was assigned to several positions in the Pentagon, culminating in being promoted to brigadier general and serving as Deputy U.S. Representative to the NATO Military Committee. In 1963 he was Assistant Chief of Staff, North American Air Defense Command, Colorado Springs, CO.

During his service, he was awarded a Legion of Merit, a Distinguished Flying Cross, an Air Medal with oak leaf cluster, a Bronze Star Medal with oak leaf cluster, and a Commendation Medal.

He retired voluntarily from the Air Force January 1, 1964 to accept a position as Senior Military Scientist with TEMPO, General Electric's Center for Advanced Studies in Santa Barbara, CA where he wanted to settle. After 8 years with TEMPO, he wrote a syndicated weekly newspaper column for 5 years on national security and international affairs. Thereafter, he became a professional scenic photographer and real estate broker. He fully retired at age 75 in 1990.

He married Jinnie Hall Dawkins in 1944 while stationed at McCook. They were divorced in 1970. He has one son, Gregory, born in 1952.

RICHARD P. CHAMBERS (1908 - 1990)
CHAPLAIN, 9TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP

*“The Lord bless you, and keep you:
 The Lord Make his face to shine upon you,
 and be gracious unto you:
 The Lord lift up His countenance upon you,
 and give you peace:
 Through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen”*



Figure 04-065. Chaplain Richard P. Chambers

Richard Paul Chambers was born 1908 in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, the son of Rev. R.F. Chambers and Margaret Chambers. His earliest boyhood was in Jackson, Minnesota, later Adair, Iowa, graduating from that High School in 1926. Richard attended Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa, where he graduated with high honors as valedictorian in 1930. He then pursued theological studies, first at Princeton, finishing at McCormick Theological Seminary. He was ordained by the Iowa Presbytery in the First Presbyterian Church, Fairfield, with his father leading the Ordination Prayer. He then served as pastor of the Atlantic, Iowa church for ten years.

In 1943, he was commissioned in the Army Air Force after completing Chaplains School at Harvard. He became Chaplain of the 9th Bombardment Group (BG) at McCook, NE during 1944. He deployed with the 9th BG to Tinian and provided the Chaplain services during a period of heavy air combat activities against Japan. At each mission briefing he led the group in prayer. Later, on the flight line, he led individual crews in prayer for their safe return. Richard conducted weekly religious services during this period, counseled many individuals, and conducted Memorial Services for killed and missing crew members.

Upon release from active duty as a Major, Richard took a refresher course at McCormick Theological Seminary in the Spring of 1946. Parsons College conferred on him the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1947. Dr. Chambers was a member of the Presbytery of South West Iowa and its antecedent Presbyteries for 56 years. During the years he served in practically all facets of Presbytery, thrice as commissioner to General Assembly. In 1956-57, he served as moderator of the Synod of Iowa. After his 1974 “retirement,” Dr. Chambers remained active in Church affairs. The First Presbyterian Church of Red Oak bestowed upon him the honor of Pastor Emeritus.

In 1936, Richard married Margaret Alice Chambers of Oakland, Iowa. They have been blessed with four daughters. Among several avocations, Richard had his father’s interest in horticulture and continued the Glen Robin Orchard, a 30-acre commercial apple orchard near Griswold, Iowa, that his father planted when he retired. Richard and Margaret built their home at the orchard in 1974 where they lived.

At the first 9th BG reunion in Tucson in 1987, Richard participated in the Memorial Service delivering a strong message about the need for resolving conflict without war. All of the participants were very moved by his eloquence and message.



9th BG Command and Staff Officers

(As of February 28 and/or July 31, 1945.)

HEADQUARTERS, 9TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Colonel

Eisenhart, Donald W, *Commander (to 3/7/45)*

Huglin, Henry C, *Commander (after 3/7/45)*

Lt Colonel

Hall, William L, *Dep Commander*

Luschen, Frank L, *Operations*

Perry, Albert L, *Executive*

Major

Brothers, Ridgway H, *Flight Surgeon*

Conly, John C, *Radar (KIA 3/10/45)*

Cox, John C Jr, *Air Inspector*

Fling, Dean A, *Asst Operations*

Hansen, Hans L Jr, *Communications*

Johnson, Earl L, *DS-313th Wg*

Kirby, Robert L, *TDY 5th Sqdn*

Nole, Jack D, *Navigator*

Riley, Morris G, *Combat Intell*

Smith, Leon A, *Asst Executive*

Captain

Albritton, George E, *Navigator*

Booker, John G, *Navigator*

Brown, Leonard R, *Combat Intell*

Brown, Winton C, *Weather*

Callahan, William S, *Bombardier*

Chambers, Richard P, *Chaplain*

Davis, George L, *Flight Engineer*

Dickson, George A, *Statistical*

Drumm, William M, *Gunnery*

Dukes, James L, *Photo Interpreter*

Fuller, Robert H, *Asst Operations*

Getman, Kendall G, *S-4*

Gould, Ozro D, *Asst Combat Intell*

Hansen, Hans L Jr, *Communications*

Harvey, Paul E, *Ordnance*

Katz, Robert B, *Dental Surgeon*

Marsh, Harold C, *Asst Armament*

McKay, James K Jr, *Bombardier*

Montfort, Woodson W Jr, *Armament*

Moore, Edward H, *Armament*

Nestel, John I, *Flight Engineer*

Peters, Charles M, *Photo*

Rea, Thell E, *Adjutant*

Riley, Joseph R, *Info and Education*

Ritchie, John Jr, *Electronics*

Weinberg, Norman S, *Combat Maint Eng*

1st Lieutenant

Baile, Richard A, *Acft Obs Flt Eng*

Cherry, Harry C, *Special Service*

Hauptert, Barton J, *Med Adm*

Mulligan, James C, *Radar Obsvr RCM*

Olson, Robert W, *Personal Equipment*

Pettit, Philip M, *Nav-Bomb-Radar*

Sugg, Benjamin B Jr, *Asst Statistical*

2nd Lieutenant

Abrahams, Donald J, *Bombardier*

Anderson, S L, *Pilot*

Darr, Raymond P, *Navigator*

Davenport, Lewis B, *Gunnery*

Thompson, Raymond T, *Msg Ctr/Crypto*

Wardroup, W R Jr, *Nav-Bomb-Radar*

Warrant Officer JG

Beardshear, Orin W, *Tech Inspector*



Figure 04-066. 9th Bomber Group in action

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON

Lt Colonel

Casey, Leroy V, *Commander* (after 2/24/45)

Major

Settle, Ralph E, *Commander* (to 2/24/45)

Johnson, Earl L., *Operations* (to April)

Donnell, Alton P, *Operations*

Captain

Abbott, Robert L, *DS-US*

Butler, Lloyd G, *DS-US (Leave)*

Callahan, William S, *Sqdn Bombardier (DSGuam)*

Goodwin, Roy E, *Armament*

Hamilton, Bernard D, *DS-147th Gen Hosp*

Holzappel, Henry E, *Engineering*

Lawrence, James O, *Medical*

Robinson, Harry L Jr, *Intelligence*

Shenefiel, Eugene F, *DS-313th BW*

Thacker, Fred W, *Executive*

1st Lieutenant

Armstrong, Charles B, *Tech Supply*

Baird, Dale E, *Sqdn Bombardier*

Bryant, Wiley W Jr, *Supply*

Callihan, Stuart L, *Adjutant*

Christena, Ray C, *Weather*

Cunning, Robert H, *Ordnance*

DiNovo, Frank S, *Electronics*

Dotson, Lowell H, *Radar obs RCM*

Dougherty, Richard G, *Sqdn Navigator*

Drake, James F, *Sqdn Engineer*

Ede, Everett D, *Asst Armament*

Freeman, Terrence A, *DS-US*

Fuller, Richard C, *Mess Officer*

Gartmann, Otto R, *Personal Equipment*

Goodman, Seymour S, *DS-Rest Camp*

Hayes, John E, *Communications*

Kessinger, Leo W, *Radar obs RCM*

Klein, Eugene W, *Asst Engineering*

Lewis, Paul E, *Asst Intell / Gp Mess*

Petersen, Robert C, *Asst Engineering*

Ridge Joseph W, *DS-US*

Severance, Wayne B, *DS-US*

2nd Lieutenant

Boltz, Mark L, *Duty Unassigned*

Bowman, Darl F, *DS-AP0 234*

Hetrick, William D, *DS-US*

Rosen, William, *DS-313th BW*

Flight Officer

McGrath, John D, *Duty Unassigned*

HEADQUARTERS, 5TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON

Lt Colonel

Brown, Malvern H W, *Commander*

Major

Chapman, Wilson M, *Operations*

Foley, James G, *Provost Marshal*

Goode, Jack P, *Executive*

Captain

Ballard, George P, *Medical Gen Duty*

Elias, Samuel M, *Adjutant*

Frick, Varge L, *Sqdn Bombardier*

Hawes, William G, *Sqdn Navigator*

Johnson, Fay V Jr, *Intelligence*

Kent, Robert, *Arm & Chem*

Wenzel, Robert D, *Sqdn Bombardier*

1st Lieutenant

Barnes, Harold Jr, *Ordnance*

Brady, John J, *Weather*

Doherty, James B, *Engineering*

Gray, Swinney D, *Mess Officer*

Jakstis, Adolph H, *Arm & Chem*

Napier, William S, *Electronics*

Peterson, William L, *Electronics*

Pielsticker, Robert J, *Personal Equipment*

Schabacker, Christoph E, *Asst Combat Intell*

Ulrey, Emanuel L, *QM Supply*

Van Blarcom, William A, *Communications*

Wood, Robert S, *Engineering*

2nd Lieutenant

Czyzewski, Ervin V, *Radar RCM*

Steger, Arthur, *Weather*

Venable, John R, *Gunnery*



HEADQUARTERS, 99TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON

Lt Colonel

Hall, William L, *Commander* (to 3/8/45)
Wright, Lewis J, *Commander* (after 3/8/45)

Major

Chapel, Ralph H, *Operations* (MIA 5/15/45)
Countryman, Dayton W, *Operations*
Keene, Leon M, *DS-313th BW*
McNeil, Howard L, *Asst Group Training*
Waterman, Robert H, *Executive*

Captain

Eppes, John K, *Flight Surgeon*
Moore, Edward H, *Armament*
Pawlowski, Casimir D, *Combat Maint Exec*
Powers, Franklin I, *Communications*
Roth, Arthur J, *Sqdn Navigator (DS-Guam)*
Smart, Walter E Jr, *Ordnance*
Smith, Arthur C, *Engineering*

1st Lieutenant

Allen, Jack Jr, *DS-AAF Elec Maint School*
Carpenter, Charles, *Radar Air*
Fiedelman, Howard W, *Tech Supply*
Hansen, John N, *Sqdn Bombardier*

Horton, John N, *Group Nav/Bomb Trng*
Koester, William A Jr, *Supply*
Mandato, Frank I, *Asst. Armament*
McTeigue, Jean G, *Mess Officer*
Musson, James F, *Asst Combat Intell*
Raymond, Thomas E Jr, *Elec Maint*
Schabacker, C E Jr, *Combat Intel.*
Whitelegg, Douglas V, *Communications*

2nd Lieutenant

Aikens, James L, *DS-APO 86*
Crochet, Quincy, *DS-20th AF APO 234*
Fulghum, Robert C, *Pilot (Unassigned)*
Jentner, Thomas A, *Nav-Bomb-Radar DS APO 86*
Jewett, John R, *Flight Eng DS-359th SV GP*
Gordon, Richard D, *DS-20th AF APO 234*
Kupferman, T, *Nav-Bomb-Radar (Unassigned)*
Nichols, Donald E, *Nav-Bomb-Radar DS-313th BW*
Schilling, Edward J, *Flexible Gunnery*
Sias, John A, *Personal Equipment*
Taylor, James D, *Nav-Bomb-Radar DS-APO 86*

Flight Officer

Capps, William E, *Pilot DS-APO 86*



ATTACHED HQS, 9TH BG

Aladun, Walter A, *Capt, Dental, 77th Sv Gp*
Piper, Charles W, *2nd Lt, Elect Maint -XXI BC*
Landolt, Paul A,
Civilian, American Red Cross Field Director

Lazzio, Thomas,
Civilian, Wright Aeronautical Co Rep
Simpson, Oliver D,
Civilian, Boeing Aircraft Co Rep
Webber, Charles F,
Civilian, Minn-Honeywell Regulator Rep

19TH PHOTO LAB

Browne, Kingsbury Jr, *2nd Lt. Commander*



Figure 04-069. *The Snyder Triplets*

THREE OF A KIND

Robert V. Hunt, 99th Squadron

Until proven otherwise, the 99th Sqdn of the 9th BG is claiming to have been the only Army Air Corps Squadron during WWII, to have three brothers, (triplets), serve together in a combat zone.

The Snyder triplets, John P., Charles H., and William L., sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder, Millburn, NJ, were drafted into the Army on Dec. 1, 1942, at Newark, NJ. The first obstacle encountered when the brothers came face to face with Uncle Sam was, should they be separated or kept together? John, being the oldest of all by five minutes, stepped forward and requested a confab with the commanding officer. After explaining that they wanted to stay together, he got the official blessing and they began their military career as the “Three Mess-Kiteers,” in the Army Air Corps.

After taking basic training at Miami Beach, FL, they served together as cooks at Montbrook Air base, Orlando Air Base, and Kissimme Air Base, all in Florida, from 3/43 until 4/44. During that period of time, the former professional roller skaters were asked by Uncle Sam, along with eight other sets of triplets, to take part in the launching of three concrete ships at the Tampa, FL, shipyards. Jack, Charlie, and Bill each received \$25.00 war bonds as the set that had done the most for the war effort. Though John was married on February 20, 1944, to Miss Mary Jane Mills whom he had met while stationed at Montbrook Air Base, Williston, FL, the other two continued to confuse the girls. As Charles so aptly put it! “I go out with a girl one night and Bill goes with her the next night, and you know, she never suspects it’s two corporals she’s dating instead of one.

Prior to April, 1944, and their assignment to the 99th Sqdn at McCook Army Air Base, McCook, NE, the boys attended a High Altitude Cooking School at Salina, KS, where they learned to prepare meals for the flight crews that would

be making the high altitude bombing runs over Japan. They were part of the ground echelon of the 9th BG that departed Seattle, WA, on 29 Nov. ,1944, aboard the old “Cape Henlopen”. Rough weather, extreme sea sickness suffered by many, crowded conditions aboard ship and long chow lines, made the 30 day trip seem an eternity. That pile of coral in the middle of the Pacific Ocean called Tinian, looked mighty good to all aboard, when the “Cape Henlopen” dropped anchor and the troops disembarked on 28 December, 1944.

Newspapers across America as well as “Yank” magazine and official Air Corps publications found the lives of the triplets fascinating and a source of interesting articles and photos. Their reputation followed them halfway around the world and part of John’s memorabilia is a picture published in the Newark Evening News dated May 7, 1945, showing the brothers sampling the chow they had prepared for the B-29 crews.

The Snyder triplets served as Mess Sergeants, MOS 824, in the 99th Sqdn until being rotated back to the states, arriving at the Los Angeles Port of Embarkation on 20 Dec., 1945. They were discharged from the Army Air Corps on 02 Jan., 1946, at the Separation Center, Ft. Dix, NJ. John, the only surviving triplet, is retired from the University of Florida, and he and Mary Jane live in Gainesville, Florida.

IDENTICAL TWINS ALWAYS TOGETHER

Burton and Langdon Dyer, 1st Squadron Gunners

Knox County, Kentucky’s loss was the Army Air Corps’ gain, when on 23 September 1943 identical twins Burton and Langdon Dyer enlisted as aviation cadets at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, OH. As chance would have it, upon reporting to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, MO, on 4 November 1943, for basic training and classification, they found themselves in the same training squadron and quarters. They quickly discovered the chance for further cadet training was very slim and that gunnery school would probably be the next stop.

After sixty days at gunnery school near Las Vegas, NV, where, incidentally, they were assigned to the same training squadron and barracks, the brothers were shipped to the Army Air Field, Lincoln, NE, for assignment to an active flying group. During processing at Lincoln, Langdon discovered that army regulations allowed twin brothers to serve together if they so desired. He, also, discovered that because they had worked as civilian mechanics before entering the service, they qualified to take a flight engineer’s test. He immediately notified Burton, who arranged with his processor to take the same test, thus enabling the brothers to stay together.

Dalhart, TX, was the next stop for the twins; and upon their arrival there in April 1944, they found, much to their joy, that they were two of approximately 100 cadre assigned to a newly formed B-29 group, the 9th BG. The air crew cadre was sent to Orlando, FL, for advanced tactical training; and for the first time the brothers were assigned to different squadrons.

Shortly after arriving at McCook Army Air Field,



Figure 04-070a. The Dyer Twins

McCook, NE, in June 1944, they used their powers of persuasion to convince their commanding officer to assign them to the same squadron. After having been reunited, they were given the opportunity to be members of the same crew. They chose Capt. (later Major) Dave Rogan's crew #11A, because of his previous combat experience. Only later did they discover that Capt. Rogan was a fellow Kentuckian. Langdon's and Burton's crew assignments were left and right gunner, respectively; and training at McCook was uneventful save their surviving a fiery crash landing of their B-29 aircraft. The entire crew escaped with minor cuts, sprains, and bruises.

10 January 1944 found crew 11A on Tinian, Marianas, where they were assigned to the lead plane, "Man O' War II." Later they were assigned a new plane named the "Spearhead," famous because it was dedicated to the Fifth Marine Division that had gained fame for their part in the battle of Iwo Jima. Thanks to the dedication and skill of their ground crew, the twins' crew never had to use the landing strip at Iwo Jima or abort a mission. The brothers' most vivid memory of combat was that of being caught by searchlights and flak for five to seven minutes, which seemed like hours, on a night mission over Nagoya, Japan. They also participated in the destructive incendiary bombing on 19 March 1945, and the entire crew was awarded the DFC for a photography and bombing mission the next day after the 313 Wing had conducted an incendiary raid on Yokahacchi, Japan. Having completed their required missions in late September, the Dyer twins were rotated back to the States and Camp Atterbury, IN, where they were discharged from the Army Air Corps, 26 October 1945.

Alike as two peas in a pod, it was said that hardly anyone except the immediate family could tell them apart. They were never separated at any time from birth through military service. As to why they were allowed to fly in combat together, no one knows. It must have been God's will.



Figure 04-070b. The Hargett Twins

TWINS IN COMBAT

*William K. and Charles L. Hargett, Crew Members,
1st Squadron*

A set of twins serving together in the same B-29 crew overseas, unusual? Two sets of twins flying in B-29 crews overseas in the same squadron, highly unusual! The 1st Sqdn of the 9th BG had that very distinction. While stationed on Tinian in 1945, twins Bill and Chuck Hargett were a part of those unusual circumstances.

The twins were drafted into the Army in Chicago, IL, on May 25, 1943. They took their Army Air Corps basic training at Amarillo, TX, where it was said one could be soaked with rain and have sand blow in your face at the same time. During their three months there, they learned how to tell their left feet from their right, as well as other basics of soldiering. They also had the opportunity to take the cadet examination for which Bill qualified, but Chuck had an eye problem which disqualified him. They discussed the advantages and decided that Bill should go for pilot training. As a result of that decision, the boys were split up until August 1944.

After leaving Amarillo, TX, Bill's pilot training took him to Miami Beach, FL; Caldwell, ID; and Santa Ana, CA, where he "washed out" of cadet training. Choosing radio school as an alternative, he was sent to the Army Air Corps Technical Training School, Sioux Falls, SD, for training in the operation and repair of aircraft communications systems. Meanwhile, Chuck had chosen to attend aircraft mechanics school, so his assignments included Dalhart, TX; Rantoul, IL; and Clovis, NM. Through the "grapevine," Chuck had learned that twins could request to serve together. So, while on a furlough he visited Bill; and the boys made their request known to the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, DC. Approval was granted, and both boys were sent to gunnery school and B-29 crew school to prepare them for final crew assignment.

It took some finagling to stay together, but the twins finally completed all required training and were assigned to the same crew for overseas combat duty. They arrived on Tinian in late April 1945 as a replacement crew in the 5th Sqdn. Bill occupied the crew position as radio operator and Chuck as right gunner. They flew 23 combat missions with three different ACs, without a scratch. Their excellent record earned the crew the DFC and Air Medals. On November 5, 1945, the boys left Tinian Town, aboard the “General James O’Hara,” a troop ship bound for the good old USA. It was an uneventful trip until they caught the tail of a typhoon north of Hawaii, that resulted in a very rough ride for three days. The ship docked in San Francisco and the twins were sent via train to Ft. Sheridan, IL, for discharge. Bill arrived home on Thanksgiving Day, his 21st birthday. Both of the fellows quickly adapted to civilian life, each took a bride, and raised a family. Chuck died of melanoma in August 1968; and Bill, who is semiretired, and his wife, Anita, live in Glenview, IL.



Figure 04-071. Crew Breakfast—Welken & Nicks crew members having rum for breakfast in Havana during overwater navigational training. Left to Rt: Ringswald, Berchin, Dockam, Hobler, Welken, Dalke, Thoburn, Nicks, Phillips, Wells.



PERSONNEL



Figure 04-072.1. Medal Presentation Parade



Figure 04-072..2. 9th BG Medal Presentation

PERSONNEL



Figure 04-072a.1. Personnel—Back Row (left to right)—Eisenhart, Huglin, Davies—99th Sqdn ACs

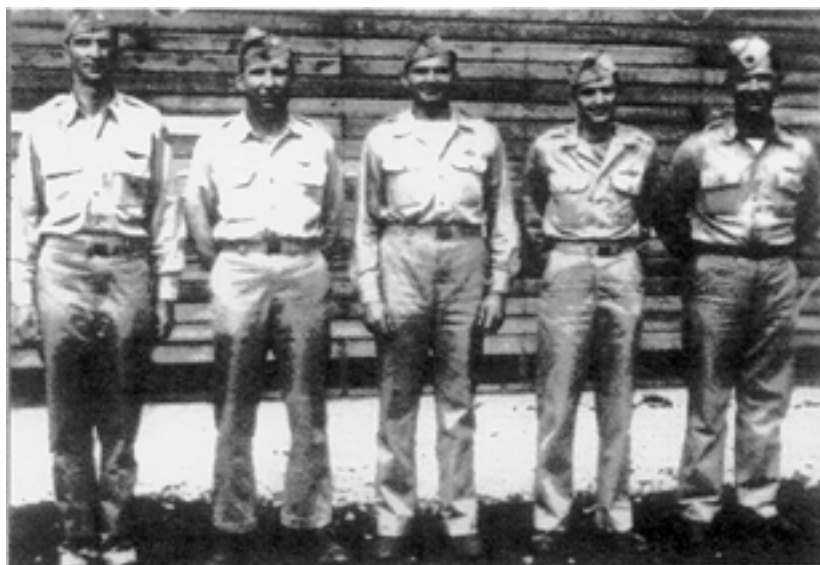


Figure 04-072a.2. March 3, 1945 (left to right) Huglin, Brown, Eisenhart, Hall, Casey



Figure 04-072b.1. June 1945—5th Squadron ACs



Figure 04-072b.2. September 1945—1st Squadron ACs



Figure 04-072b.3. August 1945—1st Squadron Pilots

PERSONNEL



PERSONNEL



Figure 04-072c.1. 99th Squadron CFC Maintenance



Figure 04-072c.2. 99th Sqdn Radar Maintenance



Figure 04-072c.3. 5th Squadron Radar Maintenance



Figure 04-072c.4. 99th Squadron Armament



Figure 04-072c.5. The Visalia, Calif. Men—Left to right: Nesbitt, White, A. McAuliff, and Mays



Figure 04-072d.1. 1st Squadron Armament



*Figure 04-072d.2. 1st Squadron Officers—Left to right:
Fulton, Thacker, Donnell,
Bertagnoli & Eugene Brown*

PERSONNEL



Figure 04-072d.3. The Medics



Figure 04-072e.1. 9th BG Refuelers



Figure 04-072e.2. “Curly” Klabo working on #2



Figure 04-072e.3. John Flemming with Curly Klabo



Figure 04-072e.4. 5th Squadron Assemblage



PERSONNEL



Figure 04-072f-1.



Figure 04-072f-2.



Figure 04-072f-3. Outdoor Theater



Chapter 5

Air Crews

The 9th's B-29 aircraft were manned by an eleven man combat crew of highly trained specialists. Due to the aircraft's large size and complexity, it was designated a **VERY HEAVY BOMBER (VH)**. To command such a complex aircraft, the **AIRPLANE COMMANDER (AC)** title was generated. The right seat pilot was now called the **PILOT (P)**.

The combat crews trained as a highly effective team and flew and fought as one unit with each providing excellence in his particular skill area. Each was dependent on the skills of his team mates. Every crew member was important to the combat effectiveness and survival of the crew.

Crew members were cross trained so that if serious injury occurred to a crewman, the station could be operated, thus getting the B-29 and crew safely back to Tinian. Navigation and Flight Engineering were especially critical functions. The crews were trained in basic medical procedures and survival. Command and Staff officers often flew as replacement crew members or to provide special expertise and experience. Some crews were designated **LEAD CREWS** and were qualified to lead large bombing formations or as pathfinders on night incendiary missions. These crews received special training.

Sixteen of the air crews assembled at McCook in September of 1944 were transferred to Pyote, TX. It was determined that there weren't enough B-29s flying consistently enough to support the number of crews in training at McCook. The orders assigning the crews from McCook to the staging area at Herington, KS, preparatory to the trip to Tinian, list 45 air crews. The first of the 45 air crews arrived on Tinian January 18th, 1945. Crews in addition to these 45 began to arrive with assignment to the 9th BG in March. Six of the 16 crews transferred from McCook to Pyote, TX, joined the group later as augmentation crews as well as many other crews from various training bases.

One hundred and ten Airplane Commanders flew with the group from the first combat mission to the POW supply drops. The actual crews involved number somewhat less than this as there were transfers of airplane commanders with minor or no change in crew makeup. It has been difficult to believe this many crews were associated with the 9th BG when the maximum number of B-29s assigned to the group by the end of the war was 49.

As an explanation for the large number of crews it is known that several of the original 45 were later transferred to the 504th BG. A number of the augmentation crews flew a few missions with the 9th prior to transfer to the 504th BG. At the very end of the war it is also known that several crews destined to be lead crews for a new group to be stationed on Okinawa were assigned to the 9th to gain combat experience.

As can be seen from the mission descriptions in Chapter 7, the 9th combat crews led a very active World War II combat life. Entire crews were lost. Individual crew members were casualties due to fierce enemy defenses from flak and fighter aircraft. Ditchings and bailouts also resulted in death or injury. Several of the stories told in Chapter 14, *Anecdotes*, report on these incidents including experiences in Japanese Prison Camps. The fate of some of the 9th's missing crews is unknown. Official records often stated the crew as last seen or heard taking off from Tinian. Those who were captured were classed by the Japanese as "Special Prisoners" subjected to trial as war criminals contrary to international law.

Crew lists with photos, when available, follow the roster of Air Crews. Crew positions are designated as follows: Airplane commander (**AC**), pilot (**P**), navigator (**N**), bombardier (**B**), radar operator or radar navigator (**RN**), flight engineer (**FE**), radio operator (**RO**), central fire control or top gunner (**CFC**), right gunner (**RG**), left gunner (**LG**), and tail gunner (**TG**).



Air Crew Roster

<u>CREW</u>	<u>SQUADRON</u>	<u>CREW</u>	<u>SQUADRON</u>	<u>CREW</u>	<u>SQUADRON</u>
ABBOTT	1	EICHLER	1	NACK	1
ADAMS	5	EMMONS	99	NASH	5
ALLEN	99	FAUNCE	99	NELSON	5
ANSELL	1	FEIL	99	NICKS	1
ASHLAND	5	FLEMING	5	NIGHTSWONGER	1
AUFFORD	99	FLING	1	PATTISON	99
AUSTIN	99	FRENCH	99	PAYNE	1
BAILEY	1	FULTON	1	PETERSON	1
BARNEYBACK	5	GAHL	99	PLATZ	1
BARNHART	1	GLOCK	5	PREHODA	1
BEARDEN	99	HAMILTON	1	REID	1
BERTAGNOLI	1	HARDGRAVE	1	REINERT	99
BISHOP	1	HARRISON	99	REYNOLDS	5
BLACK	1	HEATH	5	RITTENHOUR	1
BOBO	99	HENDRICKSON	99	ROGAN	1
BOWERS	5	HOBAUGH	5	SCHEAFFER	5
BROWN	1	HOPKINS	5	SCHLOSBERG	99
BUNDGARD	99	HOUSER	5	SHENEFIEL	1
BUTLER	1	HUMPHREY	1	SHIRLEY	1
CALDWELL	1	HUTCHISON	1	SMITH	1
CAMPBELL	1	JACOBSON	99	SODERBECK	5
CARPI	5	JARVIS	99	SPAARGAREN	99
CARVER	99	JOHNSON	99	SPANGLER	5
CHAPMAN	5	JONES	5	ST. DENIS	1
CHRISTIE	99	KEENE	99	STEVENS	1
CLARK	99	KELLER	5	SULLIVAN	5
COLLINS	5	KLEMME	5	THIMLAR	99
COUNTRYMAN	99	LASSMAN	1	TULLOCH	5
COX, B.E.	5	LEWIS	99	TUTTON	5
COX, C.W.	5	LINGLE	99	VANDER SCHANS	99
COX, J.C.	5	LITTLEWOOD	99	VOGT	99
CURRY	99	LOY	99	WADDELL	99
DAVIS, G.	1	MALO	1	WEBB	99
DAVIS, C.	1	MCCLINTOCK	5	WELKEN	1
DIRNBAUER	1	MCMAHON	1	WHITE	99
DONICA	99	MCNEIL	5	WIENERT	5
DURKEE	1	MILLER	5	ZOERCHER	1
		MORRIS	1		

NOTE: When a crew picture is not available, the 9th BG Circle X symbol is printed.



ABBOTT 1st Sqd

AC	Abbott, Robert L.	Capt
P	Severance, B. Wayne	1Lt
N	Hetrick, William D.	2Lt
B	Freeman, Terrence A	1Lt
FE	Kinser, Harold	TSgt
RN	Ridge, Joseph W.	Lt
RO	Ebor, Joseph H.	SSgt
CFC	Gabrelcik, Francis D	SSgt
RG	Auvil, Herman D.	Sgt
LG	Marshall, Gwynn W.	Sgt
TG	Bradley, Fred E.	Sgt



Figure 05-075a. Abbot

Rear: ?, Severance, Abbott, Freeman, & Hetrick.
Front: Ebor, Gabrelcik, Kinser, Marshall, Auvil and Bradley.



Figure 05-075b. Adams

ADAMS 5th Sqdn

“Tokyo K O”

AC	Adams, Edwin M	Maj.
P	Simpson, Thomas S.	2Lt
N	Muchnick, Jerome	2Lt
B	Goede, Milton N.	Capt
RN	Peterson, John W.	2Lt
FE	Caudell, Roger C	Sgt
RO	Nash, Everett H. Jr.	Sgt
CFC	Whipp, Roger M.	Sgt
RG	Cripps, Ira L.	Sgt
LG	Laasch, Robert P	Sgt
TG	Yglesias, Emanuel	Sgt

Rear: Adams, Simpson, Peterson, Muchnick, and Goede. Front: Whipp, Cripps, Nash, Yglesias, Laasch and Caudell.

ALLEN 99th Sqdn

AC	Allen, Paul V.
P	Shields, Thomas L.
N	Clark, Sherwood P.
B	Paspas, Robert E.
RN	Prosk,
FE	?
RO	McCrong, John, Jr.
CFC	Paradis, Phillip E.
RG	Clark, Samuel G.
LG	Douglas, Lloyd W.
TG	Connelly, Robert W.

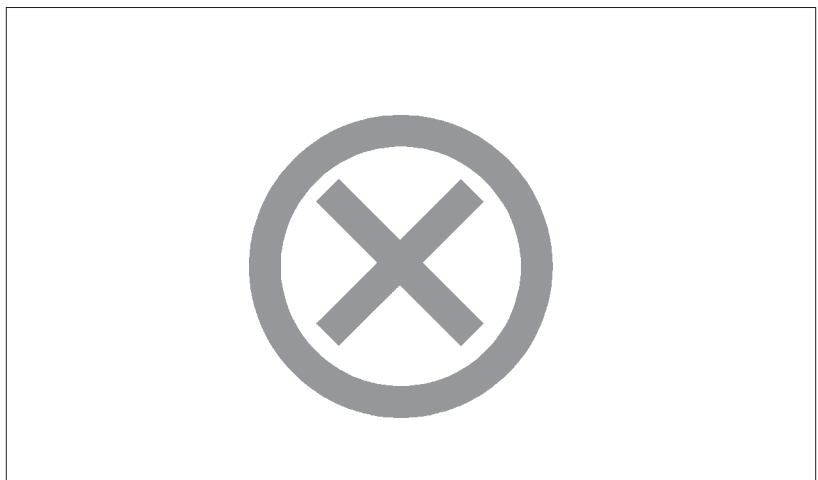


Figure 05-075c. Allen No Picture Available



ANSELL 1st Sqdn

"The Uninvited"

AC	Ansell, Morris J.	Cat
P	Mann, Robert E.	2Lt
N	Zdanowicz, Edward P.	2Lt
B	Swenson, Stuart G.	2Lt
RN	Owen, Edison M.	1Lt
FE	Henry, John L.	SSgt
RO	Victoria, Elliott F.	Sgt
CFC	Swope, Eddie L.	Sgt
RG	Howard, Raymond S.	Sgt
LG	Germann, Robert D.	Sgt
TG	Hanson, Robert S.	Sgt



Figure 05-076a. Ansell

Rear: Henry, Victoria, Swope, Germann, Howard, and Hanson. **Front:** Owen, Swenson, Ansell, Mann and Zdanowicz.



Figure 05-076b. Ashland

ASHLAND 5th Sqdn

"Nip Clipper"

AC	Ashland, Maurice	Capt
P	Oleaszewski, Harold J.	1Lt
N	Smith, Edward D.Jr.	1Lt
B	Arrigo, James V.J.	1Lt
FE	Stewart, Marvin G.	MSgt
RN	Pearsall, Earl L.	Sgt
RO	Winchester, Edward Jr.	Sgt
CFC	Phenner, Clarence E.Jr	Sgt
RG	Alexander, Norman E.	Sgt
LG	Williams, Melvin J.	Sgt
TG	McCready, Richard R.	Sgt
CC	Rohrer, Harley S.	MSgt

Ground Crew: Curtis Meadows, Clarence Warden Lawrence Derks, Charles, Bozarth, Chalmes Peyton, James Poore. **Top:** Smith, Olsen, Ashland, Arrigo and Stewart. **Bottom:** Williams, Winchester, Phenner, Pearsall, Alexander and McCready.

AUFFORD 99th Sqdn

AC	Aufford, William A.
P	Kapps, William E.
N	Jentner, Thomas, A.
B	Taylor, James D.
FE	Seigler, Arthr M.
RN	Aikins, James F.
RO	March, Robert H.
CFC	MacLean, Donald I. A.
RG	Alpert, Israel S.
LG	Harlowe, Francis, E.
TG	Kessler, Albert.

Rear: Aikens, Aufford, Taylor, Kapps and Jentner. **Front:** Seigler, MacLean, Harlowe, Alpert, March and Kessler.



Figure 05-076c. Aufford



AUSTIN		99th Sqdn
AC	Austin, Donald F.	Capt
P	Klein, Samuel	Lt
N	Miller, Richard	Lt
B	Canfield, Dwight	Lt
RN	Praxel, Anthony	Lt
FE	Farnsworth, Frank W.	Lt
RO	Henninger, Alfred	Sgt
CFC	Whelchel, Victor D.	Pvt
RG	Ennan, Eldon H.	Sgt
LG	Gandy, Curtis H.	Sgt
TG	Coulter, James W.	Sgt

Rear: Austin, Klein, Canfield, Miller, Farnsworth, & Praxel. **Front:** Henninger, Whelchel, Gandy, Ennan and Coulter.



Figure 05-077a. Austin



Figure 05-077b. Bailey

BAILEY		1st Sqdn
	“20th Century Limited”	
AC	Bailey, Charles C.	1Lt
P	Usery, Bluford B., Jr	2Lt
N	Brunelle, Eugene O., Jr.	FO
B	Bailey, James E.	2Lt
RN	Penler, Eugene N.	FO
FE	Waller, Robert A.	2Lt
RO	Spracklen, Wilmer D.	Sgt
CFC	Peyer, John R.	Sgt
RG	Messex, Kenneth S.	Sgt
LG	Patterson, George R.	Sgt
TG	Ficeto, Michael	Cpl

BARNEYBACK 5th Sqdn

AC	Barneyback, William
P	Oleaszewski, Harold *
N	Vovrick, Robert
B	Urshan, Samuel
RN	Clark, Gordon
FE	Mathews, “Teenie”
RO	Echols, Obie, L.
CFC	Cuthbertson, Francis
RG	Hershkwitz, Arthur
LG	Hurford, Glenn
TG	Madara, Mac

Rear: Echols, Hershkwitz, Clark, Urshan, Vovrick, Olsen and Hurford. **Front:** Mathews and Barneyback. Cuthbertson and Madara missing.
(* Name changed to Olsen)



Figure 05-077c. Barneyback



BARNHART 1st Sqdn

- AC Barnhart, William R.
- P Hudson, William
- N Ziemniak, John S.
- RN Schwendimann, John M.
- FE Alfano, Mario
- RO Dahlberg, Harold
- CFC Stricker, Matt
- RG Clark, Edwin
- LG Aguar, Charles E.
- TG Millner, Phillip
- PHOT Strong, John S. *



Rear: Schwendimann, Aguar, Hudson, Ziemniak.
Front: Barnhart, Dahlberg, Alfano and Stricker.

* A photo recon. crew. No bombardier.

Figure 05-078a. Barnhart

BEARDEN 99th Sqdn

“Old 900”

- AC Bearden, Robert C., Jr. Capt
- P Dahle, Arnold J. 1Lt
- N Klein, Phillip J. 1Lt
- B Freitick, Leonard J. 1Lt
- FE Tillman, Robert L. MSgt
- RO Rigby, William G. SSgt
- RN Tjiema, Merlin R. SSgt
- CFC Terrell, George C. TSgt
- RG Worley, Hal G. Sgt
- LG West, Ernest R. Sgt
- TG Van Inwegan, Donald E. Sgt
- CC Krog, Arnold J. MSgt



Figure 05-078b. Bearden

Rear: Klein, Dahle, Bearden, Freitck, & Tillman
Front: Worley, Ribgy, Terrell, Tjiema, West, VanInwegan

BERTAGNOLI/BROWN 1st Sqdn

“Queen Bee”

- AC Bertanoli, George G. Capt
- AC Brown, Eugene L. 1Lt
- P Merrow, Alvin, Jr 2Lt
- N Bowman, Darl F. 2Lt
- B Boltz, Mark L. 2Lt
- FE Klein, Eugene W. 2Lt
- RN Paule, Marvin W. Sgt
- RO Wilson, Francis E., Jr Sgt
- CFC Pendergast, Howard E. SSgt
- RG Smith, Peyton E. Sgt
- LG Shoemaker, Leason D. Jr Sgt
- TG Marcun, Bige Sgt



Figure 05-078c. Bertagnoli/Brown

Known as the “Queen Bee” Crew. Eugene Brown replaced Bertagnoli as AC.



BISHOP/NACK/MORRIS		1st Sqdn
AC	Bishop, Floyd A.	1Lt
AC	Nack, Arthur	2Lt
AC	Morris, Warren	Lt
P	Sagraves, Haroldl R.	2Lt
N	Ottoson, Raymond H.	2Lt
B	Blevins, Jack E.	2Lt
RN	Heuer, Alfred P.	2Lt
FE	Bateman, Richard T.	2Lt
RO	Hargett, William K., Jr	Sgt
CFC	Kaplan, Albert	Sgt
RF	Hargett, Charles L.	Sgt
LG	Tyrell, Arthur R.	Sgt
TG	Trementozzi, John J.	Sgt

**Figure 05-079a.** Bishop/Nack/Morris

Back: Bateman, Ottoson, Heuer, Blevins, Saygraves, Bishop. **Front:** Trementozzi, Tyrell, W. Hargett, C. Hargett and Kaplan.

**Figure 05-078b.** Black

BLACK		1st Sqdn
“Thunderin’ Loretta”		
AC	Black, Stanley C.	1Lt
P	Frank, Charles S.	2Lt
N	Lee, Forrest A.	2Lt
B	Atlas, Robert O.	2Lt
FE	Balasick, Ernest J.	TSgt
RN	Bonack, Nicholas	Sgt
RO	Chrisman, Maurice E.	Sgt
CFC	Siddens, Charles E.	Sgt
RG	Degler, Norman A.	Sgt
LG	Bowers, James A.	Sgt
TG	Palmer, Charles E.	Sgt

Crew lost over Shimonoseki Strait May 28, '45.
with A/C 44-6981.

BOBO		99th Sqdn
AC	Bobo, Lacy H.	1Lt
P	Thompson, Robert B.	1Lt *
N	Gromatsky, Wilburne C.	1Lt
B	Swanson, Edward A.	2Lt
RN	Marine, Godfrey, L., Jr	2Lt
FE	Heller, Grant B.	TSgt
RO	McCrae, David D.	SSgt
CFC	Parish, George H.	SSgt *
RG	Frena, George S.	Sgt *
LG	Coulter, John R.	Sgt *
TG	King, Joseph R.	SSgt *

Same crew as with Reinert later.

*These men will be found with McNeil’s original crew.

**Figure 05-079c.** Bobo



BOWERS 5th Sqdn

“Ready Teddy”

AC	Bowers, Alvin P.	1Lt
P	Swihart, John M.	2Lt
N	Blas, Samuel W.	2Lt
B	Bowen, Alexander T.	2Lt
FE	Chertkow, Louis	MSgt
RN	Zachman, Vernon W.	Sgt
RO	McFann, Howard H.	Sgt
CFC	Paquette, Edward N.	T/Sgt
RG	Cytrynowicz, Alexander	Sgt
LG	Dacier, Donald R.	Sgt
TG	Withstandley, Richard	Sgt



Figure 05-080a. Bowers

Rear: Chertkow, Swihart, Bowers, Bowen, and Blas. **Front:** Cytrynowicz, Zachman, Dacier, McFann, Withstandley and Paquette.

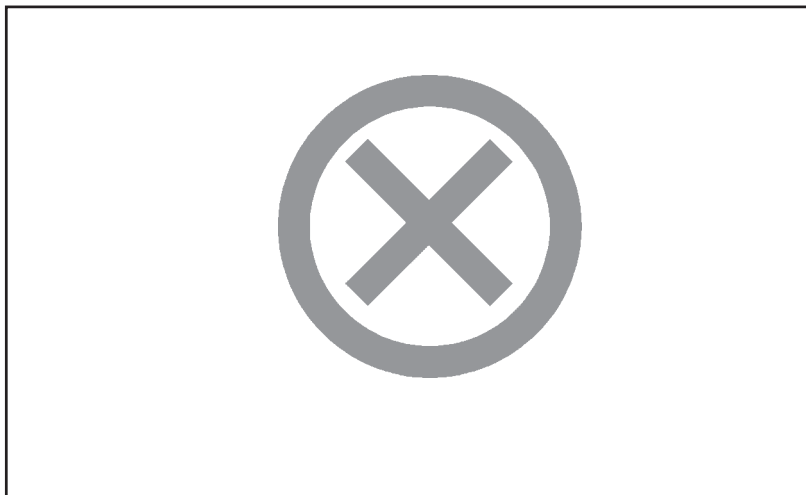


Figure 05-080b. Bundgard. No Picture Available

BUNDGARD 99th Sqdn

AC	Bundgard, Norman F.	Capt
P	Sedivy, Alvin T.	FO
N	Schneider, Bernard	2Lt
B	Zatal, Milton	FO
RN	Griffith, Jack	2Lt
FE	Bean, Snap F.	TSgt
RO	Dockery, Clarence A.	Sgt
CFC	Angell, James F.	Sgt
RG	Armstrong, Jackson Lee	Sgt
LG	Finigan, Fred T.	Sgt
TG	Couts, LeRoy W.	Sgt

BUTLER 1st Sqdn

“Dinah Might”

AC	Butler, Lloyd G.	1Lt
P	Davis, Charles M.	2Lt
N	Abbott, Samuel	2Lt
B	Baird, Dale E.	1Lt
FE	Schroeder, Rober E.	MSgt
RN	Basinski, Edward R.	Sgt
RO	Chakires, Andrew J.	Sgt
CFC	Martin, Burl A.	Sgt
RG	Broeze, John E.	Sgt
LG	Williams, Douglas E.	Sgt
TG	Aguglia, Joseph B.	Sgt
CC	Lanzillo, Charles F.	MSgt



Figure 05-080c. Butler

Rear: Abbott, Davis, Butler, Baird and Schroeder. **Front:** Broeze, Chakires, Martin, Basinski, Williams and Aguglia.



CALDWELL		1st Sqdn
AC	Caldwell, William J.	2Lt
P	Chase, Harry, Jr.	2Lt
N	Eddins, Ronald H.	2Lt
B	Tobey, Edward W.	2Lt
RN?	Ashford, James W.	FO
FE	Gillis, Erwin C.	TSgt
?	Daniel, Lloyd E.	Sgt
?	Eldridge, Richard S.	Sgt
?	Hackman, Charles W.	Sgt
?	Knox, Edwin U., Jr.	Sgt
TG	McCaskill, Paul	Sgt



Figure 05-081a. Caldwell

The Caldwell crew was lost on a take-off accident on 5/20/45 with the Black Crew's "Thunderin' Loretta". Ser.42-24913.TG Paul McCaskill survived.



Figure 05-081b. Campbell

CAMPBELL		99th Sqdn
AC	Campbell, Edward E.	Capt
P	Bull, George A.	2Lt
N	Fourie, Robert W.	2Lt
B	Butler, Thomas L.	2Lt
RN	Moore, James R.	2Lt
FE	Jones, William E.	1Lt
RO	Rosburg, Lyle R.	Sgt
CFC	Graves, Hubert R.	Sgt
RG	Ironside, Joe E.	Sgt
LG	Knight, Melvin J.	Sgt
TG	Cole, Harry	Sgt

Rear: Rosburg, Graves, Ironside, Knight, & Cole.
Front: Butler, Bull, Campbell, Fourie, Moore and Jones.

CARPI		5th Sqdn
AC	Carpi, Leonard W.	1Lt
P	Oleaszewski, Harold J.	1Lt*
N	Rothman, Henry H.	1Lt
B	Friedman, Lester	
FE	Dempsey, Stephen B.	
RN	Shiek, Charles H.	
RO	Radziewicz, Walter	Sgt
CFC	Tharp, Paul A.	TSgt
RG	Hankins, Terry C.	Sgt
LG	Avery, William M.	Sgt
TG	Daugherty, Dale A.	Sgt
CC	Ullery, Russell W.	MSgt

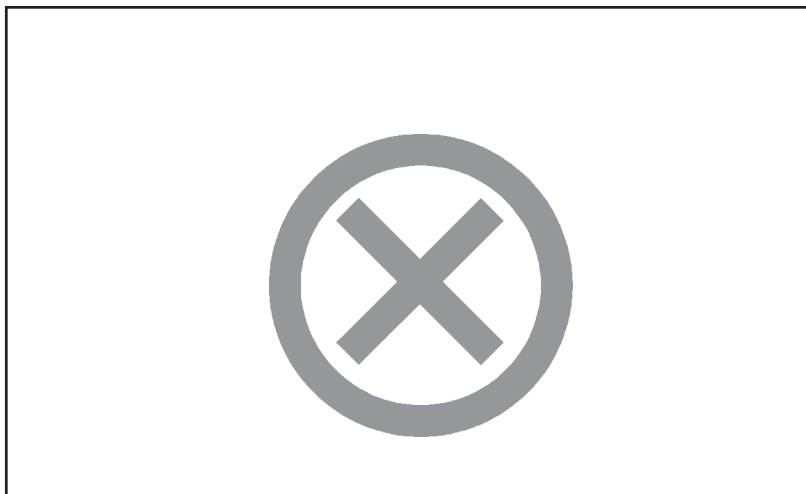


Figure 05-081c. Carpi. No Picture Available

* Name later changed to Olsen.



CARVER 99th Sqdn

AC	Carver, Samuel, Jr.	Lt
P	Harry, Ray E.	Lt
	Hammer, Howard F.	Lt
	Bailey, Wayne W.	Lt
	Scanlon, John W. Jr	Lt
	Schimel, John W.	Sgt
	Marten, James I.	Cpl
	Jenkins, Reynold E.	Sgt
	Donegan, Herbert A.	Cpl
	Studenroth, Paul R.	Cpl
	Cristiano, Nick	Cpl

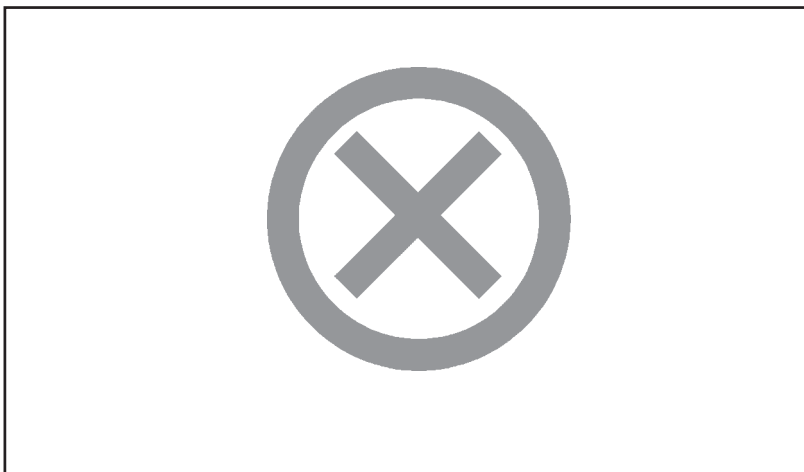


Figure 05-082a. Carver No Picture Available

The Carver crew was shot down on the 4/16/45 Kawasaki mission. Nick Cristiano survived as POW & repatriated. A/ C was Ser.42-93962



Figure 05-082b. Chapman

CHAPMAN 5th Sqdn

"Dotties's Dilemma"

AC	Chapman, Wilson M.	Capt
P	Dearing, Richard B.	2Lt
N	Rothman, Henry H.	1Lt
B	Gertenbach, Robert F.	2Lt
FE	Dempsey, Stephen B.	2Lt
RO	Radziewicz, Walter	Sgt
CFC	Tharp, Paul A.	TSgt
RN	Schiek, Charles H.	Sgt
RG	Hankins, Terry C.	Sgt
LG	Avery, William N. Jr.	Sgt
TG	Daugherty, Dale A.	Sgt
CC	Ullery, Russell W.	MSgt

Rear: Rothman, Dearing, Chapman, Gertenbach, Dempsey. **Front:** Hankins, Radziewicz, Schiek, Tharp, Avery and Daugherty.

CHRISTIE 99th Sqdn

AC	Christie, George S.,Jr	1Lt
P	Roop, Horace G.	2Lt
N	Bachelder, Frank K.	1Lt
B	Sullivan, Billy J.	2Lt
FE	Foster, Boutwell H, Jr	2Lt
RO	Fletcher, Otto, Jr.	TSgt
RN	Bischman, Roger R.	Sgt
CFC	Wright, John L.	Sgt
RG	Snyder, Kenneth M.	Sgt
LG	Henley, Carlton C.	Sgt
TG	Given, James A.,Jr.	Sgt



Figure 05-082c. Christie No Picture Available

Crew was shot down on the 3/16/45 Kobe mission. All lost. Capt Arthur J.Roth was substituting for Frank Bachelder. A/C was Ser. 4263546.



CLARK 99th Sqdn

AC Clark, Orien T.
 P Eaton, Warren B.
 N Berg, Leo
 B Shields, Robert C.
 FE Davis, Heywood B.
 RN Buhlman, Frank
 RO Bortz, Elson
 CFC Gagnon, Cleo
 RG Hepler, Ernest
 LG Orlandi, Carl D.
 TG McRae, David D.
 TG Hall, Richard R., Jr. *



Figure 05-083a. Clark

Hall replaced McRae when McRae was assigned to another crew as RO.



Figure 05-083b. Collins

COLLINS 5th Sqdn

"Warsaw Pigeon"

AC	Collins, Charles L.	Capt
P	Jenks, William G.	2Lt
N	Pugliano, John S.	2Lt
B	Gates, Robert D.	2Lt
FE	Gerety, John B.	MSgt
RO	Cook, Tom P.	Sgt
RN	Appel, John Harry C.	Sgt
CFC	Mellors, George F.	Sgt
RG	Bauman, George E.	Sgt
LG	Robitzer, Eugene M.	Sgt
TG	Wild, Norbert C.	Sgt
CC	Herd, Guy S.	MSgt

Rear: Pugliano, Jenks, Collins, Gates and Gerety
Front: Bauman, Cook, Mellors, Appel, Robitzer and Wild.

COUNTRYMAN/SCHLOSBERG 99th Sqdn

AC	Countryman, Dayton	Capt
AC	Schlosberg, Richard T.	Capt
P	McClure, Charles	2Lt
N	True, Philip A.	2Lt
B	Curtis, Gaynell	2Lt
RN	Greenglass, Jerald	2Lt
FE	Christ, Robert H.	SSgt
RO	Stitz, Joseph W.	Sgt
CFC	Dzick, Frederick A.	Sgt
RG	Kibler, Lawrence L.	Sg
LG	Pearson, Charles E.	Sgt
TG	Melton, James L.	Sgt



Rear: Curtis, McClure, Countryman, Greenglass and True.
Front: Pearson, Kibler, Dzick, Stitz, Christ and Melton.
 Schlosberg later became AC.

Figure 05-083c. Countryman/Schlosberg



Cox, B.E. 5th Sqdn

“Cox’s Army”

AC	Cox, Burton E.	Capt
P	Trotter, Sheldon J.	2Lt
N	Dolan, Raymond B.	2Lt
B	Frank, Albert, Jr.	2Lt
FE	Kish, Joseph F.	MSgt
RO	Karas, Charles A.	Sgt
RN	Leonerd, Robert R.	Sgt
CFC	Sturgell, James W.	Sgt
RG	Ralston, Dwight L.	Sgt
LG	Wright, Billy R.	Sgt
TG	Anderson, Richard	Sgt
CC	Hampton, Elmer	MSgt



Figure 05-084a. Cox, B.E.

Cox, C.W. 5th Sqdn

“Sad Tomato”

AC	Cox, Claude W.	Capt
P	Lindemann, Frederick C.	1Lt
N	Diffendal, Joseph C.	1Lt
B	Bregman, Irvin	1Lt
FE	Sternin, Norman	MSgt
RO	Bray, Harland J.	Sgt
RN	Worman, Marten, Jr.	Sgt
CFC	Sweeney, Daniel J., Jr	Sgt
RG	Renick, Robert R., Jr.	Sgt
LG	Curran, Charles C.	Sgt
TG	Black, David A.	Sgt
CC	French	



Figure 05-084b. Cox, C.W.

Rear: Sternin, Lindeman, Cox, Bregman and Diffendal
Front: Renick, Worman, Curran, Gray, Black and Sweeney.

Cox, J.C. 5th Sqdn

“Purple Heartless”

AC	Cox, John C.	Maj
P	Oesterling, Warren	Lt
N	Vovrick, George R.	Lt
B	Urshan, Sam	Lt
FE	Matthews, Dillon W.	
RN	Clark, Gordon	
RO	Echols, Obie L.	
CFC	Cuthbertson, Francis	
RG	Hurford, Glen F.	
LG	Hershkovitz, Arthur	
TG	Madara, Irvin	



Figure 05-084c. Cox, J.C.

L–R: Cox, Foley, Vovrick, Clark, Urshan, Echols, Matthews, Hurford, Hershkovitz, Cuthbertson and Madara.



CURRY		99th Sqdn
	“Daring Donna III”	
AC	Curry, James H.	Capt
P	Pattison, Karolek M.	2Lt
N	Gudgell, Paul W.	2Lt
B	Steinberg, Leonard J.	2Lt
FE	Marshall, George A.	2Lt
RO	Rahn, Fred T.	Sgt
RN	Kaiser, Orval H.	Sgt
CFC	Stelljes, George G.	Sgt
RG	White, Albert E.	Sgt
LG	Davis, Thomas E.	Sgt
TG	Laprade, Robert F.	Sgt
CC	Adams, Joseph B.	MSgt

**Figure 05-085a.** Curry

Rear: Gudgell, Pattison, Curry, Steinberg and Marshall.
Front: White, Rahn, Stelljes, Kaiser, Davis, Laprade.
 Hank Marshall later replaced Pattison as Pilot.

**Figure 05-085b.** Davis, G.

DAVIS, G.		1st Sqdn
AC	Davis, George L.	Capt
P	Rumstay, H.E.	2Lt
N	Lawson, Calvin C.	2Lt
B	Flournoy, John L.	2Lt
FE	Horne, Walter B.	2Lt
RN	Elledge, James W.	2Lt
RO	Ryerson Charles H.	Sgt
CFC	Schenkel, Richard W.	Sgt
RG	Wing, Joseph	Sgt
LG	Whittaker, Jefferson N.	Sgt
TG	Rakowski, Robert H.	Sgt

Henry Nash subsequently replaced Ryerson.
Rear: Elledge, Rumstay, Davis, Lawson, Flournoy.
Front: Wing, Whittaker, Horne, Ryerson, Schenkel, & Rakowski.

DAVIS, C./HAMILTON		1st Sqdn
AC	Davis, Charles	
AC	Hamilton, Bernard B.	
P	Bonnickson, Leroy	2Lt
N	Robinson, Esserie L.	2Lt
B	Dumm, Walter C.	2Lt
RN	Bauchwitz, William H.	2Lt
FE	Merdink, Bert A.	TSgt
RO	Rawls, Robert J.	TSgt
CFC	Rock, Clifton B.	SSgt
RG	Hussey, George H.	SSgt
LG	Gullung, Francis	Sgt
TG	Delaney, John F.	Sgt

Rear: Bauchwitz, Bonnickson, Davis, Dumm, Robinson. **Front:** Merdink, Rawls, Rock, Hussey, Gullung, Delaney. Same crew with AC Hamilton.

**Figure 05-085c.** Davis, C./Hamilton



DIRNBAUER 1st Sqdn

- AC Dirnbauer, Martin J.
- P Harrison, Anthony
- N Juliot, Virgil
- B Freeman, George R.
- FE Bedell, Roy L.
- RN McGuire, Charles S.
- RO Gillbert,
- CFC Tolly
- RG Buecher, Raymond
- LG Love, Martin
- TG Hays, Daniel

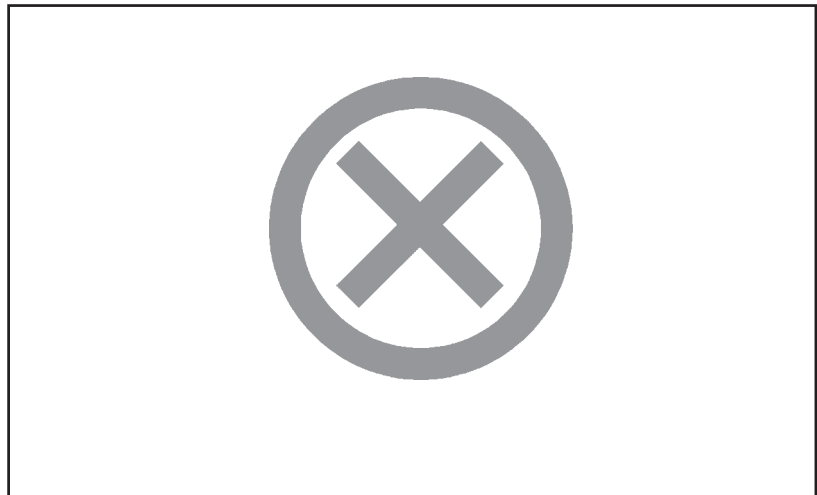


Figure 05-086a. Dirnbauer No Picture Available



Figure 05-086b. Donica

DONICA 99th Sqdn

- AC Donica, Carl Capt.
- P Conroy, Walter R. FO
- N Houchin, Claude 1Lt
- N Millin, Douglas J. 1Lt*
- B Friedman, Sampson L. 2Lt
- RN Jenkins, William J. 2Lt
- FE Clarke, Finch B. TSgt
- RO Poe, Keithan D. SSgt
- CFC Eddy, James E. SSgt
- RG Buckhalt, H.J. Sgt
- LG Regan, William S. SSgt
- TG Wilkinson, Robert C. SSgt

Rear: ?, Conroy, Donica, Millin and Friedman.
Front: Clarke, Poe, Buckhalt, Regan, Eddy, Wilkin son (Millin must have replaced Houchin).

DURKEE 1st Sqdn

- AC Durkee, Wallace N. 1Lt
- P Jordan, Gene E. 2Lt
- N Langdon, Emory L. 2Lt
- WF Chrisitena, Ray C. 1Lt*
- VO Snyder, Lester W., Jr 2Lt
- FE Becker, Roy A. 2Lt
- RO Depury, Edward G. Sgt
- CFC Whitmore, William Sgt
- RG Leopard, Robert K. Cpl
- LG Ikerd, Austen R. Sgt
- TG Allegree, Richard D. Cpl
- NG Kellenberger, Sanford O. Cpl*



Figure 05-086c. Durkee

* A weather crew carried a weather observer and a nose gunner rather than a bombardier.



EICHLER 1st Sqdn

AC Eichler, Donald R.
 P Deist, L onard F.
 N Woodward, Richard L.
 B Worden, Glenwood R.
 FE McEwan, William G.
 RN Ricci, Hubert E.
 RO Baker, Colin R.
 CFC Ricketson, Edward E. Jr.
 RG O'Connor, Joseph M.
 LG Swallick, Daniel P
 TG VanMeter, Cecil E.

Rear: Woodward, Deist, Eichler, Worden and Ricci. **Front:** O'Connor, Ricketson, McEwan, VanMeter, Swallick and Baker.



Figure 05-087a. Eichler



Figure 05-087b. Emmons

EMMONS 99th Sqdn

"Miss Mi-Nookie"

AC Emmons, Beeman E. Capt
 P Wolf, Kenneth G. 1Lt
 N Reid, Keith K. 1Lt
 B Rutan, John F. 2Lt
 FE Knoll, James J. MSgt
 RN Unger, Barney L. Sgt
 RO Wayne Curtis N. Sgt
 CFC Stith, Robert E. Sgt
 RG Carter, James M. Sgt
 LG Zdon, Victor J. Sgt
 TG Wilder, Calvin C. Sgt

Rear: Reid, Wolf, Emmons, Rutan and Knoll.
Front: Carter, Wayne, Stith, Unger, Zdon and Wilder.

FAUNCE 99th Sqdn

AC Faunce, Arthur B. Capt
 P Palmer, Garth C. 1Lt
 N Williams, Edgar H. 2Lt
 B Hardy, Claude M. 1Lt
 RN Reifke, Willard 2Lt
 FE Goff, Allen J. FO
 RO Blackstock, Benny L. Sgt
 CFC Eaton, Edward R. Sgt
 RG Perry, James W. Sgt
 LG Martin, Leland O. Sgt
 TG Moore, Jennings D. Sgt



Figure 05-087c. Faunce



FEIL		99th Sqdn
	"Hon. Spy Report"	
AC	Feil, Harold D.	Maj
P	Piatek, Edward P.	1Lt
N	Gromatsky, Wilburne C.	1Lt
B	Swanson, Edward A.	2Lt
RN	Marine, Godfrey L. Jr	2Lt
FE	Heller, Grant D.	TSgt
RO	McRae, David D.Jr	SSgt
CFC	Calhoun, Walter C.	TSgt
RG	Dwyer, William F.	SSgt
LG	Coulter, John R.	SSgt
TG	King, Joseph R.	SSgt
CC	Szarko, Maurice A.	MSgt



Figure 05-088a. Feil



FLEMING		5th Sqdn
	"Goin' Jessie"	
AC	Fleming, John D.	1Lt
P	Chauncey, Charles G.	2Lt
N	Cramer, John F., Jr	2Lt
B	Chilipka, Julius J.	2Lt
FE	Prushko, Francis	MSgt
RN	Rice, Charles W.	Sgt
RO	Roncace, Enrico R.	Sgt
CFC	Goldman, John G.	Sgt
RG	Brandt, James	Sgt
LG	Waldron, Robert J.	Sgt
TG	Scribner, Donald H.	Sgt

Figure 05-088b. Fleming

FLING		1st Sqdn
	"God's Will"	
AC	Fling, Dean A.	Capt
P	Peterson Harold L.	2Lt
N	Pettit, Philipo N.	2Lt
B	Dwyer, Donald F.	2Lt
FE	Eginton, Lawrence G.	2Lt
RN	Baker, Richard C.	Sgt
RO	Sulentic, Thomas L.	Sgt
CFC	Wyatt, Noah A.	TSgt
RG	Emershaw, John	Sgt
LG	Carter, William J.	Sgt
TG	Fortin, Normand F.	Sgt



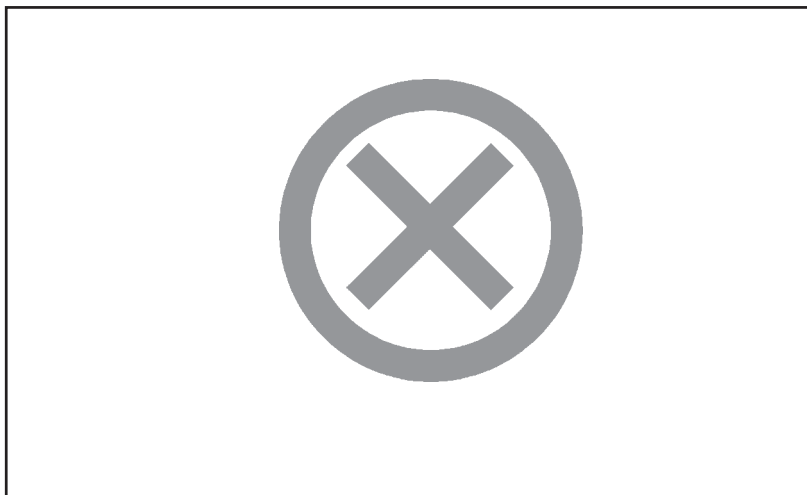
Figure 05-088c. Fling



FRENCH 99th Sqdn

“French’s Kabazzie Wagon”

AC	French, Jesse K., Jr	1Lt
P	Looper, Baylor L.	2Lt
N	Spain, Charles J.	2Lt
B	Rudolph, Marvin C.	1Lt
RN	Larson, Robert W.	2Lt
FE	Smith, Earl A.	2Lt
RO	Brucci, Psquale E.	Sgt
CFC	Judge, John W. Jr	Sgt
RG	Gates, Rufus A.	Sgt
LG	O’Malley, Robert J.	Sgt
TG	Sturm, Wilburt E.	Sgt

**Figure 05-089a.** French No picture available**Figure 05-089b.** Fulton

FULTON 1st Sqdn

“Battlin’ Bonnie I & II”

AC	Fulton, Cornelius, Jr.	1Lt
P	Finch, George W.	2Lt
N	Turro, Paul A.	2Lt
B	Burkhalter, James H.	2Lt
FE	Downing, Raymond H.	MSgt
RN	Roberts, Hubert F.	Sgt
RO	Grapevine, Edward A.	SSgt
CFC	Arsenault, Eugene E.	TSgt
RG	Porter, Roy	Sgt
LG	Alexander, Robert J.	Sgt
TG	Sayre, John D.	Sgt
CC	Fomby, Howard	MSgt

Rear: Turro, Finch, Fulton, Burkhaltler and Downing.
Front: Porter, Grapevine, Arsenault, Roberts, Alexander and Sayre.

GAHL 99th Sqdn

AC	Gahl, Ralph D.	Capt
P	Gumbeert, Max E.	FO
N	Scro, Vincent A.	2Lt
B	Brooking, Morris W.	FO
RN	Wong, Gin D.	2Lt
FE	Brannon, Chester O.	TSgt
RO	Meeks, James L.	Sgt
CFC	Samuels, Karl M.	SSgt
RG	Zwail, Stanley	Sgt
LG	Kehoe, John M.	Sgt.
TG	Hatkevich, Francis J.	Sgt

Rear: Scro, Wong, Gahl, Gumbert and Brooking.
Front: Samuels, Meeks, Zwail, Hatkevich, Kehoe and Brannon.

**Figure 05-089c.** Gahl



GLOCK		5th Sqdn
AC	Glock, Charles A.	1Lt
P	Craig, Sydney P., Jr	2Lt
N	McMenamy, Louis F.	FO
B	Goodloe, James G.	2Lt
RN	Martin, William J.	2Lt
FE	Lezovich, John R.	Sgt
RO	Rauen, Vincent J.	Sgt
CFC	Jones, Harry R.	Sgt
RG	Taggart, James E.	Sgt
LG	Schaefer, James G.	Sgt
TG	Ice, Elden L.	Sgt



Rear: Rauen, Goodloe, McMenamy, Martin, Craig, Glock. **Front:** Taggart, Ice, Schaefer, Jones and Lezovich.

Figure 05-090a. Glock



HARDGRAVE		1st Sqdn
AC	Hardgrave, Murel W.	1Lt
P	Deutsch, Ernest P.	2Lt
N	Reed, Donald	2Lt
B	Brabham, William V., Jr	2Lt
FE	Nesmith, David C.	MSgt
RN	Cero, Thomas, A.	Sgt
RO	Driscoll, Robert W.	SSgt
CFC	Schoonmaker, John R.	SSgt
RG	Albrecht, Eroy C.	Sgt
LG	Cocke, William T., Jr	Sgt
TG	Gilman, Richard A.	Sgt

All rescued from 3/10/45 ditching. Crew lost to unknown cause from 3/24/45 Nagoya mission.

Figure 05-090b. Hardgrave

HARRISON		99th Sqd
AC	Harrison, Paul P.	Capt
P	Fitzpatrick, Neal E.	FO
N	Sands, Carl A.	FO
B	Seiple, James E.	FO
RN	Takach, Paul A.	2Lt
FE	Kausen, Meredith M., Jr	SSgt
FE	Farnsworth, Frank	
RO	Rayborne, Allen L.	Sgt
CFC	Sherod, Guy E. Jr.	Sgt
RG	Gautreaux, Edgar P.	Sgt
LG	Grossman, Frederick	Sgt
TG	Justice, Walter, Jr	Cpl



Rear: Justice, Sands, Rayborne. **Middle:** Kausen, Sherod, Gautreaux, Takach. **Front:** Grossman, Harrison, ?.

Figure 05-090c. Harrison



HEATH 5th Sqdn

“20th Century Limited”

AC	Heath, Winifred R.	1Lt
P	Adams, Robert	2Lt
N	Albizati, Peter	FO
B	Fahl, Jackson T.	1Lt
RN	Sampin, Paul	Lt
FE	Flores, Jesse	Sgt
RO	Karat, Charles	Sgt
CFC	Rowe, Lewis	Sgt
RG	Cavanaugh, Robert	Sgt
LG	Banet, Arthur C.	Sgt
TG	Kasler, James H.	Sgt

Rear: Sampin, Adams, Fahl, Heath, Albizati, Flores.
Front: Kasler, Banet, Rowe, Cavanaugh, Karst.

**Figure 05-091-a.** Heath**Figure 05-091b.** Hendrickson

HENRICKSON 99th Sqdn

“Heavenly Flower”

AC	Hendrickson, Edward F.	1Lt
P	Bobo, Lacey H.	1Lt
N	Hambor Andrew .	1Lt
B	Kupferman, Theodore	2Lt
RN	Pumphrey, Ben H.	2Lt
FE	Whitton, George F.	FO
RO	Kannuck, Geroge	SSgt
CFC	Wolf, Arnold S.	SSgt
RG	Mezwa, Stephen	Sgt
LG	Hooks, Thearon G.	SSgt
TG	Hopkins, Elmo P.	SSgt
CC	Naquin	TSgt

Rear: Hendrickson, Hambor, Bobo, Pumphrey,
 and Whitton. **Front:** Kannuck, Wolf, Hooks,
 Hopkins, Mezwa.

HOBAUGH 5th Sqdn

“Nip Nemesis”

AC	Hobaugh, John H.	Capt
P	Miller, Alvin L.	2Lt
N	Stephens, Roscoe J.	2Lt
B	Coughlin, George J.	2Lt
FE	Heiser, Warren G.	2Lt
RN	Kopisch, Arthur F.	Sgt
RO	Carey, Raymond H.	SSgt
CFC	Williams, Paul E.	Sgt
RG	Richey, George S.	Sgt
LG	Parrish, Harry C.	Sgt
TG	Brown, Benjamin F.	Sgt
CC	LeGrand, Glenn	MSgt

Rear: Stephens, Miller, Hobaugh, Coughlin and Heiser
Front: Richey, Carey, Williams, Kopisch, Parrish and
 Brown.

**Figure 05-091c.** Hobaugh



HOPKINS 5th Sqdn

"Lady Jayne"

- AC Hopkins, Carl S.
- P Hauptle, Carroll D.
- N Elman, Arthur
- RN Higgins, Richard F.
- FE White, Wesley P.
- RO McDaniel, Lawrence C.
- CFC Raab, Frank
- RG Jameson, Joseph
- LG Reisch, Frank
- TG Kent, Franklin



Figure 05-092a. Hopkins



Figure 05-092b. Houser

HOUSER 5th Sqdn

- AC Houser, Henry F. 1Lt
- P Neubert, Norman F. FO
- N Hunter, Lynn E. FO
- B Seder, Edward V. FO
- RN Siehr, Walter H. 1Lt
- FE Montgomery, Gates H. SSgt
- RO Whitney, Robert L. Sgt
- CFC Sweet, Everd L. Sgt
- RG Kelch, Paul Sgt
- LG Governor, Arthur J. Sgt
- TG Kogan, Warren O. Sgt

Rear: Montgomery, Governor, Whitney, Sweet, Kelch and Kogan.

Front: Houser, Neubert, Seder, Hunter and Siehr.

HUMPHREY 1st Sqdn

- AC Humphrey, Marcus
- P Roberts, John
- N Collins, Robert
- B Headlee, George
- FE Armistead, Alton
- RN Lukens, Eugene M.
- RO
- CFC
- RG Jarvis
- LG Houck
- TG Woboldt



Figure 05-092c. Humphrey



HUTCHISON 1st Sqdn

"B.A. Bird"

AC	Hutchison, Wendell W.	Capt
P	Pountney, Clifford H., Jr	2Lt
N	Maher, Herbert	1Lt
B	Allan, Donald E.	2Lt
FE	Delahanty, Edward M.	1Lt
RN	Nicoles, Kenneth L.	Sgt
RO	Cappozzo, Frank F.	Sgt
CFC	Smith, Lawrence S.	TSgt
RG	Sens, John	Sgt
LG	Reid, Robert L.	Sgt
TG	Thorne, Thomas C.	Sgt
CC	Statkus, Frank	MSgt



Figure 05-093a. Hutchison

Ground crew: Homer Kelly, John Haas, Raymond Snyder, Robert Weagley and Chester Ziel.
Rear: Delahanty, Allan, Hutchison, Pountney and Maher.
Front: Sens, Nicoles, Reid, Cappozzo, Thorne and Smith.

JACOBSON 99th Sqdn

"Jake's Jalopy"

AC	Jacobson, Alden D.	Capt
P	Piatek, Edward P.	2Lt
N	Wilson, Robert H.	2Lt
B	Hansen, John N.	1Lt
RN	Carrigan, David J.	2Lt
FE	Goff, Allen J.	T/Sgt
RO	Feferblum, Julius	Sgt
CFC	DeLorenzo, Mario	Sgt
RG	Fields, George	Sgt
LG	Hartuppee, David T.	Sgt
TG	Lasto, Robert A.	Sgt



Figure 05-093b. Jacobson

Front: Goff, Feferblum, DeLorenzo, Hartuppee, Fields, Lasto. **Rear:** Jacobson, Piatek, Hansen, Wilson and Carrigan.

JARVIS 99th Sqdn

"Dragon Lady"

AC	Jarvis, Warren F.	1Lt
P	Schmidt, Billy E.	2Lt
N	Boerner, Herbert	2Lt
B	Gelnett, Burdette L.	2Lt
FE	Snell, John H.	T/Sgt
RN	Martin, Raymond C.	Sgt
RO	Freeze, Edgar R.	Sgt
CFC	Vaughn, Tony D.	Sgt
RG	Sutliff, James D.	Sgt
LG	Clarke, Harry J.	Sgt
TG	Taylor, Ernest M.	Sgt
CC	Ardis, Harrison R.	MSgt



Figure 05-093c. Jarvis

Rear: Boerner, Schmidt, Jarvis, Gelnett, and Snell.
Front: Sutliff, Freeze, Vaughn, Martin, Clarke and Taylor.



Johnson		99th Sqdn
AC	Johnson, Raymond E.	1Lt
P	Daugenbaugh, Jerold D.	2Lt
N	Millin, Douglas J.	2Lt
B	Duft, William L, Jr.	2Lt
FE	Fulton, Charles T.	MSgt
RN	Fish, George E.	Sgt
RO	Brewer, Bertis L.	Sgt
CFC	Willars, Jack L.	Sgt
RG	Weiss, Allen E.	Sgt
LG	Curtis, Frederick J., Jr.	Sgt
TG	Cummings, Edward R.	Sgt



Rear: Millin, Daughenbaugh, Johnson, Duft and Fulton. **Front:** Weiss, Brewer, Willars, Fish, Curtis and Cummings.

Figure 05-094a. Johnson(1)



Figure 05-094-b. Johnson (2)

JOHNSON		99th Sqdn
AC	Johnson, Raymond E.	1Lt
P	Daugenbaugh, Jerold D.	2Lt
N	Coleman, Sam	
B	Filson	
FE	Fulton, Charles T.	MSgt
RN	Casteel, William	
RO	Brewer, Bertis L.	Sgt
CFC	Willars, Jack L.	Sgt
RG	Weiss, Allen E.	Sgt
LG	Dwyer	
TG	Cummings, Edward R.	Sgt
CC	Warner, George R.	SSgt

Rear: Daughenbaugh, Johnson, Coleman, Filson and Fulton **Front:** Willars, Brewer, Casteel, Weiss, Dwyer and Cummings.

JONES		5th Sqdn
AC	Jones, R.B., Jr.	1Lt
P	Emery, Marvin G.	2Lt
N	Nelson, Roland F.	2Lt
B	Decamara, Joseph R.	2Lt
FE	Griffin, Erwin R.	MSgt
RN	Sedon, Robert K.	Sgt
RO	Schmidt, Norris E.	Sgt
CFC	McGarry, John B., Jr.	Sgt
RG	Beck, Noel E.	Sgt
LG	Hill, James C., Jr.	Sgt
TG	Varney, Ermal R.	Sgt



Figure 05-094c. Jones



KEENE 99th		Sqdn
AC	Keene, Leon M.	Capt
P	Gordon, Richard D.	2Lt
N	Nichols, Donald E., Jr.	2Lt
B	Dutrow, William E.	2Lt
FE	Jewett, John R.	2Lt
RN	Long, Marshall D.	Sgt
RO	Namoff, Leon B.	Sgt
CFC	Carroll, Joseph	Sgt*
RG	Collins, Edward M.	Sgt
LG	Ladd, Bernard T.	Sgt*
TG	Hash, James T.	Sgt

Rear: Nichols, Gordon, Keene, Dutrow and Jewett.
Front: Long, Namoff, Collins, Carroll, Ladd and Hash.
 * Died in ditching 3/10/45.



Figure 05-095a. Keene



Figure 05-095b. Keller

KELLER 5th Sqdn

“Sad Tomato”

AC	Keller, George F.	1Lt
P	Holden, Carleton M.	1Lt
N	Correll, Eugene Y.	1Lt
B	Ross, Walter R.	Capt
RN	Levine, Stanley H.	1Lt
FE	Fowler, Shelby	MSgt
RO	Zapf, Martin L.	SSgt
CFC	Conley, Robert M.	SSgt
RG	Harman, Travers	Sgt
LG	Blake, Gerald J.	Sgt
TG	Nikitas, Christus M.	Sgt

Rear: Levine, Ross, Keller, Correll and Holden
Front: Zapf, Blake, Nikitas, Conley, Fowler and Harman. Keller killed in bail out 8/8/45. All others POW and repatriated. A/C42-6352

KLEMME 5th Sqdn

“Umbriago”

AC	Klemme, Robert E.	1Lt
P	Gaudino, John R.	2Lt
N	Worrel, Vernon J.	2Lt
B	Riley, Vaughn E.	2Lt
B	Dutrow, William	2Lt
FE	Hill, Robert T.	TSgt
RN	Hauenstein, William D.	Sgt
RO	Tomaszewski, Chester C.	Sgt
CFC	Sikes, Benjamin G.	Sgt
RG	Breen, Dennis F.	Sgt
LG	Kerr, John R.	SSgt
TG	Zobrist, Howard T.	Sgt
CC	Komarek, Harold F.	SSgt

Rear: Worrel, Gaudino, Klemme, Riley and Hill.
Front: Breen, Tomaszewski, Sikes, Hauenstein, Kerr and Zobrist.



Figure 05-095c. Klemme



LASSMAN 1st Sqdn
“Kristy Ann”
 AC Lassman, Hal
 P Ingalls, John B.
 N Boo, Benjamin, Jr.
 B Smith, Eugene E.
 FE Goodpasture, George W.
 RN DeKoyer, Harold J.
 RO Grove, Richard E.
 CFC Tuite, John E.
 RG Williams, Earnest
 LG Doyon, Raymond F.
 TG Giannetta, Lawrence G.



Figure 05-096a. Lassman

Rear: DeKoyer, Ingalls, Lassman, Boo and Smith.
Front: Grove, Goodpasture, Tuite, Doyon, Williams and Giannetta.

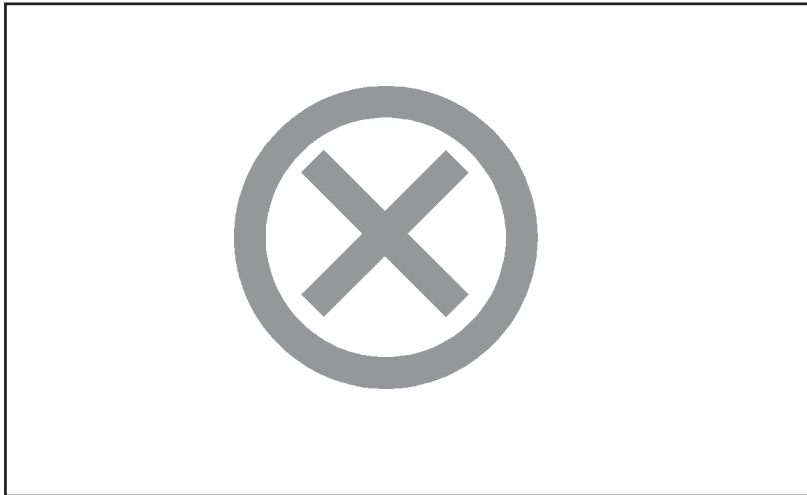


Figure 05-096b. Lewis. No Picture Available

LEWIS 99th Sqdn
“Long Winded”
 AC Lewis, Joseph R. 1Lt*
 P Row, William E., Jr 2Lt*
 N Wise, Jack V. 2Lt
 N Arnold, Maurice V. 1Lt*
 B Dutrow, William E. 1Lt*
 FE Yarewick, William Sgt*
 RN Stein, Howard E. Sgt
 RO Dixon, Warren J. Sgt*
 CFC Victory, Gary G., Jr Sgt*
 RG Smith, Charles W. Sgt
 LG Canova, Robert R. Sgt
 TG Fiedler, Howard A. Sgt*
 CC Smith, Laurence S. MSgt

* Missing from ditching on mine laying mission of 5/23/45. Arnold was substituting for Wise.

LINGLE 99th Sqdn
 AC Lingle, Joseph J. Capt
 P Gillespie, Cecil E. 1Lt
 N Williams, Wayland W. 1Lt
 B Neifert, Lorance W. 1Lt
 RN Anderson, Willie E. 2Lt
 FE McThrall, Joseph E. TSgt
 RO Desautels, Stanley E. SSgt
 CFC Snyder, Conway S. SSgt
 RG Thomas, Alfred C. SSgt
 LG Wilson, Richard B., Jr SSgt
 TG Vickey, Gerard A. Sgt

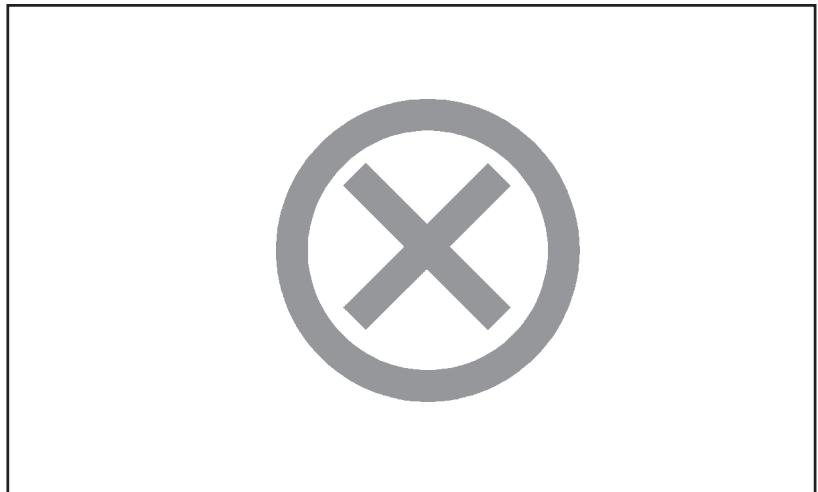


Figure 05-096c. Lingle. No Picture available



LITTLEWOOD	99th Sqdn	
"Old 574"		
AC	Littlewood, Theodore I.	1Lt
P	Taylor, Charles H.	2Lt
N	Caldwell, Claude H.	2Lt
N	Malnove, Paul	2Lt
FE	Cotner, Donald L.	2Lt
RN	Smith, William D.	Sgt
RO	Schultz, Seymour	Sgt
CFC	Calhoun, Walter C.	Sgt
RG	Connor, Donald R.	Sgt
LG	Warn, George R., Jr	Sgt
TG	Richardson, Richard J.	Sgt
CC	Adams	

**Figure 05-097a.** Littlewood

Rear: Caldwell, Cotner, Taylor, Malnove, Littlewood.
Front: Connor, Smith, Schultz, Calhoun, Warn and Richardson.

**Figure 05-097b.** Loy

LOY	99th Sqdn	
AC	Loy, James R.	1Lt
P	Jensen, Harvey W.	2Lt
N	Magnuson, Arthur R.	2Lt
B	Meeks, Charles J.	2Lt
FE	Lesselbaum, Felix P.	TSgt
RN	Wheeler, Jack W.	Sgt
RO	Sontag, Henry	Sgt
CFC	Voorhees, Raymond O.	Sgt
RG	Crapo, William G.	Sgt
LG	Szanto, Elmer, G.	Sgt
TG	Mornono, Augustus J.	Sgt

MALO	1st Sqdn	
AC	Malo, Raymond F.	1Lt
P	Mockler, Edwin	2Lt
N	Bennison, Bernard S.	2Lt
B	Eschman, Leo R.	2Lt
FE	Carr, George T.	SSgt
RN	Casarda, John	Sgt
RO	Cox, James G.	Sgt
CFC	Hill, Allan K.	Sgt
RG	Brackett, Robert W.	Sgt
LG	O'Neil, James J.	Sgt
TG	Hackman, Charles W.	Sgt
CC	Bayman, Rex L.	MSgt

**Figure 05-097c.** Malo

One of four crews lost on the Kawasaki mission of 4/16/45. Only Hill is known to have been imprisoned and died in a prison fire. A/C was #42-93893.



McCLINTOCK 5th Sqdn

"Tokyo - KO"

AC	McClintock, Robert A.	Capt
P	Landry, Arthur I.	2Lt
N	Patch, Nathaniel M.	1Lt
B	Friedman, Sampson L.	FO
FE	Fee, Russell J.Jr	2Lt
RN	Whiting, Fred H., Jr	Sgt
RO	Durhan, Julien R.	SSgt
CFC	Sartor, Homer F.	Sgt
RG	Wilkins, Dolphus B.	Sgt
LG	Almon, Madison L.	Sgt
TG	Kaltenbaugh, Raymond, Jr	Sgt
CC	Newsted, Earl P.	MSgt



Figure 05-098a. McClintock

Rear: Fee, Landry, McClintock, Wenzel and Patch
Front: Wilkins, Whiting, Almon, Durhan, Sartor, and Kaltenbaugh.

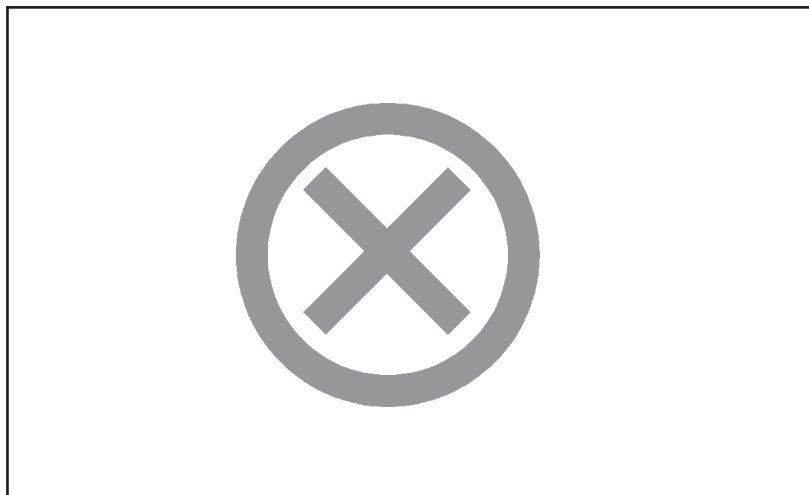


Figure 05-098b. McMahon No Picture Available

McMAHON 1st Sqdn

"Fancy Nancy"

AC	McMahon, Lewis C.	Maj
P	Herrmann, Arthur R.	2Lt
N	Bartow, Walter T.	2Lt
B	Walker, Roger C.	2Lt
RN	Martin, Ernest W.	2Lt
FE	Brown, Cullin R.	SSgt
RO	West, Albert L.	Sgt
CFC	Pavon, Wilbur D.	Sgt
RG	Mills, Grover M.	Sgt
LG	Leesman, Raymond F.	Sgt
TG	Jackson, Thomas L., Jr	Sgt

McNEIL 99th Sqdn

"The Big Wheel"

AC	McNeil, Howard L.	Capt
P	Thompson, Robert B.	1Lt *
N	Arnold, Maurice V.	1Lt
B	Horton, John N.	1Lt
FE	Baile, Richard A.	1Lt
RN	Casteel, William A.	Sgt
RO	Johnson, Vern	SSgt
CFC	Parish, George H., Jr	SSgt *
RG	Frena, George S.	Sgt *
LG	Coulter, John R.	Sgt *
TG	King, Joseph R.	SSgt *
CC	Conlon, Francis X.	MSgt



Figure 05-098c. McNeil

Rear: Baile, Thompson, McNeil, Horton and Arnold
Front: Frena, Castell, Coulter, Johnson, King and Parish. (* Later went with ACs Bobo and Reinert.)



MILLER		5th Sqdn
	“The Starduster”	
AC	Miller, Leonard	1Lt
P	Drew, Robert L.	1Lt
N	Bowman, Wayne C.	FO
B	Fortier, Gerald L.	2Lt
RN	Hughes, Richard K.	2Lt
FE	Gunderson, Talvin M.	SSgt
RO	Allen, Claude V.	Sgt
CFC	Erdman, Ellis E.	Sgt
RG	Daly, James C.	Sgt
LG	Beacham, Robert H.	Sgt
TG	Chancellor, William A., Jr	Sgt
CC	Harbarth, E.W.	MSgt

**Figure 05-099a.** Miller

Rear: Miller, Drew, Bowman, Fortier and Hughes.
Front: Gunderson, Allen, Erdman, Beacham, Daly,
 and Chancellor. Hughes killed 6/5/45. Metzger replaced...?

**Figure 05-099b.** Nash

NASH		5th Sqdn
AC	Nash, Archie L.	Capt
P	Dolan, William H.P., Jr	1Lt
N	Bennett, George E.	1LT
B	Allen, John B.	1Lt
FE	Graff, William D.	TSgt
RN	Yensen, Harold A.	Sgt
RO	Portnoy, Morris B.	Sgt
CFC	Penhorwood, Richard J.	Sgt
RG	Duke, Harold W.	Sgt
LG	Vick, Eugene M.	Sgt
TG	Cole, Thomas S.	Sgt

Rear: Bennett, Dolan, Nash, Allen and Graf.
Front: Duke, Portnoy, Penhorwood, Yensen,
 Vick and Cole.

NELSON		5th Sqdn
AC	Nelson, Gordon K.	1Lt
P	Guzewicz (Gaze), Joseph	2Lt
N	Tataczuk, Edward A.	2Lt
B	Moore, Tom B.	2Lt
RN	McGillicuddy, James P.	2Lt
FE	Cockins, Richard A.	MSgt
RO	Svitak, Donald B.	SSgt
CFC	Roelle, Charles	SSgt
RG	Reed, Raymond	Sgt
LG	Poprik, Michael	Sgt
TG	Schmutzer, Andrew	Sgt

**Figure 05-099c.** Nelson

Rear: McGillicuddy, Guzewicz, Nelson,
 Tataczuk and Moore. **Front:** Cockins, Svitak,
 Roelle, Reed, Poprik and Schmutzer.



Nicks		1st Sqdn
	"Little Iodine"	
AC	Nicks, Benjamin A., Jr	Capt
P	Dalke, Clarence E.	1Lt
N	Berchin, John	2Lt
B	Burda, Phillip C.	1Lt
FE	Zolla, Casimir J.	MSgt
RN	George, Frank	SSgt
RO	Dockham, George K.	SSgt
CFC	Sabin, Wesley W.	TSgt
RG	Jackson, John T.	SSgt
LG	Anglesey, Walter M.	Sgt
TG	Bennett, Charles	Sgt



Figure 05-100a. Nicks

Rear: Berchin, Dalke, Nicks, Burda and Zolla
Front: Jackson, Dockham, Sabin, George, Anglesey and Bennett.



Figure 05-100b. Nighswonger

NIGHSWONGER		1st Sqdn
AC	Nighswonger, Roy F.	Capt
P	Skeels, Robert C.	FO
N	Buckley, William F.	2Lt
B	Tobkin, Irwin	2Lt
RN	Sather, John M.	2Lt
FE	Patisaul, Clayton F.	TSgt
RO	Cherniak, Walter	Sgt
CFC	Barrett, Benjamin J.	Sgt
RG	Vrabel, Peter J., Jr	Sgt
LG	Vespa, Albert F.	Sgt
TG	Brown, Eldon A.	Sgt

Rear: Nighswonger, Cherniak, Barrett, Skeels, Vespa, Patisaul and Tobkin. **Front:** Vrabel, Brown and Buckley. Entire crew survived a bail out over Iwo Jima 8/7/45.

PATTISON		99th Sqdn
AC	Pattison, Karl	1Lt
P	Weddle, Arthur J	1Lt.
N	Specter, Edger G	2Lt
B	Mancuso, Lorenzo S	2Lt
FE	Leech, Glen H	TSgt
RN	Dronzek, Elmer J	Sgt
RO	Young, Henry M	Sgt
CFC	Smith, Jessie C.	SSgt
RG	Mathe, John A.	Sgt
LG	Duvanich, Rudy	Sgt
TG	Dolan, John E.	SSgt
CC	Adams, Joseph B.	MSgt



Figure 05-100c. Pattison

Rear: Weddle, Dronzek, Specter, Pattison, Mancuso and Leech. **Front:** Mathe, Young, Dolan, Duvanich and Smith. Littlewood was original AC for this crew.



PAYNE 1st Sqdn

AC	Payne, Jack	Capt
P	Morris, Warren G.	1Lt
N	Kline, George D.	2Lt
B	Beck, James A.	Capt
FE	Hornbake, William	SSgt
RN	Kahl, George	1Lt
RO	Armstrong, William	SSgt
CFC	Stevens, Irving L.	Sgt
RG	Vogiantzis, Peter R.	Sgt
LG	Ginden, George	SSgt
TG	Wagner, Richard	Sgt



Rear: Kahl, Morris, Payne, Kline and Beck. **Front:** Vogiantzis, Hornbake, Ginden, Armstrong, Stevens and Wagner.

Figure 05-101a. Payne

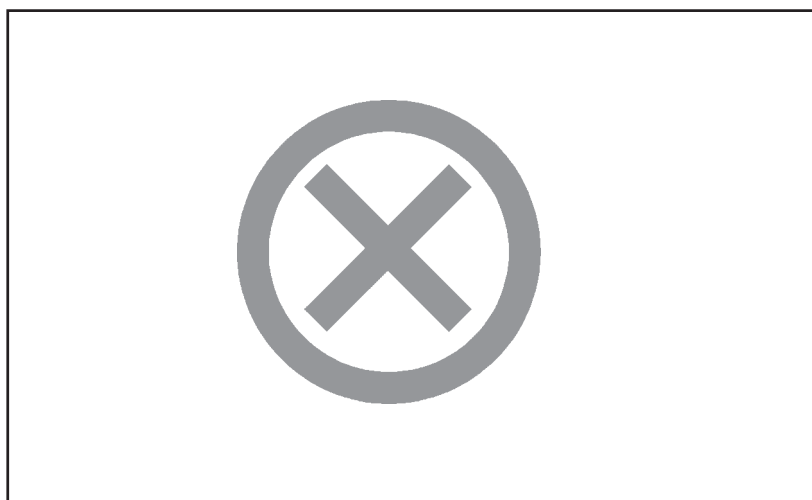


Figure 05-101b. Peterson Picture not available

PETERSON 1st Sqdn

“Lucky ‘Leven”

AC	Peterson, Harold L.	Capt
P	Bonnickson, Leroy	2Lt
N	Robinson, Esserie L.	2Lt
B	Dumm, Walter	2Lt
FE	Merding, Bert A.	TSgt
RN	Bauschwitz, William H.	2Lt
RO	Rawls, Robert J.	TSgt
CFC	Rock, Clifton B.	SSgt
RG	Hussey, George	Sgt
LG	Gulling, Francis T.	Sgt
TG	Delaney, John F.	Sgt
CC	Duffield, Clarence	M/Sgt

PLATZ 1st Sqdn

AC	Platz, Gerhard H.	Capt
P	Wood, Ero P.	2Lt
N	Lackie, Frank W.	2Lt
B	Bott, George F.	2Lt
FE	Buzan, Ellis G.	SSgt
RN	Costello, James P.	Sgt
RO	Carsen, Paul	Sgt
CFC	Adams, Edward M.	Sgt
RG	Trecker, Joseph I.	Sgt
LG	Taylor, Harland D.	Sgt
TG	Snavelly, Lyle G.	Sgt



Rear: Buzan, Wood, Platz, Bott, Lackie
Front: Carsen, Costello, Adams, Taylor, Trecker and Snavelly.

Figure 05-101c. Platz



PREHODA		1st Sqdn
AC	Prehoda, John	1Lt
P	Henderson, David H.	1Lt
N	Kraft, John'	2Lt
B	Warchus, Warren	2Lt
RN	Everett, Curtis	1Lt
FE	Snively, Mark W.	MSgt
RO	McGlothlin, William W.	SSgt
CFC	Morgan, James	TSgt
RG	Sindall, John	Sgt
LG	Lombardo, Norman	Sgt
TG	Reinert, George	Sgt

Rear: Prehoda, Henderson, Warchus, Kraft, and Everett. **Front:** Morgan, McGlothlin, Reinert, Sindall, Lombardo and Snively.



Figure 05-102a. Prehoda



Figure 05-102b. Reid

REID		1st Sqdn
AC	Reid, William	
P	Buckner, John	
N	Robinson, Otho	
B	Kush, John	
FE	Koleduk, John	
RN	Eames, William	
RO	Burton, McKay	
CFC	Souther, Hilton	
RG	Grady, William	
LG	Moore, Robert	
TG	Nixon, George	

Rear: Koleduk, McKay, Souther, Grady, Moore, and Nixon. **Front:** Kush, Buckner, Reid, Robinson, and Eames.

REINERT		99th Sqdn
AC	Reinert, Robert B.	1Lt
P	Thompson, Robert A.	1Lt
N	Gromatsky, Wilburne	1Lt
B	Swanson, Edward A.	2Lt
FE	Heller, Grant B.	TSgt
RN	Marine, Godfrey L., Jr	2Lt
RO	McRae, David D.	SSgt
CFC	Parish, George H., Jr.	SSgt
RG	Frena, George S.	Sgt
LG	Coulter, John R.	Sgt
TG	King, Joseph, R.	SSgt

Members of this crew were from both the McNeil and Bobo crews.

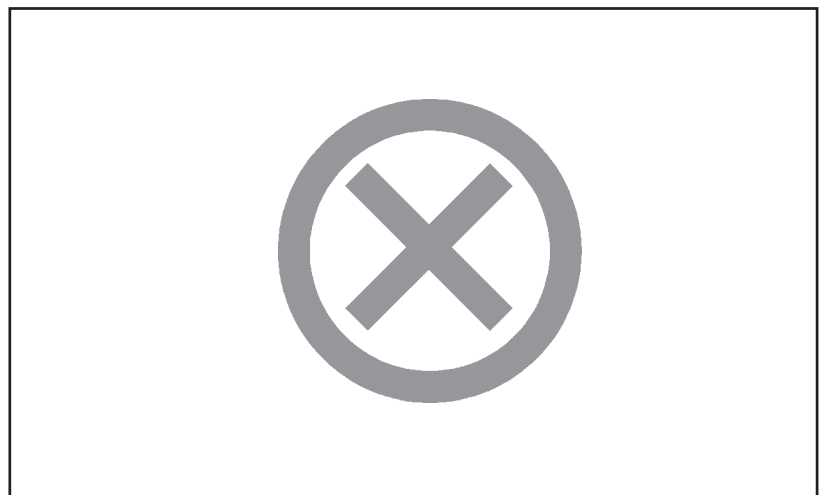


Figure 05-102c. Reinert No Picture Available



REYNOLDS 5th Sqdn

“Goin’ Jessie”

AC	Reynolds, William A.	Capt.
P	Frentz, Joseph W.	1Lt
N	Cagan, Jack	1Lt
B	Frantz, Leonard	1Lt
FE	Schwartz, Anton V.	FO
RN	Malloy, Robert W.	1Lt
RO	Kemp, Wilbert V.	SSgt
CFC	McHugh, Don D.	SSgt
RG	Crouch, Robert M.	SSgt
LG	Habeshian, Harry	SSgt
TG	Pieri, Luigi	SSgt
CC	Klabo, Einar S.	MSgt

**Figure 05-103a.** Reynolds

Rear: Mallory, Frentz, Reynolds, Cagan and Frantz.
Front: Schwartz, Kemp, McHugh, Habeshian, Crouch and Pieri.

**Figure 05-103b.** Rittenour

RITTENOUR 1st Sqdn

AC	Rittenour, Charles	Maj
P	Reid, George D.	2Lt
N	Hicks, Frank L.	Lt
B	Fluck, Arthur E.	2Lt
RN	Smith, Albert E.	Capt
FE	Campbell, Gene	M/Sgt
RO	Draths, Marty	Sgt
CFC	Hendricks	Sgt
RG	Hawkins	Sgt
LG	Jackson	Sgt
TG	Hardiman, Clarence	Sgt

Rear: Reid, Smith, Hicks, Fluck, Rittenour.
Front: Hardiman, Hendricks, Hawkins, Draths, Jackson and Campbell.

ROGAN 1st Sqdn

“Man O’ War” / “The Spearhead”

AC	Rogan, Dave L.	Capt
P	Myers, Warren F., Jr	2Lt
N	Maxwell, Frank P.	2Lt
B	Spaulding, Francis B.	2Lt
FE	Hanchett, Hallis K.	2Lt
RO	Aston, Edward C.	T/Sgt
RN	Angsten, William R.	Sgt
CFC	Munneke, Joseph M.	T/Sgt
RG	Dyer, Burton	Sgt
LG	Dyer, Langdon T.	Sgt
TG	Watts, Robert K.	Sgt
CC	Hudson, James C.	MSgt

**Figure 05-103c.** Rogan

Rear: Hanchett, Spaulding, Rogan, Myers and Maxwell.
Front: Dyer, Angsten, Dyer, Aston, Watts and Munneke.



SCHAEFFER 5th Sqdn

AC	Scheaffer, Frederick B.	Capt
P	Carpi, Leonard W.	1Lt
N	Hawes, William G.	1Lt
B	Frick, Varge L.	1Lt
FE	Bates, Robert E.	2Lt
RN	Mika, John L.	Sgt
RO	Nerhood, Harold E.	SSgt
CFC	Simard, Omer G.	SSgt
RG	Watson, Rayford D.	Sgt
LG	Lafflin, Floyd J.	Sgt
TG	Williamson, John R.	Sgt



Figure 05-104a. Scheaffer

Rear: Hawes, Carpi, Scheaffer, Frick and Bates.
Front: Watson, Nerhood, Mika, Simard, Lafflin and Williamson.



Figure 05-104b. Shenefiel

SCHENEFIEL 1st Sqdn

"Big Time Operator"

AC	Shenefiel, Eugene F.	Capt
P	Pulsfort, Charles L.	1Lt
N	Bloomfield, William M.	2Lt
B	Bettinger, Maurice E., Jr	2Lt
FE	Chamberlain, William H.	2Lt
RN	Cobble, Arthur L.	Sgt
RO	Gleason, Thomas F.	Sgt
CFC	Rohlfing, John C.	TSgt
RG	Lynch, Melvin T.	Sgt
LG	Smith, Charles L.	Sgt
TG	Symons, Thomas J.	Sgt
CC	Fomby, Howard J.	TSgt

Rear: Chamberlain, Bettinger, Shenefiel, Pulsfort, and Bloomfield. **Front:** Symons, Cobble, Smith, Gleason, Lync and Rohlfing. Robert Orman later replaced Lynch as RG.

SHIRLEY 1st Sqdn

"Live Wire"

AC	Shirley, Ernest M., Jr.	1Lt
P	Bishop, Floyd A.	2Lt
N	Leonar, Robert A.	2Lt
B	Appleblood, Seymour A.	2Lt
FE	Dipaola, John J.	TSgt
RN	Desilets, Lucien	TSgt
RO	Bruggen, Lawrence J.	Sgt
CFC	Davidow, Marvin B.	Sgt
RG	Selby, Lawrence E.	Sgt
LG	Rose, Meredith C.	Sgt
TG	Sojka, Michael, Jr.	Sgt
CC	Mullins, John A.	MSgt



Figure 05-104c. Shirley



SMITH		1st Sqdn
“T.N. Teeny”		
AC	Smith, Leon A.	Capt
P	Brown, Eugene	1Lt
N	Dougherty, Richard G.	1Lt
B	Blanchett, Rolland H.	2Lt
FE	Drake, James F.	2Lt
RN	Parobek, Daniel M.	Sgt
RO	Nadelle, Arthur O.	SSgt
CFC	Meeks, Donald L.	SSgt
RG	Bantz, William O.	Sgt
LG	Boyce, James A.	Sgt
TG	Welch, Ario E.	Sgt
CC	Johnson, C.C.	MSgt

**Figure 05-105a.** Smith**Figure 05-105b.** Soderbeck

SODERBECK		5th Sqdn
AC	Soderbeck, Earl G.	1Lt
P	Setterlund, Roy W.	1Lt
N	Rolston, John A.	1Lt
B	Whitehurst, Leon, Jr.	1Lt
RN	Smith, Russell C.	1Lt
FE	Gardner, Clyde I.	TSgt
RO	Crosthwaite, Harold D.	SSgt
CFC	Francis, Edward J.	TSgt
RG	McClure, Harold F.	Sgt
LG	Kincaid, John L. Jr	Sgt
TG	May, Edward R.	Sgt

Rear: Crosthwaite, Francis, McClure, Gardner, Kincaid and May. **Front:** Setterlund, Rolston, Soderbeck, Whitehurst and Smith.

SPAARGAREN		99th Sqdn
“The Uninvited”		
AC	Spaargaren, John	1Lt
P	Reinert, Robert A.	2Lt
N	Arnold, Cyril P., Jr	2Lt
B	Filson, Robert L.	2Lt
FE	Schehr, Frank L.	TSgt
RN	Young, Aloysius J.	Sgt
RO	Waddell, Frank F., Jr.	Sgt
CFC	Schadewald, Richard A.	Sgt
RG	Calhoun, Billie G.	Sgt
LG	Reynolds, Walter D.	Sgt
TG	Spawn, Albert F.	Sgt
CC	Wilde, Carroll L.	MSgt

**Figure 05-105c.** Spaargaren



SPANGLER		5th Sqdn
AC	Spangler, Kenneth	Capt
P	Konrad, Wesley	2Lt
N	Karlo, Frank	FO
B	Gibbs, Ronald	1Lt
RN	Walter, Clyde	FO
FE	Duncan, Donald	1Lt
RO	Ritter, Robert	Sgt
CFC	Naylor, William	Sgt
RG	Dunning, Chesley	Sgt
LG	Ponder, Clair	Sgt
TG	Mickle, George	Sgt

Rear: Duncan, Konrad, Spangler, Gibbs, Karlov, and Walter. **Front:** Mickle, Ponder, Ritter, Dunning and Naylor.



Figure 05-106a. Spangler



Figure 05-106b. St. Denis

ST. DENIS 1st Sqdn

AC	St. Denis, Walter R.	1Lt
P	Lea, William T.	2Lt
N	Matthews, Jamie F., Jr	2Lt
B	Flexner, Narvel C.	2Lt
FE	Benefield, Ernest C.	TSgt
RN	Durante, Luige M.	Sgt
RO	Lovell, Park L.	Sgt
CFC	Decker, Kenneth R.	SSgt
RG	Gustafson, Edward P.	Sgt
LG	Craddock, Robert E.	Sgt
TG	Peters, Sidney R.	Sgt

Rear: Benefield, Flexner, St. Denis, Lea, Matthews.
Front: Gustafson, Durante, Craddock, Lovell, Peters and Decker.

STEVENS		?
AC	Stevens, Virgil H	Capt
P	Myers, Earl E.	2Lt
N	Fullilove	Lt
B	Schweikert, Albert C.	Capt
FE	Bruno, Robert A.	Lt
RN	Pattison, Karl	Lt
RO	Price, Melvin H.	SSgt
CFC	Feldmayer, John J.	Sgt
RG	Krall, Thomas Q.	Sgt
LG	Franz, Harry B., Jr.	SSgt
TG	Wynne, Francis H.	Sgt

Rear: Schweikert, Myers, Stevens, Fullilove, Pattison and Bruno. **Front:** Price, Feldmayer, Krall, Franz and Wynne.



Figure 05-106c. Stevens



SULLIVAN		5th Sqdn
AC	Sullivan, Edward	1Lt
P	Hostey, John T.	FO
N	Nelson, Harold J., Jr.	2Lt
B	Reinhart, James A., J	2Lt
FE	Glick, Harvey M.	Lt
RO	Hulse, Frederick E.	TSgt
RN	Seitz, Robert W.	Sgt
CFC	Hartel, Delroy L.	Sgt
RG	Schwarz, Jean J.	Sgt
LG	Greenspan, Marvin J.	Sgt
TG	Gazibara, Nick, Jr	Sgt

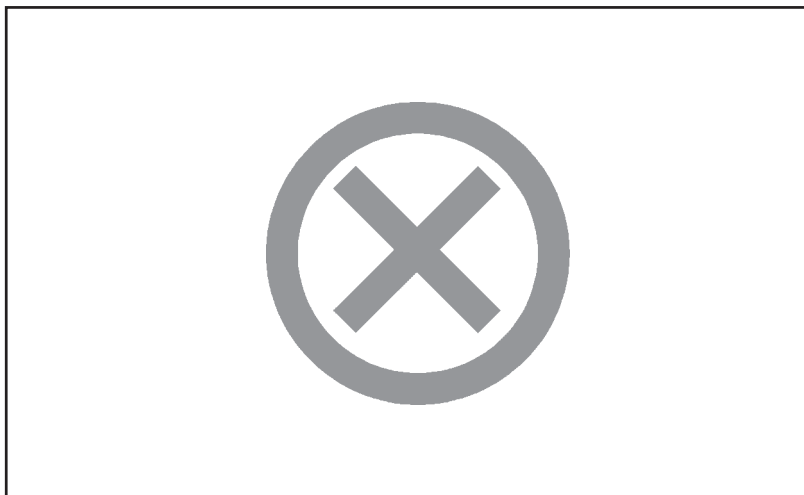


Figure 05-107a. Sullivan No Picture Available

Sullivan crew was shot down on 4/16/45 Kawasaki mission. Nick Gazibara survived as POW. A/C was "Umbriago," Ser.42-63545



Figure 05-107b. Thimlar

THIMLAR		99th Sqdn
"Indiana"		
AC	Thimlar, Howard R.	Capt
P	Jones, Harold H.	2Lt
N	Coleman, Samuel D.	2Lt
B	Ellis, James M.	2Lt
FE	Peck, George F., Jr	TSgt
RN	Holtshulte, Raymond J.	Sgt
RO	Hoare, Hubert E.	Sgt
CFC	Jorges, Glen J.	Sgt
RG	Savage, John W.Jr.	SSgt
LG	Hudson, Richard J.	Sgt
TG	Tracy, William H.	Sgt

TULLOCH		5th Sqdn
"Patches"		
AC	Tulloch, Walter	
P	Mullins,	
N	Naumowitz, Chester	
B	Martens, Helmer J.	
FE	Kelly, Daniel	
RN		
RO	Allen	TSgt
CFC	Simanian, Nazareth	
RG	Thomas	
LG	Starr, Charles W.	
TG	Symanowicz, Edward J.	



Figure 05-107c. Tulloch



TUTTON		5th Sqdn
	"Early Bird"	
AC	Tutton, Raymond N.	1Lt
P	Gerdau, Richard V.	2Lt
N	Sherrow, Bert A., Jr	1Lt
B	Schmaltz, Joseph W.	2Lt
FE	Chambers, Johnnie H.	MSgt
RN	Morgan, John B.	Sgt
RO	Walker, James V.	SSgt
CFC	Smith, Robert D.	SSgt
RG	Mitchell, Richard O.	Sgt
LG	Valeno, Nicholas B.	Sgt
TG	Whalen, Glenn D.	Sgt
CC	Young, E.W.	MSgt



Figure 05-108a. Tutton

Rear: Sherrow, Gerdau, Tutton, Schmaltz and Chambers.
Front: Mitchell, Walker, Smith, Morgan, Valeno and Whalen.



Figure 05-108b. Vander Schans

VANDER SCHANS 99th Sqdn

"Limber Richard"

AC	Vander Schans, Wm. J	Capt
P	Rule, Charles C.	1Lt
N	Besterfield, Allen H.	1Lt
B	Spirounias, George	FO
RN	Beichek, Alexander N.	2Lt
FE	Kasper, Benjamin L.	MSgt
RO	Griffin, John A., Jr	SSgt
CFC	Drawbond, Carl O.	TSgt
RG	Macy, Herbert C.	Sgt
LG	Haas, Calvin R.	Sgt
TG	Lemal, David J.	SSgt

Rear: Beichek, Rule, Vander Schans, Besterfield, and Spirounias. **Front:** Kasper, Griffin, Macy, Haas, Drawbond and Lemal.

VOGT		99th Sqdn
AC	Vogt, Guy A.	1Lt
P	Smith, Julian	2Lt
N	Neff, Alan M.	FO
B	Lessin, William N.	FO
RN	Smyth, Delbert S.	FO
FE	Heimann, Wayne K.	2Lt
RO	Medley, William R.	Sgt
CFC	Kelley, Halleck D.	Sgt
RG	Griffith, William L.	Sgt
LG	Older, Richard R.	Sgt
TG	Ruyle, Covy B.	Sgt

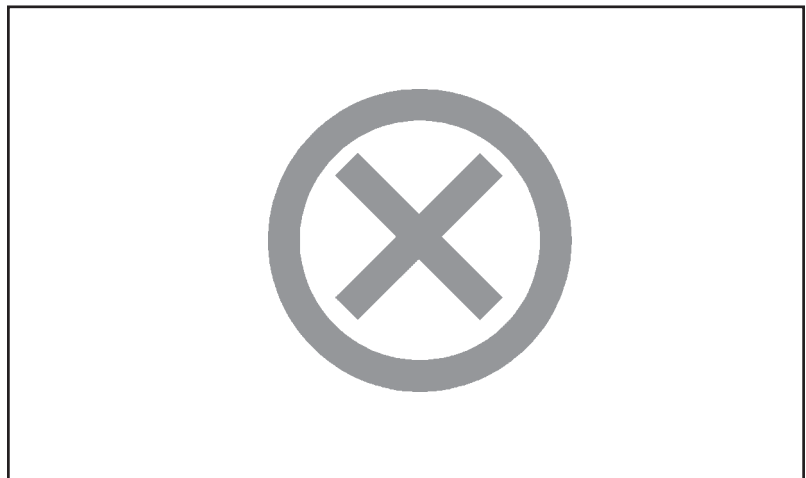


Figure 05-108c. Vogt No Picture Available



WADDELL		99th Sqdn
AC	Waddell, Charles R.	1Lt
P	Dunckelman, Lonnie V.	2Lt
N	Jero, John P.	FO
B	Hutchens, Wallace J.	FO
RN	Mory, Robert M.	1Lt
FE	Whitlock, A. J.	TSgt
RO	Gonzales, Claudio S.	SSgt
CFC	Pettit, Alvin E.	SSgt
RG	King, John R.	Sgt
LG	Dalkiewicz, Edward B.	SSgt
TG	Aldridge, Edward A.	Sgt

Rear: Mory, Hutchens, Waddell, Dunckelman and Jero. **Front:** Gonzales, Aldridge, King, Dalkiewicz, Pettit and Whitlock.



Figure 05-109a. Waddell



Figure 05-109b. Webb

WEBB		99th Sqdn
AC	Webb, Joseph B.	1Lt
P	Skodack, Rudolph P.	FO
N	Wachenheim, Arnold L.	2Lt
B	Weiskopf, LeRoy A.	FO
RN	Barr, Robert W.	2Lt
FE	Newkirk, Samuel J.	TSgt
RO	Bronson, Boyd C.	SSgt
CFC	Murphy, John H.	SSgt
RG	Dvorak, John D.	Sgt
LG	Arkules, Sam C.	Sgt
TG	Falick, Lawrence	Sgt

Rear: Wachenheim, Arkules, Webb, Bronson, Weiskopf and Falick. **Front:** Murphy, Skodack, Dvorak, Newkirk and Barr.

WELKEN		1st Sqdn
“Marianna Belle”		
AC	Welken, Lloyd O.	1Lt
P	Thoburn, Norman L.	2Lt
N	Hobler, Herbert W.	2Lt
B	Flaherty, William R.	2Lt
FE	Gregg, Joseph W.	TSgt
RN	Snowden, Carlos G.	Sgt
RO	Phillips, Maurice	Sgt
CFC	Proctor, Lester A.	Sgt
RG	Stewart, Harry R.	Sgt
LG	Townsend, Donald H.	Sgt
TG	Steger, King D., Jr	Sgt
CC	Wood, George W.	MSgt

Rear: Hobler, Thoburn, Welken, Flaherty and Gregg
Front: Stewart, Phillips, Proctor, Snowden, Townsend and Steger.



Figure 05-109c. Welken



WHITE		99th Sqdn
AC	White, Marvin L.	Capt*
P	Frank, William J.	2Lt *
N	Maycumber, Edward J., Jr	2Lt *
B	Crawford, Howard E.	2Lt *
FE	Lobdell, Kenneth C.	2Lt *
RN	Landgraf, James L.	SSgt
RO	Garrison, Earl W.	Sgt *
CFC	Sher, Sol (repl. by Winters)	Sgt
RG	Sklenka, Albert F.	Sgt
LG	Wadsworth, Forrest H.	Sgt *
TG	Trullo, Joseph C., Jr.	Sgt *
CC	Naquin, Walter K	TSgt



Figure 05-110a. White

Rear: Maycumber, Frank, White, Crawford and Lobdell. **Front:** Sklenka, Garrison, Sher, Landgraf, Adams and Trullo. Crew crashed on landing 3/30/45 killing those indicated (*) plus Howard Winters and Frank Bachelder.

WIENERT		5th Sqdn
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"Destiny's Tot"

AC	Wienert, William L.	Capt
P	Gadeke, Lewis O., Jr	2Lt
N	Petrulas, Thomas G.	2Lt
B	Flocker, Dale P.	2Lt
FE	Ritchie, Lloyd R.	SSgt
RN	Nowakowski, John J.	Sgt
RO	Von Seggern, Vernon F.	Sgt
CFC	Mithen, Ward F.	SSgt
RG	Krida, Robert P.	Sgt
LG	Tuma, Otto	Sgt
TG	Ellington, Clayton L.	Sgt
CC	Irby, Albert Z.	MSgt



Figure 05-110b. Wienert

Rear: Ritchie, Gadeke, Wienert, Gertenback and Petrulas. **Front:** Von Seggern, Nowakowski, Mithen, Krida, Tuma and Ellington.

ZOERCHER		1st Sqdn
AC	Zoercher, Ralph P.	Capt
P	Curtin, Charles M.	2Lt
N	Tinello, Vincent J.	2Lt
B	Hill, Robert J.	2Lt
RN	Johnson, Millard J.	2Lt
FE	Barry, Donald S.	TSgt
RO	Smith, Robert C.	Sgt
CFC	Chadesh, Mathew C., Jr	Sgt
RG	Dever, James W.	Sgt
LG	Dearden, Frederick S.	Sgt
TG	Eller, Franklin R.	Sgt



Figure 05-110c. Zoercher



NINE TIMES, JULY 19, 1945.

HATS OFF — Today the Nine Times salutes Capt Warren Jarvis of the 99th and his crew who were the first to complete their 35th mission. The crew ran into “excitement” three times during their tour of duty, but landed on Iwo Jima each of those times on the return run.

In addition to Capt Jarvis, other members of the crew included Lt Billie Schmidt, Lt Herbert Boerner, Lt Burdette Gelnett, M/Sgt John Snell, S/Sgt Edgar Freeze, T/Sgt Ed Collins, Sgt Harry Clarke, S/Sgt Jim Sutcliffe, S/Sgt Ray Martin, and Sgt Ernie Taylor.

It is understood that Capt Jarvis and his crew will soon be headed stateside, so to this fighting team, we say - - congratulations and hats OFF!

FIRST AND LAST

Archie L. Nash, AC, 5th Sqdn

According to our navigator, George E. Bennett, we were the only crew to fly both the first and last combat missions. Our tour on Tinian was interrupted when the crew was sent back to the U.S. for lead crew school training from May 9th to July 11th.

We flew the Truk mission of February 9th and the Kumagaya mission of August 14–15th.

CREW IS A CLOSE KNIT FAMILY

Ernie Pyle - In the Marianas

Maj. Gerald Robinson (73rd Wing), the airplane commander of “my” crew, has been leading his boys through almost two years of training before they came overseas.

“That means a lot to have been together so long, doesn’t it?” I asked. “It means everything,” one of the sergeants said, “We’re a team.” So far the crew has been lucky. They’re intact except for the bombardier, who had his leg almost blown off, and is now in Hawaii in a hospital.

To show how they feel about their being a team, the enlisted men asked especially if I would put the bombardier down as still part of the crew, even though he isn’t here anymore. They’d been together so long, and they like him so much. He is Lt. Paul O’Brien of Dayton, OH.

My crew has a superstition, or rather just a tradition. They all wear the same kind of cap when they start a mission. It’s a dark baseball cap with the figure “80” on the crown in yellow numbers. They got the caps a couple of years ago in Minneapolis when they were there on a weekend trip for winning some kind of merit prize. The “80” was their unit number then and although it has long ceased to exist, they insist on keeping it. Once in a while Maj. Robinson used to forget his cap, and the enlisted men would send somebody back after it before the mission started. But they’ve lost two of the caps now. One was Lt. O’Brien’s, and he took it with him when he was evacuated. The other, Maj. Robinson’s. His cap got so bloody from Lt. O’Brien’s wound that he had to throw it away.

My crew lost their first plane on the field when a Jap bomb got it. It was named “Battlin’ Betty” after Maj. Robinson’s wife, so he is changing the name of his newly inherited ship from “Small Fry” to “Battlin’ Betty II.” Maj. Robinson carries a movie camera with him on every mission. He has already taken about 1,500 feet of color movies but can’t have

them developed until he gets back to America. He’s got them sealed up in moisture-proof cloth for safe keeping against the tropical climate.

The other night when he came into the hut about a 14-hour mission over Tokyo, he held up his movie camera for me to see and said, “Now I’m satisfied to quit. I got the picture today that should end it. There was a Jap fighter diving at the squadron ahead of us. He apparently didn’t see us at all, for he pulled up and turned his belly to us and just hung there, wide open. Every gun in our squadron let him have it. He blew all to pieces, and I got the whole thing. So now I’m ready to lay it aside.”

One vital member of a bomber’s family is the ground crew chief, even though he doesn’t fly. But he’s the guy who sees that the airplane does fly. A good crew chief is worth his weight in gold. Maj. Robinson says he has the finest crew chief in the Marianas. I believe it after seeing him. He is Sgt. Jack Orr of Dallas, TX. He’s a married man, tall, good looking, and modest. He is so conscientious it hurts, and he takes a mission harder than the crew members do themselves.

Maj. Robinson said that on one trip they had some trouble and were the last ones in, long after the others had landed. It did look kind of bad for a while. Sgt. Orr was waiting for them at the “hardstand.” Maj. Robinson said that when they got out of the plane he was all over them, jumping up and down like a puppy dog, shouting and hugging them and they could hardly get him stopped, he was so happy. Maj. Robinson says he was sort of embarrassed, but I’ve heard him tell it two or three times, so I know how touched he was.

There is a fraternalism in war that is hard for people at home to comprehend.



FIRST B-29 LANDING ON IWO JIMA

Iwo was invaded by the Marines on February 19, 1945, and in the bloody battle that followed over four and a half thousand Americans died.

The ugly little island paid its first dividend two weeks later when the Lt. Raymond Malo crew was spared from ditching due to the availability of a runway not entirely in American control. Malo's crew was flying the Butler crew's aircraft *Dinah Might* which had a malfunctioning fuel pump. The Malo crew was flown to Guam and the resulting news conference was widely reported in the states.



Chapter 6

Mission Procedures

BOMBER COMMAND ROLE

The orders for each mission were initiated by XXI Bomber Command Headquarters in Guam. These orders were sent to the wing headquarters, in our case the 313th Wing. These orders were specific as to target; units participating; number of aircraft to be provided, or “maximum effort,” which meant all aircraft in commission; altitude and time over the target; ordnance and armaments to be loaded; time of takeoff; weather forecasts; intelligence as to anti-aircraft and fighter opposition; location of air-sea rescue submarines and “Dumbo” aircraft (those on station off Japan with large life rafts); and any special instructions.

313TH WING ROLE

The wing headquarters passed on pertinent parts of the bomber command order to each group, specified which groups of the wing were to participate, how many aircraft each group was to provide, and any other needed information and instructions.

GROUP AND SQUADRON ROLES

The group passed on to the squadrons all the pertinent information received from the wing and specified the number of aircraft to be provided by each squadron, the order of takeoff, the lead over the target, the time of the group briefing, and any other information and instructions needed in writing. The squadrons, in turn, passed on to the engineering, armament, and ordnance sections the information and instructions needed to prepare the aircraft.

At the group briefing, the group commander, the group operations officer, or another senior group or squadron officer usually led off, followed by the intelligence, operations, and other pertinent aspects of the mission.

At the briefing “flimsies” were passed out to various crew members containing specific information for their specialties. See following illustrations for sample “flimsies.”

After the briefing there was time for the air crews to have a meal or snack, depending on the time of day or night. At the time set by the squadrons, trucks picked up the air crews to take them to the line in time to do their pre-flight checks and get set for the scheduled takeoff time.

AIR CREW EQUIPMENT

All the air crew members were equipped with parachutes, life jackets and individual life rafts in case of bail out over water or ditching; flak jackets, helmets, pistols, cold weather clothing, and “survival kit” vests. Box lunches were provided for each air crew member.



TAKEOFF

If all four groups in the wing were scheduled for the mission, we often took off simultaneously using three or four runways, sometimes reserving the north runway for emergency-return landings. If only our group was scheduled, we sometimes used more than one runway. For the return from missions, the north runway was regularly reserved for damaged aircraft and those with wounded aboard; color flares were used by the incoming aircraft to signal these emergency situations.

The 8500 feet of the runways were always adequate if the aircraft engines had no problems during the takeoff roll. If there was any loss of power the pilots had a hairy time getting airborne and, if necessary, jettisoning their bomb loads at a safe altitude and distance and returning to the field.

During the winter and spring the prevailing trade winds made the takeoffs easier and surer than sometimes in the summer when the winds were light when we used the whole length of the runway to get airborne and, thereafter, if we were really heavily loaded, when we cleared the edge of the 85 foot bluff beyond, we eased the nose down some to gain a little more margin of airspeed for a few minutes before we started to climb.

EN ROUTE TO AND FROM JAPAN

We always proceeded to a point near the coast of Japan by individual aircraft with, at night, our navigation lights on to avoid collisions.

For at least 1000 miles, and often farther, weather permitting, we stayed at relatively low altitude to avoid the high use of fuel had we climbed to target altitude early on, before we lowered the weight of the aircraft through the use of fuel at lower altitude for the first 6 hours or so of the flight toward Japan.

After Iwo Jima was seized and became operational in March, it could be used as a navigation checkpoint as well as an emergency field in case of mechanical trouble en route to or from Japan.

As described in Chapter 3, on daylight missions in April, the P-51s based on Iwo started being escorted to Japan by designated escort B-29s to rendezvous with the main strike force off the Japanese coast to accompany our formations and engage the Japanese fighters in combat.

As also described in Chapter 3, daylight missions at first were flown at target altitudes of 25,000 to 30,000 feet but later lowered to 14,000 to 25,000 feet.

On daylight missions a rendezvous point was designated off the Japanese coast where our formations were assembled at bombing altitude and then proceeded on to the target. On return, after leaving the coast of Japan, when we reached an area beyond the range of the Japanese fighters, we broke up our formations and proceeded individually back to Tinian or to an emergency landing at Iwo Jima.



Pilot's Flimsey

30 April 1945

Ship N°	Victor Call	Airplane Commander	Taxi Pos.	T/O Order	Form Pos.	Start Eng.	Taxi	Take Off	Cam Era	Staff
1st Air Squadron										
874	21	Scheaffer	5	1B	1	0305	0310	0321	V/S	Col Huglin
284	34	Winert	4	2B	2	0305	0310	0322	V/S	
041	28	Klemme	1	3B	3	0305	0310	0325	S	
859	32	McClintock	3	4B	4	0305	0310	0323		
556	25	Tutton	6	5B	5	0306	0311	0326	V	
856	30	Fleming	7	6B	6	0306	0311	0327	V	
849	27	Ashland	2	7B	7	0305	0310	0324	S	
561	29	Cox, C.W.	8	8B	8	0306	0311	0328	V/S	
544	26	Barneyback	9	9B	9	0306	0311	0329	V/S	
811	7	Platz	10	10B	10	0305	0310	0330		
2nd Air Squadron										
934	49	Johnson	1	1C	1	0308	0315	0321.5	V/S	Maj Wright
733	24	Hobaugh	2	2C	2	0306	0314	0322.5	V/S	
820	46	Pattison	5	3C	3	0312	0319	0325.5	S	
892	45	Lewis	3	4C	4	0308	0315	0323.5		
025	51	Emmons	6	5C	5	0312	0319	0326.5	V	
835	47	Clark	7	6C	6	0312	0319	0327.5	V	
925	53	Bearden	4	7C	7	0308	0315	0324.5	S	
876	52	Jacobson	8	8C	8	0312	0319	0328.5	V/S	
010	44	Loy	9	9C	9	0312	0319	0329.5	V/S	

Camera Legend: V vertical camera
S scope camera

Air to Air Homing on Communications Flimsey

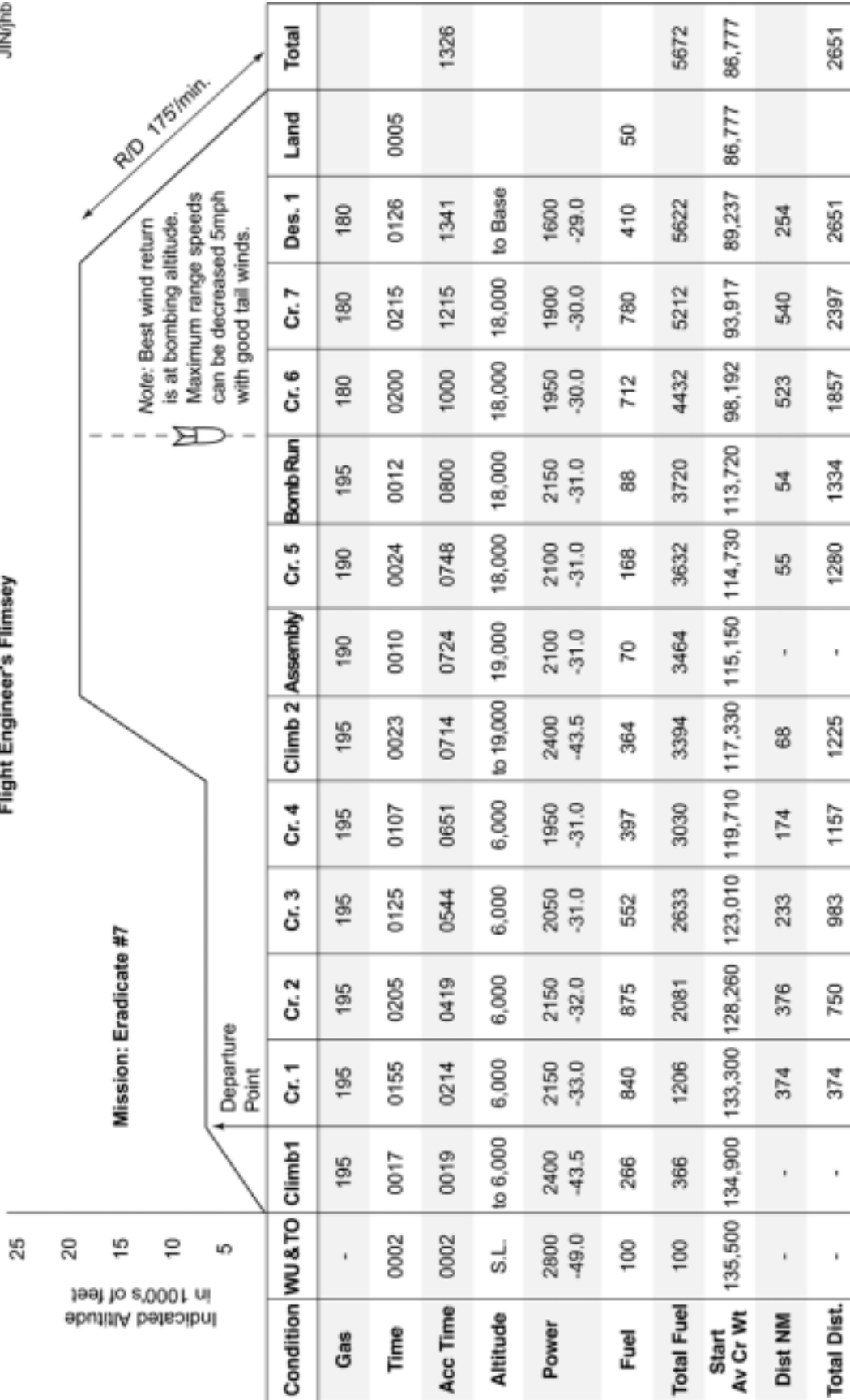
Time Schedule		Airplane Markings					
2300	Mess	Scheaffer	21V	⊗	Lead	Crew	Stripe
0000	Gen Briefing	Wienert	34V	⊗	"	"	"
0230	Trucks	McClintock	32V	○	"	"	"
0200	Planes	Johnson	49V	⊗	"	"	"
		Hobaugh	24V	⊗	"	"	"
Route Altitude	7000' or 500' on top	Departure Times	1st Sq.	2nd Sq.			
Group Assembly Pt.	east side Nishino Shima	Nishino Shima	0819	0820			
1st Squadron	right circle 6000'	Bayonnaise Rocks	1007	1008			
2nd Squadron	left circle 8000'	Landfall	1103	1104			
Wing Assembly Pt.	Bayonnaise rocks	Bombing Altitudes	21,000'	21,5000'			
Both Squadrons make one 13 minute circle to the left		Airspeed on Bomb Run	195 CAS				
		Airspeed for assembly	190 CAS				

Figure 06-114a. Pilot's Flimsey



9th Bombardment Group
Flight Engineer's Filmsey

7 April 1945
JIN/jhb



Nagoya led Squadron
#4 shot out (wind-milled at 6000-7000);
also #1 cutting out, landed at Iwo Jima.

Loading Data: Full wing tanks, C.W. rear BB tank, 7425 total
Ammo load check individual aircraft
153500# G.P.'s rated at 550# per bomb, total 8,250#.

Figure 06-114b. Flight Engineer's Filmsey



On night incendiary and mining missions the aircraft proceeded individually to the target and on the return to Tinian, or to an emergency landing at Iwo. The altitude over the target on these missions varied from 5,000 to 15,000 feet.

The missions took 13 to 15 hours in the air. Many of the air crew got in some sleep returning from the target, even though there were no bunks available.

POST-MISSION WRAP UP

After landing, the air crews were taken to a debriefing at group or squadron headquarters. At these debriefings, and often the following day after attacks in formation, a general review of the mission was held with the lead crew's and other airplane commanders and operations staffs to discuss the mission and the lessons to be learned. All the pertinent aspects of the mission were recorded by the operations and intelligence debriefers to pass on to the wing and bomber command and to be used by the group and squadrons to improve our performance on subsequent missions.

*FORMATION DIAGRAM—PILOTS FLIMSY
MISSION OF APRIL 30, 1945—TACHIKAWA AIR ARSENAL*



Figure 06-115. Formation Diagram



AN ILLUSTRATIVE MISSION SORTIE

“FROM DAWN INTO DARKNESS”

A PACIFIC ISLANDS AERIAL SAGA

Don Cotner, FE, 99th Squadron

5 June, 1945, 04:47: Dawn comes gently to the Southern Islands of the Marianas Chain. On Guam, Saipan and Tinian, earth and all earthly objects are dimly illumined by the cool lavender-gray radiance softly suffusing the air. At the island encampments of the 20 Bomb Groups of the 5 Bomb Wings comprising the 20th Air Force, no reveille sounds; yet, officers and men are summoned from sleep, some by the clocks of the diligent, some by the call of conscience, to the duties of the day.

On Tinian, in the 9th Bomb Group Encampment, men yawn and stretch. They relax, pause and rest a bit. They gather their wits. Goats, of a flock liberated from Japanese rule, goats gone half-feral and yet still half-tame, frolic, and gambol through the streets and walkways of their adopted Bomb Group. The clatter of capering cloven hooves animates the men in the sacks. They sit on the edge of their cots, shoes in hand. They smash heels together, 3 times, hard! Ants and other night-dwelling shoe-creatures fall stupefied to the floor. They dash about in dazed frantic misdirection. In shoes and undershorts and with razor, soap and towel in hand, men head for latrines and washroom facilities.

Refreshed, shaved and dressed, officers and men hustle toward their respective mess halls. The warmer colors of progressing dawn are reflected from the western clouds. The air feels warm and moist, hinting at the heat and humidity of the tropical day to come.

Chow line appetites are whetted by the yeasty aroma of fresh-baked bread and the strong smell of percolating coffee. Cook Sergeants Bill, Charles and John Snyder work side-by-side on the serving-line. Dead-ringer triplets (drafted the same day), they retain their good-natured smiles, no matter how frequent the comments of hungry would-be comedians. Today, the hard-working early-rising cooks are also featuring scrambled eggs and bacon (egg powder reconstituted with Tinian well water, and smoked mutton strips from Down-Under), orange marmalade, and tropical butter (it neither melts nor spreads but, cleaved with a sharp heavy knife, slabs are spackled with marmalade to a chunk of bread--delicious!). Other drinks are tomato juice from 5 gallon cans and milk also reconstituted from powder. Some men gripe (mainly to exercise a universal and immortal soldierly privilege); but, they know they eat well, considering the difficulties of climate and logistics.

Lt. Ed Delahanty, Flight Engineer on Capt. Wendell Hutchison's crew, and Sgt. Don Connor, Gunner on Capt. Ted Littlewood's crew, are among those airmen who opt to postpone breakfast in favor of a spiritual preflight tune up. They gather in the chapel created by Father Toomey, Chaplain of the 505th Bomb Group. In a secluded area, he has erected a portable, 3-walled screen, open to the sky. His jeep is backed into the open end. He lowers the tail gate revealing the portable altar and other liturgical accoutrements essential to the eucharistic rite. Father Toomey celebrates Mass. He prays the men will return safely. He confers General Absolution, sans confession, to all present.



The men hurry to the mess halls.

As the only Chaplain of the Roman faith in the 313th Wing, Toomey stows his gear in the jeep and hurries toward the 504th Group, scheduled next for takeoff after the 9th.

05:55: Thirty-six flight crews, twelve each from the 1st, 5th and 99th Bomb Squadrons, the three Squadrons which comprise the 9th Group, begin assembling in the headquarters briefing room. Thirty-six ground crews assigned to the planes scheduled to fly, plus the mechanics and specialists assigned to general aircraft maintenance, climb aboard G.I. troop carrier trucks. They ride to the 9th Group's flight line at North Field. The planes were fueled, the guns armed, and the bombs loaded the day before. Some ground crews, like that of M. Sgt. Joe Adams, had worked under portable lights (with portable generator) long into the previous night. They departed the flight line only after aircraft "820", "Daring Donna", was in A-1 mechanical shape for Airplane Commander Karl Pattison and his crew to fly today.

Aircraft 876, "Hon. Spy Report" will not fly this mission. With 4 new engines, and a just-completed "100-hr. inspection", the "Spy" waits in the Consolidated Maintenance Dock for an 11:00 a.m. test flight. Major John Cox, Group Air Inspector, and Capt. George Davis, Flight Test Engineer, must sign off on performance before the plane can be returned to combat service. Like tasters of the King's wine, M. Sgt. Maurice Szarko, Crew Chief, and Sgt. Bill Kyger, Assistant Crew Chief, will fly as observers.

For the outstanding reliability record of the Spy's engines (the only set of 4 to remain operable for the specified 400-hr. life) Szarko and Kyger are recipients of the "Wright Medal", a sterling silver lapel-pin, which replicates the R-3350 engine. This morning these two master-mechanics forego an hour of sleep to help on the flightline, wherever they can, to get the mission underway.

This morning the ground crews perform the pre-flight tune-ups that will make each plane ready for combat. They top fuel tanks. They drain petcocks. They inspect and check piston extension in the Oleo landing-gear struts. They check tire pressures. They clean and polish windshields. They are proud of the beautiful B-29s assigned to their care, and they have great affection for the crews who fly them. They commit their most earnest integrity toward creating the safest mechanical conditions possible. They want those planes and the men to come back.

06:00: Lt. Col. Henry Huglin, Commanding Officer of the 9th Bomb Group, strikingly "West Point" in bearing, strides into the briefing room, accompanied by his staff of briefing officers. Major Harold Feil, 99th Squadron Operations Officer is first to spot Huglin, but air crewmen scramble to attention, even before Major Feil has finished sounding his crisp "Ten hut!" Huglin returns Feil's salute. He puts all "at ease" and at "rest". At 29, Huglin is the "old man", literally, as well as figuratively. By men whose lives are on the line, he is respected and appreciated for administering tough but fair discipline, and for his insistence on excellence in performance of duty.

Col. Huglin tells the men "The XXI Bomber Command has ordered the biggest strike in the history of aerial bombardment. 504 B-29s, representing 14 Groups, from the 5 Wings of the 20th Air Force, will drop 8,064,000 lbs. of incendiary bombs on Kobe, more bombs than 1,300 B-17s,



flying from England, could drop on Germany. The objective will be to incinerate Kobe, and thus destroy what remains, after the 16 March raid, of the manufacturing and shipping capabilities of the largest and busiest industrial port city on the Inland Sea.”

Huglin asks Major Frank Luschen, Group Operations Officer, to continue the briefing. Luschen unveils a large map of the Western Pacific. A line of red twine connects Tinian with the rendezvous area off the East Coast of Japan. At rendezvous, the line turns west, then north to Kobe, then south-southeast to the coast, and back to Tinian. Luschen says, “Each crew shall make its own way north at 7000 to 7,800 feet altitude and shall start climbing to rendezvous 60 miles offshore Japan.” He puts his pointer on the line, “Rendezvous at 14:30 hours, by Group and by Squadrons: 5th Squadron at 13,000 feet altitude; 99th Squadron, 13,500 feet; 1st Squadron, 14,000 feet.”

This gives pause in the minds of the airmen. They well remember the first Kobe mission: the searchlights, the heavy flak, the night fighters. All missions to date have been flown under cover of night, or at 20,000 feet, or higher, in daylight. Will anti-aircraft fire be more accurate? Will Zeros reach altitude quicker? Will they stay with us longer?

Col. Huglin senses the aura of apprehension abroad in the room. He stands, “The 5th Squadron will lead the 9th Group formation. Capt. McClintock will lead the 5th Squadron. I am flying with McClintock and crew.” He signals Luschen, and sits down.

Luschen carries-on: “Capt. Weinert will fly deputy-lead to McClintock’s lead, Capt. Rogan will lead the 1st Squadron with Capt. Bertagnoli as deputy, 1st Lt. Bearden will lead the 99th with Capt. Littlewood as deputy. I will fly with Bearden.” Luschen distributes Pilot’s Flimsies, showing position of each plane in the formation, takeoff schedule, rendezvous and target air speeds.

Capt. Leonard Brown, Group Intelligence Officer, unveils a large scale map of the rendezvous/target area. He points out anti-aircraft gun emplacements. He warns “Some guns are mounted on railroad cars, and thus may be located anywhere.” Group Weather Officer Capt. Winton Brown, predicts: “Clear skies in the target area, winds generally from the west all the way, with a tail wind component going north and a head wind component on the return leg, and a weather front centered 100 miles south of Iwo Jima.”

Group Bombardier Capt. William Callahan tells bombardiers “Release bombs when you see McClintock’s bombs fall,” and he gives bomb arming instructions. Group Flight Engineer Capt. John Nestel hands out fuel log sheets and cruise control plans (charts showing scheduled engine-power-settings). Nestel tells crews, “For maximum range cruise control, use a little more than charted power into a head wind and a little less while riding a tail wind.” Group Navigator Capt. Jack Nole passes out Navigator’s “Flimsies” (maps showing pre-planned headings) and, at a signal from Huglin, Nole starts the count, “10, 9, 8.....hack!” We synchronize our watches. Col. Huglin wishes each man, “Good flying and good luck.”

Huglin and McClintock hold a brief session with the Airplane Commanders and Pilots (20th Air Force titles for Pilot and Co-pilot), while the other airmen line up at the parachute counter. Each man checks out his own emergency equipment: parachute (with its personally tailored harness),



survival vest (with its many pockets stuffed with water bottle, fishing tackle, tropical chocolate, knife, compass, map), and, “Mae West” inflatable life jacket. Wearing vests and jackets, and carrying chutes, clip boards, flimsies, etc., officers and men file outside, and, assembling by 11-man crews, climb into the back of waiting trucks.

It’s a crowded, rough ride to the flight line, but raucous ribald G.I. repartee makes it fun. The first truck pauses at the hardstand of Captain McClintock’s B-29, aircraft “859”, “Tokyo-Ko”. The crew hops over the tailgate. McClintock reciprocates the salute of M.Sgt. Earl Newsted, Crew Chief. Saluting on the flight line is not mandatory. Importance of completing work performed under time restraints and safety considerations, are of higher priority. When salutes occur they are in the nature of informal greetings. The air crew performs regulation pre-flight inspections (2nd checks really): fuel tanks, oil reservoirs, bomb bays (each crowded with bombs and auxiliary fuel tanks). A mess hall truck pulls up. Mess crews distribute brown bag lunches. They put 2 large thermos jugs (water and tomato juice) into each compartment, fore and aft.

Capt. Richard Chambers, 9th Bomb Group Chaplain, drives up in his jeep. He invites all present to join in a word of prayer if they wish. Chambers is Protestant. All men join, whatever their faith. Chambers prays, “God of all faiths, God whose eye is on the sparrow, watch over these men today. Help them to fly to the best of their ability. Return them safely to Tinian. Amen.” Chambers heads his jeep toward Captain Weinert and crew at the hardstand of aircraft “284”.

07:11: A jeep arrives. Col. Huglin steps out. He returns salutes. He shakes the hands of McClintock and Newsted. McClintock reports, “Pre-flight completed; all O.K.” Huglin says, “Let’s go.” The crew and ground crew, 2 men to a blade, push each 4-bladed, 16 foot 7 inch diameter Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propeller through 3 full turns to clear the lower cylinders of oil. Everyone boards. They batten hatches. With an “all clear” signal from Newsted, Bombardier Lieutenant Dale Flocker actuates the bomb bay door switch. Under a cylinder pressure of 2 tons/inch², pneumatically actuated pistons slap the doors instantly shut. Following their respective check lists, crew members perform the on-board pre-flight tests. All systems are in order.

07:15: McClintock says “Start the engines.” The ground crew stands clear. Lt. Russell Fee, the Flight Engineer, opens cowl flaps, sets throttles and fuel mixture controls to “idle-rich”, energizes No. 1 starter flywheel for 60 seconds, turns on the ignition, and engages the starter. No. 1 propeller turns slowly, accelerates, and the engine comes to life. Fee sets No. 1 throttle at 800 rpm and starts engines 2, 3, and 4. The low-register idle-song of the huge engines is music. Fee revs each engine up for magneto checks and gives McClintock the O.K.

07:21: The ground crew remove the chocks at McClintock’s signal. He takes throttle control and proceeds along taxiways to takeoff position at the west end of Runway “B”. Other crews are following a similar procedure, each on their own schedule.

07:28: McClintock sets the brakes, says “Prepare for takeoff” and calls for “takeoff power.” Fee opens the throttle to the limit while adjusting propeller pitch for 2800 rpm engine speed and turbo-supercharger boost to 48 in. Hg intake manifold pressure. With a geared-down rpm ratio of 7 to 20, this means the propeller tips are traveling at 580 miles per hour, approaching, but not too



closely, the speed of sound. The airplane quivers with tension as 8,800 horses strain to be free.

07:29: McClintock takes the throttles. He releases the brakes. Acceleration begins. The inertia of 137,000 lbs. gross-load, plus wing-flap/cowl-flap drag, gradually yields to propeller thrust. Pilot Lt. Art Landry calls off the indicated air speed as acceleration builds. A third of the way down the runway, the indicator reads 48 miles per hour. This airplane is committed! If power falters now, it will not fly, and the hydraulic brakes will not stop it. It will roll over the edge of the 85 foot precipice just 400 yards beyond the end of the runway and crash on the coral reefs below. The explosions, fire and smoke from thousands of gallons of 100 octane gasoline and thousands of pounds of incendiary bombs will be horrifyingly spectacular. The crew has seen it happen to other planes.

07:30:38: End of the runway, “144 mph.” “Good,” McClintock eases the wheel yoke toward his chest. “859” responds. It clears the 85 foot cliffs. Simultaneously, Bearden on Runway “C” and Rogan on Runway “A” are in the air. For the 9th Bomb Group the mission is underway.

07:31:53: Wienert is airborne off Runway “B”. So it goes every 60 seconds on the runways until 35 planes are in the air. With four 8500 foot runways, and with 313th Bomb Wing air traffic, tiny Tinian’s North Field is the biggest and busiest airport in the world. However, the 9th Group’s formation will have one vacancy today. Aircraft “760” failed to pass pre-flight inspection.

07:31:53: Airplane Commander Capt. Ted Littlewood and his crew clear the cliffs. Pilot Lt. Chuck Taylor already has the landing gear on the way up. Littlewood noses down. He picks up a bit of airspeed as he milks the huge Fowler wing flaps up into the wing.

With an eye on the temperature gauges, I, Lt. Don Cotner, Flight Engineer, close the cowl flaps, increment by increment, as fast as engine temperatures will permit. I lean the fuel-air mixture. Littlewood calls for the heading. Caldwell responds, “Three hundred and thirty-nine degrees.” Following the numbers on the dial of the Westinghouse Flux-gate Compass, Littlewood turns toward Japan. He sets the course and asks for climb power. I make the settings. The plane slows but maintains good airspeed. By sight and by sound I synchronize the engines, a task I perform every time I make a new power setting. We climb at 300 ft/min. Littlewood levels off at 7000 feet. Navigator Lt. Claude Caldwell adjusts the heading in accordance with his latest calculation of position. Littlewood aligns the plane on course, adjusts the trim-tabs and sets up the Honeywell autopilot. I make cruise-control power settings. At 195 mph indicated air speed we join the stream.

This long leg of the mission is exciting only if mechanical malfunction occurs. We’ve been in the air only 20 minutes and S. Sgt. Seymour Schultz, Radio Operator, has thrice told of hearing B-29s from the 9th report that because of engine failure they are aborting the mission and returning to Tinian. Guam’s 314th Wing, first off the ground today, has had an engine failure abort. Our Wright R-3350’s are the most powerful (2200 h.p.) and most efficient (1.25 lbs./h.p. and 1.52 h.p./c.i.d.) aircraft engines in the world. But, the engine is of a new design and quality-control production bugs give us reliability problems. We think it is our misfortune that Dodge Motors has an Air Corps contract to build 90% of the engines. We, of course, are prejudiced. Dodge workers are striking for higher pay, while we are getting shot at. We hope our engines don’t fail us at critical times. I listen



to the engines droning steadily on.

We are lucky today. Our long leg is uneventful. In the aft compartment ride 4 Gunnery Sergeants: Don Connor, Right Blister; Walt Calhoun, Top Blister; George Warn, Left Blister; and Rich Richardson, Tail Gunner. (Rich is at his battle station in the tail only in the target area). The Gunners each observe the airspace around us. It would be stupid to collide with a friend. Capt. Littlewood demands strict compliance with Air Corps regulations. We like it that way. Radar Operator T. Sgt. Bill Smith operates the equipment and monitors his screen. It is his only view. As we progress north-north-west, the various islands of the Marianas chain (not always visible by eye) blip onto the radar screens. Radar is a good navigational aid, and the Navigator has a “slave” screen at his station.

In the forward compartment, Bombardier Lt. Paul Malnove (who doubles as a gunner) watches airspace and assists the Navigator by taking drift readings on whitecaps through the Norden bomb-sight. The Airplane Commander keeps the plane in trim and on course. The Pilot takes a turn when called upon. Both men scan the skies. The Radio Operator monitors the airwaves. He too flies “blind”. He gives the Navigator the broadcast Greenwich Time signals. The Navigator monitors and plots our course and position. He operates the LORAN equipment (another electronic navigational aid) and he has his own small plexiglass-dome in the top of the plane through which he sights heavenly bodies via sextant. I ride aft of, and back-to-back with, the Pilot. Across the plane and through the Navigator’s window I can see engines 1 and 2, and through a window on my left, engines 3 and 4. I monitor the engines by instrument readings and by sight and sound. I monitor and keep a log of fuel consumption. I compute and adjust engine power-settings on the half-hour for maximum-range cruise-control. I am also responsible for in-flight maintenance, which is of limited scope. I can change fuses in some of the electrical circuits and I can replace vacuum tubes in the computers. Each engine has an on-board computer regulating its two turbo-superchargers. As we burn fuel from each engine’s wing tank, I replenish the tanks by pumping fuel, via the fuel transfer system, from the two 640-gallon auxiliary tanks (one hangs from the bomb racks in each bomb-bay).

Today, Lt. Phil True, Navigator on a newly arrived replacement crew, is assigned as a last-minute passenger for “orientation experience”. He rides on the deck without benefit of intercom gear. He squeezes between the forward gun turrets and the navigator’s table, where Lt. Caldwell has spread the flimsies which chart the preset course. True and Caldwell try to confer. It is difficult. The navigator’s station is tight for space when he’s in it alone and the noise generated by the No. 2 engine and propeller, just outside his window, is thunderous. Normally, a “passenger” can plug in a portable headset and be on the intercom line. I worry that True will have a long, lonely and dull ride.

Lt. Paul Malnove gets Captain Littlewood’s O.K. to arm the bombs, twenty 400 lb. incendiaries in each of the bomb bays. Malnove removes his parachute and crawls from the forward compartment into the forward bomb bay through a small circular door in the bulkhead. In the bomb bay, space is tight, and catwalks are treacherous. Each bomb has a small propeller in the tail. Malnove pulls a pin to release the shaft. He counts the turns as he partially unwinds the propeller. The bomb is still safe. When the bomb is released, the windmilling propeller will set it to explode and ignite.



With 20 bombs armed, he departs the bay. Via ladder and handholds, he climbs into the 34 inch diameter tunnel at the top of the plane and crawls 33 feet to the rear compartment. He arms the 20 bombs in the rear bay and returns to his station in the nose. He is sweating from his workout.

T. Sgt. Walt Calhoun, Top Gunner and Central Fire Control Specialist, reports to Capt. Littlewood that he sees a good clear area to fire into. Littlewood gives the O.K. to test the guns. Richardson scrambles back to battle station. Under Calhoun's direction, each gunner fires a few rounds from each turret, via the gun-sight/trigger at his station. The B-29's CFC system has a 19 vacuum-tube computer that electronically controls the electrically-operated remote turrets. Using input data entered by the navigator, the computer calculates required trajectories, with allowances for aerodynamic characteristics (altitude, density and temperature of the air, etc.). No other airplane has such a system. Each gunner tries the impossible feat: to fire one round from each turret. Mission planners, to save weight in favor of bombs and fuel, give us only 200 rounds of ammunition per gun. A few good bursts and we have shot our wad. We hope the Zero pilots never find out.

After the extremely loud, but fortuitously brief gun test, we really appreciate S. Sgt. Schultz, as he puts Saipan Sam on the intercom. Sam broadcasts from the Saipan station of the Armed Forces Radio Network. Before the war, Sam was Eddie Koontz, disc jockey for station KTUL in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I know this because I grew up in Tulsa. There is only one voice like that. Sam is a damned funny radio comedian. Right now he is sending us his disc jockey blessing, as he dedicates David Rose's "Holiday for Wings" (Sam's title) to the guys of the 20th Air Force.

In this phase of the mission, excellent performance of our duties and responsibilities is not incompatible with the art and practice of day dreaming. We muse on many subjects. We discuss some of these on intercom. Some of the single guys talk about sexual conquests. They seem to best remember, though, the ones who "got away". Smith, Taylor, Caldwell and I are married. Of the other three, I know each thinks of his wife. Their first act on boarding the plane is to place her picture within work station line of sight. I do the same with a picture of my Jeannie holding our little Cadet, Donna Marie, our first baby, born Friday, 13 April, 1945, while I was flying the "Tokyo Arsenal Area" mission. We married men, and the single guys with sweethearts, don't talk much about sex, but my reveries are mostly about making love with Jeannie. I think, too, about little Donna. Will I survive to be a daddy for her?

11:33: We hit some rough air. We lose the sun. I look out my window. We're in a soup. We've hit the weather front. I can't see past our wing tips but, I can see the wings flap up and down as the plane is buffeted by the turbulence. I turn and look over my right shoulder. Littlewood sits there calmly tweaking the autopilot knobs. His calm skill is reassuring. Then I remember the Boeing B-29 Factory School, which was part of the training the Air Corps gave me. At the school I learned that Boeing's structural engineers had designed the B-29 for a maximum gross load of 105,000 lbs., with an ultimate strength safety factor of 1° to 1. We haven't burned much fuel yet. I know that the Boeing engineers considered the dynamic stresses induced by turbulence; but, how much safety factor do we have when the extra g's of dynamic force are working on the aluminum skin of a 137,000 lb. B-29?

Malnove screams into the intercom, "Pull up! Pull up!" Before he can say it, a sudden roaring loudness whooooshes under us going nose-to-tail and gone! I look around at Littlewood. He is



gripping the wheel. He says, “What the hell was that?” Malnove says, “It was a B-29 heading south.” If it was an abort returning to Saipan or Guam, why didn’t the crew avoid our course, and our altitude? We turn on the heat to keep from trembling, as we peer into the soup. Are we cold or are we still scared?

We break out at last. We think we are in heaven, but we’re still holding 7,000 feet. Caldwell says, “We’re passing Iwo Jima.” Smith confirms. We look to the East. In the distance, under some clouds, we see a speck on the sea. The Seabees have built an emergency landing strip on Iwo for B-29s in trouble. We’ve never landed there, and we hope we never do.

The Seabees have recently completed a fighter strip and a P-51 air-base facility. On most daylight missions, a B-29 Group will fly over Iwo and lead a Group of P-51s to Japan. We don’t worry about Zeros on those days. Unlike the Navy’s carrier-based pilots, Air Corps pilots aren’t trained in oceanic navigation. After they’ve chased Zeros out of the sky and we’ve started “home”, the Mustang pilots scramble to get on the tail of a B-29 for an Iwo escort. A Mustang pilot once asked Littlewood, “How come you guys always like to fly so slow?” We wonder, “How come we won’t have Mustang cover today?”

Schultz can’t get Saipan this side of the weather front. He picks up a Kobe station. When we are coming into Japan at night he gets Tokyo Rose. She speaks English well. She plays good American pop songs, especially love ballads. She tries to make us homesick. She tells us, “Give up and go home. Japan is winning the war. Give up. There’s no use to die so young, so far from home, so far from the arms of your sweetheart. Give up.” She’s fun to listen to. We know the Japs are already beaten. They’re just too damned stupid and too cowardly to surrender.

We can’t stand radio Kobe in the daytime. Japanese music is discordant and slow moving, a bunch of off-key wailing and whining. There’s no melody, no rhythm. We can’t understand the speech, of course, and its sounds are not pleasant either. They’re a boring monotone. No inflections. No accents. The announcer says “do mo are ee got oh,” whatever that means, every other phrase he utters. Schultz shuts off the sound. He keeps the radio compass tuned to the Kobe station, though. It, too, is an aid to navigation.

Radio Kobe didn’t spoil our appetites. I can tell by the aroma drifting back from the nose the guys up front are into their lunches. I open my brown bag and find, not to my surprise, two large sandwiches (canned turkey, and peanut butter/orange marmalade) a huge dill pickle, celery stalks, carrot sticks, a big red apple and some fig newtons. The turkey sandwich is juicy and delicious. The peanut butter is good, too, but hard to swallow. I reach around the back of my seat and hand my G.I. cup to Taylor. He fills it with tomato juice. Caldwell, True and Schultz call for juice. I pass their cups both ways. Everyone’s thirsty. We knock off most of the jug of juice.

14:15: Littlewood calls for climb power. I make the settings. We climb at 500 feet per minute. We take turns using the relief tube. We anchor our parachutes to the one-man life rafts, which double as seat cushions. We make sure our oxygen masks are ready in case we lose cabin pressure. The B-29 is the first airplane to utilize cabin pressurization as an alternative to breathing oxygen at altitude. Richardson takes up his battle station in a tiny pressurized compartment in the tail. At



8,000 feet, cabin pressurization kicks in. We don't feel it, but we appreciate it.

14:28: We level off at 13,500 feet. I return the power to cruise settings. Littlewood takes throttle control. We don our heavy, cumbersome flak vests. We're just offshore, east of Japan. We see the Islands of Honshu to the north and Shikoku to the south. We see Kii Channel, which runs between the Islands, connecting the Inland Sea to the Pacific Ocean. Caldwell's navigation has been perfect. There is no cloud cover below our altitude. We can find Kobe visually.

Littlewood spots a partial formation. It's following the purple plume streaming from the smoke generating device on the tail of McClintock's plane. Littlewood takes his place in the 99th Squadron as right wingman to the leader, Lt. Bob Bearden. Flying slightly higher, and a little to the left, the 99th will trail the 5th Squadron. The 1st Squadron will trail the 5th and the 99th high on the right. Flying at 190 mph CAS, McClintock makes one more circle, and the formation is complete with 36 planes. Four planes with a big black "Z" on the tail have joined us. We know they're from Saipan, but we don't remember which Group "Z" represents. Why are they late? Did they not find their group? They are welcome. A full formation can defend better against fighters than a partial one.

Huglin and McClintock increase power. We follow. The dual turbo-superchargers on each engine give a real boost at altitude. The air speed is now 200 mph CAS. We're at 56% top speed. The B-29 is the world's fastest bomber. We wonder why we can't use some of that speed to get the hell in-and-out of there; but, more fuel...fewer bombs. Formation flying necessitates throttle jockeying. I have to make my best guess at how much fuel we're burning. Huglin leads us over the Kii Channel, and over the Inland Sea toward Kobe. Connor sees 11 parachutes floating on the water.

Huglin turns north. Kobe Harbor leads us straight to the heart of the city. Earlier, arriving Groups have set Kobe's heart ablaze. Smoke billowing from the inferno on earth towers to the heavens above us. T. Sgt. Larry Smith, Central Fire Control Gunner on Capt. Wendell Hutchison's crew, from his excellent top-blister view, estimates the top to be at 40,000 feet and rising. A young man with a keen sense of the historical significance of current events, and with no Zeros in sight, Smith films the column of smoke with his personally owned 8 mm movie camera. Hutchison gave permission to bring the camera aboard after Smith promised not to shoot movies of Zeros.

Anti-aircraft guns have our altitude. Detonations batter our ears. Concussion waves jolt the plane. Shrapnel clusters (spent we pray) scatter rattling tattoos on the plane's drum-skin-taut aluminum surfaces. I look at my picture of Jeannie and Donna. I read the words from the 27th Psalm. They were the text of Chaplin Chamber's Sunday sermon. I printed them on a card, which I've stuck on my instrument panel:

*The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*

Huglin presses forward through the flak. Malnove opens the bomb bay doors. We reach the rim of fire. Bombs away! Our life rafts give us a stiff jolt in the butt, as the sudden liberation of energy stored in the aluminum-girder wing-spars springs the fuselage upward. Bomb bay doors



snap shut. We stay in formation as Huglin and McClintock lead us around the column of smoke.

Hell erupts! All chattering shattering hell! Noise shock pains. Dust flies from every interior surface. Unannounced the 4 fifty caliber machine guns in the upper forward turret and the 2 fifties in the lower forward turret, explode into simultaneous action. Zeros rocket through the formation. We hang suspended, seemingly dead-still in the air, as Zeros whiz nimbly around us. Every time the jello in my skull quits quivering, Malnove fires the 6 fifties again. There's never a warning. Over the target, gunners use their own intercom circuit. On the left, Warn calls for the rear turrets. He has a Zero in his sight. He tracks for 3 seconds. He fires. He sees his tracers go in. The Zero flies on. "Dang!" It's young Warn's strongest expletive. We score no kills. Connor and the other gunners see a B-29 in our formation burst into flames. It's one of the stray ducklings that chose to fly with us. Connor counts only 8 chutes blossom. He sees Zero pilots strafing the men hanging in the straps. He sees a giant fiery cross spiraling to earth. The Zeros break off. Huglin turns the formation toward the south-southeast to avoid the guns of Osaka, as we set course for the coast of Honshu, which is in sight.

We've done it again! Survived a mission. 23 down; 12 to go! Don Connor switches intercom circuits. He says, "Gasoline is streaming off the No. 3 nacelle." My immediate thought is, "Will it catch fire from the exhaust turbine wheels which run white hot?" I suggest to Littlewood that we shut down No. 3 engine until we can find the source of the leak. He concurs. I close the throttles, turn off the ignition switch and close the cowl-flaps. Taylor pushes the feathering-button. A solenoid opens the feathering-valve. Hydraulic pressure drives a gear system in the spinner which rotates the propeller blades to an aerodynamically stable position. Prop revolution slows, then ceases. Our airplane slows. We drop out of formation. Sgt. Don Van Inwegen, Tail Gunner on Bearden's plane watches it happen. He notifies Bearden. Bearden sends the 99th on with the Group. He and his crew risk their lives to drop back and fly "Buddy" with us. Littlewood, Taylor, Caldwell, Malnove and I confer. We head for Iwo. Littlewood asks Bearden to have Lt. Phil Klein, Navigator, help us fly the shortest course. Littlewood wants to trade altitude for speed in a long slow "power-glide". I concur. He trims the plane. I make power settings by intuition and try to devise a rational fuel transfer plan.

Since we did not get seriously hit by flak or by any Zero's shells, and since no one aboard can see the source of the leak, I think the source must be in the No. 3 engine fuel supply system. Connor thinks otherwise, because the quantity is profuse. From the tail, Richardson says, "I've got gasoline all over my left window." I can't see the stream of leaking fuel. I yield the point. I next suspect that No. 3 wing tank has somehow ruptured and the gas is being sucked through the nacelle-to-wing "join-line". I commence a plan to distribute fuel from No. 3 tank to tanks 1, 2 and 4 via the fuel transfer system.

I monitor relative quantities by recording the length of transfer periods. I also monitor the fuel quantity gauges. Something's funny. I haven't yet added fuel to No. 4, but the needle doesn't go down even though the engine continues to run. The transfer pump draws the needle down on No. 3, fast enough for quick detection. I pump from 4 to 2 for a time. No. 4 needle doesn't move.

I now think gauge 4 is not functioning, that tank 4 is leaking and that airfoil aerodynamics is



blowing fuel diagonally aft and inboard, across the bottom of the wing, until it reaches the No. 3 nacelle. I keep No. 4 running and continue to pump from 4 to 2 and 1. No. 4 engine soon stops from lack of fuel. The leak stops also, proving that it was No. 4. Taylor, and I, feather, and shut down No. 4. Now it won't be dangerous to run No. 3.

I open the throttles and turn on the ignition. Taylor pushes the button to unfeather the prop. The propeller blade does not rotate out of feathering position. He tries it again; nothing happens. Littlewood reaches over and pushes it. Nothing. Malnove tries. Nothing. I try. Nothing; nothing; nothing! I take off my flak vest and my parachute and climb out of my seat. I squeeze my way around the turrets, past the navigator and radio operator to the back side of my instrument panel. I pull the feathering control-circuit fuse. It looks O.K.; but, I put in a new one. I use Schultz's intercom. I tell Taylor to press the button. Nothing; still nothing. I'm stymied. I go back to my station. There is some fuel left in No. 3 tank. I set the system pumping into tanks 1 and 2. I don't know for sure how much fuel remains, because I don't know how much leaked overboard. End of mission dipstick readings have shown that my fuel consumption logs are more accurate than the fuel gauges in terms of quantity of fuel remaining. My log is now invalid. Can I trust the gauges?

The Air Corps, the Boeing Company, the Wright Company have given no information via publication or by oral instruction, on how to fly a B-29 for maximum range with only 2 engines on one side in operation. We are on our own.

Capt. Littlewood does a marvelous job of keeping the plane trimmed and of maintaining the slow steady descent. Caldwell and Malnove work together to give me continuously updated ground-speed data. I now have time to apply the aerodynamic laws which relate horsepower to velocity, the thermodynamic principles which relate internal pressures and external-load conditions to power-output of engines, the fuel-flow/horsepower-output data developed by Wright for the R-3350 engines, and the relation between indicated airspeed, true airspeed, and groundspeed, to derive maximum-range power settings.

Our two engines, and our faithful airplane, are performing well, as we drone slowly but steadily on but there are hours to go between us and Iwo and none of us know if the fuel will last. In Bearden's plane Sgt. Hal Worley, Right Gunner, with his own Kodak "Monitor" camera, clicks off a shot of old "574" sidling through the air with two paralyzed propellers.

Littlewood orders us to stow everything loose, in case we have to ditch. The rule in ditching procedure is to throw the loose, and thus dangerous, items overboard. Now, however, Littlewood does not want to open the bomb-bay doors. What if the induced drag would upset the delicate stability of the state of trim? What if we couldn't get the doors closed?

Littlewood yells at Phil True to stow the flak vests which had been hastily discarded and piled in disarray. There is no "place" to stow them. Each man usually stows his own vest under his feet; but, we're all too busy now. True struggles with the stiff and heavy vests. He is finally able to stuff each one into some pocket of space around the gun turrets. He's sweating now. Littlewood beckons True to his side. He says, "If we have to bail out, you go first." True is certainly gaining orientation experience.



Caldwell gives an E.T.A. of 20 minutes. We should be elated, but 20 more minutes will seem an eon. We've used up 10,500 feet of altitude and most of our gas, if the gauges are right. Number 2 is on empty. I pump a shot from 1 to 2. Now both read empty, or maybe a hair above. I hope each tank has the same amount. It won't do us any good to have one engine running when the other quits.

Littlewood decides to hold 3,000 feet. I have to increase power. I'm reluctant, but I accept the command. I dread to boost the engines to a higher, steeper point on the fuel consumption curve, but I know Littlewood is right. There are eroded remnants of volcanic peaks on Iwo.

Malnove and Taylor sight Iwo. Littlewood doesn't like the low-lying cloud cover. Bearden doesn't have enough gas to linger. He radios Littlewood, "So long, Ted. See you on Tinian." He sets course for home. God, we feel alone.

Among the B-29s needing to stop at Iwo Jima that day, we are the long, late, last arrival. All other planes are safely landed and parked. By the time we finally get to Iwo, however, a Pacific rain squall is sweeping the Island. The B-29 control tower tells Capt. Littlewood, "The field is closed. Ceiling Zero. Visibility Zero. Ditch or bail out at sea. The Navy will pick you up." The P-51 tower breaks in. "I see you on radar. I'll talk you down, if you think you can land on our 3,000 foot runway." Littlewood says, "We're coming in."

Littlewood is engrossed: the glowing green instruments; the voice in the headset; the response through the throat-mike; the aerodynamic-forces manifested as tactile-pressures through the wheel-yoke and rudder-pedals; the engine-power and propeller-thrust sensed through the throttle-knobs. In his hands, the great wounded bird responds with exquisite precision to each radioed correction of heading and inclination, while the man in the tower ceaselessly follows the pulsing-trace of our electronically-illuminated blip as it steadily "flies" through the glimmering translucence of the face of his scope.

During the eternity of our rain-shrouded circle, approach, and descent, I strain to see my two faithful engines through the watery slipstream coursing cross Caldwell's window. I listen with appreciation to the resonance of their rhythmic roar, yet dreading I might hear a first faint rumble of some throbbing irregular beat. I fix the instruments with hypnotic gaze, as though by force of will to maintain engine performance. The dials glare back with emotionless neutrality. I break off before I become entranced. I prepare for instant response, if Littlewood calls for emergency power.

In mute meditation we wait out the end of this endless flight, whatever that end will be. Our silent questions are our fears, our hopes, our prayers. "We won't run out of gas now, will we?" "An engine can't fail now, can it?" "The plane won't fly into the side of Mt. Surabachi, will it?" "Radar-guided landings usually work, don't they?"

Littlewood begins the final letdown. I remind him that a descent too steep can trap as much as 27 gallons of fuel in each tank. He hasn't forgotten. Taylor calls out the altimeter readings. Littlewood orders, "Full flaps." Taylor responds. The flaps rumble back and down from the wings. Connor and Warn report, "Flaps full down." Our flight path flares. Littlewood adjusts the throttles. He orders,



“Landing gear.” Taylor flips the switch. The huge struts, with their two-wheel trucks grind down from nacelles 2 and 3. The nose wheel and strut crank down from the fuselage. Struts clunk into place. Connor and Warn report; Taylor reports, “Wheels down and locked.”

This is it. If we’re off the mark, it’s too late now. With gear down, and with so little altitude, our two valiant engines can’t power a pull-up. There will be no second chance go-around. Oh Jeanie, I love you.

Littlewood sees the near end of the runway seconds before he touches down in a slightly bouncy, but deliciously safe landing.

Littlewood uses as much brake as he can without causing a skid on the wet tarmac. Our gross weight is now down to 68,000 lbs. Half of what it was at takeoff. The brakes hold. We stop, just barely, at the other end of the runway. Ground crewmen guide Littlewood to a parking spot. He says, “Cut the engines.” I do with alacrity. We open the hatches. Everyone disembarks. I intend to. Instead I fall asleep at my station. Malnove climbs back in to shake me awake. I’m stiff, but I make it to the good, good ground. It’s Iwo, but we love it, and we say prayerful thanks to the Marines and G.I.’s who gave their lives here. They saved us. We huddle under the wings. The rain turns to a sprinkle. I walk under the right wing between engines 3 and 4. I see the clean round hole in the bottom of the wing. It appears to be about an inch in diameter. It’s closer to nacelle 4 than 3. We won’t be flying old “574” to Tinian tonight.

The ubiquitous G.I. troop carrier comes for us. We ride across the sands of Iwo Jima. We pass the sandstone hills honeycombed with Jap dug tunnels. We get off at the transient overnigheters encampment, sited “somewhere” on Iwo’s western shore. We are issued blanket, pillow case, towel and G.I. soap. We are assigned a cot in a tent. We shower. The water, piped hot out of the sand, is sulphurous and salty. We are not warned against soap. Neither water nor towel will remove the salted soap-scum. We rest on our cots. We itch, but we’re too tired to scratch. Richardson says he saw a Zero explode. “The formation following ours got him.” “Dang!” Warn sits up, “That was my dang Zero!” Connor and the gunners tell us about the chutes on the water, the B-29 going down, the 8 parachuters, the strafing. It stops sprinkling.

A chow gong sounds. At an outside mess, we serve ourselves G.I. coffee, spam, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans (from cans), G.I. bread, orange marmalade and tropical butter. We have canned pears for an extra desert.

We stroll toward the beach. Sulphurous steam rises where our shoes scuffle the sand. The sun has dropped below the low hanging layer of clouds, and is beginning to descend below the rim of an earth, whose spherical curvature is so perfectly delineated by the vast Pacific’s oceanic horizon. In the western sky, the clouds are breaking up. Distant clouds, fluffy and feathery, are lit with the pink, red and orange hues of the Pacific sunset. Nearer clouds, retaining a dark intensity, form weird fantastically lovely silhouettes, black and deep-purple, against the fiery glow.

Caldwell, who is Protestant says, “Connor, I’m sure glad you went to Mass this morning.” Malnove says, “Me too, Connor, and since not one of the Chaplains on Tinian is a Rabbi, it’s days



like this that make Shultz and I glad you Christian guys worship Jehovah.”

Capt. Littlewood rounds us up. He’s hitched a ride to Tinian with a B-29 crew. They stopped for minor repairs. They want to take off before dark. It’s early dusk now; but, with no air traffic, there is enough light. We grab our gear and scramble onto a truck. At the flight line we pile into the rear compartment of a 504th Bomb Group plane. We slam the hatch and the plane is rolling. We can’t see out, but we relax and let the other crew do the flying.

It’s dark when we land on North Field. For the 9th Bomb Group, the mission is accomplished. We ride in jeeps to the 9th Group Encampment. They will debrief us tomorrow. We walk to our huts. We wash off the soap scum with sweet Tinian well water. Back at our huts we hit the sack.

6 June, 09:30: We meet in the briefing room. We tell our story to the Debriefing Officers. They credit us with a completed mission. They will ask “Wing” to give Warn his Zero. The session ends. They leave. We linger.

Two Red Cross girls bring coffee and donuts. We dunk. We talk. We’re survival high but guilt nags. We’ve never named old “574”. Someone says, “Nameless Lady”. As comrades-in-arms, we each know that’s her name; but, with regret, we yield to soldierly superstition. We can’t risk changing our luck by naming her at this late date.

On 10 June, the Lady without a name is returned to Tinian by a crew from the 504th Group, who left their plane on Iwo on the way home from the raid on the Osaka-Amagasaki urban area. We check out a couple of jeeps, and ride down to the flightline. M. Sgt. John Dreese, Crew Chief, and Sgt. Sherman McAfee, Ass’t. Crew Chief, two mechanical aces, whose diligent expert care has made old nameless “574” such a faithful Lady, are installing new sparkplugs, 36 to each engine. Dreese climbs down from the scaffold in front of No. 2. He grins as he points to the neatly painted “bomb” which McAfee has just added to the row of “bombs” under Capt. Littlewood’s window.

Dreese says, “She’ll be ready to fly on the next mission. They did a good job up on Iwo. Patched 9 flak holes. Installed a new fuel-tank, and fuel-level sensor, for number four. A Zero got you from below with a 20 mm cannon. For some reason the shell didn’t explode, but by chance it hit the fuel-level sensor, and caused it to stick in a fixed position.” Dreese pauses while we ponder. He continues, “You couldn’t unfeather the number three prop, because there was no pressure to actuate the hydraulic mechanism in the spinner hub. The pump’s electric motor burned out when you feathered the prop. Those pump motors are fused on the control side of the solenoid, but not on the power side. You’ve got a new motor now.”

That Zero pilot must have turned his nose up, on his way down, to fire one last potshot. He was lucky, but in the end, we are luckier. We’ve since survived one more mission (in aircraft “900”). Only 11 more to go.

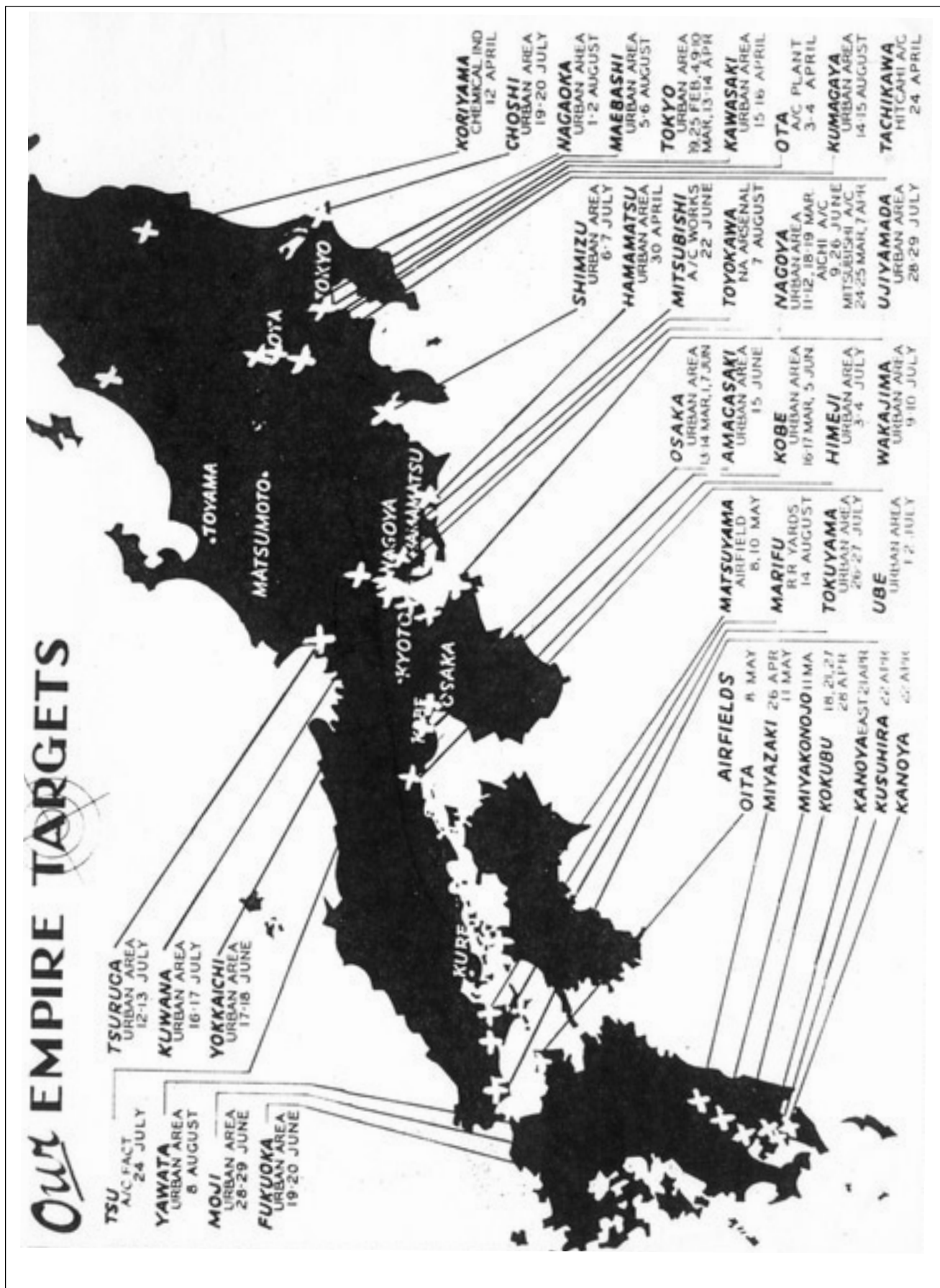


Figure 06-130. Our Empire Targets



Chapter 7

Mission Descriptions & Data

Before the regular combat missions of the group were started, most of the air crews flew practice missions to the uninhabited islands of the Marianas, usually Maug, for navigation and bombing practice.

(Note: the following descriptions were compiled from several old sources, some incomplete and even contradictory; therefore, no doubt there are omissions and inaccuracies. As an omission example: data on damage to many of the daylight precision targets are not now available and, hence, could not be listed herein. The word “aircraft” is shortened to “a/c,” except when part of target designations.)

The 75 numbered group missions, with type of ordnance—HE-high explosive bombs, GP-general purpose bombs, IB-incendiary bombs, FB-fragmentation bombs, or mines—were as follows:

#1. Feb. 9 MOEN AIRFIELD, TRUK ISLAND. Of 37 a/c on hand, 31 were scheduled and 30 airborne. By day from 25,000', 29 a/c dropped 148 tons of HE on the target. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#2. Feb. 12 IWO JIMA. Of 40 a/c on hand, 22 were scheduled and 21 airborne. By day from 24,000', all 21 a/c dropped 90 tons of HE on the target. No crew casualties or a/c damage. (The Marines launched their invasion of Iwo one week later.)

#3. Feb. 14 SEA SEARCH FOR JAPANESE PICKET BOATS. Of 37 a/c on hand, 11 were scheduled, 10 were airborne, and 10 completed the search mission. No casualties or a/c damage. Each crew was accompanied by an experienced Navy observer to identify sightings and send in contact reports. (By nightfall, every picket boat sighted had been sunk by U.S. Navy action, in preparation for the first carrier aircraft attack on Japan. For our participation, the group was commended by the Commander-in-Chief Pacific Fleet.)

#4. Feb. 18 MOEN AIRFIELD, TRUK ISLAND. Of 35 a/c on hand, 18 were scheduled and 17 airborne. By day from 25,000' all 17 a/c dropped 79 tons of HE on the target. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

Feb. 19 NAKAJIMA AIRCRAFT FACTORY, TOKYO. Four air crews, Ashland's, Fleming's, Nash's, and Scheafer's, flew on this 504th Group mission; all bombed the primary by day, with a total of 10 tons of GP. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#5. Feb. 25 TOKYO PORT AREA. The 9th Group's first major attack on Japan. Of 36 a/c on hand, 32 were scheduled and airborne. By day from 31,000', 29 a/c dropped 55 tons of an 11 to 1 mix of IB and HE on the primary target; 5 a/c dropped 10 tons on targets of opportunity. No crew



casualties; 3 a/c received minor flak damage. Tutton's crew lost an engine 100 miles from Japan but proceeded on and bombed Shizuoka as a target of opportunity, then they jettisoned all nonessential equipment and made it back to Tinian with one hour's fuel left in their tanks; they were in the air 17 hours, 46 minutes.

(General Arnold sent the following message to Gen. LeMay: "Extend my sincere appreciation to all ranks for their united efforts which resulted in the greatest number of Superfortresses to date bombing objectives in Japan. Also notify all concerned that we must continue our best efforts to insure that our B-29s reach their objectives in Japan, in ever increasing numbers until Japan's will to wage war is cracked. Good luck." General Davies sent Col. Eisenhart, the group commander, this commendation for the group: "Congratulations for an outstanding job on your first strike against the Japanese mainland. This accomplishment is proof that every member of your team has done his part in a superior manner.")

#6. Mar. 4 NAKAJIMA AIRCRAFT FACTORY, TOKYO. Of 37 a/c on hand, 24 were scheduled, and 23 airborne. Daylight target altitudes: 25-28,000. Because of cloud cover, the 19 reaching the target area had to drop their 50 tons of IB on the secondary target in the urban area by radar. Two others dropped 3 tons on targets of opportunity. Raymond Malo's crew made the first B-29 landing on Iwo Jima, due to problems with a fuel transfer pump; repairs were made and they proceeded to Tinian. Sgt. Maurice Chrisman of Black's crew wounded by flak; one a/c damaged.

(In a major change of tactics, ordered by General LeMay, the following five closely-spaced, low-level, incendiary attacks were made at night from 5-9000' by streams of individual aircraft on four of Japan's major cities. Tokyo was the ideal choice for the first attack as it was Japan's center of government, communications, transportation, and war production of 95% of radio equipment, 90% of aircraft cannon, 30% of aircraft engines, 10% of aircraft, 40% of automobiles and motors, 30% of ball bearings, and 37% of oil refining capability.)

#7 Mar. 9 TOKYO URBAN AREA. Of 39 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and 32 airborne. At night from 6400-7800', 28 a/c dropped 175 tons of IB on the target area which, along with 257 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 15.8 square miles, 10%, of Tokyo. No crew casualties over the target; 9 a/c were damaged. Two crews, Hardgrave's and Keene's, had to ditch when they ran out of fuel in trying to make it back to Tinian. Three in Keene's aircraft were lost in the ditching: Major Conly, group radar officer and Sgts. Ladd and Long, left gunner and radar operator—the group's first combat deaths. The following day, three crews, B.Cox's, Carver's, and Settle's, flew a 9-hour search for survivors of Hardgrave's and Keene's ditched crews. (Major Conly was posthumously awarded the Silver Star medal for several acts of heroism on the mission.)

#8. Mar. 11 NAGOYA URBAN AREA. Of 39 a/c on hand, 31 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-7000', 27 a/c dropped 173 tons of IB on the target area which, along with the bomb loads of 253 other B-29s, destroyed 1.33 square miles, 4%, of that city. No crew casualties; 3 a/c were damaged.

#9 Mar. 13 OSAKA URBAN AREA. Of 39 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-9000', the 33 a/c dropped 232 tons of IB on the target area which, along with



the bombs of 231 other B-29s, destroyed 8.1 square miles, 13.5%, of this second largest Japanese city. No crew casualties; 2 a/c were damaged. Black's aircraft was tossed upside down by a powerful thermal updraft over the target. He succeeded in righting the a/c by completing a "barrel roll" maneuver, while losing several thousand feet altitude at high speed, and then flying it back to Tinian with warped wings, which had to be replaced. (His skillful flying was subsequently rewarded with the Distinguished Flying Cross.) (General Davies commended the group for this mission: "33 a/c scheduled; 33 airborne; 33 over Japan; 33 landed base. Proof of good maintenance, good crews, good leadership.")

#10. Mar. 16 KOBE URBAN AREA. Of 39 a/c on hand, 37 were scheduled and 34 airborne. At night from 5-8000', 29 a/c dropped 213 tons IB on the target area which, along with 267 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 3.7 square miles, 33%, of that city. George Christie's crew, with Capt. Roth, 99th Sq. navigator, was lost, the groups's first loss over Japan. No other crew casualties; one other a/c was damaged. (For a vivid description of this mission, as observed from the ground by an American civilian POW, read the story by James O. Thomas in Chapter 14, "Anecdotes.")

#11. Mar. 18 NAGOYA URBAN AREA. Of 38 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and 31 airborne. At night from 5-9000', 30 a/c dropped 183 tons of IB on the target area which, along with 260 other B-29's bombs, destroyed another 2 square miles, 5%, of that city. No crew casualties; 3 a/c were damaged.

(These 5 night incendiary attacks, on those four major Japanese cities, constituted the "fire-bombing blitz." With 1595 sorties, 9373 tons of bombs were dropped with a loss of 22 airplanes. Thirty one square miles of those cities were destroyed, including a high proportion of their war-making capability which was scattered throughout these cities, even into small parts manufacturing in individual homes. A further objective was to affect the will of the Japanese to continue the war. During this "blitz," most of the incendiary bombs in the Marianas were expended; further major incendiary attacks could not be undertaken until new supplies arrived several weeks later.)

(General Arnold sent this message to the XXI Bomber Command: "The series of five major strikes you have performed in less than ten days constitutes an impressive achievement reflecting the greatest credit not only on the morale and fighting spirit of your crews but equally on the determination and the devotion of your ground personnel. Every member of your command is to be commended for his vital share in this superior accomplishment. This is a significant sample of what the Jap can expect in the future. Good luck and good bombing.")

(General LeMay sent this message to all units: "This command has just struck five devastating blows at the enemy homeland by placing well-aimed bombs on important industrial and transportation objectives in major Japanese cities. Results are completely gratifying, measured by any yardstick. The success of these missions testifies to the great work, intelligence, and stamina of every member of this command. To all personnel I send this message: I commend the combat crews who resolutely and fearlessly executed these long missions during this sustained effort by courageously taking their ships in and out at the briefed altitudes despite bitter enemy defenses. I commend the ground echelon personnel who labored tirelessly around the clock to maintain, refuel, and arm our



planes. I commend all the members of every staff section who have given their utmost effort to make these missions successful. The inspired devotion to duty of every man is proved by the operational statistics for March compared with those for February. The percentage of aircraft on hand & airborne increased 24% with 2 1/2 times greater bomb load, while the sortie and flying time per aircraft was almost doubled. The enemy learned at Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe that nothing can stop you.”)

#12 Mar. 24 MITSUBISHI AIRCRAFT ENGINE PLANT, NAGOYA. Of 40 a/c on hand, 22 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-9800', 20 a/c dropped 150 tons of GP and a few IB on the target, which was illuminated with photo flash bombs. 203 other B-29s also bombed the target; total tonnage: 1526. Hardgrave's crew was lost, circumstances unknown; one other a/c damaged by flak. (This plant produced 40% of Japan's aircraft engines. It was bombed 7 times to achieve 94% destruction. No breakdown of damage on this mission available.)

#13. Mar. 27 MINING SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS AREA. Of 41 a/c on hand, 31 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-8000', 30 a/c dropped 178 tons of mines in the waters of the vital straits area between Honshu and Kyushu, through which a very high percentage of Japanese shipping normally passed. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

(This was the first mining mission of the group, as part of the 313th Wing assignment, of dropping by parachute at night, usually between 5000' and 9000' with radar, ingenious and highly effective anti-shipping mines, developed by the U.S. Navy, in target locations and patterns prescribed by the Navy. This mining campaign, designated "Operation Starvation," was intended to completely disrupt—and it did—the vital movement of raw materials, including food, from China and Korea to Japan, and the movement of all types of supplies around Japan through their Inland Sea and other coastal areas. A further purpose was to bottle up the remainder of Japan's fleet.)

#14. Mar. 30 MINING HIROSHIMA APPROACHES. Of 41 a/c on hand, 27 were scheduled and 24 were airborne. At night from 5-8200', 21 a/c dropped 122 tons of mines in assigned areas. Raymond Johnson's crew had an engine fire on takeoff and jettisoned their mine load from 300 feet over the emergency area; one mine exploded, damaging the aircraft and injuring side gunner, Fred Curtis. Marvin White's crew experienced mechanical trouble en route to Japan, jettisoned their mine load, made it back to Tinian, but crashed on the shore on the landing approach; total casualties: 10 killed; 2 injured, Sgts. James Landgraf and Joseph Tulle, Jr.; Tulle died 5 days later. No other casualties; one additional a/c damaged.

#15. Apr. 1 MINING KURE NAVAL BASE APPROACHES. Of 43 a/c on hand, 6 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 25,000 feet, these 6 a/c dropped by radar 23 tons of mines in assigned areas. Our crews had no casualties or a/c damage. (The high altitude had been ordered due to anticipation of strong defense actions in that area, but such opposition didn't develop. This was the only mining mission at high altitude.)

#16. Apr. 3 NAKAJIMA KOIZUMI AIRCRAFT PLANT, OTA. Of 48 a/c on hand, 30 were scheduled and 28 airborne. At night from 7500', 22 a/c dropped 148 tons of HE which, along with 26 other B-29's bombs, destroyed or damaged 74.5% of this plant; 3 a/c dropped 24 tons on a



secondary target. No crew casualties or a/c damage. (This was the second and last time that a precision night attack was scheduled.)

#17. Apr. 7 MITSUBISHI AIRCRAFT ENGINE PLANT, NAGOYA. Of 48 a/c on hand, 40 were scheduled and 38 airborne. In daylight from 16,000 feet, 31 a/c dropped 120 tons of HE on the target which, along with 122 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 66% of that target on that mission. Heaviest fighter opposition to date; gunners expended 7500 rounds and claimed two fighters destroyed and 5 damaged. Sgt. Clarence Phenner, Jr., CFC gunner on Ashland's crew was wounded in the leg by flak; no a/c damage recorded.

#18. Apr. 12 HODAGAYA CHEMICAL WORKS, KORIYAMA. Of 49 a/c on hand, 24 were scheduled and 23 airborne. In daylight from 15,000', 20 a/c dropped 80 tons of HE. The target was missed by 2000'; our worst performance. No crew casualties, no a/c damage, no good group results.

#19. Apr. 12 MINING SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS. Of 48 a/c on hand, 6 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 6-7000', 5 a/c dropped 20 tons of mines in assigned area. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#20. Apr. 13 TOKYO ARSENAL AREA. (With this mission we resumed our major incendiary raids.) Of 48 a/c on hand, 28 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 8-11,000', all 28 a/c dropped 190 tons of IB which, along with 300 other B-29's bombs destroyed 11.4 more square miles, 7%, of Tokyo. 2nd Lt. Quincy Crochet on Henderson's crew and S/Sgt. Robert Iverson on Saunders' (58th Wing) crew, were wounded; no damage to other a/c recorded.

#21. Apr. 15 KAWASAKI URBAN AREA. Of 48 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 6-10,000', 26 a/c dropped 200 tons of IB which, along with 168 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 2.15 square miles, 44%, of that city—but at major cost to our group. There were heavy Japanese flak and fighter attacks. Four air crews were shot down: Carver's, Jones's, Malo's, and Sullivan's, including Major Chapel of the group staff. This was the group's greatest one-mission loss. On Apr. 17 a search mission by 7 air crews was sent to the area south of Tokyo Bay in the hope, which proved futile, that the missing crews might have reached that area and bailed out there. (It was learned after the war that these crews were taken prisoner and most lost their lives in a fire at the prison. The guards deliberately didn't release them, for which crime the guards were tried, convicted, and executed by our occupation authorities.) Only two men of these lost crews survived as POWs to be repatriated: Cpl. Nick Cristiano of Carver's crew and Cpl. Nick Gazibara, Jr., of Sullivan's crew.

#22. Apr. 18 KOBUKU AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 45 a/c on hand, 24 were scheduled and 22 airborne. In daylight from 17,300', 18 a/c dropped 89 tons of HE on the airfield. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

(This was the first of a series of daylight missions to bomb, from 12,000 to 18,000 feet, the runways and other facilities at key airfields on Kyushu and Shikoku which were being used as staging bases for Japanese "kamikaze" attacks. These suicide attacks were seriously affecting the



U.S. Navy's support of our Army and Marine units fighting to capture the island of Okinawa. The Joint Chiefs of Staff directed the partial diversion of the B-29 effort for about a month for this task.)

#23. Apr. 21 KANOYA EAST AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 46 a/c on hand, 11 were scheduled and 10 were airborne. From 16,000', 7 dropped 35 tons of HE and some FB on the airfield; 1 dropped on a secondary target area and 1 on a target of opportunity. No crew casualties; 3 a/c damaged.

#24. Apr. 21 KOBUKU AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. The same date as above, 12 a/c were assigned and airborne. From 12,000', all 12 a/c dropped 15 tons of HE, of which half had time-delay fuses set from 1 to 36 hours. No crew casualties; 3 a/c damaged.

#25. Apr. 22 KANOYA & KUSHIRA AIRFIELDS, KYUSHU. Of 46 a/c on hand, 4 were scheduled for Kanoya and 10 for Kushira. 13 were airborne. From 15,000', 3 a/c dropped 15 tons of HE on Kanoya and, from 16,000', 7 a/c dropped 31 tons of HE on Kushira. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#26. Apr. 24 HITACHI AIRCRAFT ENGINE WORKS, TACHIKAWA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and 11 airborne. In daylight from 14,000', 9 a/c dropped 46 tons of HE which, along with 92 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 73.5% of the target. One dropped 5 tons on a target of opportunity. No crew casualties; 3 a/c damaged.

#27. Apr. 26 MIYAZAKI AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 42 a/c on hand, 23 were scheduled and 21 were airborne. From 13,000', 19 a/c dropped 86 tons of HE on the airfield. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#28. Apr. 27 KOKUBU AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 43 a/c on hand, 22 were scheduled and 20 airborne. From 10,000', 17 a/c dropped 110 tons HE on the airfield. No crew casualties; 3 a/c damaged.

#29. Apr. 28 KOKUBU AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 43 a/c on hand, 22 were scheduled and 20 airborne. From 12,000', 17 a/c dropped 100 tons HE on the airfield. Fifteen enemy fighters attacked; gunners shot down 2, probably destroyed 2, and damaged 6 others. 2nd Lt. Seymour S. Goodman, radar officer on Smith's crew was seriously wounded. Brown's aircraft was badly shot up and had to be abandoned 380 miles north of Iwo Jima; all but the navigator, 1st Lt. William J. Summy, who had been wounded, were rescued by submarine 28 hours later. A total of 5 a/c damaged.

#30. Apr. 30 TACHIKAWA AIR ARSENAL, TOKYO OUTSKIRTS. Of 44 a/c on hand, 20 were scheduled and 17 airborne. In daylight from 21,500', 15 a/c dropped 75 tons of HE which, along with 22 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 37% of the arsenal. No crew casualties; no a/c damaged.

#31. May 3 MINING SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS. Of 48 a/c on hand, 25 were scheduled and 24 airborne. At night from 4-8000', 19 dropped 113 tons of mines in assigned area; one dropped



6 tons in a secondary area. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#32. May 5 MINING TOKYO BAY, ISE BAY, & INLAND SEA. Of 48 a/c on hand, 28 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-8000', 26 dropped 177 tons of mines in assigned areas. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#33. May 8 OITA AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 48 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and airborne. From 18,500', 11 a/c dropped by radar 79 tons of GP on the airfield. No casualties or a/c damage.

#34. May 8 MATSUYAMA AIRFIELD, SHIKOKU. Of 48 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and airborne. From 18,500', 11 a/c dropped by radar 76 tons GP on the airfield. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#35. May 10 MATSUYAMA AIRFIELD, SHIKOKU. Of 49 a/c on hand, 24 were scheduled and 22 airborne. From 18,500', 16 a/c dropped 102 tons of GP on the airfield; 2 dropped 14 tons on a secondary target. Sgts. Jackson & Frank on Nicks's crew were wounded by a burst of flak; only that aircraft was damaged.

#36. May 11 MIYAZAKI AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 49 a/c on hand, 11 were scheduled and airborne. From 18,000', 10 a/c dropped by radar 73 tons of GP, some time-fused, on the airfield. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#37. May 11 MIYAKONOJO AIRFIELD, KYUSHU. Of 49 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and airborne. From 18,000', 11 dropped 61 tons of GP, some time-fused, on the airfield. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

(These were the final airfield missions. The suicide attacks had been markedly reduced. The Fifth Fleet Commander sent this message to General LeMay: "Request expression of my appreciation for highly effective performance.")

#38. May 13 MINING NIIGATA HARBOR & SHIMONOSEKI APPROACHES. Of the 49 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-8000' all 12 a/c dropped 72 tons of mines in assigned area. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#39. May 16 MINING SHIMONOSEKI APPROACHES & MAIZURU BAY. Of 48 a/c on hand, 30 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 6-11,000', 25 a/c dropped 147 tons of mines in assigned areas; 2 a/c dropped 13 tons in a secondary area. No crew casualties; 2 a/c damaged.

#40. May 18 MINING INLAND SEA & TSURUGA BAY. Of 48 a/c on hand, 34 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-6000', 30 a/c dropped 185 tons of mines in assigned areas. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#41. May 20 MINING MIYAZU & MAIZURU BAYS. Of 49 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled



and 31 airborne. At night from 5-6000', 30 a/c dropped 178 tons of mines in assigned areas. Caldwell's crew crashed on the takeoff run; 10 were killed; the tail gunner was injured but recovered. (This crash was the most serious accident we had. Two other B-29s were destroyed, and Donica's aircraft, taxiing for takeoff on this mission was damaged and had to abort. Also, two ground crew members from another group, were killed.) On the mission there were no crew casualties or a/c damage.

#42. May 22 MINING SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS. Of 48 a/c on hand, 32 were scheduled and 30 airborne. At night from 5-8000', 30 a/c dropped 172 tons of mines in assigned areas. Lewis's crew had to bail out after leaving Japan. Only 3 members of the crew survived; they were picked up by a submarine. One other a/c received flak damage.

#43. May 24 MINING FUSHIKI, NIIGATA & NARAO BAYS. Of 48 a/c on hand, 32 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 6-8000', 25 a/c dropped 165 tons of mines in assigned areas; 2 a/c dropped 14 tons in a secondary area. No crew casualties or a/c damaged.

#44. May 26 MINING FUSHIKI, KARATSU, & FUKUOKA BAYS. Of 48 a/c on hand, 32 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 5-8000', 29 a/c dropped 193 tons of mines in assigned areas. No casualties; 2 a/c damaged.

#45, May 27 MINING MOJI HARBOR & KARATSU BAY. Of 48 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and 11 airborne. At night from 6-8000', 9 a/c dropped 60 tons of mines in assigned areas. Stanley Black's airplane was shot down by flak; no parachutes seen. No other crew casualties; 3 other a/c damaged.

(The 9th Group flew all the mining missions scheduled in May. Thereafter, other groups of the wing were scheduled to handle the further mining missions. The mine fields were complete and the strangulation of Japan was underway. These subsequent missions kept the fields replenished where mines had sunk ships or the desperate sweeping operations had depleted the fields. On May 30th, General Davies sent Colonel Huglin, the group commander, this commendation for the group:

("1. Prior to the establishment of our mining program, some doubts had been expressed as to the successful mining of enemy waters by B-29s as contrasted with the damage that could be done by bombing. From the outset, the program has been outstandingly successful due in no small part to the enthusiasm and skill of the men of this Wing.

("2. Your efforts and those of the personnel of the 9th Group deserve my highest praise. You have given unstintedly of your time and effort and your operations this past month are an inspiration to the units of this command.

("3. At this stage in our mining program, extreme accuracy was necessary in order to replant mines in the narrow channels that had been swept by the enemy. You were required to fly long trips to vital Japanese ports and shipping areas that have taken on added significance in view of our denial of normal facilities to the foe. Photographic evidence and intelligence material shows that your assignment was performed with a high degree of skill. You have denied the enemy the use of



his shipping channels and materially contributed to the completion of our campaign to weaken the enemy so that he no longer has the economic system necessary for his waging of war.

(“4. Please express my personal compliments to the air and ground personnel of your group. Anything that I might add to the above is unnecessary as it is all stated by the words, ‘Well done’.”)

(The group received its second Presidential Unit Citation for its mining operations in the month of May. This citation is reproduced in Chapter 11)

(When the mining program was completed, Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief, Naval Forces, Pacific, sent this message for all groups of the 313th Wing: “The planning, operational, and technical execution of aircraft mining on a scale never before attained, has accomplished phenomenal results and is a credit to all concerned. The continued effectiveness of 20th Air Force mining is a source of gratification.”)

#46. June 1 OSAKA URBAN AREA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and airborne. In daylight from 18,000', 31 a/c dropped 222 tons of IB on the target area which, along with 421 other B-29's bombs, destroyed an additional 3.15 square miles, 4%, of that city. No crew casualties; 10 a/c damaged.

#47. June 5 KOBE URBAN AREA. Of 41 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and 35 airborne. In daylight from 14,000', 32 a/c dropped 228 tons of IB on the target area which, along with 441 other B-29's bombs, destroyed an additional 2.9 square miles, 25%, of that city. Heavy fighter attacks in target area; 16 fighters destroyed, 6 probably destroyed, 7 damaged. Six wounded were: Capt. George Bertagnoli, 2nd Lt. Donald Dwyer, 2nd Lt. Harold Peterson, Sgt. Claude Allen and Capt. William Chancellor. 2nd Lt. Richard Hughes, radar officer on Leonard Miller's crew, died of wounds received over the target. Miller had to crash-land the aircraft on Iwo, destroying two vehicles in the process. Total of 7 a/c damaged.

#48 June 7 OSAKA URBAN AREA. Of 40 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and 32 airborne. In daylight from 18,500', by radar due to cloud cover, 31 a/c dropped 234 tons of GP which, along with 387 other B-29's bombs, destroyed an additional 2.21 square miles, 4%, of that city. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#49. June 9 AICHI AIRCRAFT ENGINE PLANT, NAGOYA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 27 were scheduled and 26 airborne. In daylight from 20,000', 24 a/c dropped 176 tons of HE & GP which, along with 18 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 95% of the aircraft part of the plant and 50% of the engine part. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged. (General LeMay sent this message; “Congratulations for crossing targets 198 and 201 off our list of engine priority targets. In spite of short notice afforded your crews, the results of this mission show careful planning and competent execution.”)

#50. June 15 OSAKA-AMAGASAKI URBAN AREA. Of 43 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and 35 airborne. In daylight from 25,000', by radar due to cloud cover, 33 a/c dropped 255 tons of IB and GP which, along with 411 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 2.49 square miles, 4%, of the



target area. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#51. June 17 YOKKAICHI URBAN AREA. Of 44 a/c on hand, 37 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 7000', 36 a/c dropped 233 tons of IB & HE on the target area which, along with 183 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.23 square miles, 35%, of that city. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#52. June 19 FUKUOKA URBAN AREA. Of 46 a/c on hand, 38 were scheduled and 37 airborne. At night from 9000', 34 a/c dropped 215 tons of IB which, along with 186 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.6 square miles, 85% of that city. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#53. June 22 MITSUBISHI AIRCRAFT WORKS, KAGAMIGAHARA, & UTSUBE OIL REFINERY, YAKKAICHI. Of 44 a/c on hand, 28 were scheduled and airborne. In daylight from 18,000', 18 a/c bombed the aircraft plant and 5 a/c bombed the refinery with a total of 113 tons of HE. No crew casualties; 13 a/c were damaged.

#54. June 26 AICHI A/C WORKS, EITOKU PLANT, NAGOYA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 37 were scheduled and airborne. In daylight from 20,000', primarily by radar due to clouds, 32 a/c bombed the target with 226 tons of GP. One of the 3 crews which bombed targets of opportunity shot down a Japanese fighter. No crew casualties; 4 a/c damaged.

#55. June 28 MOJI URBAN AREA. Of 43 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and 35 airborne. At night from 10,000' with radar, 32 a/c dropped 268 tons of IB on the target which, along with 69 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 28.8% of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#56. July 1 UBE URBAN AREA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 38 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 10,000', 30 a/c dropped 194 tons of IB which, along with 71 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 27% of that city. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged.

#57. July 3 HIMEJI URBAN AREA. Of 42 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 10,000', all 36 a/c dropped 254 tons of IB which, along with 70 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 2.44 square miles, 57.5%, of that city. Reynold's a/c was tossed around violently by a thermal, injuring 3 crewmen and causing minor damage. No other crew casualties or a/c damage.

#58. July 6 SHIMIZU URBAN AREA. Of 44 a/c on hand, 34 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 8000', all 34 a/c dropped, primarily by radar, 305 tons of IB on the target which, along with 99 other B-29's bombs, destroyed .74 square miles, 52%, of that city. No crew casualties; 3 a/c damaged.

#59. July 9 WAKAYAMA URBAN AREA. Of 45 a/c on hand, 36 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 10,000', all 36 a/c dropped, primarily by radar, 232 tons IB which, along with 72 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 2.1 square miles, 51.5%, of that city. No crew casualties; one a/c damaged. (On this mission, one of the bombs dropped by John Fleming's crew in "Goin' Jessie," was designated the 2,000,000th ton of bombs dropped by the Army Air Forces in World War II.)



#60. July 12 TSURUGA URBAN AREA. Of 45 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and airborne. At night by radar from 12,200', 30 a/c dropped 253 tons of IB which, along with 61 other B-29's bombs, destroyed .77 square miles, 68%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#61. July 16 KUWANA URBAN AREA. Of 43 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 10,000', 32 a/c dropped 268 tons of IB which, along with 62 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.3 square miles, 84%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damaged.

#62. July 19 CHOSHI URBAN AREA. Of 45 a/c on hand, 34 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 10,400' by radar, 30 a/c dropped 259 tons which destroyed 43%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#63. July 24 TSU URBAN AREA. Of 44 a/c on hand, 42 were scheduled and 41 airborne. At night from 11,000', 36 a/c dropped 299 tons of IB which, along with 75 other B-29's bombs, destroyed .84 square miles, 57%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#64. July 26 TOKUYAMA URBAN AREA. Of 46 a/c on hand, 34 were scheduled and 33 airborne. At night from 11,300', 30 a/c dropped 254 tons of IB & FB which, along with 68 other B-29's bombs, destroyed .65 square miles, 57%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#65. July 28 UJI-YAMADA URBAN AREA. Of 46 a/c on hand, 34 were scheduled and 33 airborne. At night from 12,400', 32 a/c dropped 271 tons of IB which, along with 71 other B-29's bombs, destroyed .36 square miles, 39%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

(As evident from the above, throughout the month of July the group's missions were exclusively urban areas of secondary cities. Always there were two or three other groups from our wing also assigned to the same target. Concurrently, other wings were assigned similar targets so that often four urban areas would be hit simultaneously. During this month, the bomber command started sending out individual a/c to drop leaflets warning the residents of 10 to 12 cities that some of their cities would be attacked within a few days and urging them to evacuate. This tactic proved very effective, not only in saving civilian lives, but in demonstrating to the Japanese that their government could no longer protect them even when notified of the attacks. As can also be seen from the above, Japanese defense of these cities was poor.)

#66. Aug. 1 NAGAOKA URBAN AREA. (To celebrate the 38th anniversary of the establishment of an army air unit—an AAF birthday of sorts—the command was ordered to make a “maximum effort,” with the goal of 800 B-29s in the air; 836 were airborne and 784 struck targets.) Of 48 a/c on hand, 48 were scheduled; 47 were airborne, bombed Japan, and returned to Tinian safely—the 9th's greatest operational achievement! At night from 12,000', 43 dropped 322 tons of IB which, along with the 82 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.33 square miles, 65.5%, of that city. Four a/c dropped 31 tons on targets of opportunity. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#67. Aug. 5 MAEBASHI URBAN AREA. Of 50 a/c on hand, 33 were scheduled and airborne. At night from 15,000', 29 a/c dropped 244 tons of IB which, along with 63 other B-29's



bombs, destroyed 1.0 square miles, 77%, of that city. Two a/c dropped 16 tons on secondary targets. No crew casualties or a/c damage.

#68. Aug. 7 TOYOKAMA NAVAL ARSENAL. Of 48 a/c on hand, 12 were scheduled and airborne. By daylight from 18,600', 9 a/c dropped 67 tons GP which, along with 115 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 71% of this arsenal. Nighswonger's aircraft's tail controls were shot up, but he was able to fly it to Iwo where the crew bailed out; tail gunner, Cpl. Eldon Brown was wounded on the bomb run; and three other crew members, F/O Robert Skeels, Sgt. Benjamin Barrett, and Sgt. Peter Vrabel were injured during their parachute landings. (The aircraft they were flying that day, "Mariana Belle"—in which Welken's crew had completed their 35 missions—hit the ocean and cartwheeled under the waves.) No other crew casualties; 5 other a/c were damaged.

#69. Aug. 8 YAWATA URBAN AREA. Of 48 a/c on hand, 30 were scheduled and airborne. By daylight from 20,000', by radar due to cloud cover, 29 a/c dropped 161 tons of IB which, along with 192 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.22 square miles, 21%, of that city. Keller's aircraft was badly damaged by flak. He guided it to an open area of the ocean where the crew bailed out. Keller, after bailing out, was struck by the aircraft and killed. Nelson's and Tulloch's crews "buddied" Keller's, dropped extra life rafts, and did their best to get rescue seaplanes or submarines to the area but, eventually, to no avail. The 10 surviving crew members, after drifting on life rafts for a week, were captured, mistreated, and imprisoned about the time Japan capitulated; they were released and repatriated a few weeks later.

#70. Aug. 14 MARIFU RAILROAD YARDS. Of 45 a/c on hand, 42 were scheduled for this "maximum effort" mission, and 41 were airborne. By daylight from 16,600', 37 a/c dropped 264 tons of GP which, along with 67 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 92% of those railroad yards. No crew casualties or a/c damage. The last major combat mission.

#71. Aug. 14 KUMAGAYA URBAN AREA. Of 45 a/c on hand, 4 were scheduled and airborne; At night from 14,000', 3 a/c dropped 25 tons of IB which along with 90 other B-29's bombs, destroyed 1.3 square miles, 65%, of that city. No crew casualties or a/c damage. Last combat mission.

#72. Aug. 30 DISPLAY OF POWER. To support psychologically the arrival in Japan of U.S. troops and General MacArthur and other surrender officials, this mission, a fly-over of Tokyo, was ordered. Of 48 a/c on hand, 11 were scheduled; 10 were airborne and completed the mission.

#73. Aug. 31 DISPLAY OF POWER. This was a follow-on mission to the one the day before. Of 48 on hand, 11 were scheduled, airborne, and completed the mission.

#74. Sept. 1 PRISONER OF WAR SUPPLIES. (This mission was to drop food, medicine, clothing, and other supplies to known prisoner of war camps.) Of 48 a/c on hand, 20 were scheduled and airborne. Sixteen completed their missions.



#75. Sept. 2 DISPLAY OF POWER. Of 48 a/c on hand, 22 were scheduled and 21 airborne to join a force of 600 B-29s which overflew the Japanese surrender ceremonies on the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

NOTE: Not included in the regular, numbered group missions above were sorties ordered for specialized purposes: these are included in the following data:

SUMMARY OF 9TH GROUP OPERATIONS

Between February 9, 1945 and September 2, 1945 the 9th Group:

Flew 32,000 hours in the air, of which 28,000 were on combat missions, involving the following numbers of sorties (one aircraft participating in a mission) of which 93% were effective:

Bombing	1515
Mining	328
Display of Power	42
Super Dumbo (Air-Sea Rescue on Station)	32
Sea Search	25
Dropping supplies to POW camps, Sept. 1	20
Weather Reconnaissance and leaflet drops	19
Fighter Escort	15
Radar Scope	10
Counter-radar	3
Winds Check Run	2
Photo Reconnaissance	1
TOTAL SORTIES	2012



Figure 07-143. B29 Plane Number 54



COMBINED SUMMARY OF 20TH AIR FORCE & 9TH GROUP OPERATIONS

	20TH AIR FORCE From June 5, 1944 on	9TH BOMB GROUP From February 9, 1945 on
Missions	380	75
Sorties		
Combat	31,387	1843
Other	1,617	169
Total	33,004	2012
Bomb and mine tonnage	171,060	11,376
B-29 losses		
Combat losses	494	14 + 5 non-combat
Training losses in U.S.	260	1
Air crew losses		
Killed	576	26 + 1 ground crewman
Missing	2,406	96 (12 repatriated)
Wounded or injured	433	30
Japanese a/c destroyed	714	26
a/c probably destroyed	456	11
a/c probably damaged	770	27

Before the Japanese finally surrendered, the B-29 strategic air campaign inflicted on them:

- N Heavy damage to 602 of their major war factories.
- N Destruction of 83% of their oil refinery capability.
- N Destruction of 75% of their aircraft engine production.
- N Sinking of 1,250,000 tons of their shipping and virtually halting their sea traffic, through the mines dropped in “Operation Strangulation.”
- N In their 66 principal industrial urban areas—on which 70% of the B-29’s bomb tonnage was dropped—destroyed were 192 square miles, or 43%, of the built-up areas, sites of their widely dispersed war-making capability. As consequences of these industrial urban area attacks, 2,300,000 buildings were destroyed, 8,300,000 people were rendered homeless, 21,000,000 people were evacuated (30% of the urban population), and more casualties resulted than their armed forces had suffered in combat in overseas areas.
- N The coup de grace shock of the atom bombs.



Chapter 8

Mission Participants

The following listing of aircrews (by airplane commanders' names) and command and staff (C&S) personnel who participated in the missions are reproduced from original records. Remarks are also included under "C&S."

Note: "T/O" is used for takeoff while "TO" means "Target of Opportunity. At briefings we were given a primary and a secondary target. If, for any reason, we couldn't bomb either, we were to pick out any other target in our flight path; i.e., a target of opportunity.

SPECIALIZED MISSION - NAVIGATION OF P-38S TO IWO JIMA

Feb 2

Bertagnoli
Chapman
Keene

#1 TRUK Feb 9

CREW

Chapman
Hobaugh
Klemme
Scheaffer
Nash
Bowers
McClintock
Ashland
Cox, C W
Tutton
Fleming
Rogan
Shenefiel
Butler
Bertagnoli
Hutchison
Black
Shirley
Welken
Nicks
Hardgrave
Curry
Thimlar
Bearden
McNeil
Lewis
Johnson
Fling
Fulton
Malo

C & S

Eisenhart
Luschen

McKay-Nestel-Nole

Settle
Wright
Drumm

Conly
Ritchie

Casey

Foley

#2 IWO JIMA Feb 12

CREW

McNeil
Curry
Keene
Thimlar
Lewis
Chapman
Hobaugh
Fleming

C & S

Hall

Luschen-Brown
Sugg

Bearden

Nash

Smith

Shirley

Platz

Bertagnoli

Hutchison

Nicks

Scheaffer

Ashland

Klemme

Black

Cox, C W

McKay-Johnson-Nestel

Fuller-Davenport

Callahan

Huglin

#3 SEA SEARCH FOR JAPANESE PICKET BOATS

Feb 14

(No available records of which crews participated)

#4 TRUK

Feb 18

CREW

Fling
Fulton
Malo
Shenefiel
Butler
Hardgrave
Keene
Lewis
Spaargaren
St Denis
McClintock
Bowers
Curry
Jarvis
Loy
Tutton
Emmons
Christie
Collins

C & S

Huglin
Johnson
Conly
Nole
Failed T/O
Albritton
Brown-Wenzel
Foley
Wright

MISSION WITH 504TH GP - NAKAJIMA

A/C FACTORY, TOYKO

Feb 19

CREW

Ashland
Fleming
Nash
Sheaffer

**#5 TOKYO****Feb 25**CREW

McClintock

C & S

Eisenhart-Wenzel

Ritchie

Wienert

Bombed TO

Collins

Booker

Chapman

Hobaugh

Early return

Mech Abort

Klemme

Tutton

Bombed TO

Scheaffer

Bombed TO

Cox, C W

Bombed TO

Jones

Early return

Abort, Other

Fling

Drumm, Casey

Fulton

Johnson

Welken

Rogan

Black

Shenefiel

Nicks

Smith

Nestel

Platz

Shirley

Butler

Curry

Hall

Fiel

Wright

Thimlar

Johnson

Salvoed-Abort

Other

Lewis

Spaargaren

Jarvis

McNeil

Bearden

Abort Mech

Littlewood

Loy

Bombed TO

#6 TOKYO (BOMBED SECONDARY DUE TO FLIGHT CONDITIONS)**March 4**CREW

McNeil

Emmons

Bearden

C & S

Huglin

Bombed Maug.

Abort-Mech

Curry

Christie

White

Fling

Fulton

None

Malo

Littlewood

Failed T/O

St Denis

Loy

Chapman

Hobaugh

Fuller

Bowers

McClintock

Wenzel

Ashland

Luschen-McKay

Jones

Nicks

Hutchison

Hardgrave

Klemme

Bombed Shizuoka.

Black

Wienert

Abort-Mech

SPECIALIZED MISSION, RADAR SCOPE TO KYUSHU**March 5**

Nash with Conly, Group Radar Off

#7 TOKYO**March 9**CREW

McClintock

Rogan

Curry

McNeil

Scheaffer

Smith

Fling

Bertagnoli

Shirley

Hutchison

Butler

Platz

Welken

St Denis

Hardgrave

Keene

C & S

Huglin-Wenzel

Johnson

Failed T/O

Fuller

Callahan

Abort-Mech Albritton

Ditched, Missing crew later found

Ditched 3 killed*

Others rescued

*John C Conly

*Bernard T Ladd

*Marshall D Long

Feil

Lewis

Jarvis

White

Bearden

Littlewood

Christie

Roth

Spaargaren

Chapman

Wienert

Cox, B E

Abort-Mech

Collins

Bowers

Tutton

Jones

Fleming

Hobaugh

SPECIALIZED MISSION, SEA SEARCH FOR KEENE & HARDGRAVE**March 11**

Carver

Cox, E J

Settle

#8 NAGOYA URBAN**March 11**CREW

Scheaffer

Nash

Hobaugh

C & S



Cox, B E	Abort-Personnel
Cox, C W	
Klemme	McKay
Jones	
Tulloch	
Ashland	Brown
Collins	
Rogan	
Bertagnoli	
Smith	
Shenefiel	
Nicks	
Fulton	Nestel
Malo	
Black	Casey
Platz	
St Denis	
Shirley	
McNeil	
Feil	Abort-Mech
White	
Curry	Wright
Thimlar	
Emmons	
Johnson	Abort-Mech
Littlewood	
Jarvis	Schmid
Loy	Abort-Personnel

#9 OSAKA URBAN
March 13

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Curry	
Shenefiel	
Chapman	
McClintock	Wenzel
Feil	
Lewis	Chapel
Johnson	
Bearden	
Thimlar	Wright
Emmons	
Spaargaren	
Loy	
Christie	Roth
Klemme	
Bowers	
Cox, C W	
Ashland	Hall
Nash	Nole
Fleming	
Tutton	
Wienert	
Tulloch	
Jones	
Fling	
Butler	Luschen
Welken	
Hutchison	
Rogan	
Nicks	
Fulton	
Malo	
Black	
Smith	

#10 KOBE URBAN
March 16

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Hutchison	
Butler	
Fling	Bauchwitz
St Dennis	Casey
Fulton	
Welken	McGrath
Shirley	
Malo	
Nicks	
Platz	
Feil	
McNeil	
Curry	Abort-Mech
White	Schmid
Bearden	Mulligan
Littlewood	
Lewis	
Jarvis	
Johnson	
Loy	
Spaargaren	Failed T/O Mech
Christie	Missing
Emmons	Fuller
Brown	Failed T/O Mech
Scheaffer	Abort Mech
Hobaugh	
Collins	Abort-Other
Cox, C W	
Bowers	Abort-Other
Tutton	
Nash	
Wienert	
Fleming	
McClintock	Wenzel
Klemme	Booker
Ashland	Failed T/O Mech

#11 NAGOYA URBAN
March 18

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	Napier
Rogan	Hall
Smith	
Collins	Nestel
Nash	Failed T/O Mech
Cox, C W	
Bowers	Bobo
Tutton	
Fleming	
Hobaugh	
Chapman	
Shenefiel	Beck
Shirley	Callahan
Fling	
Bertagnoli	Albritton
Platz	Abort-Mech
St Dennis	
Hutchison	
Welken	Morriss
Butler	
Black	Hornbake
Feil	Lingle-Drumm
McNeil	Failed T/O Mech



White	Nole-Williams
Johnson	LaBarrer
Bearden	
Thimlar	
Littlewood	
Lewis	
Jarvis	Johnson
Spaargaren	
Ashland	Chapel
Cox, B E	Luschen

Weinert	Mullins
Ashland	
Cox, C W	
Klemme	
Cox, J C	
Barneyback	Luschen
Hamilton	Chapel
Hutchison	
Payne	Johnson
Shenefiel	
Jones	
Nash	

**SPECIALIZED MISSION, NAVIGATION OF
P-51S TO IWO JIMA**

March 22

Barneyback
Bertagnoli

#12 NAGOYA 4

March 24

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Curry	Huglin
Johnson	
Fiel	Schmid
Spaargaren	
Littlewood	Wright-Davenport
White	Ritchie-Arnold
Jarvis	
Scheaffer	Mulligan-Drumm
Hobaugh	Brown
Collins	
Bowers	
Wienert	Mullins
Fleming	
Jones	Booker-Ritchie
Bertagnoli	
Rogan	
Smith	Abort-Mech
St Dennis	Callihan
Hardgrave	Dotson, Missing
Fulton	
Malo	
Platz	Casey-Abort-Mech

#13 MINING

March 27

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Nicks	Rosen
Black	
Brown	Fling
Butler	
Shirley	McKay
Welken	
Bearden	
Fiel	Nole
Emmons	Jacobson
White	Wilson
Lewis	
Loy	Carrigan
Spaargaren	Berg
Thimlar	Buhlman
Carver	Hall-Abort-Mech
Curry	Clark
McClintock	Napier-Wenzel
Dolan	Chapman
Tullock	

#14 MINING

March 30

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Tutton	Abort-Pers Booker
Wienert	
Klemme	Failed T/O-Cagan
Bowers	Mallory
Collins	Brothers
Barneyback	Failed T/O Chapman
Hobaugh	Reynolds
St Dennis	Davis
Malo	Elledge
Fulton	Lawson
Bertagnoli	Callahan
Platz	Horne
Bearden	Ritchie
Carver	Failed T/O-Hall
Rogan	Albritton
Hamilton	Stephens
Payne	Casey
Loy	Davis
Emmons	Eppes
White	Crashed Bachelder
Johnson	Abort-Material Schmid
Lingle	Wright
Curry	Webb
Nicks	
Hutchison	
Fleming	
Pattillo	(58th Wing) Hall

**SPECIALIZED MISSION - SUPER DUMBO
(MINING WITH 504TH)**

April 2

Saunders

#15 MINING, KURE APPROACHES

April 1

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Brown	Fling
Platz	Callahan
Ashland	
Thimlar	
Emmons	
Klemme	

#16 NAKAJIMA PLANT, OTA

April 3

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Johnson	Huglin
Jarvis	



Spaargaren
 Pattison Feil
 Bearden
 Loy Abort
 Carver Chapel
 Littlewood
 Curry
 Lewis
 McClintock Abort-Other-Mulligan
 Cox, J C
 Dolan Abort
 Barneyback
 Tutton
 Jones
 Nash
 Cox, C W
 Tulloch
 Pattillo Failed T/O
 Rogan
 Bertagnoli
 Shenefiel
 Welken Failed T/O
 Shirley
 Black
 Payne
 Hamilton
 St Denis
 Malo

**#17 MITSUBISHI A/C, NAGOYA
 April 7**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	Casey
Bertagnoli	Albritton
Butler	
Rogan	
Shenefiel	
Welken	Abort-Mech
St Denis	
Fulton	
Malo	Abort-Mech
Black	
Hutchison	Abort-Other
Curry	Wright
Lewis	
Thimlar	
Johnson	Drumm
Jacobson	Nestel
Jarvis	
Spaargaren	Abort-Mech
Littlewood	
Pattison	Johnson
Bearden	
Loy	
Scheaffer	
Weinert	
Tulloch	
Nash	Abort-Mech
Bowers	
Klemme	Abort-Mech
Jones	
Tutton	
Collins	
McClintock	Bombed TO
Ashland	
Lingle	
Pattillo	Failed T/O
Goodrich	Failed T/O
Emmons	

Shirley
 Brown
 Platz

**SPECIALIZED MISSION, SUPER DUMBO
 April 7**

Saunders

**SPECIALIZED MISSION RSM #6
 TAMASHIMA AND AKASHI AREAS
 April 8**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Hobaugh	Booker-Levering-Raue
Goodrich	

	Flight Time
First Take-off	080656Z
Last Take-off	080658Z
First Return	082110Z
Last Return	082137Z

Target Photographed: Aircraft Factories
 Target Bombed: Tama Shipyards & Bldg Ways
 Altitude: 7000

	Results
Photos Obtained:	27
Bombs on target:	11.75 Tons HE

	Fuel
Loaded, Avg	6785
Consumed, Avg	5933
Returned, Avg	852

No casualties or enemy opposition

**#18 HODAGAYA CHEMICAL WORKS
 KORIYAMA
 April 12**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	Luschen
Nicks	Ashford
Rogan	Chase
Welken	Nole-Tobey
Wienert	Drumm-Brown
Dolan	Chapel
Cox, C W	Nelson
Jones	Sullivan
Fleming	Glick
Lingle	Abort-Mech-Schmid
Lewis	Wachenheim
Thimlar	Abort-Other-Barr
Nash	Abort-Mech
Tutton	
Collins	
Littlewood	
Jacobson	
Carver	
Brown	
Davis	
Saunders	
Clark	
Jarvis	
Malo	

**#19 MINING SHIMOSEKI STRAITS****April 12**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Cox, J C	
Barneyback	Landed Iwo
Platz	
Payne	
Pattison	
Goodrich	Super Dumbo

#20 TOKYO ARSENAL**April 13**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Fulton	Huglin
Pattillo	Booker
Bearden	Donica
Hendrickson	Johnson
Loy	
Jarvis	Clarke
Littlewood	
Emmons	Houchin
Thimlar	
Lingle	
Carver	
Spaargaren	
Webb	Wright
Ashland	Bobo-Drumm
Tulloch	
Hobaugh	
Klemme	
Tutton	
Reynolds	Chapman
Bowers	
Shenefiel	
Caldwell	Fling
Black	
Hamilton	
St Denis	
Shirley	
Hutchison	
Saunders	

SPECIALIZED MISSION, NAV. ESCORT OF P-51s, IWO TO KYUSHU FOR STRAFING ATTACKS & RETURN**April 14 & 17**

Nash

#21 KAWASAKI URBAN**April 15**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Hutchison	Mulligan
Nicks	
Payne	Landed Iwo
Davis	
Butler	
Brown	
Rogan	Casey
Caldwell	
Black	
Platz	
Welken	Abort-Mech Gould-Albritton
Malo	Missing
Hamilton	

Goodrich	
Lingle	Landed Iwo
Thimlar	Hall
Pattison	
Emmons	
Loy	
Clark	
Carver	Missing
Jacobson	
Donica	Abort-Pers-Fiel
Webb	
Jones	Missing
Sullivan	Missing-Chapel
Fleming	
Tulloch	
Cox, J C	
Dolan	
Barneyback	Abort-Mech
Collins	Gen Davies
Pattillo	Booker

SPECIALIZED MISSIONS, SEA SEARCH**April 17**

Cox, C W
Jarvis
Shenefiel
Spaargaren

SUPER DUMBO**April 17**

Saunders

#22 KOKUBU AIRFIELD**April 18**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	Wenzel-Brown
Wienert	Landed Iwo
Barneyback	
Hobaugh	
Lewis	
Jacobson	
Loy	Landed Iwo
Bearden	
Littlewood	
Hendrickson	Schmid
Emmons	
Lingle	Baile
Smith	Luschen
Fulton	Abort-Callahan
Hutchison	Bombed with 73 wg
Goodrich	Failed T/O
St Denis	
Brown	Failed T/O
Shirley	
Black	Landed Iwo
Platz	Abort
Butler	Drumm
Nicks	Landed Iwo-Bombed with 314 wg
Klemme	

#23 KANOYAAF**April 21**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	Abort-Maint
	Eisenhart-Bomb bay doors failed open
Nash	



Dolan
Ashland
Cox, B E
Bombed secondary with 504th-Chapman

Cox, J C
Tutton
Bowers
Fulton
Welken
Brown
Shirley
Abort-Other
Failed T/O

**#24 KOKUBU AIRFIELD
April 21**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Johnson	Wright
Lewis	
Clark	Feil
Thimlar	
Jarvis	
Webb	Bearden
Jacobson	
Lingle	Nestel
Platz	
Hamilton	Fling
Davis	
Butler	

**#25 KUSHIRA A/F
April 22**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	Huglin
St Denis	
Shirley	
Nicks	Abort-Mech
Brown	
Emmons	
Littlewood	Abort-Mech
Loy	
Spaargaren	
Goodrich	

KANOYA A/F

Hobaugh
Tulloch
Fleming
Reynolds
Abort-Mech

**#26 HITACHI A/C, TACHIKAWA
April 24**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
McClintock	Failed T/O
Collins	
Reynolds	Bombed Iksheriden
Cox, C W	
St Denis	Abort-Mech
Welken	Albritton
Shenefiel	
Brown	Bombed Hitachi with 504th
Jarvis	
Lingle	
Donica	Thimlar
Emmons	
Pattison	Super Dumbo

**#27 MIYAZAKI AIRFIELD
April 26**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Lewis	Luschen
Johnson	Bombed Kokubu
Thimlar	
Bearden	
Clark	McNeil
Loy	Failed T/O
Jacobson	
Fulton	
Nicks	
Hutchison	
Spaargaren	
Wienert	Brown
Hobaugh	
Dolan	
Tutton	
Nash	
Fleming	
Reynolds	
Klemme	Failed T/O
Platz	Jettisoned-Abort
Davis	Johnson
Butler	
Bowers	

**#28 KOKUBU AIR FIELD
April 27**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	
McClintock	Abort
Klemme	
Barneyback	Failed T/O
St Denis	
Shirley	
Payne	
Welken	
Jarvis	Failed T/O
Loy	
Pattison	
Donica	

**#29 KOKUBU AIR FIELD
April 28**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	
Fulton	
Black	
Nicks	
Hamilton	Abort-Mech
Brown	Bailed out-all except N saved
Clark	
Thimlar	
Jarvis	
Lingle	
Spaargaren	
Wienert	McKay
Hobaugh	
Dolan	Failed T/O
Collins	
Ashland	Drumm
Bowers	
Nash	
Barneyback	Abort-MechChapman
Fleming	
Cox, C W	Abort-Personnel
Reynolds	Failed T/O

**#30 TACHIKAWA AIR ARSENAL****April 30**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	Huglin
Wienert	
Klemme	Failed T/O
McClintock	
Tutton	
Fleming	
Ashland	
Cox, C W	
Barneyback	Failed T/O
Platz	
Johnson	Wright
Hobaugh	
Pattison	
Lewis	Failed T/O
Emmons	Abort-Personnel
Clark	
Bearden	
Jacobson	
Loy	
Hutchison	Super Dumbo

**#31 MINING, SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS
May 3 & 4**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	
Thimlar	
Caldwell	
Butler	
Davis	
Welken	Failed T/O
Nack	Abort-Mech
Shenefiel	
Littlewood	Abort-Personnel Keene
Cox, J C	
Nash	
Scheaffer	Abort-Mech
Hobaugh	
Bowers	
Wienert	Abort-Mech
Soderbeck	Chapman
Dolan	
Barneyback	
McClintock	
Pattison	
Webb	
Johnson	Horton
Jarvis	
Emmons	
Bearden	

**#32 MINING, TOKYO & ISE BAYS & INLAND SEA
May 5 & 6**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	
St Denis	
Black	Abort-Maint Pers
Platz	
Shirley	
Hutchison	
Welken	Albritton
Nicks	
Loy	
Tutton	

Reynolds	
Barneyback	
Bowers	Brown
McClintock	
Cox, C W	
Ashland	
Collins	
Wienert	
Scheaffer	
Spaargaren	
Donica	
Bearden	
Nelson	Abort-Maint Pers
Littlewood	
Jacobson	
Hendrickson	Schmid
Johnson	
Lingle	
Klemme	Super Dumbo

**#33 & 34 OITA A/F & MATSUYAMA A/F
May 8**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	McKay-Casey
Fulton	
Platz	
Nash	
Nack	
Black	
Payne	
Dolan	
Nelson	Chapman
Shenefiel	
Welken	
Davis	
Littlewood	Wright
Johnson	
Emmons	
Collins	
Webb	
Hendrickson	
Bobo	
Cox, J C	
Soderbeck	Feil
Clark	Abort-Mech
Klemme	
Pattison	
Reynolds	Super Dumbo

**#35 MATSUYAMA AIR FIELD
May 10**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Collins	Super Dumbo
Wienert	Failed T/O Brown
McClintock	Abort-Pers Callahan
Ashland	Drumm
Bearden	
Fleming	
Bowers	
Barneyback	Failed T/O
Loy	
Spaargaren	
Cox, C W	
Lingle	Horton
Tutton	
Smith	Hall



Bertagnoli	Abort-Mech
St Denis	
Thimlar	
Prehoda	Abort-Pers-Crew Fling
Shirley	
Abbott	Abort-Mech
Aufford	
Jarvis	Bombed TO
Butler	
Nicks	Bombed TO
Hamilton	

**#36 & 37 MIYAKONOJO & MIYAZAKI AIRFIELDS
May 11**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Littlewood	Johnson
Johnson	
Jacobson	
Hutchison	
Pattison	
Clark	
Bobo	
Nack	
Payne	
Webb	Abort-Mech
Hendrickson	
Wienert	Brown
Scheaffer	
McClintock	
Platz	
Reynolds	
Dolan	
Cox, J C	
Abbott	Keene
Welken	Abort
Nelson	
Caldwell	
Klemme	

**#38 MINING, NIIGATA & SHIMONOSEKI
May 13 & 14**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	
Black	
Hutchison	
McClintock	
Cox, C W	
Cox, B E	
Loy	
Clark	
Bertagnoli	Huglin
Tutton	
Lingle	Horton
Thimlar	

**#39 MINING, SHIMONOSEKI & MAIZURI
May 16 & 17**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Johnson	
Littlewood	Abort-Mech
Bobo	
Donica	
Spaargaren	
Scheaffer	
Soderbeck	
Reynolds	

Hobaugh	
Dolan	
Caldwell	
Shenefiel	
St Denis	
Platz	Abort-Mech
Welken	
Nack	Booker
Hamilton	Abort-Mech
Davis	
Shirley	
Jacobson	
McClintock	
Miller	Chapman
Thimlar	
Prehoda	
Smith	
Ashland	
Cox, J C	
Aufford	
Vander Schans	Wright

**#40 MINING, INLAND SEA & TSURGA BAY
May 18**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bowers	
Cox, B E	
Keller	Brown
McClintock	
Cox, J C	
Hobaugh	
Nelson	
Fleming	
Cox, C W	
Weinert	Abort-Mech
Collins	
Smith	
Shenefiel	
Davis	Abort-Mech
Hamilton	
Butler	Abort-Mech
Welken	
Peyne	
Hutchison	
Nack	Abort-Mech Nestel
Shirley	
Rogan	
Black	
Littlewood	
Emmons	
Johnson	
Lewis	Arnold
Hendrickson	
Webb	
Clark	
Lingle	Horton
Pattison	
Loy	
Jarvis	
Spaargaren	Super Dumbo
Tulloch	Super Dumbo

**#41 MINING, MIYAZU & MAIZURI BAYS
May 20**

<u>CREWS</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Clark	



Littlewood
Loy
Thimlar
Bobo
Johnson
Lewis Arnold
Donica Failed T/O damaged in 913 crash
Jacobson
Vander Schans
Aufford
Tulloch
Scheaffer
Wienert
Tutton
Ashland
Bowers
Reynolds
Miller
Soderbeck
Klemme
Abbott
Hamilton
Butler
Nicks
Caldwell Crashed on T/O
Hutchison
St Denis
Rogan
Smith
Prehoda Fling
Platz Hall
Dolan Super Dumbo Abort

**#42 MINING, SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS
May 22**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Smith	
Butler	
Welken	
Payne	
Nicks	
Shirley	
Black	Abort-Mech
Rogan	
Shenefiel	Nestel
Nack	Casey
Platz	Abort-Mech
Davis, G L	
Spaargaren	
Bobo	
Jarvis	
Emmons	
Lewis	Bailed Out Arnold
Hendrickson	
Webb	
Donica	
Lingle	
Aufford	
Cox, J C	
Scheaffer	
Cox, B E	
Tutton	
Collins	
Fleming	
Dolan	
Nelson	
Klemme	
Wienert	
Littlewood	Super Dumbo

**#43 MINING, FUSHIKI, NIIGATA, NARAO BAYS
May 24**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Scheaffer	Luschen
Ashland	
Collins	Abort-Mech
Fleming	
Johnson	
Loy	
Thimlar	Abort-Mech
Spaargaren	
Shirley	
Platz	
Shenefiel	
Abbott	
Davis, G L	
Black	
Jacobson	
Webb	
Vander Schans	
Reynolds	
Pattison	
Wienert	
Keller	Alt Field-Mech
Bowers	
Miller	
Nicks	Abort-Pers
St Denis	
Welken	
Prehoda	
Payne	
Hutchison	
Donica	Failed T/O
Clark	Alt Field
Tulloch	Super Dumbo
Dolan	Super Dumbo

**#44 MINING, FUHIKI, KARATSU, FUKUOKA BAYS
May 27**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Pattison	
Aufford	
Donica	
Platz	
Hendrickson	
Jacobson	
Lingle	Horton
Vander Schans	
St Denis	
Collins	
Payne	
Cox, J C	
Scheaffer	
Cox, B E	
Nelson	Abort-Mech
Fleming	
Dolan	
Wienert	Huglin
Soderbeck	
Klemme	
Bishop	Fling
Shenefiel	
Hamilton	
Butler	
Welken	
Prehoda	
Hutchison	



Davis
 Shirley
 Abbott
 McClintock Super Dumbo
 Loy Super Dumbo Abort

45 MINING, MOJI HARBOR, KARATSU BAY
May 27

<u>CREW</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Tulloch	
Ashland	
Cox, CW	Abort
Emmons	
Bobo	Abort
Bearden	
Loy	
Clark	
Bertagnoli	
Black	Missing
Tutton	
Hobaugh	Super Dumbo Failed T/O

SPECIALIZED MISSIONS
DUMBO-SEARCH-ESCORT
May 23-26

<u>CREW</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Littlewood 5/23	Super Dumbo for ftrs-Iwo to Japan
Cox, C W 5/24	Ftr Escort-Iwo to Japan
Hobaugh 5/24	Ftr Escort-Iwo to Japan
Butler 5/24	Sea Search
Jarvis 5/24	Sea Search Wright
Cox, C W 5/25	Ftr Escort-Iwo to Japan
Thimlar 5/25	Sea Search-Feil
Nicks 5/25	Sea Search

SPECIALIZED MISSIONS
May 31-June 28

<u>CREW</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Jarvis 5/31	Search
Collins 6/01	Fighter escort
Jarvis 6/02	Search
Collins 6/02	Search
Donica 6/02	Weather
Tutton 6/07	Super Dumbo
Dolan 6/08	Weather
Tutton 6/08	Super Dumbo
Dolan 6/13	Weather
Rogan 6/18	RSM
Dolan 6/19	Weather
Butler 6/21	RSM
Spaargaren 6/21	RSM
Dolan 6/22	Weather
Reinert 6/22	Super Dumbo
Dolan 6/26	Weather
Reinert 6/26	Search
Reinert 6/27	Search
Reinert 6/28	Search

#46 OSAKA URBAN AREA
June 1

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	Casey
Rogan	

Hutchison
 Platz
 Welken
 Nicks Abort-Mech
 Davis
 Payne
 Shirley
 Prehoda
 Hamilton Abort-Mech
 Shenefiel
 Wienert Brown
 Scheaffer Wenzel
 McClintock
 Ashland Napier
 Tutton
 Tulloch
 Keller
 Cox, C W
 Soderbeck
 Bowers Baile
 Nelson
 Littlewood Wright
 Johnson
 Bearden
 Thimlar
 Emmons
 Pattison
 Vander Schans Bombed TO-Feil
 Spaargaren
 Jacobson
 Hendrickson
 Clark Abort-Mech
 Klemme Super Dumbo

#47 KOBE URBAN AREA
June 5

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
McClintock	Huglin
Wienert	
Cox, B E	Drumm
Ashland	
Cox, J C	Failed T/O
Klemme	
Cox, C W	
Bowers	
Miller	
Reynolds	
Fleming	
Webb	
Bearden	Luschen
Littlewood	
Loy	Robinson
Thimlar	
Emmons	
Clark	
Spaargaren	Abort-Mech
Pattison	
Hendrickson	
Aufford	
Jacobson	
Vander Schans	
Rogan	Johnson
Bertagnoli	
Shenefiel	
Platz	
Welken	
Bishop	
Hutchison	
Nicks	



Prehoda Abort-Mech
Payne Abort-Mech
Butler
Abbott

Emmons
Gahl
Jarvis
Reinert

#48 OSAKA URBAN AREA**June 7**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Johnson	Hall
Bearden	
Reinert	Fling
Jarvis	
Loy	Failed T/O
Spaargaren	
Thimlar	
Emmons	
Gahl	
Pattison	
Webb	
Rogan	
McClintock	
Davis, G L	
Shirley	
Nicks	
Bishop	Drake
Platz	
Butler	
Payne	
Abbott	
Prehoda	
Scheaffer	
Hobaugh	
Cox, J C	
Collins	
Klemme	
Soderbeck	
Tulloch	
Reynolds	
Nelson	
Clark	
Keller	

#49 AICHI A/C ENG PLANT**June 9**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	Casey
Hobaugh	
Welken	
Hutchison	
Butler	Failed T/O
Davis, C M	
Shirley	
Payne	Bombed TO
Bishop	
Abbott	
Loy	Super Dumbo
Wienert	
Ashland	
Bowers	
Tulloch	
Collins	
Cox, C W	
Cox, J C	
Shenefiel	
Prehoda	
Littlewood	Mulligan
Thimlar	
Countryman	

#50 OSAKA AMAGASAKI URBAN AREA**June 15**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Sheaffer	Brown
Hobaugh	
Reynolds	
Ashland	
Tulloch	
Cox, J C	
Collins	
Cox, B E	
Fleming	
Nelson	
Keller	
Klemme	Bombed TO
Cox, C W	
Littlewood	Failed T/O
Emmons	
Hendrickson	
Spaargaren	
Clark	
Aufford	
Jarvis	
Jacobson	
Vander Schans	
Countryman	
Gahl	
Bertagnoli	
Davis, G L	
Welken	Bombed TO
Shirley	
Butler	
Abbott	Kessinger
Platz	
Nicks	Failed T/O
Davis, C M	
Brown	
Payne	
Shenefiel	
Bishop	

#51 YOKKAICHI URBAN AREA**June 17-18**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Curry	Wright
Johnson	
St Denis	
Davis, G L	
Hobaugh	
Wienert	
Pattison	
Jarvis	
Hendrickson	
Clark	
Reinert	
Aufford	
Gahl	
Jacobson	
Vander Schans	
Bishop	
Brown	Dougherty
Shirley	



Platz
 Prehoda
 Payne
 Abbott
 Butler
 Cox, J C
 Ashland
 Tutton
 Cox, B E
 Reynolds
 Nelson Abort-Maint Pers
 Keller
 Fleming
 Adams
 Tulloch
 Cox, C W
 Bowers
 Emmons
 Welken
 Thimlar Super Dumbo Booker

#52 FUKUOKA URBAN AREA
June 19-20

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
St Denis	Johnson
Scheaffer	Abort-Mech
Ashland	Napier
Littlewood	
Lingle	
Butler	
Shenefiel	
Welken	
Davis, C M	Bombed TO
Brown	Abort-Maint Pers
Bishop	
McMahan	Fling
Davis, G L	
Abbott	Failed T/O
Lassman	Smith
Cox, C W	
Cox, J C	
Keller	
Tutton	
Cox, B E	
Reynolds	
Nelson	
Bowers	
Adams	
Tulloch	
Miller	
Countryman	Albritton
Reinert	
Aufford	
Spaargaren	
Pattison	
Hendrickson	
Clark	
Gahl	
Jacobson	
Vander Schans	

#53 MISTUBISHI A/C WORKS,
KAGAMIGAHARA UTSUBE RIVER
OIL REFINERY, YAKKAICHI
June 22

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Wienert	Hall
Hobaugh	
Reynolds	
Cox, B E	Abort-Maint Pers
Tulloch	
Adams	Abort-Mech
Collins	
Fleming	
Bowers	
Tutton	
Curry	Bombed Secondary
Hendrickson	
Thimlar	Bombed Secondary
Pattison	Bombed Secondary Mulligan
Donica	
Jarvis	Bombed Secondary
Lingle	Bombed Secondary
Aufford	
Nelson	Abort-Mech
Rogan	
Davis, G L	
Shenefiel	
Shirley	Abort-Mech
Abbott	
Platz	
Bishop	
Lassman	
Miller	Abort-Maint

#54 AICHI ACRFT WORKS, NAGOYA
June 26

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Littlewood	Huglin
Johnson	Bombed TO
Vander Schans	
Jarvis	
Countryman	
Emmons	
Thimlar	
Jacobson	
Clark	
Spaargaren	
Donica	Bombed TO
Gahl	
Bertagnoli	
Shirley	
Welken	
Davis, G L	Abort-Mech
Butler	
Bishop	
Platz	
Brown	Baile
Abbott	
Davis, C M	Bombed TO
Prehoda	
Payne	
Lassman	
Scheaffer	
Ashland	Napier
Miller	Ritchie
Cox, C W	
Adams	Abort-Mech



Barneyback
Collins
Cox, B E
Tutton
Fleming
Nelson
McMahan

#55 MOJI URBAN AREA
June 28-29

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	
Cox, C W	RCM-Luschen
St Denis	Abort-Mech
Pulsfort	
Brown	
Lassman	
Prehoda	
Davis, C M	
McMahan	
Platz	
Welken	
Payne	
Eichler	Smith
Davis, G L	
Shirley	
Abbott	
Barneyback	
Keller	
Bowers	
Nelson	
Adams	Abort-Other
Cox, B E	Failed T/O
Collins	
Reynolds	
Tulloch	
Wienert	Bombed TO
Curry	
Lingle	
Aufford	
Countryman	
Pattison	
Hendrickson	
Clark	
Gahl	
Vander Schans	
Jacobson	
Fleming	

#56 UBE URBAN AREA
July 1-2

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
McMahan	
Bertagnoli	
Bulter	Abort-Mech
Davis, G L	
Lassman	
Payne	
Platz	
Shirley	
Welken	
Abbott	
Brown	Nole-Baird
Davis, C M	
Prehoda	
Pulsfort	
Collins	Abort-Mech
Cox, B E	

Hobaugh	Brown
Scheaffer	
Tulloch	
Tutton	
Barneyback	
Bowers	
Nelson	Abort-Combat Pers Failure Reynolds
Keller	
Miller	Abort-Other
Countryman	
Gahl	
Jarvis	
Johnson	
Aufford	
Clark	
Donica	
Emmons	Abort-Mech
Loy	
Spaargaren	Abort-Mech
Thimlar	Abort-Maint Pers
Vander Schans	Abort-Maint Pers

#57 HIMEJI URBAN AREA
July 3-4

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
McMahan	
Bulter	
Davis, G	
Hutchison	
Payne	
St Denis	
Abbott	
Bishop	
Brown	Booker-McKay
Davis, C M	
Eichler	
Prehoda	
Pulsfort	
Adams	
Ashland	
Collins	
Fleming	
Scheaffer	
Tutton	
Bowers	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Miller	
Countryman	
Gahl	
Jarvis	
Lingle	
Littlewood	
Jacobson	
Emmons	
Hendrickson	
Loy	
Pattison	
Spaargaren	
Thimlar	
Vander Schans	

#58 SHIMIZU URBAN AREA
July 6-7

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	



Butler
Hutchison
Platz
Rogan
Shirley
Welken
Brown
Bishop
Davis, C M
Eichler
Pulsfort
Ashland
Cox, B E
Cox, C W
Scheaffer
Tulloch
Tutton
Fleming
Barneyback
Miller
Countryman
Curry
Emmons
Jarvis
Johnson
Clark
Donica
Loy
Pattison
Reinert
Spaargaren
Thimlar

Albritton-Casey

**#59 WAKAYAMA URBAN AREA
July 9-10**

CREW

Donnell
Butler
Hutchison
Platz
Rogan
Shirley
Welken
Bishop
Davis, C M
Brown
Prehoda
Pulsfort
Adams
Collins
Cox, B E
Cox, C W
Fleming
Hobaugh
Tulloch
Tutton
Bowers
Nelson
Reynolds
Keller
Curry
Jacobson
Jarvis
Lingle
Emmons
Hendrickson
Loy
Pattison

C & S
Smith

Luschen

Nestel

Reinert
Spaargaren
Thimlar
Vander Schans

**#60 TSURUGA URBAN AREA
July 12-13**

CREW

Bertagnoli
Donnell
Butler
Hutchison
Lassman
Platz
Shirley
Welken
Bishop
Davis, C
Pulsfort
Adams
Ashland
Bowers
Cox, B E
Cox, C W
Nash
Scheaffer
Tutton
Barneyback
Keller
Miller
Countryman
Emmons
Jacobson
Johnson
Jarvis
Littlewood
Loy
Spaargaren
Thimlar
Pattison
Reinert
Curry

C & S

TO-Yamada

Abort-Mech

Hall

TO Shingu

Wind Ship

**#61 KUWANA URBAN AREA
July 16-17**

CREW

McMahan
Rogan
Butler
Hutchison
Platz
Shirley
Welken
Bishop
Davis, C M
Eichler
Pulsfort
Bowers
Collins
Cox, C W
Fleming
Hobaugh
Nash
Tulloch
Tutton
Gabor
Nelson

C & S

TO-Shingu

Casey

Johnson

Chapman



Reynolds
Countryman
Jarvis
Johnson
Lingle
Loy
Thimlar
Clark
Hendrickson
Vander Schans
Waddell Feil
Pattison's crew Eisenhart-AC

**#62 CHOSHI INDUSTRIAL URBAN AREA
July 19-20**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Donnell	
Butler	
Fulton	
Hutchison	
Platz	
Shirley	Abort-Mech
Welken	
Bishop	
Davis, C M	Abort-Maint Pers
Pulsfort	
Ashland	RCM-Huglin-Czyzewski
Bowers	
Collins	
Fleming	
Scheaffer	
Tutton	
Glock	
Barneyback	
Keller	
Nelson	
Miller	
Dearing	Davis, G
Curry	
Emmons	
Jacobson	
Littlewood	Abort-Mech
Spaargaren	
Thimlar	
Aufford	
Clark	Baile
Hendrickson	
Pattison	
Reinert	

**#63 TSU URBAN AREA
July 24**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	
McMahan	
Fulton	
Hutchison	
Lassman	
Platz	
Shenefiel	
Shirley	
Smith	
Welken	Failed T/O
Davis, C M	
Prehoda	TO-Heki
Wienert	
Bowers	

Collins	
Cox, C W	Albritton
Fleming	
Hobaugh	Johnson
Tulloch	
Tutton	
Dearing	
Gabor	Chapman
Nash	
Keller	
Miller	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Curry	Wright
Countryman	
Emmons	Abort-Mech
Jacobson	
Lingle	
Littlewood	Hall
Loy	TO-Shingu
Thimlar	
Spaargaren	
Clark	
Hendrickson	
Pattison	
Vander Schans	
Waddell	Fling
Reinert	

**#64 TOKUYAMA URBAN AREA
July 26-27**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Donnell	
Dirnbauer	Drake
Hutchison	
Payne	
Shirley	
St Denis	Failed T/O
Welken	
Davis, C M	
Eichler	Abort-Other
Reid	Luschen Dougherty
Ashland	
Collins	
Cox, C W	
Nash	
Tulloch	
Dearing	
Glock	Booker
Heath	Chapman
Miller	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Scheaffer	Wind A/C Bombed TO
Austin	Feil
Emmons	
Johnson	
Lingle	
Loy	
Donica	Nole
Spaargaren	
Thimlar	
Littlewood	Mulligan
Reinert	
Waddell	Abort-Other

**#65 UJIYAMADA URBAN AREA
July 28-29**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Rogan	
Fulton	
Hutchison	
Lassman	
Nighswonger	Fling
St Denis	
Welken's crew	Casey-AC
Davis, C M	
Eichler	
Morris	
Prehoda	
Wienert	
Ashland	
Cox, C W	
Hobaugh	Huglin
Nash	
Barneyback	Super Dumbo
Gabor	
Heath	
Keller	
Miller	
Reynolds	
Bundgard	Feil
Donica	
Emmons	
Jacobson	
Johnson	
Lingle	
Spaargaren	Wright
Vander Schans	
Hendrickson	
Pattison	Kessinger
Waddell	

**SPECIALIZED MISSIONS
July 2-29**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Dolan 7/02	Weather
Cox, C W 7/02	RSM
Curry 7/02	RSM
St Denis 7/07	RSM
Littlewood 7/07	RSM
Littlewood 7/08	RSM
Aufford 7/08	Weather
Aufford 7/11	Weather
Brown 7/14	Weather
Brown 7/19	Weather-Fling
Payne 7/20	Super Dumbo
Brown 7/24	Brothers Davis, G-Weather
Brown 7/29	Weather

**#66 NAGAOKA URBAN AREA
Aug 1-2**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Donnell	
Rogan	
Dirnbauer	TO-Tanabe
Fulton	
Hutchison	
Lassman	
Payne	

St Denis	
Eichler	
Morris	
Peterson	
Prehoda	Czyzewski
Reid	
Nighswonger	
McMahan	Peterson
Wienert	
Ashland	
Collins	
Hobaugh	
Nash	
Scheaffer	
Tulloch	TO-Fukui
Barneyback	Chapman
Dearing	Callahan
Gabor	
Glock	TO-Toyama
Heath	
Keller	Failed T/O
Miller	
Nelson	Nestel
Reynolds	
Curry	
Feil	
Austin	Davis, G L
Donica	
Emmons' crew	Hall-AC
Jacobson	
Johnson	
Lingle	
Littlewood	
Loy	TO-Hamamatsu
Schlosberg	Countryman
Spaargaren	
Vander Schans	
Hendrickson	
Waddell	
Bundgard	

**#67 MAEBASHI URBAN AREA
Aug 5-6**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Donnell	
McMahan	
Lassman	
Hutchison	Huglin
Payne	
St Denis	Abort-Mech
Eichler	
Morris	Abort-Mech
Peterson	
Prehoda	
Ashland	Mulligan
Collins	
Nash	
Scheaffer	
Tulloch	
Barneyback	
Carpi	Fling
Gabor	
Keller	
Miller	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Feil	
Austin	Baile



Donica TO-Tateyama-Nole
 Johnson
 Lingle TO-Tateyama
 Littlewood
 Loy
 Emmons
 Vander Schans
 Waddell
 Bundgard
 Hendrickson Super Dumbo

**#68 TOYAKAWA NAVAL ARSENAL
 August 7**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Fulton	
St Denis	Abort-Jettisoned Bombs
Morris	
Nighswonger	Crew parachuted over Iwo
Wienert	
Hobaugh	Luschen
Glock's crew	Chapman AC Nestel
Heath	
Reid	
Curry's crew	McNeil AC
Harrison	Abort-Combat Pers
Jacobson	

**SPECIALIZED MISSIONS
 Aug 3-29**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Brown 8/03	Weather-Drake
Brown 8/08	Weather
Jacobson 8/09	Super Dumbo
Durkee 8/11	Weather-Two air crewmen wounded by fighter attack
Durkee 8/17	Weather
Durkee 8/23	Weather
Durkee 8/29	Weather

**#69 YAWATA INDUSTRIAL AREA
 Aug 8**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
McMahan	
Donnell	
Rogan	
Lassman	Czyzewski
Payne	
Eichler	
Peterson	
Prehoda	
Nash	Baile
Tulloch	
Barneyback	Davis, G
Carpi	Napier
Scheaffer	Abort-Mech
Gabor	
Keller	Bailed out-AC killed
Miller	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Feil	
Austin	Smith
Donica	
Johnson	Dougherty
Lingle	

Littlewood Wright
 Loy
 Vander Schans
 Hendrickson
 Schlosberg
 Bundgard

**#70 MARIFU RAILROAD YARDS
 Aug 14**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Bertagnoli	
Donnell	Huglin
Rogan	
Ansell	
Brown	
Lassman	
Payne	
St Denis	Baile
Fulton	
Eichler	
Zoercher	Abort-Mech-Fling
Morris	
Peterson	
Prehoda	Abort-Mech
Reid	
Kirby	Davis, G
Wienert	
Cox, B E	
Hobaugh	
Scheaffer	
Tulloch	
Carpi	
Gabor	
Heath	
Glock	Failed T/O
Miller	
Nelson	
Reynolds	
Curry	
Feil	
Austin	
Bearden	
Donica	Abort-Maint Pers
Harrison	Countryman
Jacobson	
Johnson	Albritton
Lingle	Abort-Mech
Loy	
Vander Schans	
Hendrickson	
Waddell	
Bundgard	

**#71 KUMAGAYA URBAN AREA
 Aug 14-15**

<u>CREW</u>	<u>C & S</u>
Nash	
McClintock	
Littlewood	
Glock	Abort-Mech

**#72 POWER DISPLAY****Aug 30**CREWHall
BrownC & SFling-Nestel- McKay-Booker- Ritchie
Callahan
Davenport

Morris

Payne

Wienert

Failed T/O

Tulloch

Campbell

Countryman

Donica

Jacobson

Vander Schans

Fulton

Landed at Atsugi, Japan

Cox, B E

McClintock

Nash

Spangler

Barneyback

Gabor

Nelson

Campbell

Faunce

Lingle

Vander Schans

French

Hendrickson

Vogt

Bearden

Brown-Baile
Johnson

McNeil

Countryman

Failed T/O

#73 POWER DISPLAY**Aug 31**CREW

St Denis

Zoercher

Peterson

Prehoda

Wienert

Luschen-Cox, J C

Glock

Houser

Nelson

Wright

Lingle

Vogt

McNeil

#74 POW MISSION**Sept 1-2**CREW

Reynolds

Davis, G L

Heath

Feil

Curry

MacConnachie

Littlewood

Donica

Lassman

Eichler

Dimbauer

Morris

Stevens

Hopkins

Miller

Bundgard

Harrison

Bertagnoli

Kirby

Austin

C & S

Kessinger

#75 POWER DISPLAY**Sept 2**CREW

Donnell

Rittenour

Payne

St Denis

Peterson

Prehoda

Nighswonger

C & S



B-29S TAKE OFF FOR TOKYO

Ernie Pyle - In the Marianas

I've always felt the great 500-mile auto race at Indianapolis to be the most intriguing event - in terms of human suspense - that I've known. The start of a B-29 mission to Tokyo, from the spectator's standpoint, is almost a duplicate of the Indianapolis race.

On mission day people are out early to see the start. Soldiers in groups sit on favorite high spots around the field - on tops of buildings, on tops of bulldozers along the runway, on mounds that give a better view - and even a few bold souls stand at the very end of the runway to snap amateur pictures as the thundering planes pass just over their heads. As the planes taxi out, it is just like cars at Indianapolis leaving their pits to line up for the start. You wave farewell to your own special friends, and then get as fast as you can to your own favorite spot to watch the spectacle.

My nephew, Lt. Jack Bales, wasn't on this mission, so we drove in a jeep to the far end of the runway, and parked on a raised place alongside it, at a point where the planes better be in the air by that time - or else. "If a plane starts wheeling off the runway," Jack said, "we gotta run like hell."

Most of the planes would be in the air long before they reached us. But a few either had trouble getting off, or else their pilots were holding them down, for they just barely raised in the last few feet of runway, and the amateur photographers down there hit the dirt so hard we had to laugh. The planes were staggering just a little as they took off. The spacing between them was perfect. There was never a blank spot, never a delay. When you turned from seeing one safely off the ground, here would be the next one coming down the runway.

These Mariana Islands are so small that any plane taking off is out over the water within a few seconds. It is a goose-fleshy sensation to see a plane clear the bluff by a mere few feet, and then sink out of sight toward the water. This is because the pilots nose down a little to get more flying speed. Pretty soon you see them come up into sight again.

There are no accidents at the start of our mission, but not all the planes did get off. Two were canceled on the ground before starting. Two ran halfway down the airstrip, then cut the power and came rolling off to the side, just like burned out cars at Indianapolis. One of them had locked brakes, and was just barely able to pull itself off the airstrip and out of the way. He stayed there alongside the runway as all the others roared past him, seeming, from our position, almost to lock wings with him as they passed.

Finally they were all in the air, formed into flights, and vanished into the swallowing sky from which some would never return.

I had the same feeling watching the takeoff that I used to have before the start of Indianapolis. Here were a certain number of cars and men. Some of them you knew. They had built and trained for weeks for this day. At last the time had come. And in a few hours of desperate living, everything would be changed. You knew that within a few hours some would be glorious in victory, some would be defected in failures, some would be colorless "also rans," and some - very probably - would be dead.

And that's the way you feel when the B-29s start out. It is just up to fate. In 15 hours they will be back - those who are coming back. But you cannot know ahead of time who it will be.



BUILDING B-29 BASES

P.J. Halloran, Commodore, Civil Engineering Corps, US Navy

Editor’s note: As part of the 313th Wing, our 9th BG operated out of the largest bomber base built during WWII North Field, Tinian. Many of us arrived in time to witness the construction project underway. None of us were fully aware of the planning beginning with aerial photos, taken before the island was captured from the Japanese, and the huge logistics effort to bring the machines and men together to accomplish one of the largest construction projects of World War 11. Brief portions of an article from the “Engineering News - Record” of September 6, 1945 are quoted below as provided by our member, Jack Jewett.

Advanced planning for airbases on Tinian Island in the Marianas was based on aerial surveys made while the island was still Jap territory. When the preliminary field layout was made, it was not known that the program would soon be expanded to include two airdromes, each with a number of parallel runways, all 8,500 ft. long and 500 ft. in ultimate width. Nor was it foreseen that sufficient construction forces and equipment would be brought here to permit placement of as much as 88,000 cu. yds. of coral fill per day - or more than a half million cu.yds. in a week.

The decision that the big planes would taxi under their own power, instead of following the initial plan of towing by tractor, made it desirable to decrease the taxiway grades from 2 1/2 to 1 1/2 %. On one field this change increased the coral yardage handled by half a million cu.yds. As another instance, in one of the hardstand groups the planes are parked on three different levels with difference in elevation amounting to 58 ft. and with one plane almost immediately above another. Yet the interconnecting taxiways between these points and the airstrips do not exceed the 1 1/2 % grade limitation. A B-29 base has many additional requirements and more exacting limitations than do ordinary airfields. Under full load these heavy bombers frequently use the entire length of the 8,500-ft. runways, which are required to be 500 ft. wide. Under “minimum operational facilities” the runways may be used in 200-ft. widths; but safety, particular for the landing of battle-damaged planes, calls for the 500-ft. width. Maximum longitudinal grade is I percent.

MAJOR ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT USED ON THE TINIAN AIRBASES

Dump trucks	570	Compressors	90
Cargo trucks	200	Motor patrols	60
Power shovels	80	Rollers	48
Carryall Scrapers	160	Tournapulls	13
Rooters, 6 ton	12	Sprinkler trucks	40
Wagon drills	90	Electric welders	70

Friendly relationships: Of their own volition the men worked like demons with but little thought of their own physical fatigue. They realized that they were directly contributing to the war effort by providing facilities that were making possible aerial attacks on Japan. This high morale was aided by the close relationship between the construction forces and operating personnel of the air corps, resulting ultimately in every battalion sponsoring one plane. Also, each regiment and the brigade sponsored one. Following the painting on the ship of the insignia by the unit sign painters, flight officers and men visited their respective Seabee units for dinner and a little celebration. After that the officers and men of the sponsored ships spent much of their relaxation time in the Seabee camps. In turn the men in the field occasionally were given rides in the B-29s, and in a short time they exhibited the same interest and spirit in the missions as did the flight personnel themselves.

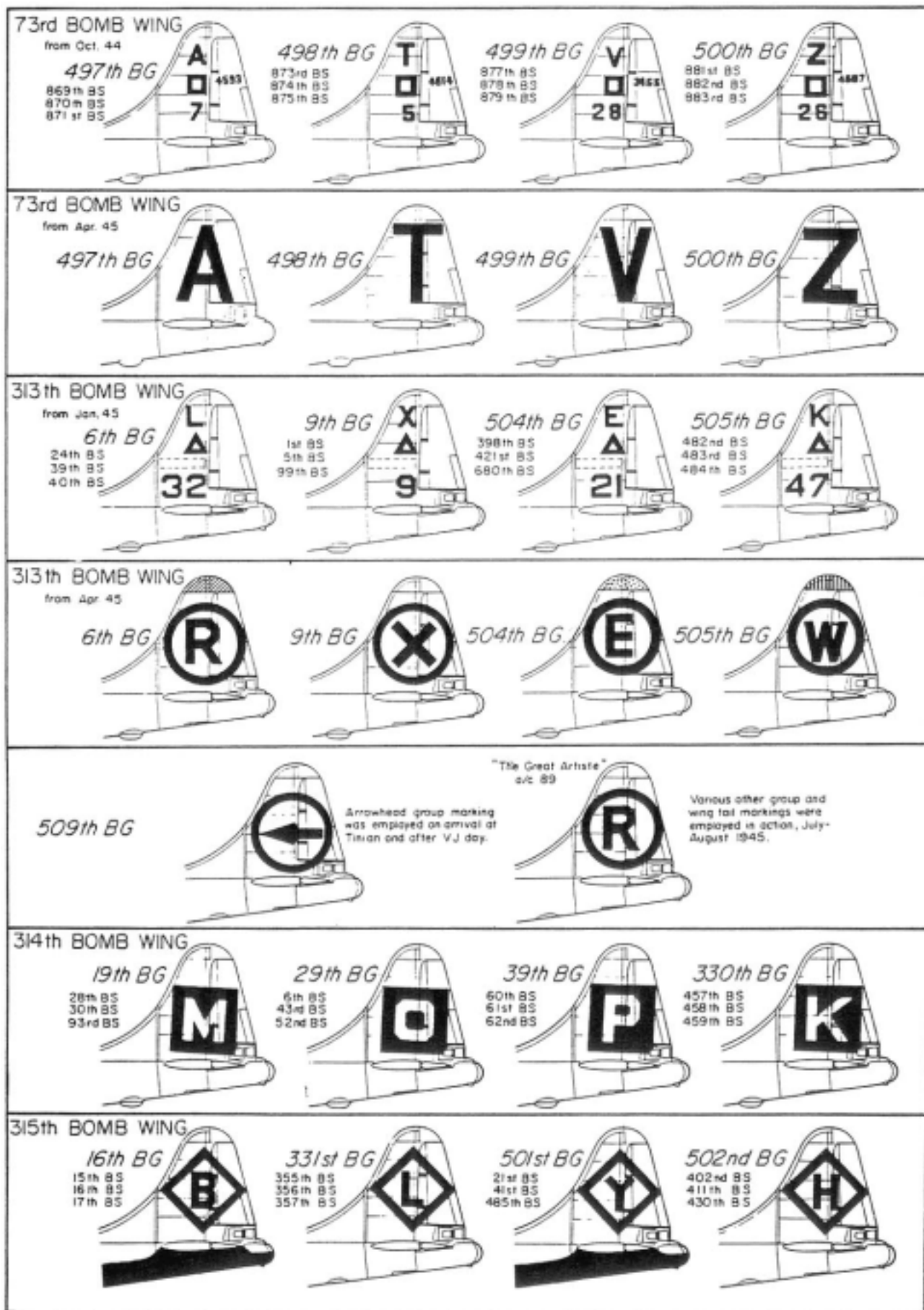


Figure 08-164b. Tail insignia.



Chapter 9

The B-29 Superfortress

DEVELOPMENT

The B-29 was the culmination of strategic bomber development in the 1930s and early 1940s.

The U.S. Army Air Corps officers who developed the doctrine for strategic air warfare in the 1930s were disciples of Brigadier General Billy Mitchell who promoted the role of strategic air power in the 1920s so vigorously that he was court-martialed for stepping out of line. These strategic planners collaborated with aeronautical engineers within the Air Corps and in the major aircraft companies to devise specifications for long-range bombers exploiting the “state-of-the-aeronautical-art.”

The Boeing Aircraft Company became the leaders in the production of strategic bombers in the mid 1930s through their development, in response to the Air Corps’ stated needs, of the B-17 Flying Fortress. In 1937 the Air Corps contracted for the first B-17s.

Three months after the outbreak of war in Europe on September 1, 1939, Major General H.H. Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps, issued contracts to the major aircraft companies for studies of a “Very Long Range” bomber capable of flying 5333 miles with a bigger bomb load and greater speed than the B-17. Thus the first step to the production of the B-29 was taken. The best proposal came from Boeing in May 1940. In November 1940 Boeing was given a contract for two prototypes.

In the two years that the development required, up to the first flight, great problems of design had to be solved. Further, as lessons from the aerial warfare in Europe and the Pacific came in, and newly developed equipment and accessories were incorporated, over 1300 production changes to the specifications were prescribed by the Army Air Forces.

The major new characteristics incorporated in the B-29 design included:

1. An innovative, high-load wing to reduce the air resistance drag, which design then required a greatly expanded flap area to increase the lift at the crucial moments of takeoff and landing. Also, the wing rivet heads were countersunk to reduce drag.

2. Pressurization of the front, midsection, and tail gunner’s areas, with a tunnel 34 inches in diameter passing over the unpressurized bomb bays.

3. A tricycle landing gear which had not previously been used on bombers.

4. A revolutionary armament design developed by the General Electric Company: This gunnery system involved remote controlled turrets outside the pressurized portion of the cabins that



were controlled by gunners in the relative comfort of warm cabins. This contrasted greatly with high altitude operations with earlier World War II bombers. There were five gun turrets: two on the top of the aircraft, two on the bottom, and one in the tail. Other than the four 50-caliber gun turrets at the top front of the aircraft, the other four turrets contained two 50-caliber machine guns. (As received from the factory, the aircraft the group took overseas were equipped with a 20mm cannon between the machine guns in the tail turret. But these 20mm cannons were soon removed. One consideration was the weight of the 120 pound cannon plus ammunition in the tail of the aircraft. The other consideration was the fact that there was a limited range within which the trajectory of the two types of guns coincided.) One big advance with the B-29 gunnery system was the presence of a computer that automatically corrected for the range, altitude, airspeed, and temperature readings which were fed into the system by the navigator. This permitted the gunners to sight directly at an enemy aircraft rather than estimate some point between the target and the front or tail of the B-29. The key position was the central fire control (top) gunner who controlled the master gunnery panel. The bombardier had primary control of both the upper forward and lower forward turrets, while the CFC gunner (top) and the side gunners, (lower front) had secondary control. The tail turret was controlled primarily by the tail gunner, but either side gunner could take control of this turret. This arrangement enabled any gunner, except the tail gunner, to take control over more than one of the turrets at any one time. A gunner without a target could pass control of his turret to another gunner tracking an enemy fighter by releasing the switch on his gunsight.

5. An AN/APQ-13 radar system was installed which could be used as an aid or the main tool of the bombardier releasing the bombs on the target when he could not sight completely visually; and it was used exclusively for laying mines. It was also used extensively as a navigation aid, including avoiding thunderstorms and picking the best area through which to penetrate weather fronts.

A major problem was an engine to handle the weight and required speed of the B-29. The Air Corps picked a Wright Cyclone R-3350, an air-cooled, 18 cylinder radial engine capable of producing 2200 horsepower at takeoff, with twin General Electric turbochargers, regulated by a Minneapolis-Honeywell electronic system. Although this basic engine had been developed and tested in 1937, only the test engine existed in the middle of 1940. The needed further development of this engine to be fully effective was fraught with great difficulty; it plagued the program, in diminishing degree, until 1945.

Despite the great development work still to be done and problems to be solved, Hitler's spectacular successes in Europe and the Japanese on-going aggression in China and Southeast Asia led the Air Corps in May 1941 to order 250 B-29s. This order was expanded to 500 right after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. By the time of the first test flight in September 1942, 1664 were on order. By February 1945 1000 B-29s had been built and were coming out of the factories at a rate of hundreds a month. At that time contracts called for 6289 aircraft to be produced but, because of the end of the war, these were scaled back. By May 1946, when production stopped, a total of 3970 B-29s had been built by these four plants: Boeing, Renton, Washington, 1146; Boeing, Wichita, Kansas, 1620; Martin, Omaha, Nebraska, 536; and Bell, Marietta, Georgia, 668. Many component parts were produced by dozens of companies and shipped to the four production plants for assembly.



The whole B-29 project was the most expensive of any weapon system of World War II, including the “Manhattan” project which developed the atomic bomb. From the results obtained, it was money very well spent.

CHARACTERISTICS

The B-29s wingspan was 141 feet 3 inches. The length of the fuselage was 99 feet and its height on the ground was 27 feet 9 inches from its highest point to the ground.

Its internal wing fuel capacity was 5608 gallons which could be supplemented, and sometimes was, with up to four 640 gallon fuel tanks carried in the bomb bays, for a total capacity of 8168 gallons.

It was designed to carry a maximum of 20,000 pounds of bombs in its two bomb bays. The bomb bay racks could handle a number of types of bombs and mines, in various combinations, often weighing in total less than 20,000 pounds. (After Iwo Jima was captured and available for emergency landings, we sometimes did not fully fill the gas tanks so we could increase the bomb loads, but, of course we could not exceed 20,000 pounds.)

The designed range with a 20,000 pound bomb load, and without bomb bay tanks, was 3250 miles. Its maximum range without bomb load and with bomb bay tanks was 4500 miles.

The airplane was originally designed for a maximum gross takeoff weight of 128,000 pounds, but it was discovered that it could be loaded safely to 137,000 and sometimes it was.

Its designed maximum speed (at 25,000 feet) was 310 mph, cruising speed was 220 mph, and service ceiling was 33,000 feet.

Pressurization of the crew compartments to 8000 feet could be achieved, which let the crew operate without oxygen masks. But sometimes over enemy territory airplane commanders would order oxygen masks to be put on and the cabins depressurized, to avoid an explosive depressurization if the fuselage should be pierced by enemy fire.

Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propellers, 16' 7" in diameter, were used on the engines.

The 11-men of the crew were located in three areas: In the forward compartment were the airplane commander, in the left seat; the pilot, in the right seat; the bombardier, in the nose between and ahead of the pilots; the navigator in his station behind the airplane commander; the flight engineer in his station behind the pilot; and the radio operator in his station behind the flight engineer. In the center section of the fuselage were three of the gunners; the CFC gunner in his swivel-type chair (termed the “barber’s chair”), below his top sighting blister with his gun sight on a ring mount and fitted with hand grips; and the right and left blister gunners in their pedestal sights on each side. The radar operator’s station was in a windowless compartment aft of the gunners. The third area, the tail gunner’s position, occupied the tail end of the aircraft; it was separately pressurized.

The rough average of cost breakdowns of a production B-29 was: airframe, \$400,000; en-



gines, \$100,000; propellers, \$16,000; electronics, \$35,000; and ordnance, \$96,000; for a total of about \$650,000.

The B-29s constituted the peak of advanced aircraft design up to 1945. The massive effort in design and production of these aircraft constituted a great tribute to the skill and dedication of all of those who were involved.

In the hands of the air and ground crews of the 20th Air Force these aircraft more than proved their worth in carrying out the assigned strategic air offensive against Japan.



PILOTS ADORE CRAMPED B-29

Ernie Pyle - In the Mariana Islands

The B-29 is unquestionably a wonderful airplane. Outside of the famous old Douglas DC-3 workhorse, I've never heard pilots so unanimous in their praise of an airplane.

I took my first ride in one the other day. No, I didn't go on a mission to Japan. We've been through all that before. I don't believe in people going on missions unless they have to. And as before, the pilots here all agreed with me; but I went along on a little practice bombing trip of an hour and a half. The pilot was Maj. Gerald Robinson, who lives in our hut.

I sat on a box between the pilots, both on the takeoff and for the landing, and as much as I've flown, that was still a thrill. These islands are all relatively small, and you're no sooner off the ground than you're out over water, and that feels funny.

If the air is a little rough, it gives you a very odd sensation sitting way up there in the nose. For the B-29 is so big that, instead of bumping or dropping, the nose has a "willowy" motion, sort of like sitting out on the end of a green limb when it's swaying around.

The B-29 carries a crew of 11. Some of them sit up in the cockpit and the compartment just behind it. Some others sit in a compartment near the tail. The tail gunner sits all alone, way back there in the lonely tail turret.

The body of the B-29 is so taken up with gas tanks and bomb racks that there's normally no way to get from front to rear compartments. So the manufacturers solved that by building a tunnel into the plane, right along the rooftop.

The tunnel is round, just big enough to crawl in on your hands and knees, and is padded with blue cloth. It's more like 30 feet long, and the crew members crawl back and forth through it all the time. Maj. Russ Cheever reported that he accomplished the impossible the other day by turning around in the tunnel. On missions some of the crew go back in the tunnel and sleep for an hour or so, but a lot of them can't stand to do that. They say they get claustrophobia.

There used to be some sleeping bunks on the B-29, but they've been taken out, and now there's hardly even room to lie down on the floor. A fellow does get sleepy on a 14-hour mission. Most of the pilots take naps in their seats. One pilot I know turned the plane over to his co-pilot and went back to the tunnel for "a little nap" and didn't return for six hours, just before they hit the coast of Japan. They laughingly say he goes to sleep before he gets his wheels up.

The B-29 is a very stable plane and hardly anybody ever gets sick even in rough weather. The boys smoke in the plane, and the mess hall gives them a small lunch of sandwiches, oranges, and cookies to eat on the way. On mission days all flying crewmen, even those not going on the mission, get all the fried eggs they want for breakfast. That's the only day they have eggs.

The crewmen wear their regular clothes on missions, usually coveralls. They don't like to wear heavy fleece-lined clothes and all that bulky gear, because the cabin is heated. They do slip on their heavy steel "flak vests" as they approach the target. They don't have to wear oxygen masks except when they're over the target, for the cabin is sealed and "pressurized" - simulating a constant altitude of 8,000 feet.

Once in a great while one of the plexiglass "blisters" where the gunners sit will blow out from the strong pressure inside, and then everybody better grab his oxygen mask in a hurry. The crew always wear the oxygen mask over the target, for a shell through the plane "depressurizes" the cabin instantly, and they'd pass out.

The boys speak frequently of the unbelievably high winds they hit at high altitudes over Japan. It's nothing unusual to have a 150-mile an hour wind, and my nephew, Jack Bales, said that one day his plane hit a wind of 250 miles an hour.

Another thing that puzzles and amuses the boys is that often they'll pick up news on their radios, when still only halfway home, that their bombing mission has been announced in Washington. Thus all the world knows about it, but they've still got a thousand miles of ocean to cross before it's finished. Science, she is wonderful.



B-29 Walk-Around

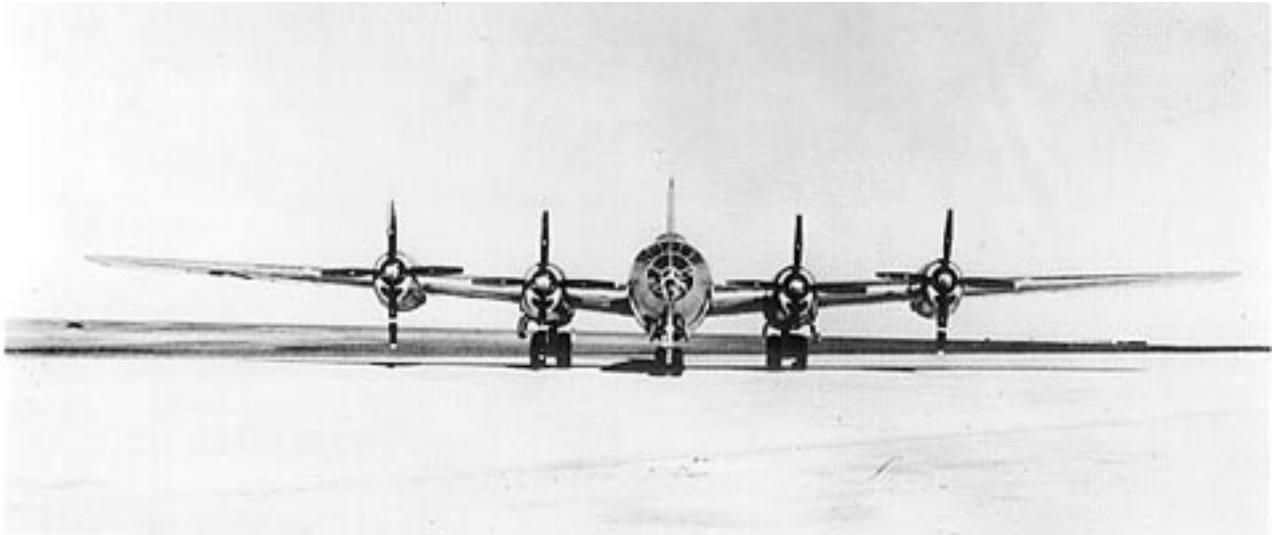


Figure 9-168a-1. Front view. The gentle 4.5° wing dihedral angle is apparent in this view.



Figure 9-168a-2. Left front view.



Figure 9-168a-3. Left side view. Superchargers are exposed.

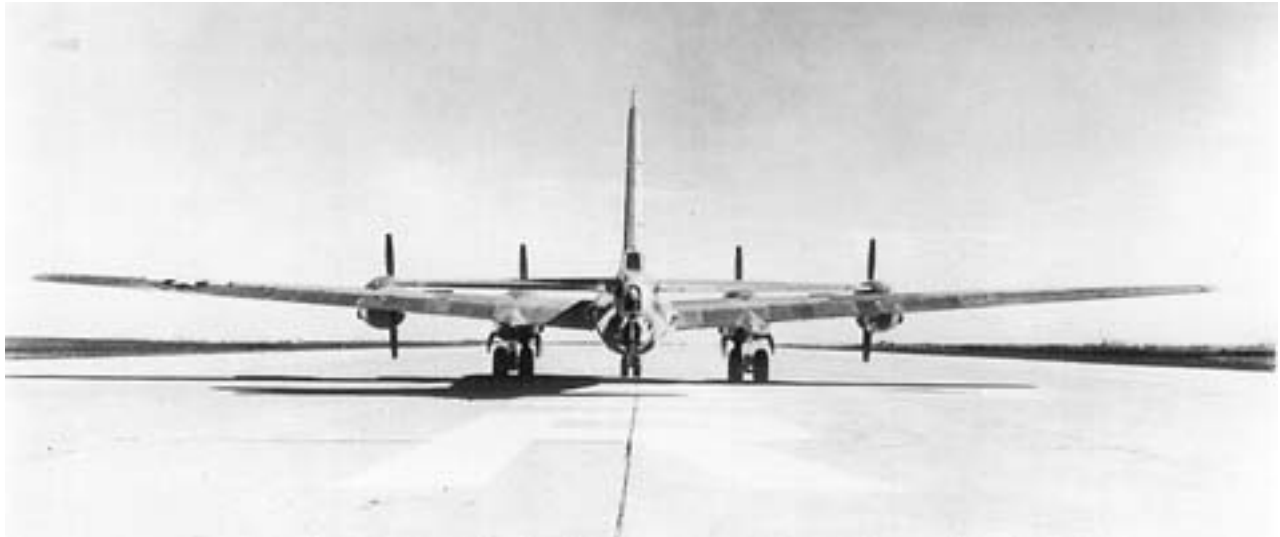


Figure 9-168b-1. Rear view. The horizontal tail is set at 90° to the vertical stabilizer.



Figure 9-168b-2. Right rear view.



Figure 9-168b-3. Right front view.



Cutaway Drawings

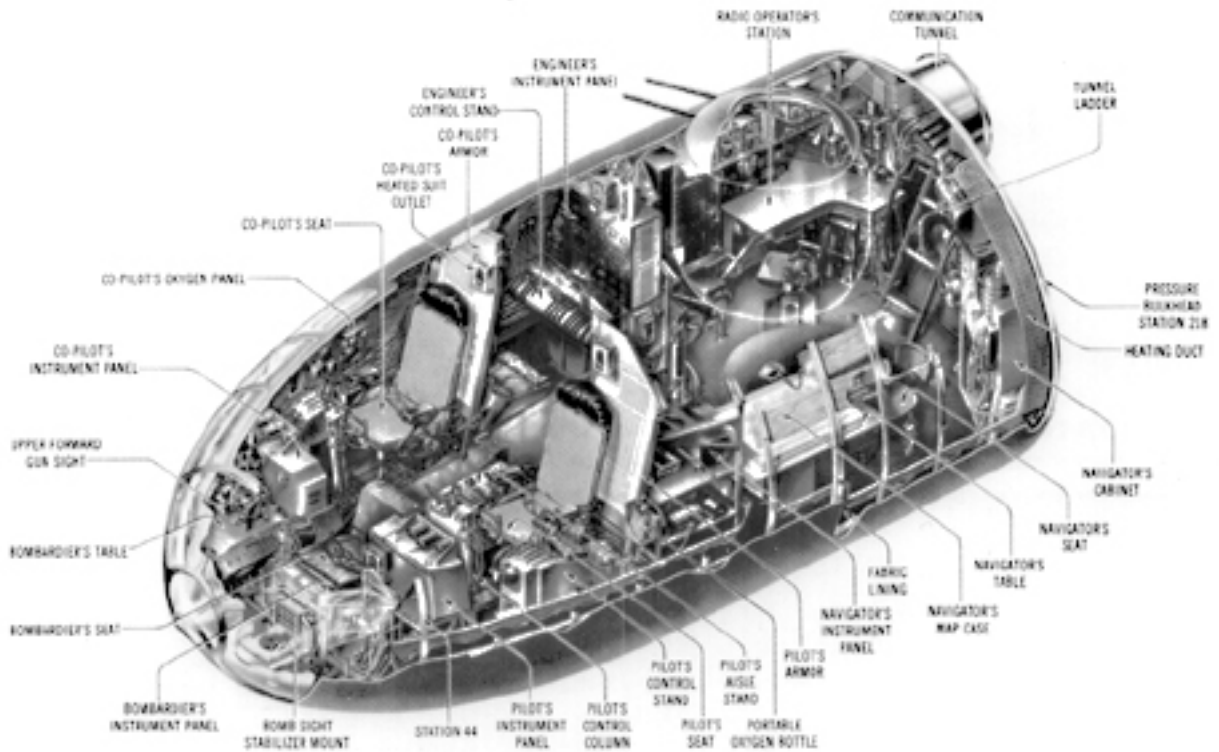


Figure 9-168c-1. Forward pressurized compartment.

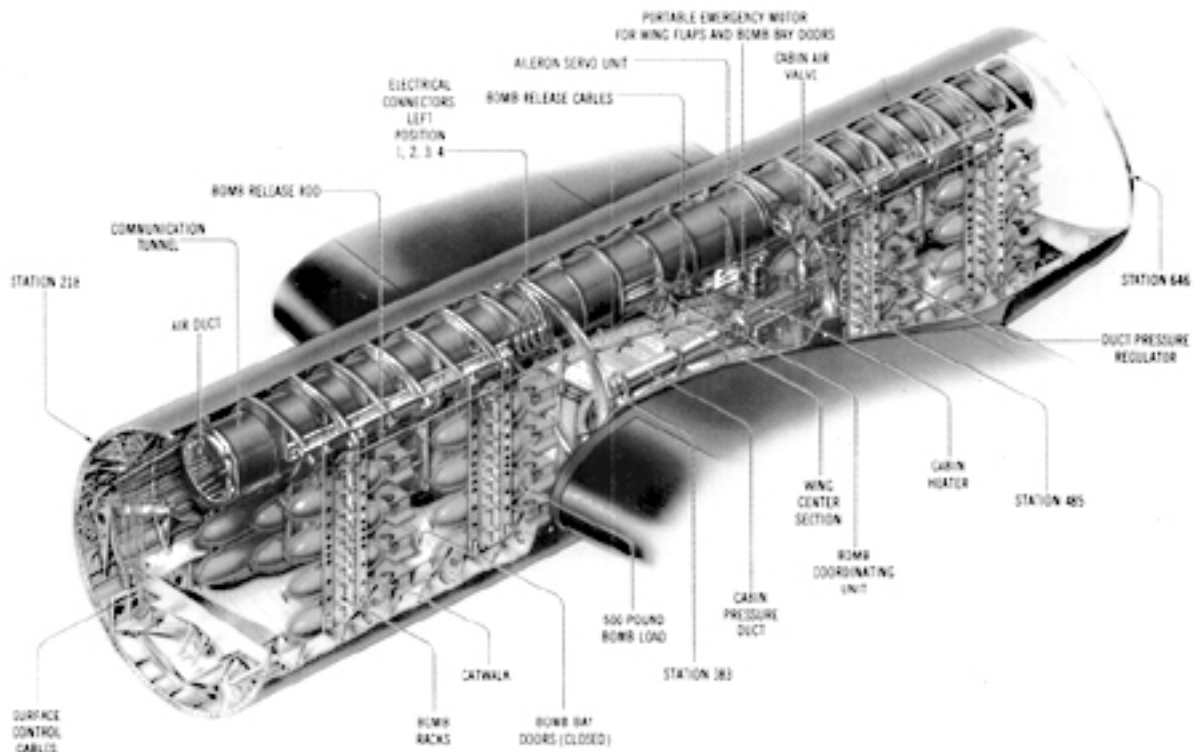


Figure 9-168c-2. Forward and aft bomb bays.

The drawings on this page and the next were taken from a B-29 Maintenance and Familiarization Manual (Boeing HS1006A-HS1006D). Unfortunately, the quality of the originals did not offer clarity of the callout labels.



Cutaway Drawings

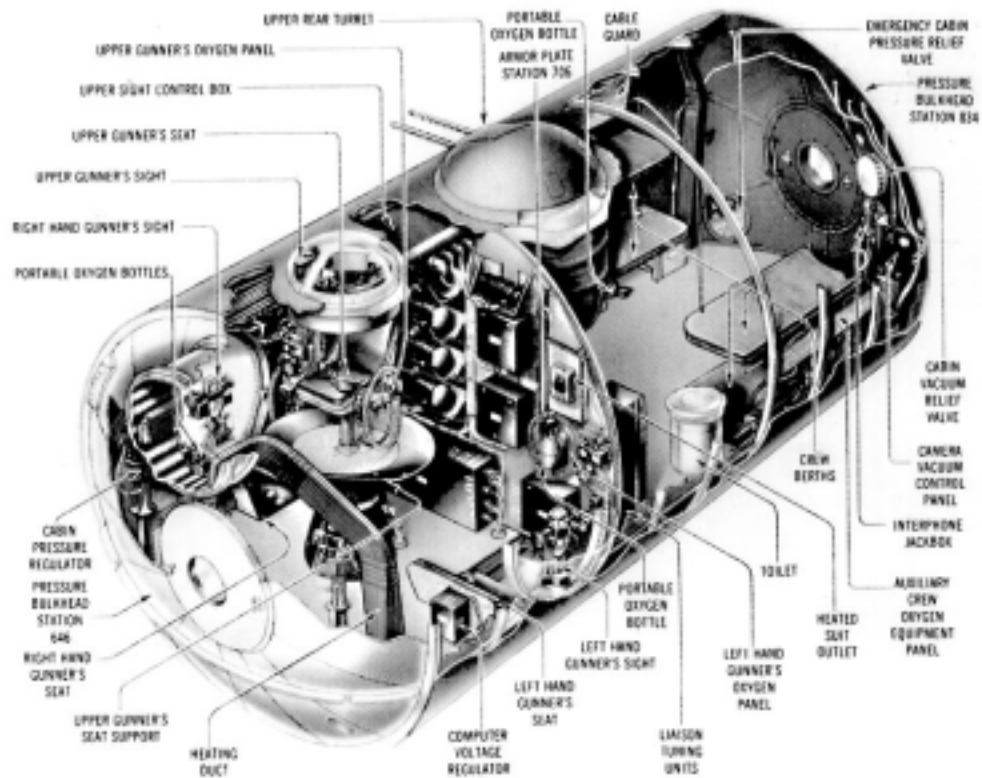


Figure 9-168d-1. Aft pressurized compartment.

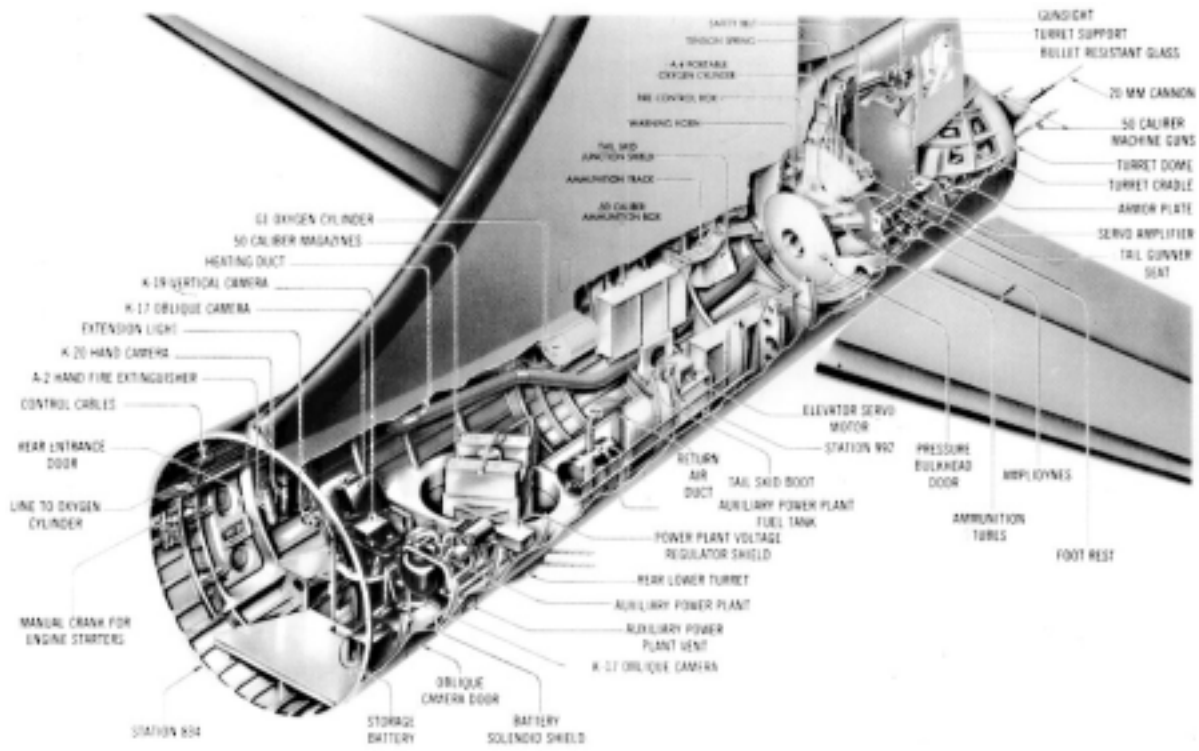


Figure 9-168d-2. Tail section unpressurized and tail gunner's compartment.



Figure 9-168e-1. Pilot's station showing aisle stand, controls, instruments, pilot's seat, and stowed bombardier's seat. Outside air temperature gauge is located on bombardier's greenhouse. Note nose glass deicing tube. 300 mph maximum airspeed placard is located above the flight instruments—airspeed, needle/ball, and rate of climb.



Figure 9-168e-2. The flight engineer's station was located directly behind the co-pilot. The seat faced aft. B-29 flight engineers during WWII were officers. Their skill at this station was soon appreciated by the pilots who learned to rely on them for getting the cantankerous R-3350 engines started and for nursing the crippled aircraft home.



Figure 9-168f-1. Captain Lieutenant John Swihart at the controls of the 9th Group's Ready Teddy.

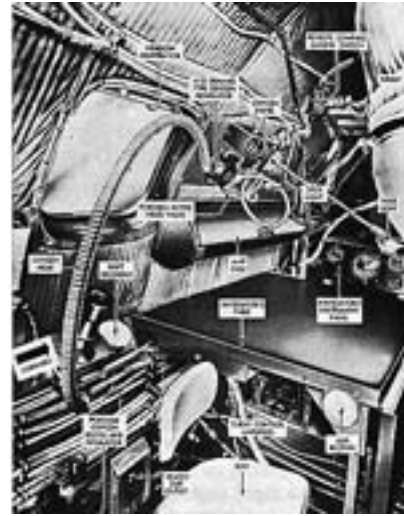


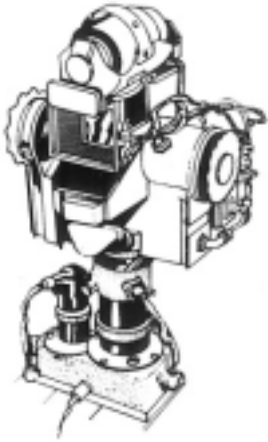
Figure 9-168f-2. The navigator's station was located directly opposite the flight engineer, behind the pilot. The drop leaf on the inboard end of the table allowed additional room for laying out the charts.



Figure 9-168f-3. The Big Time Operator. 42-24791, of the 9th Bomb Group.

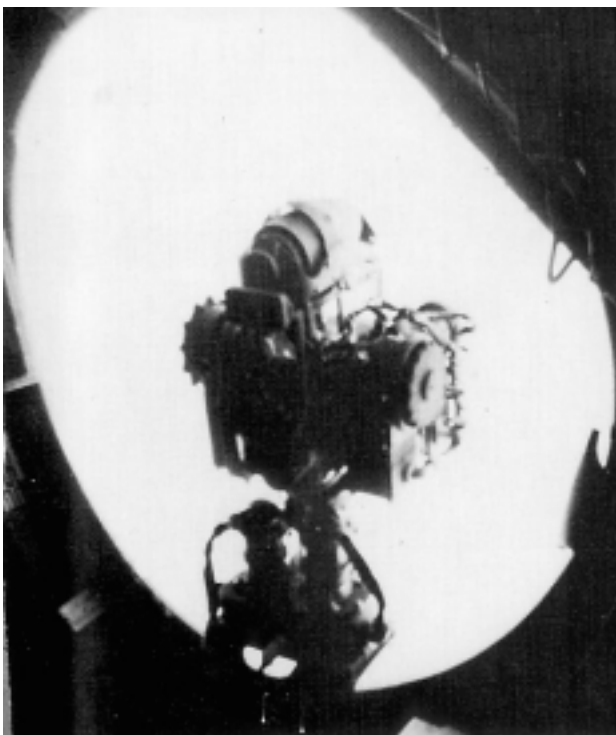


Figure 9-168f-4. Completed Wichita-built B-29s are shown on the flight line. The nacelle details are prevalent in this view. The first full aircraft shown is B-29-20=BW, S/N 42-6448. Next is the last of the -20 block, S/N 42-6454 followed by the first of -25 block, S/N 42-24420.



The right and left blister gunners used these pedestal sights, while the Central Fire Control gunner had a sight on a ring mount, and sat on a swivel-type stool beneath his top sighting blister. Later B-29s were equipped with the four-gun front top turret. The contour follower may be seen between the center guns. A temperature probe is located aft of the flight engineer's emergency exit hatch.

Gunner's Sight



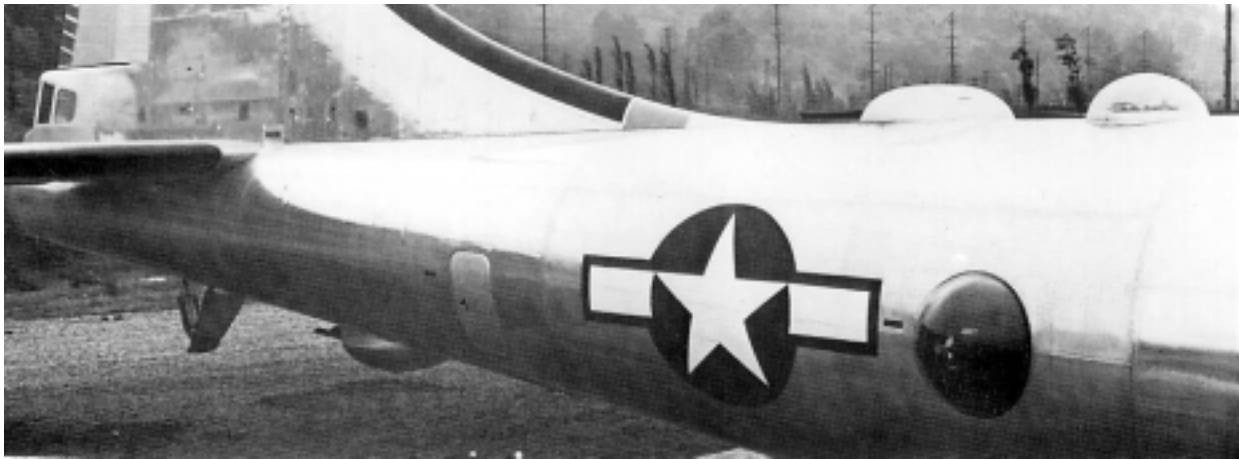


Figure 9-168h-1. Right side of aft fuselage reveals the CFC sighting blister, right waist blister, upper and lower aft turrets, and the aft entry door.



Figure 9-168h-2. Aft top turret and right sighting blister.



Figure 9-168h-3. CFC gunner in sighting position. Aft top turret reveals the camera port between the guns. A reinforcing fairing has been added around the turret.



Figure 9-168h-4. Early tall gun installation with protective boots over the twin .50 caliber machine guns and the 20 mm cannon. This installation is on the first B-29A-5-BN.



Figure 9-168h-5. Uncovered tall guns showing canvas turret boot and spent shell case chute beneath turret. The bomb release formation light is visible above the gunner's window.



Chapter 10

Aircraft and Nose Art

INTRODUCTION

Most of the B-29s in the 9th BG were given names and several of the aircraft had the name or a painting (nose art) on the nose. This art often consisted of scantily clad female figures with fitting titles painted on the front sides of the B-29. After some of these aircraft returned to the U.S., orders came down to add more clothing to the paintings. A number of the 9th B-29s carried relatively dignified names such as “Nip Clipper”, “God’s Will”, “Big Time Operator”, and “The Spearhead.” Artists turned up among the air and the ground crews and some of the art was provided by Seabees - often paid with a bottle of liquor. When a B-29 was shot down or otherwise lost, the name or a new name was often given to the replacement B-29. Some B-29s were lost before given a name.

Each B-29 had a serial number assigned at the factory. The first two digits indicated the year the contract was awarded for the aircraft. The last five digits gave each B-29 its own identification. These serial numbers are not readily obtained from most photographs.

The circle on the vertical tail of the 9th BG aircraft identified it as the 313th Wing. The X inside the circle designated the 9th BG. The circle X tail emblem was helpful during assembly of formations off the Japanese coast prior to heading for the target. A large Unit number was generally applied to the rear fuselage and a smaller one on the nose. At the outset, the numbers helped identify the squadron, but this system appears to have broken down some with the arrival of new aircraft.

Following is a list of the names given to 9th BG B-29s. Ninth BG Association members have provided the photos of nose art which follow the listing. Several articles regarding individual aircraft names are at the end of this chapter.

AIRCRAFT STRENGTH OF 9TH BG

(Last day of each month)

December 1944	19
January 1945	32
February	36
March	41
April	44
May	48
June	47
July	49
August	49

NAMES GIVEN TO 9TH BG B-29S

B.A.BIRD
 BATTLIN’ BONNIE
 BATTLIN’ BONNIE II
 BESTY
 BIG DICK
 THE BIG TIME OPERATOR
 THE BIG WHEEL
 CHARLEY’S HAUNT
 CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS
 COX’S ARMY
 DARING DONNA III
 DESTINY’S TOT
 DINAH MIGHT
 DOTTIE’S DILEMMA
 DRAGON LADY
 EARLY BIRD
 THE “8” BALL
 FANCY NANCY
 FRENCH’S KABAZIE WAGON
 GOD’S WILL
 GOIN’ JESSE
 HEAVENLY FLOWER
 HON. SPY REPORT
 HOUSTON FLYER
 INDIANA
 INDIANA II
 JAKE’S JALOPY
 THE JUDY ANN
 THE KRISTY ANN
 LADY JAYNE
 LITTLE IODINE
 LITTLE IODINE II
 LIMBER RICHARD
 LITTLE EVIL
 LIVE WIRE
 LONG WINDED
 LUCKY LADY
 LUCKY ‘LEVEN
 MAN O’ WAR II
 MARIANNA BELLE
 MISS MI-NOOKIE
 NIP CLIPPER
 NIP FINALE
 NIP NEMESIS
 OLD 900
 PASSION WAGON
 PATCHES



PURPLE HEARTLESS
QUEEN BEE
READY TEDDY
SAD TOMATO
THE SPEARHEAD
SPIRIT OF MINNEAPOLIS
THE STARDUSTER
SWEET JENNIE LEE
SWEET SUE
THUNDERIN' LORETTA
TINNY ANNE

T.N.TEENY
T.N.TEENY II
TOKYO - K O
20TH CENTURY LIMITED
UMBRIAGO
UMBRIAGO II
THE UNINVITED
VIRGINIA DARE
WARSAW PIGEON
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
THE WOLF PACK

Photos of these aircraft which have been located are reproduced on the following pages.





**NOSE ART
9TH BOMB GROUP**



Figure 10-171-1. B.A. BIRD



Figure 10-171-2. BATTLIN' BONNIE



Figure 10-171-3. BATTLIN' BONNIE II



Figure 10-171-4. THE BIG TIME OPERATOR

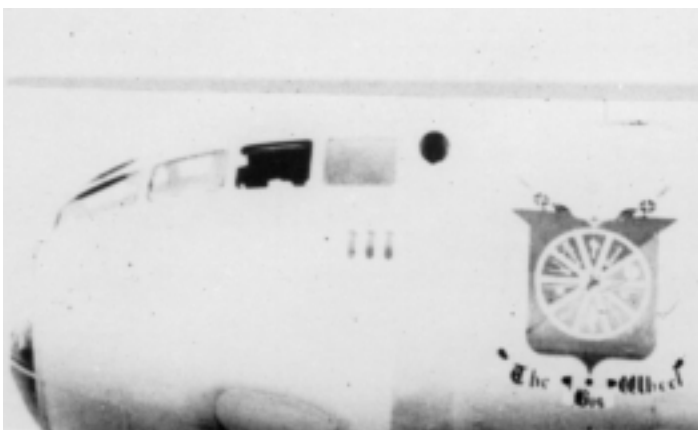


Figure 10-171-5. THE BIG WHEEL



Figure 10-171-6. COX' ARMY



NOSE ART 9TH BOMB GROUP



Figure 10-172-1. DARING DONNA III



Figure 10-172-2. DESTINY'S TOT



Figure 10-172-3. DINAH MIGHT



Figure 10-172-4. DOTTIE'S DILEMMA



Figure 10-172-5. EARLY BIRD



Figure 10-172-6. THE "8" BALL



**NOSE ART
9TH BOMB GROUP**



Figure 10-173-1. FRENCH'S KABAZIE WAGON



Figure 10-173-2. GOD'S WILL



Figure 10-173-3. GOIN' JESSE



Figure 10-173-4. HEAVENLY FLOWER



Figure 10-173-5. HON. SPY REPORT



Figure 10-173-6. JAKE'S JALOPY



NOSE ART 9TH BOMB GROUP



Figure 10-174-1. THE JUDY ANN



Figure 10-174-2. THE KRISTY ANN



Figure 10-174-3. LUCKY LADY



Figure 10-174-4. LUCKY 'LEVEN



Figure 10-174-5. MAN O' WAR II



Figure 10-174-6. MISS MI-NOOKIE



NOSE ART 9TH BOMB GROUP



Figure 10-175-1. NIP CLIPPER



Figure 10-175-2. NIP NEMESIS



Figure 10-175-3. OLD 900



Figure 10-175-4. PASSION WAGON



Figure 10-175-5. PATCHES



Figure 10-175-6. PURPLE HEARTLESS



NOSE ART 9TH BOMB GROUP



Figure 10-176-1. READY TEDDY



Figure 10-176-2. SAD TOMATO



Figure 10-176-3. THE SPEARHEAD



Figure 10-176-4. THE STARDUSTER

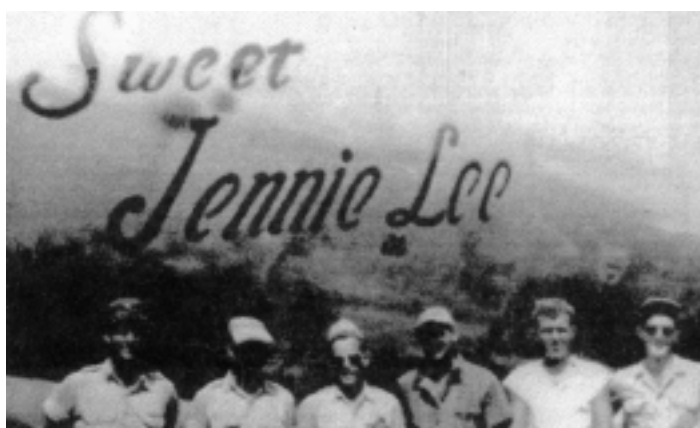


Figure 10-176-5. SWEET JENNIE LEE



Figure 10-176-6. THUNDERIN' LORETTA



**NOSE ART
9TH BOMB GROUP**



Figure 10-177-1. T.N. TEENY II



Figure 10-77-2. TOKYO - K O



Figure 10-177-3. 20TH CENTURY LIMITED



Figure 10-177-4. THE UNINVITED



Figure 10_-77-5. WARSAW PIGEON



Figure 10-177-6. THE WOLF PACK



History of 9th BG Combat B-29s

by Francis Gulling

Editor's Note: This history of the 9th BG Combat B-29s was compiled, in the main, by Francis Gulling. Beginning in 1986, he extensively researched mission records, the 9th BG War Journal, micro film, and documents at the Air University Library at Maxwell. Only those B-29s which participated in combat missions from February 8, "TRUK" to September 2, 1945 "POWER DISPLAY" were included in this research. A number of B-29s at different times had the same unit number for various reasons, including combat loss or damage and operational accidents. Initially, the 1st squadron had the first 15 numbers, the 5th from 16-30, and the 99th from 31-45. All 9th BG B-29s had the Circle X marking. All dates are 1945 unless otherwise indicated. Departure dates are from Mather Field, Sacramento, CA.

1 "MAN O' WAR II" (Later #17)

SN263511 (Bell) 1st Sqdn CC Hudson
 Dep McCook Rogan 1/15 Ret 8/18
 1st Msn Rogan 2/08/45 — Last Abbott 7/03
 Combat Missions 31 Aborts 1
 1) Rogan 14 4) Welken 1
 2) Abbott 12 5) Smith 1
 3) Caldwell 2 6) Nack 1
 Final Lowry 8/23/45 to 7/31/46 — Scrapped 7/31/46

1 "THE SPEARHEAD"

SN469975 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Hudson
 Dep Kearney 5/03 Ret 5/08/46
 1st Msn Rogan 5/18 — Last Morriss 9/01
 Combat Missions 25 Aborts 1
 1) Rogan 19 4) Bishop 1
 2) St. Denis 2 5) Morriss 1
 3) Platz 1 6) Prehoda 1
 Final Aberdeen 5/23/46 — Scrapped

2 "GOD'S WILL"

SN224831 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Harmon
 Dep McCook Fling 1/17 Ret Zoercher 12/4
 1st Msn Fling 2/08 — Last Bishop 7/19
 Combat Missions 34 Aborts 4
 1) Fling 8 8) Butler 2
 2) Bertagnoli 5 9) Shirley 1
 3) Brown 5 10) St. Denis 1
 4) Smith 3 11) Prehoda 1
 5) Shenefiel 2 12) Fulton 1
 6) Bishop 2 13) Davis 1
 7) Nicks 2
 Final Pyote

3 "QUEEN BEE"

SN224840 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Coyle
 Dep McCook Bertagnoli 1/15
 1st Msn Bertagnoli 2/02 — Last Brown 4/28
 Combat Missions 14 Aborts 3
 1) Bertagnoli 6 4) Nicks 1
 2) Brown 5 5) Platz 1
 3) Welken 1
 Brown crew bailed out 4/28 380 miles N. of Iwo
 Rescued by sub next day except Radar Navigator

3 "T-N-TEENY II"

SN469920 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Johnson
 Dep Herington 4/25 Ret 12/05/46
 1st Msn Smith 5/03 — Last Bertagnoli 9/01
 Combat Missions 27 Aborts 4
 1) Smith 8 6) Donnell 1
 2) St. Denis 6 7) Shirley 1
 3) Butler 5 8) Fulton 1
 4) Bertagnoli 3 9) Rogan 1
 5) Payne 1
 Final Pyote 12/31/46 to 9/22/53 — Scrapped 10/12/53



**4 “BIG TIME OPERATOR”**

SN224791 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Fomby
 Dep McCook Shenefiel 1/18 Ret 12/02
 1st Msn Shenefiel 2/08 — Last Nighswonger 9/02
 Combat Missions 46 Aborts 2

1) Shenefiel	21	8) Malo	1
2) Pulsfort	7	9) Klemme	1
3) St. Denis	5	10) Nighswonger	1
4) Morris	3	11) Prehoda	1
5) Durkee	2	12) McMahan	1
6) Hutchison	1	13) Abbott	1
7) Reid	1		

Nose section displayed at Boeing Field, Seattle.
 Final Robbins 4/28/46 to 10/31/50—Scrapped 12/06/50

5 “T-N-TEENY I”

SN265278 (Martin) 1st Sqdn CC Johnson
 Dep Herington Smith 1/18
 1st Msn Smith 2/08 — Last Smith 4/28
 Combat Missions 14 Aborts 3

1) Smith	9	4) Lewis	1
2) Payne	2	5) Nicks	1
3) Shirley	1		

Scrapped 5/16 at Tinian

5 “SWEET SUE”

SN470112 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Mattingly
 Dep Kearney 5/24 Ret 4/27/47
 1st Msn Bertagnoli 6/26 — Last St. Denis 9/02
 Combat Missions 16 Aborts 0

1) Bertagnoli	12	4) Morris	1
2) Brown	1	5) St. Denis	1
3) Butler	1		

Final Kelly 11/09/50 to 8/19/54—Scrapped 8/19/54

6 “THE KRISTY ANN”

SN293886 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Dunn
 Dep McCook Hutchison 1/20 Ret 12/04
 1st Msn Hutchison 2/08 — Last Lassman 9/01
 Combat Missions 41 Aborts 1

1) Lassman	12	9) Davis	1
2) St. Denis	8	10) Black	1
3) Hutchison	4	11) Platz	1
4) Shenefiel	2	12) Hamilton	1
5) Bishop	2	13) Abbott	1
6) Payne	2	14) Eichler	1
7) Welken	2	15) Dirnbauer	1
8) Shirley	1	16) Brown	1

Final Tinker 6/28/50 — Scrapped 9/11/50

7 “LIL’ IODINE”

SN224875 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Higgins
 Dep McCook Nicks 1/19
 1st Msn Nicks 2/08 — Last Hardgrave 3/10
 Combat Missions 6 Aborts 0

1) Nicks	4	2) Hardgrave	2
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Hardgrave ditched 3/10, Low Fuel - Crew Rescued

7 “LIL’ IODINE II”

SN469748 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 3/06
 1st Msn Cox BE 3/11 — Last Hardgrave 3/24
 Combat Missions 3 Aborts 1

1) Cox BE	1	3) Hardgrave	1
2) Nicks	1		

Hardgrave lost 3/24 on Nagoya Mission - MIA

7 “TINNY ANNE”

SN469811 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Higgins
 Dep Kearney 3/20
 1st Msn Brown 4/01 — Last Black 5/27
 Combat Missions 13 Aborts 2

1) Nicks	3	5) Black	1
2) St. Denis	3	6) Platz	1
3) Brown	2	7) Caldwell	1
4) Hamilton	2		

Black crashed 5/27 due to Flak — MIA

7 UNNAMED

SN294119 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 6/02 Ret 11/30
 1st Msn Bishop 6/15 — Last Brown 8/-
 Combat Missions 14 Aborts 0

1) Bishop	7	3) Prehoda	2
2) Brown	5		

Final Pyote



**8 “LUCKY ’LEVEN”**

SN293956 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Duffield
 Dep U.S. 3/08 Ret 10/30
 1st Msn Shirley 3/18 — Last Peterson 8/30
 Combat Missions 37 Aborts 6
 1) Davis CM 14 5) Prehoda 2
 2) Hamilton 7 6) Nack 1
 3) Shirley 7 7) Hutchison 1
 4) Peterson 5
 Final Davis Monthan

9 “DINAH MIGHT”

SN265286 (Martin) 1st Sqdn CC Lanzillo
 Dep Herington Butler 1/30 Ret 4/28/46
 1st Msn Butler 2/08 — Last Rittenour 9/02
 Combat Missions 42 Aborts 1
 1) Butler 18 10) Hutchison 1
 2) McMahon 5 11) Nicks 1
 3) Malo 3 12) Eichler 1
 4) Payne 2 13) Lassman 1
 5) Platz 1 14) Black 1
 6) Zoercher 1 15) Bishop 1
 7) Shirley 1 16) Reid 1
 8) Welken 1 17) Nighswonger 1
 9) Davis 1 18) Rittenour 1
 First B-29 to land Iwo 3/10 -Final Aberdeen 5/26/46

10 “LIVE WIRE”

SN224853 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Mullins
 Dep Herington Shirley 1/19
 1st Msn Shirley 2/08 — Last Shirley 2/12
 Combat Missions 2 Aborts 0
 1) Shirley 2
 Reassigned — Crashed Iwo 4/25

10 UNNAMED

SN294007 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Sponberg
 Dep Kearney 3/16
 1st Msn Payne 4/07 — Last Eichler 9/02
 Combat Missions 30 Aborts 7
 1) Platz 17 5) Davis 1
 2) Eichler 6 6) Shirley 1
 3) Payne 3 7) Hutchison 1
 4) Nack 1
 Final Clark Field 3/-/46 — Scrapped 9/22/47

11 “MARIANNA BELLE”

SN469883 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Wood
 Dep Herington 3/31
 1st Msn Welken 4/12 — Last Nighswonger 8/07
 Combat Missions 35 Aborts 4
 1) Welken 27 5) Hutchison 1
 2) Nicks 2 6) Davis 1
 3) Hamilton 1 7) Nighswonger 1
 4) Brown 1 8) Dirnbauer 1
 Nighswonger bailed out 8/07 at Iwo after battle damage on Toyakawa mission

12 UNNAMED

SN293893 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Bayman
 Dep Herington Malo 1/27
 1st Msn Malo 2/08 — Last Malo 4/16
 Combat Missions 14 Aborts 1
 1) Malo 6 5) Platz 1
 2) St. Denis 2 6) Nicks 1
 3) Black 2 7) Hutchison 1
 4) Hardgrave 1
 Malo lost on Kawasaki mission 4/16 — MIA

12 “PASSION WAGON”

SN294043 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington 4/25 Ret 6/06/46
 1st Msn Nack 5/03 — Last Payne 9/02
 Combat Missions 32 Aborts 2
 1) Payne 18 6) Eichler 1
 2) Prehoda 6 7) Nicks 1
 3) Butler 2 8) Brown 1
 4) Pulsfort 1 9) Nack 1
 5) Platz 1
 Final Howard 1949 — Scrapped 1949

13 “THUNDERIN’ LORETTA”

SN224913 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington Black 1/25
 1st Msn Black 2/08 — Last Black 5/18
 Combat Missions 22 Aborts 3
 1) Black 14 4) Butler 1
 2) Nicks 3 5) Davis 1
 3) Shirley 2 6) Shenefiel 1
 Structural damage from thermals 3/19 — Caldwell crashed on takeoff 5/19 — All but TG killed



**14 “B.A. BIRD”**

SN293896 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Statkus
 Dep Herington Hardgrave 1/30 Ret 12/06
 1st Msn Hardgrave 2/08 — Last Eichler 6/28
 Combat Missions 32 Aborts 2

1) Hutchison 16	7) St. Denis 1
2) Platz 4	8) Nack 1
3) Hardgrave 2	9) Nicks 1
4) Butler 2	10) Prehoda 1
5) Hamilton 1	11) Eichler 1
6) Malo 1	12) Payne 1

Received structural distortion at Kawasaki 4/16

Final Pyote 5/01/47 to 8/28/50 — Scrapped 9/11/50

15 “BATTLIN’ BONNIE”

SN224907 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Mullins
 Dep Herington Welken 1/22
 1st Msn Welken 2/08 — Last Donnell 7/19
 Combat Missions 40 Aborts 6

1) Davis GL 13	7) Johnson 1
2) Fulton 12	8) Nicks 1
3) Welken 4	9) Black 1
4) Donnell 2	10) Eichler 1
5) Caldwell 2	11) Bertagnoli 1
6) Platz 1	12) Bishop 1

Scrapped 8/28/48

15 “BATTLIN’ BONNIE II”

SN487737 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Mullins
 Dep Kearney 7/21 Ret 9/20
 1st Msn Fulton 7/28 — Last Fulton 8/30
 Combat Missions 5 Aborts 0

1) Fulton 5

First B-29 to land in Japan (Atsugi) — One of four B-29s
 Japan to Washington, D.C. (landed Chicago) — Scrapped
 6/02/52

16 “DOTTIE’S DILEMMA” (Later #31)

SN224796 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Ullery
 Dep McCook Chapman 1/16
 1st Msn Chapman 2/02 — Last Keller 6/01
 Combat Missions 34 Aborts 5

1) Dolan 16	5) Tulloch 2
2) Chapman 7	6) Keller 2
3) Barneyback 2	7) Reynolds 1
4) Jones 2	8) Collins 1

Went off end of runway on landing - Scrapped 7/06

16 “THE 8 BALL”

SN470070 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 4/29 Ret 6/27/46
 1st Msn Platz 5/05 — Last Donnell 9/02
 Combat Missions 35 Aborts 2

1) Shirley 19	6) Prehoda 1
2) Platz 4	7) Bishop 1
3) Donnell 5	8) McMahan 1
4) Bertagnoli 1	9) Durkee 1
5) St. Denis 1	10) Davis CM 1

Final Tinker 6/30/46 to 3/31/48 — Scrapped 3/31/48

17 “TOKYO - K O” (Later #32)

SN224859 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Newsted
 Dep McCook McClintock 1/15 Ret 12/04
 1st Msn McClintock 2/08—Last McClintock 9/02
 Combat Missions 38 Aborts 5

1) McClintock 20	6) Reynolds 1
2) Dearing 4	7) Collins 1
3) Adams 4	8) Thimlar 1
4) Carpi 3	9) Gabor 1
5) Cox CW 2	10) Scheaffer 1

Final Robbins — Scrapped

17 “MAN O’ WAR II” (Earlier #1)**17 UNNAMED**

SN461760 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Bixler
 Dep Kearney 7/15 Ret 3/25/47
 1st Msn Reynolds 7/24 — Last Prehoda 9/02
 Combat Missions 8 Aborts 3

1) Prehoda 5	3) Nelson 1
2) Reid 1	4) Reynolds 1

Final Kelly 2/28/49 to 7/25/49 -Scrapped 7/25/49

18 “PATCHES” (Later #33)

SN224822 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep McCook Scheaffer 1/18 Ret 10/17
 1st Msn Scheaffer 2/08 — Last Gabor 9/02
 Combat Missions 33 Aborts 4

1) Tulloch 15	6) Gabor 1
2) Scheaffer8	7) Chapman 1
3) Collins 2	8) Soderbeck 1
4) Nelson 2	9) Jones 1
5) Glock 1	10) Tutton 1

Sustained damage over Nagoya and landed Iwo 4/07 Flew
 next 5/24 — Final Davis Monthan Scrapped

**18 UNNAMED**

SN461648 (Renton) 1st Sqdn CC Statkus
 Dep Herington 6/15 Ret 4/21/47
 1st Msn Hutchison 7/12 — Last Peterson 9/02
 Combat Missions 12 Aborts 0
 1) Hutchison 8 3) Peterson 1
 2) Brown 2 4) Morriss 1
 Final Pyote 4/-/47 to 9/02/53 — Scrapped 10/-/53

XX UNNAMED

SN224847 (Wichita) 1st Sqdn CC Tricot
 Dep McCook Keene 1/15 Ret 3/17/46
 1st Msn Keene 2/02 — Last Settle 3/11
 Combat Missions 2 Aborts 0
 1) Keene 1 2) Settle 1
 Reassigned Final Pyote — Scrapped

20 "PURPLE HEARTLESS"

SN469760 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Clapp
 Dep Kearney 3/02 Ret 11/30
 1st Msn Tutton 3/13 — Last Barneyback 9/02
 Combat Missions 44 Aborts 2
 1) Cox JC 17 9) Fulton 1
 2) Barneyback 10 10) Reynolds 1
 3) Tutton 4 11) Cox BE 1
 4) Soderback 2 12) Cox CW 1
 5) Prehoda 1 13) Weinert 1
 6) Donnell 1 14) Bowers 1
 7) Nelson 1 15) Hobaugh 1
 8) Heath 1

Final Lowry 3/11/49 to 5/24/49 — Scrapped 5/24/49

21 UNNAMED

SN293888 (Renton) 5th Sqdn CC LeGrand
 Dep McCook Hobaugh 1/18 Ret 8/13
 1st Msn Hobaugh 2/08 — Last Hobaugh 2/08
 Combat Missions 2 Aborts 0
 1) Hobaugh 2
 Reassigned — Final Tinker 9/24/46 to 7/28/48

21 UNNAMED

SN469834 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 3/21
 1st Msn Jones 4/03 — Last Jones 4/15
 Combat Missions 5 Aborts 0
 1) Jones 4 2) Ashland 1
 Jones lost on Kawasaki mission 4/15

21 "LADY JAYNE"

SN469874 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Robertson
 Dep Kearney 4/04 Ret 11/11/46
 1st Msn Scheaffer 4/27 — Last Cox BE 9/02
 Combat Missions 25 Aborts 3
 1) Scheaffer 21 4) Cox BE 1
 2) Hall 1 5) Cox CW 1
 3) Jones 1
 Final Pyote 12/31/46 to 9/22/53 — Scrapped 10/21/53

22 "SAD TOMATO"

SN265285 (Martin) 5th Sqdn CC Velluex
 Dep Herington Cox CW 1/20 Ret 10/24
 1st Msn Cox CW 2/08 — Last Spangler 9/02
 Combat Missions 40 Aborts 6
 1) Tulloch 10 9) Spangler 1
 2) Keller 9 10) Collins 1
 3) Cox CW 4 11) Dolan 1
 4) Tutton 3 12) Miller 1
 5) Reynolds 2 13) Cox JC 1
 6) Klemme 2 14) Nash 1
 7) Nelson 2 15) Bowers 1
 8) McClintock 1

Final Davis Monthan 10/29/45 to 5/10/54 — Scrapped

23 "NIP CLIPPER"

SN26352 (Bell) 5th Sqdn CC Rohrer
 Dep McCook Ashland 1/20
 1st Msn Ashland 2/08 — Last Keller 8/08
 Combat Missions 47 Aborts 4
 1) Ashland 33 5) Keller 2
 2) Collins 5 6) Barneyback 1
 3) Cox BE 2 7) Nash 1
 4) Nelson 2 8) Cox CW 1

Keller shot down by Flak 8/08 Yawata — 10 bailed out and became POWs — AC killed



**24 “NIP NEMESIS”**

SN469733 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC LeGrand
 Dep Kearney 2/26 Ret 6/10/46
 1st Msn Hobaug 3/09 — Last Stevens 9/01
 Combat Missions 37 Aborts 2
 1) Hobaug 29 6) Steven 1
 2) Adams 1 7) Cox CW 1
 3) Bowers 1 8) Nash 1
 4) Scheaffer1 9) Barneyback 1
 5) Nelson 1

Final Tinker 6/30/46 to 7/28/48 - Scrapped 7/28/49

25 “EARLY BIRD”

SN263556 (Bell) 5th Sqdn CC Young
 Dep Herington Tutton 1/26 Ret 11/30
 1st Msn Hobaug 2/25 — Last Nelson 9/02
 Combat Missions 44 Aborts 7
 1) Tutton 19 8) Glock 1
 2) Nelson 6 9) Tulloch 1
 3) Miller 2 10) Dolan 1
 4) Cox CW 2 11) Klemme 1
 5) Bowers 2 12) Hobaug 1
 6) Cox BE 2 13) Fleming 1
 7) Barneyback 2 14) Soderbeck 1

Final Tinker 3/04/48 to 8/28/50 — Scrapped 9/11/50

26 “COX’S ARMY”

SN263544 (Bell) 5th Sqdn CC Hampton
 Dep Herington Nash 1/22 Ret 12/02
 1st Msn Nash 2/08 — Last McConnachie 9/01
 Combat Missions 35 Aborts 6
 1) Nash 11 7) Bowers 1
 2) Cox BE 11 8) Soderbeck 1
 3) Jones 3 9) Miller 1
 4) Nelson 2 10) Gabor 1
 5) Glock 2 11) McConnachie 1
 6) Reynolds 1

Final Hill 1/01/48 to 10/03/50 — Scrapped 1/04/51

27 “WARSAW PIGEON”

SN469849 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Herd
 Dep Kearney 3/27 Ret 6/18/46
 1st Msn Collins 4/07 — Last Reynolds 9/02
 Combat Missions 35 Aborts 2
 1) Collins 23 6) Miller 1
 2) Reynolds 4 7) Klemme 1
 3) Bowers 1 8) Nelson 1
 4) Ashland 1 9) Gabor 1
 5) Dolan 1 10) Tutton 1

Final Tinker 6/30/46 to 8/02/54 -Scrapped 10/04/54

28 “UMBRIAGO”

SN263545 (Bell) 5th Sqdn CC Komarek
 Dep Herington Klemme 1/22
 1st Msn Klemme 2/08 — Last Sullivan 4/16
 Combat Missions 13 Aborts 2
 1) Klemme 9 3) Sullivan 1
 2) Tutton 3
 Sullivan lost 4/16 on Kawasaki mission — MIA

28 “UMBRIAGO II”

SN294041 (Renton) 5th Sqdn CC Komarek
 Dep Kearney 4/14
 1st Msn Klemme 4/27 — Last Nelson 6/19
 Combat Missions 7 Aborts 3
 1) Klemme 4 3) Collins 1
 2) Bowers 1 4) Nelson 1
 Reassigned.... Lost 7/26

28 UNNAMED

SN461689 (Renton) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep U.S. 6/30
 1st Msn Reynolds 7/09 — Last Weinert 8/07
 Combat Missions 6 Aborts 0
 1) Weinert 4 2) Reynolds 2
 Damaged on non-combat mission—Condemned 12/04

29 “READY TEDDY”

SN263561 (Bell) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington Bowers 1/27 Ret 4/28/46
 1st Msn Bower 2/08 — Last Houser 8/31
 Combat Missions 43 Aborts 3
 1) Bowers 25 8) McMahan 1
 2) Cox CW 6 9) Nelson 1
 3) Keller 2 10) Houser 1
 4) Fleming 1 11) McClintock 1
 5) Scheaffer1 12) Reynolds 1
 6) Nash 1 13) Gabor 1
 7) Johnson 1

9th BG POWS welcomed “Ready Teddy” over POW camp
 — Final Memphis 5/26/46

30 “GOIN’ JESSE”

SN224856 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Klabo
 Dep McCook Fleming 1/16 Ret 12/04
 1st Msn Fleming 2/08 — Last Kirby 9/02
 Combat Missions 50 Aborts 0
 1) Fleming 30 5) Collins 1
 2) Reynolds 12 6) Tulloch 1
 3) Tutton 3 7) Nash 1
 4) Kirby 1 8) McClintock 1

Final Unknown

**31 “DOTTIE’S DILEMMA” (Earlier #16)****31 UNNAMED**

SN487641 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Shuster
 Dep Herington 7/05 Ret 5/04/47
 1st Msn Nash 7/16 — Last Heath 9/01
 Combat Missions 11 Aborts 0
 1) Nash 8 3) Kirby 1
 2) Glock 1 4) Heath 1
 Final Pyote 5/04/47 to 11/03/53 — Scrapped 11/03/53

32 “TOKYO - KO” (Earlier #17)**33 “THE BIG WHEEL”**

SN265283 (Martin) 99th Sqdn CC Conlon
 Dep McCook McNeil 1/19
 1st Msn McNeil 2/08 — Last White 3/30
 Combat Missions 8 Aborts 2
 1) McNeil 6 3) White 1
 2) Spaargaren 1
 Crashed at Tinian while returning from an aborted mining mission White 3/30 — All but Radar killed

33 “PATCHES” (Earlier #18)**34 “DESTINY’S TOT”**

SN265284 (Martin) 5th Sqdn CC Irby
 Dep McCook Weinert 1/19 Ret 6/11/46
 1st Msn Tutton 2/08 — Last Hopkins 9/02
 Combat Missions 40 Aborts 6
 1) Weinert 25 7) Miller 1
 2) Gabor 3 8) Heath 1
 3) Cox CW 2 9) Reynolds 1
 4) Tutton 2 10) Tulloch 1
 5) Scheaffer 1 11) Klemme 1
 6) Hopkins 1 12) Collins 1
 Final Hill 2/01/54 to 9/14/54 — Scrapped 9/14/54

35 “THE STARDUSTER”

N294067 (Renton) 5th Sqdn CC Harborth
 Dep Herington 4/28 Ret 12/05/46
 1st Msn Cox CW 5/05 — Last Miller 9/02
 Combat Missions 28 Aborts 1
 1) Cox CW 14 4) Reynolds 1
 2) Miller 10 5) Nelson 1
 3) Soderbeck 2
 Final Pyote

36 UNNAMED

SN224789 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Warner
 Dep McCook Johnson 1/15
 1st Msn Emmons 2/18 — Last Emmons 3/27
 Combat Missions 5 Aborts 3
 1) Johnson 3 2) Emmons 2
 Johnson lost engine 3/30 on takeoff. During mine jettison, 2 2000-lb. mines hit each other and exploded, damaging the B-29. Gunner injured — Scrapped 4/07

36 UNNAMED

SN469994 (Wichita) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Topeka 5/13 Ret 4/28/47
 1st Msn Klemme 5/27 — Last Dirnbauer 9/01
 Combat Missions 7 Aborts 0
 1) Klemme 2 4) Dirnbauer 1
 2) Tulloch 2 5) Miller 1
 3) Keller 1
 Miller with battle damage from Kobe Mission, crashed 6/05 on landing at Iwo with one KIA. Re-paired and flew 9/01 mission. Final Pyote 4/28/47 to 9/22/53 — Scrapped 10/12/53

36 “20TH CENTURY LIMITED”

SN461797 (Renton) 5th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington 7/25 Ret 4/10/47
 1st Msn Heath 8/01 — Last Nash 9/02
 Combat Missions 6 Aborts 1
 1) Heath 3 3) Tulloch 1
 2) Weinert 1 4) Nash 1
 Final Smoky Hill — Scrapped 12/04/52



**37 “OLD 900” (Later #48)**

SN224900 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Krog
 Dep Herington Bearden 1/25 Ret 11/30
 1st Msn Bearden 2/08 — Last Austin 9/01
 Combat Missions 46 Aborts 5

1) Bearden	22	9) Clark	1
2) Reinert	5	10) Reid	1
3) Curry	4	11) Gahl	1
4) Jarvis	3	12) Spaargaren	1
5) Littlewood	2	13) Emmons	1
6) Austin	1	14) Jacobson	1
7) Waddell	1	15) Carver	1
8) Schlosberg	1		

Final Pyote 1948 to 1953 — Scrapped 1953

38 “LONG WINDED” (Later #50)

SN263509 (Bell) 99th Sqdn CC Smith
 Dep McCook Lewis 1/27
 1st Msn Lewis 2/08 — Last Lewis 5/22
 Combat Missions 21 Aborts 1

1) Lewis	17	3) Loy	1
2) Emmons	2	4) Webb	1

Lewis bailed out 5/22 on mining mission — 3 rescued by sub

39 “INDIANA”

SN263546 (Bell) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington Thimlar 1/28
 1st Msn Thimlar 2/08 — Last Christie 3/16
 Combat Missions 9 Aborts 0

1) Thimlar	5		
2) Christie	4		

Christie lost 3/16 on Kobe Mission — MIA

40 UNNAMED

SN293915 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington Loy 2/06 Ret 12/04
 1st Msn Loy 2/18 — Last Campbell 9/02
 Combat Missions 34 Aborts 3

1) Loy	21	7) Aufford	1
2) Spaargaren	2	8) Reinert	1
3) Donica	2	9) Vander Schans	1
4) Countryman	2	10) Clark	1
5) Hendrickson	1	11) Campbell	1
6) Pattison	1		

Final Robbins

41 “OLD 574”

SN263574 (Bell) 99th Sqdn CC Adams
 Dep Herington Littlewood 2/04 Ret 4/28
 1st Msn Keene 2/12 — Last Faunce 9/02
 Combat Missions 38 Aborts 3

1) Littlewood	24	7) Johnson	1
2) Loy	3	8) Clark	1
3) Countryman	2	9) Jarvis	1
4) Keene	1	10) Bungard	1
5) Spaargaren	1	11) Lingle	1
6) Christie	1	12) Faunce	1

Dreese was also CC on this B-29. Final Hill 4/28/46 to 1/04/51 — Scrapped 1/04/51

42 “THE UNINVITED”

SN469754 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Wilde
 Dep Herington 2/26
 1st Msn Littlewood 3/11 — Last Harrison 9/01
 Combat Missions 40 Aborts 4

1) Spaargaren	25	8) Ansell	1
2) Emmons	2	9) Hendrickson	1
3) Littlewood	2	10) Loy	1
4) Gahl	2	11) Aufford	1
5) Bowers	1	12) Harrison	1
6) Bobo	1	13) Thimlar	1
7) Clark	1		

Landed wheels up at Tinian late Sept. Final Clark 3/-/46 to 4/19/46 — Scrapped



**43 “MISS MI - NOOKIE”**

SN469764 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Lanford
 Dep Herington 3/06 Ret 5/26/46
 1st Msn Emmons 3/13 — Last Vogt 8/30
 Combat Missions 39 Aborts 3

1) Emmons 24	8) Lingle 1
2) Thimlar 2	9) Vander Schans 1
3) Clark 2	10) Loy 1
4) Johnson 1	11) Vogt 1
5) Carver 1	12) Gahl 1
6) Waddell 1	13) Webb 1
7) Countryman 1	14) Littlewood 1

Final Tinker 6/30/46 to 7/27/48 - Scrapped 5/27/49

44 UNNAMED

SN265298 (Martin) 99th Sqdn CC Tricot
 Dep Herington 2/04
 1st Msn Keene 2/18 — Last Keene 3/10
 Combat Missions 3 Aborts 0

1) Keene 2	2) McNeil 1
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Keene ditched after 3/09 Tokyo fire raid drop —
 8 rescued

44 “INDIANA II”

SN294010 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 3/22 Ret 10/29
 1st Msn Carver 4/03 — Last Austin 8/14
 Combat Missions 34 Aborts 2

1) Thimlar 20	8) Bobo 1
2) Austin 3	9) Gahl 1
3) Carver 1	10) Webb 1
4) Waddell 1	11) Loy 1
5) Hendrickson 1	12) Jacobson 1
6) Lingle 1	13) Clark 1
7) Countryman 1	

Final Tinker

**45 “DRAGON LADY”**

SN293892 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Ardis
 Dep Herington Jarvis 2/04 Ret 10/15
 1st Msn Jarvis 2/25 — Last Bungard 9/01
 Combat Missions 41 Aborts 6

1) Jarvis 24	9) Hendrickson 1
2) Clark 3	10) Nash 1
3) Bungard 1	11) Bobo 1
4) Pattison 1	12) Webb 1
5) Aufford 1	13) Donica 1
6) Emmons 1	14) Countryman 1
7) Waddell 1	15) Jacobsen 1
8) Schlosberg 1	

Flying Herington to Mather lost 2 engines — Landed at
 Amarillo. Lost engine out of Mather and returned. Final
 Tinker 6/28/50 to 8/28/50 — Scrapped 9/11/50

46 “DARING DONNA III”

SN224820 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Adams
 Dep McCook Curry 1/16 Ret 10/19
 1st Msn Curry 2/08 — Last Davis GL 9/02
 Combat Missions 43 Aborts 2

1) Pattison 18	7) Littlewood 1
2) Curry 12	8) Davis GL 1
3) Bungard 3	9) Carver 2
4) Jarvis 2	10) Austin 1
5) Clark 1	11) Spaargaren 1
6) Donica 1	

Pattison with low fuel made one-engine landing 6/05
 on Tinian. Final Pyote — Scrapped.

47 UNNAMED

SN224835 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Naquin
 Dep McCook White 1/17 Ret 12/02
 1st Msn Spaargaren 2/25 — Last Hendrickson 9/02
 Combat Missions 38 Aborts 3

1) White 6	10) Webb 1
2) Jacobson 5	11) Emmons 1
3) Clark 4	12) Barneyback 1
4) Hendrickson 3	13) Bearden 1
5) Reinert 4	14) Nighswonger 1
6) Johnson 2	15) Aufford 1
7) Loy 2	16) Payne 1
8) Littlewood 2	17) Thimlar 1
9) Spaargaren 2	

Final Pyote — Scrapped

48 “OLD 900” (Earlier #37)

**49 UNNAMED**

SN293962 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 3/27
 1st Msn Johnson 4/07 — Last Carver 4/15
 Combat Missions 3 Aborts 0
 1) Lingle 1 3) Carver 1
 2) Johnson 1
 Carver lost 4/15 on Kawasaki Mission — MIA

49 UNNAMED

SN469934 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Warner
 Dep Kearney Aufford 4/22 Ret 3/31/47
 1st Msn Johnson 4/30 — Last Curry 9/01
 Combat Missions 31 Aborts 0
 1) Johnson 23 5) Hendrickson 1
 2) Thimlar 1 6) Countryman 1
 3) Spaargaren 1 7) Jacobson 1
 4) Curry 1 8) Pattison 1
 Final Pyote 3/31/47 to 9/22/53 — Scrapped 10/12/53

50 UNNAMED (Earlier #38)**50 “WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE”**

SN470121 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington 5/19 Ret 3/26/47
 1st Msn Hendrickson 5/26—Last Countryman 6/19
 Combat Missions 7 Aborts 1
 1) Gahl 3 3) Hendrickson 1
 2) Jarvis 2 4) Countryman 1
 Reassigned.... Final Pyote 1/01/48 to 9/25/53

**50 UNNAMED**

SN461691 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Topeka 6/30 Ret 2/10/47
 1st Msn Curry 7/06 — Last Lingle 9/02
 Combat Missions 11 Aborts 0
 1) Curry 8 3) Donica 1
 2) Loy 1 4) Lingle 1
 Final McClellan 2/17/49 to 8/10/49-Scrapped 9/21/49

51 “THE JUDY ANN”

SN294025 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Conlon
 Dep Kearney 3/22 Ret 3/21/46
 1st Msn Loy 4/07 — Last Feil 9/01
 Combat Missions 35 Aborts 2
 1) Hendrickson 16 8) Bobo 1
 2) Lingle 3 9) Pattison 1
 3) Reinert 3 10) Gahl 1
 4) Clark 2 11) Littlewood 1
 5) Loy 2 12) Feil 1
 6) Aufford 2 13) Countryman 1
 7) Jacobson 1
 Wolverton was 2nd CC — Final Unknown

52 “HON. SPY REPORT”

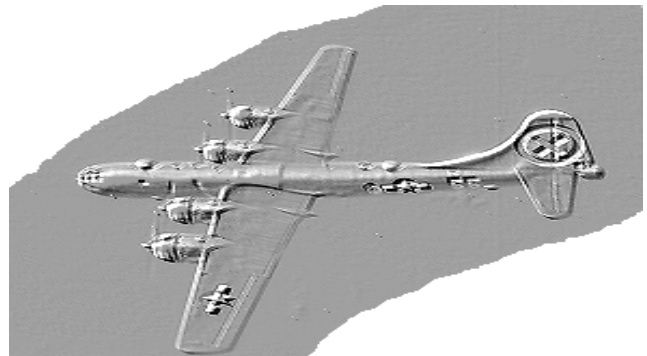
SN224876 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Szarko
 Dep McCook Feil 1/19 Ret 12/04
 1st Msn Johnson 2/08 — Last Donica 9/01
 Combat Missions 39 Aborts 4
 1) Donica 11 8) Loy 2
 2) Feil 6 9) Johnson 2
 3) Pattison 4 10) Jacobson 2
 4) Webb 3 11) Jarvis 1
 5) Clark 3 12) Vander Schans 1
 6) Waddell 2 13) Aufford 1
 7) Lingle 2 14) Thimlar 1

Aircraft damaged from Caldwell 5/19 crash on takeoff. First 9th BG B-29 to achieve 400 hrs on all 4 engines. Final Robins 7/26/46 to 10/31/50 Scrapped 12/06/50

53 UNNAMED

SN293926 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington 2/10 Ret 6/14
 1st Msn Lingle 4/07 — Last Bearden 4/30
 Combat Missions 5 Aborts 1
 1) Lingle 3 3) Bearden 1
 2) Jacobson 1

Received structural damage and bomb doors torn off in fire thermal at Kawasaki 4/16. Declared “war weary” and sent home. Final Davis Monthan 1/01/48 to 6/22/50



**53 “JAKE’S JALOPY”**

SN469985 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Langley
 Dep Herington 5/08 Ret 3/20/47
 1st Msn Clark 5/18 — Last French 9/02
 Combat Missions 29 Aborts 0
 1) Jacobson 19 6) Reinert 1
 2) Clark 2 7) Countryman 1
 3) Donica 1 8) French 1
 4) Thimlar 1 9) Webb 1
 5) Vander Schans 1 10) Austin 1
 Final McClellan 8/13/48 to 9/14/48 -Scrapped 9/14/48

**54 “FRENCH’S KABAZIE WAGON”**

SN470011 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 4/27 Ret 4/08/47
 1st Msn Clark 5/11 — Last Littlewood 9/01
 Combat Missions 25 Aborts 4
 1) Lingle 15 6) Donica 1
 2) Vander Schans 2 7) Emmons 1
 3) Clark 2 8) Webb 1
 4) Littlewood 1 9) Aufford 1
 5) Hendrickson 1
 Final Pyote 1/01/48 to 9/22/53 -Scrapped 10/12/53

55 “LIMBER RICHARD”

SN470072 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 4/29/45 Ret 6/17/46
 1st Msn Thimlar 5/10 — Last Vander Schans 9/02
 Combat Missions 30 Aborts 1
 1) Vander Schans 16 5) Donica 1
 2) Aufford 7 6) Jacobson 1
 3) Thimlar 2 7) Pattison 1
 4) Bobo 1 8) Jarvis 1
 Final MT Home 12/23/53 to 7/18/54 — Scrapped

56 UNNAMED

SN486343 (Wichita) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Kearney 7/22 Ret 12/08
 1st Msn Feil 8/01 — Last Vogt 9/02
 Combat Missions 6 Aborts 0
 1) Feil 4 3) Campbell 1
 2) Vogt 1
 Final Kadena — Scrapped 9/14/52

57 UNNAMED

SN461840 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Herington 7/28 Ret 3/24/47
 1st Msn Harrison 8/14 — Last Wright 8/30
 Combat Missions 2 Aborts 1
 1) Harrison 1 2) Wright 1
 Final Kelly 12/21/48 to 5/01/49 — Scrapped 5/06/49

65 UNNAMED

SN461800 (Renton) 99th Sqdn CC Unknown
 Dep Topeka 7/25 Ret 4/21/46
 1st Msn Brown 8/- — Last Durkee 8/-
 Combat Missions 2 Aborts 0
 1) Brown 1 2) Durkee 1

Editor’s Note: The following is a history of assignments for this B-29. Other B-29s may have had less or more.

- 1) Guam... 2/-/46
- 2) Clark Field, Phillipines... 3/-/46 to 4/-/46
- 3) Hill Field, UT... 4/30/46 to 2/11/47
- 4) McClellan, CA... 7/21/47 to 8/21/47
- 5) Fairfield, CA... 12/08/47 to 11/01/48
- 6) Pyote, TX... 11/07/48 to 1/07/52
- 7) Marietta, GA... 1/07/52 to 9/17/52
- 8) Hunter AFB, GA... 9/17/52
- 9) Sidi Slimane, French Morocco... 1953
- 10) Hunter AFB, GA... 3/30/53 to 9/01/53
- 11) Davis Monthan, AZ... 9/01/53 (Boneyard)





How Some Aircraft Were Named

CREW SATISFIED WHEN SHIP WAS NAMED THE BIG WHEEL

Roy Cummings, Honolulu Star Bulletin, 4/2/45

A B-29 base. TINIAN - At this Superfort base everything of any importance is a "wheel." Things of great importance are "big wheels." In like fashion a hot plane or a gunner who has knocked down a couple of Zeros over Tokyo becomes a "big wheel."

The "BIG WHEEL" is also one of the beautiful silver giants that are crammed into every spot of available space on this busy airfield, resting between missions over the Japanese empire.

The BIG WHEEL didn't get its name because it has an exceptional record, although it boasts of three missions over Tokyo and one over Nagoya. It got its name by the unique manner in which each of the crew members is represented in the plane's insignia.

The marking on each side of the nose of the big bomber is in the shape of a huge wheel. Between each pair of spokes is a space reserved for one member of the crew, and he can put anything in his space that he likes. Some of the men have the names of their wives or sweethearts. Some have insignia of their state or school.

Capt. F.V. Johnson told me about the BIG WHEEL and we went over to the tent of the men who fly it. They hadn't been on a mission the night before and were sitting around playing cards and arguing, like everyone does here. In most of the other tents we visited the men had just come back from the Osaka flight and were preparing to get some sleep or were already in their bunks. The Commander of the BIG WHEEL, Capt. Howard McNeil of Lance Creek, Wyo., told me how BIG WHEEL got its name. He said that Sgt. George Frena of Hew Hemstead, PA, whom everyone calls the Hunyak, had designed and drawn the insignia.

"We had been flying for some time without a name," Capt. McNeil said, "and were always looking for something to call her. We got into so many arguments about it that we finally decided everybody could have his own name for the plane, and that's how we got the wheel idea and named her BIG WHEEL."

In his space Capt. McNeil has the bucking bronco that appears on the Wyoming state license plate. Lt. Robert Thompson of Waynesburg, PA, the co-pilot, has his wife's name, Jo Ann, in the space reserved for him.

In his private share of the superfort's nose, the navigator, Lt. Maurice Arnold of Columbus, OH, has the name of his sweetheart in Detroit whom he calls Li'l Audrey. Bombardier Lt. John Horton of Riverside, CA, owns the space with an Arizona Sentinel cactus painted in it. He chose that because he was born in Arizona.

Lt. Richard Baile of Warrensburg, MO, the flight engineer, has an unprintable reason for the pair of pliers that he chose for his space. But it fits anyway since he is the plane's engineer. S/Sgt. Vern Johnson of Slaton, TX, and Sgt. George Parish of Dallas, took opposite sides of the wheel and balanced the insignia with reproductions of a Texas longhorn steer head with the lone star of Texas in the center. Sgt. Joe King, the tail gunner, who comes from Laurel, MI, chose the insignia of his school, Col. Rebel, for a military school he attended in Mississippi. Sgt. Frena, the designer of the emblem, has his wife's name, Florence, in his section.

Near the bottom of the wheel, Sgt. William Casteel of Oakland, MD, stuck to his guns for at least one bit of feminine beauty. His choice was a beautiful woman outlined by a circle. St. John Coulter of Uniontown, PA, inscribed his sweetheart's name, Phyllis, in his space of the Big Wheel to complete the cycle. That's how the BIG WHEEL got its name. You would have to see the artwork to appreciate it. It is the most intricate paint job of any B-29 on the field. Where "wheels" are the thing. The BIG WHEEL, is really a "big wheel."

LOVELY WOMEN, RISQUE NAMES GIVE WAY TO GOD'S WILL ON NOSE OF B-29.

Roy Cummings, War Correspondent Honolulu Star-Bulletin, 3/30/45

A B-29 Base, Tinian - I've made the startling discovery that there is at least one bomber in the Pacific that doesn't have a woman or a risque name painted on the shiny nose.

That's unusual enough.. The men of the Air Force lean heavily toward curvaceous blondes, hula girls, and names like DRAGON LADY, DINA MIGHT, and LOTSA LUVIN. But this superfort is called GOD'S WILL, and its emblem is a gold cross and a gleaming silver sword on a purple shield.

Its plane commander is Capt. Dean A. Fling of Windsor, IL. He told me that GOD'S WILL was chosen after a mission over Truk in the Carolines.

Capt. Fling was in his tent just catching up on some sleep after the Osaka raid, but said that he would be glad to tell me how he and his crew came to name their plane GOD'S WILL.

It seems that on the Truk flight the big bomber had not yet been given a name. All of the planes bear names that are the unanimous choice of all the members of the crew. They are usually chosen after much discussion and arguments in tents about what is most appropriate.

On the way to Truk, Capt. Fling said, the plane lost one engine, and they were forced to a very low altitude in order to stay in the air. To lighten the plane Capt. Fling ordered the bombardier, Lt. Donald F. Dwyer, of Hillside, N.J., to release



the bombs. As he did so the crew heard a peculiar “ka-thump-ka-thump” accompanied by a jolt with each sound.

They returned to their base without further incident except a pretty tricky landing on three engines. The “ka-thump” noise they found was the result of all of their bombs bouncing one after another on top of one bomb that had been loaded into the bomb bays without proper release mechanism.

“If we had been on a different type of raid than the one we were on,” Capt. Fling said, “the bombs would have been armed differently and the first one that hit might have blown us sky high.”

When the crew got together after that flight, they decided that they had the name for their ship. “It was just God’s will that we all got back safely,” one of the crew members said. So they named their aircraft GOD’S WILL.

SUPERDUMBO

Edgar Brown - Chicago Herald American

Tinian. - 1st. Lt John D. Fleming of Columbia, TN, where they’ve got the biggest mule market in the world, just came back from flying the “Sad Tomato” and is now being rejuvenated with whatever it takes to rejuvenate a guy from Columbia. John D. says he’d much rather fly his own Superfort, the “Goin’ Jesse,” which he’d brought back safely after 16 bombing missions. But the “Sad Tomato” is a Superdumbo, and John D. pointed out that nobody objects to taking his turn at a Superdumbo because they’ve saved so many lives.

The Superdumbo, a specially equipped B-29, is the army’s contribution to the air-sea rescue system, which is basically operated by the navy and picks up Yanks who fall in the sea. It’s the magical method of spotting the position of distressed airmen from the sky, flashing the word and then effecting the pickup either by dumbos (amphibious naval planes) or by one of a noble band of surface vessels.

When the giant B-29s came to the Marianas and began staging bomb strikes on Japan, which sooner or later will end the war, their fliers and crewmen knew little enough about dumbos and air-sea rescue. They had to be taught from scratch just the part they were to play in their own protection from oceanic misadventures. And Lt. Cmdr. Gilbert M. Congdon, USNR, of Providence, RI, was right here on Tinian, ready to instruct them. As a liaison officer between navy and army he indoctrinated the B-29ers by small groups into the mysteries of this vital business. He said the navy had the job of sea rescue, but he emphasized it was up to the army fliers to supply accurate dope on the positions. Congdon explained: “We enjoyed 100 percent cooperation from the start. Each air group named an officer to conduct ground school training. Certain B-29s were equipped with extra-powerful transmission facilities as well as supplies which might be dropped to marooned fliers. Our part of the deal fits hand-in-glove into the navy’s setup. For each mission we learn the rescue facilities, make up an annex which is included in the fliers’ briefing. The navigator has his course and inserts the position of rescue facilities in

relation to it.”

Every group flying a mission is watched over by at least two Superdumbos ready to flash the position of any plane in distress, thereby bringing the alert services of the far-flung navy organization into play. “In operation from this base since January—and these figures are typical—we have had eight crews ‘ditched,’ which is to say we know all the men of these crews landed alive in the water. Through the air-sea rescue five crews were returned intact. In the other cases those saved were 10 of 11, 7 of 11, and 9 of 12. That’s a total of 93 men rescued. It is 90% of all personnel known to have ditched.”

The rejuvenation of the 23-year-old Fleming is now well advanced, and John D. wishes to comment: “I desire to double in spades everything that’s been said about effectiveness of that air-sea rescue routine. I wish to add that while our Superdumbos are doing their part perfectly, it’s really a navy show, and those sailors have earned our thanks. Don’t matter if a crew goes in the drink right up there in Tokyo Bay—so long as we give ‘em the position, the navy men will hop in there and pick ‘em up. I know it; I’ve seen ‘em do it.” Not only in lives saved but in the matter of morale must the value of air-sea rescue be counted. If they ‘ditch’ into the sea, they reason rightly, chances are about nine to one they’ll live to tell their grandchildren about it.

The irrepressible John D., had to tell me the name of his ship. In the South, it transpires, a Goin’ Jesse is a gal who is supercharged with southern hospitality, or maybe just supercharged. He also showed me the plane’s cottontail rabbit insignia, cleverly and humorously drawn by a crew member—Sgt. John G. Goldman. He’s the B-29’s central fire control gunner. Between flights he won the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster for missions over Japan April 11 and April 23—the lad found time to produce a whole portfolio of comics. I looked them over, and I suspect that John has got it.

NAMING THE SPEARHEAD

Dave L. Rogan, AC, 1st Squadron

This is an article I was asked to write by the Marines for the “Leatherneck”, a Marine magazine. It appears in the Feb. 1992 issue. They wanted to know the story of why my plane, “The Spearhead”, had the 5th Marine Division Insignia nose art.

I was a Flight Commander in the 1st Bomb Sqdn, 9th BG, 313 BW of B-29s based on Tinian. We also had groups on Saipan and Guam. Our crew flew 33 missions over Japan from Feb 9, to Aug 14, 1945. Our wings had many losses due, in part, to the great distances. Our shortest mission over Japan was about 1,500 miles each way. Iwo Jima was halfway. You Marines saved our bacon because we now had a place to land if we were shot up or out of fuel. The bloody fighting on Iwo was still going on when Lt. Raymond Malo, of the 1st Sqdn landed there, March 4th. He was lost a couple weeks later on a mission to Kawasaki. By this time, our B-29 “Man-O-War” had been shot up and patched up after 17 missions and we were



due for a new aircraft.

On May 28, 1945, General A.W. Kissner, Chief of Staff, 21st Bomber Command, wrote to General Keller Rockey, Fifth Marine Division, that as a token of respect and appreciation of the great contribution made by the Fifth Marine Division in the taking of Iwo Jima; they desired to name a new B-29 for the Fifth Marine Division in the taking of Iwo Jima, and to inscribe the Division Insignia on the plane. Our crew was selected for this honor and crew 11A was proud to have a new ship named “The Spearhead”. The brass of the Fifth Marine Division and the 9th BG got together and had a dedication ceremony on Tinian, August 17, 1945. About 100 Marines including their band took part. “The Spearhead” also took part in the ceremony. All in all, it was fun, and since our crew led many missions, “The Spearhead” was an appropriate name.

In closing, let me add that our two waist gunners were twins (Burton and Langdon Dyer) and as far as I know, were the only twins to fly combat missions together.

HOW THE “B.A.BIRD” WAS NAMED

Chester S. Ziel, Mechanic, 1st Squadron

Gerald B. Vining and I were acquainted in a casual way at Amarillo, TX, while attending B-17 Mechanics School. Rumors were that some of us were to go to Seattle for further training at Boeing Aircraft before being assigned to units. It so happened that Jerry and I among some others were assigned to the B-29 Mechanics School. It was there that Jerry and I became close friends. When Jerry saw his first picture of a B-29 and its dimensions, his words were, “Boy, that’s a big ass bird”, and every time after that, whenever he saw a B-29 on the ground or in flight he would refer to it as the big ass bird. When we got to Tinian with all those other big ass birds and our flight crew hesitated to give our plane a name as the other crews in our squadron were doing, Jerry who was airplane mechanic on engine No.4 and Ray Snyder, who was the airplane mechanic on engine No. 2, took it upon themselves to approach Capt. Wendell Hutchison, AC of the unnamed plane. “Hutch” agreed to have the plane named the “Big Ass Bird.” Ray sketched the bird to Capt. Hutchison’s desire to have a bird painted to represent what the B-29 was by then called by almost everybody the big ass bird.

Jerry requisitioned some paint, and getting a crew chief stand, began to paint what we now know as the “Big Ass Bird” with the lettering “B.A.Bird.” As far as I know, Jerry was not a tutored artist; but he did a credible job of portraying what in his mind was Capt. Hutchison’s version of the “Big Ass Bird.” Since engine maintenance was delegated to a team of two men per engine, Jerry also printed the names of each mechanic on the side of each nacelle as well as the names of our wives or sweethearts on the cowls of each engine. Thus the ground crew had a special pride in maintaining their engines. As far as I know, we were the only ground crew so honored, thanks to Gerald B. Vining.

THE “NIP CLIPPER” NOSE ART

Maurice Ashland, AC, 5th Squadron

This is part of the story of a faithful B-29 from its conception at Bell Marietta, GA, to its end in the Pacific, shot out of the sky.

My part begins at McCook Army Air Field as ferry crews started delivering the Group’s new “fly away” B-29s. My CO Malvern Brown handed me, a 22-year-old hot pilot 1st Louie, the keys to this factory fresh, immaculately clean B-29 with only six hours logged on it. I signed the invoice papers, but was somewhat concerned for any personal liability of the \$980,000 cost stated on the invoice. I knew that there were going to be “unfriendlies” trying to shoot it down. I, in turn, gave the keys to Harley Rohrer, Crew Chief.

The flight crews could name their assigned B-29 anything they wanted. Malvern Brown and his wife had thought of a number of possible names. He gave us a list of five names on the back of an envelope to consider. Of the suggested names, we liked “Nip Clipper” for, after all, weren’t we going to attempt to “Clip the Nips?” Also, those of us who had gone through Chanute had hands-on experience (KP) with their 5,000 man mess hall “China Clipper” (tray, cup, utensil washing machine). Pan American also had a “Clipper” route to Hawaii.

My gal Betty, now wife, an art major at the University of Nebraska, designed the nose art. Clarence Phenner, CFC, was also an artist who painted the emblem on the B-29 and on our jackets. I was a little surprised when 1st Lt bars ended up as Sgt stripes, but this was Clarence’s artistic license.

We flew the “Nip Clipper” on 33 of our 35 combat missions, all without an air abort or having to land at Iwo Jima. My crew dearly loved this B-29, and Harley Rohrer, his ground crew, and the other maintenance people who kept it flying. On August 6 we completed our 35th mission flying it for our last time. Two days later with the Keller crew flying, it was shot out of the sky by flak. It had completed 47 combat missions by this date and was one the top performing B-29s in the 9th BG.

THE QUEEN BEE MEMORY

Marvin Paule, 1st Squadron

Why do old soldiers get together after 45+ years to talk, remember and renew? Why do the men of the “QUEEN BEE”, all retired, gather from across the country each year?

Their story starts in October 1944 when a brand new B-29 superfortress (airplane No. 224840) was delivered to the 1st Sqdn. in training at McCook, NE. This was the birth of a man to man and a man to machine relationship that has lasted throughout these years. The actual time together as the QUEEN BEE crew lasted only from Oct. 1944 until Apr. 1945. During this short period, however, a strong bond was welded.

There are fourteen men that knew, flew or fixed the QUEEN BEE during her life and fondly remember her with a



love-fear relationship. Fear because of the need to be encapsulated within her for 12, 14, 16 hours at a time for endless miles over the unfriendly sea from Tinian, in the Mariana Islands, to Japan and back. Fear that the enemy might find them with anti-aircraft fire or fighter action. Fear because of the need to align and hold a specific course while disgorging tons of fire and explosives in order to fulfill their orders. This was their reason for existence during those last months of World War II.

In spite of the fear, these men loved their aircraft. She was the largest and most complex bird yet devised by man. Twelve men were originally assigned to the QUEEN BEE. Ten stayed with her throughout her life. The 13th and 14th were assigned to replace members that had been plucked from the crew for other assignments.

On her final mission to Japan on April 28th, enemy fighters pumped more than enough cannon shells into her midsection and engines to cause mortal wounds. Even in her final throes, she limped away from the enemy to the open sea and gave her airmen an opportunity to jump and then to watch her to die. She made a long sweeping turn and finally with her upper guns blazing, she plunged to her tomb two miles below the surface of the Pacific Ocean. The 13th member assigned to her crew joined her in that final plunge and forever shares her resting place.

PERFORMANCE CERTIFICATE

The top performing B-29 against Japan was "Goin' Jessie." She took off every time that she was scheduled for fifty-one successive combat missions and never once turned back to base, without first carrying out here assigned mission. Lt. John D. Fleming and crew christened her and flew her for thirty-two out of her first forty-six missions.

Lt. William Reynolds and crew helped to keep her record intact and flew her the last five straight missions, ending with the final large scale raid on the Empire on 14 August 1945.

"Goin' Jessie" had now compiled over 700 combat hours, had flown over 135,000 miles, and had blasted the Nip with more than 330 tons of bombs.

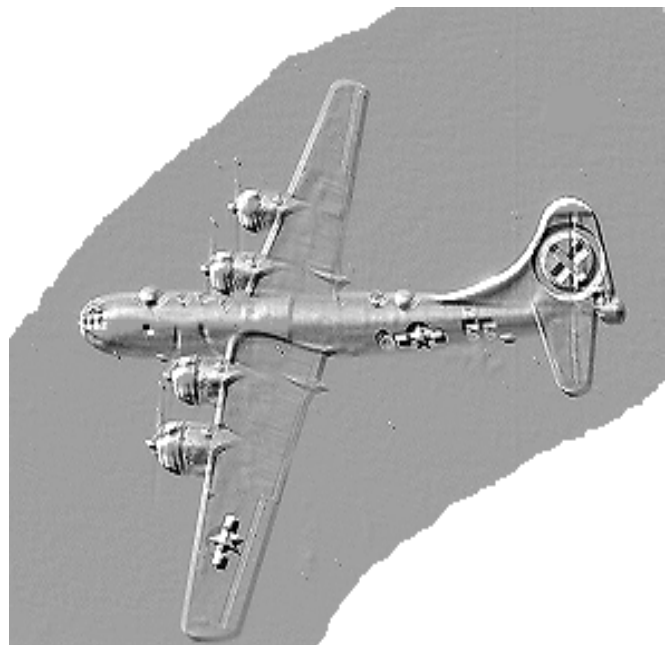
In fifty missions, "Jessie" was flown by seven airplane commanders, but she was maintained by only one crew chief and ground crew. In recognition of this superlative maintenance job, General Spaatz decorated M/Sgt Einar S. Klabo, "Jessie's" crew chief, with the Legion of Merit on 1 August 1945.

Why do these men get together each year? It's not just to socialize nor to swap stories, not even to boast. It is to share the bond they have in their remembrance and respect for one and other and the machine that carried them safely across thousands of miles and through the constant fears of their combat tour.

The men of the QUEEN BEE are:

George Bertagnoli	Madison, Wisconsin
Mark Boltz *	Willowstreet, PA
Daryl Bowman *	Yorba Linda, California
Eugene Brown	Martinsville, Indiana
Flave Coyle*	Chattanooga, Tennessee
Eugene Kline	Brick, New Jersey
Bige Marcum	Wayne, West Virginia
Alvin Mellow	Detroit, Michigan
Marvin Paule	Dayton, Ohio
Howard Pendergast	Mashpe, Massachusetts
Leason Shoemaker	Satelite Beach, Florida
Peyton Smith	Covington, Tennessee
William Summy *	Lubbock, Texas
Francis Wilson	Syracuse, New York

* Deceased





Chapter 11

Presidential Unit Citations

The 9th Bombardment Group was awarded two Presidential Unit Citations after the war was over. These awards authorize all the personnel assigned to the group on the dates cited in the General Orders to wear the distinctive Distinguished Unit Badge on their uniforms (or keep in their memorabilia frame or box). “The badge consists of a blue ribbon 1 5/8 inches in width and 3/8 inch in height, set in a gold colored metal frame of laurel leaves, approximately 1/16 inch in width.”

GENERAL ORDER 115, HQS., 20TH AIR FORCE, 28 NOVEMBER 1945:

“The 9th Bombardment Group (VH) is cited for outstanding performance of duty in armed conflict with the enemy. This group was directed to mobilize a maximum force to attack and destroy the industrial area of Kawasaki, Japan, on the night of 15-16 April 1945. The target represented a highly important link in the component productive capacity of the enemy upon which industries in Tokyo and Yokohama depended. Because of its strategic location between two heavily-defended areas, the objective was strongly guarded by masses of defenses both on the flanks and in the immediate target area, making the approach, the bomb run, and the break-away from the target extremely hazardous. Through their efficient, coordinated, and unceasing efforts, the maintenance crews readied thirty-three B-29s for the take-off. The flight to the Japanese Empire was made at night at low level by individual aircraft over long stretches of water remote from friendly bases, requiring the utmost in physical endurance and superior skill. All planes kept well on the course despite severe turbulence which interfered with the functioning of mechanical navigational equipment. The 9th Bombardment Group (VH) was last over the target, and the enemy defenses were fully alerted to the approximate bombing altitude and direction of attack. As a result, exceptionally close coordination between enemy search lights and heavy and light anti-aircraft guns brought the bombers under powerful concentrations of continuously pointed fire, on the route to the target, over the objective, and on the break-away. Intense and extremely accurate fire from flak boats on the flight to and away from the target added to the fierce opposition. The enemy air defenses were heaviest in the target area. Fifty-six hostile fighters, many of which made aggressive attacks, and a number of suicide planes were encountered. Two interceptors were shot down in flames, attesting to the accuracy of the group’s gunners. Four B-29s were lost and six received severe damage from enemy air and ground defenses while fighting their way through to strike the vital target. Through the great courage and unyielding determination of the combat crews in destroying this target, and the skill and devotion to duty of the ground personnel, the 9th Bombardment Group (VH) contributed to the ultimate defeat of the enemy, reflecting great credit on themselves and the Army Air Forces.”

GENERAL ORDER NO. 13, HQS., 20TH AIR FORCE, 29 JANUARY 1946:

“The 9th Bombardment (VH) is cited for outstanding performance of duty in armed conflict with the Japanese enemy for the period 13 May 1945 to 28 May 1945. During this period, this



group, with consummate skill and high daring, carried out alone extensive and highly effective aerial mining operations in the enemy's vital Shimonoseki Straits area and in the strategic harbors of Northwest Honshu and Kyushu. In these operations, the group demonstrated the strategic potential inherent in aerial mine-laying, blazed the trail for subsequent mining, contributed significantly to the eventual complete blockade of the key water passage into the enemy's Inland Sea and the isolation of the important Japanese northern ports and harbors. During this period the 9th Bombardment Group flew a total of 209 mining sorties in eight effective missions. Attacking their targets every other night, averaging flights of 2900 miles over great expanses of trackless ocean, frequently through extensive areas of adverse and unpredictable weather and in defiance of enemy anti-aircraft fire and fighters, the air crews of the B-29s, performing with exemplary courage, precision, and technical skill, ninety-two percent of the 1425 mines expended were placed precisely in the predetermined strategic location. All mines were dropped from low altitudes averaging 5500 feet. The concentrated and rapid tempo of the operations is illustrated by a series of three successive missions which were flown by the group. On 18-19 May 1945, eighteen aircraft successfully mined the Inland Sea approaches to the Shimonoseki Straits. On 20-21 May 1945, twenty-two aircraft mined the outer approaches to the Straits. With four aircraft re-mining the inner approaches again, on 22-23 May 1945, the Straits were the target for thirty aircraft which dropped mines accurately in the briefed area. The Shimonoseki Straits area was the second most heavily defended zone in the Japanese Empire, since it was the main channel of entry for all shipping from China and Korea into the highly strategic Inland Sea and a virtual life-and-death keypoint in the enemy war economy. The main attack of the 9th Bombardment Group was against this arterial waterway. Flying through hazardous concentrations of enemy defenses, solving difficult navigational problems, and developing and employing new modern mine-laying techniques with uncanny skill, the group dealt grave and crippling blows to the movement of Japanese shipments of food, raw materials, manufactured war supplies, troop elements, and combat equipment both to and from the enemy home islands through the Shimonoseki Straits. The personnel of the 9th Bombardment Group were keenly aware of the strategic importance of their assignment and contributed unselfishly to the splendid operational record established during this period. An average of 84.2 flying hours per B-29 on hand was achieved. And an average of 62.2 flying hours per air crew was logged. The ground personnel performed their duties with extreme devotion, even under the trying conditions existing, displaying exceptional initiative, self-denial, and untiring effort. The 9th Bombardment Group by its efforts helped significantly to deny to the enemy the support of his conquered territories and of his possessions, to drastically reduce his productive power, to shatter his transport, and to curtail seriously his productive power and ability to continue the war. The combined accomplishments of the air and ground crews of this group in effecting the complete blockade of Japan bring great honor to the United States Army Air Forces and to the entire military service."



Chapter 12

Casualties and Memorials

CASUALTIES

The 9th Group had 141 casualties, of which 111 were killed (27 were known at the time to have died, 25 on combat missions; 84 were declared missing and presumed dead when they were never found); and 30 were wounded or injured, although the names of some of these cannot now be identified from available records. Twelve others had also been declared missing but were captured by the Japanese and repatriated after the war. Comparatively, the 9th's losses were less than most of the other groups, though each loss was deeply felt.

Of the 30 wounded or injured, 21 have been identified as wounded on combat missions; the remainder, wounded or injured, have not been identified in available records.

Only one man, Sgt. Lucien Billedeau, was lost during the training in McCook, Nebraska, as the result of the only bailout during that period; one, M/Sgt. Roger R. Tricot, was killed in an accident on the airfield on Tinian.

Three men were lost during a ditching when returning from a mission short of fuel. Most of two air crews were killed in crashes on Tinian, one on the landing approach returning with mechanical trouble and one in an accident on takeoff. All the other deaths resulted from aircraft being shot down by enemy action and dying in the aircraft or parachuting out and being killed by a mishap in the bailout or by the Japanese after being captured.

The listing of the identified casualties is given hereafter in chronological order.

Mission #6, March 4. Nakajima Aircraft Factory, Tokyo. Wounded by flak on Black's crew, from the 1st Sqdn, was:

Sgt. Maurice E. Chrisman

Mission #7, March 10. Returning from the first night incendiary attack on Tokyo, Keene's crew, from the 99th Sqdn., ran out of gas 100 miles short of Tinian and had to ditch in the sea. Lost were:

Major John C. Conly, Group Radar Off.
Sergeant Bernard T. Ladd
Sergeant Marshall D. Long

Mission #10, March 16. Kobe Urban Area. This crew, from the 99th Sqdn., was lost in circumstances unknown:

1st Lt. George S. Christie
2nd Lt. Boutwell H. Foster, Jr.
2nd Lt. Billy J. Sullivan
2nd Lt. Horace C. Roop
Capt. Arthur J. Roth, 99th Sqdn. Nav.
T/Sgt. Otto Fletcher
Sgt. Roger R. Bischman
Sgt. James A. Given, Jr.
Sgt. Carlton C. Henley
Sgt. Kenneth W. Snyder
Sgt. John L. Wright



Mission #12, Mar. 24. Mitsubishi Aircraft Engine Plant, Nagoya. This crew, from the 1st Sqdn., was lost in circumstances unknown:

1st Lt. Murel W. Hardgrave
 1st Lt. Lowell H. Dotson
 2nd Lt. William V. Bratham, Jr.
 2nd Lt. Donald Reed
 M/Sgt. David C. Nesmith
 S/Sgt. Robert W. Driscoll
 S/Sgt. John R. Schoonmaker
 Sgt. Elroy C. Albrecht
 Sgt. William T. Cocke, Jr.
 Sgt. Richard A. Gilman

Mission #14, March 30. Mining. Raymond Johnson's crew, from the 99th Sqdn., had an engine fire on takeoff and jettisoned their mine load from 300 feet over the emergency area; one mine exploded, damaging the aircraft and injuring:

Sgt. Fred Curtis

The following crew, from the 99th Sqdn., experienced mechanical trouble en route to Japan, jettisoned their mines, made it back to Tinian, but crashed on the shore. Killed were:

Captain Marvin L. White
 1st Lt. Frank K. Bachelder (Staff)
 2nd Lt. Howard E. Crawford, Jr.
 2nd Lt. William J. Frank
 2nd Lt. Kenneth C. Lobdell
 2nd Lt. Edward P. Maycumber
 Sgt. Earl W. Garrison
 Sgt. Forrest H. Wadsworth
 Sgt. Howard R. Winters
 Cpl. Victor Deeb
 Injured and died April 4:
 Sgt. Joseph C. Trullo, Jr.
 Injured and recovered:
 Sgt. James Langraf

Mission #17, April 7. Mitsubishi Aircraft Engine Plant, Nagoya. Wounded on Ashland's crew, from the 5th Sqdn., was:

Sgt. Clarence Phenner, Jr.

Mission #20, April 13. Tokyo Arsenal Area. Wounded on Hendrickson's crew, from the 99th Sqdn., was:

2nd Lt. Quincy Crochet
 Wounded on Saunders' crew (58th Wing):
 S/Sgt. Robert Iverson

Mission #21, Apr. 15. Kawasaki Urban Area. These 4 crews were shot down, taken prisoner, and most died at the hands of their captors:

From the 1st Sqdn.:
 1st Lt. Raymond F. Malo
 1st Lt. Edwin Mockler
 2nd Lt. Bernard S. Bennison
 2nd Lt. Leo R. Eschman
 TSgt. George T. Carr
 S/Sgt. James G. Cox
 S/Sgt. Allan K. Hill
 Sgt. Kenneth E. Logan
 Sgt. James J. O'Neil
 Sgt. John Casarda
 Sgt. Walter R. Odgers

From the 5th Sqdn.:
 2nd Lt. Edward E. Sullivan
 F/O. John T. Hostey
 2nd Lt. Harold J. Nelson, Jr.
 2nd Lt. James A. Reinhart, Jr.
 2nd Lt. Harvey M. Glick
 Maj. Ralph H. Chapel (Gp. Staff)
 T/Sgt. Frederick E. Hulse
 Cpl. Robert W. Seitz
 Sgt. Delroy L. Hartel
 Cpl. Jean J. Schwarz
 Cpl. Marvin G. Greenspan
 Cpl. Nick Gazibara, Jr. (survived)

From the 5th Sqdn.:
 1st Lt. R. B. Jones, Jr.
 2nd Lt. Marvin G. Emery
 2nd Lt. Roland R. Nelson
 2nd Lt. Joseph R. DeCamara
 M/Sgt. Erwin R. Griffen
 Sgt. John B. McGarry, Jr.



Sgt. Morris E. Schmidt
Sgt. James C. Hill, Jr.
Sgt. Noel E. Beck
Sgt. Ermal R. Varney
Sgt. Robert K. Sedon

From the 99th Sqdn.:

1st Lt. Samuel M. Carver, Jr.
2nd Lt. Ray E. Harry
2nd Lt. Howard F. Hammer
2nd Lt. Wayne W. Bailey
2nd Lt. John W. Scandon, Jr.
Sgt. John W. Schimel
Cpl. James I. Marten
Sgt. Reynold E. Jenkins
Cpl. Herbert A. Donegan
Cpl. Paul R. Studenroth
Cpl. Nick J. Cristiano (Survived)

Mission #29, April 28. Kokubu Airfield, Kyushu. Badly wounded on Leon Smith's crew, from the 1st Sqdn., was:

2nd Lt. Seymour S. Goodman

Eugene Brown's aircraft, from the 1st Sqdn., was badly shot up and had to be abandoned about 380 miles north of Iwo Jima; all were rescued by submarine except:

1st Lt. William H. Summy who had been wounded over the target.

Mission #35, May 10. Matsuyama Airfield, Shikoku. Wounded on Nicks' crew, from the 1st Sqdn., were:

Sgt. John T. Jackson
Sgt. George Frank

Mission #41, May 20. Mining. This crew, from the 1st Sqdn., crashed on takeoff and all but the tail gunner were killed:

2nd Lt. William J. Caldwell
2nd Lt. Harry G. Chase, Jr.
2nd Lt. Ronald H. Eddins
2nd Lt. Edward W. Tobey
F/O James W. Ashford

T/Sgt. Erwin C. Gillis
Sgt. Loyd E. Daniel
Sgt. Richard S. Eldridge
Sgt. Charles W. Hackman
Cpl. Edwin U. Knox, Jr.
Cpl. Paul E. McCaskill—injured; recovered.

Mission #42, May 22-23. Mining, Straits Area. Lewis' crew, from the 99th Sqdn., due to heavy flak damage over the target, had to bail out into heavy seas. Only three were picked up by a submarine. Lost were:

1st Lt. Joseph R. Lewis
1st Lt. William E. Dutrow
1st Lt. Maurice V. Arnold
2nd Lt. William E. Row, Jr.
S/Sgt. William Yarewick
Sgt. Warren J. Dixon
Sgt. Howard A. Fiedler

Mission #45, May 27-28. Mining, Moji Harbor. This crew, from the 1st Sqdn., was lost:

Captain Stanley C. Black
2nd Lt. Charles S. Frank
1st Lt. Forest A. Lee
2nd Lt. Robert C. Atlas
M/Sgt. Ernest J. Balasick
S/Sgt. Maurice E. Chrisman
S/Sgt. Charles E. Siddens
Sgt. Joe D. Mann
Sgt. James A. Bowers
S/Sgt. Nicholas Bonack
Sgt. Charles E. Palmer

Mission #47, June 5. Kobe Urban Area. From heavy fighter attacks in the target area there were these casualties:

Killed on Leonard Miller's crew, from the 5th Sqdn., was:
2nd Lt. Richard Hughes

Wounded were:
Sgt. Claude V. Allen
Cpl. William V. Chancellor



Wounded on Bertagnoli's crew, from the 1st Sqdn., were:

Captain George C. Bertagnoli

2nd Lt. Donald F. Dwyer

Wounded on Peterson's crew, from the 1st Sqdn., was:

2nd Lt. Harold L. Peterson

Mission #68, Aug. 7. Toyokama Arsenal.

Wounded on Nighswonger's crew, from the 1st Sqdn., was:

Cpl. Eldon Brown

Nighswonger's aircraft's controls were badly shot up but he made it to Iwo Jima where the crew bailed out; injured in that bailout were:

F/O. Robert Skeels

Sgt. Benjamin Barrett

Sgt. Peter Vrabel

Mission #69, Aug. 8. Yawata Urban Area. Keller's aircraft, from the 5th Sqdn., was badly shot up over the target but he was able to fly it to an area off the coast where the crew bailed out.

Killed in the bailout was:

1st Lt. George F. Keller

(The rest of the crew survived after a harrowing experience as prisoners of war.)

Mission, Aug. 11. Weather Reconnaissance. Wounded on Durkee's crew, from the 1st Sqdn., by enemy fighter action were:

1st Lt. Richard G. Dougherty

2nd Lt. Roy A. Becker



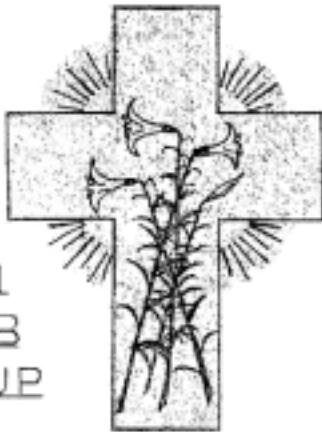


MEMORIAL



"I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

WHITTIER



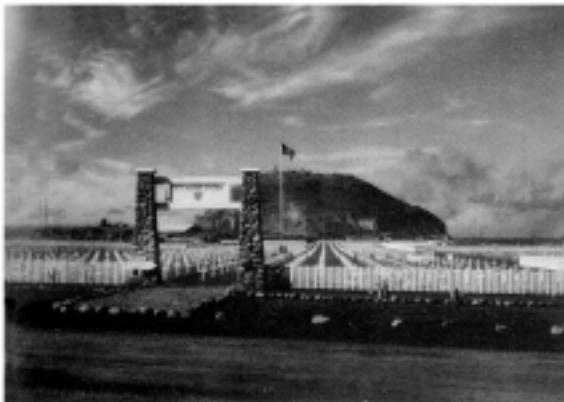
NINTH
BOMB
GROUP

EASTER 1945 SERVICE

CHAPEL SERVICE

Ninth Bombardment Group
29 April 1945

"Somewhere in the Marianas"



*Lt. Hughes Temporary Burial
at Iwo Jima*



Tinian Military Cemetery

Figure 12-198a. 9th Bomb Group Memorial Tributes & Burial Sites





Memorial Tribute

“CREATIVE REMEMBERING”

Presented at the 1987 Tucson Reunion by Chaplain Richard P. Chambers

Comrades of service in the 9th Bomb Group at McCook and on Tinian, dear wives and loved ones, friends:

We meet in this beautiful hallowed chapel, before God, to remember those who served with us, particularly those who gave their lives in the cause that motivated us. Twenty five killed in action, 85 missing in action, 18 wounded or injured. Their names are on the honor roll, copies of which you have received as you entered the chapel.

We would also remember those who survived the war, but who have since been called on ahead from this earthly pilgrimage.

Then, too, we would remember the families and friends of the 9th, living and dead, who have shared with us the ups and downs of life and have been support to us all.

We remember our comrades because they shared with us our faith—our faith that in our commitment to arms and military action, terrible and destructive as its consequences proved to be, we were protecting our beloved country, the United States of America, and all that she stands for in terms of freedom, democracy, and the recognition of the rights and dignity of man. We believed we were fighting not only to defend our beloved America, but that we were fighting for the whole human race, that they should not be overwhelmed by the diabolical domination of Nazi Germany under Hitler, or the repressive conquests of Imperialist Japan. We remember them for sharing our faith.

We would remember our comrades because of their spirit and action as teammates, which made us effective in our course in attaining our necessary and difficult objective, and gave us protection as we strove together. It took real teamwork to operate and fight with the great B-29s of our Tinian era. Our effectiveness and safety depended on every member of our crews, both air and ground, doing their essential part, accurately and efficiently. Sometimes our teammates were the crews flying off our right and left wings in combat, giving us protection from enemy aircraft.

Some crews, who ran into deep trouble and had to jump from their plane over the vast ocean, will never forget the crews of companion planes that risked their precious gas supplies to circle over them, as they were in the ocean waves, until rescue forces could be summoned.

Always our safety in the air was dependent on the skill and conscientious engineering maintenance of the ground crews. The “Legion of Merit” award to Master Sergeant Klabo, ground crew chief of “Goin’ Jesse,” for maintenance of that plane for 50 missions without an abort, is a telling symbol of the wonderfully effective teamwork between all ground echelon and flying personnel.



We remember our teammates for their team work.

Again we would remember our comrades because of the deep and strong personal friendships we developed as we served together, in risk and danger, in homesickness and in commitment to strong common goals of patriotism, and hope of a better world of peace and opportunity for all.

In so remembering we honor and give enduring immortality to those we cherish. In a measure they live on in us, whose lives they have enhanced by their good company, courage, effectiveness and faith.

Abraham Lincoln, on occasion of a memorial at Gettysburg, eloquently gives a model for this memorial, when he said: "It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced...that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The destructive bombing of Japan by the 20th Air Force, of which we of the 9th were an integral part, that ended with the dropping of the nuclear bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, blasted our civilized world into a new and dramatically different age.

Now, war between major powers with nuclear weapons is no longer a viable option for settling international tensions and disputes.

Highly acknowledged authorities warn us that nuclear war between major powers is a no win, no victory dilemma. It means mutual destruction of both countries, and the probable fouling up of the whole earth for mankind, as well as for the warring nations.

To avoid such extreme human tragedy is the "unfinished work" for us, if the sacrifice of those we here remember with honor, shall not have been in vain.

In our present day it is very heartening that leaders of our U.S. Government and leaders of the Soviet Union are apparently making promising progress toward agreement for mutual reduction of certain classes of nuclear bombs. This kind of creative communication and negotiation we must wholeheartedly encourage and support if we seek a peaceful world of justice and opportunity for ourselves, for our children, our grandchildren, and for all peoples.

We must invest as much initiative, resources, daring, risk and faith in seeking peace, as we do as a nation in building for nuclear war.



This is the “unfinished work” for us in honoring the memory of our fallen and missing comrades. May we sum up our mood on this memorial occasion with the words of the 3rd and 4th verses of “America the Beautiful:”

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriots dream
That see beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

MEMORIAL PLAQUES*

At the Dayton reunion in October 1988 a memorial tree was planted and the following plaque was dedicated at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base:

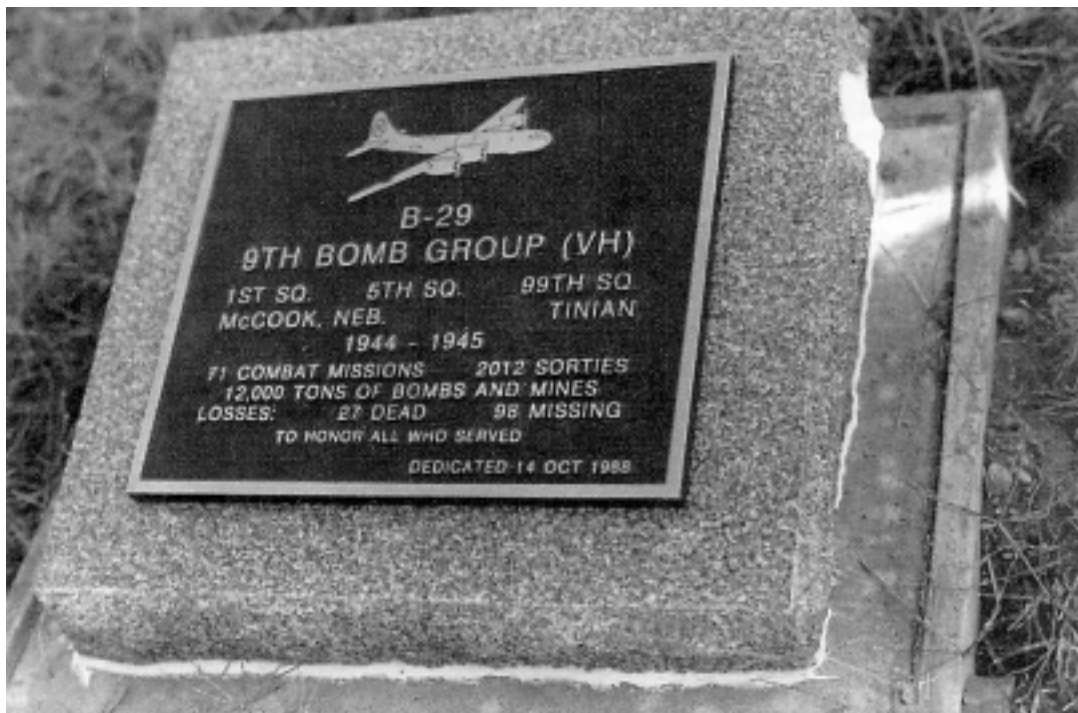


Figure 12-201a. Memorial Plaque

*The figures on these plaques do not in all cases correspond with the figures given in Chapters 3 and 7, and the beginning of this chapter, which latter, more accurate figures were developed by subsequent research in post World War II records.



At the Colorado Springs reunion in May 1991, a similar plaque was dedicated to be placed in the 20th Air Force Wall in the cemetery at the Air Force Academy:



Figure 12-202a. Air Force Memorial Plaque

On September 18, 1991 at McCook, NE, a similar plaque was dedicated with Dave Rogan, along with six other members, representing our association.



Figure 12-202b. Dave Rogan



A plaque (shown below) has also been given to the Pima Air Museum at Tucson, AZ. as part of the 20th Air Force display there.. This plaque gives a history of the group and squadrons and lists the names of our casualties.



Figure 12-203. Tucson, AZ. Memorial Plaque

9th Bombardment Group (VH) 1st, 5th & 99th Bombardment Squadrons

The three squadrons of the 9th Group have individual histories going back to the beginning of U.S. military aviation. The 1st Squadron was established as the 1st Aero Squadron in 1913 and participated in the "Punitive Expedition" to Mexico in 1916-1917, and in combat in France in World War I. The 5th and 99th Squadrons were established as the 5th and 99th Aero Squadron in 1917, but were not involved in combat in World War I.

In 1922 the 9th Group was established as the 9th Group (Observation) with the 1st and 5th Squadrons being immediately assigned to the group in 1929.

In 1935 the group and squadrons were redesignated bombardment units and further specified as "Medium" in 1939, "Heavy" in 1940 and "Very Heavy" (B-29) in March 1944.

The group trained at McCook, Nebraska from April to December 1944 and then deployed to North Field, Tinian, Marianas Islands where they joined the 313th wing of the XXIst Bomber Command of the 20th Air Force to participate in the strategic air offensive against Japan.

From February 9, 1945 to the Japanese surrender on September 2,

1945 the 9th Group flew 28,000 hours on 75 combat missions, both day and night, involving a total of 2,012 sorties of which 1,515 were for bombing industrial, transportation, airfield or urban area targets in Japan. These missions were flown at altitudes from 5,000 ft. to 30,000 ft. with high explosive, general purpose, fragmentation or incendiary bombs. 328 sorties were flown for the purpose of dropping anti-shiping mines by parachute at night from low altitude in the harbors and sea lanes of Japan during the "Operation Starvation" campaign that had been designed by the U.S. Navy.

The group was awarded two Presidential Unit Citations. One was for a mission in which the group sustained its greatest single-mission loss - four crews were lost during a night attack on the urban area of Kawasaki - and a second for its part in the mining campaign.

Throughout the campaign the group lost 15 B-29s in combat while destroying 26 Japanese fighters along with 11 probables and 27 damaged.

The group lost the following men killed by enemy actions, accidents or missing in action and not taken prisoner and repatriated after the war.

KILLED & MISSING

Elroy C. Albrecht
Maurice V. Arnold
James W. Ashford
Robert C. Atlas
Frank K. Bacheider
Wayne W. Bailey
Ernest K. Balasick
Noel E. Beck
Bernard S. Bennison
Lucien Billedeau
Robert K. Bischman
Stanley C. Black
Nicholas Bonack
James A. Bowers
William V. Brantham, Jr.
William J. Caldwell
George T. Carr
Samuel M. Carver, Jr.
John Casarda
Ralph H. Chapel
Harry G. Chase, Jr.
Maurice E. Chrisman

George S. Christie
William T. Cocke, Jr.
John C. Conly
James G. Cox
Howard E. Crawford, Jr.
Lloyd F. Daniel
Joseph R. DeCamara
Victor Deeb
Warren J. Dixon
Herbert A. Donegan
Lowell H. Dotson
Robert W. Driscoll
William E. Dutrow
Ronald M. Eddins
Richard S. Eldridge
Marvin G. Emery
Leo R. Eshman
Howard A. Fiedler
Otto Fletcher
Boutwell H. Foster, Jr.
Charles S. Frank
William J. Frank
Earl W. Garrison

Erwin C. Gillis
Richard A. Gilman
James A. Given, Jr.
Harvey M. Glick
Marvin G. Greenspan
Erwin R. Griffen
Charles W. Hackman
Howard F. Hammer
Murel W. Hardgrave
Ray E. Harry
Delroy L. Hartel
Carlton C. Henley
Alan K. Hill
James C. Hill, Jr.
John T. Hostey
Richard K. Hughes
Frederick E. Hulse
Reynold E. Jenkins
R.B. Jones, Jr.
George F. Keller
Edwin U. Knox, Jr.
Bernard T. Ladd
Forrest A. Lee

Joseph R. Lewis
Kenneth C. Lobdell
Kenneth E. Logan
Marshall D. Long
Raymond F. Malo
Joe D. Mann
James I. Marten
Edward P. Maycomber
John B. McGarry, Jr.
Edwin Mockler
Harold J. Nelson
Roland R. Nelson
David C. Nesmith
James J. O'Neil
Walter R. Odgers
Charles E. Palmer
Donald Reed
James A. Reinhart, Jr.
Horace C. Roop
Arthur J. Roth
William E. Row, Jr.
John W. Scandon
John W. Schimel

Morris E. Schmidt
John R. Schoonmaker
Jean J. Schwartz
Robert K. Sedon
Robert W. Seitz
Charles E. Siddens
Kenneth W. Snyder
Paul R. Studenroth
Billy J. Sullivan
Edward E. Sullivan
William J. Summy
Edward W. Tobey
Roger R. Tricot
Joseph C. Trulo, Jr.
Ernal R. Varney
Gary G. Victory, Jr.
Forrest H. Wadsworth
Marvin L. White
Howard R. Winters
John L. Wright
William Yarewick



On March 10, 1995 a delegation of 9th Group Association members visited Tinian and presented the following plaque to the Mayor of Tinian:

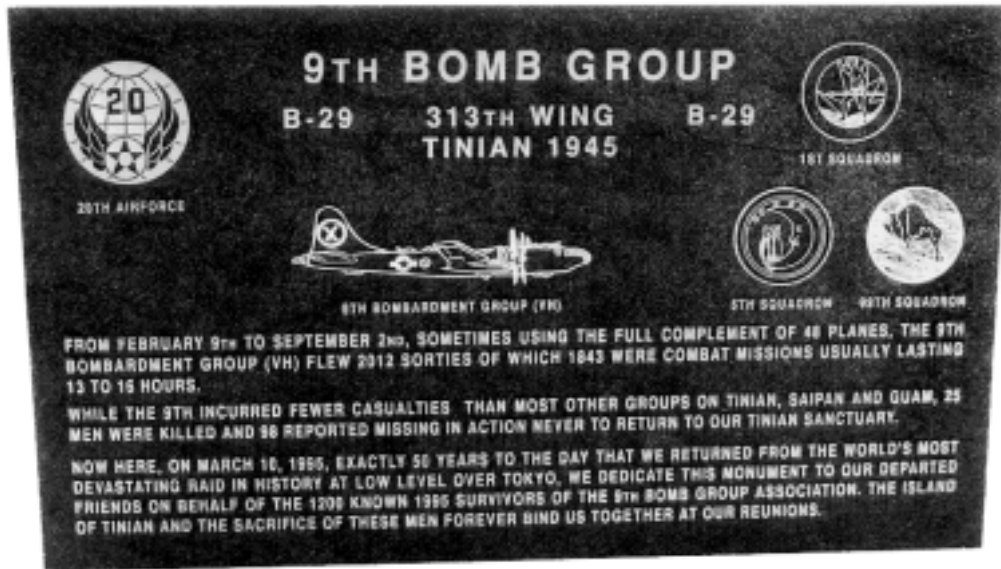


Figure 12-204. 9th Bomb Group Memorial Plaque

On this occasion, Don Van Inwegen made these remarks on behalf of the group:

Fifty years ago this exact morning, and it was just about this time of day, the silence on Tinian was broken by the sounds of planes coming in from the north. One by one, and then in groups of twos and threes, B-29s started arriving home and it was from a mission that would change the course of the war with Japan. It was the first maximum effort, low altitude, incendiary raid, and the target was Tokyo. Our small group of men that are here today represent the ground and air crews of the 9th Bomb Group. Some of us were on that mission, some kept our planes repaired and ready for flight, and some were to fly subsequent missions, which helped to bring the war to an end.

We are not here today to judge the morality or reasons for war, but to dedicate this plaque in memory of those who died, and to commemorate those who were fortunate to survive, some of whom have returned fifty years later to a place that was our home for almost a year. We are also blessed to have family members with us: wives, a widow of one of our pilots, and a son.

I, personally, have looked forward to this day for years. I am sure each one of us has a different reason for being here, but the important thing is that we are here.

What has happened in the past is history, and may we learn from the past and dedicate ourselves to bringing peace to the world.

As a spokesperson for the 9th Bomb Group, 313th Wing, 20th Air Force, I humbly dedicate this plaque.

May we pray. Almighty One who guides and directs our lives, we thank you for the opportunity to be together today for this momentous occasion. Touch each one of us with your guiding hand so that there will be no more wars, and that we can learn to live in peace one with another. Amen.



Chapter 13

Reunions

With the demobilization of the armed forces following the Japanese surrender, we men of the 9th Group went our separate ways, many to college under the G.I. bill, and into marriage, pursuing our careers and raising our families. Reunions were not on the minds of most of us.

In the mid-1980's, with most of us having raised our children, made our career marks, and either retired or were thinking about it, we became open to the idea of reunions. Having advanced in age into the 60's and 70's, a growing number of us, when we were located, welcomed the opportunity to renew wartime friendships, reminisce, and share stories about what, for most of us, was a peak experience of our lives.

The 58th and 73rd Wings, and some individual groups, had organized associations and held reunions for some years before we got started. In 1984 a 20th Air Force of Southern California Association was organized under the leadership of Elbert B. Smith of the 509th Group and James L. Pattillo; they had their first reunion in San Diego in early 1984. Jim Patillo had served in the 58th Wing in India-China and was the airplane commander of one of the lead crews of that wing that preceded the movement of that wing to Tinian; he was attached to our group for a month and flew a number of missions with us. Jim arranged for the second reunion of that association to be held in March 1985 in Santa Barbara where he lives. Six members of the 9th Group heard about it and attended: Leonard Carpi, Francis Gulling, Hal Lassman, Warren Warchus, John Millington, and Henry Huglin, our group commander the last 6 months of the war who also lives in Santa Barbara and who spoke at the Saturday night banquet.

At the Santa Barbara meeting, the 9th Group men learned that the 505th Group was meeting in Denver a few months later and that all members of the 313th Wing were welcome to attend. Leonard Carpi, Henry Huglin, and 5 other members of the 9th Group attended. This 9th Group contingent held a meeting to form an organization and elected Len Carpi chairman. It was announced there that the 6th Group was having a reunion in Omaha in 1986 and invited all other members of the 313th Wing to come.

Len Carpi had a notice placed in several service-oriented magazines to attract 9th Group members to Omaha. Forty did attend, out of an accumulated list of 140 by that time. At a further organization meeting of the 9th Bombardment Group Association in Omaha, Len Carpi was voted president and Herbert Hobler secretary. It was also decided to hold the first 9th Group Association reunion the next year.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, 1987. From October 22nd to 25th our first reunion was held, with Maurice Ashland as chairman. The search for members had resulted in the roster growing to 400. One hundred forty five members attended; family members and guests brought the total to 259. Our 9th Group Chaplain, Reverend Richard Chambers, conducted a moving memorial service for the



men we lost. Henry Huglin spoke at the Saturday night banquet. During the business meeting, Len Carpi indicated that he preferred to relinquish the position of president, in which he had got the association well organized and launched. Then Herbert Hobler was elected president; Len Carpi and Maurice Ashland, vice presidents; Jack Cagan, secretary/treasurer; and a board of directors which included the officers plus William Barnhart, Charles Chauncey, William Flaherty, Henry Huglin, Earl Johnson, John Nestel, William Reynolds, Lawrence Smith, historian, and Erwin Vernon.

DAYTON, OHIO, 1988. From Oct. 13th to 16th our second reunion was held, with Erwin Vernon and William Barnhart as co-chairmen. The roster had grown to over 500. Attendance with family members and guests was 305. A permanent 9th Group memorial tree and bronze plaque were dedicated at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Brig. Gen. Paul Tibbets, the 509th Group Commander and pilot of the Enola Gay, was our principal banquet speaker. Another speaker was Mitsuya Goto, former Vice President of Nissan Motors who, as a 15-year-old living in Nagoya, although his parents home was destroyed in a fire raid, still admired the B-29 enough to build a model of it. At the meeting all the board of directors and officers were reelected and Warren Warchus was added to the board.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA, 1989. From October 12th to 15th our third reunion was held, with Earl Johnson as chairman. The roster had increased to 580. Attendance with family members and guests was 325. Tours of the Kennedy Space Center and Disney World were arranged and much enjoyed. At this reunion, Len Carpi, on behalf of the Association, presented a plaque to our historian which read:

“A testimonial of sincere appreciation
presented to
Lawrence S. Smith
in honor and with deep
appreciation of the
distinguished and unselfish
service given to the group for
research and recording the
history as
Group Historian
of the 9th Bombardment Group”

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO, 1991. From May 9th to 12th our fourth reunion was held, with William Reynolds as chairman. The membership roster had grown to 660. The attendance, including family members and guests, was 324. During a tour of the Air Force Academy, a memorial service was conducted in the Academy’s unique, beautiful chapel by our member, Rev. Virgil Juliot, Chaplain Chambers having died the previous September. Also, a 9th Group plaque was dedicated for the 20th Air Force Wall in the Court of Honor at the Academy. A tour was also arranged to the Garden of the Gods. Donald W. Eisenhart, our group commander from April 1944 to March 1945, attended for the first time. He and Kenneth G. Wolf were added to the board of directors; John Swihart, Bill Reynolds, and Lawrence Smith were elected vice presidents.



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, 1992. From August 13th to 16th our fifth reunion was held, with John Swihart as chairman. The group joined the rest of the 20th Air Force wing and group Associations. Total attendance, including family members and guests, was more than 7000. We celebrated, at the Boeing factory, the 50th anniversary of the first flight of a B-29 from the adjacent airfield. Boeing hosted the attendees at an all-day affair, including lunch and dinner. At the Boeing airfield, Fifi, the only flyable B-29, flew by the assembled throng, accompanied by a B-17, a P-51, and a Japanese Zero fighter. (Fifi, which belongs to the “Confederate Air Force,” had been elaborately refurbished with the financial help of Boeing and hundreds of hours of volunteer labor by Boeing active and retired employees.) By lottery, a lucky 18, including Roy Porter, 1st Squadron from the 9th, won a flight in Fifi. During this day, several hours were spent looking at all the exhibits in the nearby Boeing Museum of Flight. The speaker at the Saturday night banquet was Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney. Our roster had grown to 770; 458, including family members and guests, were present. Gordon Nelson and William Feldman were added to the board of directors. At this reunion Herb Hobler, on behalf of the Association, presented to our last wartime commander a plaque which read:

“Whereas we, the members of the 9th Bomb Group Association,
wish to honor Henry Huglin, and
whereas we first came to know him as our deputy group leader
in McCook, Nebraska in 1944 and in early 1945 on Tinian, and
whereas whether enlisted man, officer, ground crew, or flyer,
we came to respect his judgment and fairness
as our Commanding Officer on Tinian, and
whereas he was instrumental in the formation of our
9th Bomb Group Association in 1986 so that
we might refresh and renew our friendships, and
whereas these 9th Bomb Group Association reunions have provided us all
an opportunity to know him as an associate and friend,
we therefore wish to express our great admiration, esteem and affection for
Henry Huglin, first in his 1945 role as our Commanding Officer and
now as a thoughtful, gentle human being
who continues to inspire us through his leadership and friendship”

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, 1993. From September 30th to October 3rd our fifth reunion was held, with Gordon Nelson as chairman. Our roster had increased to 1003, due in large part to the use of the CD-ROM Phonedisc by Robert Hunt, supplementing the diligent, remarkably successful search pursued by Larry Smith. Nearly 200 members attended and, with family members and guests, the total was 330. At a Lackland Air Force Base formal review our group were honored guests. Several interesting tours were arranged for local sites. At this reunion, Henry Huglin, on behalf of the Association, presented to our first commander a plaque which read:

“Whereas we, the members of the 9th Bomb Group Association,
wish to honor Colonel Donald Eisenhart, and



whereas, as our past Group Commander
he organized our training period at McCook, Nebraska, and
whereas, through his quiet, strong and effective leadership,
he further organized our deployment to the Mariana Islands, and
whereas he directed our first month of combat operations
against the Japanese Empire,
until he was moved up to be Chief of Staff of the 313th Bomb Wing;
now, therefore, we wish to express our great
admiration and gratitude for the vital role he played in making
our group an outstanding combat organization.”

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, 1994. From September 15th to 18th our seventh reunion was held, with Herbert Hobler as reunion chairman, in addition to his on-going fine work as president of the association. We visited the Mariners Museum, then Langley Air Force base for lunch and a base tour, and thereafter the Virginia Air And Space Museum. Tours to Williamsburg, Jamestown & Yorktown, and Norfolk Harbor & Naval Base were available. Our roster had grown to 1100. Attendance with family members and guests was 311. Leonard Carpi, on behalf of the association, presented to Ben Nicks a large photograph of the Enola Gay atomic B-29 bomber, signed by Paul Tibbets and his navigator and bombardier, in gratitude for Ben’s diligent and effective work in the campaign to get the Smithsonian Museum to properly display that historic airplane.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, 1995. From September 7th to 10th our eighth reunion was held, celebrating the 50th anniversary of VJ-Day. Herb Hobler, on behalf of the association, presented to Leonard Carpi a plaque which read:

“Whereas we, the members of the 9th Bomb Group Association,
wish to honor our board member, Leonard W. Carpi, for his
invaluable initiative in getting our association organized in 1986,
for his devoted and most effective service as president
during the formation period and our first reunion in Tucson in 1987,
for his continuing strong support at the annual reunions,
for his constant year-round availability for advice and help, and
for his service on the 20th Air Force Association Board of Directors;
we, therefore, wish to express our deep gratitude to him.”

Herb Hobler, on behalf of the Association, also presented certificates of appreciation to the following reunion chairmen: Maurice I. Ashland, Tucson, 1987 (plus “his invaluable help in the development of our group history book.”); William R. Barnhart, and Erwin C. Vernon, Dayton, Ohio, 1988 (plus Erwin’s “on-going exceptional devotion in keeping up-to-date our important and ever-growing group roster.”); Earl L. Johnson, Orlando, Florida, 1989 (plus “the fine work he has done for the association, including representing us in Tokyo in March 1995.”); William A. Reynolds, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1991 (plus “his on-going interest and representation of our association with the McCook Historical Society.”); John M. Swihart, Seattle, Washington, 1992; Gordon K. Nelson, San Antonio, Texas, 1993; and Robert E. Bates, St. Louis, Missouri, 1995. Further, he presented certificates of appreciation to Robert V. Hunt “for the contribution he has made in locat-

ing members of our Association; by introducing the technology of the computer to our search for members, he has brought together many of us who shared the Tinian experience; his diligence in working with the Office of Veterans Affairs as well as the Profone and Phonedisc CD-ROM has significantly increased our numbers and thereby strengthened the fellowship of our organization.”; to Bonnie Chiravalle “for the diligent and competent work she has done on behalf of our association as secretary-associate to our president, Herbert W. Hobler, in the on-going work of running our association business, for helping to organize and manage our reunions, and for assisting in the development of our history book.”; and to Dottie Scheaffer and, posthumously, Fritz Scheaffer “who, as a team, were such congenial and dedicated hosts year-after-year at the group reunions’ hospitality suites.”

Further, Henry Huglin, on behalf of the Association, presented our president with a plaque which read:

“Whereas we, the members of the 9th Bomb Group Association, wish to honor Herbert W. Hobler at this 50th Anniversary of VJ-Day reunion, whereas he, as our president since 1987, has navigated this association through its activities since then in a highly skillful and effective manner, devoting much time, effort, and personal resources to helping with organizing our reunions and then chairing the meetings and, between reunions, further promoting the interests of this association to the benefit and enjoyment of all members; we, therefore, wish to express our deep gratitude for all that he has done and is doing for us.”

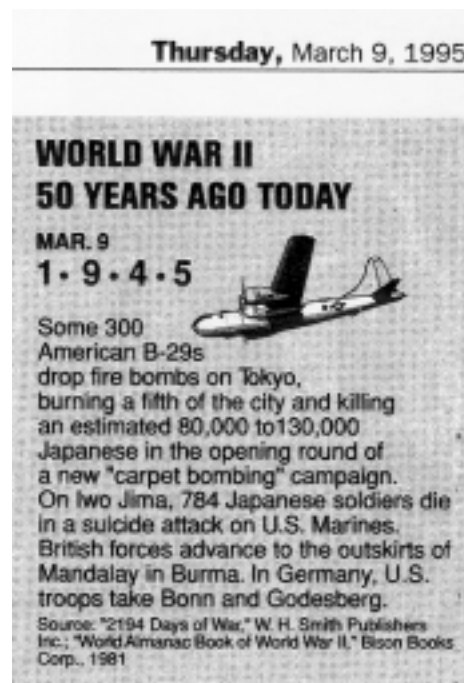


Figure 13-209. 50th Anniversary of V.J. Day in 1995



SAN ANTONIO REUNION—OCTOBER 1, 1993—KELLY AIR FORCE BASE

Figure 13-210. San Antonio Reunion in 1993



Chapter 14

Anecdotes

Like every man who participated in World War II, each individual in the 9th BG came away with a different experience unique to his particular situation. At the reunions held forty-five plus years after our tour on Tinian, we have noted air crewmen discussing a particular harrowing incident and end with the question, “Were we flying in the same airplane?” In the following anecdotes you will be exposed to a range of experiences from “cooks to the commander.” No job performed by men of the 9th was unimportant.

For many, the year or two with the 9th BG was an adventure that in retrospect we wouldn’t have wanted to miss, for some it was drudgery, for some it was traumatic; and, for a few, injuries or death. You will find humor in some of the stories. In carrying out the gruesome business of war with its objective of destroying Japan’s “war making capacity” and to end the war, humor often helped to alleviate the homesickness and the horror of knowing that in accomplishing our objective other human beings were being hurt.

These stories by and large come from memories held in the mind for nearly a half century and put on paper for the first time to record in this history. These experiences are as submitted with very little editing to best show the individual’s view and feelings. As indicated earlier, one man’s recollection of an incident is recalled differently by another. As far as the editor is concerned, they can all be considered true accounts. The reader might be made aware of the disclaimer that the commander of the XXI Bomber Command, General Curtis LeMay, placed in his autobiography –”This may not be the way it was, it is the way I remember it.” Enjoy reading about our experiences in helping bring an end to World War II.

ANECDOTES:

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<i>Target:Kobe, 5 June, 1945</i>	<i>Len Miller, AC, Assisted by Tal Gunderson, FE, 5th Squadron</i>	236



<i>If Only Phil Could Talk</i>	<i>Charles Aguar, Gunner, 1st Squadron</i>	238
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Figure 14-213. B29 Plane Number 36



FORECAST: DISASTER

Charles L. (Chip) Collins, AC, 5th Squadron

In May 1945, our bomber crew was selected to fly from Tinian to Iwo Jima where, with 9 other B-29s, we would act as navigational escorts for a maximum P-51 fighter assault on the Japanese mainland. The mission was not a happy one, nor am I proud to have been a part of it. We lost 27 P-51 Mustangs and were ordered to shoot down one of our own B-29s.

Until the U.S. Marines captured the Japanese airbase on Iwo Jima, mainland Japan had remained out of range of our fighter planes. On March 16, after the invasion of Iwo and 4 weeks of bitter fighting, this 8 square mile, pork chop-shaped island was secured and ultimately became a base for the 7th Fighter Command. Located midway between the Mariana Islands and the Japanese Empire, it would also save the lives of many B-29 crews who could not make it all the way back to the Marianas.

Iwo Jima was no stranger to our crew. We had made an emergency landing there 3 months earlier on March 9th after sustaining heavy battle damage from a fire raid on Tokyo. At that time the runway was still under hostile fire, and tracers laced back and forth during our landing roll-out toward the east end of the runway. We were forced to brake heavily and quickly do a 180 back to the secure western end.

We had been the second B-29 to land on Iwo Jima. Lt. Raymond Malo, also from the 9th BG, had made history a few days before on March 5th as the first B-29 to touch down on the unfinished extension of the Japanese fighter strip at the base of Mount Suribachi. Malo had reported even more intense ground fire than we experienced just 4 days later. Sadly, Lt. Malo and his crew were lost the following month during the April 15th devastating and costliest-to-date mission on Kawasaki when the 20th Bomber Command lost 13 aircraft and crews, 4 from our own 9th BG.

On May 31, our B-29 crew flew to Iwo Jima to participate as navigational escort for the P-51s on the June 1st maximum fighter assault on the Japanese mainland. It was essential for B-29s to provide navigation for the P-51s over vast areas of water where no landmarks, on-board radar or radio aids were available to them. Normally fighters provided bombers protection from enemy fighters, as in the European Theater of Operations. The B-29 and P-51 crew members were summoned to a joint bomber and fighter operational mission briefing. Nine B-29s were to provide navigational escort for 150 P-51

North American Mustangs. The tenth B-29 was designated as a weather ship to launch and proceed 10 minutes ahead of the main force and report back to the formation the weather conditions encountered en route.

The briefing seemed very casual, not at all like the professionally conducted briefings we were accustomed to back at 9th Group Headquarters on Tinian. The bomber crews consisting of aircraft commanders, pilots, bombardiers and navigators were seated together in one section, while the P-51 group, squadron and flight leaders and pilots filled the rest of the briefing room. The B-29 aircraft commanders were asked who their senior officer was. No one knew. All of the bomber pilots were from different groups and had arrived on Iwo without position assignment, plan or en route "flimsy." A senior-looking major stood up and volunteered that he was senior officer, so he was designated bomber lead. The next senior bomber pilot was asked to stand. Another younger-looking major stood up, so he became deputy lead. Although we had flown lead crew on Tinian, I had no idea where I stood in this unorthodox pecking order selection process, and so I ended up last and was assigned number 9 in the formation.

The target briefer gave the fighter pilots their ground targets by squadron. Then the weather briefer pointed out that not one but two frontal systems lay across our flight path between Iwo Jima and the Empire. One would be encountered about halfway and the other just off the coast of Japan. He felt the weather systems were not severe and should cause no problems.

That did not seem to bother anyone in the briefing room except me. I could not believe that two weather fronts disposed in that manner would not be accompanied by considerable heavy cloud formation which could be a serious problem for the fighter pilots. I had been trained as a fighter pilot while serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force before Pearl Harbor and knew that the fighter pilots of WWII were very poor instrument pilots for several reasons. They were given little instrument flying training. Also, their A-1 gunsight was an obstruction to vision and did not permit a rapid transition of eyes from cockpit instruments to the outside environment and back again.

There was no mention of fighter weather penetration procedures at the briefing. The B-29 crews were trained in weather penetration procedures to open up a formation by fanning out left and right until the weather conditions improved, then regrouping. Also, there was no emergency or contingency briefing. There were no "what ifs?"

The B-29s were to take off and, at 10,000' altitude, circle left-hand over Kito Iwo, an outcropping of rocks just north of Iwo Jima, while the P-51s joined up. We were required to maintain an airspeed of 230 mph, some 45 to 50 miles mph faster than our maximum range cruise speed of 185-190 mph, so the "little friends" or "chickens" could stay with us without loading up their engines at low power settings.

The weather ship was 10 minutes ahead en route as we departed on course. Three of the 9 B-29s aborted prior to or during takeoff. Another 3 aborted, one by one, during the circling form-up or shortly after rolling out and setting course north to the Empire. One of the 3 remaining B-29s assumed the lead (I am not sure whether this was the senior major, or someone else) while we as lowest ranking crew moved from very last to become deputy lead, taking up a position on the lead's right wing. The third B-29 moved to a position on his left. One hundred and fifty P-51s, all going in the same direction in a line abreast, were spread out to the left in elements as far as the eye could see. A spectacular and awesome sight!

About one hour into the mission, I could see an overcast forming above us and soon wispy clouds started to form an undercast well below us. A long look ahead at what had been the horizon became a wedge formed by the overcast lowering and the undercast rising up to meet it. We were headed for a cloud trap. I broke radio silence and asked lead what his intentions were regarding the weather. He replied that the weather aircraft had reported that he had been able to pick his way through at 10,000'. I responded that no doubt a B-29 could singularly circumnavigate such weather, but there was no possibility of picking our way through valleys of clouds with this size formation. He told me to maintain radio silence (radio telephone procedure for SHUT-UP!) At that moment the P-51 Red Leader interjected, "Yeah! What ARE you going to do?"

Within minutes, before anything could be done, we were popping in and out of stratified clouds. Immediately 25 or 30 P-51s moved in so close to me they blocked the other B-29s from view. I moved out away from the lead as pandemonium broke out. There were P-51s everywhere, on top of each wing, under each wing, some so close I could see the pilot's face.

All hell broke loose! The radio became one steady stream of unintelligible static as all P-51 pilots tried to talk at once. Intermittently, some words filtered through. "Get the hell off my wing or I'll shoot you down. Mayday! Mayday!" Fighters dived down in front of us, some zoomed up looking for clear weather and a way out of

this mess. Not knowing whether my radio transmissions were getting through, I kept repeating over and over, "I am climbing slowly and slowing turning 180°, climbing slowly and slowing turning 180°. Headed back to Iwo."

We broke out into the clear. The radio was hopelessly jammed, so we used hand signals to the fighters still with us to indicate the heading back to Iwo. P-51s continued to dive out of the weather as I circled in the clear, picking up more and more aircraft and pointing the way home. I saw several P-51s hit the water, out of control. I could only radio back to Iwo the latitude and longitude position of the melee so that surface vessels, submarines or Dumbo aircraft could move into the area and search for survivors. It was a very unhappy sight!

We spent several hours circling and leading stray P-51s on course back to Iwo. When no more aircraft showed up, we headed south. We flew at 10,000' crisscrossing back and forth on an east-west track, and were able to intercept and change the course of several fighters who would have inevitably flown past Iwo without seeing it and ditched in the open sea. We flew 11 hours that day, until it became obvious no P-51 could still have enough fuel to remain aloft. We landed back on Iwo Jima well after dark.

The next day, our crew was sent north again to search for possible survivors in the water. As we returned to Iwo on our south track, the tower contacted us with an emergency message, "Could we shoot down the B-29 circling the island?" Of course we could, but my god, why? We were informed that just minutes before, with severe casualties on board, its crew had set up the autopilot and bailed out over the airfield.

We later learned that the AC had been killed and the pilot was so severely wounded that he could not land the airplane. As luck would have it, the aircraft had been put into a left bank to circle the airfield giving the crew an opportunity to jump. During the first pass over the field, all of the crew except the flight engineer, pilot and dead AC, parachuted to safety. As it circled back around the second time, the wounded pilot and engineer dropped the AC's body out after pulling his parachute ripcord, and then jumped out themselves.

As the abandoned and crewless B-29 continued to circle over Iwo, concern mounted that it would run out of fuel and crash onto the airfield causing even more casualties. We were ordered to shoot it down before it could pass over the airfield again. I positioned our aircraft to the right, a short distance behind and above, in the event that it blew up as we fired upon it. All guns were brought to bear as we slowly closed to machine gun range. Bom-



bardier Bob Gates readied his K-20 combat-issued camera and, as he snapped picture after picture of the stricken aircraft, we started to fire.

Suddenly, an emergency call from the tower directed us to “break it off!, break it off!” A P-61 was on its way to perform the unhappy but necessary duty. I was pleased to see that the P-61 had to make 5 passes, scissoring from 3 o’clock through 6 to 9 and back again with tracer strikes sparkling on the wing and fuselage, before the stricken B-29 slowly increased its bank to the left and, with its #1 engine on fire and smoking, plunged into the sea less than 5000’ from shore. Bob Gates continued to document the sad event with his K-20 camera. Just as the B-29 sank below the waves, we discovered that in his excitement Bob had forgotten to remove the lens cover.

In retrospect, I am almost glad that Gates had failed to remove the lens cover for I would not care to have the death of that gallant and faithful B-29 documented. As for the terrible loss of 27 P-51 pilots and their aircraft, there should have been at least an inquiry into the grossly inadequate operational planning for this ill-fated mission. To my knowledge, no inquiry was ever held.

OUR LONGEST MISSION

Charles L (Chip) Collins, AC, 5th Squadron

On August 5, 1945, our B-29 crew took off from Tinian for a bombing mission over the urban area of Maebashi, Japan. We flew through midnight, left the target and headed for Tinian on August 6th, extremely happy that we had just flown our 35th and last mission qualifying us for rotation home. For us, the war was almost over!

We waited until we were south of Iwo Jima before breaking out the 11 beers, one for each crew member we had hidden in the bomb bay of the airplane to help us celebrate our last mission. With the invincibility of youth, none of us ever entertained the idea that we would not make it through 35 missions. However, our hopes that the temperature at 10,000’ would keep the beer cool soon fizzled. As we ceremoniously opened each can, the beer frothed and bubbled until there was nothing left but foam! Apparently it had been brewed and bottled at a sea-level brewery.

We landed on Tinian, were debriefed, interrogated and, since this was our last mission, were directed to turn in our flak helmets, flak jackets, Mae Wests, parachutes, and all personal gear. This done, we headed for Red Beach to celebrate with a swim in the warm Pacific. We also had heard that 500 nurses had arrived on the island to support the 5 field hospitals and hospital ships needed

for the impending land invasion of Japan. We had not seen so many women in one place for a very long time.

Within an hour, our fun was over. A runner directed me to report to Headquarters where I was told to gather my crew together and draw out all the equipment we had just turned in. We were to fly a war-weary airplane back to the States. I later learned this was the beginning of “Project Sunset” to bring back all airplanes that would no longer be needed in the combat area as the war drew down.

My crew was not particularly happy with the news and did not want to fly back. I think they were a little apprehensive. I had volunteered us for so many missions (which ultimately allowed us to be one of the first to complete our missions) that they now felt their luck might run out. I pointed out that going home by boat could take a month or more with the likelihood of prolonged seasickness. There was also a good chance some Japanese submarine commander, unaware that the war was over, would torpedo us. They finally agreed that the odds were much better if we flew home together, and it would be a lot faster — we thought!

The next morning we took possession of a war-weary B-29 named “Battlin’ Bonnie” We flew first to the depot in Guam, where we had a difficult time getting it through maintenance inspection. The #3 engine would not reach takeoff power unless the fuel primer switch was held on manually. It was now August 7th, false rumors of an armistice were rampant, and we were anxious to get home. We said we’d take the airplane in that condition, but the inspector refused to sign it off. So, at my direction, we gathered all of the personal whiskey we had been hoarding — enough to fill a parachute bag — gave it to the inspector and told him that, if he would sign off the airplane, we would assume responsibility. With great reluctance, he agreed.

As we rolled to take off, John Gerety, our flight engineer, held the primer switch on #3 engine. We achieved takeoff power and became airborne — destination, Kwajalein. Barely an hour out at cruise power, #3 engine let out a big bang and a piston and cylinder flew through the cowling. We limped into Kwajalein on 3 engines. The feathered engine had slowed us down, so we were overdue on our flight plan and for several hours had been considered missing.

The next morning when I arrived at the airplane to check on the progress of the engine change, I was met by a long line of 65 to 70 sailors waiting to see the AC, all desperate to go to Hawaii or to the States with us. At the time, all Navy shipping was headed west-bound for the impending invasion of Japan. Since these men had quali-



fied for shore leave, they had been dumped on Kwajalein and told to get back to Hawaii on space available or the best way they could.

We were ferrying our aircraft under control of the Air Transport Command (ATC), which later became the Military Airlift Command. The ATC was a noncombat unit worldwide, so combat crews had a saying, “Take your star out of the window, Mother, your son is flying for the ATC.” They dictated minimum crew, no passengers, routings, airfields and destinations. Under ATC control, I had no choice other than to refuse all requests despite sad stories of a mother dying, wife hospitalized, all kinds of tragedies. I felt sorry for them, but even without the ATC constraints, I would not have taken them. Passengers on board would have jeopardized my crew and lessened everyone’s chances of survival in the event of emergency ditching or bailout.

With the engine changed, we took ‘ole Bonnie on a test hop, and I’ll be damned if we didn’t lose the new engine. Someone had failed to safety the sump plug and we lost all the oil. By the time we landed, it was time to change the engine again. This was the second engine we had lost on good old “Battlin’ Bonnie”, which we were beginning to call “Rattling Bonnie”.

The only other aircraft to arrive or depart during our stopover on Kwajalein was a C-54 which came through during the night before our departure. It was a courier plane called the “Green Hornet,” traveling eastbound towards Honolulu and apparently empty. The Navy guys who had tried to hitch a ride with us decided to seize the opportunity. They talked to the pilot who assured them he had plenty of seats but said they would have to get their own parachutes. They said that was no problem and off to Hawaii they went.

The mechanics worked around the clock to change the engine and the next morning we were once again ready to depart. Then John Gerety broke the news that someone had stolen all of our parachutes. It wasn’t difficult to figure out what had happened to them, but I had an idea about finding replacements. Luckily, the engineering officer on Kwajalein, Major Breen, had been stationed with me at Blytheville, Arkansas in the Training Command. He had a whole hangar full of parachutes that had been used during an intensive search mission when General Andersen was lost at sea in the area. He offered me as many as I wanted and any type I wanted, chest packs, seat packs or back packs. I took enough for the crew, plus several spares, and got on board. As we prepared for takeoff, the Kwajalein Provost Marshal ran to the aircraft to inform me that he had wired John Rogers Field in Honolulu and had the culprits apprehended and arrested

— probably his total contribution to the war effort. He insisted that I would be required to press charges as soon as I landed.

The flight to Hawaii was uneventful. We landed and a guard was put on the aircraft. We were required to clear Customs, Immigrations and Agriculture, and suddenly we had a problem. During our bombing missions, I had issued each crew member a morphine surette. I reasoned that in the event of a crash landing or bailout the crew could be separated and if injured, would need something for pain while waiting for medical aid or capture. What I didn’t realize was that drugs and drug rings were a problem in Hawaii even in those days. It took some fast talking to spring our 18 year old tail gunner, Norbert “Nobby” Wild, who was found to still have his morphine surette in his flying suit pocket.

I was then directed to go to the Navy Base to identify the stolen parachutes and press charges against those poor guys who had only been trying to get home. There was no question that the parachutes were ours. Mine had “The Boss,” and “Warsaw Pigeon” and “Chip’s Nip Clipper” written on it. I denied recognizing any of them and said that all parachutes looked alike to me. I told them I had my parachutes and didn’t know anything about theirs, and with that, I left. John Gerety, whose brother was stationed at Ford Island Naval Base, later told me that the Navy had to let the kids go because they didn’t have any evidence against them, and that is the way it should have been.

On the flight line, we were again besieged with pleas from many military personnel who wanted to go home with us. False V-J Days were occurring. The first A-bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. It was obvious the war was almost over. One full colonel announced to me that he was going home with us. I made the much repeated statement that, by ATC regulation, we were not allowed to take passengers. He said he could pull rank and commandeer the airplane. I told him I would be delighted for him to have it if he would just sign a receipt for the B-29. Dejectedly, he said, “You know I don’t know how to fly a B-29, so I can’t do that,” and I said, “I’m sorry, Colonel.”

That night in the barracks, a guy came to my room, introduced himself as a captain in the Marine Corps and announced that he was indeed going home with us. Again I told him that I could not take any passengers, and he said, “Nevertheless, I WILL be going home with you!” I repeated that I could not take him with us, and that was the end of that! The aircraft was under 24-hour guard, with strict orders to prevent entry by anyone except maintenance personnel or those on the crew list. As a matter



of fact, although I was AC, not even I could get back on the airplane until the guards checked to be sure my name was on the list.

The next morning, we boarded the airplane and were cleared for takeoff. Just as we broke ground, I'll be damned if we didn't lose #1 engine. This was the third engine we'd lost. I managed to keep the old bird climbing out, but we were heavy with maximum fuel and had some difficulty lifting the left wing over a pineapple-shaped water tank owned by the Dole Pineapple Company. I have often wondered whether the tank is still there. We came very close to taking it down that day. We banked around, landed, and went through yet another engine change. Again, people pleaded to go back to the States with us.

With the third engine changed, we were finally ready to launch for return to the States. We started up the engines in routine fashion and had just started the fourth and last engine when, my god, a whole pile of Navy swabbies came running out of the hangar area, all in dress blues and carrying all manner of war souvenirs, Samurai swords, helmets and other baggage. They ran around the airplane, climbed up into the bomb bays, and I wondered what in hell I was going to do with them. I finally asked the (CFC) gunner, George Mellors, and Tom Cook, the radio operator, to clear the front and aft bomb bay doors to be sure everybody was out of the way before I closed them. Cook and Mellors gave me the all clear and I taxied out.

I copied my clearance and taxied onto the runway, wondering how I was going to explain the presence of all these people on the airplane when I arrived at Fairfield-Susan Airfield near San Francisco and debating whether or not I should take off. My dilemma was short-lived. Before I could open the throttles, a jeep came roaring down the runway, lights flashing, as the tower operator stepped out onto his balcony and fired a flare across the runway with the radio admonition to "abort your takeoff and follow the jeep back to your parking area." There we were met by the Shore Patrol and MPs who ordered us to leave the aircraft while Customs, Agriculture and Immigrations went through the airplane again with a fine tooth comb, kicking off all the unhappy Navy stowaways. Finally, we were allowed to re-board. We fired up, taxied out, and this time got airborne. We were on our way home!

It was now August 12th, and the second A-bomb drop on Nagasaki on August 9th was history. East-bound from Honolulu to San Francisco was more than 12 hours flying time, even with the westerly tailwinds, We droned on through the night, and as daylight broke, we were all

straining to be the first to see the Golden Gate Bridge, when the CFC gunner George Mellors, said, "Hey, Skipper, there's a guy back here who wants to say hello." I said, "WHAT!" He repeated, "There is a man back here who says he want to talk to you." Not knowing whether he was kidding me, I said, "Send him up."

Within a few minutes, a disheveled looking guy dropped out of the front end of the tunnel. He wore fatigues and a 4 or 5 days growth of beard. I said, "Who in hell are you and where did you come from?"

"I'm the Marine captain who spoke to you in Hawaii," he replied, "I told you I was coming home with you."

I asked him, "How did you get past the guards and on board?"

He said, "I stole a wrench and coveralls and slipped by them by pretending to be a mechanic."

"But where were you when they went through the airplane with a fine tooth comb?" I asked.

He said, "You know that little walkway in back, beside the auxiliary power plant?"

I interrupted, "That's in the unpressurized section."

He continued, "Well, that's where I was, down beside the walkway. I pulled a bunch of canvases over me, and those guys stepped over me and walked on me, but never found me."

I said, "Do you realize you could have died back there? We've only been at 12,000 or 13,000' but we could have been higher. What did you do without oxygen?"

He replied, "I guess I went to sleep and slept most of the way."

I said, "What the hell am I going to do with you when I land? You are not on my manifest. How are we going to get through Immigration?"

"Well," he said, "I've been watching the way you guys in B-29s do things. After you land, you turn off the runway and you stop and pull up your wing flaps, open your cowl flaps and open your bomb bay doors, and then you taxi. Is that right?"

I said, "That's correct," and he said, "That's all I need."

We were approaching Fairfield-Susan and my attention turned to the landing approach. We touched down, turned off the runway, pulled up the wing flaps, opened the cowl flaps, and opened the bomb bay doors when Mellors said, "Hey Skipper, look out your left window." I looked out, and there was our stowaway, jogging across the field, headed for the fence. That was the last time I ever saw him. I don't know whether he was on the run from a court martial, or had killed somebody, or was an



escaped prisoner, or just who in the hell he was. To this day I wonder where he is, or whether he is still alive.

We cleared Customs and remained overnight at Fairfield-Susan. The next morning, August 14th, we departed for our final destination, Tinker Field, Oklahoma City. Just as we became airborne, and while climbing through 800', we lost #2, our fourth and last engine. I checked the three-engine range with John Pugliano, our navigator, and John Gerety, flight engineer. At that point, I made a decision to fly the southern route around and not over the Rockies, reasoning that we wouldn't have to climb too high and could probably make it on three engines. Maybe it was not a wise decision, but we wanted to get home. En route we heard on the radio that the Japanese had surrendered. The war was truly over.

We landed at Tinker Field, and I took the paperwork for the airplane into Headquarters to get the release signed which indicated that I no longer owned a B-29. I asked what they wanted us to do with all of our gear, the Mae Wests, flak suits, parachutes, 45 cal. sidearms, carbines, etc. They were emphatic. "We don't want them here and don't leave them here."

I said, "What the hell am I going to do with them?"

They gave me a truck and said, "Go to the Quartermaster and for fifty cents buy a footlocker. Take what you want. They will give you a Government Bill of Lading and send it to your home free." So that is exactly what we did, and I still have my .45 hand gun and the eight-day Waltham clock from the pilot's instrument panel.

It had taken 7 days and "Battlin', Rattlin' Bonnie" had lost 4 engines, but we were home. The war was over — and so was our last and longest mission!

THE GENERAL FLIES WITH US

Charles L. (Chip) Collins, AC, 5th Squadron

Our B-29 was named the "Warsaw Pigeon" and while we had been a pathfinder and lead crew, we were excited at being selected by Group Headquarters to fly General John Davies, 313th Wing Commander, on a bombing mission over Japan. The target on the night of April 15, 1945, was the urban area of Tokyo/Kawasaki. The mission bomb altitude was 6500', our lowest bombing altitude to date, and we carried 20,000 pounds of Thermite incendiaries. It would become the most costly mission to date for the 313th Wing. We lost 13 aircraft, each with 11 crew members. Four of the aircraft were from our own 9th BG.

We received our briefing and reported to the flight line. General Davies arrived with his staff, military reporters and photographers. We were soon to learn why all the previous crews with whom he had flown seemed to have suffered considerable battle damage. The General informed us that we would not be taking off at our scheduled briefed time, but would delay and be the last. We would depart last of 300 B-29s launched by the XXI Bomber Command from Guam, Tinian and Saipan. The General wanted to be able to personally assess the damage with his own eyes.

The crew and I were getting more nervous by the minute as General Davies questioned us about our duties as crew members. Finally, after much picture taking, and final statements from the General, we boarded the aircraft. There is no place for a passenger on the flight deck of a B-29 so, to the amusement of the crew, the General was provided with a colorful canvas beach chair positioned over the nose wheel door and without the benefit of seat belt or shoulder harness.

Once airborne we could see the B-29s ahead of us, strung out like a swarm of bees, as far as the eye could see. By nightfall, the blue exhausts of each aircraft appeared to be 8 cat eyes, 2 for each of the 4 engines. The trip to the target was uneventful. We were at low altitude, as always, to conserve fuel until we were within an hour of the Empire, at which time we normally would climb to our bombing altitude. Since the bombing altitude this night was to be 6500', there was little need for us to climb very far from the en route altitude.

As we approached landfall, everyone took a last drink of water, put on flak helmets and flak vests, and strategically placed the flak curtains. We had a good laugh when John Gerety, our flight engineer, said, "Skipper, the General's got my flak helmet and flak vest." I answered, "Take them away from him!" There was much scratching and scrambling around in the darkness of the flight desk. I presume Gerety found the General's gear and put them on. In any event, they all reported ready to make landfall.

From 50 miles out, we could see the fires burning in the Tokyo/Kawasaki area. We did not need radar to enter the bomb run. The route in was lit up by antiaircraft fire, searchlights and miles of the city fires. The flames in the target area on the release run were coming up as high as our altitude and higher — flames in dense clouds so terrifying, rolling and bursting at us, fed by tens of square miles of city burning below us. We could smell the stench. Through the smoke and fire we could see what appeared to us to be mid-air collisions, great balls of fire



with debris raining down.

We were caught in a battery of searchlights, and almost immediately were jumped by night fighters. I thought one was firing at someone ahead of us, as the string of pearls made by his tracers looked as though they were crossing in front of our nose. Suddenly they turned toward us and I felt my rudder pedals dancing around. We were taking hits in the tail section of the airplane. We took a 20 millimeter hit in the cockpit area, causing the turbo amplifiers in the aisle stand to catch fire. Pilot Bill Jenks jumped up and pulled the four amplifiers out one by one. As he started to throw them out his window, I shouted, "No, don't! They'll go into the props. Drop them down the flare chute." Jenks dropped them down the chute and that seemed to control the fire in the aisle stand. There were blinding flashes of anti-aircraft bursts and we could hear the flak raining against our airplane. The enemy defenses were more intense than on any of our 35 missions.

Just prior to release on our bomb run, I could see that we were headed into one of those horrendous smoke clouds with flames and turbulence worse than any thunderstorm that we had ever before or would ever again encounter. I told bombardier Gates, "Bob, we've got to turn before we fly into this thing. You've got only seconds to release." He begged me to stay on the bomb run. It appeared he was going to be able to put the incendiaries right where they should be "on the carpet" which would no doubt impress the General.

We were still locked in the searchlights when we saw what was later identified as a rocket propelled "Baka Bomb," also called "Divine Wind." This small rocket aircraft had been developed and built by the Germans as the Komet or ME-163. It flew an attack from 3 o'clock, around to 6 o'clock, to 9 o'clock and back faster than any airplane we had ever seen fly before.

Too late, we hit the vertical current with its smoke and flames. Gates shouted, "Bombs away!" At that moment, the fires on the ground and the moon visible outside of the smoke swapped places, as we were flipped up and over into what I am convinced was a large barrel roll, ending in a nose-down spiral to the right. I made an attempt to recover the airplane, and we wound up in a tremendous spiral diving turn to the right at a speed in excess of 270 mph. I thought sure we were done and pushed the "standby to bail out" alarm. No one heard it; the bell circuit had burned out with the turbo amplifiers in the aisle stand. With tremendous manual effort, I managed to get the airplane under control several thousand feet lower, rolled out of the "graveyard" spiral, and re-

covered from the dive just as we broke out of the smoke cloud.

When it appeared that we were able to stay airborne, we turned south to leave landfall. General Davies asked me if we had any wounded aboard. I told him that I wasn't sure but would check. I knew we had been hit by a 20 millimeter in the left front bomb bay. The door was practically torn off, but we were able to close what remained of it, and started making a crew check. Another 20 millimeter had entered radio operator Tom Cook's compartment. Cook had a flak wound in his leg which bled but was not life threatening. With the interphone gone, Cook was sent back through the connecting tunnel and reported that the blister gunners, central fire control gunner (CFC) and radar operator were okay. The CFC gunner crawled out of the aft compartment and brought back word that, although the tail gunner's compartment had taken a large number of hits, the tail gunner was not hurt. The heel of his shoe was blown off, but by some miracle, he was not touched.

We headed back to Tinian, very thankful to be alive. General Davies asked, "Are you sure that everybody is all right?" and we assured him that we were. Then he said, "Well, I've got a big day coming up, so I've got to get some rest," and with that he disappeared into the tunnel — all six-foot four or five of him, except for his feet. John Gerety, our flight engineer, shouted over the roar of the engines, "Skipper, the General has holes in his shoes." I assured him that even generals wore out their shoes.

We landed on Tinian, taxied to our hardstand, and were immediately met by the General's staff, photographers and reporters, all anxiously awaiting a statement from General Davies about the results of the mission. I thought about what we had just been through. Soot and smoke covered the airplane from our encounter with flames and smoke in that thermal which had been more vicious than any thunderstorm I had ever experienced until that time and any time since, in my 55 years of flying. After-mission damage assessment later revealed considerable damage from flak and fighter attacks. Norbert Wild's tail gunner's compartment had taken 16 direct hits. We were able to draw a string from each obvious incoming bullet hole to the one exiting in the opposite direction. It was hard to believe he could have been in his compartment and not been hit. We speculated that, in turning to maneuver his gunsight to track the fighters between passes, he had constantly changed position between the attacks and the rounds coming through. So, Norbert "Nobby" Wild, at age 18 and the youngest kid on the crew, miraculously survived, along with the rest of the



crew, on this, our roughest mission.

General Davies made his statement. I believe he said, “The target was destroyed as briefed. It can be considered an effective and successful mission.” I was not asked, but under my breath I whispered, “Thank God! I hope we are not chosen to fly another General on another mission — ever!”

INCIDENT ON THE LINE

Fred C. Mosie, 5th Squadron

In the early days on Tinian there were gun towers in between the revetments where the airplanes were parked. These guns were manned by Marines and they also lived in the immediate area. There was an outhouse for them off to one side of our revetment.

This one day we did not get the plane in the correct position, and when the crew chief ran the engines up to check the mag drop, the outhouse was blown over - with a real mad Marine in it.

AND SO IT GOES

*1st Lt. Lonnie V. Dunkelmann, Pilot, 99th Squadron
(Deceased 1987)*

You look at the board, there is your crew,
You're gonna fly, there's nothing you can do
'Cause the board doesn't say where you will go.
So you start bleeding people who are in on the know.
You get all kinds of answers, from Yawata to Tsu,
And listen to “hot rocks” comment on a few.

Now back in the barracks you proceed to write,
Start telling the folks you're in for a fight.
Don't worry dear wife, Mother or Sis,
We'll be back tomorrow, there's nothing to this.
But at the same time your mind goes astray,
And you feel kinda jumpy the rest of the day.

Your mission letter done, you hit the sack,
You try to sleep, but that's your aching back,
A couple of “hot rocks” are describing the days
When things were tougher in a thousand ways.
Now the P.A. is screeching, you can't hear the
words,
They say it's Target Class, and that's for the birds.

After the Big Class, you go back to the sack.

Again you try sleeping, but we won't discuss that.
You're up out of the sack, it's time to dine,
Then you're sitting around for Briefing time.
Here you listen to what the wheels have to say,
The plan is — Attack, for the following day.
Take-off is at three, and you can bet your sweet life
You're sweating that take-off, with all of your might.

Down at the ship after a very rough ride,
You start checking stuff that may mean your hide.
The crew chief is ready, but shaking his head.
He thinks you are crazy and should be in bed.
Then the jeeps start coming, and not just a few,
Any help they can give you, they're anxious to do.

Now you're on the runway and going strong,
Sweating like hell that nothing goes wrong.
The pilots are working, the Bombardiers twitch,
Ready on the Aldis Lamp, finger on the switch.
The gunners are wondering how long it will take
To get off the runway, or seal up their fate.

But all goes well, and you're on your way,
Still sweating a little, and not much to say.
You're down on the deck for two miles or more,
Heading out to sea, leaving the shore.
Now you settle down to a long hard flight,
You're gonna make the headlines before another
night.

The Japanese coast comes into view,
The formation is tight, and so are you.
The flak is pretty heavy and the gunners are alert.
Watching for fighters that may want to flirt.
You're down in your flak suit far as you can go.
Your speed and altitude you pray they don't know.

Bombs go away and you breathe a little sigh,
The flights cross over, now you're riding high.
A column of smoke comes billowing up,
And you're heading for home, it wasn't so tough.
Iwo passes, and you tip your hat,
You're sweating out gas, the Engineer's at bat.

Anna comes in on the Radar scope.
Have we got enough gas, we sincerely hope.
Now you're in the pattern, fighting like mad,
The tower says land, and you're pretty damn glad.
The crew chief meets you with a twinkle in his eye,
You've flown another mission, and now for some
Rye.



Back to the barracks, you flop on your sack
 Not caring at all if you ever go back.
 But wait a minute, listen to the screeching —
 There's another mission that man is preaching.
 So you bury your head and turn up your nose
 Then go to sleep, — AND SO IT GOES ! ! !

WORLD WAR II MEMOIR

Norman Thoburn, Pilot, 1st Squadron

In the early spring of 1951 two other students and I were sitting together at afternoon tea. This was one of the many benefits of studying at the Harvard University Graduate School of Education. Tea break mixed together students, staff, and faculty for a pleasant afternoon break and social time. As we chatted there, a new guy walked in—slender, intense, diffident, and definitely Japanese. We invited him to join us, which he accepted.

It turned out he hailed from Nagoya, Japan, where he was a physicist on the faculty of a university. He was here to earn a doctorate in educational statistics. Over the next few weeks and months those of us who worked in his area came to learn that he was brilliant, able, and hard working. Also, he was a nice guy, always happy to help those of us less knowledgeable in the mysteries of statistics.

In any case, when we learned that he was from Nagoya, I decided to tell him of my visits to Nagoya in March of 1944 as the pilot of a 9th Bomb Group B-29 crew. I felt it had to come out sooner or later, and wanted to get that by us as soon as possible.

Our missions in Nagoya were relatively low altitude (around 10,000 feet) fire missions calling for us to do our bombing at night and individually rather than in formation. Nagoya is a Pacific Ocean port ringed by mountains much like, for instance, Los Angeles. The group had to return there in about a week or so after our first mission to Nagoya, because the first one had not been as effective as General LeMay expected.

In our two missions there the Group quickly learned of a searchlight battery in the mountains behind Nagoya that we perceived as all too good at its job. As we came in one at a time from the ocean from the west, this searchlight battery would nail us right now and right on, right in the eyes of the AC, pilot, and bombardier and lighting up our B-29 like a moth in a lamp. The Japanese anti-aircraft batteries undoubtedly thought this very helpful. Worse yet, the distance from us to the searchlight battery

was deceptively far away and so hundreds of .50 caliber rounds were fired at it without being even close. I remembered this battery quite well, if not affectionately.

My new acquaintance friend seemed to find even more satisfaction than I had expected from my story of Nagoya's deplorable hospitality to us. It turned out that the reason was that he was one of the principal planners and designers of this selfsame battery, and of course was pleased to learn how well he had wrought. I in turn was truly surprised and, I must say, impressed at six years and something like 10,000 miles later, meeting one of the guys who had done this.

We shook on it and became quite good friends, though I haven't heard from him in years.

The last I knew he was a professor of educational statistics at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu.

UNFORGETTABLE WELCOME HOME!

John Trementozzi, Tail Gunner, 1st Squadron

When the war ended in the Pacific, things changed for all of us on the island of Tinian. Most of the talk was about how soon we would be going home. For some air crews who had completed their 35 missions, the trip home was quick reality. For other air and ground crews and support personnel, it was a time of counting the number of points being allocated to see when they would become eligible for the trip home—points for time in service, time overseas, and medals earned. Married men were given first preference. We understood.

As a member of an air crew in the 1st sqdn, I had completed 24 missions as tail gunner. I figured that when my turn came to leave I would be ready and looked forward to the flight home. In the meantime, though, there wasn't much to do.

After many weeks had gone by, I was told by a corporal in squadron headquarters that I was to be part of a crew that was going on a long trip from Tinian to Vladivostok, Russia, then Germany, and then on to Washington, D.C. So I packed my bags in anticipation of the trip home, but soon learned that I had been bumped by an officer.

About two weeks later I was told that I was to fly to Alaska and from there to Washington, D. C. to set a record, but I was bumped again. Not long after that I was set to fly from Tinian to Washington, D.C. in an airplane over-filled with gas tanks—until I was bumped again. I didn't mind too much since we had flown a few times looking



for downed crews. Planes were still going down every now and then.

I finally told the corporal to forget about my flying home and to put me on the first banana boat heading for the States. My buddy, Arthur Tyrrell, a waist gunner on my crew, also decided to take the ocean voyage home.

Sometime in early November we were told to get our bags in order, get some shots from the first-aid station, and be ready to board an LST in two days. Thus Arthur and I embarked on the LST with over 400 other men. We were the only airmen aboard.

After staying offshore for one day and night, we began to make our way toward Pearl Harbor. A lot of men became seasick, including me. I think I was the worst. I didn't recover for over three days. Everyone was very encouraging to me during that sickness. When I was finally able to swap my cot in the bulkhead below deck for a cot on the top deck, I found that a large canvas tarpaulin covered 50 or more cots on that upper deck. It was like going on Noah's Ark.

After a few days of real relaxation, we found ourselves in the midst of excitement when a fire broke out below deck. Navy men and others successfully fought the blaze. However, they used so much water that the bottom deck with all the cots was flooded. Once the fire was out everyone was ordered onto the top deck where the ship's officer informed us we would continue on our journey. He also held some cloth in his hands and suggested that if we had any clothing we could discard, we should tear it into pieces four or five inches square as we would be needing them. All the toilet paper aboard had burned!

Finally after 16 days of travel we docked in Pearl Harbor where we were loaded onto trucks and brought to a camp in a town called Wahiawa, a beautiful town well above sea level, for I can still remember walking through clouds every day. Once we were off the trucks and lined up, an officer from the camp took one look at the way most of the men were dressed and couldn't believe what he saw: shirts with no sleeves and pants that had become shorts. He ordered all of us to a warehouse for a new set of clothes. After almost two weeks at this camp, we were told to pack for the final leg of the journey to the States.

We were taken back to Pearl Harbor and lined up in front of the battleship "Nevada." After the LST this ship seemed huge and definitely more stable. I was the 18th man aboard. Since I had once thought of joining the navy, this for me was the thrill of a lifetime. By now, it was about the end of the second week of December.

The next morning we sailed out of Pearl Harbor with

everyone on deck. As we passed dozens of other navy ships, we could hear whistles and bugles as navy men lined their decks, saluting. It was a great thing to see and be a part of, a great send-off. Someone was finally paying us a tribute, or so we thought. As we made our way out to sea and were discussing how nice it was to get some recognition, a passing navy officer overheard our conversation and set us straight. It seems the send-off was not for us but for an admiral who was on-board. It was his flag they were saluting. Boy, what a letdown!

After a week of travel through rough weather and high seas, we finally dropped anchor off San Pedro, California. It was now December 22 or 23. Being aboard the battleship had been great—three meals a day instead of the two on the LST, and fresh water showers. While most men had a least some duties to perform on board, no one complained.

Shortly after the anchor was dropped, an officer above deck informed us that all men from the New England states (except Massachusetts) and New York would be brought to an airfield to be flown home for Christmas. Needless to say, those of us from Massachusetts were very disappointed. The lucky ones, including Arthur Tyrrell, were taken by launch and were gone within a couple of hours.

The next morning we were all up early as we wanted to be on deck when the ship docked. Everyone was wondering what kind of a welcome home we would receive. After all, here was a huge battleship with over 400 servicemen on board, just before Christmas, arriving home after their action in the Pacific.

Slowly, silently, the battleship slid up to the dock, 400 plus men waiting for some kind of greeting, only to find an empty, desolate pier. No one was there. Just two MPs stood by the roadway 300 feet away. For a while everyone was very quiet. Then some of the men said, "What the hell kind of a homecoming is this?" Most of the men had been gone for over a year. Indeed we had all expected someone to be on that pier to say, "Welcome home!" But—no one was there!

After a long quiet time, the figure of a small boy appeared on the roadway. He stopped to look at the battleship and then began to walk toward it. We saw by the bag over his shoulder that he was a paperboy. Without hesitation he walked to within 150 feet of the ship, stopped, put one hand over his eyes and looked us over—perhaps wondering what we were doing aboard the ship.

At this point some of the men began to ask him how things were in the good old USA. Once again the boy looked us over and, suddenly realizing what he was



seeing, waved his arm and yelled, "Welcome home!" Everyone on the ship stopped talking for a moment and then erupted into a tremendous roar. This was it, the welcome home! In the spirit of the moment we began to throw money down to the young boy along with screams and shouts of, "Now we know we're home!"

Well, at this commotion, the two MPs came running down that pier, grabbed the boy, and started to lead him away. Frantic voices from the ship screamed to them to let the boy go. Suddenly, from somewhere above the deck, a loud voice boomed over the confusion. This commanding voice ordered the MPs to release the boy immediately as he was the "official welcoming committee."

When the MPs let the boy go, another deafening roar rose once again from the ship from men now with tears in their eyes yelling, "We have an official welcoming committee and it's just a goddamn kid! Can you imagine that!" And once more we threw money and other things down to that sole figure of a small paperboy who picked up everything he could, waved good-bye, and left. This remains one of the most unforgettable moments of my life, and I am sure that the other men on that ship have never forgotten that moment either. Since we departed shortly thereafter, we never learned the identity of the navy officer or of that lone paperboy; but the authoritative voice had to have been that of the admiral on board.

Two hours later we were put on a train and given a cup of coffee by Salvation Army women. The train ride lasted until 12:30 the next morning. Having had nothing to eat, we were starving when we arrived at Camp Haan, California, where we were given a ticket for a steak dinner that was waiting for us at the mess hall. Unfortunately, the last seven or eight of us never got the steak and had to settle for two pork chops with nothing else. In fact, after the pork chops were agreed to, I fought a German prisoner for the way he served the food to me, but that's another story.

A few days after Christmas I was on a train bound for Cape Devens, Massachusetts. This last leg of the trip lasted almost six days. I was finally discharged on January 5, 1946. In all, it took about two months for me to get home from Tinian.

THE DOG STORY

John F. Cramer, Jr., Navigator, 5th Squadron

I was the navigator on the original GOIN' JESSE crew. We shared a tent, and later the luxury of a quonset hut with the crew of the READY TEDDY. We had adjoining hardstands, and although our missions were not identical, we usually flew at the same time. The incident that follows happened late in the war, and I am unsure of the target. It was a low level incendiary strike. As you who have participated in that kind of attack know, there were occasions when we came back and found bits of charred wood, or scraps of Japanese newspapers that had been blown up into the bomb bay by the tremendous thermal updraft over the target.

On this particular strike we got back at about the same time as the READY TEDDY. As we were unloading and getting ready to take the truck to our intelligence debriefing, Tom Bowen, bombardier on the TEDDY spotted a scroungy little dog sniffing around the hardstand. He picked it up and carried it with him on the truck to the debriefing.

After every mission we went through this debriefing procedure. Our group intelligence officer was Bud Johnson. He would ask us where we got flak, where there were search lights, where and when we dropped our bombs, etc.. This information would be analyzed along with similar information from all the other crews, and would be used to brief crews on subsequent missions.

Bud went through this usual routine with Tom sitting there with the dog under his arm. Finally, when Bud was finished, he looked over at Tom and said, "Okay Bowen, what's with the dog?". Tom replied, "Well Bud, he blew up into the bomb bay over the target." Bud, of course, was sophisticated enough to know that Tom was trying to pull his leg, but went along with the story. There was a group of reporters in the room observing the debriefing, and they weren't so sophisticated. One of them was from Life Magazine. Their mouths were open with amazement.

We didn't think much more about it at the time, but soon after the crews of both GOIN' JESSE and READY TEDDY finished our missions and were shipped back home. Tom and I arrived back in our home town, Portland, Oregon, on August 6, 1945. A week later, the August 13th issue of Life Magazine had a story about unusual events that happened in the last days of the war in the Pacific. Among them was the story about the Japanese dog that blew up into the bomb bay of a B-29.

(As told at the 1987 and subsequent reunions. Copies of the Life Magazine article have been displayed in the memorabilia room at every reunion).



OIL LEAK

Eldon C. Clapp, Crew Chief, 5th Squadron

What Wright R3350 engine didn't leak oil, especially those mounted to the firewall of a B-29? The turbo superchargers, two per engine, were a terrific force on the blower case seals, and sealed areas, at 30,000' plus.

Oil leaks were judged by a percentage, lost or used, from the total oil tank capacity. Max effort missions could be counted "in" so long as enough oil remained? Oil tank capacity was approximately 80 gallons.

Three to four missions were completed before time was allotted to locate and repair the oil leak. We stripped the engine of all cowling and baffles; and washed the engine with our favorite cleaning fluid.

With the engine ready to run, Sgt. Paul Poor was stationed on top of the nacelle just aft of the number 1 cylinder. The engine was started under way at 5 - 6 hundred RPM. A frantic call to "cut" was heard and the engine stopped.

Number one cylinder was moving up and down on the blower case. Hold down studs were all tight and safety wire intact. Push rod housings and hoses were tight.

The cylinder was removed with these observations: The piston was hammering the cylinder head stretching the skirt. The flange was peened away allowing up and down motion. The oil from the drilled passages through the piston was blown out at the gap between blower case and cylinder flange.

Numbers stamped on the cylinder assembly indicated to Parts Supply that the cylinder was applicable to a R1830 9 cylinder engine, not a R3350 Wright 18 cylinder engine! The cylinders were almost the same measurement, with this exception - the cylinder barrel was some thousands short for the R3350 engine master rod. It is believed that this wrong size cylinder had held together from its installation in a new B-29 in the states!

After working all night, the aircraft was ready for the mission scheduled in the AM.. The mechanics involved were B.C. Christopherson, Paul Poor, and Keith Lewis.

R & D COMBAT STYLE

Charles G. Chauncey, Pilot, 5th Squadron

B-29 FORMATION FLYING AT 100 Ft. ALTITUDE — Prior to the low level fire bomb raids, which were initiated in March 1945, all of the assigned bomb groups were missing the aircraft factory at the northwest edge of Nagoya, Japan. This included aircraft from Guam, Saipan, and Tinian. High altitude bombing was not damaging, let alone eliminating this target. Headquarters was justifiably mad ugly.

Some of us went to our commander with a possible low level bombing mission plan. There is a low range of mountains positioned along the north side of Nagoya. The idea was to fly three plane V formations below the Japanese radar and to use the low mountain range as a cover from Nagoya to bomb the aircraft factory at the west end.

A short time later three crews were called in and briefed for a 100 ft. altitude flight training mission. At this low level the Norden bomb sight was useless so a simple prefixed bomb sight was conjured up. The secret, to make it work correctly, was to fly at the predetermined 100 ft. altitude and 215 mph air speed.

In order to stay below the enemy radar we needed to fly very low approaching the coast line, 100 ft. altitude! At this level it was vital to have new procedures for making formation turns since the wing span of the B-29 is 141 feet. The formation needed to make a minimal increase in altitude prior to the turn so that no one would catch a wing tip in the water. The wing man that would be on the inside of the turn needed to throttle back slightly to trail behind. This would enable him to keep the lead ship in sight during the turn. After the turn was made, he needed to close back to his normal position. The wing man on the outside of the turn would be able to see the lead ship, as normal, all through the turn. On completion of the turn the formation would descend back down to the 100 ft. level and make adjustment to correct the air speed.

We were given a target along the coast line of the small and nearby island, Rota. To get the feel the wing men alternated between the right and left wing positions in the formation. Practice turns to both right and left were made prior to making any bombing runs. As I recall we made three bomb runs. Cruising at normal air speed of 215 mph at 100 feet altitude was quite a sensation. Flying with your eyes glued to the lead ship was tiring. The white capped ocean waves constantly flashing by in your peripheral vision were mentally very distracting. It took unerring concentration and faith in the formation leader not to glance at them. You were truly dependent on the lead ship not to run you into the drink.

With the predetermined fixed bomb sight it was vi-



tal to maintain constant speed and altitude to get effective bombing results. As the lead ship opened its bomb bay, the wing men followed suit. When the leader dropped his bombs, the wing men dropped theirs. We made three practice runs on a ground target, and I don't think we were all that accurate—surely the fixed bomb sight was off.

General LeMay was having a different vision which led to the low altitude (5,000 to 10,000 ft.), single ship, night, incendiary bombing raids. These were extremely successful beginning with our first mission to Tokyo in March where seventeen plus square miles were decimated. In this time period Tokyo was compared in size to New York City. By the end of the war it was considered a 50.8% disaster. Thus, this special low level formation mission died a natural death and was never needed.

THE ONE—ENGINE LANDING

Karl Pattison, AC, 99th Squadron

According to my records, we made the one-engine landing on my 24th mission, after bombing Kobe, on June 5, 1945. The full crew was on board. (It was my 24th mission, the crew's 21st.)

This was our first mission back in our own plane since early May. On May 10, while being flown by the Jarvis crew, our plane had developed engine trouble and had to land at Iwo Jima, where it was left to be refitted with a new engine. Meanwhile we had flown five missions with another airplane. On one of those missions we ran low on gas and landed at Iwo for refueling. That stop took many hours, and we were reluctant to stop at Iwo again.

By June 5 our own plane received a new #2 engine change and was flown back to Tinian. The ground crew chief told me, before we took off, that he had not had time to adjust the carburetors on the new engine.

On the return trip we were so low on fuel by the time we were at Iwo—under 2,000 gallons—that according to regulations we should have landed there for more gas. We were not eager to do so, and the flight engineer and I decided that although we were low on gas we still had enough to make it back easily. The radio operator knew something was going on. His seat is behind the flight engineer's panel, and he could hear the flight engineer switching the fuel gauge back and forth from tank to tank. He never had heard it switched so many times.

Iwo Jima is about halfway back from the coast of Japan to Tinian. The northernmost of the Marianas Islands chain is three-quarters of the way back, about 375

miles from Tinian. From that first island, an active volcano, the Marianas begin a long slow curve westerly. As we passed that first island, we would normally begin a very gradual letdown to Tinian. I recall that on this flight the # 2 engine started going out just as we were beginning the letdown.

I shut down the engine, the first time I ever had to do so. There are four feathering switches, one for each engine; and once the switch is pushed the propeller is very quickly feathered. Unlike other airplanes, it was not at all certain that a feathered prop on a B-29 could be unfeathered. (The tests, apparently, were not very successful; and in training back in the United States we were warned about the problem. We actually never feathered a prop in training.) Before this mission I sometimes worried that if the time ever came to feather a prop, I might feather the wrong one, but I didn't. Fortunately, out of caution, I discontinued the letdown; and we continued toward Tinian at a higher altitude than the normal approach. As we were approaching Saipan and a few minutes away from landing at Tinian, the #3 and #4 engines suddenly quit simultaneously. The plane had dual instruments, with the 3 and 4 engines on the same RPM dial, and I remember watching the two needles suddenly sink down together.

I called to the pilot to get the crew to assume ditching positions and started considering the best place to ditch. There was a strong wind blowing, making whitecaps on the water down below. I looked for a place outside the wind to land—the fewer the waves, the better. We were just reaching Saipan harbor, but there were so many ships there that it scared me a bit. A little farther on, approaching Tinian, I thought about ditching just in front of the beach where we often swam but decided there was too much danger there of overshooting and hitting the cliffs. All along I was thinking, "What will Sgt. Adams say?" Sgt. Adams was the crew chief, and I didn't want to lose his airplane.

About the time we were coming abreast of Tinian, I realized that we were still holding altitude, even on only one engine. The remaining engine, the # 1 engine, was on the far left side and tended to push the plane to the right. After correcting this tendency through the controls there was still enough lift left that the plane, light as it was without bombs and very little fuel, continued to hold altitude. The extra altitude, I decided, gave enough maneuverability to land at Tinian. This was a last-minute decision. I could see the place we used to swim, which was on the west side of Tinian, south of the field, before I realized that we were holding altitude and that it was worth the risk landing at the field.



There was some danger in landing at the airfield, for to get there we had to cross a little bit of land and a 30 or 40-foot cliff. There was more danger in a water landing plus losing the aircraft. With only one engine left, the plane would have to ditch at a higher speed. More engines gave more power, and the more power you have, the slower you can hit the water, believe it or not, because you can point up more with more power. The most successful ditches were always the slowest ones. Some of the crew suspected that we might not be ditching. The tail gunner, whose ditching procedures called for him to remove his window and toss it out, realized when he removed the window and looked down that we were still unusually high above the water. He tucked the window under his seat, and we were able to reinstall it later.

I left the engine on lean, instead of switching it to rich, because I did not know how much gasoline was left. To line up with the runway I had to make a left turn of about 80 to 85 degrees. The remaining engine was on the left side, and I remembered to pull back the throttle a little bit to allow us to make the left turn. Normally we landed on runway C. I called the tower and said we were coming in on one engine. I had no response from the tower, which I attributed to my transmitter switch, which had been giving us trouble. I thought, the heck with it, I'll just go ahead and land on runway B, the emergency runway. As I approached runway B, I realized they had heard us, for every fire engine on the field was ready to follow us—they just did not bother to call back.

To reduce drag I waited till the last minute to lower the landing gear. I knew from experience exactly how long they would take to lower. Just as we were ready to land, the pilot, watching the landing-gear indicator lights, which would come on when the gear was down, started saying, "The lights are not on yet! They're not on yet!" I held the plane up as long as I could, and just when I couldn't hold it anymore, and we had to touch down, the pilot said, "O.K! They're on." It was one of the best landings I ever made. I don't know why, but it was a good landing.

I realized belatedly that with three engines out there was very little power for the landing gear motors. The plane had six engine-driven generators plus a putt-putt generator normally started by one of the crewmen in the back. The # 4 engine's two generators were out, as were the single generators on each of the # 2 and 3 engines, leaving only the two generators on #1 engine. Since the crew in the back were still in ditching position, they were unable to start the putt-putt.

Because some of the crew had to leave their headset to get into ditching position, not all of them were aware

that we were landing at the airfield. One of them, I can't remember which, knew from training to expect two bumps in a water landing. He waited some time for the second bump before he realized we were rolling down the runway. We coasted down to the end of the B runway and turned right to head back to our hardstand, still under power of the one engine. At the C runway we had to stop to let another landing airplane pass. That was it: with only the #1 engine, outside the landing gear, we were unable to get moving again, and I called for a tow.

Our CO, who always came by to find out how missions went, wasn't aware of the one-engine landing until he saw the three feathered propellers. Afterward I never said much about the landing because under the rules we should have landed at Iwo. Word got out to the newspapers, however. I think the longest story was in the New York Times, because four of the crew came from New York City and a fifth from New York State.

I never tried to find out what had happened to the engine and the fuel. My feeling was, we made a good landing, so the heck with it. We never ran out of fuel again.

POSTSCRIPT TO MY FATHER'S STORY

David Pattison

My father, Karl Pattison, never told us much about his war experiences when we were kids. I once asked him during a long predawn drive through northern Arizona, to tell me the story of his one engine landing, which I knew about from a newspaper clipping my grandmother had once shown me. I recall that it took him the good part of an hour to tell the story, giving me the feeling he had told it at length to others. A much shorter version that he set down recently, "One Engine Landing," appears in this chapter. Talking to him and his crew at the Association's 1994 Hampton reunion, I learned a few more things about his experiences in Tinian, which I would like to add as a postscript.

My father started out as a pilot on AC Curry's crew. About 9 missions (actually 10, as I will explain in a moment), he was upgraded to airplane commander and assigned to a crew that had flown one less mission than he had. When my father had completed his 35th mission, the crew begged him to stay on for one more mission, which he did. At the Hampton reunion I learned from some of the crew that they were quite grateful for this.

Because of this extra mission my father flew one more combat mission than most airplane commanders. In fact, he flew even one more mission than that but didn't



get credit for it. While still on Curry's crew, he tried to stow away on a mission from which he had been bumped by a commanding officer, was discovered, and was told he couldn't go on the mission unless he had a duty, so he became a photographer for that one mission.

Meeting part of the crew in Hampton was a wonderful experience. I hope some of them set down their stories; I can only remember fragments of them. The navigator and bombardier, for reasons I won't go into, went up in a B-17 in their civilian clothes during training, and ended up huddling futilely for warmth over the bombsight(?).... On combat missions the navigator's table was used for sandwich making, while the navigating was done on maps spread on the navigator's lap, leading some of the crew to joke about his precision ("What's our E.T.A?".... "Sometime this afternoon.").... The tail gunner once had the seat of his pants shot off, thought for a horrified minute that he had lost somewhat more than his pants, and finally worked up the nerve to reach back and feel for the damage.... The flight engineer was the only one who never slept during missions, and thus was the only one awake for what seems to be the most vivid memory for some of the crew, the time a huge bolt of lightning struck the plane, waking them up in disoriented terror. (One crew member admitted later that he was lucky he hadn't had a parachute handy, or he would have jumped.)

My father remained in the Pacific for a year after the war during which time he ferried aircraft between the islands. He remembers ferrying the last B-29 from North Field on Tinian to Clark Field in the Philippines. Taking off, and wishing to mark the occasion, he radioed for permission to buzz the field. The control tower responded, "We can't give permission for that," paused, and added, "but we'll be looking the other way." Two men climbed up on a jeep to wave to him, but suddenly changed their minds, diving off the jeep head first just as the plane flew over.



ED, OUR NAVIGATOR

A. Jack Weddle, Pilot, 99th Squadron

Ed, our navigator, really knew how to take care of his crew. Before every mission he would talk the supply officer out of extra cans of chicken, tuna or other meats, cookies, and other goodies. Right after clearing the Japanese coast line and stowing our flak suits on our way home from a mission Ed would clear off his navigator's desk and set up a gourmet meal. Well not exactly, but anything is gourmet compared to the flight lunches. We would have chicken on crackers, deviled meat or tuna also on crackers or biscuits served with pickles and other goodies. The squadron navigator said he could always tell Ed's mission records as they always smelled of fish.

Another attribute of Ed was his weak kidneys. We had a rule in our crew that he who used the head first had to clean it upon landing. Of course, everyone hated to be the first to go and would sit and hold it. It is hard to fly an aircraft with your legs crossed. Pretty soon, much to everyone's relief, Ed would say I give up and use the head to relieve himself. Then there would be a big rush of other crew members also visiting the head. All in all Ed was a fun guy to fly with.

It was also interesting especially when he took shortcuts on mining missions. On one such mission on the north side of Honshu I noticed we were approaching mountains at our altitude. I asked him the name of the mountains, and he said, "What mountains?" Thereafter I flew with a map across my knees.

FLAK SUITS NEEDED?

A. Jack Weddle, Pilot, 99th Squadron

When we embarked upon the low level incendiary blitz raids, we had to off load all the ammunition except for the tail guns. Our AC thought we could lighten the aircraft further by leaving our flak suits home. "No way," I said, "I'm going to wear mine." The crew echoed my words.

On our first incendiary mission over Tokyo we flew the bomb run S.O.P. The aircraft was on auto pilot, controlled by the bombardier. We were at 7,000 feet where, our intelligence officer said, we would be too high for the light artillery and too low and fast for the heavy. Like hell—that is where they overlapped! It wasn't too long before the searchlights picked us up flying straight and level, fat, dumb, and happy. Then the antiaircraft gunners zeroed in.

We took a hunk of flak through the AC's window hitting his metal helmet, smashing his goggles, and then



going on to hit me in the calf of the leg. Since the AC said he couldn't see, I took the controls and put the aircraft in a shallow diving right turn. I thought "God, this aircraft is stiff," as it was all I could do to make it respond. Then I realized I hadn't turned off the auto pilot. The searchlight went off us, and we dropped the incendiaries in the target area. Neither the AC nor I suffered any wounds. We had increased ventilation in the forward compartment on the way home. On subsequent missions it was noted that the AC was the first one suited up for flak and even before Iwo Jima.

On another mission the tail gunner stood up in his little compartment to get a better look down. He took flak from right to left a few inches above his seat. He said he was reluctant to check out his lower body for fear of what he would find. "No injury," he was happy to report.

SQUADRON ARMAMENT OFFICER

A. Jack Weddle, Pilot, 99th Squadron

Our Squadron Armament Officer was a real good guy and a source of fun for our crew before each mission. He tried to visit each crew as we were getting ready to climb into our positions in the aircraft. He would drive up in his jeep and ask if we had any questions or problems. We would gather around and chat with him. When his attention was diverted one of our crew would reach in and put his jeep's transfer lever in neutral. Then he would wish us a good trip, and we said "Good-bye," and he would let the clutch in. The engine roared, so did we, and the jeep didn't move. Then he would see what was wrong and drive off mumbling something about crazy crews.

After a couple episodes he caught on and would always check the transfer lever before letting in the clutch. Then one time the bombardier invited him up in the aircraft to check a problem. While he was away, the rest of the crew picked up his jeep and placed it on 50-caliber ammo boxes with the wheels about an inch off the ground. Also, we put his transfer lever in neutral. When he came back to his jeep, he spotted the neutral transfer lever, laughed, and said something about would we ever learn. He put the lever in high range, started his engine and let in the clutch. The engine roared, so did we, and nothing moved. His neck turned red as he slammed the lever into low range, the engine still roared, and so did we, and nothing happened. Then he looked down and saw all four wheels spinning and said some very uncomplimentary words about my crew. Since start engines time was

approaching, we lifted his jeep and placed it on the ground. An odd thing happened as he drove off—he didn't say, "Have a good trip."

MY FIRST MISSION

John R. Lezovich, Flight Engineer, 5th Squadron

Arriving on Tinian as a replacement crew, we quickly realized that "this was it." Of course, the first thing we were informed was, "You should have been here when things were really rough." We could see the island improvements—Quonset huts, war rooms, mess halls, and indoor and outdoor plumbing—"all the comforts of home!" Later we learned—four cans of warm beer once a month, cigarettes when available, "New Zealand Turkey," the specialty of the day at the mess hall. This was an island paradise?

I was told I would have to fly as an observer (sand-bag) my first mission with a veteran crew. I don't recall the name of the crew nor the target, but I do know it was a night raid. The crew had around 20 missions in, and I do remember the pilot and his tales of previous missions. After the take off and as we leveled off, I thought I'd say a few prayers. Being a Catholic and suddenly a very devout one, I had my rosary beads handy. However, the pilot decided to acquaint me with a few facts of the rough times. All the way to the empire he belabored my ears with the details of each mission they had flown. As we approached the target he made sure I took it all in—the thermals reaching high in the sky, the glare of the tracers, the ack-ack. Then he climaxed his tales with one where they were caught in the thermal, how they were tossed about, twisted around, how they struggled home, and the B-29's being scrapped.

All this time I had not a chance to say over five "Hail Mary's." We made our bomb run, and from then on I never heard a peep out of the pilot. In fact, I believe he slept all the way back. Now I could say a few "Hail Mary's" in thanks for a successful bomb run and putting the pilot to sleep. As we landed, I could say that I had arrived. This turned out to be practically a "milk run" compared to my other missions and the pilot's previous 20. I can truthfully say that this mission plus the pilot's 20 was my "baptism of fire." As I walked away from the plane, I felt I was a veteran. However, to this day sweating it out as an observer and the pilot's tales of horror left me with the feeling that I should have received credit for at least half his missions. Of course, if he was out to scare me, I assure you he did.



I also recognized the experience of this crew, for they functioned as team; and as an observer I was a stranger, tolerated but not a part of. The months of training as a team became a reality and spelled survival. Later on, I wasn't too pleased with an observer aboard, even the photographer who took pictures of the "Power Display" over the battleship Missouri. He promised us pictures, but after landing I never saw or heard from him.

So to the unknown crew with the talkative pilot where ever you may be, I say a belated, "Thanks for a good flight and an experience I shall never forget."

MY WAR STARTED WITH A PACIFIC CRUISE

*Walter B. Woodcock, Electrical Technician,
5th Squadron*

Like most men of the ground echelon, I loved airplanes and like most, I stumbled into the Army Air Force through the Pilot Training Program. Then, after the traumatic disappointment of washing out, I was assigned to something worthy of my enlistment. From my barracks window at the Army Air Base in Amarillo, Texas, I could see a big silver Boeing B-17, glistening in the pale blue light that shown from the open doors of the hangar and a squad of men moving with camaraderie and purpose. I was enrolled in the Aircraft Engine Technical School on the first day of September 1943. It was my first affair with the big beautiful birds, the Boeing B-17 "Flying Fortress" and the Martin B-26 "Marauder" or "Flying Prostitute" as it was known—its short wing offering no visible means of support.

Then one day a Boeing B-29, the "Big Assed Bird," as it was affectionately known, came to roost at Amarillo. It was a new aircraft to the Army Air Force, and we were all there to see it for the first time. We spotted it as a speck in the western sky and followed it as it approached, landed, and taxied to the ramp. When the great barking engines were shut down, we watched the big four-bladed propellers wind down to a stop in a cloud of white smoke. It was the most beautiful airplane I had ever seen, and it carried a flight engineer, which was a new slot on military aircraft. I saw it as another opportunity to fly, and I wanted it. I applied for B-29 Engineering School. Two students were selected from each of our classes, and I was one of them. Following many schools of the program, I became a member of the 9th BG at Dalhart Army Air Base, Texas.

On the 12th of April we moved to McCook Army Air Base in Nebraska where training began with the B-

17s. Flight crews were pilots, co-pilots, navigators, and radio operators. B-17s were not designed for flight engineers; and, of course, after completing all those courses I thought I was a flight engineer—what else? The first B-29 arrived at McCook on the 13th of July. By the first of August all of our B-17s. were replaced, and our training program was fully operational. I was assigned MOS 685, Electrical Technician on the flight line. To be in a ground crew was disappointing, but being nursemaid to a B-29 was better than the infantry.

Preparation for overseas movement began in November. Our group was divided into Flight, Air, and Ground Echelons. On the 18th of November the Ground Echelon moved out for Port of Embarkation (POE). As I stuffed my barracks bag with my personal belongings, I put my leather-bound Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary to one side to be sent home to the ranch. The fellows in the barracks said, "Your dictionary is going with us wherever we go—it has settled many arguments."

The army trucks followed a winding course on country roads to Perry, a little Nebraska railroad siding where we entrained. From there we followed the Burlington route west and north. We had no maps. To know where we were going was to spot where we had been. The next evening we arrived at our POE, Fort Lawton, located on a point in northwest Seattle. On the 28th of November trucks took us to the dock on Front Street. Few people knew where we were going, and certainly none of us did. For what it was worth, we were issued heavy winter clothing.

I was one of the first aboard our ship, "The Cape Henlopen," and first to go down the long flight of stairs to our quarters in the hold of the ship. At a landing I paused for a brief appraisal of the situation. I wanted a bunk at floor level with good light over my right shoulder and near the drinking fountain. I secured my barracks bag to the foot of the bunk, placed my book, paper, and shoes on the deck under my bunk, and crawled in for the ride. It was dark when I felt the vibrations in the ship that indicated we were under way. I hurried to the top deck for the departure. Puget Sound was as smooth as a lily pond. Lights from Camano Island reflected in the black water until our heading turned westerly into a world of darkness, and I retired to the hold.

I felt the first swells as the ship left the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Each swell was greater than the last until our ship was rolling precariously in a heavy sea. As the bow slammed into the oncoming swell, the stern came out of the trough; and each blade of the screw pounding at the surface of the water sent vibrations rumbling through the ship. John Tennant, who was a native of

Portland, said it was always rough off the cape; but it was even rougher in the morning when I went topside to see the ocean. I tugged at the heavy steel hatch until the ship rolled, and it came open of its own weight. Looking through the open hatch was an uncommon sight for a drylander from Montana. I saw nothing but the dismal overcast sky until the ship rolled; and the ocean came up, up, and up until it was a mountain of water hovering above me. I backed into the ship, fastened the hatch, and went to the head. It was filled with the miserable who had emptied their stomachs with the first roll of the ship. That was enough for me; I went back to the hold and settled in my bunk.

Rudolph Rohner was bent over the drinking fountain, his eyes unusually wide and wet. I asked if he was sick, and he replied, “Ohupp,” and vomited all over the fountain. Seasickness became contagious; everyone was sick, if not from the incessant pitching and rolling of the ship, certainly from the stench in the hold. They looped the chin strap of their helmets around the rim of their bunks and were vomiting in their helmets. My bunk was at the very bottom of a stack of six bunks, and everything caught in helmets above me was ultimately spilled by unsteady hands, and the whole stinking mess came streaming down on me. Sea water and vomit flooded the hold and washed back and forth with the roll of the ship. My shoes afloat on the stinking wave and my book and paper were a disaster. I buried my head under my blanket and thought, “Oh, my God, what have I done to deserve this?” Very soon I was sick, too, and then what others did didn’t matter so much.

An empty stomach is inclined to forgive unpleasant surroundings, and there was much to forgive in the galley. The fellow serving dehydrated eggs cupped one hand over his mouth as he served with the other. I wedged myself against a pillar to keep from slipping and falling at the table, and, as I was eating, I could hear the fellow underneath the table getting rid of what he had eaten. The iron stairs and hand rail at the exit from the galley were so slippery I crawled through the hatch on my hands and knees. From my vague calculations, we were about due west from the Golden Gate when the stars rotated in the sky, and we took a westerly heading. The next morning the sun rose bright and warm. The wind died, and the ocean and our stomachs calmed. The ship was scrubbed, and the foul stench was pumped from the hold. There is nothing more fragrant than fresh air, or more beautiful than a calm sea after a storm.

From my perch on a brace between the foremasts above the crap and poker games, I could see flying fish skimming the surface of the water and disappearing as

suddenly as they had appeared. Occasionally a group of dolphin, arching from the sea, followed our ship until their curiosity was satisfied. I watched a destroyer cut in close, pass our port side to become the third member of our convoy. What seemed so beautiful soon lost its flavor to hunger. The long chow line yielded nothing more than a half canteen cup of split pea soup, four saltine crackers and an apple. Some thought our supplies were loaded under cargo, others were inclined to think they never made it aboard.

We were about two weeks at sea when I spotted a bright green island off our port bow. Norman Wold said, “That’s Molokai—a leper colony.” I thought, considering our fortune, it seemed fitting for us to put in, but our skipper passed by. Soon a green strip of land appeared off our starboard bow, and I recognized it as Oahu by the prominence of the Diamond Head. As our ship entered Mamala Bay, the color of the sea changed from black to brilliant turquoise. I could see Honolulu and the famous hotels, white above Waikiki Beach. A harbor pilot came aboard and gently steered our ship into the east lock where we were surrounded by the devastation of war. The battleship Arizona lie on the bottom with only its superstructure breaking water. Many of our group didn’t notice; they were pressed against the rail grasping for bread tossed by sailors from a navy ship tied alongside. I joined the mad scramble for a piece of hard candy that lodged on a brace of the mast. We will long remember Pearl Harbor. It was our first meal in two weeks.

Honolulu, as I first saw it from the deck of our ship, was no paradise. Devastation of war surrounded us. We watched the bustle of traffic and the little narrow gage steam locomotive with a shrill whistle tug at a string of midget railroad cars loaded with pineapples. I would see Oahu again a year later under more favorable conditions, and many years later I would see the little steam locomotive with its shrill whistle silenced in the Museum of Science and Industry on the mall in Washington, D. C.

I was awakened early in the morning by vibrations in the ship that indicated we were again under way. I went on deck to watch as the harbor pilot steered a circuitous route through sunken ships and depart Pearl Harbor from the same channel through which we had entered. When the pilot was gone, we headed for the open sea. Day after day the bow of our ship beat out a rhythmic cadence against gentle swells. Night after night I watched the phosphorescent glow in the waves off the bow, little beads of light like a thousand stars in the water. In the sky I watched the mast scribble figure eights among the stars. From the position of the north star I ascertained our course as a little south of due west, and



each night the big dipper settled a little lower on the northern horizon.

From the loudspeaker on the bridge came the familiar “now hear this” to announce we were crossing the international date line. For some it was a mystery and triggered arguments as to what time it was or what day it was, but for others they either knew or didn’t give a damn as long as it didn’t interfere with the crap or poker games. We had been on board the Cape Henlopen for twenty-seven days when we spotted a small palm-clad island lying low in the water which we approached rather suddenly and passed close in. A rusting hull of a Japanese freighter lay on its bottom near shore. The skipper on the bridge announced our arrival at Eniwetok and then steered to drop anchor off Perry Island, another small sand spit of the atoll. I sat peeling onions in the open hatch of the galley with an excellent view of my friends going ashore to have fun on the beach. It was good of Mark Tratos to bring me a seashell. After all, I was helping prepare his Christmas dinner.

The rumble of the anchor chain signaled our departure from Perry Island, we entered a calm sea, but our nerves were not calm. We were entering waters within striking distance from the Japanese air and submarine bases on Truk. That disconcerting information was followed by a submarine alert, verified by our escort destroyer cutting a wake of figure eights and pinging its sonar for a target. We were warned against striking any sort of light or making noise. I hardly dared to nap, knowing how I snore. I had joined Jim McKinley and Mark Tratos on the open deck. They were in a sort of enclosure that was far more comforting than the bowels of the ship, especially if we were torpedoed. I reluctantly studied the ocean, the foreboding expression of a deep black sea and shuddered. I’ve never liked deep water, and we were bobbing on the deepest water on earth—35,600 feet deep, 6,600 feet deeper than Mount Everest is high, and I had no desire to explore that part of the world.

After a month of knowing only where we had been, we were told where we were going—Tinian Island. Nobody knew where Tinian Island was, but that question was soon dispelled. It was dead ahead, a faint strip of green on the horizon. From far at sea we could see the swells breaking on the coral cliffs. Saipan was to the starboard, Tinian to port. Our skipper steered around the north end of the island and put in at Tinian Town. The anchor had no more than hit the water when nets were put over the side of the ship, and we disembarked. We were heavily loaded with our barracks bags stuffed with winter clothing, and, of course, I had my leather-bound Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary. We went over the side on

ropes to be met at the top of a swell by an amphibious landing craft. The last step from the ropes into the landing craft had to be quick and sure. If missed, we would be crushed between the hull of the landing craft and the hull of the ship when they slammed together with the rise of each swell.

Looking back, I saw the Cape Henlopen for the last time. She was a squatty old banana boat with an old fashioned slender funnel extending from the rusting hull at midship. She was named for the south cape of Delaware Bay, a Dutch name, meaning blue hen. She had carried bananas from Central America to the east coast ports for many years, but this time apparently she did not make it home. We were told she was sunk by an enemy torpedo on her return trip. Our amphibious craft hit the beach spouting water from all sides and delivered us to an area of solid ground where we were met by trucks that took us to our campsite.

LIFE ON TINIAN

*Walter B. Woodcock, Electrical Technician,
5th Squadron*

Marines with automatic rifles directed traffic as the trucks hauled us to our new home. Although the marines had secured the island five months earlier, fighting was still going on. There were seven hundred battle-seasoned and extremely annoyed Japanese soldiers in the high country. The island was only twelve miles long and never more than five miles wide. Mount Lasso was the high point, a flat topped mesa 564 feet above sea level. From Tinian Town the road narrowed between rows of Philippine mahogany and banyan trees. Beyond that on either side of the road the sugar cane, eight to ten feet high, extended to the moist jungle of rotting vegetation and fungus.

Our campsite was a point of land jutting into the sea on the west side of the island. A Seabee on a caterpillar pulling a sheepsfoot roller was breaking down the sugar cane to accommodate our camp. It took little time for us to pitch camp. I shared a tent with Jim McKinley; and as the sun sank into the western ocean, it tolled the end of the 28th day of December 1944

Back in June and July the marines drove a wedge through the central portion of the island. A lot of Japanese were killed, few surrendered, and many remained in the cane fields or caves. We could hear babies crying. In most cases they preferred to die rather than surrender. We rarely saw them in the daylight, but at night they were bold. Enlisted personnel were not issued firearms. Our

officers considered it too risky. The 24th Infantry was assigned cleanup operations, but their commanding officer didn't like the idea of a brush war. The Japanese could hide in places that were impossible for their infantrymen to find. He thought why risk his men's lives foolishly digging Japanese out of caves or engaging them in hand to hand combat when the enemy would be pushed into the sea by occupation of the island by people like us.

As it became obvious that it was we who were pushing the enemy into the sea, our officers agreed to issue firearms. I was issued a 30-caliber carbine and a half dozen rounds of ammunition. My carbine was made by Carola, a jukebox manufacturing company. The idea of defending myself with a weapon made by a jukebox company disturbed me. I traded it for a Thompson submachine gun, but it did not take long for me to discover that the machine gun was not for me. My supply of ammunition offered only a short burst of fire, and after that all I had was an unwieldy club. I swapped with Frenchy Veilleux for a carbine manufactured by Winchester. Since I had carried one at the ranch, I had trust in Winchesters.

One night on guard duty Don Ordahl and I sat back to back covering an indistinguishable wall of sugar cane, silhouetted black against a moonlit sky. As we watched the tops of the sugar cane part, I thought it was pigs. There were plenty of them running wild on the island, feeding on casualties of the war. I emptied a clip at ground level, expecting to hear a lot of grunting and squealing; but we heard nothing. Later we were told that our area was infiltrated. Two Japanese made off with a couple cases of rations, but as the intruders crawled into the can of an earth mover for an express ride out of the area, it turned out they boarded the wrong express. The Seabee operating the rig saw them in his rear view mirror and stopped his machine under the floodlights at the guard station.

Water was a precious commodity. We were rationed two canteens per day with which we satisfied our thirst, shaved, washed, and laundered our socks. One morning Eugene DiMiao found a jeep trailer half full of water parked in the area. He dug his soap and towel from his barracks bag and was lathering up his hairy chest when Major Jack Goodie arrived. With a big toothy Italian grin, DiMiao said, "Sure rained last night, didn't it, sir?" "Rain hell," said the Major, "You're sitting in our drinking water." Our lister bag had been punctured during the night, and the jeep trailer was the best substitute they could come up with.

Our latrine was a slit trench located at the lower end of our area, and users were accompanied by an armed guard. A blazing burst of gunfire sent an alarm through the camp; someone was in danger. John Schwab was the

heroic defender; but the enemy proved to be a Seabee behind a coral rock, wanting only a moment of privacy. I was writing a letter when we heard an exchange of rifle fire. Jim McKinley and I went to a high point from which we could see Japanese and our infantry men exchanging fire, and then our infantry men opened up with flame throwers and burned the Japanese out of their cave below our camp. It was like sitting in the bleachers watching a rodeo, but this was no rodeo!

Japanese air raids came at night, and they usually hit Saipan. When our searchlights locked onto them, their aircraft lit up like bright stars in the sky. Our antiaircraft fire was spectacular, and sometimes they hit their target. Tokyo Rose announced the strikes on the radio and called the shots with such accuracy I bet money on her predictions; but when she predicted the recapture of Tinian, I did not bet. Major Goode ordered us to dig foxholes. I got a pick from supply, dug a foxhole, and put an open ended barrel in it to crawl into. What a wonderful day it was! We received our first mail, and I had a bundle of letters. When Major Goode checked the area, I was reading my mail beside my bonfire. He commended me on my foxhole but asked why in hell I would build a fire on top of my foxhole—"a bull's-eye for a target."

Conditions on Tinian improved rapidly. We moved from pup tents into squad tents; and while I was enjoying a good sleep on a cot, dreaming about "Old Paint" and the ranch in Montana, "Wham!," a blast blew the tent down. I woke up bound in canvas, scared stiff with the wind knocked out of my lungs. "Damn," I thought, "that hit close!" I took inventory of my parts—arms, legs, and I wiggled my toes and fingers to be sure I was in one piece. When I came out from under the canvas, "My God!" I found the whole area in shambles, for all of our tents were down, and men were wandering around wondering what the hell had happened. Eventually we were told that a suicidal Japanese saboteur had blown up the Seabees' explosives dump. A hundred-twenty tons of dynamite went up in the blast, debris scattered everywhere was all that was left of it and ten men of the 107th Seabee Battalion who were in the process of changing their guards when it happened.

I admired the Marines and the Seabees. They did their job well, and in no place was that more evident than at North Field, which was a Japanese airstrip at the far end of the island near White Beach where the Marines made their landing. Japanese fortifications still contained the bodies of the dead. Grisly relics of war scattered everywhere, amphibious tanks, ammunition, grenades, helmets, and boots with feet in them. The Naval Logistics Construction Battalion or Seabees as they were known,



came with bulldozers, and what had been a battlefield was soon a maintenance depot. The papaya grove became a taxiway. Four huge runways were under construction, 250 feet wide and 8,500 feet long. In a few short weeks Tinian Island changed from the devastation of war to a huge construction site. Highways encircled the island; mess halls, water and sewage facilities, outdoor theaters and recreation halls were built. Our squad tents gave way to plywood barracks, and the ox and oxcart that the fellows from Oklahoma had appropriated were condemned as being a traffic hazard.

On the 18th of January the Seabees joined us at North Field to welcome the arrival of the first contingent of our air echelon. Vehicles and men lined the runway as Lieutenant Raymond Johnson and his crew from the 99th Squadron of the 9th Bomb Group touched down in the first B-29 to land on Tinian. He came in low over White Beach and touched down only a short distance from where the marines had landed six months earlier.

With the construction of North Field nearly completed, I was assigned to a brand new B-29, number 888, manufactured at the Renton factory near Seattle, Washington. Our Crew Chief was Glen LeGrand, and our ground crew consisted of James R. McKinley, Donald E. Tayson, Marion B. Thrasher, and myself as electrical technician. Our crew was one short, but inasmuch as I had completed the Aircraft Engine Technical School at Amarillo, I could work on engines, too.

Captain John H. Hobaugh and his flight crew were assigned to the airplane and flew their training missions on January 27th, 29th, and 31st, and February 6th over Japanese held islands of the Marianas. Hobaugh said, "I expect you members of the ground crew to fly in this airplane after you work on it." I said, "I've been trying to do that from the time I enlisted as a cadet." So Hobaugh took me with him. I wasn't being paid for it—I was along for the ride, and Hobaugh wanted someone around who knew the airplane and was willing to get his hands greasy. That suited me fine, and I flew with them on the 31st over Rota, a small island between Tinian and Guam. I monitored functions with the crew, and the bombardier invited me to drop a bomb on a grounded freighter off the north end of the island. That was about the time General LeMay was transferred from India to replace Hansell in the Marianas. I was aboard the airplane again on the 9th of February. That was to be a training mission to bomb Moen Island in the Truk Atoll, but they chalked it up as combat after encountering heavy flak over the target area.

Later our Renton B-29, number 888, was replaced by B-29, number 544, manufactured by Bell Aircraft

Company in Marietta, Georgia. The Renton airplanes were designed with a thin wing which did not accommodate fuel tanks of sufficient capacity to give the airplane the necessary range to fly to Japan and back. I was saddened to see 888 go, but 544 was a beautiful airplane.

After Colonel Eisenhart arrived, regulations were strictly enforced and ground crews were restricted to checkouts or slow time. No passengers or pets were permitted on combat flights. That had always been the case, but the decision had been left to the airplane commander. I was glad to have gone to Truk.

I gathered some bottles and went to the beach for target practice. While I was alone, pecking away at a bottle in the surf, I noticed warships gathering on the horizon. As they approached, I saw landing crafts group and move out toward me, and fighter planes lift from the deck of an aircraft carrier, circle and come in low at me. I was curious, wondering what the hell was going on, and then I went into shock. "Good God," I thought, "It's an attack! This was Tokyo Rose's prediction. The Japanese are coming to retake Tinian Island." I thought of all the money that I had won betting on her predictions. She called the shots, and there was nothing I could do. There was no time to give alarm and to get our planes in the air, and my only defense was five rounds of ammunition for my carbine and three beer bottles. I watched in absolute horror as the fighters bore in on me until the last moment when they pulled up, and I could see the insignia of the United States Navy on the bottom of their wings. I was observing a mock run for invasion of Iwo Jima.

Lieutenant Archie L. Nash replaced Captain Hobaugh as commander of our airplane, and we became nursemaids to a new brood of flight crew, their welfare attached to every nut and bolt that we put our hands to. Glen LaGrand was our first crew chief, replaced later by Elmer Hampton. They were as conscientious as any persons I have ever known. The airplane was their baby, and they were mother hens to the flight crew. They were both knowledgeable of service procedures and knew much of the tech order by heart. For that which they didn't know, they had available a dog-eared copy of the tech order that we could put our greasy hands on. Other ground crews would say the same of their crew chiefs, such as French Veilleux or Curly Klabo to name a couple as well as our maintenance officer, Major Norman E. Wienberg. They were regular Army men. In most part the ground crews were the product of months of tech schools. They put in long hours over hot engines or in the baking bowels of the airplane. In most cases a mechanic was assigned to each engine and an electrician to each airplane.

North Field thundered with activity. Our planes hit



Nagoya on the 11th, Osaka on the 13th, Kobe on the 16th, Nagoya for the second time on the 18th and the Mitsubishi Aircraft Engine works on the 24th, and mined the Straits of Shimonoseki and the approaches to Hiroshima on the 27th and 30th. It was flown by Nash, but in late March Captain Burton E. Cox took his place as airplane commander, and the airplane was named “Cox’s Army.”

Our airplanes lumbered off the runway loaded with 7,000 gallons of gasoline and their bomb bays stuffed, either with firebombs or with general purpose bombs, high explosive bombs, or with mines (the ones with the untrustworthy salt arming washers—compliments of the Navy—that no one felt comfortable around).

Weather permitting, which was not always the case over Japan, our airplane was scheduled to fly a mission every forty-eight hours. The group chalked up 261 missions during the month. Missions sometimes extended to fifteen hours in the air, and by the fifteenth hour every eye of the ground crew scanned the sky. Some never found what they were looking for. The ground crews were conscientiously aware that the lives of the air crew depended upon their skills. Oh! how happy I was when “Cox’s Army” would roll onto her hardstand and all of her crew came out without a scratch. Our plane was as smoky as a grilled sausage - but there was not a scar on her.

We studied the dog-eared tech orders and worked long hours maintaining and repairing battle-weary airplanes.. I painted a little black bomb on the nose of “Cox’s Army” after every mission. Although she was weary and covered with soot, she picked up no serious battle scars, and none of her crew were injured. It was her engines that took the beating, but she got four new ones at Production Line Maintenance and went back into action.

It was over Uji-Yamada that “Cox’s Army” developed a strange malady. Her intervalometer ticked off the bomb shackles backwards, releasing the top bombs before the bottom bombs and filling the bomb bay with loose live, shifting bombs that couldn’t find their way out. When the bombardier got the message, he jettisoned the works, but some bombs became wedged and stuck in the bulkheads, and the crew had to pry them out and dump them overboard by hand. Because of their swift and decisive action the bombs didn’t explode in the airplane, but the crew did when they got home. They exploded at crew chief and then at me, the electrical technician. I fully expected a swift kick in the seat, but they said only, “Fix it.” I had no idea what to fix. I studied the dog-eared tech order, the wiring diagrams and ran tests. Since everything was in perfect order except it ran backwards, I began the process of isolation, disconnecting the system

at the central bulkhead and checking separate systems. They worked perfectly—hmm—I had found the problem—internal stresses in the fuselage had sheared the connector pin. I went to the supply depot for a replacement, but they had nothing. I tried my luck scavenging the part from a wrecked B-29, but no luck; the connector was badly damaged. Then I found a Japanese shell casing which was about the size, had it cut down, and made a connector. It did the job, and “Cox’s Army” was the only B-29 that flew with a Japanese shell as part of its working mechanism. For that I received the nickname “Cannon Plug Pete” from the line chief. Years later I came upon a clipping in a Boeing Aircraft news publication and learned that others had encountered the same problem. Perhaps theirs were a little worse, for it took them many hours to fix them.

Members of our ground crews rarely received decorations, and justly so, for we did not risk our hides in combat; but one time it did happen and I was witness to it from across the taxi way. It was an impromptu ceremony under the nose of “Goin’ Jessie” with no parade and no formation. There was only the forty-six little black bombs painted on the nose of “Jessie” to vindicate General Carl Spaatz, Commanding General of the Twentieth Air Force, pinning the Legion of Merit on Crew Chief Einar S. Klabo, August 1, 1944 “Goin’ Jessie” was the top performing B-29 in the Marianas. She took off every time she was scheduled to fly, for forty-six successive combat missions and never turned back without carrying out her assigned mission. Lieutenant John D. Fleming and his crew christened her and flew thirty-two of her first forty-six missions. Then Lieutenant William Reynolds and his crew helped to keep her record intact by flying the last five missions to the count of forty-six. “Jessie” went on to chalk up a grand total of fifty-one combat missions to become the undisputed queen of B-29s. She was flown by seven airplane commanders, but she was maintained by only one ground crew. One day we were called upon to stand formation for the presentation of the awards. I’ve forgotten the names of the recipients, but later one of them wrote, “The formation was the damndest collection of greasy ragtags I have ever seen.”

Don Ordahl came into the mess hall wide-eyed. He said he saw the bomb that the 509th is going to drop—it’s concealed under a yellow tarpaulin and looks like the gondola of a P-38, like something a man is going to ride in. Don said, “The Japanese are doing it. Do you think they would put us in a thing like that do you?” The Japanese developed what they called the Ohka or “Cherry Blossom” bomb. It carried a man with a 2,640 pound warhead which they mounted beneath the fuselage of their



Betty bombers. We called it the “Baka Bomb” or stupid bomb. During the battle of Okinawa, the kamikaze suicide planes and the Baka bombs caused a great deal of damage and sent the morale of our fighting men to an all-time low. Don Ordahl’s eyes narrowed and said, “If that is what it is, who are they going to put in it?” Richard Novak said, “I would imagine they would want someone small, about your size. You could zoom right in and pluck out a War Lord.”

There had been a great deal of speculation about the 509th, for they had been on the island for a couple of months with their new B-29s on their hardstands glistening in the sun. Their ground crews hadn’t soiled their coveralls, and their flight crews sat around their poker games in their barracks. The only thing they had encountered was flak from the other flight crews that were risking their necks. Some thought the 509th was designed to drop the English “Block Buster;” but if that were the case, why were they stripped of guns and ammunition to reduce weight and yet they carry all those men with no apparent jobs to do. Novak said, “Hell that figures; they will ride the bombs.”

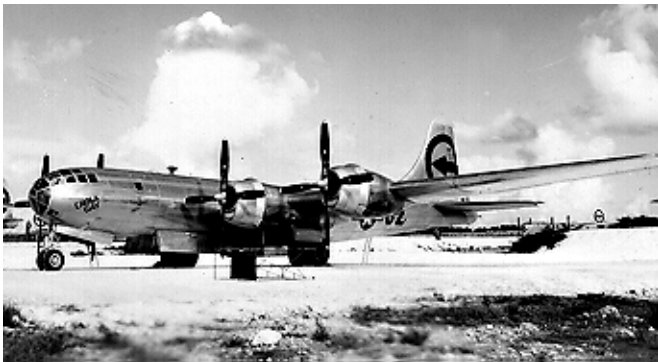
The answer came in a few days. While I was eating, Robert Pyles came into the mess hall and said, “A plane from the 509th dropped a bomb that is said to be 5,000 times more powerful than anything we’ve dropped so far.” I was sitting at the table with some other fellows, and we just looked at each other and smiled. Elmer Hampton, standing behind Pyles said, “That’s a lot of bull!” Then Gile Iliff, who just came in, said, “No, Pyles is right, it’s on the bulletin board.” The first atomic bomb had destroyed Hiroshima, and the war ended a few days later.

TARGET: KOBE, 5 JUNE, 1945

Len Miller, AC,

Assisted by Tal Gunderson, FE, 5th Squadron

Dedicated to the memory of Lt. Richard Hughes, KIA



formation raid with our squadron spearheading the 9th BG. Our crew was to fly in the No. 6 position until we turned to our southerly heading after the bomb drop. Then the second and third flights would cross over, and we would assume the No. 9 position. As we had no formation flying since leaving training at Alamogordo, NM, on April 11, 1945, this was somewhat of a surprise to me. Also, this would be only my fifth mission and only the fourth for the remainder of the crew. All of our missions had been night mining sorties.

At 0127, June 5, we started engines and took off from North Field at 0148 exactly on schedule and soon reached cruising altitude of 7,000 feet. All engines were running well with the exception of No. 3 which was trailing a thin wisp of smoke. TSgt Tal Gunderson, our flight engineer, soon determined that we were burning a small amount of oil; but it should cause us no problem if it did not become worse. Shortly after passing Iwo Jima we encountered weather that gave us a rather bumpy flight for an hour or so.

About an hour before formation assembly time of 0846, we donned our combat equipment and climbed to our assembly and bombing altitude of 13,000 feet. As we joined the formation, we could see B-29s everywhere all heading toward the Empire. We met with no enemy activity until we passed the IP (Initial Point). Then the flak batteries became active. Twin engine Japanese planes flew around our Group informing the guns on the ground of our altitude. We could see and hear the bursts but were not hit.

After we dropped our seven and a half tons of incendiaries, we executed our crossover and became No. 9, the lowest ship in the formation. It was then that the enemy fighters began their attacks, diving at us as from out of the sun. We were definitely marked. Our No. 3 engine was emitting a long trail of smoke which seemed to make us appear to have been hit by flak. One after another, six fighters came at us from the 10 o’clock high position. Needless to say, I was tucked in closely below and behind the plane of our Flight Leader Capt C. W. Cox so as to obtain the benefits of his firepower along with ours.

SSgt Ellis Erdman, our CFC, called out the positions of the attackers. The entire plane shook as the 50s were fired. A call came from Cpl Bill Chancellor, our lanky tail-gunner, that he had been hit but could continue firing. Several more fighters attacked. Sgt Allen, the radio operator, reported that he, too, had been wounded, but only slightly.

It was then that I spotted two fighters coming at us



in a coordinated attack. They were not coming from out of the sun as the others had but were flying at our exact altitude and below sun level, firing 20 mms as they closed. It appeared that they might be going to ram us as they did not attempt to go either over or under us. A fraction of a second before a possible collision I pulled back the control column sharply and popped it forward so as to hold our proper formation position. Both planes swept beneath us. I could see the goggles on one of the pilots as he went under us. Several of the 20 mms hit us and knocked out the pressurization. That caused no problem because of the relatively low altitude.

For a few seconds we had no more attacks but I received a call from Sgt Jim Daly and SSgt Bob Beacham, our waist gunners, that Lt Dick Hughes, our radar operator and youngest officer, was lying on the floor by his position and appeared to be badly wounded. Navigator Wayne Bowman volunteered to go back to give assistance. Despite the fact that more fighters were coming at us, he crawled through the tunnel. Time was measured in only fractions of a second although it seemed like forever. As Wayne was proceeding to the aft compartment, several more planes fired on us. Then, abruptly, all attacks ceased as the fighters decided to concentrate on the groups following ours. A few miles to the port side we could see a B-29 in a spin but saw no parachutes. Our formation stayed together and headed toward the open sea. Wayne soon reported that Lt Hughes was unconscious and did not appear to be breathing and that he would stay with him until he was certain. A check of the crew showed that there were no other injuries.

On checking damage to our ship, we found that we had some problems. No. 1 engine's prop governor stuck at 2,000; No. 2 was backfiring, and we had to keep low settings on it; the generators on both Nos. 3 and 4 were out. No. 3 was running low on oil and had to be feathered, and No. 4 would not put out more than 2,000 RPM. With the exception of our radio compass we had no radios, and we were not certain if the gear and flaps were operable. The formation disbanded when we were several miles out over the Pacific. We attempted to get a plane to buddy us by firing flares, but no one saw them. We were on our own. Navigation was no problem as we had our "bird-dog" and could home in on the Iwo Jima radio. Our immediate concern was the inability to hold altitude. We were losing 50 to 75 feet per minute and were heading into a storm. Sgt Allen was working feverishly on the radios. Plans were made for ditching but only when we were much closer to Iwo. We discussed what articles could be thrown overboard but decided not to discard anything as it would make little difference.

The storm became worse as we continued. After two and a half hours the needle on the radio compass pointed directly at zero. We estimated that we should be fairly close to Iwo. By that time we were down to 300 feet and could see large waves below us but no sign of the island. I glanced at the altimeter and was startled to see that it showed we were climbing about 300 feet per minute. In a few minutes we topped off at 1,200 feet. We were again in the overcast and still could not locate Iwo. I tried the radio channel for a Ground Controlled Approach but could raise none. At that instant Sgt Allen came to the flight deck and informed me that he had the radio fixed so that I could contact Iwo radio. The long range radio was also operable, and he had contacted Tinian. I told him to notify Tinian that Iwo was socked in and that we would attempt to ditch at the nearest surface Dumbo to Iwo. As he turned back to the radio compartment, we broke into clear weather; we were in the eye of the storm with Iwo a mile or two to our left. We contacted Iwo radio for landing instructions and were told to land to the north. As we were already on the downwind leg, Lt Bob Drew, pilot, got out the checklist; and we ran through it rapidly. Our worries about the landing gear and flaps proved groundless since both functioned perfectly.

We had extreme drift to the right on the final approach but were able to compensate with no difficulty. We landed solidly, heading straight down the runway. The crosswind was so strong that it took full right rudder to keep us going straight. As we slowed down slightly, the plane started to weather vane toward a row of P-51s to our left. Lt Drew and I both hit full right brake, blowing an expander tube in the braking system and also blowing out one of our right main tires. We continued toward the fighters, and I shouted to Tal to hit the crash bar which cut off all power in the ship. (Later we learned that a fire in No. 4 had started on landing but was extinguished when the crash bar was hit.) Just as it seemed we were about to crash, the wind let up enough so that rudder control was regained and we continued on for an instant. The wind once again headed the ship toward a second row of P-51s. We could do nothing except keep our feet on the two right rudder pedals. We had tried our hand emergency brake earlier, and it, too, was useless.

We prepared for the worst, but again the wind diminished, and we regained control. We slid past the fighters before starting a west-bound drift once more. This time we headed directly toward a Jeep and a weapons carrier. There were two men in the Jeep and four men aboard the weapons carrier. As they saw us bearing down on them, all leaped out and ran just in time. The 17-foot



props of Nos. 1 and 2 engines and left wing flap tore both vehicles apart. Finally we came to a stop against an embankment at the edge of the runway. Ambulances and fire trucks rolled up, but there was nothing for them to do except remove the body of Lt Hughes. He was buried with military honors the next day in the 3rd and 4th Marine Division Cemetery.

On June 7, 1945 we were given another B-29 to ferry back to Tinian and arrived there without further incident. However, in view of the many other events that happened during the mission of June 5, I am convinced that there had to be a third Pilot on board.

IF ONLY PHIL COULD TALK

Charles Aguar, Gunner, 1st Squadron

An October 11, 1945 sea search sortie for a missing aircraft carrying a full crew plus an AAF general turned into an unusual happening - proving that WWII overseas stories did not all end with the last combat mission on August 15.

The story behind the story: Flying in "Passion Wagon" (Circle X-043), Crew R-34, 1st sqdn departed North Field, Tinian, at daybreak to search the latitude of 18 degree N - 139 degree 30' E in the direction of the Philippines. By afternoon, we had been flying the ocean with back and forth flights that almost overlapped. The boredom was broken by a "Mayday" call from one of the other search planes which had to return to Tinian early, due to a fuel leak. We had seen nothing but whitecaps and an occasional manta ray, but then someone whispered into his throat mike, "What's that?" Captain Bill Barnhart, AC, broke from the search bearing and circled back. CFC gunner Matt Stricker riding right blister and I in my left blister trained our powerful binoculars on an object in the water and then cried out in unison. "Life raft!" We could see something on the floor of the raft but, as we circled a second time, it was clear that no crew members were in the raft and our short-lived excitement was dashed. We assumed the object in the raft was just a piece of clothing. Nevertheless, the location was important so the po-

sition was nailed by Navigators Johnnie Ziemniak and John Schwendimann and Radio Operator "Hut" Dahlberg passed the information along to the Navy destroyer that was standing by for rescue duty. We continued with the search until dark and then returned to North Field--eleven hours and twenty minutes from take off. We made a second search four days later with no luck. We heard the search was abandoned after several days with nothing else sighted.

Two weeks later, after a very work intensive day cleaning up T.N. Teeny.II, I was about to catch up on sack time when my nose felt the paper pinned to my pillow, on which was a message which read, "Call Hank at Navy Radio Shack. Important!" Radioman Henry Reinders was my best friend from my home town; we had graduated from high school only a week or so before he went into the navy and I into the air cadet program. Thinking he had intercepted some message from home, I telephoned him right away only to learn that he had "a present" for our entire crew and, if I could assemble as many crew members as possible, he would bring it right over. It all sounded very mysterious and, while we had played many tricks on each other since grade school, it hardly seemed like this was anything like that or that he possibly could have something of interest to the entire crew. Hank had access to a jeep and, since the intersection of Broadway and 59th Street wasn't far, he was at the door of our quonset hut within a half-hour. All of the enlisted members of the crew were awaiting the "reception", drinking warm beer and half asleep (I thought it best not to bother the officers until morning). When Hank knocked on the screen door, there was this silly grin on his face and, as I held my flashlight beam on him, I saw he wore something on his shoulder--a small monkey that seemed very tame. Hank gave us the news that this was a male monkey, and that it now belonged to Crew R-34.

The Story: The mystery monkey, obviously someone's pet, was the only survivor of the lost aircraft and was the "lump" in the bottom of the raft that we had thought was discarded clothing. The crew of the destroyer had recovered the monkey and taken it to the naval base on Saipan, with instructions to try and locate the crew which had spotted the raft and see that they got the monkey. They had no names but knew that only a limited number of B-29s would have been searching on that particular day. With something to break the tedium of post-war non-events, the communications people relayed the story on to Tinian. Hank Reinders picked up the message and knew right away that it was our crew since I had told him about our spotting the "empty": life raft. He arranged

for the pet monkey to be brought to him on the landing craft supply “taxi” that made regular trips between the two islands.

We named the monkey “Phil” and, with the idea of cheering up what had become a lonely and depressed Phil, we brought a female monkey back with us from the Philippines in December to keep him company. We named her “Phyllis.” We thought it might be interesting to have a part in bringing postwar monkeys into the world because they helped us clean up as they ate scraps of GI food although their favorite gourmet food was, of course, bananas.

I’ll close with some good news and bad news... the bad news first, Banana trees grow on Tinian but the fruit never ripens in the North Pacific climate. It became a real chore to arrange to buy or trade for ripe bananas from Guam or other more tropical islands to the south. The good news is that Phyllis showed great motherly love for Phil and adopted him as one of her own for lice elimination and other personal hygiene, that is; not the slightest interest in romance did she show. Someone declared that one was a Capuchin species, while the other was a Rhesus. We couldn’t tell the difference for they were, after all, both monkeys. The good news is that Tinian today is not overrun by monkeys in an angry frame of mind because they are unable to find ripe bananas, and they have no opposite sex companions of the same species.

FIRE BLITZ

George Edwin Albritton, Navigator, 1st Squadron

The night of March 9-10, 1945 is indelibly etched in my memory. General LeMay had ordered the Pacific B-29s on a fire bombing raid of Tokyo at 5-6000 feet. We thought we were high altitude precision bombers; however, jet stream winds at high altitudes in the neighborhood of 175-200 knots made accurate bombing very near impossible. Also, incendiary bombing in Europe had been very devastating. One of the 1st Sqdn crews lacked confidence in their navigator so I as Sqdn navigator was scheduled to fly along and check his work. Take-off was uneventful and we passed between Iwo Jima and Chi Chi Jima some time later with radar identification and headed on a west-northwest course, after which we were to turn north-northwest on the final leg to Tokyo. After an unknown period of time had passed, the navigator notified me that he had forgotten to note the time of the Iwo fix. We did not have any idea how far we had gone.

All is not lost—we will fix our position with celes-

tial navigation which is measuring the elevation of the stars with a bubble sextant. This we did and after three fixes, found that we were some 100 miles east of course. He then gave the pilot a course to correct to get back on our planned course. He also gave him an estimated time of arrival at Tokyo after we corrected the error. My position was to be in the tunnel looking out the astrodome for other planes during the time in the target area. About the time we should have reached the coast of Japan and picking it up on radar, we were in a terrible storm and the radar would not function due to the storm clouds. We flew on for some time in the storm and tried flying as wingman on another B-29 in the storm. He banked away and left us so we kept on a northwest course for quite some time. About 30 minutes after our estimated time of arrival had elapsed, the clouds cleared enough so that we could see Polaris which is the north star. You can measure the elevation of it and with the small correction, obtain your latitude which is the distance north of the equator.

After this calculation, I notified the AC that we were 60 miles north of Tokyo, and that we had to be Northeast for if we were Northwest, we would have flown into Mt. Fuji which is northwest of Tokyo (and about 13,000' high) about 20 minutes ago. We were at 5,500'. He immediately climbed to 14,000' and headed southeast and we began shooting and plotting celestial fixes. After three such fixes, we determined that we were about 175 miles southeast of Tokyo.

What should we do? Would our fuel supply permit us to return to Tokyo and drop our bombs? Would we jeopardize our crew and airplane and have to ditch in the ocean short of our Tinian Base? We had been in the air a long time during the high fuel consumption phase of the mission. The AC asked me what I thought we should do. Everyone had been deeply concerned about this mission and that we would be sitting ducks for the anti-aircraft guns going in at 5-6,000'. Would our decision be questioned if we turned back? Would we lose a valuable B-29 and maybe crew members if we ran out of fuel and had to ditch in the ocean? We were not lost now but could return to base from this position. The flight engineer was consulted about how much fuel remained and the possibility of going back to Tokyo and then making it back to our Tinian base. It is questionable.

My comment to the AC was that if we jettisoned the bombs and returned to base, we could always go back on other missions. This we did, and that is exactly what happened - the crew finished the war and a B-29 was not lost in ditching.



My flight log records that we were in the air 16 hours and 5 minutes for that flight. Two 9th BG planes ditched on the morning of March 10, and three airmen lost their lives. One crew had been in the air 17 hours and 30 minutes before they ran out of fuel and ditched. How did this experience affect my life? I had been an agnostic - neither confirming nor denying a belief of a God of the Universe. That 30 minutes of flying at night in a terrible storm expecting to crash into Mt. Fuji at 200 mph crystallized my thinking. I came to a firm belief that there is a God of the Universe. Upon returning, I bowed my head and my heart before Him and promised to serve faithfully if I survived the war. I survived and this I have done.

MY WHOLE LIFE IN A FLASH

Raymond H. Carey, Radio Operator, 5th Squadron

I was on Captain John Hobaugh's crew on the big night incendiary mission over Tokyo. We were one of the first crews over target and the city was burning fiercely as we made our bomb run. I had drunk a bottle of coke on the way to the target and it was too late to go down the tunnel to the privy, so I urinated in the coke bottle and dropped it out the drift meter hatch (with a few appropriate words for the Japs below). We were immediately ringed in searchlights and were getting pounded. We dropped our load of incendiaries and I crouched down and looked to see if all the bombs were out. In that instant there was a blinding flash in front of me and I thought I was a goner. In that instant my whole life did flash before my eyes. Fortunately for me, the hit was in the rear bomb bay, not in the front. It made a sieve of the tunnel and really tore up the bomb bay. We took a direct hit in the #1 engine and had to feather it, took a hit in the right wing and a direct hit in the tail. We were losing fuel all the way back home and were in constant contact with Air-Sea Rescue and our subs. Fortunately, we made it back to Tinian with over 340 plus holes in the aircraft. What a great plane! That was the last time I got cocky on a mission!

AN IWO EXPERIENCE

Raymond H. Carey, Radio Operator, 5th Squadron

I was on Captain John Hobaugh's crew, I believe the mission we had been on was one of the night incendiary missions on Tokyo. We had dropped our load and were back out over the ocean for our return home when we encountered some problems. I don't remember

whether we were low on fuel or we were having engine problems (probably the latter). Anyway, we limped into Iwo Jima and landed. As we departed the aircraft, the Japs still holed up on Mt. Surabachi were sniping at us, so one of the ground personnel told us to "get our ass out of there". They loaded us on trucks and took us to the tents in the visitor area. Five minutes after we laid down on our cots, the air raid sirens went off. All the others ran out to find the bomb shelter but I remained saying something like "its only a practice alert." I was so wrong! Seven or eight Jap Betty's had come calling. Bombs were dropping, planes were crashing, ack-ack was firing seemingly from everywhere. I rushed out of the tent, but had no idea where the bomb shelter was, so I dropped to the sand and started scooping the sand out with my hands. As fast as I scooped, that damn volcanic sand just rolled back in like it was marbles. By the time I was able to get my belly down in the sand a little, the raid was over. I found out later that my navigator had the same experience.

TARGET OSAKA

Dean A. Fling, AC, 1st Squadron

This was the third straight low level fire bombing raid. We had caught the Japanese napping - so far they had no answer to our low level tactics which had wiped out 15 square miles of Tokyo and large parts of Nagoya. Tonights' target, Osaka, was located at the top of a large bay. Ideal for radar identification purposes but also ideal for the enemy to site searchlights and guns on both sides of the bay. And after hitting Tokyo and Nagoya the Japs knew we would be coming after its second largest city and they were on a crash program to greet us.

Take off and flight to Japan were normal- "God's Will" purred like a contented cat as we cruised at 8,000' to our Initial Point (IP). Seeing intense searchlights and anti-aircraft fire just past our IP I decided to ease the nose over, keep the throttles on normal, and go into a slight dive to reach our bombing altitude of 5,500'. Shortly after leaving the IP, descending with our airspeed about 300 mph, we were caught in heavy search lights. Fearing night blindness from the lights I told Pete Peterson, my pilot, that I was going on instruments and for him to watch for any enemy aircraft. About this time we began to experience Anti Aircraft fire. Since we were still 10 minutes from the target I was afraid we were in for an unpleasant bomb run. All at once our tail gunner called "4 engine aircraft coming up fast in the rear-its another



B-29 and man is he travelling—he’s going right underneath us.” That B-29 must have been indicating at least 350 mph when he passed us. And, suddenly, there were no search lights, just blessed darkness. But we could see our friend ahead—he had taken all the lights and was getting all the flak.

We sailed serenely along, reached our bombing altitude, quietly dropped our load and turned, not even hitting any thermals (this was the raid where Lt. Black hit a thermal so severe he barrel-rolled his B-29). Coming off the target we could still see our friend ahead, and this time he was busy fighting off a couple of night fighters making passes at him. In the meantime, we sneakily headed for the coast congratulating ourselves on an easy bomb run and vowing to find our “friend” after getting back to Tinian and buying their crew a drink for taking our lights and flak. Then just as we were fully relaxed ready to start our climb to altitude for the cruise back to base our tail gunner called “3 lights rapidly approaching from the rear.” This got the old adrenaline going again. Then he called that the light had slowed down behind and were going up and down and around like they were hunting something. I forgot about the climb since I was afraid increased power would give our exhaust stacks away. Instead I told the tail gunner to call when the lights stopped hunting. When they did I made a quick 30 degree turn to the right. When they stabilized on our new heading I would make a quick 60 degree turn to the left. We played “cat and mouse” like this for almost an hour when finally the lights turned back toward Japan. At this time we were able to climb to our return altitude, get “God’s Will” on the “step” and at last settle back with a cigarette and muse over the night’s odd happenings.

On return to Tinian we were never able to find our “friend” but many thought they had received that kind of rough treatment from lights, flak and nightfighters. But one thing I and my crew were certain - our trusty B-29 “GOD’S WILL” was aptly named.

HELP! SAVE MY SUNGLASSES

William J. Grady, Gunner, 1st Squadron

The war was over. Our dangerous missions were over, so I thought. Late Sept. 1945, we were to fly a B-29 named “Uninvited.” I think the only reason for the mission was flying time. I know we had Lt. Chuck Curtin as a passenger who wanted four hours before the end of the month. As soon as the plane left the runway, our auxiliary power plant blew up like a bomb. The landing gear

was up but the AC didn’t have enough power to gain sufficient altitude for us to bail out. His only choice was to turn around and land where we had just taken off. He made such a tight turn we thought the wing was going to scrape the ground. We belly-landed and skidded to a stop as the bottom of the plane turned cherry red. When the plane finally stopped, everyone ran to the nearest exit.

Our AC, acting like the captain of a sinking ship, climbed out his window and on top of the plane to count heads until everyone was out. Our navigator, Otho Robinson, was in such a hurry he squeezed his not-so-tiny back end out a one foot square window like a rabbit leaps through a chain link fence. Even though we watched him do it, we still couldn’t believe it.

After we were all safely out, I realized that in my haste I left my government issued sunglasses behind. It was too dangerous to retrieve them, but I couldn’t simply give up on such a high demand commodity. Then I saw one of the rescue crew coming toward the plane carrying an ax. I called him over and said, “hurry, chop off this blister!” He did. I reached in and grabbed my glasses.

A FIREBALL CHASES OUR PLANE

William A. Reynolds, AC, 5th Squadron

I have never heard anyone tell a WAR Story about being chased by a “Ball of Fire.” I thought it might be a change of pace and, perhaps, interesting.

In early 1945, the Japanese used an anti-aircraft weapon which the B-29 crews of the 20th AF referred to as a “Ball of Fire.” A number of B-29s were lost to that mysterious weapon, including, I believe, our 5th Sqdn Jones crew. After the invasion of Okinawa, several Baka bombs were found. Their jet exhaust was our “Ball of Fire.”

One night after we had dropped our bombs and were heading away from the target area, the tail gunner, Cpl. Lou Pieri, announced that a “Ball of Fire” was on our tail and closing. The other three gunners confirmed the sighting. It was a startling announcement but at age 23 you act nonchalant even though the hair is standing rigid on the back of your neck.

I instructed the gunners not to fire unless I specifically ordered it. I nosed the aircraft down, applied power and told the pilot, Lt. J. William Frenz, that when the “Ball of Fire” was about to hit us, we were going to make as hard and flat a left turn as possible. I knew that the “Ball of Fire” was just as subject to the laws of physics as we were. I told the tail gunner to keep a running account of the position of the “Ball of Fire.” Cpl Pieri kept talk-



ing and talking and talking and talking (it seemed like an eternity). When his voice reached a certain pitch, I pulled off the power on the two left engines, put in left aileron and some right rudder and skidded to the left. We were indicating about 280 mph at the time. The “Ball of Fire” zoomed past us on the right side to the great relief and comfort to all concerned. The entire episode could not have taken more than a very few minutes - it seemed like an eternity. We returned to normal flight and headed home, albeit, soiled and sweaty.

A NAVIGATOR CAPTURES A JAP

Walter E. Smart, 99th Squadron

Did you know that one of our 9th BG guys actually captured a Jap???- and right close to our encampment. To set the scene, you need to recall that when we first arrived on Tinian we set up our tents etc. in the middle of a huge sugar cane field. That crop was 7-8 feet tall, and there were few roads leading anywhere. To get to Wing HQ a path was bulldozed through the cane.

The event was recounted by our “hero” whose name I can’t recall, but he was a little skinny lieutenant - a navigator. He had some business at Wing so he started walking up the path with his clipboard. Suddenly, a short distance ahead of him, the cane rustled and parted and out popped a Jap; arms in the air and saying something in his native tongue that probably amounted to: “don’t shoot- I surrender”. He acted scared and miserable, and our navigator allowed as how he personally was petrified.

As he told it: “there I was armed with only my fountain pen”. He regained his composure and motioned his “captive to walk on ahead - which he did -right on in the front door of Wing Hq. The ensuing scene must have been something to behold. The BIG BRASS sitting behind their desks one minute and papers flying in every direction the next. Was it that way? I wasn’t there and the navigator didn’t say anything for publication. But, you wonder just what really happened - did they duck under their desks when they saw the enemy coming in the door? Did they take off through the back door? Who knows? Anyway, someone called the Marines and two truck loads arrived in a flurry of dust, armed to the teeth. All 12 or 15 of them took charge of the captive, who was no longer intimidating the assemblage, and led him away.

You could feel a bit of compassion for the Jap. He must have been a sorry sight, he had escaped capture for several months, probably was half starved, his uniform in rags, and he certainly had to have been a smelly un-

washed creature.

I never heard any more about this event and wonder whether our navigator got a medal.

KELLER CREW POW EXPERIENCE

Martin L. Zapf, Radio Operator, 5th Squadron

This story is unique in that it occurred at the very end of World War II and even beyond the cessation of hostilities. It is the story of the last major daytime air raid of the war and the last Americans captured by the Japanese who were scheduled to be executed. And, finally, the story of the Japanese Lieutenant who prevented the execution and thus saved the lives of 10 men.

To fully comprehend the story it is important to remember a few significant dates:

Aug 06 '45 First atomic bomb dropped on
Hiroshima.

Aug 09 '45 Second atomic bomb dropped on
Nagasaki.

Aug 15 '45 Japan surrendered.

The story begins then on Aug 8, two days after Hiroshima and a day before Nagasaki. As a member of the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, 313th Wing of the 20th AF our crew was based on Tinian, one of the Mariana Islands. It is the same island on which the B-29s that dropped the atomic bombs were also based although they were a somewhat secret squadron at the time and we did not know of their special mission.

Our mission on Aug 8 was the city of Yawata which is on the northwest coast of Kyushu, Japan’s southern most island. The target this day was the Yawata steel mills. Yawata was rumored to be a very difficult target with heavy anti-aircraft batteries and where the 20th AF B-29s had sustained heavy losses in a previous raid from bases in China. We took off from Tinian at 3:00 AM and reached our target at 11:00 AM, bombs were away at 11:30. Our bomb bay doors would not close and we fell out of formation with our squadron because of lost speed due to the open doors. Our top gunner then reported a flak hit in our right wing and a severe fire. Our AC instructed us to prepare for ditching and put the plane in a steep dive in an effort to blow out the fire. We were at about 22,000' over the target and he brought the plane down to the 3,000 ft. level but found the fire was still burning fiercely. He then gave the order to bail out. We



were then about 100 miles west of Kyushu over the Sea of Japan, near a small Japanese island. For a 19 year old, who could not swim, this was an exciting moment. However, I was wearing a Mae West life vest and a 1-man life raft was attached to my parachute harness. I jumped out the forward bomb bay, pulled the rip cord and immediately hit the water as we were at such a low altitude. I inflated both devices and climbed into the raft. The rest of the crew was all around me, probably within 100 yards.

It was a beautiful day, sun shining and the sea calm. We assembled to find our AC was missing and surmised he had left the aircraft too late and was killed. There were 10 of us in the water with only six 1 man life rafts as 4 members of the crew had not been wearing their gear when they jumped. Two other B-29s from our squadron had followed us down and dropped additional life rafts and a Gibson-Girl, (emergency radio). We were able to recover 2 life rafts and the radio which did not work from having been damaged on impact. We assembled and took count of our possessions: eight one-man life rafts for ten men, three survival vests which contained candy Charms and a canteen of water, and an additional four canteens of water which were in the life rafts.

We were in good spirits except for the loss of our AC and were optimistic about being rescued. Our squadron had obviously radioed our position and we knew there were U.S. submarines in the area and the PBY's, amphibious airplanes used for air-sea rescue, were available from Okinawa.

Our optimism was ill-founded as five days later, low on water and those candy charms, suffering from sun burn and salt water sores, we decided we had better head for shore even though this meant captivity and a POW camp for the rest of the war. We learned later that we had been in a mine field and therefore the U.S. submarines were unable to pick us up. We had also drifted several hundred miles to the northeast and the PBY's were unable to find us. Using small sails and hand paddles which were standard equipment in the rafts it took us two more days until we approached the Japanese shore. It was Aug 14. We saw people on the beach watching us and finally fishing boats came and picked us up. Being very cautious, they utilized five boats, putting only two of us on each boat. They confiscated our shoes and jewelry and took us to their village, arriving at about 8:00 p.m. We were tied up and forced to kneel on the beach, surrounded by the villagers who spat on us, kicked and beat us. The local police eventually came and mistreatment continued until we were marched somewhere else, bound and blindfolded. The beatings continued into the night until

we fell asleep on the ground.

The following day, Aug 15, we were taken by truck to another location, then by train to still another, always blindfolded and bound. We were given water and a rice bun and realized that we were now under the control of the military. The next day, Aug 16, we again traveled by train and truck, all day, still blindfolded, arriving eventually in a city which we learned later to be Hiroshima. It was ten days after the atomic bomb. We were kept outside, sitting on the ground, at a military base in Hiroshima. We were still bound and blindfolded. During the day two more U.S. servicemen were added to our group. They were in critical condition and we learned from them that they had been held captive in Hiroshima when the bomb was dropped. In addition to the radiation exposure they had been severely beaten after the bomb exploded. The other members of their crews were apparently killed when the bomb was dropped.

Aug 17, the following day, we were visited by a Japanese officer, a Lieutenant Fukui, who spoke English and said he would come that evening and move us to a new location. We learned later from Lt. Fukui that we had been scheduled for execution but that he had prevailed upon his superiors that Japan had signed the Geneva Convention which prohibits the execution of prisoners of war. Lt. Fukui came with a truck that evening as promised, loaded the 12 of us on the truck and took us through the city to show us the results of the atomic explosion. He told us of the thousands of people who had died and how inhumane it was for the U.S. forces to drop such a bomb. When the tour of the city ended Lt. Fukui took us to a military prison in the suburbs of Hiroshima where he said we would be safe. We were put in small cells, given food and drink. We remained in this jail the following day, Aug 18, during which Lt. Fukui visited us frequently. We learned he had visited the U.S. prior to the war and had friends at Dartmouth University in Hanover, N.H., a Professor and Mrs. Bartlett. He claimed to be a Christian. We also learned from the other two POW's with us that they had been shot down off Kure July 28. One was Norman Brissette from Lowell, MA. and the other was Neal from Kentucky. Both men were severely injured, ill, and died the next morning.

The morning of Aug 19 we were taken by truck to another military camp which was Tode, Headquarters for POW camps in the Hiroshima area. We met another Japanese officer, a graduate of Cambridge University in England. We were given food, drink, cigarettes and new, clean clothing. We also took our first bath in 11 days. At night we met one of the guards who was born in Los



Angeles. He had been sent to Japan in 1941 to visit his grandparents and when the war broke out was drafted into the Japanese army.

We left this camp very early the following day, Aug. 20, by truck. To our surprise there were no blindfolds and we were not tied. We arrived in Onomichi, took a man-propelled ferry across a narrow inlet to the island of Mukaishima. The Japanese officer then told us this was the location of a POW camp. He made us stand at attention and informed us the Japanese government had agreed to surrender to the Allied Forces and that hostilities had ceased Aug. 16, the day after our surrender to the Japanese fisherman. We were obviously surprised and overjoyed, having anticipated a long stay in a POW camp. When we asked why we had not been told earlier and why we had been blindfolded and tied for the past five days he responded that it had been for our own benefit and safety. Since we had been traveling through many areas of Japan that had been bombed, such as Hiroshima, they were fearful of reprisals from the civilian and military personnel.

The prison camp was occupied by about 100 U.S. POWs captured in the Philippines and on Guam in 1942 and about 80 British POWs captured in Java and Singapore. We were told we were to wait in the POW camp until a U.S. team would come to liberate us. Food was scarce in the camp until Aug. 30 when a B-29 came over and dropped supplies and food. This occurred several more times so that we had an excess of rations and food and many of the POWs traded our rations with the Japanese civilians for things like eggs, meat, and fresh vegetables and fruit. Since Onomichi and Mukaishima Island had not been bombed, the civilian population was generally friendly.

Finally on Sept. 12, a U.S. team arrived to liberate us. We traveled by train to Yokohama, by plane back to the U.S. via Okinawa, Guam, Hawaii, arriving in San Francisco Sept. 18.

After the war we corresponded with Lt. Fukui through Mrs. Bartlett at Hanover, N.H. who made copies of his letters and sent them to the 10 members of our crew. In January of 1965 I had the opportunity to visit Japan on business during which I found Mr. Fukui in Tokyo and had a joyous reunion with him. I subsequently lived in Japan from 1973 through 1978 during which I met with Mr. Fukui on several occasions. One visit was in Hiroshima with my family during which he guided us on a tour of the city and the Peace Museum. I also had the opportunity to visit Onomichi and Mukaishima Island where I was fortunate to find the location of the

former POW camp. Mr. Fukui died in November 1987 at the age of 81.

GOD ALMIGHTY..DAMN!

William J. Grady, Gunner, 1st Squadron

We were conducting another night time bombing run to Japan. According to standard operating procedure, the entire squadron's lights were out. That didn't give us any comfort. The entire crew scanned the pitch black sky for signs of danger. Our left gunner, Bob Moore, stared out his blister until his eye's burned from strain. He decided to close his eyes for a few seconds to give them some rest so he could effectively continue his watch. When he opened his eyes, he didn't have to strain to see danger, it was obvious. He saw another B-29 moving directly into us. He wanted to warn the AC, but he didn't think he had time. His life flashed before his eyes as he thought he was about to meet his creator. Paralyzed by fear, all he could utter through his mike was "God almighty". Then, the thought of dying so young registered and he said, "Damn!"

Every member of the crew heard his unusual prayer. Fortunately, the AC recognized his South Carolina dialect and looked left. He cut the power to all engines and our plane, loaded with bombs, dropped like a rock and we had a close call. When we landed, I was discussing the incident with our radio man, McKay Burton. He said he didn't see anything but he knew it was close. When I asked why he was so sure it was close he told me that after our near collision we didn't have our aerial. Needless to say, "God almighty..Damn" is my favorite war-time exclamation.

LAST TO SEE THE "INDIANAPOLIS"

Richard H. Sabey, Radio Mechanic, 99th Squadron

Did you know that the men of the 9th were probably the last Americans to see the cruiser "Indianapolis?" The "Indianapolis" had delivered the fissionable material for the Hiroshima "A" bomb named Little Boy to the port at Tinian Town. The ship departed to the west as we were gathered at the 9th group theater on a late July evening. A submerged Japanese submarine returning to Japan happened upon the "Indianapolis" and sunk it with torpedoes. No SOS was able to be sent and over 800 men lost their lives. Only the Japanese submarine captain saw the "Indianapolis" after we did!

BOOZE FOR BUILDINGS

Casey D. Pawl, 99 Squadron Maintenance Exec. Off.

You will recall that all of the personnel working on the “Line” made two or more horrendous round trips a day from our encampment area to the line in trucks, jeeps, personnel carriers, etc.. This was cut back to only one trip when I had the Seabees build mess and other combat facilities. To accomplish this project I coerced my fellow officers to contribute some of their booze for me to trade with the Seabees for building construction. We then did not have to go back to our area for lunch. This saved many vehicle breakdowns and repairs as well as many man hours saved for “MAX-EFFORTS.”

THIRTY EONS OVER TOKYO

James H. Burkhalter, Bombardier, 1st Squadron

It was a night I knew I would never forget. And for nearly fifty years I have not forgotten. The details are as clear as though they had happened last night.

It was a spring night in 1945. I was a bombardier on a B-29 bomber on a 2 AM run at medium altitude (about 8000') over Toyko - one of the famous fire raids of World War II. Flying single sorties with individual navigation and bomb runs, there were several hundred of our planes. We were each assigned our own one minute time slot over the target after a seven and a half hour flight.

We were as apprehensive of colliding with each other as of any enemy action. Naturally, the raid plans called for all navigation lights out. After all, there were enemy about, and the Japanese fought with determination. They had flak, fighters, and “baka bombs”—kamikazes in flying, rocket-propelled, bombs. (Bakas was our name for them—not the Japanese’s. Baka in Japanese means “stupid”). THEY deliberately used navigation lights so we could see them. After all, they couldn’t hide their very luminous rocket motor anyway, and had no method of landing, so they hoped we would disclose our position by firing on them.

The biggest threat was searchlights, because without them neither their flak, nor fighters, nor bakas could be effective. Generally, it was hard for them to get a searchlight on us, and even harder to keep it on us. Apparently, if we got out of the beam, it was very difficult to recapture us. As a result, they had developed the technique of gang tackling. As soon as one searchlight lit up a plane, all the searchlights in the area homed in on it. Then you were trapped!

We had never been thus trapped on any previous mission, but on this night they got on us just before our bomb release. Suddenly, it was brighter than midday in

the airplane. A few seconds later, I called “bombs away” and Neil Fulton, our AC, hauled back on the control column and started a climbing turn to the right, executing that old Air Corps maneuver known as “getting the hell out of there”.

Just then there was a crash, and small shards of glass were flying everywhere. Strangely, my first concern was that the Colonel would notice that I didn’t have my goggles over my eyes. The group commander, who was a by-the-book West Pointer, was getting in a mission, as was required of all staff pilots, by flying as pilot on our plane, “Battlin’ Bonnie.” His left foot was a few inches to the right of my right elbow. I knew the orders were to wear goggles over the target, but I had had to slide mine up on my forehead to see through the bombsight. I expected the flying glass to cause him to notice. I further expected a real chewing out.

He didn’t notice, and I gradually realized that such was not, at the moment, our greatest concern. All the glass in the front end of the aircraft was grazed and seeing through it was impossible. The B-29 nose comprised a mosaic of curved windows, each about two inches thick of laminated safety glass. It did what it was designed to do - it held together. The panes were curved and fitted into a lattice frame of about 2X2 inch cross section made of tough armor steel. The fighter’s bullet had imbedded itself right at the intersection of two ribs, the common corner of four panes. The shock waves had propagated over the whole nose and shattered every pane. Actually, not every pane - the two little foot windows on either side of my feet were still intact. Their tops came about to the middle of the calves of my legs. Somewhat slanted, their purpose was to give the bombardier (while serving as nose gunner) a view downward and slightly to the rear. When acting as bombardier, I also used them on daylight raids to estimate hit effectiveness as we passed over the target. They were definitely not meant for monitoring the sky around you, e.g., for collision avoidance, unless you were a contortionist. Looking out them level to the side was comparable to putting your head between your feet in a sports car.

We got out of the searchlights and headed out over Tokyo Bay, headed south. The pilots were flying on instruments, since all their glass was grazed, making visibility nil. Having just escaped certain death had the bullet been an inch off in nearly any direction, I was keyed up. I’m sure the adrenaline was flowing with a vengeance. It was then that the really memorable thing happened which forms the point of this story.

Suddenly, I felt something strange! I felt an impel-



ling need to bend over and look out the left foot window. Not the right, the LEFT!, a voice seemed to say. I didn't take time to marvel at this new type of communication - for communication it was; - I bent over with some effort and looked left. What I saw sent a chill down my spine (or, considering my position, up my spine). Just level with us were the wing lights of an airplane, rapidly approaching. We were on a collision course! I turned to the left and shouted "Neil, pull up!" Neil responded with a "Huh?"

"Pull this damn thing up!" is not the normally recommended military way to address a superior officer, especially in the presence of his superior officer, but it did get results. Neil hauled back on the control column, and we shot upwards - just as another B-29 slid under us! They must have been really startled to see another B-29 slide over them. They flashed Aldis lamps at us, evidently to verify they hadn't been seeing things. I'm glad they were disobeying orders and had their navigation lights on. We were still over enemy territory, and had ours off. I never did get disciplined for my unmilitary communication.

Now, I'm a scientist by profession (physicist), so I'm not inclined toward superstitions and occult phenomena. But I am a *live* physicist, and I wouldn't be if I had not heard an "unexplained" voice that night in 1945. And neither would have been 21 other people and all our subsequent offspring, and there would have been two fewer B-29s at the end of the war. I do know that I knew just where and just when to look, and no one will ever convince me that it was merely the tenseness of the moment, or some other "reasonable" explanation. An experience like this is something one doesn't forget.

MISSION TO TOKYO

James H. Burkhalter, Bombardier, 1st Squadron

It was the night of August 30, 1945. We had sweated out a lot of missions, but this was the first briefing we had sweated out because we were afraid the mission might be canceled. The war was over - or was it? In those days, none of us trusted the Japanese. For months, we had been flying over their homeland, dropping unpleasant things on them. We figured they didn't include us in their list of Best Friends, and we might be a tad unwelcome. The Mission was a Display of Force mission, a thing of which I had never heard. It was a smart move, I admit. Because the Japs were notorious about never ac-

cepting defeat, there was a real danger that many of them would think the surrender was a hoax, and that we were still at war, with Japan winning, of course. The sight of the largest bomber force ever assembled, and belonging to the enemy, flying at low altitude for three hours over their capital without even being opposed would surely be enough to convince the most skeptical. We didn't have a complete understanding of the oriental - particularly Japanese philosophy - about "losing face", but we did know they respected force. Looking back from our future, I believe it was good psychology, and I believe it paid off.

Suffice it to say, we did go, and by mid-morning the next day we were flying in a huge rectangular traffic pattern some sixty miles long by thirty miles wide cutting across downtown Toyko - or what had been downtown Toyko. The 400 B-29s left no significant gaps in this circuit, and they followed the path for three hours, repeatedly, before heading back to the Marianas - an 18 hour round trip, longer for some!

General MacArthur was scheduled to arrive at Atsugi airbase 18 miles outside the city at about 3 pm. From here, he would begin the most amazing occupation of an enemy country in all of history. As we flew in Battlin' Bonnie II in that traffic, suddenly our number three engine began to trail black smoke. Since it would be touch and go to get back on three engines, we decided to attempt a landing at Atsugi.

It was not known whether the runway would support a B-29 or not. None had ever landed there. In fact, at that time, none had ever landed in Japan. Again, the single runway was only 4000' long, and only 1000' at each end was concrete. The rest was packed clay. Since we would be moving while on the clay, we didn't worry too much about breaking through although we weighed about 100,000 lbs at the time, but we were used to 8500' runways at Tinian, and 500' wide. We preferred not to have our landing run exceed the available length of runway. It could spoil the appearance of the aircraft. Also, getting off again would take a little skill.

With great skill, Capt. Neil Fulton brought it down safely, successfully making the turn at the end, and brought the aircraft to a full stop on a taxi strip/parking area.

The first response from Atsugi Tower was "Get that B-29 off the parking area!" "Where?" "Pull it out onto the grass!" "We tried to park off of concrete once before. This airplane is heavy, it will break through and mire up." "No it won't. There's a wire mat in the grass out there." "Are you sure?" "Listen, this is Colonel _____, get that !@#\$# B-29 off that concrete, now! That spot is

reserved for General MacArthur, who's due in this afternoon!"

Being thus encouraged, we restarted the (three) engines, and pulled off onto the grass. Well, almost. As the wheels reached the edge of the concrete (18" thick), huge chunks broke off, and, as predicted, said wheels got no further than a foot or so till they had mired deeper than they had travelled horizontally.

We came to a screeching halt. There wasn't any wire mesh there. Neil tried to pull forward by revving the engines, but all he achieved was the invention of a new type of trench-digging machine.

By the time the trip was definitely over, we had brought the rear door about to the runway's edge, with the tail still in MacArthur territory.

Even at only 900 lbs per crew member, we weren't about to lift that airplane out. It would have merely driven our feet into the ground. Besides, some of us couldn't lift that much and walk at the same time. Neil looked it up in the manual, and in spite of a good index, could not find what one does at a time like this. We certainly didn't intend to get out of MacArthur's way by the time he landed. We agreed on that.

The occupation of Japan was only about 5 hours old at this time, so no heavy American towing-B-29s-back-onto-the-runway equipment had yet arrived. We decided to let the aircraft stay put for the time being. Later that afternoon, a P-47 fighter came in, low on gas. By filling him up from our own tanks, we also were able to lighten the takeoff load, making our own chances of getting home better, whenever we could get out of the good Japanese earth.

We also had a half ton or so of crew members like gunners and a bombardier that had become liabilities because of the eventual takeoff problems. We had never taken off in 4000' before. It transpired that we were to have a nice week's vacation in beautiful downtown Atsugi airbase, i.e., in a bombed-out hanger with no roof. Food was not too much of a problem, because there was a constant stream of C-47 transport planes coming in from Okinawa.

Each carried a three-man crew and were supplied with a "ten-in-one" for each trip. Some made several trips in a day. Since a ten-in-one fed ten people for one day or one person for ten days, these crews soon had a surplus of food and were ripe for begging. After a couple of hours meeting planes at the flight line, we had enough rations for a week. We scrubbed out oil cans with sand and washed them for coffee pots, and cooked over an open fire. We slept on the hanger floor. Ah, youth!

We had many interesting experiences there, too

many to relate here, and the time finally came to get the plane out. Four or five days after we landed, we managed to rig up some heavy steel cables to each landing gear. Each gear had a single cable going straight back, and there was a third cable forming a Y to both landing gears. We had a Jap tank and two US six-by-sixes in tandem on each individual gear, and some heavier stuff on the Y cable.

Getting all the slack out, they all pulled at once, and "Battlin' Bonnie" backed out gracefully. Of course, it chewed up great chunks of runway in the process before the wheels got back on solid ground.

We still could not leave, since we had given away too much gas to the P-47. So we had to wait another couple of days for enough gas before we could leave. During this time, several of the gunners asked Neil if they could hitchhike back to Tinian by way of Okinawa, to which an endless stream of empty C-47's were returning for new loads. He said "OK", but only if an officer would go with them to take responsibility. I was the bombardier, which had become a useless MOS, so I volunteered to take on the task. This was a definite asset to the take-off because of the weight.

Although getting a ride to Okinawa was easy, it turned out to be considerably harder to get to Tinian. The only thing close was an available flight to Guam which was OK. We hadn't seen Guam, either. From Guam, however, no one was going to Tinian any time soon. After many hours we finally got a flight to Saipan, which is in sight of Tinian. It only took us two more days to get a ride this last four miles to North Field, our home base.

It turned out that the crew had gotten back two days before we did. They had taken off without trouble, and had experienced an uneventful flight back.

As soon as I got back, I received a letter from my mother, asking "What are you doing in Japan?!" It seems that being the first B-29 to land in Japan had rated notice in the hometown papers of all the crew members.

This was our final mission but one. The next week, we flew another Display of Force mission, this time to Korea, where there were a lot of Japanese military. I will remember that mission because it was the longest time I have ever been in the air. From takeoff at Tinian to landing (thankfully also at Tinian) we were airborne 23 hours and 57 minutes, coincidentally exactly one sidereal day.

The route was approximately Tinian-Toyko-Pusan-Seoul and return by the same route. This time we did the whole trip in one flight.



PLENTY OF CIGARETTES BUT NO MATCHES

Carl Holden, Pilot, 5th Squadron

After hearing all the commotion out in the compound of our POW camp I rushed out to see what the heck was happening. We all knew immediately that the unmistakable sound was that of a B-29. It swooped low over the area directly above all of the internees who had gathered in the middle of the compound. For me that was a great day and a feeling of deep pride, because on the tail of the plane I could see the familiar Circle X that distinguished the B-29s of the 9th Bomb Group. I could plainly read the name of the plane as it darted by. It was the READY TEDDY.

There were no guards at our camp at that time only one Sgt. who acted as an interpreter. After the first pass of READY TEDDY the local citizens rushed out to see what was happening. As soon as the bomb bay doors opened to drop supplies to us, the civilians departed so fast they left their sandals in the street.

Years after the above incident, I met John Hallet, a former Navy man, during a Rotary meeting at Portsmouth, N.H. who said he had helped package the supplies that were dropped to us. I told him how grateful we all were for the food, shaving stuff, medicine, etc. and especially the cigarettes -- "But" I asked "who the hell was the SOB responsible for leaving out the matches?"

BRITISH POW'S APPRECIATION

Carl Holden, Pilot, 5th Squadron

(Carl Holden and crew, flying the NIP CLIPPER on a mission to Yawata, Japan were forced to bailout after being hit by flak. They landed in the Sea of Japan and were picked up by the Japanese and taken to a POW camp near Hiroshima.)

Our crew arrived at Hiroshima POW camp #1 on the island of Mukaishima, a short ferry ride from the town of Onomichi, on August 20, 1945. We spent the first few days getting settled and telling the other POW's what was taking place in the war. In turn, they told us about having to work on the ships at the nearby docks, how they smuggled food into the camp to supplement their diet, and other bits of advice that old hands could offer newcomers.

The evening before we were to be officially liberated, the British prisoners gave us a plaque made of cardboard on which they had drawn a picture of a B-29 flying over a POW camp and dropping a key to a prisoner standing on the ground, while the Japanese guards ran for the

caves to avoid being bombed. They also gave us a piece of paper signed by the 75 British POW's in the camp. At the top of the page was the following poem that expresses how they felt about our efforts as representatives of the U.S. Air Force. The poem was written by Peter Thoran.

We've watched you pass above us, so near and yet so far.

Close as 20,000 feet, yet distant as a star.

So wonder not we watched your flight with envy in our eyes,

For us the confines of four walls, for you the boundless skies.

And here were we with nought but hope and daily growing thinner,

While five miles off were ten free men who'd see no rice for dinner.

You were our single concrete sign of how the war progressed.

So obviously masters, the hope rose within our breast.

T'was evident the Nippon claims were naught but empty boasts,

And how the bitter pill disturbed the livers of our hosts.

Thus, as the sirens frequency through each day increased,

So was the venom of the guards proportionately released.

T'was then we prayed that you'd avenge and with a salvo rock,

The furthestmost foundation of that cursed and hated dock.

But now we've heard about THAT bomb, we breathe a grateful sigh,

And think we're mighty lucky that you just passed us by.

And now the war is over, we know our freedoms due,

To those three-million-and-a-half whose battlefield was blue.

They have fought by sea and land, in battleships and tanks,

But yours is the greatest glory. To you our warmest thanks.

This group of roughly 180 POW's from Singapore and Bataan marched from their prison to the docks in formation behind an American flag they had made themselves. Their objective was to leave in a first class mili-



tary manner, in spite of a great deal of non-military treatment.

I sure was proud of them all.

JOHNSTON ISLAND NAVY HOSPITALITY

Glenn E. Emmett, Radio Operator, 5th Squadron

We didn't know what to expect when we landed on Tinian May 10, 1945. As a replacement crew, we were at the mercy of the Brass and the existing circumstances of whatever group we were assigned to.

We moved into a quonset hut with a crew that had recently ditched. Some of them were scratched and cut up. We were informed that a tail gunner from another crew had recently died at his post after bleeding to death from head and neck wounds. His buddies were unable to extract him from the shattered tail gunner position before he died. It suddenly dawned on us that "war is hell," and it didn't take long for us replacements to conclude that we were probably not going to make it. They split our crew up. I went to the 9th BG as a radio operator and the rest of my crew stayed with the 505th Group. The 9th was the group with the big circle X. On later missions I always kept a lookout for planes from the 505th, thinking I might see the plane in which my ex-buddies were flying.

I was assigned to a very good crew which had already completed fifteen missions over Japan. One consolation was that I would be flying with an experienced crew. The crew's radio operator had been sent back to the states as an instructor, and I had some reservations about taking his place. Naturally, they surely thought he was the best radio man in the Marianas, or he would not have been selected to train new operators before they were shipped over. But, my worries were unfounded as they accepted me and I was treated as if I was one of them.

One of the most memorable events to occur while I was flying with this crew happened on the night of May 25th while we were returning from a mine laying mission to Shimonoseki Straits. We had been briefed before takeoff that if we had trouble making it back to Tinian we could land at Okinawa, where our forces had secured the Yontan air field. Because of low fuel, we had been having trouble making it all the way back to Tinian on almost every mission and had to land at Iwo Jima on five of the first six missions I had flown with this crew. On this particular mission, it was not only low fuel that gave us a problem, weather conditions also played a major role. We learned before we got to Iwo that the island was totally socked in.

Our AC decided to turn our Superfort, the "READY TEDDY", on a heading for Okinawa. When we reached Yontan air field early the next morning, we were shocked at what we saw on the field where we were supposed to land. Years later, our Pilot, John Swihart, recalled the incident vividly for Steve Birdsall, author of "Saga of the Superfortress". This is how John described our predicament:

"Arriving early in the morning at Yontan, we found many burning C-46's, C-54's, B-24's and what appeared to be the remains of a Japanese bomber lying in the middle of the runway. We circled out over the fleet, which was bombarding Naja, and every salvo from the big 16 inch guns of the battleships sounded like a direct hit on our plane.

During this mass confusion, someone finally called us and directed us to land on Codeine, a mud fighter strip for Marine Corsairs. We made it into the strip by the skin of our teeth, after dodging a road grader that scooted out onto the runway just as we were about to touch down. We blew a tire and burned most of the rubber off another in braking for the stop.

We learned that the fires on Yontan had been caused by the Marines on flak towers when they depressed their cannon to shoot at Japanese commandos who had tried to land on the strip aboard five "Sallys".

I flew my last mission with this crew on August 1st because they were completing their 35th mission. We got near Japan but couldn't climb enough to get into the bombing formation because one of our engines wouldn't deliver full power, so we dumped our bombs on a little town on the coast and went back home. The crew left in a few days for the States and, with the exception of John Swihart, I haven't heard from a single member of this crew for whom I had developed a lot of respect and comradeship.

It was pretty lonesome for me after the crew left. I went to the movies every night and can still hear the haunting melody they played as we left the movie area, Glen Miller's "Sentimental Journey," and you can believe that didn't help my morale.

I went on a big "Show-of-Force" mission the day the Japs capitulated. We flew up the coast of Japan, rendezvoused, and made a big circle in order to come down over Tokyo Bay and the battleship "Missouri," where the surrender ceremony was taking place. The formation made another circle and buzzed over the burned out city and out again over the battleship, which was surrounded by hundreds of ships of every size. On one of the low altitude sweeps I noticed some of the big Japanese anti-aircraft guns which were tilted up at a 45 degree angle and remember thinking, "What if some of those fanatic



Jap gunners haven't given up yet. At this altitude they could blow a bunch of us out of the sky like sitting ducks." Of course, this didn't happen and we made the trip back to Tinian without incident.

Back on the ground, a fellow radio operator yelled some news to me that almost put me into orbit. "You are listed on a crew that is going back to the States tomorrow!" Naturally, I told him he was crazy, and who was he trying to kid. But I did go up to the Orderly Room just to check it out. There on the bulletin board were the orders for a crew to fly back to Mather Field in California to pick up some recreation equipment and bring it back to the island, and sure enough my name was on the list. What a high ranking crew it was. I think all the group headquarters types pulled rank to get on that flight. As a staff sergeant I was glad that no radio operators had made captain or better, or I would have been bumped for sure.

The first leg, to Kwajalein, of our homeward trip was perfect and without problems. But on the second leg, to John Rodgers Field at Honolulu, things began to happen. First, the pilots had to feather one propeller and a second engine was losing oil so badly that they decided to make a short emergency stop at Johnston Island for some quick repairs.

From the air Johnston Island looked like an oversized aircraft carrier. It was a major navy base about halfway between Kwajalein and Hawaii, but B-29s on their way to and from the Marianas used the landing strip only in an emergency.

After landing we learned that we needed a new engine as well as other parts. There were no B-29 engines on the island, so they had to fly one in from the States. As things turned out, we were the guests of the Navy for three whole weeks while the necessary repairs were made to our plane. We really enjoyed the stay. The food was great and, compared to Tinian, the living quarters were superior. It was on Johnston Island that all of us stranded B-29'ers vowed that if we were ever involved in another war we would "go Navy". At John Rodgers Field we picked up a large number of passengers. The tail section was full, some were in the tunnel, and some squashed in between me and the navigator. They were fighter pilots and other types who would fly aboard anything in order to get home.

When we arrived at Mather Field we were told that orders had come through cancelling our flight back to Tinian. The war was over! All I could think of at the time was, "Thank God for the emergency landing that we were forced to make at Johnston Island." I realized that my combat days were over and I was home at last in the good old USA. I wanted to drop down on my knees and kiss

the ground, and I think I would have if no one had been watching. I believe that was the first time that I realized I had actually made it through the war. When the realization soaked through that the war was over for me, it was a tremendous relief.

ORDEAL AT HIROSHIMA

Carl Holden, Pilot, 5th Squadron

Our crew arrived on Tinian in April of 1945. We flew our first mission on May 18th during which we laid mines in the Shimonoseki Straits. There is an ironic connection between our dropping mines in the Straits on our first mission and the ordeal this action subjected us to on our last mission. But I will get to that later.

Our plane was named the "SAD TOMATO" and she served us well until we lost power on takeoff run on 14th mission, then on the next mission we lost power on an engine over the northwest coast of Japan. At this point it was decided that she was due for some maintenance work

This is how we came to borrow the "NIP CLIPPER" for our final mission, a daylight raid on Yawata on the 8th of August.

After we made our bomb run over the target, we found that 4 of the bombs had failed to release. We depressurized the cabin so the bombardier could go into the bomb bay and try to kick them loose. Just after he went into the bomb bay we were hit in the right wing by an anti-aircraft burst that set the gas tank on fire. Since we were on a northerly course, we turned left and headed out over the Sea of Japan toward Okinawa. We could not get the fire out although we triggered the CO2 extinguishers and even tried to blow it out by diving at 400 mph. We could not ditch because we couldn't get the bomb bay doors closed, so we decided to bail out. Two of the planes in our element followed us to provide cover -- one above us and the other beneath.

We bailed out about 3,000 feet. When I dropped through the nose wheel hatch I hit my head on something and knocked myself out. When I regained consciousness I was floating down with my parachute open. Airplane commander Keller was the last one out and he landed in the flaming gasoline that was floating on the water where our plane had crashed.

The rest of us grouped together near the middle of the bail out string. At that time we had only four one-man life rafts for the ten of us, but Captain Tulloch's plane dropped four more to us along with a Gibson Girl radio which smashed to pieces on impact with the water. While we were taking stock of our supplies, the two B-29s that



were flying cover for us strafed the fishing boats on a nearby island to discourage them from coming out after us, then flew toward Okinawa to notify air-sea rescue that we were down in the water.

(During the trip home we were told that a sub contacted by Tulloch and Nelson could not come into our area because of mines!)

Our supplies consisted of eight one-man life rafts, 3 Mae Wests, 4 canteens, and five cans of water that we found in the life rafts. It was around noon when we finally got all of our rafts tied together and we all settled down, hoping that our rescuers would get there soon.

That night a Japanese fishing boat passed about 25 feet from us, but we kept quiet and it passed on by. The next morning we could see our planes searching for us about twenty miles to the south. We dumped sea marker dye into the water and flashed our signal mirrors and almost lost a raft when a Very pistol misfired but we failed to attract their attention. During our days afloat, we avoided enemy aircraft by draping the covers over our rafts with the blue side up and we patched air leaks with pieces of well chewed chewing gum and bandaids.

After we had drifted northward for about four days, we saw an island way off in the distance and decided to paddle to it since we were beginning to get low on water. We fought the current for two days and when we finally got pretty close to the island, several Japanese fishing boats came along and took us aboard and headed for the mainland. It was late afternoon when we arrived at their fishing village. Some of us were stripped of our possessions and lined up on the beach in front of our life rafts, which they placed in a pile on the sand. It was almost dark when everyone in the village came down to look at us. Their head man showed them our gear and jabbered a lot as he stomped up and down and pointed at us. I don't have any idea what he told them, but they all started to beat on us with bamboo poles and dropped spiders down our necks.

Later on the military arrived and beat on us some more as they forced us to sit in the sand in a kneeling position. Then we were blindfolded and marched from the beach and about three miles down a dirt road. All we had on our feet were our socks because we had discarded our shoes soon after we parachuted into the sea. We finally arrived at a military compound early the next morning. We heard straw being rustled about and, by peeking from under our blindfolds, we could see them lining some baskets with straw and a wooden scaffold decorated with flags. Some of us thought that they were going to cut off our heads and place them in the baskets.

An interpreter questioned us about where we were

based, how many planes we had, and other such things. But we didn't tell him anything. One of the strangest questions he asked was how many women we carried on board our B-29s. The Japs apparently thought our big planes were equipped with all the comforts of home.

In the middle of his questioning, the interpreter was interrupted and called away. While he was gone, the sun came up and all of the military personnel suddenly let go with some sort of weird chant and we thought it was all over for us. We think they might have called the interpreter away to tell him that the Emperor was going to announce the surrender of Japan later that day, because when he came back they immediately lined us up and marched us to the local railroad station where we were put on board a train.

After a short trip, we arrived at another town and were taken to a second floor auditorium in some sort of official building. Some of us were interrogated individually in small rooms off the auditorium. As they questioned each of us they offered us cigarettes but, because we did not know if the rest of our crew would also get them, we refused the offer. We were allowed to remove our blindfolds and we sat on the floor while a young mascot boy brought us pails of water and rolls. That night we were marched through the town to a jail where we were all put into one cell. The next morning they blindfolded us and took us by truck to Hiroshima where we were put in a wooded revetment under guard. It was my twenty-first birthday. That night we slept on the ground and were plagued by vicious mosquitoes all night long.

The next day two other Americans were put in with us. Both were in terrible shape. One was Ralph Neal, a gunner on a B-24 from Okinawa that was shot down the previous month over Kure. The other, Ronald Brissette, had been a gunner on a Navy dive bomber from the carrier *Ticonderoga* and had been shot down about the same time. Both of these men had been in Hiroshima when the first atomic bomb was dropped on August 6th. They had jumped into a cesspool to avoid the resulting fire storm and had been recaptured when they had climbed out ten hours later.

On August 18th, a Japanese lieutenant named Fukui came by and told us we were going to be moved. We later learned that he had been instructed by his superiors to kill us but, being a Christian, he argued with them and reminded them of the Geneva Convention. Finally they agreed to let him take care of us in his own way. He came for us in a truck that afternoon and took us to his military police jail on the outskirts of town. On the way there he showed us some of the devastation created by the atomic bomb. When we got to the jail we were per-



mitted to wash up for the first time and a doctor was brought in to check us over. He asked if any of us knew anything that could be done to help the thousands of people who were dying from the after-effects of the atomic blast, but we had no answers for him. We were then split up and placed in very clean cells and each of us was given a shot of whiskey and a bowl of tangerines as we settled down for the night.

Early the next morning we were loaded on a truck. They told us that Neal had died during the night and Brissette was too sick to be moved -- he died later that day. They took us to Tode where we were fed cucumbers and rice and spent the night in a hayloft in the barn of an orphanage. Our guard was a Japanese from San Francisco who had been lured back to Japan just before the war started by an offer of a college education. The next day they moved us by truck to the town of Onomichi on the inland sea, and by ferry boat to the island of Mukaishima where we were placed in a POW camp which had at one time been a textile mill.

When we got to the camp we noticed that there were no guards. When we asked about this, we were told that the war had been over for several days. They had not told us because they were afraid we might have tried something foolish and they might have been forced to shoot us.

At the camp there were 106 American and 75 British prisoners. The British had been captured at Singapore and the Americans were from Bataan and Corregidor, many of them had survived the infamous Bataan Death March. Major Ralph Artman, a medical officer, was the only U.S. officer in the camp and the highest ranking officer. All of the prisoners were starved for news, so we broke into groups and filled them in as to what had happened since their capture. Some of the prisoners stole some wine from a Japanese Navy supply warehouse next to the prison compound, and passed it around.

“GOIN’ JESSIE”—TOP PERFORMING B-29

Charles G. Chauncey, Pilot, 5th Squadron

We picked up our brand new Wichita-built B-29 at the Herington, Kansas modification center and, after overseas processing, headed west to join up with our 5th Bomb Squadron of the 9th Bomb Group which was to be stationed at North field on Tinian in the Mariannas Islands where the 20th Air Force’s B-29 Superfortress assault on the Japanese homeland was already underway.

We didn’t know it at the time, but our assigned air-

craft was destined to become the top performing B-29 in the entire Air Force in flying her combat missions against Japan. After we joined our squadron on Tinian, we decided we had better name our ship--so we gave her the name of “GOIN’ JESSIE.” I was pilot on the Lieutenant John Fleming crew, and we made 32 of our 35 missions in “JESSIE” without a single abort.

We were the last plane of our 9th Bomb Group to land on Tinian because of an engine change at Hickam Field, HI. Shortly after we taxied into our permanent parking ramp, the representatives of the Food Service arrived at our plane. They had come to get the rather large case of C-rations stored along with our gear in our rear bomb bay. We told them that it had been unloaded at Hickam Field, and they bought the story. It sure was good to have American cheese, crackers, and chocolate bars for a quick snack with beer or pop. It didn’t last long, maybe a couple of months.

After settling into our new home--a ten-man tent--our AC, Lieutenant John Fleming, and I strapped on our .45 pistols and went down to the flight line to formally meet our crew chief, Sergeant Klabo, and his men. At that time we didn’t know anything about them or their capabilities, so we took the direct approach. We told them that if they were good enough to work on our plane, they had better be ready on a moment’s notice to go for a ride anytime we came to the flight line. And they were always ready to go. We wanted Klabo’s name on the plane and asked what name, or nick name, he wanted to use. He wouldn’t give us one, so we called him “Curly.” He did not have a single hair on his head.

While living in tents, we soon learned before leaving on a mission to put our shoes, footlockers, and everything else on top of our cots. It seemed like every day we would have a downpour of rain which would wash the loose things clear out of the tent and fill the bottom of our footlockers with water. During one of these quick downpours, the water would flow through our tent two to four inches deep. No normal trench around the perimeter of the tent could contain a gully-washer such as that. Our Quonset huts were great after they finally got them completed.

The scariest night I spent was while we were still housed in tents. Headquarters had received word that the remaining Japs on the island were going to make a banzai attack on our airfield. Our campsite was bordered with sugar cane fields and our tent, on the outside row, was probably 200 yards from one of these fields. Extra guards were posted and machinegun nests were established all around our camp. We all had to sleep with our 45 caliber Colt sidearms under our pillows. Some of the guards--



and one in particular--kept yelling for the Sergeant of the Guard all night long. We were so afraid that we were hardly breathing, and you could hear your heart pounding as you lay there in the darkness. Then someone would think he heard something outside and cock his pistol, setting off a chain reaction down the line of tents. After much cussing and discussing and finally finding out there was nothing there, everyone would put his pistol back under the pillow and try to get some sleep. Fortunately for us, the raid never came off and I don't recall any casualties from someone getting trigger happy.

The most difficult blind takeoff we made was during a torrential downpour of wind and rain--a real deluge. Although our runways were 250' wide, 8,500 feet long, and bordered with boundary lights, we had no center stripe to follow. John was going to take off on instruments while I observed our runway position. We taxied our airplane into position, immediately following the one taking off ahead of us. He disappeared from sight in an instant because the rain was so dark and dense. With our eyes glued on the airplane starter, we waited for his signal to begin our roll. Fully loaded with bombs and fuel, we knew we would have to get up to at least 140 mph to get off the ground. Most departures were every 60 seconds. Under these conditions, would it still be the same? Had the preceding B-29 gotten airborne? Would we be able to see the runway boundary lights? Every course correction on takeoff had to be made by decreasing the throttles on the side that you wanted to turn towards. At no time were the brakes to be used, because just tapping the brakes would cut your forward speed by 10 to 15 mph, losing precious runway length.

On came the signal light, John moved the throttles forward and I backed him, as was normal procedure. I could only see two runway boundary lights at a time--one abreast and the other forward of our position. John had done a good job in lining us up on the runway and we were rolling straight. I called out our airspeed: "40...50...60...80...John, we're moving too close to the right...90...good correction...130...135...140...lift off...50 feet...gear coming up...level out...160...auto pilot coming on...180...195...engineer Presco, are the cylinder heat temps ok?...yes...climb out, John...Jack, give us a heading to get out of this crap for a smooth ride--if possible."

I suppose the closest we came to crashing on a night takeoff was when we ran over two middle boundary lights at the end of the runway. Orders had come down from headquarters that oil was to be removed from the reserve system and an equal weight of additional bombs loaded. We assumed this had been accomplished on our plane before we arrived at the flight line for the mission. Curley

told us that he didn't take out the oil because, "we needed that oil"--the Wright engines were noted for their oil consumption and seepage. We did not have time to comply with the directive, so we climbed in the plane. We were not about to abort the mission over that technicality.

On command, we began our takeoff. We rolled down the runway...and we rolled...and rolled...and now we were beyond the point of shutdown...and on we rolled, running at full throttle until we smashed through the two end marker lights and ran off the end of the runway and out into the darkness. Fortunately, this end of the runway was built-up some 30 to 40 feet high to make the runway level. We were now barely airborne and the Marine camp's lights to our right appeared as if they were above us. We continued on straight out to sea, with our airspeed slowly increasing. The cylinder head temperatures were climbing and getting close to being too high, yet we had to get our speed up to 190 mph before we could begin climbing. Being a pitch black night, we could not see the water--nor did we want to. If we were going into the drink, we did not want to see the impact. We later estimated that we flew almost 50 miles out to sea before we attained climbing speed, but the engines did not overheat and we completed the mission.

We flew several other types of missions, such as dropping a 4,000 pound bomb from a high altitude. "GOIN' JESSIE" must have jumped 200 feet straight up when we released that bomb.... We dropped 2,000 pound mines by parachute into the Shimonoseki Straights and saw some big naval stuff anchored in the harbor... We bombed airfields, trying to reduce the kamikaze flights to Okinawa.

On one of these raids, our scanners missed seeing a 500 pound bomb still hanging in a bomb rack, and it fell through the bomb bay doors after they had been closed. Three of us, wearing our parachutes and bail-out oxygen bottles, went into the rear bomb bay to see if we could get the doors back up. But we couldn't budge them. However, we did get a nice open view of the ocean 20,000 feet below us! When we got back to base, John made a greaser of a landing and didn't scrape either door--even though they only cleared the runway by ten inches.

We flew a Super Dumbo mission--the plane you called to for help if you had to ditch or needed an escort home. We were to circle around the downed plane and drop additional emergency supplies while notifying our rescue submarines in the area. We were very thankful that we had no business that day. Another time we did escort one of our B-29s to Iwo Jima when it couldn't transfer fuel out of its bomb bay storage tanks. After they left the Japanese mainland, they immediately feathered



the props on the two inboard engines and went into a tight cruise control to conserve as much fuel as possible. They threw everything in the plane that was loose overboard, then began unbolting stuff to throw out. The third engine died while they were on their final approach, and the last quit on the runway--the plane had to be towed out of the way.

For our Distinguished Flying Cross, we chose a mission we made to Nagoya on a night fire-bomb raid. We had lost an inboard engine some 300 miles short of the target. We polled the crew and voted to continue on. Normally we would have boosted our airspeed up to 235 mph, but we could only get 225 mph out of the remaining engines. Before arriving at the target we saw a lot of fires burning on bare ground. We were in searchlights from the time we got near the target until after we left. We saw some antiaircraft shells pass between our engine nacelles, but did not sustain a hit. The Jap gunners were just leading us too far--I guess our slow airspeed threw them off, thank goodness. That was a long, slow trip home.

Our crew was selected to release the second-millionth ton of bombs dropped by our Air Force during the war. The first millionth ton was dropped by a B-17 crew on Europe. Wakayama was our target. It was a pretty routine mission, except for a spectacular fireworks display that was set off when preceding bombers hit an electrical generating plant, creating a massive short circuit that sent a large ball of fire running back and forth along the power lines. Of course the atom bomb greatly overshadowed our milestone in intensive explosive tonnage when it was dropped at the end of the war. But at the time it was an honor for our crew to be chosen for this mission.

Great Balls of Fire--and I am not alluding to the condition of our love life, nor to the serviceman who was rumored to have been caught copulating through the fence at "Gook City." I am referring to the UFO's we saw during our raid on the 4th of July. Now that was some fireworks! Actually, we were supposed to be bombing a radar section of Kawasaki. Because of some heavy evasive action we took coming into the target, our radar operator became confused and chose the wrong initial point. Consequently, we laid our napalm and anti-personnel bombs on Yokohama--just missing a large hospital. Had it not been for our bomb bay camera, no one would have known and we would have remained ignorant of our error. I remember seeing a large crimson fire cloud several miles ahead of us and remarking that I was glad that we weren't going there.

After coming away from our bomb drop, we saw the UFO's. I especially recall seeing two groups of them in a single file. One group of six were lower than we were

and coming toward us from the front, their heading taking them off to our left. The other group was more distant and headed in the opposite direction, but were about at our level. They each looked and appeared like a great ball of fire, but there was no fire trail. Their color was very subdued, not blazing like a torch. They did not bother us and we did not bother them.

I think the mission on which we flew into, and through the smoke cloud over Kobe was undoubtedly our most difficult and lucky one. I always made it my normal habit to attend the church services provided by our chaplain. When we started making those low altitude fire bomb raids, the building that served as our chapel could not contain all the fellows who came for services. We were a scared lot, and I think we had good reason to be. It kind of reminded me of "foxhole confessions"--Father, if you will save me from this I promise to.... As the fire bombing continued and the prime targets were getting fewer and less dangerous to hit, the chapel attendance fell off. It seemed to parallel the severity of the missions. However, I remained faithful throughout and appreciated the sustenance I received from God and His chaplain emissaries.

We had seen smoke clouds before in daylight. They were an ominous looking cloud, similar to a cumuli nimbus when it is building up. Usually, after 20 to 30 minutes of bombing, a smoke cloud would tower to 30,000 feet and still be building. The basic difference between a smoke cloud and a thunderhead is that there is no moisture in the smoke cloud. But, just as in the thunderstorm, there are tremendous updrafts and downdrafts inside the smoke cloud.

Although it was night, we were able to see the Japanese coastline coming up. Our bomb run was to be up the bay to Kobe-Osaka and we would bomb Kobe by radar. After reaching the initial point--which was several miles from Kobe--we could see what appeared to be a big mountain range dead ahead of us. We knew there was rugged terrain off to our right as we were flying up the bay, but no high mountains. We called Jack on the radio and advised him of the mountains in front of us. He replied that there were no mountains in the area and none were showing up on the radar screen. As we continued on, we realized that we were actually seeing a huge cloud.

When we entered the cloud we knew exactly what it was from its smell--smoke from the target. The winds were blowing the smoke back towards us on our bombing run. The smoke was very acrid and had a musty odor like an attic fire. More disturbing was another odor that was mixed into it. It smelled like burning chicken feathers and was probably burning human flesh. The thought



nauseated me. We were now flying along at 7,000 feet on auto pilot. The ride kept getting rougher and rougher--very turbulent. Our bomb bay doors opened just as we hit a series of high speed vertical air drafts--an updraft followed by a downdraft...then updraft...then downdraft... We were still flying on auto-pilot with John maintaining the turn control and I the elevator control. When we slammed into an updraft, the airspeed indicator would immediately slow to 160 mph and the climb indicator would hit the top needle stop pin--2,000 feet per minute. Then we would go through the shear plane and directly into a down draft--zoom, the airspeed would jump to 330 mph and the climb indicator needle would hit the bottom pin. I rolled the elevator up and down from stop to stop during these vertical drafts, but it made absolutely no difference!

Meanwhile, poor Chip (Lt. Julius Chilipka, bombardier) was valiantly trying to work over his bombsight--Boeing never provided for the bombardier to have a seat belt on while operating the Norden bombsight. When we hit a downdraft, Chip was tossed to the ceiling--then we would hit an updraft and he would bang back into his seat and go to work twisting the knobs on his bombsight. Later he said he looked back at John and me and we both had a look of terror and death on our faces, so he tried to keep his mind on his work and not look at us again during the run. I have no idea how many of the updrafts and downdrafts we went through, but it seemed like a hundred.

As we neared the target, the smoke took on a reddish or crimson appearance. Then it was bombs away! Moments later we broke out of the smoke cloud, but found ourselves in a severe dive--maybe 50 or 60 degrees! We were over the wharf area and there appeared to be an endless number of large fire blotches all over the city. I remember watching a huge building at the wharf that had flames pouring out of all the windows, and then the roof caved in before my eyes. Just as we leveled out, someone called over the intercom that the rear bomb bays hadn't salvoed. We made a sharp bank back over the city and salvoed again, this time the bombs fell free. During our entire time in the smoke cloud and the thermals, we had amazingly averaged the same 7,000 foot altitude that we had when we began our bomb run. After closing our bomb bay doors, we got out of there as fast as possible.

After a lot of talk among the crew about the smoke cloud and our rough flight through it, we all began to relax for the long trip home. I am sure I added to the number of burn holes in my flying suit by falling asleep several times with a cigarette in my mouth as we droned

along. When we got home and completed our debriefing, we all trotted over to the Doc for a big drink of bourbon--he was an understanding guy and was always good for a half a cup.

The following day we were advised that we had cracked one of the four big 2 1/2 inch bolts that held the wings on our plane. Wing Headquarters then sent down an order that no aircraft was to enter a smoke cloud in the future, but to fly as close as possible in order to bomb the target. It was thought that some of the missing B-29 crews had experienced a break-up of their aircraft from this turbulence, rather than having been shot down by the enemy. We also found that "GOIN' JESSIE" couldn't hop along as fast as she used to because of the distortion and overstress she received on that mission. Her airspeed loss was about 10 mph at standard power settings.

As we neared the completion of our 35 missions, we were all ready to go home. We were given the opportunity to go back to the states and fly the "GOIN' JESSIE" around the country on a bond tour, but we declined because they wanted "JESSIE" to complete her fiftieth mission before she went back for the tour, and she had ten missions to go to meet that mark. This would have meant several additional weeks of overseas duty for us.

A few weeks after we finally returned to the States, we learned that Curly Klabo had been awarded the Legion of Merit. We were all very proud and happy for him. Little had we known that our primary crew and Bill Reynolds' secondary crew would play a part in Curley's receiving his medal for "GOIN' JESSIE'S" having completed fifty missions without an abort. There is no question in my mind that we had the finest ground crew in the entire Air Force.

Not only did Curley Klabo receive his medal, but "GOIN' JESSIE" was recognized for her performance (See Chapter 10).

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MISSION OF INVOCATION AND BENEDICTION

H.L. Peterson, AC, 1st Squadron

Upon arriving at McCook Army Air Base in Nebraska in June of 1944, we experienced the regimen of indoctrination and crew assignment. During our stay there, new friendships developed. One fellow in particular -- a member of our Group staff -- displayed qualities which commanded respect and admiration. I promised him,



should the opportunity present itself, that I would permit him to ride with me on a combat strike.

The opportunity came about on Tinian. We were about to takeoff for a mission to Maebashi and my friend was going to fly with us to get a little taste of combat. He joined us as we gathered around the nosewheel of LUCKY 'LEVEN for our usual crew prayer before takeoff on a mission.

Then with all hands at their stations, except for the bombardier who had let my friend occupy his position in the nose of the plane so he could get a good view during takeoff, we went through the usual pre-flight preparations and taxied to the runway. We got the green light, advanced the throttles to full power, and rolled down the runway and became airborne in a rather Cavalier fashion to further impress our guest.

As soon as the gear came up, I requested the first engine power reduction which should have resulted in a decrease in RPMs from 2800 to 2600. Our skills of professional airmanship were immediately put to the test because the RPMs didn't stop at 2600, but dropped all the way to the minimum limit. And the airplane quickly began settling toward the sea beneath us. Much shouting took place in the cockpit and we quickly exhausted our alternative actions. I honestly don't believe we had more than 15 seconds of flying left, when I executed my only remaining idea: I kicked the aisle stand which housed the electronic engine speed controls -- and the RPMs quickly rose up to 2600! We staggered along just over the white-caps for what seemed to be an eternity, but we finally picked up speed and started climbing. The activity of the mission strike was nothing in comparison to the horror we had experienced during takeoff.

Upon landing back on Tinian, I asked our staff member guest how he had enjoyed the mission.

"One of the greatest experiences of my life!" he said. I then informed him of how close it had come -- except for the grace of God -- to being the last experience of his life.

With that, we all again gathered around the nose wheel for our after-mission benediction. It was a prayer gratefully accepted by the crew and appropriately delivered by our staff member guest: Group Chaplain Richard Chambers.

(Reprinted from Volume II of THE GLOBAL TWENTIETH courtesy Chester Marshall)

FIRE FROM THE SKY

James O. Thomas - POW

In 1945, a group of American prisoners of war interned at Kobe, Japan, watched as American bombers roared in, devastated a city, and brought them one step closer to freedom

"Kei Kai Keiho Kaijo! Kei Kai Keiho Kaijo!" The air-raid warden's screams, which warned of enemy planes from the sea, cut through the chilly night air. Off to the south, behind the canyons ridge, a lone air-raid siren crescendoed from a groan into a wavering, high-pitched whine. Like a pack of wolves, other sirens joined in and began to howl. Their mournful wails intensified, echoing off the nearby mountains before bouncing back to blend with the others. Searchlights waved back and forth in a crazy dance through the night sky over Kobe, Japan.

A bellowing loudspeaker roused me and the other 284 prisoners of war (POWs) who were fast asleep at the Futatabi POW camp north of Kobe. The date was March 17, 1945, St. Patrick's Day. It was 2:20 a.m. --- a helluva time to hold an air raid. As POWs who had been isolated and guarded for 41 hellish months, the war to us seemed a million miles away. As captives, we had formed a small, unreal world all of our own.

The last American attack our prison camp had witnessed came when a Doolittle raider swept low over our former camp near the Kobe waterfront on April 18, 1942. The sight of an American warplane brought a fleeting sense of elation, and we watched as the B-25 swooped in seemingly from out of nowhere. It passed directly over our heads and dropped five bombs on nearby shipyards before ducking out of sight, undoubtedly heading for China. The feeble sirens in Kobe went off too late. The attack lasted only 10 seconds, and it was the last action we would see for nearly three years.

By 1945, however, the U.S. Army Air Forces were commanding the skies over Japan from bases in the Mariana Islands, and American pilots were bombing at will, threatening every city and town in the country around-the-clock. Air-raid alarms, real or not, were driving the Japanese crazy and thwarting their grand plans for expansion. Contrails streaked across the skies in every direction. Air-raid wardens, after four months of practice, became skilled in the use of sirens and searchlights. The cry of "KEI KAI KEIHO KAIJO," which warned of enemy planes from the sea, had become a nightmare to the Japanese and a faint signal of hope for us.

After nearly three years, Allied planes returned on February 4, 1945, to bomb Kobe's waterfront. The small raid was confined to the waterfront, however, and the city was spared from taking a big hit. Twenty miles to the east, Osaka, an industrial city about the size of Chicago,



had been pounded several times. Most of Tokyo was flattened, and Yokohama lay in ashes. We began placing bets on the due date for Kobe, and we looked up in the sky and waited. Now the waiting was over, and it suddenly didn't matter who won the bet.

"Here we go again," I muttered to no one in particular as I groped for my socks in the dark. Outside, the cool air and heavy cloud cover forecast the coming storm. This alert was the second of the night. The first one, about midnight, had set off the sirens when a lone B-29 scout plane ducked under the overcast, flew the length of the city, and disappeared untouched. The sirens died, and everyone went back to sleep. Later, another lone bomber, approaching from the east, dropped a trail of parachute flares that seemed to hang from the clouds like a string of suspended light bulbs. Suddenly, the sleeping city became a massive, glowing arena -- a waiting, exposed target.

"This could be it," said Dick, a fellow POW. "Hold on to your hats." The night air was filled with the sleepy grunts of other inmates who were now milling about the barracks in the dark. We waited for the roll call that never came. Evidently, the guards had other things on their minds. Surprised, we watched from a balcony as the flares and searchlights accompanied the sirens' sad wails. The seconds dragged by. Then, through the din, came a heavy rumble. It was barely audible at first, but it steadily increased like a wild Kansas tornado pounding across the prairie. We looked skyward, straining to catch the first glimpse of this ghostly, roaring, winged armada.

"There's one, far to the left, just under the cloud cover. Gad, what a monster!" Dick yelled as the searchlights flickered off the sleek fuselage of the lead plane. "They must be coming in over the Kii peninsula and banking to the right over the inland sea to cut across the narrow part of town," I said, calculating their course like a tactician. "They couldn't fly over Shikoku Island and take all that flak." "Let's go up on the ridge for a better view," Grant, another POW, boldly suggested. "The guards aren't watching, and it's only a hundred yards away. We can get back in time if there's a roll call." The three of us bounded up the trail toward the ridge. From our new vantage point, we had a panoramic view of the blacked out city below and the unfolding drama.

As the first planes lumbered into view, every gun the Japanese had opened up. Undaunted, the Superfortresses flew in staggered groups at different altitudes and in different formations. Confused ground gunners pumped streams of lead and colored tracers into the sky as the planes opened their bellies, and each one poured out 7 tons of incendiaries. The cargo tumbled slowly, stringing out behind the mother plane before it fell and

exploded on the roofs below. Houses and factories in Kobe flared like matchsticks. Red, green, and yellow tracers, having missed their targets, streaked in long arcs over the city. Flames leapt more than 300 feet in the hot air. Exploding gas tanks blew houses apart, and the burning debris created firestorms. Firefighters were powerless. Light from this glowing furnace turned the night into a quivering fireball, and the underbellies of the B-29s reflected the brilliant orange hue from below.

Zeros darted in and out like angry blackbirds chasing pesky hawks. The tiny Japanese fighters were gutsy but outgunned. The belly and tail gunners of the Superforts sprayed heavy artillery into their reckless, desperate attackers, and many Zeros exploded after taking a direct hit. Others, wounded and sick, tails spun out of control. Ground gunners aimed technicolored tracers and pom-poms from scores of spewing pillboxes. But the bombers kept coming.

Those brave airmen who held their course through that lethal fusillade were impressive. It was a fight to the death, and we had ringside seats. The glow from below bounced off the Superfortresses, creating optical illusions. The props which were spinning at about 2,100 revolutions per minute, resembled slow-turning, three-bladed windmills, and tracers appeared to curl around the Fortresses' fuselages before continuing their trajectories upward without hitting the planes. Despite their deadlines, the B-29s were big, sleek, and beautiful. Huge four-bladed propellers powered by four 2,200-horsepower engines pulled those 70-ton monsters with 11 crewmen through the flak at 200 mph. Their fuselages carried twelve 50-caliber turret guns, a 20 mm cannon in the tail, and 20,000 pounds of bombs that could wreak havoc from 30,000 feet. These planes had earned the name Superfortresses.

Still, not all the Superforts escaped unscathed. Two peeled out of formation and tumbled into the holocaust. It was devastating to see a proud bomber in its death throes, spiraling slowly downward like a wounded bird with a smoke plume trailing behind. A few parachutes blossomed and floated to earth, silhouetted against the glowing sky. "My God, I wonder what's going to happen to those poor guys if they survive the jump?" Dick muttered as the first plane spun out of control. "The Japs say they'll execute all captives," Grant replied. "Maybe it would be better to die first before getting the firing squad."

But we had no time to dwell on aftermaths. Adrenaline was flowing everywhere: in the veins of the airmen as they dove through that deluge of gunfire; in the veins of the Japanese as they clawed to escape their blazing houses; and in the veins of my fellow inmates as we watched the horrible yet fascinating spectacle. For years,



we had listened to our Japanese captors chortle about their victory at Pearl Harbor. We had been imprisoned in this hellhole for 3 1/2 of the best years of our lives. Now we were ecstatic, relishing the sweetness of revenge. We were overjoyed to see those magnificent machines glistening above the bonfires of Kobe, Japan. But at the same time, it was agonizing to know that civilians, especially innocent women and children, were suffering and dying in the flaming streets below.

The planes were almost overhead as they finished their run and headed for Tinian, Saipan, or Guam 1,800 miles to the south. Black smoke was melting into the overcast sky, obscuring our visibility. Hot air currents swept flaming debris more than 2,000 feet in the air. Ashes and scorched paper paneling floated into the canyon. Thousands of refugees sought shelter in the foothills; some straggled into our camp only to be pushed back by the guards. Kobe was burning out of control, and the fire hoses were empty. After two hours of unrelenting bombardment, the bombers were now completing their run directly over our camp. Suddenly, as if lighted by a flaming meteor, the entire sky above our heads exploded. A kamikaze had rammed his plane into the middle of a 70-ton B-29. Four thousand gallons of high-octane gas detonated in a colossal thunderclap that nearly tore the roof off our barracks. Every tree on the mountain range quivered, and the camp shook to its foundations.

We covered our heads and crouched on our knees awaiting the crash. Parts of the two exploded planes scattered over 200 acres of hillside. Flaming wreckage cartwheeled in the air and slammed into the ridge above the camp. The rear end of a B-29's fuselage and tail section blazed across the canyon and smashed into the mountaintop. One of the radial engines crashed into a slope near the main building and disintegrated. The other three engines bounced and rolled; tearing up swathes of underbrush. One massive wing, with flaming gas tanks inside, slowly circled like a spent and twisted boomerang. Finally, it plummeted into the undergrowth where it lay smoldering.

The bodies of some of the crew, some still strapped in their seats, were scattered amongst the twisted metal. Other crew members were blown to bits. The camp, whether by freak or by design, was unscathed except for an unexploded incendiary, a dud, which landed on the roof of my barracks directly above my bunk. Still on the attack, the bombers kept coming. From 5,000 feet, their roar was like 100 Niagaras boiling together. The camp was in pandemonium. The guards were helpless as some of the inmates fled to the surrounding hills for safety. It seemed the world was going crazy.

Then suddenly there was silence. Perhaps the heavenly referee had seen enough and blown the final whistle. The raid was over. The clouds continued to glow, reflecting the light of the burning city below. With no electric power, the searchlights dimmed, and the sirens slept. By 5:30 a.m., a light snow was falling. Everything was so quiet that I could hear the tiny flakes gently touch my coat sleeves. Our surroundings turned white and grew peaceful, like a scene on a Christmas card. Slowly, we walked back to camp.

"That was one helluva show," I said, trying to lighten the mood. "Now, what are they going to do for an encore?" No one answered. There was nothing to say. After we returned to camp, we sat on our bunks and waited for sunup as the soft, quiet snowfall continued to cover and cleanse the landscape. The morning sun, pacifying and reassuring, finally peeked over the mountains. The guards called muster and took a body count. We greeted each other with nods and tentative smiles. Some related their experiences to anyone who would listen. Others walked alone. There was no breakfast gong that morning. Our camp leader held a committee meeting, which I attended, to take stock of the situation. To our relief, we found everyone alive and well, though a bit shaken. There was no food or electricity -- we were apprised of the situation over the intercom.

It was midmorning when a small group of police entered our camp with a captured airman. He was young, handsome, in uniform, and well fed. He was also covered with dirt and blood. We peeked through the door of the guards' room as they interrogated him. He gave us a thumbs up and a friendly smile. An hour later, a dozen soldiers took him away. We lined up to see him go. He signaled another OK and waved good-bye. We cheered him on as he disappeared over the hill. He was beheaded the next day. His name was Robert Nelson.

After the raid, the camp's routine was never the same. Although we were confined to our quarters for a week, the raid had broken the monotony, lifted our spirits, and spiced our conversations. However, our food supply had been cut off, and we didn't eat for three days. With no lights, we went to bed at sundown, trying to submerge our hunger with sleep. Finally, word came that our food depot had been restored, and, under the watchful eyes of the guards, we resumed our routine of hauling rations up to the camp on a two-wheeled cart. Four days after the raid, I went on the first bread trip. As I looked at Kobe, I was shocked by the extent of the devastation. It looked like no man's land. Brick chimneys stood like stark tombstones over mounds of ashes and smoking rubble. The stench of death permeated the air. Police wandered



uselessly among the sad, silent survivors. Homeless, destitute, dirty, and hungry, bedraggled groups were poking stoically in the smoldering debris for bricks, stones, or sheets of tin to make temporary shelters. My heart went out to them in their suffering. But nobody gave us a passing glance.

From a shortwave radio hidden in the attic of our room, a few of us learned that 330 planes had taken part in the raid. The Japanese claimed to have destroyed 100 enemy planes. The Americans admitted three planes were missing. Thirty percent of Kobe was destroyed, and at least 250,000 people had been burned out, wounded, or killed. The docks and rail yards were heavily damaged, and military production never recovered. Yet, Tokyo's propagandists declared this disaster a victory and swore to fight on until the enemy was driven out.

With permission, we scrounged the hills for salvageable parts from the two planes. Everything moveable was smuggled into camp and stashed out of sight under beds or beneath floorboards or rafters in the attic. At least a ton of material was carried down from the mountains. With limited tools, a few ingenious fellows turned oxygen tanks into pressure cookers, cotton curtains into shirts, leather strips into half soles, electric wire into hot plates, and armor plates into griddles. Days earlier, we had requested permission to search for the bodies of our fallen comrades and bury them. After electric service was restored to the camp, we were given limited permission to search for dead airmen. Eight crew members, bloated and mutilated, were buried and given a grave marker and a prayer. Their dog tags, along with crude maps showing the locations of their graves, were given to the U.S. Army after our rescue. Two crew members and the Japanese kamikaze pilot were never found.

A few weeks later, the remains of an eleventh crew member, the pilot, were discovered. He was still strapped in his seat. His dog tag identified him as Capt. B.J. Fitzgerald. We rescued his papers and personal items before burying him, then added the location of his grave to the map showing the other sites. We kept his .45-caliber pistol in case it might come in handy. Later, his belongings were mailed to his wife in the Midwest.

To Allied high command and the flight crews, the raid on Kobe was just another episode of the war. But to those of us who witnessed the raid that night, the memory lives forever. Even now, 49 years later, whenever I hear the wail of sirens or feel the caress of snowflakes on my coat sleeves, I think of the night the Allies burned Kobe.

(The Ninth Bomb Group participated in this raid providing 30 of the 330 aircraft over the target. Refer to Chapter on Mission Participants. The George Christie

crew was lost representing the Group's first crew lost over Japan)

Editor's Note: Reprinted courtesy the author and Charles D. Cooper, Editor for The Retired Officer Magazine.

FATE OF FOUR MISSING CREWS FINALLY DETERMINED

Lawrence S. Smith, Historian, 9th BG

On the night of April 15/16, 1945, the 9th BG along with other groups of the 313th Wing participated in an incendiary raid on the city of Kawasaki which is located just south of Tokyo on the bay. Thirty group aircraft of 33 B-29s airborne hit the target as part of a complement of 194 B-29s participating in the raid.

From my point of view both as a participant and 50 years later as a reviewer of 9th BG wartime documents, it can be said that the Kawasaki mission was the roughest mission for our group. Our group had participated fully in the fire blitz of March 9th to 19th during which the cities of Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe were devastated when the B-29s were switched from the strategy of high altitude precision bombing to low altitude nighttime incendiary raids. Thus our group had been exposed to some of the more severe incendiary raids.

The take off schedule for the 9th BG was such that our aircraft were late arrivals in the bomber stream over Kawasaki. While en route to the target we could see the fires ahead from 100 miles out. There was no element of surprise to our arrival, and 56 enemy aircraft were reported having been observed during the debriefing of our crews. Our crew flying our aircraft, the "B A Bird," witnessed a head on attack of fighter planes on a B-29 caught in the searchlights. Our returning crews reported three B-29s going down in flames. Almost all aircraft reported the observation of balls of fire—possibly the rocket powered Baka suicide planes.

Our crews had earlier learned of the hazard posed by the heat and smoke thermals over the burning cities. Lt. Stanley Black's crew of our squadron had done a slow roll caused by a thermal over Osaka on March 14th resulting in wrinkles in the aluminum skin of the fuselage behind the wings. Many of our aircraft were tossed around severely in the thermal over Kawasaki. Our crew couldn't miss going through the large black cloud which rose to



20,000'. We entered the thermal at about 6,000'. The thermal was filled with burning embers and smoke penetrated the cabin with a smell which has been described as burning feathers or a burning attic. We variously seemed to be standing on our nose or one or the other of the wing tips as the roiling smoke lifted us much as a leaf is lifted in the heat from a burning pile of leaves. We broke out of the thermal into a starlit sky at 11,000'. After the turbulence of the thermal, we almost welcomed being caught in searchlights again. The diary of Herb Maher, our navigator, contains the comment that he didn't know what held our plane together. The "B A Bird" flew several more missions but developed the reputation as a gas hog resulting in a close call for two other crews. This situation attracted the attention of the 313th Wing Engineering Office. Finding nothing wrong with cockpit procedures, the aircraft was leveled and by using a transit it was learned that the tail was slightly twisted. The "B A Bird" was declared war weary and later returned to the states. It had served our crew for 22 missions and had been flown by other crews for 10 additional missions.

As our crews returned to Tinian's North Field following the Kawasaki mission, it became apparent the group may have suffered its greatest loss for one mission. Four crews were missing! By mid day on April 16th it was confirmed that none of the four had landed on Iwo Jima. There had been no radio transmissions or observations that gave a clue to their fate. Five group aircraft were dispatched on search missions on April 17th on the chance that one or more of the missing crews may have ditched off the coast of Japan or gone down between Japan and Iwo Jima. The records show that 31,000 gallons of fuel were expended in the search.

Missing were the Raymond Malo and R.B. Jones crews that had trained with the group at McCook, NE. Returning from the Tokyo raid of March 4th, the Malo crew had the distinction of being the first B-29 crew to land on Iwo Jima when the airfield on Iwo was not entirely in the hands of U.S. Marines. The Sam Carver and Ed Sullivan crews had recently joined the 9th BG as replacement crews. In fact the Kawasaki mission was the first mission for the Sullivan crew. Ed Sullivan had made an orientation flight as an observer with the R.B. Jones crew on the Koriyama chemical plant raid of April 13th.

No trace of our missing air crews was found. No information was ever reported to the 9th BG on the fate of these crews prior to the deactivation of the group effective October 20, 1948. The names of the 45 men aboard the four aircraft have been carried as missing in action in the records of the Ninth BG Association. Indeed, nothing was known regarding the fate of these four

crews until the publication of Volume II of THE GLOBAL TWENTIETH in 1987.

While reading the story in Volume II titled, "A Name Mix-Up Saved me from Massacre" by Fiske Hanley, FE for the 398th BS and Historian for the 504th BG, I found the names of some of our missing crewmen. In this story Fiske lists the names of 45 B-29 crew members who perished in the Tokyo Military Prison fire of May 25/26, 1945. I hadn't intended to review the list of names in detail planning to skip to the next story when the name S/Sgt Allan K. Hill caught my eye. Allan and I had attended Lowry Field's Remote Controlled Turret School together in the summer of 1944 and were subsequently both assigned to the 9th BG when the group initiated training. Allan was CFC gunner on the Malo crew!

When checking the names in detail against our missing crew lists I found it included radar operator Robert Sedon of the R.B. Jones crew; pilot Ray E. Harry of the Samuel Carver crew, and all front cabin personnel of the Ed Sullivan crew, including Maj. Ralph H. Chapel who had been a staff passenger with the Sullivan crew on their first mission. The list of names provided by Fiske Hanley's story thus provided the evidence that all four of our crews had gone down over the target.

This discovery raised the question as to the fate of the other 35 members of the four crews. Were some among the seventeen unidentified Americans killed in the Tokyo Military Prison fire? Did some survive Japanese prisons to be repatriated after the war?

In an attempt to answer these questions, I contacted the Department of Veterans Affairs in Albuquerque. Four of the names could not be identified from the VA records. A total of 24 more members of the four crews not listed above were recorded with a date of death of April, 1945. I was advised to provide seven letters that the VA would attempt to forward to members of these crews for which postwar addresses were apparently available. One response was received - from Nick Gazibara, tail gunner for the Sullivan crew.

Nick Gazibara was welcomed at the 1989 Orlando reunion of the 9th BG Association where he reported on his experiences of the Kawasaki raid and ending with his repatriation. As Nick's story follows, I will only comment that Nick had escaped the fate of his other crewmen due to a delayed capture and imprisonment. Nick is so pleased at being reunited with his group that he appears unperturbed when someone refers to him as "Half-a-Mission Nick".

A year after locating Nick Gazibara, we were able through the Department of Veterans Affairs to locate another survivor of this mission. Nick J. Cristiano, a gun-



ner on the Samuel Carver crew, is the only survivor of that crew. His pilot referenced earlier, Ray E. Harry, was listed as killed in the Tokyo Military Prison fire. Nick Cristiano had parachuted out, landed in a rice paddy, and was immediately captured. He was imprisoned in the Ofuna prisoner of war camp. Nick Cristiano told his story at our 1992 Seattle reunion reporting that he weighed only 85 pounds when he was released.

DELAYED CAPTURE SAVED MY LIFE

Nick Gazibara, Tail gunner, 5th Squadron

I flew only one combat mission to the Japanese Empire. You will note I said TO the Empire - THAT mission was terminated shortly after our bombs were dropped on a flaming fire-bombed target in Kawasaki the night of April 15, 1945. Not much of a combat record - but I can lay claim to a bit of notoriety due to the fact that after bailing out of our stricken plane I escaped capture from the Japanese authorities 14 days while wandering around in circles in a wooded area, hiding from voices, catching frogs, bugs, and even a snake to add to a meager diet trying to ward off a nagging hunger. That delay before submitting to my captors probably saved my life.

This all happened less than one week after my crew, the Lt. Edward Sullivan crew, came to Tinian and assigned to the 9th BG as a replacement after completing our combat crew training at Holloman air Base at Alamogordo, NM. You can imagine how green we were - we didn't even have time to really get acquainted at our base on Tinian.

As a result of such a short association with personnel of the group, I have little recollection of the 9th BG. I didn't even know the name of the Group Commander, and because we were catapulted into such a cruel stroke of fate so swiftly, I couldn't recall what squadron the Sullivan crew was assigned to. I am deeply grateful to Larry Smith, historian for the 9th BG, and his effort in trying to locate me and other personnel of the group.

One of the reasons I was never able to establish many facts about our abbreviated stay at Tinian is because after our bail out somewhere near Kawasaki in the Tokyo metropolitan area, I never saw a member of my crew again. I was thrust into a totally unfamiliar environment with strangers in a strange land with little or no communication with fellow internees or anyone else.

But memories of that memorable night over Kawasaki live on and will remain with me forever. Like all men who participated in combat bombing missions, especially that first one, I was scared stiff. As we came into the target area I could see the red glow of the fires

and the flames rising from the burning city. To me it looked like the world was on fire. One of the things I remember thinking about, back there in my lonely tail gunner's compartment, was what I would do if I had to bail out over that fire. I had never used a parachute and had very little training in how to use it.

With us that night was an extra man, Major Ralph H. Chapel, from group headquarters. His role was to provide oversight to a new crew on their first mission. As our plane lumbered on toward the lit-up inferno I settled down and busied myself with searching the sky around us for enemy fighters and other B-29s. We crossed our assigned target and dropped the bombs. I could tell when the plane was relieved of the heavy bomb load, because the plane suddenly gained several hundred feet and pinned me to my seat as if we had hit a strong updraft, called heat thermals. It was about this time that all hell broke loose.

I don't know who gave the order, but suddenly somebody up front began shouting over the intercom, "Bail out! Bail out!" That message, my friends, is the most horrifying words a combat crew can receive. At first I thought maybe there was a mistake—and how could this be? I could tell something was wrong with the plane, and when the message came over the intercom again, I knew it was time to leave the "safety of our Superfort" and hit the silk.

At this juncture I was not sure if I could function well enough to get out of my cramped tail gunner's position, and if successful would I have the presence of mind to pull the rip cord. Where was the rip cord handle anyway? The next thing I remember I was outside the plane and tumbling toward a black void below. I almost panicked when I reached for the rip cord handle and it wasn't where I thought it should be. Luckily, after pounding my chest I found the handle and pulled the rip cord. I thought nothing about counting or anything—I just pulled—and I mean I pulled hard!

By this time we were away from the fires in the city, and this was quite a relief for me. My mind was swirling as I drifted down toward an unknown venture. My feeling of panic increased when I thought I could hear water and feared I would be landing in water. Suddenly I felt tree limbs brushing me, and I found I had landed in a wooded area. Shrouds of the parachute caught in some branches, and I was left dangling just above the ground. I soon squirmed out of the harness and dropped to the ground. Recalling instructions to get rid of the parachute by burying it, I found this impossible. The alternative was to run away from the parachute. I moved out in a hurry bumping into trees and crawling through



brush. I finally found a good place to bed down, but no sleep came during the night. At dawn I decided to look around the woods and finally came upon a little stream with running cool water.

I had my service pistol, a survival kit, and in my flying clothes were two sandwiches and two boiled eggs! This food ran out real quickly. I had some knowledge of handling myself in the woods and a booklet in the survival kit explained that one could eat many things. That's when the snake, frog, and bugs came into play. I found it almost impossible to catch a frog. I can assure you a person can eat almost anything if he gets hungry enough. However, I couldn't stomach a snake I managed to pin down with a forked stick. Even though I cut off its head and skinned it, it never stopped wiggling.

The survival kit included some bird shot for the pistol which I decided to try upon seeing some pheasants. After steadying my pistol against a tree, I fired. The bird didn't drop, the shot echoed off the hills about nine times, and I quickly moved out of that area. During my wandering around in the woods I had a feeling of security, seemingly in a secluded spot away from people, and I just couldn't come to grips with any idea of walking out of the woods and surrendering to the first person I saw. But I knew that sooner or later I would be found.

This was spring in Japan and I was soon confronted with some wet weather. I had discovered that there was a rice paddy running up to the edge of the woods. Rice had been shocked around a central stake much like a shock of corn. I found that I could make a nest of sorts inside the shock and it shed rain like a thatched roof. Another plus was that I had the rice grains to chew on.

It must have been the fifth or sixth day—at this juncture I had lost count of time—while sitting near my little creek I heard some voices that seemed to be coming from the rice field out near the edge of the woods. Rather than go see who it was I got the heck away from there and sought out a good hiding place.

I continued to struggle with which road to take, to go out of the woods and seek out a person or persons to surrender to with a strong possibility they might shoot me, or to stay where I was and keep wandering. Hunger would eventually decide my dilemma. On what I believe to be my 14th or 15th day of avoiding capture, I decided to go back to the creek where I had heard the voices and see if people were still in the area. I walked to the edge of the woods and found three women working in the rice paddy. I was tired, hungry, dirty, and ready to face up to what would happen. I decided to make my move. I threw my gun away and walked slowly out into the opening where the women could see me. I raised my hands in a

gesture of surrendering to them. I must have scared the living daylights out of them, because they started shouting and ran away. I, also, turned and ran back into the woods.

A group of about eight people encircled the area, and I was soon captured. They tied my hands and feet to a pole, apparently planning to carry me out, before they decided that was a foolish idea, and they cut the rope to free my feet to allow me to do my own walking. I was taken to a small village where they indicated I was to remove my shoes before entering a building. Treatment was rather cordial at this point, which is possibly not an appropriate term when a captive. I was given a cup of hot tea. Boy, that tasted great after so long without anything warm to eat or drink.

I was blindfolded, handcuffed, and taken aboard a train to a point where we were supposed to change trains. A man there was attempting to act as interpreter while I was being questioned on the railroad tracks. There was not much cordiality during this session. I was wearing a small cross on a necklace which seemed to puzzle the interpreter, and I was unable to explain its purpose to his satisfaction. He asked for my watch, which I handed over. He ordered me to lie down on the railroad bed between the rails, and soon I could hear a train approaching. The train came by on an adjacent track, much to my relief. They had purposely done this to scare me, at which they certainly were highly successful.

Treatment deteriorated as I was moved from the rural village to the city of Tokyo. I was placed in the POW holding camp known as Kempei Tai, in the heart of Tokyo, near the Emperor's Palace which I never saw. I was made to kneel on the floor with the hands bound together before the interrogator sitting at a table. Two guards were always present. The interrogations were pretty rough. At one session I was shown maps and asked to place pins where our bombs had dropped. While I had no idea where our bombs dropped, the interrogator coerced me with threats to place a pin on the map. Bam! I was hit on the head and told that we had bombed a hospital.

During an interrogation session with a particular hard beating, I said to the interpreter, "Please don't beat me any more, kill me."

"You want me to kill you?"

"Yes, kill me!" I said.

"Stick out your neck!" he bellowed, as he pulled his sword.

I did as he said, and thinking, "This is it," I didn't dare move my eyeballs. Then, WHOP! He hit me across the back of my neck so hard it knocked me to the floor.

My luck was holding, the blow came from the flat of the sword, and I lay on the floor awaiting another and final blow. But instead, my conqueror said, “Silly boy, get up!”

At Kempei Tai I was placed in the horse stall section that used to house the horses of the high ranking military men. I was in a small stall along with about 17 other new arrivals. We heard that just prior to our arrival they had transferred 62 B-29 fliers from where we were staying to the Tokyo Military Prison in another section of Tokyo. The Americans were placed in a prison that held over 400 Japanese regular prisoners. They were segregated from the Japs, however, in cell blocks in a newly fenced-in compound. The above transfer sealed the fate of the 62 B-29 flyers who all perished during a B-29 fire raid on that area of Tokyo on the night of May 25/26. The story of this disaster appeared in Volume II of “The Global Twentieth” and it was written by another POW who also missed being among those who perished simply by a mix-up in names. He remained at Kempei Tai because of the Japanese name mix-up escaping the cruel fate that befell the 62 B-29 flyers. Author of that story is Fiske Hanley, who is now historian of the 504th BG.

Among those who perished in the Tokyo Military Prison fire were six members of my crew. Listed were: Lt. Edward Sullivan, Flight Officer John T. Hostey, Lt. Harold J. Nelson, Jr., Lt. Harvey M. Glick, Lt. James A. Reinhart, Jr., and S/Sgt. Frederick E. Hulse. Major Ralph H. Chapel who was participating in the mission with us as Group Air Inspector was also on the list.

I consider myself among the luckiest people alive today, since my 14 days of wandering in the woods saved my life. If I had been captured at the same time as my crewmates, I would have been numbered with those who were forced to remain locked up in their cells at the Tokyo Military Prison while the building burned to the ground.

According to information brought out in the War Crimes Trials, guards at Tokyo Military Prison that night opened the cell doors and allowed Japanese prisoners to escape the burning buildings. Witnesses also testified that they saw guards kill at least 17 American prisoners outright who were in the fenced in compound when the buildings caught fire. In desperation these prisoners were trying to climb to safety over the wire fence when they were either gunned down or slashed to death with swords.

Note: Reprinted from Volume IV of “The Global Twentieth,” courtesy Chester W. Marshall.

THUNDER

Lawrence S. Smith, CFC Gunner, 1st Squadron

Having been alerted early in the day for a mission departure on the evening of May 20th, our gunners went to the line early and made the guns hot prior to a briefing at 2:45 P.M. Another mine laying mission was scheduled to Miyazu and Maizuru Bays near the Shimonoseki Strait.

Pre-flight procedures were normal and checklists had been completed in good order. The first engine had been started within seconds of the time assigned at briefing, and the ground crew had pulled the wheel chocks. As we sat on the hardstand with engines idling awaiting our assigned slot in what seemed an endless line of B-29s, we saw our tent mates on Lt. Benjamin Nicks’ “Little Iodine” pass by on the taxiway. They were followed by Lt. William Caldwell’s crew, a 9th BG replacement crew, who were making the mission with Lt. Stanley Black’s “Thunderin’ Loretta.” Capt. Hutchison released the brakes, and we pulled in behind Caldwell’s crew, edging ahead as we waited our turn for the runway with craft departing at 60-second intervals. I normally sat in my top gunner’s position to see what was going on until the last moment before take off, when I assumed a sitting position with my back to the bomb bay compartment bulkhead. The Nicks’ crew were off, and Caldwell pulled onto the runway. By this time aircraft engines were overly warm with cowl flaps wide open. With brakes set engine throttles were brought to full power while the AC, Pilot, and FE scanned their respective instruments prior to release of the brakes for the take-off run.

Capt. Hutchison hesitated briefly for the coral dust from Caldwell’s props to clear and pulled into the take-off position. As we turned, I noted the Nicks aircraft had cleared the runway. While I could just see the tip of the tail, it was not a matter of concern as the pilots often took advantage of the 80’ foot drop to the sea to gain more air speed after leaving the runway. As our “Bird’s” four Wright R-3350 engines roared to life, I made my dive from my gunner’s position to the bulkhead just as the brakes were released. As always I continued to be amazed at the acceleration during the initial stage of take-off considering the 7,000 gallons of fuel and the six to ten tons of explosives aboard.

Approximately a quarter of the distance down the runway I heard Radio Operator Frank Cappozzo yell out, “We’re getting the red light from the tower, Captain.” Frank’s sentence wasn’t finished before the engines had been cut and brakes applied hard as Hutch and Pountney

THUNDERIN’ LORETTA’ S LAST



observed the tragedy unfolding before them. Before I could scramble back into my top gunner's position, we heard one loud explosion. Caldwell's aircraft had veered off the runway to the right and collided head on into a parked B-29. Fifty caliber ammunition was going off in all directions. Their six 2,000 lb. mines blew up individually. Although we must have been over a half mile away, with every explosion of a mine the wings on our aircraft lifted a little from the concussion. Flight Engineer Delahanty watched his gauges go wild as the extreme air pressure fluctuation from the concussions passed through the engines. The runway ahead of us became littered with debris. I noted the entire tail of the Caldwell aircraft at some distance behind the conflagration, apparently having been blown off when the first mine exploded.

Suddenly four available runways were reduced to two due to the debris from this collision. Our aircraft had to make a 180 degree turn on the runway, return to the taxiway, where Col. Huglin in his jeep was directing the line of aircraft to runway Number 1. With the considerable delay in our take off there was a question as to whether we should return to our hardstand for additional fuel. However, the decision was made to go. One never took off with a more heartsick feeling knowing that a number of lives had been lost before our eyes; we wondered how many. As we became airborne opposite the burning wreckage, it appeared that two additional B-29s on either side of the collision site had been damaged to the point that they would need to be scrapped. Carl Donica's aircraft in line on the taxiway for this mission was so damaged that they had to abort the mission.

With notes regarding the above incident for a starter, my diary doesn't say much about the mission. I remember that it seemed interminable. There wasn't much conversation among the crew. I imagine that most were thinking, "There but for the grace of God, go we." I knew one of the gunners on the Caldwell crew, Sgt. Charles Hackman.

I never slept much en route to the target, so it provided considerable time for thinking as we droned toward Kyushu in the darkness. In view of what we had just witnessed, Chaplain Richard Chambers' sermon delivered at 10:00 A.M. that morning prior to our mission was brought to mind. The theme was, "What Makes Civilized Men Become so Barbaric?" One often recurring thought on these missions was, "What am I doing here a mile over the western Pacific, over water that exceeds five miles deep in the Marianas Trench?" A number of B-29s rest in that trench, and undoubtedly a number more will join them. I would frequently recall that Sunday in

early December, 1941, when our family returned from an outing in our woodland in northern New York where we had cut some small birches to make candle holders for Christmas. Dad turned on the radio, and we learned about the attack on Pearl Harbor. Dad was quiet for a time and then commented, "Our lives will be changed for a long time." The impact of what he said didn't sink in at the time. I could not have comprehended that it would lead to my flying over Japan in the world's largest and most advanced aircraft of World War II.

The war was still going strong as I graduated from high school in June, 1943. Most of the young men in my class looked forward either to enlistment in the service or the draft. Those of us on farms had some chance of deferment. My high school chum and I made a pact—first one that is drafted, the other will volunteer and go with him. I was the volunteer. After two days in the reception center, Ted was permitted a home visit to his mother who had just had a heart attack—a quick end to our going off to war together. He landed on Omaha Beach while our crew was being assembled in McCook, NE. Thirty days later, wearing the same clothes he had waded ashore in, he was seriously wounded by our own artillery. We saw a lot of destruction with our incendiary raids and we killed more people than the atomic bombs were eventually to claim, but I think our kind of war must have been easier than looking at the enemy face to face.

We are soon west of Iwo Jima a number of miles, and I think of Richard West from my hometown who had joined the Marines and now lies in a temporary grave there. I was prepared to take a photo of the grave for the family but learned that no photos were to be taken of temporary graves. Thoughts always turn to family—what are they doing now? The Upstate New York farming is spiced up at this season with the making of maple syrup. What would the redheaded sweetheart be doing now? With the time difference, she must be on the job in the office of the base hospital at Pine Camp, her contribution to the war effort. There has been a long silent period on the intercom, and I presume the others were also lost in their thoughts. Several of the officers have wives.

Navigator Herb Maher's voice broke my reverie and the long silence on the intercom, "One hour to landfall on Kyushu." It was a relief from the heavy thinking. We attached the individual life rafts to our parachute harnesses and gathered the heavy flak suits around us. Ed Delahanty, FE, was requested to give us power for the gunnery system; and we started up the computer assisted gunnery system, testing it to the extent we could. The guns were test fired earlier. I could see the two top turrets and saw that they responded to the sight, switched on the com-

puter with the guns at 90 degrees and saw their muzzles jump 2" forward. At least that much of the computer system worked. Lacking any further tests that we could make in the air, we could only hope that those complicated boxes were worth the heavy taxpayer investment. Tom in the tail could well see what his guns were doing. We couldn't see the lower front turret, but they could hear it move from the navigator's and radio operator's positions. In the darkness we couldn't see the lower rear turret respond. From the lethargy of 20 minutes before, we were wide awake from the adrenaline flow despite the fact we had crawled out of our cots 19 hours before.

By the luck of our assigned drop area we avoided the most dangerous area of the Strait. We returned to the largest bomber base of World War II at 9:05 AM anxious to learn from our ground crew the details of the tragedy of the evening before. Only the tail gunner survived the explosions by reason that the entire tail was blown clear with the first blast. By a miracle only two ground personnel were killed in the crash. Immediately two theories emerged as a cause: (a) One tire on the right main gear blew, and the other wouldn't support the take-off load, and (b) the pilot pulled the plane off before it was ready to stay airborne, and the resulting bounce was more than the tires could take.

At debriefing we found our tent mates from the Nicks' crew which had returned before us, Dockham, Anglesey, Sabin, George, Jackson, and Bennett. They were welcoming us back with what seemed like more than the usual camaraderie. They had been aware that the aircraft taking off behind them had exploded. Unaware of the exact line-up, they had made the mission fearing it might have been us.

Following debriefing and now 30 hours out of our cots, sleep was not to be. We were summoned to be a part of the escort guard for the funeral for 12, ten flight crew and two ground crew. Chaplain Chambers conducted a Protestant service for ten, and a priest did the same for two Catholic boys. The little cemetery near the southwest end of the runways had been growing as we had noticed from the air. As most air crews were lost away from Tinian, many of the bodies resting here were the result of jeep and other vehicle accidents. I began to understand why Chaplain Chambers had seemed to age during our few months on Tinian.

My letter home reported that "Thunderin' Loretta" took three other B-29s with it. Steve Birdsall's "Saga of the Superfortress" mentions two. Whichever, it had to have been the major B-29 accident occurring at Tinian's North Field. Potentially, depending upon the actual cause of the accident, if Lt. Black's crew had been assigned

their "Thunderin' Loretta" for this mission, they might have been lost at that time. Exactly one week later their crew went down over the Shimonoseki Strait. Also interesting is the fact that Sgt. Hackman, who was killed with Caldwell's crew, had first been a member of Lt. Malo's crew, but for some reason had not flown with them when they went down over Kawasaki on April 15/16. It makes one ponder the term predestination.

Editor's note: Paul E. McCaskill, the Caldwell crew tail gunner lived to have a career and family and died October, 1988.

(Reprinted from Volume II of "The Global Twentieth" courtesy Chester W. Marshall)

WILL WE MAKE IWO?

Philip A. True, Navigator, 99th Squadron

A few minutes past 0600 on the morning of June 5th, 1945, light began to filter through the shroud of clouds that stretched to the horizon. Some 6,000 feet below us the Pacific gradually came into view, its dark surface rippled and flecked with an occasional whitecap. To the east, hidden in the haze that blurred the line between sky and sea, lay Iwo Jima.

I was a newly minted navigator on my first combat mission, sitting somewhat uncomfortably on the nose wheel hatch of a B-29. We were one of 473 B-29s of the XXI Bomber Command headed that morning for Kobe, Japan. Selected members of replacement crews, usually the AC and navigator, customarily flew a first mission with veteran crews to gain experience before the entire replacement crew flew together into combat. I was assigned to fly with Capt. Ted Littlewood's crew who had more than twenty missions behind them. Nearby on another 9th Group B-29, my AC, Maj. Dayton Countryman, was also an observer.

Our crew had arrived at Tinian to join the 313th Wing near the end of May following three months of replacement crew training at Davis-Monthan Army Air Force (AAF) Base, Tucson, Arizona. From there we went to Topeka AAF, Kansas, where we picked up a factory-fresh B-29 built at Boeing's Wichita plant.

Just before leaving Topeka, the name "Nip-Finale" was emblazoned in bold blue letters on the nose. The name had been selected in a contest held by the good citizens of Riley County, Kansas, who had purchased enough war bonds (about \$630,000) to pay for a B-29. The Manhattan Chamber of Commerce feted our crew at a banquet held two nights before we took off for Mather Field, Cali-



fornia, our point of departure for overseas.

Our trip from Mather Field to Tinian was made in stages, with stops at Oahu and Kwajalein Atoll. The passage over thousands of miles of the Pacific, without the usual navigational aids of radio and visual landmarks, caused apprehension for both the crew and me. Just turned twenty, I did not inspire instant confidence. I passed a razor over my boyish face every three days or so regardless of need. But I discovered that with careful dead reckoning, coupled with an occasional use of the sextant, over-water flights could be a piece of cake.

However, we flunked our first combat theater test after we landed at North Field early one afternoon. The ground crew discovered to their disgust that we carried no whiskey—the major item of barter on Tinian. We also learned that we had flown “Nip-Finale” for the last time. The plane was handed over to the 504th BG to replace one of the 88 B-29s lost in combat by the 20th Air Force during May. We hoisted our gear aboard a truck and were taken a few miles away to the rows of Quonset huts of the 9th BG where we were assigned to the 99th Squadron. (Long afterwards, I learned that “Nip-Finale” survived the war.)

The morning gloom seemed appropriate to the mission’s destination, the heavily defended port and industrial facilities of Kobe. The normal excitement felt in anticipation of one’s first combat mission had been heightened at the evening briefing. Before a giant map of the western Pacific, the briefing officer addressed the 36 crews assigned to fly this mission.

“Our target for tomorrow is Kobe,” he said pointing to the map and the brightly colored yarn marking our course from Tinian to the target. “We will bomb at 14,250 to 14,750 feet.” Even a neophyte like myself knew that 14,000 feet was dangerously low for a daylight mission over a heavily defended target, a fact driven home when the considerable defenses of the Kobe-Osaka area were briefed. Although B-29s no longer bombed at 30,000 feet—as they did in late 1944 and early 1945—where the powerful winds of the previously unknown jet stream greatly complicated bombing accuracy, daylight missions normally were scheduled at altitudes 20,000 feet or higher. The briefing officer turned to Lt. Col. Henry Huglin, 9th Commander, age 29, who strode forward and announced he would be in the lead plane. A thick overcast at 16,000 feet shrouding Japan, he told us, dictated our bombing altitude.

After we “hacked” our watches, little time was left for reflection before it was time to board the trucks to go down to the flight line. Back at our Quonset hut the old hands continued to grumble, making dire predictions of

smiling Japanese flak gunners licking their chopsticks when they saw how low we would be flying. “They’ll be out waving flags and yelling ‘banzai,’” someone said. Others predicted “another Kawasaki,” a reference to a costly April raid when the 9th lost four planes. Apprehension was rapidly turning into fear. I was glad to go to the truck.

On the flight line the crew methodically went through their preflight checks. Some eight tons of 500-pound, M17A1, incendiary cluster bombs were hoisted into the bomb bays. In our wing and center tanks were 6,700 gallons of high-octane gasoline. Our gross weight at takeoff would be about 139,000 pounds, several thousand pounds over maximum allowable, but normal for combat missions. At about 0130 we shook and rattled down the runway using all 8,500 feet before the pilots horsed us off into the night. We hugged the dark surface of the ocean for several miles before beginning our climb to altitude.

After we were airborne, I squeezed back to the cramped navigator’s station where Lt. Claude Caldwell explained how he navigated to Japan using the navigator’s “flimsy,” which listed preset headings, position points, and times. The course was plotted on a small-scale Mercator projection outline map on which a single pencil line was about two miles wide. My orientation was limited by the noise from our four, often temperamental, R-3350 Wright Cyclone engines, which meant we had to be virtually head-to-head to talk. No spare headset could be found, further limiting my combat orientation.

About two hours after passing Iwo our battle-scarred plane, “Old 574”, reached bombing altitude. We were nearing the group assembly point over the wide strait separating the islands of Kyushu and Honshu. Here, the four wings of the XXI Bomber Command after flying six hours from their bases had to assemble into ten-to-twelve plane formations. Accurate navigation and precise flying times were imperative.

To aid in assembling, all B-29s had large symbols—a circle, square, diamond, or triangle—painted on the tail. The 313th’s symbol was a large black circle inside of which a large X signified the 9th BG; and E identified the 504th; and so on. Additionally, 313th lead crew planes had three prominent stripes, two black ones bordering a yellow, encircling the fuselage near the rudder. Colored smoke flares were also used to flag planes to their correct assembly area. The lead crew might also lower the nose wheel to direct attention to the proper form-up point. As we circled, other planes in our formation linked up. A few minutes before 0900 we set off for the target.

Minutes later the dark, fingerlike headlands of



Shikoku and Honshu emerged from the haze. I could sense my pulse beating faster as I watched land draw nearer. Around me tension was visibly building as each crew member concentrated on his particular duty—jobs made more difficult by our burden of personal gear. Heavy flak aprons, donned earlier, competed with quick release backpack parachutes, Mae Wests, and green nylon survival vests whose numerous pockets were filled with survival gear—assuming someone had not decided to sample the tropical chocolate and other “delicacies.” Some crew members wore web belts bearing canteens, flashlights, knives, even pistols. We sat on one-man life rafts attached to our parachute harness.

Just before 0900 we reached the initial point (IP) where Osaka Bay narrowed, ten minutes from the target. The IP was a prominent geographic feature with good land/sea contrast and easily identified either visually or by radar. The lead navigator corrected his course to begin the bomb run. Ahead, the first black puffs of flak drifted lazily across the sky. Huge oily coils of smoke from fires and explosions triggered by earlier formations snaked higher in the sky. As I stared through the “greenhouse” nose of the B-29, a cloud of flak enveloped a formation of planes ahead. A few seconds later another ugly blossom of flak erupted. Ted Littlewood turned and pointed, a “this-is-it” look on his face.

The city of Kobe lay ahead, a burning, smoking ribbon of urban buildup and industry confined to a narrow, mile-wide strip pinched between mountains and the sea. Japanese flak batteries were firing a “box,” or barrage, pattern, creating a gauntlet of sky for the oncoming B-29 formations.

On the bomb run I had no duties except to observe. We were in clear air for a few more seconds before the flak bracketed us. Plumes of black smoke filled the air, the nearness of the explosions buffeting our plane. For a few seconds we were wrapped in fine strands of drifting smoke. Seconds later the lead bombardier dropped. Eyes fixed on the lead plane, the other bombardiers in the formation also released their stacks of incendiaries. Our plane, now 16,000 pounds lighter, nosed up and surged ahead.

A few seconds later a terrible rumble and chatter startled and shook me. Immediately in back of me the four-gun upper turret, whose padded surface protruded into and occupied much of the rear half of the compartment, began firing its .50-caliber guns. I looked ahead. Small dark shapes—one plane, then two—at our altitude were poised to attack. As I watched, the fighters closed rapidly, their 20-mm cannons blinking as they fired at our formation. In my excitement I could not tell whether

they were Zekes, Tonys, or some other type—despite countless hours of aircraft identification training—as they flashed by on our starboard side.

For another ten minutes, perhaps longer, the fighters pressed their attack, usually in pairs. Finally, the guns were silent. Our formation had maneuvered to avoid the air defenses of Osaka. Now we were headed south, following the flight plan to exit Honshu over lightly populated, mountainous terrain and away from major cities and known defense sites. I began to breathe more easily. Our formation, as far as I could see, appeared intact.

The Pacific came into view. No Japanese fighters were dogging us. After a few minutes the formation broke up to allow planes to fly back to Tinian individually. Only then did I begin to sense something was wrong. I happened to glance at, then intently watch, the altimeter needle on the pilot’s instrument panel. It was haltingly moving counterclockwise. We were down to 12,000 feet. Puzzled, I leaned over to the flight engineer, 1st Lt. Don Cotner, on my right. “Why are we descending?” I shouted. Lt. Cotner pointed at the small window to his left. I craned my head and inched my still flak-suited body forward for a look.

Engine number four, the outboard engine on the right side, was stopped, the huge four-bladed propeller feathered. So was number three, the in-board engine next to it. I stared at the feathered props, my mind not yet comprehending what I saw. What happened?” I asked. “Got it in the wing. The top gunner reported fuel streaming back near number three’s nacelle, so we had to shut it down because of possible fire. Then, Cotner inclined his head toward the two dead engines, “I realized it was probably fuel leaking from number four’s fuel tank.” (Afterwards we learned that the shell tearing a hole in our wing and fuel tank also damaged the float mechanism in the tank, which obscured the nature of the problem.) “Ran number four as long as we could, then had to feather it. Then we couldn’t get number three unfeathered. So,....” he shrugged.

A B-29 could fly on two engines, but two engines out on the same side was much more serious. Ted Littlewood had put the remaining good engines on “climb” power settings and let the plane descend with the hope that in time a lower altitude and denser air would allow us to hold straight and level. The power settings, however, burnt excessive fuel; additionally, the trim settings needed to compensate for the two dead engines created additional drag, which also ran up fuel consumption.

I inched back to my position on the center of the hatch to digest this news, my eyes glued to the altimeter.



I pulled out my E-6, the handy-dandy plastic circular slide rule and plotter that all navigators carried to figure out our rate of descent. We were losing about 100 feet a minute which, if continued, meant we would shake hands with the Pacific in less than two hours. Since it was about a three-hour trip to Iwo at normal cruising speed, now slowed to about 170 mph. . . The ominous conclusion from these computations was tempered only slightly by the reassuring sight of another B-29 flying shotgun a few hundred feet above us.

We continued to lose altitude over the next hour, but the hum of our port engines remained reassuringly steady. I checked once more with Don Cotner: "Will we make Iwo?" I asked. He shrugged again, his look conveying uncertainty. I wasn't aware of it at the time, but scores of other B-29s with similar problems—battle damage, short of fuel, wounded crewmen aboard—were also headed for Iwo. (On this mission some 175 B-29s received battle damage, more than half stopped at Iwo).

My reverie was interrupted when Ted Littlewood glanced back and saw the untidy heap of flak jackets discarded earlier still piled on the hatch. He told me in no uncertain terms to hurry and get them stowed away. Afterwards, I learned that the crew had considered dumping flak suits and other extraneous gear, but to do so from the rear compartment would have required opening the bomb bay doors. Occasionally and particularly after unknown battle damage, the bomb bay doors once opened would not close. In our situation this would have created intolerable drag and ensured bailout.

Around 7,000 feet our rate began to slow. Even so, making Iwo still depended on whether we had enough fuel. At around 5,000 feet we were more or less holding altitude. Ted Littlewood motioned me to come closer. "Even if we can hold this altitude," he said, "we might not have enough fuel to reach Iwo. If not, we'll bail out. You'll be first." The fear I had tried to suppress now engulfed me. Jump? Not only had I never jumped, but the mere thought was terrifying, and jumping into the ocean merely intensified my fears. Since AAF air crews were given little training in such matters, most of us were only vaguely aware of the mechanics of our chutes, such as where the ripcord was located.

I knew the metal disc enclosing the snaps from our quick-release backpack parachute had to be hit by a sharp blow to disengage the harness. Before this, the safety clip inserted into the disc—so we would not accidentally lose our chutes in case of banging into something—had to be pulled out. The timing of hitting the water, getting rid of the parachute, and inflating the life raft and Mae West was tricky. Judging distance above the water was

difficult, I remembered being told. Release from the harness too soon meant entering the water too fast with risks of possible injury and swallowing water. Release too late and you would be entangled with the chute shroud lines.

I would have been even more depressed had I known the casualty statistics for crew bailouts over water. I craned my neck for a better look. The Pacific looked ominous, gray and ugly, swirling with swells and occasional whitecaps. Suddenly I felt like tapping Ted Littlewood and asking, "Why not ditch?" Reacting to the heart stopping thought of hurling myself into space, my mind decided irrationally that ditching must be better than bailout. I hadn't thought it through. Even in the best of situations, ditching was a terrific jolt, depending on wave height and how well the pilot timed the swells. A plane with only two engines pulling on one side would make last-second corrections almost impossible. Finally, I resigned myself to the thought of becoming better acquainted with my parachute.

Another hour passed. "Old 574" found the heavier air at about 4,000 feet to its liking. We were holding altitude. We passed over a Navy destroyer escort on station where we could have bailed out, but Ted Littlewood decided against it. I sat there, my eyes still warily checking the altimeter, my ears attuned to the steady beat of our remaining engines. With a growing sense of relief, I noted by watching the pilots and engineer that we were nearing Iwo.

Unfortunately, the weather was worsening, and other B-29s were headed for Iwo as well. As we descended to enter the pattern, the tower gave us an initial wave off because we were still too high. We circled Mount Surabachi, our starboard wing with the two dead engines pointing down, a view that produced in me a feeling of "teetering on the edge of a cliff." At last we reentered the pattern and heard the welcome sound of landing gear being lowered as we started final approach.

Incredible! Another B-29 recklessly slanted across our nose and cut us off, angling in to land ahead of us. We broke off and had to pull up. An engine miss at this time or lack of electric power would have finished us—we had no safety margin. Once more we circled slowly. I did not need a headset to know that Ted Littlewood was informing the tower, in vigorous terms, of our situation. Then he turned to me. "If we can't get in this time," he said, perspiration beading his face, "I'm going to pull up and drop you guys out in the ocean. Be ready to go." Once more I looked out the engineer's window and saw the two dead engines pointing down toward the drab pile of rock and ash that was Iwo Jima.



One more time we banked and descended for final, the pilots straining to correct for the two dead engines. Then clouds and rain enveloped us. We continued to descend blind and broke out in the clear almost above the end of the field. We quickly dropped the final feet and heard the welcome thump and squeal of wheels hitting the runway, the plane snapping and creaking as the brakes were hit immediately. We slowed, then stopped, our plane at the very end of the strip. An alert tower operator had picked up our blip on the tower radar and vectored us in. We hurriedly climbed down as the crew began to inspect the plane. A shell had torn through the wing and fuel tank supplying engine number four. We were extremely fortunate that the shell failed to explode and that we had enough fuel to land.

A truck took us to a temporary holding area. Then the rain hit hard. The dusty volcanic soil, a mix of sand and ash, instantly was transformed into red, gooey mud. Despite the drenching rain, the odor of sulfur I noticed as soon as we landed still hung in the air. We passed by former Japanese bunkers where, dimly visible through the rain, twisted iron rods rose grotesquely from hunks of concrete half-buried in the earth. To me the landscape looked like the gates to hell. Then I remembered. A few weeks earlier 20,000 Marines had inched and crawled their way over this eroded hunk of volcanic debris. Some 5,000 had died here so that we could land and live.

It was late when I got back to Tinian. I sat down on my cot, so tired I could barely take off my flight suit. In answer to a question, I mumbled half-coherently what had happened. Someone said it was the kind of mission you would not forget. I never have.

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IMPRESSIONS FROM COMBAT 1945

Maurice Ashland, AC, 5th Squadron

Some impressions of combat life are remembered more than others. It is not because of recounting the incident to others at the time, because you would always be topped. “We had 50 holes last night” would elicit “We had 200”. So my crew did not talk much about what happened which, of course, not much did; except those few moments of stark terror known mostly in flying, but now compounded by combat action. Actually, when there was a bad situation we were too busy working our way

out of it to be scared. At other times, we weren’t even aware of a close call until after returning, and others gathered around to view the damage.

My crew’s combat action to Japan started on Feb. 19, when the 504th BG needed a flight to fill out their formation. Their executive officer, a friend of Fritz Scheaffer, requested Fritz’s flight. On this first mission, the Scheaffer, Fleming, Nash and Ashland crews were over Tokyo at 27000’ in close formation bombing the Nakajima aircraft factory. The hardest part was to stand before the assembled 9th BG crews the next day to tell what combat was like - as if I knew.

One of our “hairiest” missions was also early in our tour. Again we were flying close formation off the leader’s right wing at 27000’ in and out of clouds. On the bomb run, we were receiving flak when, suddenly, the cockpit windows completely fogged over. My first thought was to kick a little right rudder in to drift away from the formation, now invisible, but close. Instead, I called out on interphone “dumping pressure, go on 100% oxygen” as I pulled the “T” handle dumping the cabin pressure. I threw open my cockpit window and we were still in close formation. I was most concerned about tail gunner, Richard McCready who, due to his isolated position, would have been the most vulnerable to passing out. I asked for a crew report starting at the tail and was greatly relieved when he came back “Tail Gunner on 100% Oxygen.” All others then reported in O.K. except Pilot Harold Olsen (Oley) who was having another kind of problem. Oley was telling me on interphone that he had been hit and a quick glance showed that his hand was down by his ankle and dripping red. Moments later he said he was all right and that it was hydraulic fluid spraying from the brake system. He had been hit by flak on his flak helmet and vest and on the leg, but had not been injured. Our crew calls this our “hydraulic blood” incident. I always had a guilty feeling about this as I thought the flak had come in through the window I had just opened. But now, bombardier Jim Arrigo has told me that the flak came in 2’ from his head. It hit Oley’s rudder pedals and brake system before glancing off his flak protection. The shrapnel looked like a piece of coal.

Another memorable mission occurred on April 7 to the Mitsubishi Aircraft Engine Plant at Nagoya. This was to be a daylight formation mission at 16000’. After navigating over water for about 7 hours, we arrived at our rendezvous area and began to circle and circle. All the other 9th BG B-29s were somewhere else and I knew we had a problem when the briefed time to depart the rendezvous area passed. We saw a speck in the sky, and “it”



saw us as we headed toward each other. As it came up on our wing, we observed it to be a 6th BG B-29 obviously looking for his formation. I asked him if he wanted to lead we would go over his target, or we would lead and go over ours. He replied "you lead". So this is how we ended up with a 2 ship formation at 10:30 in the morning in good weather at the relatively low altitude of 16000' over Nagoya. The smoke thermals were rising above our altitude at this time, but our bomb run was successful with no fighters. In this we may have been lucky as the 9th BG formation of 30 B-29s encountered the heaviest fighter opposition to date expending 7500 rounds and claiming 2 fighters destroyed and 5 damaged. I was beginning to think we had pulled it off but it was not to be. Flak came through the open bomb bay doors and then a bulkhead with shrapnel hitting CFC gunner, Clarence Phenner, in the ankle. Another piece was flying around the radar section missing Radar Earl Pearsall. Earl still has the piece and brings it to reunions. En route back, I crawled through the tunnel and asked Clarence if he wanted to be put down at IWO. The wound was stable, he had just finished his in-flight lunch, and was in good spirits despite being flat on his back. I pointed out that they were still fighting on IWO, while back at Tinian the hospital had nurses and clean sheets. He opted for Tinian.

We had been briefed to shoot one color flare for wounded, another color for damaged airplane, and to land on runway "B". Again, our hydraulic system had been hit but the landing was no problem using the emergency brake system. The "meat wagon" was standing by and the medics went in the back to retrieve Clarence. They strapped him onto a stretcher, but had trouble maneuvering him through the back hatch. Clarence later told me that they had him coming out head first, upside down, and seemingly not in full control. He thought he was going to slip out and hit the asphalt. He said it was the "hairiest" part of the mission. At intelligence debriefing, we were advised that we were being credited with a group lead. I protested "But we only led one B-29" but they replied that was a formation. I didn't argue.

Capt. Drumm, Group Gunnery Officer, took Clarence's CFC job on a number of missions, but caused some consternation when he expended our ammunition scaring fighters off rather than letting them approach. Since our primary job was to bomb, this was a satisfactory procedure. On daylight formation missions, we flew as close as possible knowing that a fighter pilot would tend not to attack. If he did, the right and left 3 ship flights would step up or down from the lead flight, depending on the direction of the approach. Each individual ship in its respective flight would also step up or down.

With a 9 ship formation, this could bring ninety 50 cal guns to bear on a fighter. On a tail approach, they were facing nine 20mm cannons and eighteen 50 cal guns, plus guns from the other turrets. I always had a good feeling about Richard McCready, TG, back there with a cannon protecting our tail. Then it was removed, leaving two 50 cal guns, so that more bombs or fuel could be carried. It was part of our survival kit to fly a tight formation. The fighters were always looking for an easier target such as a straggler. With so many gunners firing at the same fighter, it was difficult to sort out who should be credited. Intelligence in their wisdom often awarded a 1/2 fighter to a crew. My gunners, Clarence Phenner (CFC), Richard McCready (TAIL), Melvin Williams (RG), and Norman Alexander (LG), received credit for 2 1/2 although they claimed many more. Later, the fighter tactics changed to head-on approaches concentrating on the leader in an attempt to disrupt the formation and break up the bomb run. Also, there were a few kamikaze attacks of ramming the B-29. During training at McCook, the firing of the four 50 cal guns from the upper forward turret was deafening. In a combat situation, it was sweet music.

Our crew did lead a formation of 16 B-29s on the Matsuyama Airfield strike at 18500' on May 10. During the Okinawa invasion, our navy had received extensive damage from kamikaze attacks. Our mission was to disrupt these attacks. We were not the briefed leader but unknown to us, they had aborted. A long range radio message was sent that we were to be the leader. Some radio operators received the message, but we did not. We arrived at the rendezvous area looking for the leader when someone came up on our wing. Since this would only slow us down in finding the leader, I steepened the bank to shake him off. However, he hung in there with some superior flying skills. Now, there were B-29s coming from all directions headed for our 2 ship formation. I told my crew that we would form the formation and, when the lead showed, turn it over. We went into a shallow bank, put our nose gear down signifying the lead, and with one circle had the formation together. I told my crew that we would lead the formation over the target. While on the bomb run, we were surprised by a number of phosphorous streamers that were above and dead ahead of us. It appeared they would certainly fall on our formation. It was our first experience with this and had never been briefed that this existed. Several in the formation broke radio silence to suggest we make a 360 degree. It did look bad, but I knew no matter how bad it was going to be, it would be worse to make a 360 degree. I advised the formation to fly as briefed, and to maintain radio si-



lence. Soon the streamers were below us and no longer a factor. However, I thought we might have another problem. It appeared to me that bombardier Jim Arrigo was taking us out over the ocean. I kicked him on the shoulder and hollered “Let’s get it over the target.” He turned around and hollered back for me to leave him alone, that he was on target. He went back to the bombsight, and without making any course correction gave me a thumbs up. Then I knew he was on target, and the heading was due to a strong crosswind that he had to correct for. The formation dropped on our release and it was a very successful mission. Seven B-29s from the formation landed at IWO for fuel. The next day in discussing the mission before the assembled participating crews, everybody laughed when I told about kicking Jim and hollering at him.

You never knew about some of the worst incidents until after landing when a group would gather around looking at the damage. We flew our share of missions over Shimonoseki Straights and Yawata, said to have been the second most fortified area of Japan. On this night mission of May 17 at 6000', we saw a B-29 with a wing on fire and circling down determined later to have been flown by the Black crew. There were plenty of searchlights that zeroed in on us, but no problem as we headed home. At sunup, I noticed what appeared to be a shadow close to the hub of #2 prop but couldn't envision what it might be. On engine shutdown in the hardstand, a group collected around #2 prop and I could then see a gaping hole in the blade - apparently caused by a 20mm shell. Had this blade failed, the unbalanced prop would likely have torn the engine off and caused the “Nip Clipper” to go down just as we had seen Lt Black's B-29 go down.

On many night missions the searchlights would pick up a B-29 ahead of us in the bomber stream. It was fascinating to watch as they tracked one B-29 after another and knowing it would soon be our turn. Slipping through the darkness, whammy, a battery of searchlights have zeroed in lighting up the cockpit so brightly that a newspaper could be read. We didn't like to be in the spotlight anymore than anyone else, but it usually occurred during the bomb run and not much could be done about it. One consolation was that you knew the searchlights would soon leave for the B-29s coming behind. Since the searchlights were aimed by acoustics rather than radar, we could unsynchronize the engines giving a beat which sometimes caused the lights to start meandering.

We had a “fireball” incident. We had left Japan, and once the adrenaline stopped flowing, I exercised the AC's prerogative of taking a nap while Oley did the flying. Suddenly, the B-29 was in a violent maneuver which

was not conducive to napping. I asked Oley “what's wrong?” He came back with “We have a fireball off our left wing”. I instantly recognized it as the full moon which had just risen above the horizon. I have read in the book “B-29 Superfortress” by Marshall, page 114, that “the balls of fire would always appear off the right wing when going into the Japanese homeland and off the left wing as they returned to their Mariana bases”. This would be consistent with the moon rising in the East and might account for some of the “balls of fire.”

Sometimes, a crew can just be lucky. This was the case right after a night incendiary bomb drop. One of the 500 lb bombs containing a cluster of 6 lb phosphorous incendiaries hung up on a shackle. Jim donned a Mae West, a parachute, and with the portable oxygen bottle went into the open bomb bay to try to release it. No Luck! We had no alternative but to take it back. Later, we heard and felt a thump, followed by a report from a gunner that the bomb was lying on the doors - open the doors! I pulled the emergency salvo “T” handle by my seat as Jim was opening the doors through his system. The bomb slipped through and the sky illuminated below us. I envisioned the bomb bay plastered with burning phosphorous. What a relief to hear that there was no fire! The bomb doors had been damaged and could not be closed. Jim had one other mission where he had to kick a bomb out. Other crews had similar experiences. I believe it was one of the bravest acts to go into an open bomb bay over the Pacific Ocean with just a Mae West and parachute to attempt to release a bomb.

“We need a volunteer for this mission” (presumably a more dangerous mission) the briefing officer said. Chip Collins flying the “Nip Clipper” this day raised his hand. So this is how Radar Counter Measure (RCM) was added to the “Nip Clippers” repertoire. Our 31st mission on July 20 to Choshi with Erwin Vernon as RCM operator, and our 35th mission to Maebushi on August 6 with Mulligan were the two we flew. No one asked if we volunteered. This mission required us to take off as much as 40 minutes ahead of the main force, circle the target dropping chaff, searching for defensive radar frequencies, and jamming them. The whole scenario of the strike unfolded beneath us as the pathfinders dropped their bombs, then the bomber stream as we watched the conflagration develop below. On the Chosi mission, 9th BG Commander Henry Huglin was aboard to observe. When it appeared that the last bomber had dropped, we were ready to head home when we heard an authoritative voice “Let's wait another 5 minutes in case there is a straggler”. This was followed by a couple more 5 minute waits



before we left. While I have heard of many increasing their airspeed over the target to minimize their exposure, we would be over the target on the RCM missions for more than an hour.

One of the flight crews activities before a flight was “walking the props through” to assure there was no “hydraulic lock” in a cylinder. This required two men to a blade to turn the four bladed prop through three revolutions i.e., twelve blades repeated for each engine. What a strenuous job this was!

Our missions were generally flown in radio silence. At briefing, all received a time hack. The pilots flimsys had the specified times to start engines, taxi, and takeoff. These times were met to the second. The flimsys also specified the order of taxi and the runway. A launch officer at the runway end signalled for the power check beginning 10 seconds before brake release as a double check to the crews timing, checked the flap position, looked down the runway to assure the preceding B-29 had cleared and dropped his arm. The navigator, Edward Demming Smith, was also counting down 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 hack as I released the brakes. We did talk to the tower on our 23 training flights, test hops, and other non mission flights. At IWO, radio silence was not standard.

On most missions the B-29s were loaded to near maximum with bombs and fuel. Nearly all of the 8,500' runway was required for take off with all 4 engines at max power. I always considered the mission 1/3 completed after the takeoff. Three of the four runways were normally used for takeoff with the fourth reserved for emergency landings accomplished in radio silence. On each runway, the takeoffs were generally made at one minute intervals. Even on return from missions, landings were accomplished in radio silence. The Japanese listening posts could not detect a mission being launched, number of aircraft, or who returned and who had not. Many crews “missing in action” were noted in official records as “last seen or heard taking off from Tinian”. What stories they could tell before meeting their end.

The “B-29 had a step” evoking many arguments among Pilots and Flight Engineers. The theory was that you could fly slightly nose down, reduce the power settings, close the cowl flaps some while maintaining airspeed and altitude. The opposite was that with the nose up, power needed to be increased, cowl flaps opened some to keep the temperatures within limits while maintaining airspeed and altitude. I believed in the step, many didn't. The “Nip Clipper” had a step, maybe some B-29s didn't. I know that my crew never had to land at IWO and never sweated gas to Tinian. Also, a big factor was Flight Engineer, Marvin Stewart, who kept the engines churning

and making sure we had enough fuel. He was very good at using his cruise control charts and in fuel management. Also, it required precision navigation by Edward Smith in all weather conditions. Radar Earl Pearsall, was very helpful in this navigation and in the penetration of the weather fronts. When we first arrived on Tinian, my crew made a pact with Harley Rohrer, crew chief, and his crew that we would keep the airplane clean if they would keep the engines clean. The idea was that they would be able to see a developing engine problem, and there would be a reduced risk of fire, while we wouldn't have to worry as much about fuel consumption. Washing the B-29 with gas, rags, and mops, wearing GI shoes and with no safety harness, was a very dangerous job. We did it twice and lucked out with no injury. On test hops we often took the civilian autopilot Tech rep with us, and also the Wright engine Tech rep, Thomas Lazzio.

Harley and crew had the “Nip Clipper” in such excellent shape that it never caused us to air abort. On many missions, we returned without even a light bulb burned out. No write ups after 14-16 hours. The “Nip Clipper” was also flown by the crews of Collins (5), Nelson (3), Barneyback, Nash, C.W. Cox, Miller, Reynolds, B.E. Cox (2), and Keller (2). Our crew finished 35 missions on August 6 and had visions of flying the “Nip Clipper” home as a “war weary”. It had flown 46 missions by 10 crews accumulating 820 hours by this date and had received its share of battle damage. On August 8, with the Keller crew flying the 47th mission it was hit by flak over Yawata and went into the ocean. At this date, it was one of the top B-29s in the 9th BG in combat missions completed - a real tribute to Harley Rohrer and his ground crew. Unsung heroes? You Bet! What a great B-29 it was! And what a great group of guys on the flight crew -- each one equally important in delivering the bombs and getting us back.

IMPRESSIONS FROM TINIAN 1945

Maurice Ashland, AC, 5th Squadron

Some impressions of life on Tinian and in combat standout. I believe there is a common bond experienced among us who were there. One thing we shared was the lack of daily creature comforts which today we take for granted. Imagine, if you will, 12 men sharing one tent, later replaced with a quonset - a space of maybe 3' between GI cots. Add a table for the poker players sandwiched between a couple bunks, one of which was mine, and your turf is virtually gone. Privacy? There was none!

Natural ventilation was controlled by our Flight Leader, Fritz Scheaffer. “Ash, it's starting to rain. Get



those flaps down.” No heating, no cooling, no forced ventilation, although the Tinian climate was generally ideal. No refrigerator to keep drinks cold, nor stove to warm a snack.

A necessity is a toilet, right? (We called them latrines). From our tent “go a short city block west, left 1/4 block.” I didn’t know of anyone who kept a “potty” under his bunk, and the adjoining cane field was a little risky from either Japanese who were still holed out, or at night from our guards. A waxy toilet paper was standard, similar to the glossy pages of the Sears catalog we had used at the farm outhouse. However, some had received soft tissue from home, but this was not shared. Soft tissue became an obsession. Shaves and showers were always with cold water. All of us were in the same situation, but you longed for the day when you could soak in a hot tub. However, you kept those sissy thoughts to yourself. I missed the Tampa morning paper, but the Clear Lake Mirror, now a month old, had to suffice. Later in the day the 9th BG “Coral Times” or the 313th wing “Daily Mission” could be read.

Our tent of 5th Sqdn ACs bordered a cane field and at night, guards were posted. One windy night, a guard became alarmed and hollered for the “Corporal of the Guard.” Instantaneously, there were 12 clicks as we all put a bullet in the chamber of our 45 cal service handguns kept under our pillows. The guard became increasingly frantic, and finally Chip Collins went out to calm him. At a reunion, I heard there were 12 clicks in the next tent too. Later, a road of coral was constructed along the border. Then the cane field was knocked down.

An army travels on its stomach, and we were part of the army. It seemed to me in the early days it was mostly Australian spam. I did have one occasion to eat at a navy officers mess. Their pilots had just returned from a combat mission to an island we used for practice bombing. They were eating steaks! With the harbor master being a naval officer, it was understandable who ate steak. I don’t recall anyone gaining any weight on Tinian. Bacon and eggs, sunny side up, please, toast with a glass of real milk, or cup of non GI coffee was a breakfast you would like, but could not have for the duration. At home, an ice cream cone, or a thick milk shake, was always a weekend standard--not so on Tinian. Although there was a whiskey ration, at least for officers, there was no ice cream. I have heard at reunions that some had ice cream at a Seabee or navy camp, but to protect the source, the information was one of the more closely guarded secrets of the war. The idea of having a thick milk shake also became an obsession.

Toward the end of the tour, a small PX would some-

times open for a few hours before a mission where you could buy a single candy bar to take along. What a treat that was! And who gave us our mostly GI haircuts for 9 months? Fortunately, our bombardier Jim Arrigo possessed all the accoutrements. Cost \$1.00 in script. Fifty years later, Jim is still cutting hair in Syracuse, but not for script.

Wheels? We didn’t have any. Most of us had been driving tractors, cars, or trucks since we were kids, and at least on weekends, going where and when we wanted. All of us had bicycles since grade school. Now, only the ops officer Frank Luschen, and CO Malvern Brown, had jeeps. We could sometimes borrow one of these, but not very often. To get around the island, we hitchhiked. The first vehicle with space always stopped. On a mission, the trip to and from the hardstands was made in a 6 x 6 - the standard army 2 1/2 ton truck with a tarp over the back.

With no gals around, there was nude sun bathing in the camp and at the close by beach. This beach was not too popular as it was down a cliff, isolated and, remember, there were still a few Japanese around. The sharp coral hurt your feet, and, my worst fear, was the small octopus. If there were small ones, it seemed logical that there might be big ones.

The 9th BG had a popular outdoor theater. Early on, the shows were slightly hindered by a single engine Japanese plane nicknamed “Washing Machine Charlie”. The lights would go off and there would be some nervous laughs as the holler went up to “go over to Saipan”. After a few weeks, these excursions stopped.

Sex? There wasn’t any! You would think a group of men would become pretty horny, but there wasn’t much talk of sex. We were always accusing the cooks of putting saltpeter in the coffee or food. They always denied it. Maybe the cold showers were also a factor. The only comment about sex that I remember was after returning from a mission where we had dropped bombs on a city at 2 AM one of our crew commented, “We sure interrupted their sex life that morning.” We all chuckled at the thought.

Crew members quickly adjusted to their other then “8 to 5” hours. Missions to Japan occurred at any time of the day or night, so we resisted any thought of an established routine. An annoyance to many was the censorship imposed on all outgoing enlisted mail. The officers mail was not censored, but it was assumed that some of it was. Officers were routinely detailed to censor the “V” (Victory) mail - much to the chagrin of these members. Most ACs made it a point not to censor any of their crews letters. I never found anything censorable and believe



now that none of us knew anything that would have been of any help to the enemy. Later in the war, the Japanese were told what cities were going to be bombed. That information was not available to us except at a briefing prior to a mission. Finally, at the end of hostilities, censorship stopped much to our relief.

There was complete honesty in our camp. Nothing was ever stolen and the thought of someone pilfering was the farthest from our minds. After all, we were all trusting our lives to one another. Although we were from all parts of the country, nearly the same age, educational backgrounds, survivors of the thirty's depression, there was a common bond. We had completed training at military bases, and shared similar viewpoints on most issues.

We were fortunate in our quarters to not have lost anyone during our tour. There was one anxious time when Tutton's crew on the Feb 25 mission to Tokyo did not land with the others. At debriefing, they still had not landed. After breakfast, still no Tutton as we sacked out. Finally, after flying over 17 hours, they landed. They had unknowingly bypassed Tinian about an hour before locating themselves and returning.

Physical recreation was almost nonexistent. The only activity that I recall was when someone nearby obtained some horseshoes and a couple stakes. For a time, this was crowded with a few players and many spectators. The 9th BG had a baseball team and our crew pilot Harold Olsen (Oley) played 3rd base. For the rest of us less skilled 2200, there was no realistic chance to participate, except as spectators. There was no jogging, basketball, touch football, softball, ping pong or volleyball. The ground crews had very little free time, as they seemingly were always working on their B-29, but the flight crews were often "killing time" waiting for the next mission. A major reason was the single minded goal of fighting and winning the war as quickly as possible. Who would think it was right for the ground crews to often work day and night while the flight crews were back at camp "playing". Toward the end of the war a B-29 crew was sent back to the states to pick up "Special Services" (recreation) equipment. However, with two engines out they made an emergency landing at Johnston Island. Finally arriving in the states, the war ended and they received orders not to return. I have since read in the 9th BG "Coral Times" that after cessation of hostilities, all kinds of organized sports were available including scheduled mandatory physical training.

While now it is hard to imagine the spartan conditions that we endured, at the time it was accepted as normal and adequate. I never heard anyone complain about our living conditions--except for that Australian spam.

WE POW WERE FIRST TO SEE HIROSHIMA DAMAGE

Walter R. Ross, Bombardier, 5th Squadron

News of the world's first atomic bomb-drop by a Tinian-based B-29 known as the ENOLA GAY that devastated the city of Hiroshima was fresh in our minds on August 8, 1945, as we made our way toward our target of the day, the steel manufacturing city of Yawata, located in Kyushu, Japan's southernmost home island. Little did we know that events and circumstances that were about to happen to us would catapult ten of us into the position of being the first Americans to see the catastrophic destruction the bomb inflicted on that city.

After dropping our bombs on Yawata, our formation turned on a heading that would begin our homeward trek toward Tinian. But then disaster struck. Fighters almost disabled our plane, but we were able to make it out to sea before we had to abandon the aircraft. The Japanese found us before our rescue people did and we became POWs. On August 16th we were taken to one of the few buildings still standing in Hiroshima where we were locked up.

Following are some excerpts from a letter dated August 12, 1945, to my wife Lucille from Lt. Col. Malvern H.W. Brown, commander of the 5th Bomb Squadron:

"Although you have been notified by the War Department that your husband 1st Lt. Walter R. Ross is missing in action, I feel that you should have more details.

Walter's airplane left Tinian on a daylight bombing mission over the Japanese empire on the morning of August 8, 1945, immediately after bombs were dropped on the target, his ship started lagging behind the formation with its number three engine on fire, possibly caused by enemy action. As soon as his ship dropped back, enemy fighters started pressing attacks on his plane. At a distance of approximately 150 miles out to sea the eleven-man crew bailed out..."

I entered the bomb bay during our struggle to maintain altitude and tried desperately to crank the bomb bay doors shut which had been damaged during the fighter attacks. Crawling back toward the forward compartment I found the front end empty except the pilot, 2nd Lt. George Keller, who was still at the controls. He yelled to me, "Jump! Jump! We're bailing out!". Now I have never been able to jump off a high diving board, much less from a disabled plane, so you can understand what a shock I experienced. As I looked out the right window, I could see our plane was on fire. I could see nothing but flames, and my decision came quickly--there was no alternative,



if I wanted to live a little longer. I decided my best chance was with a jump. I wrapped my hand around the ripcord handle of my parachute, rolled over, and went out the front wheel hatch.

The next thing I knew I was gliding smoothly down into the ocean. Following training instructions, I released my chute just before I hit the water. Then I looked up and saw Keller coming down, but his chute did not open completely before he hit the water. At about this time our plane the “NIP CLIPPER” crashed into the water, causing a big explosion. The plane fell almost in the same spot as Keller did, and we never saw him again.

Ten survivors of our crew landed in the Sea of Japan. We were able to assemble in our life rafts, and hoped and prayed that we would somehow be rescued before being picked up by the Japanese. But this was not to be. Some of the planes that had been escorting us dropped supplies to us, but most everything broke up on impact with the water. I was not aware that we owed our survival partially to actions of the crews of these planes until 42 years later. This is how I found out.

At the first reunion of the 9th BG in Tucson in September of 1987, a fellow stood up at one of the meetings and yelled, “Where is Walter Ross? The last time I saw Ross he was in a life raft about 50 feet below me just off the Shimonoseki Straits about 9 miles north of the lighthouse at Oki-No-shima”. It was Gordon Nelson, AC of one of the planes that dropped supplies to us. Nelson told me how he and Captain Scotty Tulloch, who were both in my formation when we were disabled, had escorted us down. And while one plane flew low, the other stayed high to give us protective cover.

At that meeting in Tucson I also met Warren Warchus, John Craft, John Sindall, and George Reinert, all members of the Prehoda crew that also came to try to protect us. They told how Prehoda buzzed the beach with machine guns ablaze, shooting up any boats in sight in an effort to discourage them from coming out after us. Tailgunner Charles Falkenhan told me about watching all the action while we floated in our rafts, we not knowing that this was all taking place in our behalf.

Years after the war, I learned through other members of my crew that a Japanese lieutenant by the name of Nobuichi Fukui played a major role in saving our lives. I was fascinated with his story, and in August of 1983 my wife and I visited him for about four hours in his home in Yanai City, Japan. During our discussion about the events that took place after we were picked up by the Japanese soldiers and imprisoned in Hiroshima, Fukui told us a fascinating story.

I was on my way to Hiroshima on a train that day

(August 6, 1945, the day the atomic bomb was dropped) when I heard an explosion. The explosion was extremely loud, and I thought that maybe an airplane had crashed nearby. I had no idea as to the magnitude of the explosion until the train entered the outskirts of Hiroshima. Then it was plain that something extra special had taken place. Fukui could speak and understand English, and he listened to radio broadcasts by Americans, possibly coming from Okinawa, that warned the Japanese about the dangers of the atomic bomb. He told some of the people in authority about the danger of radiation as reported in the American radio broadcasts, but they did nothing to heed this warning.

Twenty-three American prisoners were killed by the atomic bomb, Fukui said, and he worked up until his death in February of 1987, at the age of 85, to have the names of the twenty-three Americans included in the Hiroshima memorial. According to Fukui, the ten survivors of our crew were scheduled to be executed. We were taken from our jail cells and carried to the train station to be moved to another place to be killed. He said that our guard was told by the colonel that the B-29 crew was of no use to the Japanese anymore and that we should take them out and shoot them. Fukui told the colonel, and then advised the colonel’s staff, “to treat U.S. prisoners warmly, based on International Prisoner Treaty as signed by the Japanese delegates. “This is an important policy,” he said, “toward Japanese diplomatic negotiations under worsening national conditions”.

Evidently the authorities understood, and we were spared the executions. An English-speaking Japanese officer came up to where we were huddled in an open space near the railroad station. He said he had come to help us and that he was getting orders from Tokyo and would return soon to let us know the outcome.

Prior to our new benefactor’s visit, our guards brought two other Americans to join our little group. They were Norman Brissette, an airman who had flown from the aircraft carrier TICONDEROGA, and a Ralph Neal who was shot down as member of a B-24, called LONESOME LADY, based in Okinawa. The two flyers had survived the bomb blast by jumping into a cesspool. Both were in very bad shape after being beaten on recapture.

Neal told me that he thought that all the members of his crew were in prison in Hiroshima and had been killed. I later learned that his pilot, Tom Carthwright, had been transferred to Tokyo and Abel, the tailgunner, was taken to a different location. Both Carthwright and Abel survived the war. A newspaper article which mentioned my encounter with Ralph Neal disclosed the whereabouts



of the deceased crewman. It was only then that their families learned they had died at Hiroshima.

Lieutenant Fukui, who had left us soon after the English-speaking officer told us of our good fortune of better days ahead, came back after dark with a truck and told us—including Brissette and Neal—to get in because we were going on a little trip. We were blindfolded upon entering the truck, but after we had gone a short distance, the truck stopped and Fukui told us to remove our blindfolds. “Look at how inhumane the Americans are”, he said. We gazed out on the miles of destruction and emptiness where there had been homes and businesses before August 6th.

The area was completely desolate, nothing was left standing or growing. It was like looking at a huge vacant lot, as if a huge steamroller had rolled across the city. We saw no people where we had stopped and there was no noise. Just complete silence. Fukui kept shouting to us, “One bomb, one bomb did all this! The devastation that you see before you.” He kept repeating, “Look how inhumane the Americans were,” I said in a low voice so he could not hear me, “Looks like someone was playing with matches.” Lt. Holden, our pilot said, “But remember Pearl Harbor.” And someone else said, “Remember Bataan and the infamous Bataan Death March.”

At the time we did not know much about the atomic bomb, and neither had we heard about the second A-bomb attack on Nagasacki on August 8. We didn’t want to make Fukui mad at us because we sincerely believed he was our savior. After he tried to impress on us the harshness of the A-bomb attack, he drove us to Ujima Military Police Headquarters and there he hid us for two days. Here we were permitted to wash our faces and hands for the first time in ten days. We were still suffering from salt water sores and sunburn. At this time we did not know that hostilities of World War II had supposedly ceased as of August 15th.

We were put into cells that looked like animal cages, two to a cell. They also gave us some food. Neal died at 2:00 a.m. August 19th and Brissette passed away at 2:00 p.m. the same day. Evidently they had received full doses of radiation in their cells in Hiroshima.

It was difficult for me to accept Fukui’s actions at this time. We sincerely believed that he, as a Christian, wanted to help us. The crew was mixed on the feelings we had about him. Later we learned he really did save our lives. After Fukui turned us over to another officer, we were taken to Hiroshima camp #2 which was located on the island of Mukaiyama, opposite the town of Onomuchi. We never saw Fukui again, but I believe he

truly was our savior. I found out when I visited Japan in 1983 that almost all of the American POW airmen in Hiroshima were executed. We were lucky.

Colonel John Olsen, West Point Class of 1938, was taken prisoner by the Japanese during the fall of Bataan, and he was eventually sent to camps located in Japan. When the war ended and he was liberated, because he had learned the Japanese language during his long confinement, he was asked if he would help locate the many POW camps scattered throughout the Japanese homeland. He was responsible for guiding the searchers to our camp. In 1986, after years of searching, Colonel Olsen finally located me — and would you believe — he lives within five miles of my house in Kansas! We now play golf on a regular basis.

I asked him what he remembered the most about the liberation of the camp I was in. He said, “You came from Onomichi camp on a ferryboat displaying the biggest American flag I have ever seen and blowing some kind of instrument.” I asked, “Did any other camps that you saw being liberated have an American flag with them?” He said “No.” “That was us,” I replied.

We made our flag from the parachutes used by our own 9th Bomb Group when they flew over our camp to drop food and supplies to us. The chutes were colored: some red, some white, and some blue.

Author’s Note: Lt. Fukui died in February, 1987 at the age of 85. He is survived by four members of the crew of the B-29 Superfortress named the NIP CLIPPER that went down off the coast of Japan on August 8, 1945 and became prisoners of war. Those four crewmen still living of the ten who survived the war are: Carl Holden of Boston, MA., Marty Zapf of Yardley, PA., Stan Levine of Laderhill, FL., and Walter Ross of Lenexa, KS. We dedicate this article to Lt. Nobuichi Fukui.

LIVE AMMO

Donald Raue, Headquarters Unit

When the ship Cape Henlopen dropped anchor in the harbor of Tinian with the forward group of the 9th BG in the early part of January 1945, the soldiers went over the side of the ship and climbed down cargo nets to waiting “Ducks.” The Ducks motored through the water and drove up on the land and delivered the men to their new home which once was a sugar cane field. The cane had been cut and hauled away to make a clearing for the troops. They pitched their pup tents and settled down with K rations for chow. The men were told that the is-



land had not been secured and that there were still Japanese soldiers that had not surrendered and were living in caves or hiding in out of the way places. The U.S. Marines were trying their best to locate these men, but it was difficult because of the terrain, and the Japanese were more familiar with the landscape.

Because of the possibility of a Japanese raid or an attempt to steal food or other supplies, there were perimeter guards placed around our camp site. One day soon after arriving on Tinian my buddy and I were called to stand guard duty from midnight to four o'clock in the morning. Just before midnight we picked up our carbines and headed for Headquarters to report to the Officer of the Day. We answered roll call and were driven by the Officer of the Day to a post to relieve the guards.

The Officer of the Day told us our duties and gave us each a full magazine of ammunition for our carbines. This was the first time we had ever had live ammunition for our guns, which had never been fired. The post was located in the farthest corner of the compound and nearby sugar cane was still standing. A tarp had been thrown over some supplies that we were to guard that night. As we sat on the ground with our backs up against the crates of supplies, we talked of home and what was in our future. Then the subject as to what a thrill it was to have live ammunition for our pieces. I said when in basic training that I had guarded the beaches at St. Petersburg with an empty Endfield rifle to protect Florida from an invasion by the enemy. The only time either one of us had fired a gun was at a rifle range, and then it was with a different gun than the one we now had in our hands, loaded with live ammo. As young soldiers we were apprehensive about the operation of the carbines. So a plan was made. They would fire their weapons out over the ocean and would tell the Officer of the Day who surely would come on the double when hearing gun fire, that we had seen movement in the standing sugar cane field just thirty feet away, had yelled "halt," and then fired when not receiving a response.

OK on the count of three we would fire a couple of rounds out into the ocean. One, two, three, fire! We let go about four rounds each. In a very short time we heard the Jeep coming toward us at full speed. The Jeep stopped and the Officer of the Day asked what was going on. We said we thought we had seen something in the sugar cane field and when there was no answer we fired. The Officer of the Day jumped out the of jeep and said for us to return to the supplies while he investigated. We returned to our station and then heard the firing of his Thompson

machine gun, and then he returned to our post and said he was sure there was something there. The rest of our guard time that night passed uneventful.

CREW 15-C

Ben Nicks, AC, 1st Squadron

Crew 15-C was one of the original combat crews that started training with the 1st Sqdn. Training seemed to be slow and somewhat disorganized for some reason — not that we were upset about it, but we did wonder. Most flights were in war-weary B-17s. Now we know that was because there just weren't enough B-29s to go around to the 58th wing en route to China and to the 73rd Wing about to finish training in Kansas. Three other groups were also in training in the 313th Wing at the time; B-29s were in short supply. Finally we got in enough training to check off most of the "done" marks on the crew training poop sheet; always made headquarters happy when they could check off blocks. We staged for the Pacific out of Herington, KS, with the rest of the 1st, and were assigned crew number 15-C. Arrived without incident in Tinian via California, Hawaii and Kwajalein. We did note some burnt out hulks of Japanese fighters and scars of combat on the atoll. War suddenly seemed to be a lot closer.

Crew 15-C's combat record is pretty much the same as others in the 1st Sqdn. We flew our 35 missions and called it a war. We took solemn note of the fact that our crew lost three assigned aircraft; all lost by other crews, chalked it up to luck — they weren't any better or worse than we were. Murel Hardgrave and crew lost two of them in fact; ditched our first one, "Little Iodine," due to fuel exhaustion, were rescued by a sub; almost immediately thereafter took our "Little Iodine II", never returned. You have to go out; you don't have to come back. Crew 15-C thought it was time to change plane names, and named our next one "Tinny Anne." Stan Black lost it over Shimonoseki. We quit naming planes.

I'm not sure 15-C ever really knew how scared I was of those takeoffs. The B-29 was designed for 125,000 gross takeoff; many times we flew it at 137,500. We didn't have runway takeoff charts in those days. Flight Engineer Casey Zolla would sneak more than the allotted fuel onboard by crossfeeding and "pumping up" the expandable self-sealing fuel tanks, illegally. Put us near 140,000. We'd slit our grandmother's throat for a few gallons of gas. More than once I went out into the boondocks before takeoff and threw up. Pilot Bud Dalke knew how



close that mother was to not getting airborne. We climbed by cylinder head temperature. Zolla would play with those cowl flaps and throttles like a console on a grand organ.

Once aloft, I am embarrassed to admit, I looked forward a tiny bit to getting over the target and match wits with the enemy, drop the bombs, and get away home free — sort of a high stakes game. Our guys got two Japanese fighters, one at night, they didn't get any of us. So you might say we won 2-0, but they came close. Frank George and John Jackson were slightly wounded over Kyushu — shot up when a Japanese fighter managed to get a 20mm round into the fuselage. We picked up battle damage from flak six or seven times, nothing serious. Sweated out searchlights a couple times — scary feeling when they got you pinpointed.

Crew 15-C did have a few exciting moments. We landed for precautionary fuel stops at IWO several times, had battle damage once; made three hairy passes on one occasion when it was socked in, and we had to land — not enough fuel to make Tinian. One time Merle Anglesey climbed out into the bomb bays, no parachute, with the 60-pound portable motor to crank up the dangling open bomb bay doors. Bombardiers Burda and Spaulding toggled out hanging bombs a few times (didn't everybody?). They barely missed a surfaced American sub on dumbo station doing that once with a 2000-pounder. We heard from Guam on that one — shattered every bit of crockery on board! Should have dropped it “safe,” but didn't; didn't see that damn sub until the bomb was away. We dropped all our bombs in the bay on our first mission to Tokyo; but we toggled off the lead plane — not our fault, and not their's either. The jet stream at 30,000 feet was something new. Japs complained we were trying to starve them out by killing all the fish. Twice we were caught in thermals before we learned enough to duck them (against orders) while on incendiary raids on big Japanese cities. We'll remember the smell of burning bodies a long time.

We escorted a flock of P-47s to Okinawa when the island was under invasion, and saw the ocean covered from horizon to horizon with U.S. warships firing heavy guns and rockets at the shore. Ducked that same Navy at night a few times while on missions, not wanting to fly over it despite the fact that the Navy was our alleged ally. We could see it on the radar scope, so many you couldn't count. Flew 19 hours on a search mission pretty close to Japan, hunting for survivors of a ditched aircraft — no luck. But we did have the very good fortune to be able to buddy Gene Brown and crew off the coast when they were shot up. Seeing those parachutes stream out and

the plane roll over and spin in is a sight you don't forget. We circled those tiny rafts floating around the big Pacific, threw out everything we had — life rafts, Mae West, Gibson Girl — to no avail since they didn't get a thing; We fired off position reports, and finally left for Iwo. When we learned the next day that the sub had picked up 10 of the 11 crew, we offered silent thanks.

George Dockham didn't fly with us on our 35th and last mission. He was pulled out to fly that day as a veteran experienced radio operator with some silly so-called “weather or observation plane or something” in the newly-arrived and mysterious 509th Composite Group who were running some sort of special Mission 13 that day. Ours not to reason why. We took off with a full load of mines, landed on Iwo with them (wonder if the Iwo base commander was briefed on that?), flew to Korea, mined the port of Rashin, about 50 miles from Valdivostok (could see the lights) and on the return to base, again via Iwo, heard some silly radio report out of Saipan that the U.S. had just dropped a bomb of huge magnitude that was going to end the war — some place called Hiroshima. We'd just passed it a few hours before. We didn't believe it, of course, since we'd heard lots of reports on how this or that weapon or tactic was sure to end the war next week.

A day later right after breakfast I was ordered to grab my gear, get on a C-47 leaving at 11 a.m. for Saipan, Guam and the U.S. where I was supposed to become an instructor at Edwards Air Base, CA. I still have laundry back on Tinian somewhere. It can stay.

WITNESS TO KELLER'S CRASH

Gordon Nelson, AC, 5th Squadron

On the Yawata mission on August 8, 1945, George Keller and I were to fly on “Scotty” Tulloch's wing as the number three element of the 5th Squadron formation. After we had formed the squadron and were headed toward the bomb run, we noticed that Keller had started to drift back from the element. Knowing the importance of a tight, defensive formation, we broke radio silence and asked George what was happening. He reported loss of power on one of his engines.

We called Scotty and told him we would break from the formation and help provide firepower for Keller's crew. And subsequently, Scotty called Nash, the squadron leader, that our element was going in on its own. Scotty and I took positions on Keller's wing. We all decided to open the bomb doors over the target and all salvo together so that we could more quickly release our bombs



and head for Okinawa. (We had already decided to make our emergency landing there.)

Keller reported that his bomb doors were stuck and their bombardier was going to go into the bomb bay and try to get them up. At almost the same time he received a direct flak hit in the right wing, and the number three engine began to burn. Within seconds there were flames from Keller's right wing going back three or four plane lengths.

Keller started a slow spiraling turn to the left. I stayed in tight formation on his right side, and Scotty stayed on his left. Keller told us that he was going to try to "ditch," and I immediately started using all of the profanity I knew trying to emphasize the need for him to bail his crew out. It was obvious that when the plane hit the water there would be nothing but a wide circle of burning fuel.

At about 1,500 feet the crew began to bail out. Scotty broke off and began to herd the survivors together in a bunch. I stayed in formation with the plane until it hit the water. The last 'chute (presumed to be Keller's) hit the water with the drag 'chute pulling out the main just seconds before the plane hit. It was immediately covered with an intense fuel fire. We had counted ten regular parachutes.

Because my radios were working much better than Scotty's, I climbed back up to 10,000 feet to try to contact rescue units. I did make voice contact with a submarine who could not get to them because they were in the Japanese shipping lanes that we had aerially mined. They were in the water about nine miles north of an island with a lighthouse on it called Oki-No-shima. They were about 35 miles WNW of the Shimonoseki Straits. We discovered that the rescue units in the area were under the command of the Navy, and we had no frequencies on voice to contact them. Our radio operator reported that he had been able to report the crash and position to the Iwo Jima Rescue units and an Air Corps station on Okinawa.

Meanwhile Scotty reported that he had salvaged all of his rescue equipment, and we decided to switch places so that we could do the same.

After we had been circling the downed crew for about an hour and a half, and being frustrated by the poor communications, we decided that one of us should go to Okinawa and see if we could build a fire under rescue operations. Because Scotty seemed to have more fuel, we left for Okinawa immediately.

At Okinawa we were not able to get transportation so that we could drive to the Navy Rescue Headquarters. However, we found that the NCO in base operations had a friend in the Navy Rescue Operations Office, so that

we were able to find out first hand that they had our reported position for the survivors. However, all of their units were on their way back for the night, and there would be no rescue attempt until morning.

Shortly after that we got word that Scotty was about to land, so we went out in the parking jeep to meet him. When we pulled up in front of base operations with Scotty after having explained to him about the non availability of transportation, we spotted a nice shiny jeep with a flag with four stars on it, and Scotty asked me what's wrong with that one. A short impeccably dressed officer in a campaign hat and breeches said, "Nothing, and it's going to stay that way, too."

Then General Stilwell wanted to know why we wanted transportation so badly. After we gave him a quick picture of what had happened, we had a 3/4 ton pickup truck assigned to us for the rest of our stay on Okinawa. We finally got to rescue headquarters and found we had done all we could. They would not let us ride with them to go after the survivors. Scotty and I even thought about trying to steal one of their seaplanes. They gave us just enough gas to get back to Tinian the next morning and told us we would only make it tougher for the survivors if we tried to go back up to Oki-No-shima.

Forty two years later we learned from the survivors that they saw the rescue planes to their north circling over the horizon.

LANDING AT ATSUGI AIRDROME

Cornelius Fulton, Jr., AC, 1st Squadron

Editor's Note: Following are the contents of Neil Fulton's September 7, '45 letter to the Commander, 9th BG following a week at Atsugi Airdrome, Japan. The Fulton crew with "BATTLIN' BONNIE II" made the first landing of a B-29 on Japan.

On 30 August 1945 in ship No X-15, we were over Japan at 7,500 feet. Formation rendezvous was accomplished, and the formation proceeded toward the Tokyo area. About 30 minutes off the coast, number four engine began to backfire spasmodically, and it was decided to try to keep it running. We made one pattern around Chosi PT, down around Tokyo and Cheba Peninsula, and number four cut out completely so we feathered it. We dropped behind the formation and caught up again as they turned toward Tokyo. It was here that number three engine started to backfire. We maintained our position by pulling 48" and 2600 RPM on number one and two engines and getting power from number three intermittently. As we started the third and final pattern, I fell back too



far to catch up again. Capt Brown in Crosstown 18 was my buddy. As we came across Tokyo, I attempted to contact Arsenic several times on "B" channel. Capt. Brown also called several times but received no answer. It was then that I called Arsenic on "A" channel with no reply. About that time I received a call on "A" channel to call Image tower which I promptly did. All this time we were heading in a general southwest direction at an indicated airspeed of 158 MPH looking for Sagami Field. Image tower is located at Atsugi Airdrome which we were approaching. They called and asked me what my trouble was, and I informed them that I had one engine out and another going. They informed me that I could not land on the main strip; but if I cared to, I could use a wire matting strip to the right of their main runway. I could not contact Arsenic or see Sagami, so I called Image tower and informed them that I would land to the right of their main runway in a southerly direction. We landed successfully and ended up on a short strip of concrete.

After landing I was ordered by the tower to taxi onto the dirt and to the side of the field. I protested, knowing that the airplane was too heavy and that we would be stuck before going far. The next transmission from the tower was a direct order to taxi off the concrete. I complied; and both wheels sunk about 18 inches, about eight feet off the concrete. So I cut my engines, and we attempted to free the ship. It was impossible to move the ship due to the lack of equipment heavy enough to pull the ship out.

In the meantime the fuel strainers on number three and four engines were pulled and found to have an abundance of water and almost completely clogged with coral dust. This situation was the cause of all my trouble, and due to having fuel injection engines, it showed up quickly. Two new strainers were obtained for the master control from a C-46 crew chief. These were installed, but the engines could not be checked due to all the dirty fuel being drained and no fuel available to replace it.

Three Japanese half-tracks were found, and we attempted to pull the ship out with them. Finally we jacked the ship up with two Jap jacks, which we located, and built a wooden platform and ramp under each wheel. Then with the aid of two half-tracks and three full gas trucks we finally got the ship back on concrete. Number four engine, which was feathered for two trips around the pattern, was unfeathered at this time.

My problem then was to get gas. The Field Commanding Officer, Colonel Warburton, would not give me any due to the C-46s coming in great numbers and their need for fuel to return to Okinawa. We finally got enough to check our engines. Number three was OK, but four

still ran rough. However, all it needed was another cleaning; and it checked good enough for take-off.

On 5 September 1945 after a lengthy appeal to the Field C. O., he gave me just enough gas to get to Iwo Jima. This was at 1630, and we taxied at 80 MPH across the dirt, lined up on the runway, and took off. We landed at Iwo Jima at 2130 and were ordered to remain over night due to weather. On the morning of 6 September 1945 we took off and returned to base.

The first night we slept in the airplane and some on the concrete. I requested quarters for my men and myself, and we were told we could use one corner of a large hangar. We obtained litters and blankets and spent the remaining time at this location. We obtained food from transport crews as they landed and lived on it. We were given one box of rations by Colonel Johnson, Operations Officer at the field; and the rest we had to get for ourselves by going from one ship to another as they landed. My crew and I did all the work on the ship, cleaning and replacing strainers, draining all the remaining fuel. We also dug the ship out and obtained the Jap half-tracks with which we pulled the ship out of the mud. We also found the jacks which we used to raise the ship and built platforms and ramps under the wheels.

POW INFORMATION

Cornelius Fulton, Jr., AC, 1st Squadron

Editor's note: Following are the contents of Neil Fulton's September 10, '45 letter to "Intelligence", 313th Bomb Wing following the Fulton crew's week at Atsugi Airdrome.

While in Japan, I was in contact with about 300 Prisoners of War. Approximately 20 were from the 313th Wing. There were also several from Saipan. The rest of the group was made up from men taken in the Philippines, Wake Island, and airmen forced down in China.

Disposition of P.O.W.'s: These men had been taken from their camps to a hospital ship in Yokohama Harbor. Here they had a thorough physical and were given clean clothing. Those who were well enough were then transferred to Atsugi Airdrome, where it was my privilege to contact them. From Atsugi Airdrome they were being sent to Okinawa and then to the Philippines for staging, and from Philippines on home. A.T.C. was the transportation exclusively for those well enough to travel. The rest remained on the hospital ship. There were many cases of men with Beri Beri who were allowed to go A.T.C.

Treatment of prisoners in general as told by two men taken in the Philippines: These men stated they were



beaten and forced to work with very little food immediately after their capture. They were moved to Formosa and stayed there for a year or so where many men died due to too much work and lack of food. The individual relating this story stated, "The only reason I am alive was because I was able to steal bananas and potatoes to supplement the food served by the Japs."

They were then sent to a port in China. They stated that U. S. carrier planes and B-24s sank part of their convoy. He also said that they were packed like sardines in the hold of the boat, many men lost their minds, and other died making the journey.

From China they were sent to the Jap mainland and landed at Himeji. They were attacked several more times on this trip to the mainland, and he stated that his ship and another were the only ones to complete the trip out of eight which started. Their treatment on the mainland was better than anywhere else. They went out on work details, and the food was a little better.

One individual who was on a work detail told of being forced by his guards to walk a mile or more to witness the remains of a B-29 and its crew. He stated that seven bodies were strewn over the airplane in a grotesque manner. Civilians had beaten and killed the men who were alive and thrown their remains over the fuselage. He stated that his guards forced him and his crew to clean up the wreckage of men and plane.

Several men in this group told of having their camp in the center of a steel works along Tokyo Bay. They also stated with big smiles that one of our fire raids cleaned out everything around their camp, and they lost only one latrine.

Treatment given to P.O.W.'s who bombed the homeland: This information came from Captain Decker of the 505th Group and several enlisted men from the 6th Bomb Group.

Captain Decker had been in solitary for 82 days prior to his release. Any airmen who bombed the homeland received the same treatment. They were not allowed to go on work details. Captain Decker went down on the 25th or the 26th of May; I cannot remember which raid it was. He told of being beaten regularly by his guards. They would blindfold him, and then one man would hold his arms while one or two more punched him in the face. He stated that the lights in his cell were on 24 hours a day. His food and water varied with the temperament of his guard. No Red Cross aid reached him until 15 August when he stated he was given a carton with over 2,000 vitamin pills. His food also improved 100%, and he said he gained 30 pounds, from 15 August to 30 August.

Several incidents which were related to me by Captain Decker and several enlisted men went as follows: Decker told of being interrogated and being asked such questions as, "Who will win the war?" He replied, "The U. S., of course," and promptly was beaten. He was asked, "How many men are on Tinian?" and he answered, "I don't know, but the whole damn island is covered with them," whereupon he was beaten again. He said that he answered them in this manner, because he was beaten no matter what he said. One interesting fact which he brought out was that the airplane commander and bombardier were beaten the most. The reasoning the Japs used was that the airplane commander issued the order, and the bombardier dropped the bombs on the Japanese homeland. This fact was verified by the enlisted men in our presence when two of them stated that the only beating they received was from civilians immediately after parachuting to the ground. Captain Decker also told of several men in his cell who were burned badly or who had broken an ankle in their jump, who never received any medical aid until 15 August 1945. This was brought out, also, by men who were taken captive in the Philippines.

From a Japanese interpreter I learned that the Japanese account of our raid on Tokyo in the middle of April burned out 17 square miles and killed 63,000 people. I also questioned him in reference to civilian treatment to airmen who bailed out over Japan. He hesitated; but as I gained his confidence, he told of cases of men being stoned to death, beaten to death with clubs and farm implements by the civilian populace. He stated that the police would save the men if they arrived in time. Captain Decker verified this but added that the police would beat the men also, but not with intent to kill.

WATER IN THE FUEL

Bill Feldmann, Refueling Operator, 99th Squadron

After a refueling operation on Tinian, it was noticed during mission pre-flight engine run-ups that they spit and backfired. Upon inspection, the crew chiefs found that there was water in the gasoline! It was discovered that salt water had gotten into the fuel supply - either from one of the tankers or some problem in the fuel transfer to the storage tanks on shore. Some missions had to be aborted that day and it is believed more than one engine had to be changed. Thousands of gallons of 100 octane fuel had to be destroyed. Aircraft fuel tanks had to be drained as well as all of the refueling trucks. The trucks backed up to a pit where the tanks were drained and the



fuel burned. Another day in the life of a refueler, in World War II.

SUGAR

Bill Feldmann, Refueling Operator, 99th Squadron

While on the Island of Tinian, in 1944-45, I had a black and white 200 pound native pet hog named Sugar. All the truck drivers and I trained Sugar to sit up like a dog and grunt for her food. She followed us around, and sometimes, during the heat of the day, liked to nap under our trucks. One day someone with a full load of fuel ran over Sugar. We found Sugar dead by the refueling shack and decided to give her a military burial. We even fired a salute over her grave. When the MPs came down asking what all the shooting was about, we knew nothing. We later placed a marker over Sugar's grave and put flowers on it. Sugar will be long remembered of our days on Tinian.

Editor's note: The men adopted many pets on Tinian. A spaniel dog given to the crew by the AC's wife was smuggled overseas with the Hutchison crew. That took a bit of doing during the final inspection at Mather Field. Captain Henry Holzapfel, 1st Sqdn Engineering Officer traveling with the crew, played along with the game and gained the crew's admiration. There were a number of dogs, goats, and some monkeys that helped provide a diversion for men far from home. Sugar must have been the only hog.

"GOIN' JESSE'S" FIRST ABORT

Harry B. Franz, Jr., Gunner, 5th Squadron

I was left gunner on the Virgil Stevens crew arriving on Tinian in time to participate in two of the POW supply drops. We made a mission to Kobe on 9/2/45 with disappointing results. Only three of 20 parachutes opened. Part of the boxes remained hanging on static lines below the bomb bay doors. When the doors were closed they did not lock as they were sprung and unknown to the crew remained open. This caused a higher rate of fuel consumption. Parking at Tinian one engine stopped for lack of fuel.

On 9/7/45 we departed for Shanghai, China, with "Goin' Jesse". Nearing Okinawa we blew a cylinder head losing all the oil in that engine. This aircraft had 50 combat missions to its credit without an abort. We had to land on Okinawa and wait for a new engine, returning to Tinian on 9/19/45.

Editor's note: This abort occurred after credit for

combat missions ceased with the Sept 2, '45 "Power Display" mission.

A DIVE OUT OF THE FLAK

Park L. Lovell, Radio Operator, 1st Squadron

We were on a mission to the Shimonoseki Strait. After unloading our cargo we were caught in four searchlights and we could see the flak zeroing in on us. The inside of the plane was like being in a welding booth.

AC Walter St.Denis said over the intercom, "We have got to get out of this." With that he put the aircraft into a dive. I don't know how much of a dive a B-29 will take, but he took it to the limit.

When he pulled out of the dive we were all glued to our seats. I never heard such stress noises come out of an aircraft in my life and I became a little more religious at that time. I feel that Capt Walter St.Denis saved our hind ends.

UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCES

Edward P. Piatek, Pilot, 99th Squadron

Experiences from my tour as pilot for the Jacobson crew: Becoming a target for about fifteen minutes when caught by enemy searchlights while dropping mines into the Shimonoseki Strait...As a superdumbo saw the might of the atomic blast at Nagasaki shortly after Major Sweeny's "Bockscar" cleared the area....provided cover for the PBM as it rescued a downed P-47 pilot from the sea near the coast...Being part of the world's greatest display of aerial power at the signing of the peace the peace treaties in Tokyo Bay and the subsequent flight back to base with B-29s scattered all over the partly cloudy skies, which slowly disappeared with the setting sun, giving one the impression of victorious legions returning home in triumph, peace, and finality.

OKINAWA LANDING

Jackson T. Fahl, Bombardier, 5th Squadron

After having an engine shot up on one of the incendiary raids and another engine acting up, we went down to Okinawa and landed at Yon Ton to make some repairs. After completing our landing roll, Bob Adams opened the pilot's window and spoke to a marine on the ground.

The marine said, "You guys were surely lucky to land in this direction, the Japs are holding the other end of the runway." Needless to say we made the necessary



repairs and got the hell out of there.

WEATHER MISSION FOR THE “ENOLA GAY”

Henry H. Rothman, Navigator, 5th Squadron

I served as navigator for AC Willie Chapman. Insofar as war stories go I had the excitement of serving as navigator on the weather ship that preceded the “Enola Gay” over Hiroshima to report “CAVU” conditions. An hour and a half later we were informed via radio that President Truman had reported that an atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. We were informed by radio to return to Guam in lieu of Tinian. There we were congratulated by 313th Wing bigwigs and my log was taken from me by the Wing Navigator. It was a log in which I had listed the number of times the AC, pilot, and engineer had me lift my desk to allow them to go to the urinal. Will that go down in history? Editor’s note: It has.

TINIAN

J.C. Cox, Jr., AC, 5th Squadron

As I sit here on my big fat can,
On a little isle called Tinian,
With its balmy weather and sweet allure,
My heart goes out to those that are poor,
Too poor to winter in this secluded spot,
Where only the rich may cast their lot.
Now all we have to do is fly
A B-29 in a bright blue sky.
Of course, the sky may not be blue,
In fact, it may be quite another hue.
But blue or black it’s just the same,
So we continue to play our little game.
This little game is lots of fun,
Our bombs against the slant eyes’ gun.
So again I sit on my big fat can
Driving my B-29 towards the isle of Japan.
We’re quite a big bird, weight 69 tons,
And to pull her off takes lots of gun.
The night is black, it’s dark as pitch
You hope and pray you won’t have to ditch.

And so we go on our merry way,
‘Cause we must earn our overseas pay.

In seven hours, from six to one.
We reach the land of the Rising Sun.
We make our run and drop our wares;
The Bombardier acts as tho he cares,
If his love tokens hit their mark,
As they spin downward on their little lark.
And after they’re gone, we dodge the flak,
And wonder which way is the shortest path back.
The Imperial Palace is on our right;
You wish it were the target for tonight.
But soon Japan is far behind,
And then comes the long, long grind.
For seven hours and maybe eight
The wind and rain hold you in a vassal state.
You sweat out every drop of gas,
While you sit upon your big fat can,
And after awhile Iwo Jima comes in sight,
You want to shout with all your might.
Because it has a place to land,
In case your plane is out of hand,
Or out of engines, oil or gas,
As you sit there on your big fat can.
In about three hours or a little more,
We look at dear old Tinian’s shore,
And hope that we will never roam
So G D far away from home.

We crawl in trucks, go to the Group,
To give S-2 all the poop,
About fighters we met and all the flak,
And if the bombs were on the track.
The Red Cross meets you with ice cold coke,
And, brother, it tastes swell, that’s no joke.
And so on down the line we go,
To get our grog from the medico.
I eat my breakfast, yes, and ran,
To sit some more on my big fat can.

(Contributed by Margie Cuthbertson. Margie's husband, Francis Cuthbertson, was a crew member.)



CHAMORRO ECONOMY COLLAPSES

George D. Reid, Pilot, 1st Squadron

Our quonset hut number Q-29 was situated at the far west end of the street that passed in front of group headquarters. The road from the theater passed just west of Q-29 and separated the group area from a large cane field. Located in this field was the laundry operated by Chamorro natives. Their washing machines, which looked like butter churns made from oil drums with windmill propellers perched on top, churned the dirty laundry—real state-of-the-art! Sunshine and wind powered the clothes dryers, which were nothing more than clothes lines in an open cane field—more state-of-the-art. Folding and customer services were in flimsy huts scattered about the field.

After our 509th Group neighbors dropped “Fat Man” and “Little Boy” on the Empire, emotions (fueled by 3.2 beer and locker club spirits) erupted into an enthusiastic celebration when the Japanese capitulated! With no fireworks available other than 45-caliber sidearms and Very pistols, we let loose a cacophony of sounds and explosions of light that lit up the sky. But the sky was not the only thing that lit up. A cascade of signal flares, sparks, and flames came down into the middle of the cane field, caught the cane field on fire, and burned the laundry to the ground.

That was the day the market crashed in the Chamorro laundry business.

BEGINNERS’ LUCK

Curtis N. Wayne, Radio Operator, 99th Squadron

The weather report looked good that late January day in 1945 as we departed Herington, KS, for Mather Field, CA. We had just completed our crew training at McCook, NE, and were on our way to join the war at APO #247, San Francisco—more particularly, Tinian Island in the Marianas. As we crossed into Arizona, we were advised by the weather control at Topeka that the weather was deteriorating rapidly. Mather closed down almost immediately; and we were directed to an alternate field at Muroc Air Base, a desertlike place in California that probably had not seen rain in many moons.

Apparently, this must have been the day that Muroc was assigned to the “Lousy Weather List.” By the time we reached the area, the ceiling was so low and the soup so thick that even the local buzzards were grounded. Getting down under this stuff would not normally be a big problem in prairie country like that from which we had come, but this exercise seemed perilously close to

mountain country, even the dreaded Sierras. A miscalculation or an unfortunate guess could quickly eliminate eleven well-trained souls from the list of those who expected to survive this conflict of nations.

After wallowing in this unnavigable mass for what seemed like hours, some of us became a little apprehensive. This didn’t appear to be the best way to begin a long voyage where danger was perceived to be only at the other end. Unfortunately, as we were to learn later, weather often became a greater enemy than those maniacal mortals we had been so thoroughly trained to destroy. Perhaps that’s because Mother Nature with her centuries-old battle experience was using that tactical advantage to protest the disturbance to her Pacific tranquillity. If that be true, she proved to be a formidable foe, much evidence remains beneath the depth of her ocean to attest to her victories.

But on this day we had no knowledge of such things. Eventually, Ma Nature relented a little. With some skillful piloting, expert navigation, and the most high-tech instrument landing system available (Radio Range and associated Marker Beacon) we crept under the ash-colored blanket and deposited our wheel prints on the desert floor; and the rain came. We didn’t have a chance to observe the transformation that may have taken place in this remote corner of the Southwest as a result of the rainy weather over the next couple of days. We knew that the early spring rain brought forth a grand spectacle of wildflowers from that crusty shell that usually appears to be devoid of life, but maybe February was a little too early. March or April probably would have been nicer. Since we couldn’t wait for that, as soon as the weather lifted, it was on to Mather to complete the first stage of our expedition.

We departed California for Hawaii on February 6 and experienced no notable incidents en route. Maybe it was the first chance some crew members had to confirm for themselves that airplanes could really fly long distances over water, with no landmarks and without getting lost. Those aboard OUR ship apparently lacked no confidence in that regard, as witnessed by an episode on the next leg of our voyage to war.

With no time to enjoy the amenities of this Polynesian Paradise, we departed John Rodgers Field bound for Kwajalein. It was a typical, glorious South Pacific day, a stark contrast to the dreary, cold, windy weather in the Midwest—perfect flying weather actually. We’re at the right speed and altitude, all four engines tuned to resonant perfection, the correct heading set, the ETA determined; there was nothing else to do. Right?

To understand what’s happening aboard this dron-



ing warbird, let's climb atop the fuselage and have a look at the crew inside. If Hollywood can do that, why can't we? In the nose is Bombardier John (Jack) Rutan. Jack's head is resting on the bombsight. Maybe he's just targeting a gam of whales down below. In the pilot's seat is Kenneth Wolf. Ken is leaning back taking advantage of the fact that the auto pilot is doing all the work. James Knoll occupies the engineer's position. Jim has rechecked the fuel consumption data and settled back for some relaxation. The AC's seat is occupied by Beeman Emmons. Having finished fiddling with such details as RPM, prop pitch, cowl flaps, etc., Beeman seems satisfied that all is well. He takes a few moments to rest his eyes from the glare of sunlight off the Pacific. Curtis Wayne sprawls at the radio position. Tired of listening to coded weather reports and the Bureau of Standards time checks, he has tuned in some popular music, laid his head on the table, and drifted into the land of Morpheus.

Behind the tunnel the sense of urgency is about the same as up front. The idyllic weather and the gentle movements of the airplane have rocked to sleep Radarman Barney Unger, Blister Gunners Victor Zdon and James Carter, Central Fire Controller Robert Stith, and Tail Gunner Calvin Wilder. From our observation post above the astrodome we must conclude that what we're seeing here, folks, is a RUNAWAY AIRPLANE with TEN SLEEPING PASSENGERS aboard. Ten? Ah, we must have missed somebody.

Suddenly the earphones crackle with the distinctive voice of the Navigator Keith Reid. "AC from Navigator; over," is the familiar call. Since there is no answer, the call is repeated, finally directing it to the pilot, engineer, or "To Whom it May Concern." Still there is no answer. "Must be an intercom problem," Keith is saying. He rechecks the compass heading, the anomaly that prompted the first call, and finds that the calculated compass heading to Kwajalein Atoll and the direction in which the aircraft has indicated a preference is not one and the same, as a seasoned navigator might reasonably expect. Moreover, the compass reading seems to be unstable, as if the airplane is scribing a huge circle, perhaps looking for a shortcut.

Somewhat alarmed by this Bermuda Triangle-like scenario, Keith leaves his map table and journeys forth toward the nose in order to share the details of this phenomenon with his colleagues. As the pilot's instrument panel comes into view, his eyes focus on the altimeter. It is showing a slow descent, as if in a normal landing pattern. Land here? We may be in the vicinity of Johnston Island, but it is unlikely anyone down there is prepared to receive us at this time. Surely there is a simple expla-

nation for this odd behavior, and there is.

As the navigator views this tranquil scene, it becomes apparent to him that there has been an unintentional miscommunication somewhere along the way. It is unclear to what extent Air Force regulations cover this situation. Perhaps, in lieu of total prohibition, the AC may be allowed to appoint a sleep coordinator, who would then assign sleep time for each of the crew. On second thought, that won't work either. Who charts the course while the navigator sleeps?

Immediately after the aircraft has been brought back to the proper altitude and course, the intercom again comes to life, this time more commandingly. "AC to all crew, REPORT" As communication is being reestablished, new instructions given, and while the navigator applies his tools and expertise to the task of finding a new position and course, we depart our observatory atop the astrodome and join the crew in keeping a lookout for whatever should be looked out for, on the way to our destination and the completion of the third leg of our expedition.

Kwajalein was a quick study in disastrous consequences of island warfare. The desolation, as viewed from our landing strip, brought up images of what must have happened there just weeks before—not only here, but on numerous beachheads throughout the South Pacific, where the value of real estate was being measured in lives, not dollars or yen. Since we had no hankering to remain here beyond our appointed hours, after refueling and a quick overnight we climbed the heights at dawn and let the sun push us westward to what was to be our home for the duration.

After setting down on North Field, Tinian, it quickly became apparent that the war had not been held in abeyance awaiting our arrival. Many B-29s had preceded us here and to Guam and Saipan as well. Even the veterans from India and China had relocated to a more hospitable environment, glad to be on the other side of the hump.

We folded into this developing organization and immediately became Emmons' crew, 99th Sqdn, 9th BG, 313th BW, 20th AF. The next several days we were left to "cool our wheels" on the tarmac, affording us ample time to write home to all our folks and give them our impressive address. I wonder if we remembered to add the "VH"—Very Heavy. Most likely there wasn't enough room on those air mail envelopes.

On February 18 we were briefed for our first combat mission. We, along with several other crews, were to bomb the island of Truk, a Japanese possession several hundred miles to the southeast. This target had been hit before by our bombers, in fact just ten days ago, but the Japanese repair crews were swift and efficient in repair-



ing the damaged runways and revetments and now they were in such good shape that it was time for another visit. Actually if they had departed the islands en masse, it would have been more detrimental to OUR cause. While their anti-aircraft fire was limited to medium altitude, and they couldn't launch enough fighters against a task force of bombers to be a serious threat, the enemy had shown himself capable of surprise. It was a good break-in target for new crews, where white puffs of smoke a thousand feet below looked more like a welcoming carpet than the deadly hostility that faced us in later encounters. This was, undoubtedly a training mission; but it was not a cricket match either.

As I recall, the aircraft involved were to take off at short intervals and form into two squadrons (A and B) at the point of departure and from there proceed to the target. Our crew, perhaps because of lack of tenure, was assigned tail-end goose in the V formation of B Squadron. We made our take-off run, filled our assigned slot in formation, and were on our way to do whatever our squadron leader directed. Anticipating a heavy cloud cover on the climb to bombing altitude, the theorists responsible for such contingencies had devised a plan called "penetration procedure." I'm not sure how this was supposed to work, but essentially it involved the scattering of airplanes in the formations as soon as it became evident that such dispersion was necessary in order to minimize the likelihood of mid-air collisions. Presumably, if all went OK, on emerging from the clouds into sunlight, the pilots would merely close up the gaps and continue as before.

The penetration procedure worked well. Wonderfully well! At least the "spreading-out" phase. The clouds were heavy and thick in that area, and it seemed like a long time before we broke out on top. We relaxed a bit as the sunlight splashed on the nose and we were in daylight again, but as we looked around our new environment, there seemed to be something missing. Ah, yes, OTHER AIRPLANES, that's what was missing! For a short while we had the feeling that we were the only survivors of an ill-fated penetration procedure. Eventually we spotted another B-29 off to our left. As we made haste to join him, other planes began to appear from various directions. Each fell in on the wing of whomever it looked like was leading at the time—any effort to reconstruct the original formations would have been futile. Consequently, we had unintentionally promoted ourselves from last goose in B squadron to second goose in A squadron.

The bombing plan was something like this: A squadron would target the runway; B squadron would concen-

trate on the area where planes were parked. All airplanes would toggle on the signal from their respective lead bombardiers. Visual bombing was preferred; go with radar if the target was covered. As we neared the target area, it became evident to the leaders that they would be unable to determine in advance whether we could bomb in the clear. There were some holes in the clouds, but were they big enough and in the right places? The solution to the problem? Make sure the radar system is working before we reach the IP, just in case.

The plane in A squadron checked the radar and found it defective. Obviously this required a minor modification in the original plan. Since a hasty recheck of our radar confirmed that it was in good shape, upon signal from our leader he moved over; and we eased into a position that we had not expected to occupy on such short notice.

The bomb run went well. The flak was mostly below us. The clouds had pulled back from the target, so the Norden Bombsight was the instrument of choice for the bombardiers. What were the results of that exercise? "Good Job," said the colonel at Critique. "Shows what good training and experience can do."

Many years and thirty-five missions later a crew member was heard to remark, "Of all the missions we flew, the bomb drop at Truk was the best one we ever made." Beginners' luck—it never gets any better than that.

RESPONSE FROM GRATEFUL POW

Alexander N. Beichek, Navigator, 99th Squadron

As a member of the Vander Schans crew my most enjoyable experience as far as missions go was to drop supplies to the POW camps. We were assigned to fly over to Saipan where our aircraft was loaded with pallets for the camps. A couple of us thought we should enclose a note and a news magazine that we had. I found some paper that I had in my navigator's briefcase and we agreed that we should address the note with "Gentlemen". The gist of the message was that, "After having flown a number of bombing missions a flight to a POW camp would be enjoyable"; and, "We wish you freedom, good health, and a return home as soon as possible;" plus, "would like to hear from you whenever convenient." I signed the note.

We used a piece of string to tie the note to a piece of the pallet and shoved the magazine between containers in the pallet. We made two passes over the Fukuoka #2 POW camp at about 500 feet. Between the first and second pass hundreds of people came out of caves and/or



shelters and were waving to us. It was a very emotional moment. Much later at my home the following letter was received:

Lt. Alex N. Beichek
Manila, 17th December 1945
18 High Street
Red Bank, New Jersey, U.S.A.

In just a few lines I want to wish you and your family a merry and peaceful Christmas and a prosperous 1946. I hope that the New Year will bring you much happiness and that your dearest wishes may be realized.

But before I write further, let me introduce myself: I am one of the 500 (now ex) P.O.Ws who stood cheering themselves a sore throat on that unforgettable 8th September 1945 at the P.O.W. Camp Fukuoka No.2 on Kayagijima (an island) near what was left of Nagasaki, when your plane roared as low over our camp as you dared to risk, and who stood with tears in their eyes when reading that sympathetic little note you had dropped, telling us in a few well-chosen words that this was a mission you enjoyed going on and that you just wanted us to know that you were behind us.

No other words could have gone more direct to our hearts than those of these few simple sentences, and the man of your crew who drafted them must be a psychologist because it said just what all of us needed so badly - a little bit of cheering up and the proof that there were still people who cared for us and “stood behind us.”

No other thing could have given us back our self-confidence so quickly as those constant visits by your planes, which came again and again circling around and diving at our camp as if they wanted to show the Japs that in a civilized country people do not consider a P.O.W. as an inferior sort of being.

The first time you came over most of us stood crying especially when you waved with your wings at us. And this time none of us grown-up men felt ashamed of his tears.

And after this those supplies!! For years we had been talking and dreaming about good food and the things we were going to eat after we had won the war. (Amongst the papers of nearly all the poor fellows who died in our camp we found some written recipes.) And suddenly a rain of the best food we could imagine made those dreams come true. It was like in a fairy tale!

And please never forget that by that fine job you did that day you created more happiness in a few hours than most people are able to create in a life time. I hope that this knowledge will repay you just a little bit for all

your efforts.

Million, million thanks! I pray that once in my life I'll get an opportunity to do something nice in return to some of you!

May God bless you, your Air Force, and your country, not only in 1946 but for ever after!

Gratefully yours,
I. I. Budding, Lt. Royal Netherlands
East India Army

MY SCARIEST DAY

Eugene W. Vik, Mechanic, 99th Squadron

Tinian, 1945: As we approach the 50th anniversary of VE day on May 7th I can't help but remember it as my most notable and scariest time of my three years in the service. It should have been my happiest, for it meant that my brother in Europe had made it through and finally we in the Pacific were going to get some more help and supplies to put an end to this war and go home.

It just so happens that night I went over to the neighboring camp theater of the 6th BG located across the road from our camp, in the “no mans land” between the perimeter road and the ocean cliffs and jungle. We sat on a coral lump like cement with a lap full of rain water in the ponchos, trying to see between the drops at the world's greatest outdoor screen. Fine—this is overseas!

Suddenly behind our backs at the camp all hell broke loose with shouting, hollering, lights blinking, and shots fired. It was just like the famous Japanese “Banzai Attack.” We stood frozen with no weapons and no equipment to dig into the impossible coral with only the dark jungle and ocean cliffs to run to. It took only a few minutes for the announcement to get to us—the double edge sword syndrome, complete fright and great happiness. The war in Europe was over.

I thought the programming was somewhat provocative, too. The loud speaker played the song “Going to Take a Sentimental Journey” to announce that the movie was going to start. This was a fine song, but it had the side effect of making us wonder when, or if, since we were sitting on an island with the enemy. Then at the end of the movie they would play Frank Sinatra singing “Put Your Dreams Away for Another Day.” This also made you think, when or if.

TWICE DISAPPOINTED

Eugene W. Vik, Mechanic, 99th Squadron



As a ground crew member I was excited when the opportunity came to participate in one of the supply missions to the POW camps. I would get to see Japan. I took my trusty Kodak box camera, the kind you look down in to see forward, and hoped for a souvenir photo of the "Empire" I had heard so much about.

Six hours into the flight I was air sick. I didn't care about anything. My stomach ached, my head ached, and my eyes were blurry. What had started out as a day of great anticipation had rapidly turned into a disappointment. I was still determined to get my picture of Japan. As we came over Toyama, I went back and opened the rear door. I didn't know where my parachute was. Leaning out in a half-way somersault (a major no no) I took the picture which looks as foggy as I was. I could have fallen out, been blown out, or sucked out. Needless to say I have a special fondness about Thanksgiving Day.

The other disappointment? Our historian says the picture I risked my life to take is not good enough for our history book.

A FLIGHT ENGINEER'S ANXIOUS MOMENTS

Lloyd Ritchie, FE, 5th Squadron

I was the first flight engineer assigned to the 5th Sqdn, and my first anxious moment was waiting to see what my airplane commander would be like. I need not have worried because he was one of the best. I didn't have to wait long for my next "palm sweater."

We borrowed a war-weary B-29 from the 99th Sqdn to make a short "get acquainted" flight. After takeoff the flaps came up without any problem, but when we tried to retract the landing gear the carbon pile voltage regulator failed to work, and the gear stayed down. We tried throwing on some extra power by cranking up the auxiliary generator - or "putt-putt," as we called it, but the regulator stalled the engine out. A regulator going bad was nothing very unusual, so we flew around for awhile to burn up some fuel while we decided what to do next. In the meantime, I beat on the voltage regulator with a screwdriver mostly to amuse myself, because it was dead as a doornail.

Finally, since we couldn't get the flaps back down, our pilot decided to attempt a landing without them. We found out right away what a cool customer he was. Instead of the usual 115 MPH on final, we crossed the fence at 165; and he greased her in just like she was a little trainer.

We finally got our own new B-29, and the next incident occurred between Mather Field and Tinian. We were on our way to Oahu when the oil pressure on the #2 engine started to drop. The navigator said we were at the halfway point, so we might as well go on. Since the engine did not heat up, we decided to just reduce power on it and not to feather the prop. This was a good decision because when we landed at Oahu, we found that we only had a bad oil pressure gauge.

Things rocked along great until we started practice bombing. We had one of the planes with instant opening and closing bomb bay door - except on our plane it only worked halfway. The doors would open fine, but when you tried to close them the compressor motors on the air supply system would overload and burn out. Although the problem was finally corrected, it plagued us for so long that we thought about it at the end of every bomb run.

Our plane, "Destiny's Tot," took pity on us, and she never gave us another moment of trouble. In fact, we would come home from the longest missions with more fuel in our tanks than most of the other planes.

(Reprinted from Volume III of "The Global Twentieth" courtesy Chester W. Marshall)

THE KOBE PREMONITION

H. L. Peterson, AC, 1st Squadron

A quotation once suggested, "Truth is stranger than fiction!" Occasionally even truth is characterized by an additional dimension. For the crew of "God's Will," the Kobe strike became a twenty-four hour period of progressive unfolding.

Until the battle order of 5 June 1945 was posted, 4 June 1945 started as any other day on the island of Tinian in the Marianas. Upon reading the terse information relating to the upcoming strike, this writer felt a physical sickness akin to a hay maker to the gut. The order included crew 11-B, directing a daylight formation strike on Kobe. Never in this writer's life, before or since, has there been the need to deal with such apprehension. 4 June 1945 stood front and center suggesting particular precaution with every combat detail.

This narrative acknowledges other crews in combat suffering greater trauma and violence. Portrayed in this story is the certainty of impending crisis.

Briefing assumed proportions of startling clarity. Each piece of information was questioned - "Is this the part that could be the base of the feeling that prevailed?" Preflight enjoyed the same intensity - "What is there about



the ship or crew that would offer a clue? What about the take off?" Many crews felt half the mission was complete with the success of getting the heavily weighted Superfort into the air.

After pulling the props through plus all the necessary chores and check lists prior to engine start, we taxied in our designated position to the runway indicated on our flimsy for take off. Without incident we became airborne.

En route to the target fuel transfers, navigational duties, cruise control, and other myriad duties took place without a hitch. Approximately an hour from the Japanese landfall the guns were check-fired assuring that there were no malfunctions. All through the flight ran the thread of thought and conversation relating to double and triple checking all preparations. The last chore came in the form of each crew member having all personal gear in place - gloves, steel helmets, jackets, Mae Wests, laminated flak vests, crash harness, and safety belts secured, et cetera. Often times not many of these things were attended to - a guilt that I shared. But today with my conviction of foreboding, I particularly had everything in place.

After joining formation at about 16,000 feet altitude, it was business as usual from the IP (initial point) and into the target area. Immediately after bombs away, the bombardier, Lt. Don Dwyer, identified, "Fighters - 12 o'clock level!" - on collision course. Explosive machine gunfire erupted and continued during which time the cockpit area was flooded with smoke. Upon cracking the windows, drawing out the smoke, we were able to assess our damage. A gaping hole in the nose above the bombardier's head quickly caught our attention as did #1 and #2 engines which had to be feathered. The smoke was the result of materials in the cockpit area being ignited by the projectiles fired by the fighters. The junction box above the pilots' heads was pulverized creating a loss of communication with the crew members. In spite of this, it was later determined the firing accuracy of the gunners had accounted for two definite and two probable enemy fighters destroyed - a testimony to the discipline and training exercised by these men.

As we crossed landfall and administered first aid, we maintained a comfortable air speed with a minimum gradual loss of altitude to Iwo Jima and the incredulous realization that in spite of our problems I felt a great weight had left my shoulders.

Our approach to Iwo was somewhat obscured by weather plus water spouts. After making a two engine "go around," which you're not supposed to do, we found a hole in the undercast and sighted the old Japanese strip

which ran by Surabachi. Touching down halfway down the 5,000 foot runway, the brakes were applied blowing the tires on the left wheels causing the plane to veer into a volcanic ashen bank beside the runway.

Climbing out of the plane I reached for my old bellows type Kodak camera, wiped off the blood, and took snap shots of the ship's exterior. An astounding revelation took place as we looked at #4 engine which had three spent shell hits in the prop blades within the radius of the engine, three shell holes through the blades, and one prop tip missing a piece of metal as big as your hand. All this had taken place with one of our two remaining engines, which we thought was a healthy power plant.

As the crew removed my equipment from the cockpit area, they were amazed to find my flak suit pulverized by shrapnel; and with the removal of my parachute they found the shrouds falling apart and the rip cord was severed and fell to the floor. A large piece of shrapnel was found embedded in the armor plate at the back of my seat which had severed both the shrouds and rip cord.

My stay in the hospital on Iwo Jima lasted for three or four days after the crew had flown back to Tinian on a C-47. Upon my return to the base I asked for my camera and was informed it had been stolen. The camera was of no consequence, but I would give a fortune for that roll of film.

It is anticlimactic that twenty years later while playing golf that I noticed a lump, of a size to be concerned about, developing in my shoulder. Seeking medical attention, the doctor suggested cutting an elliptical piece the size of a finger and to further consider a biopsy. He hesitated, took his scalpel, and opened the specimen, producing 3 pieces of shrapnel, two with threads common to a projectile of 20 mm caliber or thereabouts.

The premonition identity which endured for so many years has recently changed to the recognition that on 5 June 1945 the good Lord said, "Today is the day to take care!"

In conclusion, may it be fitting to share with you a very special private matter. Through the years since the experience over Kobe, there have been occasions during the subsequent years when things were not as hoped for. I have opened the drawer of the filing cabinet, taken out my rip cord, and am refreshed that things aren't so bad after all.

(Reprinted from Volume IV of "The Global Twentieth" courtesy Chester W. Marshall)

THE MONKEY'S CARETAKER

George A. Nash, Gunner, 1st Squadron



The 1st Squadron had a pet monkey complete with corporal's uniform, and I was the monkey's keeper. The story we were told is that the monkey was the only survivor of a ditching of a B-29 from the 314th Wing on Guam. They said the plane's AC was General Freeman, and the monkey was the only survivor found on a raft that had been sighted by one of our 9th BG planes.

It was given to our C. O. by the rescuers when they came to Tinian. Because of my love for animals and boredom since the war was over, I volunteered to care for the wretched beast.

Every time we had visitors to the 1st Sqdn, they called me to show off the monkey. It invariably nipped the colonel's finger. I took the monkey on a tour of the island to find a mate, thinking this would quiet him down. He would sit on the front fender holding the mirror with his hair streaming in the wind. To this day I believe I made Staff because I took care of the little beast.

IF I WERE C.O.

313th Wing - "Daily Mission"

Last night many soldiers might of been injured and some might of been killed when a large truck started rolling down hill, toward the theater at the 9th Bomb Group with no one at the wheel. If it had not been for Sgt. Mackey, 5th Sq. 9th Gp., and Pvt. Ward of 24th Sq., 6th Gp., catching up to this truck and turning it into the brush, thereby stopping 7 tons from going down through our crowded theater. It would not be hard to imagine the damage it might have caused. If I were C.O. I would see that all trucks would be parked parallel to the theater instead of facing the screen. Sgt. JWB

To Sgt. JWB: This is a very good idea of yours. The O.D. will be instructed to check the parking at the theater to see that it conforms with the above. D.W..

TOKYO MILK RUN

John C. Cox, AC, 5th Squadron

First alerted, you're going to go,
you wonder if you'll enjoy the show
Then a target class at ten,
that tells the target, bomb load and when.
Fourteen forty five is when we brief,
we discover this to our relief.
The target is to our great joy,

not a large city, but just a boy.
But our glee died as quickly as it came,
when we discovered the city's name.
The emperor named it Kawasaki,
which means if you bomb it, you are wakki.
What a location, hold on mamma,
right between Toyko and Yokahama.
Connecting the two if you please,
and no room between in which to squeeze.
They gave us all the pertinent poop
that seems to go for any group.

S-2 gets up, goes off his bean,
just like an axman at the guillotine.
He says the IP is across the bay,
you wonder how Bomb Com got that way,
Because the bomb run goes across Yokohama,
which is hotter than a ten cent drama.
Then, as if you were not afraid,
they start upon their long tirade.
In this location there are 45 guns,
your blood stops loafing, it really runs.
Twenty five heavies are parked over here,
what do you want, egg in your beer?
Automatic weapons and searchlights galore,
and if that isn't enough to even the score.
They may have some navy parked in the bay,
for out in the ocean they no longer play.
He gives us all that, and grins with delight,
to think that he could cause such fright.
He tells of rockets, balls of fire and such,
it really doesn't seem to bother him much.
Of course you guessed it, now you know,
he isn't going on this little show.
Now why they tell us where flak will be,
is something I can never see,
Because you travel on a predetermined course,
or suffer very much remorse.
So if there are guns in a certain locale,
what can you do, just sit there pal.

Next we hear from the Bombardier,
who tells us when to toggle, just drop it here.
The whole staff talks a bit, it's a whimsy,
because it's all written on your flimsy.
Last but not least comes the group C.O.
says he is sorry the Staff can't go.
The mission he says is safe and sound.
but if you have any valuables, leave them on the
ground.



We'll see you off is his last retort,
with a hari kari knife if you try to abort.
The briefing is over and then to chow,
you wonder why you are eating now.
The time is fifteen twenty-five,
the luncheon beans are still alive.
But eat you will if you know your stuff,
for inflight lunches are rather rough.
One hour to eat and get your gluck,
then for a hellish ride in a two ton truck.
This truck driving idiot, I'll not call his name,
makes flying combat seem very tame.
We're at the planes, one hour to go,
then we're off for Tokyo.
We check the equipment and our ship,
she looks as though she'll stand the trip.
Everything looks as smooth as glass,
you hope you don't bust your big fat ass.
Everyone comes to see you leave,
you wonder if they'll really bereave,
Over the whiskey you left in your box,
I can see them now as they toast Old Cox.

It's time to go; you're starting one,
it purrs so nice when you give it the gun.
Two, three and four give a mighty roar,
you wish to God you had four more.
Sixty-nine tons is what you weigh
and that's a damn big load of hay.
So taxi out, strike a blow for freedom,
we've got the bombs and the slant eyes need 'em.
We must take off, yes dear just,
The runway runs out, you have plenty of speed,
and brother I'll tell you that's what you need.
The prop wash gets you, you flop around,
the ocean looks blue, do you think you'll drown.
You skim along at 200 feet,
if the engines hold out, the pictures complete.
With the wheels and flaps up the ship is clean,
it gathers speed like a story obscene.
Taking on altitude you begin to relax,
you're perspiring as though you'd wet your slacks.
And now you start the long haul,
it's nice to have a navigator that's on the ball.
The weather is always much the same,
it's just like playing a guessing game.

At first I thought it rather rough,
until I went through some big fire stuff.
Now the lightning flashes, the thunder roars,

the rain beats down, the copilot snores.
But I go on as I have since hence,
just as though I had good sense.
Just going on with no worry or care,
my minds a blank, I have no despair.
We hit Iwo Jima on the nose,
why, because we have a compass, Rose.
Another front between you and Japan,
keeps bouncing you off your big fat can.
One hundred miles out you see the glow,
you know many others have struck a blow.
Brighter and brighter, shoot the flames,
"God! how it's burning" someone exclaims.
You hit the I.P., turn to the right,
if you get through this 'twill be a tough fight.
Yokohama is burning here and there,
someone must have dropped early or didn't care.
Just like driving down the Great White Way,
with the searchlights turning the night into day.
The ship to our right is in them and how,
and through the flak he has to plow.
These searchlights finger through the sky,
and how they missed us I know not why.

We proceeded on our merry way,
ever wondering when would come the day
Or even come the very minute,
When our ship would be right in it.
It wasn't very doggone long,
till we had the title to our song.
For even Japs, dumb as they be,
could very, very plainly see.
With two hundred ships on the same straight line,
where their pretty lights to shine.
And hit them we did, just as planned,
Tokyo Municipal, two zeros want to land.
The flak came up with every beam,
the sons of heaven are letting off steam.
It bounced off the ship like balls of hail,
and made me feel so very frail.
This went on for years or maybe a minute,
you'll never know unless you've been in it.
At the end of our run was a large black cloud,
that hung over the target like a stinking shroud.
As the flak increased the cloud looked whiter,
just like a colored gal to a South Pacific fighter.
Searchlights disappeared and the flak ceased,
as in this shelter our B-29 creased.
We thought we had shed most of our woes,
'twas just the beginning as all the crew knows.



The smoke billowed up, black as the night,
 it was full of soot and smelled a fright.
 Had the ship been on fire we would never have
 known,
 we didn't have time to give more than a moan.
 Our bombs went away on the target below,
 we should hit it says radar, but we didn't know.
 Our bomb bay doors closed, we shot up in the sky,
 we knew we'd come down but didn't know why.
 The soot and the smoke from the fires down below,
 filled the plane with it's odors in the stinking show.
 Our ascent ceased as abruptly as it had began,
 and it looked like the end of our flight plan.
 Now maybe the plane did come to a stop,
 but up in the roof our bombardier flopped.
 He'd forgotten to fasten his safety belt,
 and you know how silly he must have felt.
 Thermo jugs, lunches, cushions, dirt, everything
 loose,
 went right to the top of our dear old "Swoose."
 When we hit bottom everything was neat,
 the bombardier did a crawl stroke back to his seat.
 Down we went with our airspeed the same,
 the turbulence had the best of the game.
 Twas only the beginning and not the end,
 we felt as though we didn't have a friend.
 We'd gotten used to the swing and sway,
 my apologies to Sammy Kaye.

I forgot to mention in my great haste,
 that this first turbulence was just a taste.
 The 20th Air Force planning staff,
 had given us the needle, I mean the gaff.
 In their great zeal to do the thing up right,
 they really gave us a terrible night.
 They had preceded us with another wing,
 they sure hit their target, I'm here to sing.
 And through their turbulence we had to fly,
 the glory boys, to do or die.
 Our bomb release point was in their smoke,
 'twas very funny, a hell of a joke.
 We were over their fires for what seemed years,
 it was because of the smoke we shed our tears.
 I don't think we flew out of this holocaust,
 I just think we were shook out, rudely tossed.
 But our reprieve was very short,
 for into our own turbulence we did snort.
 Mr. Honeywell's C-1 had done very well,
 till we hit this seething hell.
 Then even it, had decided to die,

and from then on brother, I had to fly.
 We were finally accustomed to the toss and pitch,
 and she rode right through, the beautiful bitch.
 Suddenly we emerged for the second time,
 it was good to shed the soot and the grime.

A fighter passed us off to the right,
 he too could add to this silly night.
 Lucky for us he was headed away,
 otherwise, it would be hell to pay.
 So we started the long trek home,
 for around Tokyo is no place to roam.
 The navigator calls and gives us a course,
 you throttle back to half a horse.
 Everyone relaxes, oh's and ah's,
 and give a couple of lusty hurrahs.
 For having escaped with their whole hide,
 another night on which to ride.
 Half the crew now goes to sleep,
 and from the rest you don't hear a peep.
 Over Iwo it is breaking day,
 a memory they can't take away.
 The sun comes out with red and golden hues,
 as good a tonic as a flight surgeon's booze.
 Three more hours and then you're home,
 hoping you will never roam.
 or go again on another mission,
 rather be at home a fishin'.
 You finally land and it's sloppy too,
 if you don't believe it ask the crew.
 You taxi around and park the heap,
 as a C.O. drives up in his shiny jeep.
 You tell him the mission was another milk run,
 and he believes you, son of a gun.

Of course when four planes don't ever show back,
 someone must have got their tail in a crack.
 You hop in the truck for more of the same,
 but after this mission his ride is so tame.
 Interrogation, dear old S-2,
 taking down notes in the hullabaloo.
 Wanting to know about guns and lights,
 and if you had fighters in your sights.
 You solemnly tell all, you're not afraid,
 as you sip your Red Cross lemonade.
 The questions are over, you don't stop to bicker,
 as you mad dash for the Flight Surgeon's liquor.
 He gives you quite a big healthy shot,
 you'd like to stay right there and rot.
 But breakfast is cooking and it wont wait,
 the hot cakes and eggs are on the plate.

And so it goes, I've another mission,
but all the time I'm just a wishin'.
That all of the rest won't be so rough,
cause mister that could be enough.
I'd rather sit on my fat can,
on the Isle of Tinian.

Editor's note:

Poem read at the 1989 Orlando reunion
by his crew member, Francis Cuthbertson.
Poems provided for this book by Margie
Cuthbertson.

ON TARGET AT TRUK

Wilson M. Chapman, AC, 5th Squadron

February 8th, 1945, the 9th BG was briefed for their first full group bombing effort with Truk as the target. Each squadron had three flights scheduled of nine or ten planes each. For some reason the 5th squadron was selected as the lead squadron and Chapman's crew to lead the 5th. On the way to briefing Frank Luschen told me I had been assigned a CP. When I mentioned the B-29 did not have a copilot on the crew, he advised CP stood for command pilot and everyone in the group called him Colonel Eisenhart, SIR!

After briefing we arrived at the flight line and performed our normal preflight including helping the ground crew turn the props over manually to insure oil in the upper cylinders. After boarding the crew chief and I exchanged all ready signals as his ground crew were standing by with fire extinguishers. I advised Steve Dempsey, our flight engineer, to start No 1 which he followed with 2, 3 and number 4 engines. Steve then advised they are all yours, just don't screw them up. The ground crew removed the wheel blocks and we taxied out to one of the two runways we were using. Planes were spaced at minute intervals on each runway to avoid turbulence. We flew east about ten minutes and then made a right hand "U" turn so the rest of the 5th could cut across and get in formation.

We were in good shape just south of Tinian and I asked Henry Rothman for the course. He advised at briefing they had given a course south but he thought Japan was north. I turned south and advised our target was Truk, which the Japanese had designated the "Bastion of the Pacific". General McArthur and Admiral Nimitz had decided to by-pass the Island so we could have a target to practice on.

Our formation was in good shape as we climbed

to about 4 miles up. Henry would correct the course 3 degrees left and then 3 degrees right every now and then just to let me know the navigator was in charge. Finally he advised Truk should be at 11 o'clock and he would turn the plane over to the bombardier. Truk had been visible from the cockpit for at least five minutes and was at 11 o'clock. Bob Gertenbach took over, and Colonel Eisenhart said "Gert, lay them in there and we'll have a party when we get home." Bob turned around and smiled since he hadn't been on a party since the night before.

I pointed "Dottie's Dilemma" towards the target which was a runway with a few planes visible plus some other facilities. Gert took control with his bombsight and opened the bomb bay doors. I flipped the Minneapolis Honeywell control on which allowed the course of the plane to be controlled from the bombsight as well as bomb release time. Bombardiers in the other planes opened their bomb bay when they saw ours open and pushed the bomb release when our bombs were released. Our plane suddenly had some violent course corrections, so I disconnected MH and told Gert I would follow the PDI for the run. Everything seemed fine, however, the only person that can see where the bombs hit is the Bombardier with his inverted periscope. After a short time Gert turned around without the smile and said "there goes our party." He advised we were a little short. The crew advised all planes were still with us. There was some anti-aircraft fire, however, it seemed to be well below our formation. We contacted Tinian and advised all planes were intact but results poor. On the way back to North Field we heard the 1st and the 99th squadrons reporting excellent results.

After debriefing, Gertenbach was instructed to spend some time with the group bombardier the next day checking out his technique on a simulated bomb trainer. Gert and I also met with a MH technician who was assigned to the 9th. He had checked our plane and had no answer to our problem either. The next day we loaded a few 100 pound practice bombs and with the MH technician aboard climbed to our previous altitude and made about three practice bomb runs on a little Island about an hour plus north east of Tinian. This was occupied by some Japanese fisherman and their families so we were always careful to aim at a barren rock about one mile offshore. All runs were on target using the MH course control. It had always worked in practice. A day or so later we found our intelligence officer, Capt. Johnson, had installed cameras in two or three planes in each squadron and just gotten the prints back from Photomat. When posted we found about one third of the 5th squadron bombs hit the runway with the rest being short in the



water. Since the Japanese lived on rice and fish we possibly reduced their food supply. Pictures from the 1st and 99th squadrons showed all bombs in the water. Crew 51-C was then excused from further classes.

ESCORTING P-38s

Wilson M. Chapman, AC, 5th Squadron

On February 2, 1945, our crew was briefed to navigate to Iwo Jima accompanied by three P-38s from Saipan. We left our bombs and bombardier on Tinian. After take off from North Field, we were to make a west to east pass over the runway on Saipan at 500 feet to alert the P-38s. Five minutes later we made an east to west pass over the runway and noted the P-38s were ready and taking off behind us and fell into formation within a few minutes.

Our target was a rock extending out of the ocean southwest of Iwo Jima and barely in sight of the island. The fighters, which had replaced most of their guns with cameras, were to strafe and photo the west beach. This area was invaded by the Marines, Feb. 18th. I held the formation below 500 feet to limit ground radar detection to under 50 miles, since the Japanese had warships in the area. We used our radar constantly but did not observe any ships.

About 30 minutes from Saipan one of the P-38s moved into a tight formation under my right wing, close enough to make me nervous. A minute or two later a second one moved into a similar position under my left wing making me doubly nervous, not being personally acquainted with any of the pilots. I made a couple of mild course corrections which moved them slightly away and then descended to a few feet above the white caps. I think they got the idea without my breaking radio silence as when I increased altitude a short time later there were no more problems.

Hank Rothman hit our target rock right on the button, and I pointed towards Iwo Jima, and the fighters took off in echelon. We were to circle the rock until their return. They made a south to north pass on the west of Iwo following by a north to south pass. We caught sight of the first plane and moved to intercept. The others were not far behind, and we headed home. We kept a sharp lookout for Zero's from Iwo. However, if they got off the ground, they couldn't catch us. When we reached Saipan, I said good-bye "little brothers" and received a "Thanks Big Brother". I never got to see the pictures.

MEMORIES OF TINIAN

Earl L. Johnson, D.S., 313th BW

Editor's Note: This story contains excerpts from Earl Johnson's original story which appeared in Volume I of "THE GLOBAL TWENTIETH."

It is an eerie feeling standing alone on the abandoned runway of North Field, Tinian. Wind whistles gently through the pine trees standing like sentinels in the darkness. A few hundred yards away the Pacific surf pounds softly against the rocky shoreline as it has done from the beginning of time. My luminous watch tells me it is 2:45 a.m. The date is August 6, 1976. Fifteen hundred miles to the north, past Iwo Jima, lies Japan.

Exactly 31 years ago at this very spot, Colonel Paul W. Tibbetts, Jr., advanced the throttles on his B-29, the "Enola Gay," and started his take off. In his bomb bay was "Little Boy," an atomic bomb. His target - Hiroshima! I stand in silence as I think upon the historic impact of that event. Minutes later I came to realize I had an eight mile drive back to civilization.

I wound my way out of the huge airfield toward the higher ground to the south, remembering my first trip to Tinian. It was January 1945. Thousands of men - Army, Navy, Marines, and Airmen - were being brought to this island. Two huge airstrips were under construction, this one that I was on and another in the middle of the island which was called West Field. It was from these fields, along with other installations on Guam and Saipan, hundreds of B-29s pounded Japan almost daily. Then the atom bombs were dropped. The war was over.

Most of us found Tinian a pleasant place to live, just as Lord Anson had 200 years earlier when he came upon the island in 1742. This encounter resulted in Tinian's first recorded history. As Commodore of the H.M.S. Centurion on a round the world voyage, he put ashore for provisions for his exhausted crew which was suffering from scurvy. Only a handful of natives were found, and he described the island as "pleasing and delightful."

During the 18th century, Tinian lapsed back into obscurity. A few immigrated from the Caroline Islands, but not much more is known. Finally, around the turn of the century, Germany purchased all of the Northern Mariana chain from Spain only to have it seized by Japan during World War I. For the next 25 years, Japan developed a large sugar plantation on Tinian, employing over 10,000 workers - mostly Okinawans and some northern Japanese and Koreans.

When World War II moved northward to the Marianas in 1944, the Japanese military forces on the is-



land numbered 15,000 men. However, American Marines stormed ashore on the island's northwest coast and captured Tinian within a week in one of the war's most efficient amphibious operations.

Tinian has great beauty and simplicity. It is gently rolling rather than mountainous and especially verdant in August from the heavy tropical rains. Interestingly, the island is about the same size and shape as Manhattan Island, 12 miles long and 4 miles wide. Tinian's roads were constructed during World War II and purposely laid out to resemble those in New York City. There is Broadway down the middle, 82nd Street, 5th Avenue, and even Riverside Drive.

Times Square is just where it should be - at 42nd and Broadway. Unlike the real Times Square, only two cars are needed to cause a traffic jam at Times Square, Tinian! There are over 200 miles of excellent roads on the island, of which only 39 miles are in use. There are 95 registered vehicles on the island., Tinian's population is presently 850, most of whom reside in or near the island's only community, New San Jose village. There is also a cattle ranch.

The biggest thing that has happened to Tinian since the war is an American named Ken Jones. A former Seabee from Guam, Jones has been in the Mariana Islands for the past 30 years. "I flew over one day about 11 years ago," Ken reflected, "and I just got to thinking' what a nice ranch I could make down there." Located on the east side of Broadway, the Jones ranch is comprised of over 8000 acres. It included 8000 head of beef cattle which provide fresh meat to markets on Saipan and Guam. Last year Jones imported 400 cows from New Zealand and started a dairy operation. As a result, fresh milk is available throughout the Marianas for the first time.

I drove down Broadway to the village. From its dock at the harbor, I could see the top of the barge peering from behind the breakwater. In a few moments the barge and its accompanying tug came into full view as they made the turn into Tinian's man-made harbor. Almost simultaneously, 15 or 20 small pickup trucks appeared, all loaded with watermelons. The grapevine had worked! Tinian is famous for its large and exceptionally sweet watermelons, the chief cash crop for its many small farmers

Tinian's harbor is not large. It lies behind a breakwater which has a steel superstructure built on top of a strip of land which encircles several concrete docks. Showing wear from the countless storms which have battered it for over 30 years, the harbor - like so many other things about this island - has its own story to tell.

In July of 1945, the newly commissioned heavy

cruiser "Indianapolis" entered the harbor. Her mission was highly secretive and critically important to the war against Japan. Her cargo, too important to be entrusted to an airplane which could be lost at sea on the long flight from the States, included the fissionable materials for the atom bombs. Without this material the bombs were impotent and awaited the arrival of the "Indianapolis" and her cargo. Special B-29s sat on North Field, their missions known only to a handful at the busy airfield. Following delivery of the cargo to scientists and officials, the cruiser departed Tinian for Leyte in the Philippines to join the U.S. naval forces there. Halfway between Tinian and the Philippines a submerged Japanese submarine was en route to her homeland. Sighting the "Indianapolis," the crew of the sub took aim and fired torpedoes which sank the cruiser. Thousands of men floundered in the calm waters of the Pacific. There had been no time to send out an S.O.S. Finally, four days later a patrol plane sighted the ship's survivors. Before it was all over, around 800 men perished in one of the greatest sea disasters of the war. Tinian was to play another tragic role of even greater magnitude a few days later when she witnessed the launching of the B-29s which carried the cargo from the sunken "Indianapolis" to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Everyone on the island seemed to be a transplant from some other place, or had been born to parents who were transplants since the war. I knew then if I looked long enough, I would eventually find a genuine native. Not only did I find a real native, but one to whom many Americans owe their lives. Manuel de la Cruz, 55, was born on Tinian in 1921. He wandered off to Saipan about the beginning of World War II and was captured by American forces during our invasion of Saipan in June of 1944.

During interrogation, our officials realized that Manuel possessed a wealth of information about Tinian and the Japanese fortifications there. Since he was a native Chamorro, he felt no particular loyalty to the Japanese and agreed to assist in the American invasion. On July 24, 1944, Manuel was aboard the invasion command ship off the southwest coast of Tinian, advising commanders as the Marines stormed ashore. "I tell Americans where best beach is to bring heavy equipment ashore," he remembered. "We have only two or three beaches where tanks can be brought in."

He pointed out to me the very shallow water and hidden reefs of the primary invasion beach, while perched on rough pinnacles of coral near a sandy beach not more than 75 feet wide. Beneath us was a rusty tread from an American tank which had been in the surf for over 30 years. Nearby, partially hidden by the jungle, was an old Japanese pillbox of heavy concrete and steel and with a



gaping hole in its face. "I tell them about the gun emplacement there," he motioned toward the pillbox. "They use big battleship gun to knock it out." As I listened to his account, I could almost envision the American lives that were saved by Manuel's detailed knowledge of the island.

Just three miles north of Tinian's northern tip, not far from Manuel's invasion beach, lies Saipan. More mountainous and slightly larger than Tinian, she has a population of over 30,000 - a stark contrast to Tinian's 850. Most of the population there are also Chamorro.

Economically, the people on the island are heavily dependent upon the United States. Our country's Department of Defense has given some consideration to the re-establishment of a military base on Tinian because it is the least populated of the islands in the Marianas chain, and its topography is ideally suitable for a long runway. Already small amphibious forces are conducting exercises there every few months. "We want to be a part of the U.S.," says Jose Cruz, former mayor of Tinian. "I would also like to see the U.S. military build a new base here." Jose was one of the prime movers of the successful covenant campaign for the Marianas and contends that he speaks for most of the people on the island in this regard.

Other islanders such as the present Mayor, Felipe Mendiola, would like to see more tourism, particularly Japanese. Tinian is only three hours by air from Japan.

GUAM TO WASHINGTON

Earl L. Johnson, D.S., 313th BW

Editor's Note: This interesting story from Earl Johnson's original story which appeared in Volume I of "THE GLOBAL TWENTIETH" is reprinted in almost its entirety. The story was written in 1946 when the author was a Lt Col.

It was the usual hot, sultry day on Tinian, our B-29 base in the Marianas where I was assigned as A-3 Officer for the 313th Bomb Wing, one of the five wings which made up the 20th Air Force. The date was October 11, 1945, and the shooting phase of the war had been over for nearly two months. Most everyone not already on a ship going home or flying a war-weary B-29 back to the States was trying to catch up on sleep, swimming at one of the two beaches we had, or playing ping-pong at the clubs. But the main source of satisfaction came from tallying up rotation points which was the basis for selection of the next group of weary veterans to go home.

Each time I would tally up my points it seemed I'd

get a different answer. After a few days, however, I finally arrived at the conclusion that they totaled about 100 - and all guilt-edged. So on this day I'm talking about, and still while turning over those points in my mind, a radio message from General Nathan B. Twining, then Commanding General of the 20th AF, came across my desk. It brought the news that the War Department had authorized a flight of three B-29s from Guam "around the world" and terminating in Washington. There would be only two refueling stops - one at Karachi, India, and the other at Frankfurt, Germany.

A little further on came some more information which caused me to read more closely. It said, "YOUR WING WILL PROVIDE ONE AIRCRAFT IN BEST POSSIBLE MECHANICAL CONDITION AND A COMPLETE CREW OF COMBAT VETERANS WITH THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF ROTATION POINTS STOP." This meant that I was going to have to start to work to set up the crew and airplane although the task was not too difficult, because only a couple of weeks before we had done the same thing for the non-stop flight from Japan to Washington which had ended up in Chicago. We still had plenty of good airplanes and plenty of experienced crew members who would jump at the chance to participate in such a flight.

Then the little requirement about "the highest number of rotation points" began to give me a peculiar sensation. What other pilot in the Wing had 100 points? I wasn't sure, but it didn't take long to find out by checking the Wing records and making a few phone calls to the four Group Operations Officers. The most points I could find among the pilots was 90, so I hurried in to see Colonel Robert A. Ping, Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations. He conferred with Colonel George W. Mundy, Wing Commander, and my "peculiar sensation" turned into a happy moment as Colonel Mundy told me I could select the crew and airplane and report to Guam for the flight.

Little did I know at the time what was in store for me, but all problems seemed minor in the eagerness to participate in such a historic flight and get back to the good old USA. I had already flown out to the Marianas by way of Hawaii and Kwajalein. This would give me a chance to see the rest of the world. It would also make a good story to tell my grandchildren in future years.

Since all of the activity connected with my Wing's part of the project centered about my desk, I called in the four Group representatives; and we selected a crew of high-point men, consisting of two other Pilots, two Flight Engineers, two Navigators, two Radio Operators, one Radar Operator, and one Crew Chief. It was a "high-powered" crew of 11 men all eager to go home. Then we



began going over the airplanes finally picking an almost new B-29 with all the latest improvements including the innovation of fuel injection engines rather than the older carburetor ones. Since this was going to be a long flight, we wanted to have the best airplane available and in the best possible mechanical condition.

Many hot, tedious hours were spent checking the engines and the instruments and polishing the wings and fuselage with wax to cut down any extra drag thereby giving us more mileage for our gasoline. Crew members not busy with the airplane were notified to commence packing, because we had to be on Guam on October 13th, so it is not hard to visualize the beehive of activity among all of us who were going.

Finally, on Saturday morning, October 13th, with good-byes said to everyone and the crew assembled at the B-29, we climbed aboard to start up our constant companion for the next several days. Forty-five minutes later we landed on Guam after the 120 mile flight from Tinian. It was the first time any of us had ever flown together as a crew, so the flight to Guam gave us a chance to get acquainted.

The first order of business was to get settled. We were assigned two six-man tents near the flight line, which in the Guam mid-day sun reminds one of a steam bath. Then after a quick lunch we all reported in to the briefing room at the 325th BW where we were pleasantly surprised to learn that General Twining, himself, was going. At the same time we found that four crews were present instead of the three we had thought. This was cleared up when we were told that the three airplanes in the best condition would make the grueling journey, while the fourth B-29 and crew would carry most of the luggage back by way of Hawaii.

So bright and early the next morning, Sunday, October 14th, we were in the air over Guam with the other three contenders for an hour's test flight. This test flight was to be the deciding factor in picking the three best B-29s to make the round-the-world flight. But we didn't have too much to worry about because our plane had been in A-1 shape flying to Guam the day before. In addition, it was the only one with the fuel injection engines. General Twining had commented on this at the briefing and wanted it in the flight to compare those engines with the carburetor engines. He even had said he would fly with us so we all figured we had a berth cinched, and the competition to avoid the baggage detail was really between the other crews.

It was one of those beautiful, tropical days with fleecy, white clouds and a bright sun. Our B-29 was soaring high with our spirits soaring even higher. Then it

happened! And when I say "it" happened, I mean just that. For when the Flight Engineer pulled back the mixture control on # 4 engine into the lean position, the whole airplane began vibrating. Immediately, all of us stiffened like we'd been hit by flak. We couldn't believe what we felt and heard, yet there it was. The Flight Engineer put it back in the rich position, and we were purring along as usual. Then he tried it in lean again. There was the vibration again. Something was wrong with our # 4 engine.

Our crew was now faced with the stark reality that we couldn't participate in the flight with a defective engine. It couldn't be put in lean because the vibration might be the forewarning of even worse problems.

Finally, with everyone sick at heart as we came in to land, our "dream B-29" which we had chosen so carefully had let us down. But we still had faith in her because we all thought she just needed a little "doctoring." It turned out that she needed a "major operation," but that came a few hours later. Wasting no time we taxied into our parking stand, shut the engines down, and rolled out the engine stands. Off came the cowling of # 4, and several mechanics climbed up to see what might be wrong.

The other three B-29s had all landed, and word soon got around that they all were in perfect condition. This further disheartened us. Then General Twining drove up in his jeep; and before I could say anything, he announced that he was ready to load his flying gear if we were satisfied with the test flight. Finally, looking at the # 4 engine with the cowling off, I had to give him the sad story. The Flight Engineers and we three Pilots explained in detail the engine's behavior while the General listened intently. Then, undismayed, he ordered all of the 'brains,' on the island of Guam focused on the sick engine; and I will say that no B-29 engine ever received more expert attention than that one did that Sunday morning and afternoon.

Everyone on our crew forgot food, the heat, and that there had ever been a war in their determination to locate the trouble. We traveled up and down the length of Guam locating factory reps from every company in the states that had anything to do with a B-29 engine. We got them from the beaches, from tents, and from card games, then drove them down to North Field and our parking stand to see if they had any ideas about what could be wrong. The engine was started and stopped time after time, yet nothing would correct the noticeable roughness in the lean position.

Along toward six o'clock, with the sun sinking lower, and with every known possibility exhausted, the picture was anything but rosy. One by one the "experts" went home shaking their heads. It was extremely doubt-



ful that an engine change could be done before the deadline which was the briefing time of 8:30 A.M. Tuesday morning, but General Twining wanted the fuel injection engines to make the flight, and it was a consoling gesture to a discouraged crew because both he and our crew knew the cold facts on engine changes gained from experience during combat flying operations. Engine changes on a B-29 took an expert crew of mechanics working at break-neck speed about 24 hours.

Guam had no fuel injection engines at either North Field or Northwest Field. The only field that had them was our own North Field, Tinian, because they had initially been used by the 509th Composite Group for the atomic bomb missions. An expert engine change crew was a thing of the past unless you could put together individual mechanics and make up a team. With the war over it was asking a lot of the mechanics to work that long and hard on something they were not personally involved in and had an excellent chance to fail anyway. Here it was 6:30 Sunday evening, and the briefing time was less than 37 hours away.

We had a lot of pride in the old 313th Wing. It was that good feeling of having the men and materials to do a job and do it well. And why not? Our field was the largest of all the B-29 bases in the Marianas and in the world at that time. Our Wing had flown precision bombing raids, fire raids, and every other kind of raid flown by the 20th AF against Japan. In addition, we had done all the mine laying of Japanese harbors and the Inland Sea. A unit attached to our Wing had dropped the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Not that the war was won as a result, because the atomic bombs came along only to clinch a victory that had already been won by everyone who ever went to the Pacific including the courageous Seabees who made our airfields possible. The atomic bombs gave the Japanese a reason to surrender in a war they had already lost. Nonetheless, the 313th Wing still had a lot of pride.

We all had friends back on Tinian who would help us to the limit. Many knew top-notch mechanics waiting for their turn to go home. We had our own Crew Chief and two Flight Engineers, and I knew the staff maintenance officers at our Wing Headquarters. With the time element staring us in the face things had to get organized and quickly.

A couple of us ran into a nearby Quonset hut and picked up a telephone. We placed a call to "Chicago," our code name for the 313th Wing on Tinian. This was done by relaying the phone through a radio then into another phone. After a few minutes, I was able to locate Colonel Castex Conner, Deputy Chief of Staff for Main-

tenance. He soon sized up the situation and told us what we already knew - that it would be touch and go - but that he was behind us all the way, and that was all we needed. It was now going to be done, and the 313th would be represented in the first formation of B-29s around-the-world and the first ever to land in Europe.

The rest of the crew was still standing around the airplane when they saw the two of us come dashing out of the quonset on a dead run. Wasting no time they clambered aboard and were starting the engines before I reached my cockpit seat. I don't know which runway we used at North Field that evening, but we found one and soon were in the air winging our way back to Tinian where we had told everyone good-bye only the day before.

We approached North Field, Tinian, from the southwest making what we jokingly called an "airline approach" and selected Runway A for the landing because it was nearest the repair shops where they keep the spare fuel injection engines.

In a few minutes we pulled onto the maintenance apron, and there stood Colonel Conner surrounded by a handful of mechanics not quite knowing what they were getting into. As our props slowly came to a stop, the engine stands were pulled into place, the # 4 cowl came off, and wrenches began to turn on the huge 4-bladed prop. The stage was being set for the most dramatic engine change I had ever witnessed.

So furiously were the mechanics working that a few operations had to be delayed until the engine cooled off a little to keep them from burning their hands. Although I had known before what the ground crews had accomplished in the 20th AF without the satisfaction of going over a target, this exhibition was so inspiring I wished the people back home could have seen them. Then they would have known why we won the Pacific War.

Luckily it was a perfect night with a bright moon and no rain, because the drama was not being staged in a neatly lit maintenance hangar but right out under the stars with a battery of photo-flood lights and the quiet Pacific Ocean only a few hundred yards away. The only sounds to be heard were the exhausts of the portable generators and the mumbled remarks of the mechanics which, by the nature of their vein, let you know that it was not easy.

Along about 5:00 A.M. Monday morning, the old engine was removed, and the bright, new one swung into place by means of a hoist on small wheels. Then began the intricate job of fastening all of the hundreds of connections to mate the engine with the B-29. Mechanics shifted back and forth, but the work never stopped. As the day wore on, the heat became stifling as it reflected off the white coral apron. Shirts came off and the men



sweated, but the new engine was going to be ready by nightfall. The ground around the B-29 was littered with tools, the old engine, oily rags, clothes, and people. Apparently someone knew what was what, but I began to wonder how such a mess could turn into an airplane engine.

At 7:30 Monday evening the last fastener had been tightened on the cowl, and there before the assembled gathering was a brand new #4 fuel injection engine ready for its first test. According to regulations the engine had to be run 15 minutes on the ground, then an hour in the air with a landing back on the same field. After that the engine change mechanics who had done the work had to check the oil sump for metal filings. If the engine passed all the tests which included running smoothly in the air, it was ready to go. With the flight we were about to attempt the new engine had to be perfect.

As the Flight Engineers climbed aboard to start it up, everyone had his fingers crossed. Soon huge clouds of blue smoke poured out of the exhaust, and the engine was going. It ran okay on the ground for the 15 minutes which gave us time to take our seats, and we taxied on out for the hour's test flight. It was now about 8:30 P.M. and dark again with the same moon coming up and another enchanting Pacific night. However, none of us cared about the night or the scenery - we wanted that engine to be all right.

Back in the air again with all eyes glued to the engine instruments, we cruised about Tinian for an hour. So far everything had checked perfectly. Then back in for a landing on Runway A and to the maintenance apron where our loyal mechanics were waiting to check the oil sump. It showed no metal filings which together with the engine's smooth operation meant that the engine change had been successful.

It was now almost 11:00 P.M., and we were due at the briefing and the deadline on Guam at 8:30 the next morning. We tried to thank everyone who did the actual work and get going. As we taxied out, the grins on the faces of the mechanics let us know how they felt about the "miracle" they had just performed.

Taking off from Runway A at North Field, Tinian, shortly after 11:00 P.M., we were on the ground at Guam about midnight. North Field was practically closed down for the night, but we managed to find a truck with an accommodating driver who drove us to our tents and a few hours of welcomed sleep on a canvas cot which seemed like a luxury as compared to the coral apron the night before.

No one connected with the project knew we were back on Guam with a new #4 engine until 8:30 the next

morning when we walked into the briefing room. It had been a foregone conclusion that our B-29 would carry the baggage back by way of Hawaii, but they had underestimated the 313th Wing. Naturally, we were met by many wide-eyed stares including one by General Twining. When I reported to him that we were ready to go, he couldn't quite believe it. He kept his promise, however, and our plane was included in the three to take off that afternoon at 4:00 P.M. He even apologized for having already loaded his flying gear in one of the other B-29s.

Then began a full day of briefings that included everything from expected weather to what to say to the Burmese in case we had to bail out over Burma. This was followed by several hours of fueling our planes which included four large bomb bay tanks riding piggyback in the two bomb bays plus loading all of our personal flying equipment. The only thing we didn't have much of was baggage. That was all turned in to the baggage airplane.

Finally at 3:45 P.M. the three, huge Superfortresses started their engines and taxied out into take-off position. Our B-29 had been designated #2 behind General Twining, who was in the lead plane with Captain William McIntye of Detroit. The third B-29 was commanded by Major Raymond T. Eakes of Chevy Chase, MD. It was a tense moment as the heavy, lead ship used the entire 8,000 feet of runway at North Field, Guam, but they were airborne exactly at 4:00 P.M. as briefed, and our crew followed two minutes behind them.

Although the take-off in a loaded B-29 is a tense moment, we weren't too busy to wave to a gathering of people at the end of the runway, one of whom was Colonel Henry Huglin, my former CO in the 9th BG, which was a part of the 313th BW. He was on hand to watch a B-29 from the old 313th go home. As soon as all three B-29s were in the air and at cruising altitude, we checked in by radio with the leader. Then with our noses pointed westward toward Karachi, India, over 5,000 miles away, we began to "see the world." All we really saw was the all too familiar Pacific Ocean, and it looks the same from California to China.

Our course lay just off the northern tip to the Philippines but by the time we got there, it was dark, and our only view of the islands was through the radar scope. To look at the scope everyone except the Navigator and Radar Operator had to leave his seat and crawl over all sorts of equipment to get a peek, but we had to see the Philippines.

After a few more hours it began to get monotonous so we were fortunate to have three Pilots aboard. This allowed one Pilot to "sleep" on a make-shift bed of parachutes, life rafts, and jungle knives. Other positions re-



quiring someone awake at all times also had a relief crew member. Actual sleep, however, turned out to be almost impossible. The steady roar of the engines and the always present thought that something might happen, kept one on edge until it became more pleasant to take benzedrine and keep our eyes open than to attempt to sleep. We worked in shifts, and almost to a man we found the same result so most of us kept staring out to see what we could see, which wasn't very much.

Flying west as we were, we were flying "with the sun." When it got dark, the night lasted for almost 18 hours. All of our sight-seeing of such places as Indo-China, Burma, and most of India took place at night and was much more satisfactory through the radar scope than by looking out the windows. If I ever want to see the world, it will not be by flying an airplane at night.

The only relief from the never-ending monotony came each hour when we called up the lead ship on the radio and told them we were doing all right. By prior arrangement each B-29 was to perform individual navigation, which meant that we rarely saw either of the other two planes except at take-off and landing. As a tribute to the accuracy of our experienced navigator, at no time in the entire flight were we outside a 50 mile radius of each other since the effective range of our VHF radios was not more than fifty miles.

Across most of India we amused ourselves by listening to the towers of various airfields as we passed near them. We could detect Americans, British, and Chinese pilots by their accents and we found their radio procedures were much the same as ours so it made us feel quite at home.

After 22 hours and 15 minutes of flying we touched our wheels down at Karachi, India. It had been our plan to stay there about 8 hours for refueling and briefings and perhaps a little rest, but landing we found the temperature over 110 degrees, and it was only 9:30 in the morning. This discouraged all of us from trying to sleep in a tent. Thus, after the refueling operation of two hours, most of us took off to Karachi, a few miles away, to see the sights of India. In a couple of hours we were back at the field carrying various trinkets which we had purchased in the city, then back to the business of the briefing for our next leg.

This portion of the flight was to terminate at Rhine Mein Airport, Frankfurt, Germany, over 4,500 miles away. For some reason it seemed longer, because we realized we were going from one civilization to another and to another recent war zone. Our plane and engines had done very well so far as had the others, but we were always on guard for trouble. The crews looked a little tired, but all

of us had been tired before, and the thought of going home seemed to give us the needed energy. Our own crew, with the frantic engine change behind us, was still on its feet so off we went at 7:00 P.M. that evening headed for the southern tip of Italy, where we were to alter course up the Adriatic Sea and into Frankfurt, Germany. Flight time would be over 20 hours.

Again the test of men and machines began - the 18 hour night, the steady roar of the engines and the benzedrine to keep our eyes open. Over Persia, Palestine, the Mediterranean and Greece there were only the flight instruments staring us in the face or an occasional light on the ground to look at. This was interrupted each hour with the radio check. After hours of this "torture" we would actually look forward to the radio check. It gave us something to do.

At dawn we were coming into Italy, and a big moment had arrived for us Pilots - we were going to change course several degrees to the right. After flying so long on one heading with only minor corrections, a "real" change of course became a big event. We hadn't seen anything slightly resembling a northerly heading since our take-off from Guam which already seemed a long time ago. With the course changed we headed up the Adriatic in the early morning light a few miles off the coast of Italy. We could see quite a bit of that mountainous country, and at the same time we saw one of the other B-29s a few miles away. In a short while we were coming to land again and began our climb to clear the Alps. Leveling off at 15,000 feet, we crossed the Alps in minutes and began our descent into Germany and Rhine Mein. I was impressed with the relative smallness of Europe compared to the vast expanses of the Pacific, but we were soon too busy flying again to muse over matters of geography.

Over the Alps we began to run into low cloud formations. This gave us a little concern, for Rhine Mein had no radio or navigation facilities except for a very short range radio mounted on a Jeep which was sent out there to "assist" us. The field was not being used by any Air Corps units, but it was the only field in Germany with enough runway to permit us to take off, and that was marginal since it had only 6,000 feet. How we were going to locate this field while on top of an overcast and with no radio facilities remained to be seen.

As our two Navigators told us we were supposed to be over the field, I looked out and could see nothing but a nice, thick cloud bank without one hole through which to see the ground. As far as the eye could see, it was all the same - an undercast of gigantic proportions. We knew that Germany was underneath us and that Rhine Mein



should be within a few miles, so we began a large circle that must have been ten miles in diameter. Pretty soon the other two B-29s were visible a few miles away doing the same thing. This gave us confidence that we were in the vicinity since all Navigators must be in agreement.

Yet we had no way to establish our position definitely, let alone make an approach to a runway we couldn't see. Our gas supply, being calculated quite closely, gave us only a couple of hours left in the air. Orly Field, Paris, France, was our alternate in case of weather and was still within our fuel range; however, we had to decide soon what we would do and once the decision was made we were committed to that course of action.

In the meantime, all three of us in the pilots' seats, as well as General Twining on a headset, were talking via radio about the scary situation. It was the consensus that the cloud layer should begin to thin as the sun rose higher, and we all agreed to "sweat it out" as long as we could. While all this was going on, we kept up our circling.

Earlier, before our arrival, the Jeep had taken up a position at the field with the portable radio and found the runway "socked in solid." Nevertheless, we were soon in contact with him which at least gave us the assurance that we were in the vicinity of our destination. The driver on the ground said he "thought" the ceiling was around 200 feet, but that he wasn't sure as there were no weather facilities on the deserted field. He, also, mentioned that no American planes were flying in all of Germany that morning due to low ceilings. This only added to our already apprehensive view of the situation.

Just about the time our Navigators told us Paris was fading as an alternate except with dry tanks upon arrival, the Jeep driver said that he could hear an airplane flying over the field and that it didn't sound like the familiar B-17 or B-24 used in the European theater. The only trouble was that none of us in the circling B-29s knew which one of us it was. Then periodically every 6 or 7 minutes the Jeep would broadcast that he could hear another airplane. This revelation nailed down the decision irrevocably, and Paris was eliminated as an alternate. Now we had no alternate. It was Rhine Mein or parachutes!

We began another fight between men and machines against time and nature. We throttled our engines back even farther and kept up our circling. In what seemed an eternity, small holes began to appear. One could see the ground in spots. Were our predictions coming true after all? Then a member of my crew, sitting in the bombardier's seat in the nose, spotted a concrete runway through one of the holes. It ran in the same direction as the one we had been briefed in for Rhine Mein. At the

same time the Jeep driver said he could hear another plane overhead. At least our crew was now pretty sure we had seen the correct runway.

Since our crew happened to be in a pretty definite position, General Twining gave us permission to make the first attempt at an approach and landing. Inside our airplane we discussed our plan. We thought we could start it on the next circle followed by a final pattern which we would do with stop watches while letting down into the clouds. We were sure it would work. It had to.

Many of us had broken out in cold sweats in combat, but this was a little different. It was as if the entire success of the project depended upon getting into that field, and I guess it did, for we had to think of the third and last airplane to make the attempt and that would take precious time. Time was something which was running out fast.

Coming around again at 1,000 feet above the ground as determined by radar and an altimeter setting from the Jeep, the runway came into sight again. Directly over the field we began our stop watch pattern hastily drawn up on a piece of paper, taking into account wind drift, headings, ground speeds, and altitude so as to arrive at a point behind the runway in a position to land if we could get low enough to see the runway.

For a while it seemed as if we had 11 pilots on board. Everyone had his own watch out checking timing, and those near an airspeed indicator kept glued to that and any compasses installed nearby. Others were on the lookout for tree tops. Finally, after the last turn was made, we let down a little more until our altimeter read 250 feet and the tall pine trees of Germany, now visible below, looked as though they were trying to reach up and scrape the bottom of the B-29. Then we broke clear with the runway off to our left a few hundred feet. With a violent last minute bank two of us "manhandled" the big bird over to the runway and got it down.

We radioed the next B-29, whose crew had also spotted the runway, of our successful attempt. Taxiing in we sat in the airplane with engines running and watched first one, then the other, break out of the clouds and make smooth landings.

The field at Frankfurt was bare except for a few fuel trucks, the Jeep, and some cars to drive us to Army Headquarters in Wiesbaden. We were pleasantly surprised to find the air cool and invigorating after the stifling heat of India the day before. Then, too, we were further elated because the next leg was home.

It was now Thursday morning in Germany and Thursday evening back on Guam. Although none of us had been in a bed or rested except for a few hours after



our engine change, we were still able to walk around, talk coherently, and fly the airplane. But long lines of fatigue were showing on the faces of our crew, and through my own blood-shot eyes the other crews looked as if they could stand a little rest. Had we not had a good supply of benzedrine, most of us would have fallen by the wayside long before and probably might not have even made it to Karachi; but we couldn't stop now.

After the refueling operation the cavalcade of three crews, General Twining and General Cannon, who had come out to meet us, were driving on the paved roads of Germany toward Wiesbaden some 35 miles away. Most of us were interested in seeing the German people and comparing the bomb damage in Frankfurt, which we drove through, to Japanese cities like Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka. We all came to the conclusion that, while Frankfurt had suffered extensive damage, the destruction was nothing compared to the Japanese cities, especially Tokyo. It was our way of saying the 20th AF had beaten the 8th AF in bombing destruction, an accomplishment which makes wars so damaging and foolish. Anyway, we were "seeing the world" and at the same time fighting off that urge to lie down and go to sleep just any place.

After a quick lunch in the Schwarzer-Boch Hotel in Wiesbaden, a hot bath for the first time in a year and a few words with some "white" girls somebody had corralled, we reported quickly to Army Headquarters for the briefing for the Atlantic flight. The officers doing the briefing were going into much detail about clearances and traffic routes, but all we cared about was the weather. This leg was to be over 4,000 miles and 20 hours flight time. We had all heard stories about the storms over the North Atlantic, and we didn't relish the idea of having to turn back once we got underway again.

At 3:30 P.M. the cavalcade was on its way back to Rhine Mein. On this trip I think most of us took a little catnap. Then as we were let out near our B-29, our Crew Chief noticed some oil dripping from # 3 engine. I felt at the time if anything else happened to that airplane, we would never be blamed for placing a bomb under it; but there was the leak, and it had to be fixed. For the next 30 minutes everyone worked to change a hose connection, during which time most of the crew ruined the effects of the hot baths with warmed over airplane engine oil. By 5:00 P.M. we had the leak fixed and were ready to go.

In the meantime a gasoline leak was found in one of the other B-29s, so with all factors weighed General Twining chose to remain all night. The take-off had to be made in daylight as the field had no runway lights; so even if the leak could have been fixed, it might have been

dark before it was ready to go. The physical condition of the crews probably influenced his decision. It didn't take us long to get the cavalcade going again en route to Wiesbaden and the hotel where we sipped some good German champagne and then collapsed in a real bed between two sheets.

The next day, refreshed by the cool air and sleep, we repeated the procedures of the day before and at 5:00 P.M. that afternoon our three B-29s became airborne from Germany and headed for Washington and home. Over western Germany we flew into the setting sun. We looked at fields and villages where not long before a war had been raging. We thought about the war we had just fought in the Pacific and the evidence of war all around us in India and now looking at the same war in Germany and France. Now we were flying home to a place where no battles had been fought.

As the night settled in, we got ready for another grueling ordeal. Perhaps on this leg we would have some weather problems since the weather officer had briefed us about a nasty front midway in the Atlantic. At the end of ten hours when we were about in the middle of the ocean, we hit the bad weather. The B-29s flew through it without a murmur. The airplane had proved itself to be a sturdy aircraft in flying through the up-drafts and fires over the Japanese cities. An Atlantic front seemed minor compared to those bumps. At the time I was lying on the hatchway and didn't even bother to look out or get excited. Perhaps I was still too tired, had faith in the airplane, or a combination of both.

As dawn broke, we were coming into Newfoundland and speeding southwest down the coast of North America. Next came Nova Scotia, then the United States with Maine. In a short while, we were over Boston, then New York with its skyline piercing the morning mist and smoke. Over Baltimore we circled until all three B-29s got together in formation, and in a few minutes Washington appeared dead ahead. Finally our desire to come home was being realized; yet it seemed unreal.

Another ten minutes and the three Superfortresses were on the ground at National Airport having come from Guam "around-the-world" to Washington with only two stops and in less than five days including one full day of rest in Germany. The total flying time was almost 64 hours. I had lost 15 pounds.

This flight was not intended to break any records, and it was not a stunt flight. It was accomplished with standard Army Air Corps airplanes which had seen combat duty in the Pacific War. It was flown by air crew members with no particular special training, and it was



accomplished with no additional equipment except that carried by the airplanes. The only necessary requirements were gasoline trucks at a couple of airfields and a portable radio on a Jeep.

So if you want to see the world, I wouldn't recommend that you find an airplane and go roaring off around it. You won't see very much, and you may end up trying to find fuel or arguing with some official about your passport and papers. This might also be interspersed with headaches over bad weather or engine failure over some desert or jungle.

But when you are discussing world strategy and where we should spend some of our resources on national defense, remember what these three B-29s did in 1945. Also remember what we could have been carrying instead of life rafts and fuel and the power which can be vested in future air vehicles.

NINE SURVIVED THE DITCHING

John R. Jewett, Flight Engineer, 99th Squadron

This article is written as a memorial to three brave men who died for their country: Maj John Conley, Sgt Bernard Ladd, and Sgt Marshall Long. They exemplified the spirit of all the 9th BG men. They gave up their lives so that we all could live to see a better world.

It was on the night of 9 March 1945 that our crew (Capt Leon Keene, 99th Sqdn) took off for its first bombing mission against Japan. This was a low altitude incendiary bombing, the first of its kind against Japan - target Tokyo. The mission was estimated to take about twelve hours. An additional bomb run was made over Japan due to error in identification of target. This consumed an excessive amount of gasoline, which caused our plane to run out of gas 300 miles short of home base on Tinian. After 14 hours of flying at 11:45 AM, 10 March, we ditched our plane off the shore of the northernmost Marianas Island, Pajoros, an active volcanic island.

The plane hit the water at 85 mph. Due to rough seas the plane broke apart forward of the tail section. This caused the nose section to sink quickly below the surface with the lighter broken section of the fuselage pointing upward. The bombardier's windows in the nose section broke and with other escape windows being open, the nose section flooded immediately. The six crew members in the nose section had to swim to the surface. The shock of hitting the water and swallowing salt water

caused us to be terribly sick. Since the pilots' windows were jammed shut, several escaped through the engineer's window.

Life rafts were accessible from storage compartments. Two rafts were inflated, and those of us who were able to crawl into them did so and then helped pull the others aboard. The bombardier and the navigator were in such shock that they were pulled into one raft by the engineer and radio operator. The tail section remained afloat long enough for the tail gunner to get out and inflate his one-man life raft. A head count indicated that nine out of twelve aboard the plane survived. At the conclusion of a search for the missing men we paddled our rafts to the one beach on Pajoros. Because all of us were quite ill from drinking salt water, it took us four hours to reach shore about a half mile away through choppy water. We turned our rafts upside down on the lava beach to sleep on. The volcanic cliff of the 1,100 foot Pajoros was right behind us. During the night we could hear lava stones and pebbles tumbling down the cliff. Since our plane broke up on impact, no emergency water or food kits could be salvaged from aboard the plane. We did have individual canteens of water, but we were too nauseated to drink.

After one and a half days an air-sea rescue PBM was sighted. Two flares were shot into the air, and then the PBM circled, dropped water and a note saying that a ship would pick us up. An hour later the air-sea rescue ship, the "Cook Inlet," sent a whale boat to shore for us. We remained aboard the sea plane tender for about a week and in Saipan hospital a few more days for recuperation. We were then given a two-week R & R leave in Hawaii. We stayed an extra three weeks in Hawaii due to ATC high priority shipments of incendiary bombs to the Marianas.

Our crew separated after our return to Tinian, receiving other assignments. We later received Purple Heart awards for the anguish and minor injuries suffered in the accident. My heart goes out to the families of the three men who died. They were young, bright, lovable friends.

EARLY AIR ECHELON ARRIVAL

Wilson M. Chapman, AC, 5th Squadron

I was a lead AC for the 5th. After the 9th BG staged at Herington, KS, our crew arrived at Mather Field in Sacramento. This was early 1945. We were restricted to the base; however, my wife and 1 & 1/2 year old son were in Sacramento and were allowed to visit me on the base.



I managed to find about three cases of bourbon diluted with 80 % neutral spirits, which I put in the bomb bay as I was not sure about supplies on Tinian. On arrival in Oahu we were again advised we were restricted to the base. Since I and none of my crew had ever been to the Hawaiian Islands, we asked some of the base officers the nearest way to town. We went out of a back gate and caught a bus to Diamond Head. The following day we refueled at one of the Pacific Islands and continued on to Tinian landing on North Field. Our ground forces had arrived ahead of us and met us with transportation. They had set up a camp about four miles away, providing tents with poles, stakes and instructions, which took care of our crew for the night. They also had a mess tent set up which provided food and warm drinks.

The following day I found transportation and went down to check our plane. About 1/2 mile from the camp there was a traffic jam on the two lane road caused by a parade of trucks loading a mountain of coral which was being hauled to North Field to complete runways 3 and 4, I finally cut in and was tailgated all the way. At the air strip I asked a Marine with the largest number of stripes who was observing the dumping, grading, and compaction of the parade of trucks with coral if there was another way back to our base. He advised there was a central road and if I would give him a ride back to his camp, he would be the guide. We passed a large compound in the center of the island surrounded by a six foot chain link barbed fence. He advised this contained about 2,000 Japanese prisoners and families which had been captured when the Marines moved in. Some Japs were still loose in the hills on the south end of Tinian.

We passed a cane field where a dozer with a driver and another marine were cutting it down and stopped to watch. After a short time a Japanese soldier ran out of the patch, failed to halt, and fell to the ground after one shot. I found work crews from the prison camp would be taken out and loosely guarded. On return to the compound the truck would often have one or two more Japanese than it left with. Apparently, the word got around that the food and life in the compound was better than in the caves on the south end of the island. I dropped my Marine off and found he was in charge of facilities which included a laundry, ice making machines, and a beautiful mess. I borrowed some ice and laundry service until our ground facilities could provide a month or so later. I also gave him a ride in our B-29 when I had to check out an engine, and he provided an artist who painted the pretty girl on "Dottie's Dilemma." His mess also had some beautiful pastries and pies, which secret I did not share.

LOW LEVEL TOKYO RAID

Wilson M. Chapman, AC, 5th Squadron

In early March '45 the 9th BG was briefed for a low level night incendiary raid on Tokyo. Col Eisenhart mentioned that his friend General Davies with Bomber Command had suggested we give the Japanese some of the tactics his 5th AF had used in the South Pacific. Planes were loaded with 20,000 lbs, mostly clusters of 4 lb magnesium bombs, plus a lot of napalm incendiaries. It was a maximum effort saturation mission, and other groups from the 20th AF joined us, which provided over 200 B-29s over the target. We were assigned a specific area to hit along with a low altitude to minimize traffic problems. However, all planes were scheduled to be over Tokyo in a short period. Running lights were on en route to the target, and numerous other planes were observed and avoided. Just before entering Tokyo Bay running lights were turned off.

I noted a B-29 on our left and another on our right near shore were illuminated by spotlights from Japanese gunboats; however, no tracers were visible so I felt they might have run out of bullets or didn't have time to aim. I could not see any of the other innumerable B-29s in the area and turned our running lights back on so they could see me. A mid air collision could produce more damage than the gunboats.

Our plane was about 2/3 back in the parade, and Tokyo was well lit up on arrival including our designated area. I told Bombardier Gertenbach to look for a dark spot and let them go except avoid the Imperial Palace as we were briefed this would annoy the Japanese. Over Tokyo we were to maintain 4000', and I had to reduce throttles to almost off and was still a little high at bomb release. Fighting the turbulence, I started a gentle right hand turn while easing the throttles back to cruise setting. When we reached our course back to Tinian, the altimeter read well over 20,000'. The thermal updraft from the fire storm was impressive.

At critique one of our pilots noted he had observed some stupid pilot had left the running lights on over Tokyo Bay. I volunteered I was the stupid pilot and explained why. I think on subsequent low level night saturation raids some of the other pilots felt more comfortable with their running lights on.

NINTH BOMB GROUP'S YOUNGEST AC

Brad Peterson, Reporter on the "Nevadan"



This is an account of some of the harrowing experiences of Leonard Carpi, as told to Brad Peterson of the “Nevadan” in 1980. Not many 20-year-olds can claim to have experienced such harrowing, yet thrilling, experiences as those of Army Air Corps 2nd Lt. Carpi, who was perhaps the youngest B-29 pilot of World War II.

“I was pilot on the lead crew that was leading a 12-plane formation over Nagoya, and just as bombs away, we got a direct flak hit in No. 4 engine. It caught fire and burst the oil storage tank. Because of that, we couldn’t feather the propeller. An engine that’s not feathered creates a big drag instead of helping. The propeller gathers air when it goes around; and when you feather it, you put the propeller parallel to the air so the air passes past the propeller. That same blast knocked out the supercharger on No. 3 engine; and when you’re up at altitude, you need the supercharger to get power. Only about one and half of the four engines were operating with some efficiency. We were preparing to bail out of the airplane because any time you get an engine on fire, the first thing you think about it getting out of there, because it usually explodes.

“But, there was another formation that had gone in ahead of us, and one of the planes got shot down by the Japanese fighters. The crew members were in their parachutes, and the Jap fighters were shooting at them. That was a violation of the Geneva convention, but, I guess, during the war, some of that stuff the Japanese didn’t pay attention to. We decided to stick with the plane as long as we could. We dove for the coast and out to the sea south of Honshu, where we had some submarines which picked up crews that bailed out or ditched.

“As we were diving to get to a lower altitude, the fire on the engine, for some unknown reason, went out. As we got to the lower altitude, the No. 3 engine became more effective.

“So, then, we decided that we were going to ditch instead of bail out. We started throwing out all the flak suits, and anything else that was loose in the plane, so that when we ditched, stuff wouldn’t be bouncing around, and we’d have a better chance; but one of the flak suits caught in the bomb bay doors and we couldn’t close them. When you can’t close the bomb bay doors, there’s no way you can ditch without being torn apart on the landing.”

Instead of ditching the plane, AC Frederick Scheaffer and Pilot Carpi decided to fly the crippled B-29 to the island of Iwo Jima, which had recently been taken from the Japanese. The island was 750 miles away, and they flew much of the way just ten feet above the water. The crew managed to clear the bomb bay doors

and made it back to Iwo Jima. Although the island had been taken from the Japanese, “It was not even secure yet,” Carpi remembers. “As we came by Mount Suribachi, there were still Japanese firing from the mountain at us, so even struggling all the way back to Iwo Jima, we still weren’t sure we were going to make it.

“There was another B-29 that had landed on the main, central airfield, and it cracked up and was still burning on the runway. So we had to land on a little fighter strip that was on the southern portion of the island. We landed on the short fighter strip and skidded all the way down the runway, and we got out. Of course, there were several hundred holes in the airplane. I’m not real sure whether they junked the airplane or whether they patched it up, but we never saw that aircraft again.”

Perhaps the most frightening of Carpi’s 35 missions was a nighttime incendiary bombing mission over Tokyo, March 9-10, 1945. It was just the fifth mission for Carpi. “They sent us in at 5,000 feet, which is very low over a big city like Tokyo. That particular raid we were not among the first planes in, but we were a pathfinder plane. A pathfinder is one that goes in and lays a string of bombs, and the other planes that follow come in and lay their fire bombs next to your lines of fires.

“Like I said, we weren’t the first group in there, but we had all kinds of searchlights that were targeting in on us. We had a lot of small - probably 50-caliber or 20-millimeter - guns that were shooting at us, and they had a lot of tracers as they shot at us, and you’d see every sixth or seventh bullet. But we saw sheets of bullets coming up at us, and that was really scary. You’d just have to bore in through all of these sheets of fire coming at you. We lost a few planes, and we got a few holes, but we made it through.

“When we got the message that we were going to be going over Tokyo at 5,000 feet, with no guns, everybody was upset, but General Curtis LeMay knew what he was doing. We knocked out a big portion of Tokyo. That was probably one of the most devastating attacks of the war. That turned around the whole theory of the bombing of Japan, because it was such a successful raid. We did a lot of incendiary bombing after that. In fact, by the time the war was over, we had no sizable cities to bomb. They were keeping Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I believe, for the atomic bombs, because nobody hit either one of those two towns.”

Carpi’s first mission as AC of his own B-29 was barely less harrowing than his night flight over Tokyo. There was one of those monsoon type rains, and it was pouring real hard. We had four parallel runways on Tinian, and it was raining so hard I could hardly see my



wing tips. It was dark; even though we had landing lights and wing tip lights, it was raining so hard that they didn't do much good. I lined up on the runway, and I heard on the radio that the plane that had taken off ahead of me - we took off at one-minute intervals - had gone into the drink; it had cracked up. Here I was lining up for the runway, getting ready to take off. I was so scared that if those guys in the back end of that airplane had known how frightened I was, they'd have jumped out. I was pouring the coal to that thing, trying to keep it lined up. We made it."

The day the war ended, Carpi and his crew had just finished bombing Otake, a few miles from Hiroshima, the site of the first atomic bombing. "We took off from Tinian at 5:45 a.m., and it took us 7 hours to get there (Otake), and we were about halfway back from dropping our bombs on this rail yard next to Hiroshima when we heard on the radio that Japan had surrendered. This was my 35th mission, which was our tour of duty, so I was on my way home even if the war had not ended."

LAST FLIGHT OF THE "MARIANNA BELLE"

As reported by the Roy Nighswonger Crew

On the last flight of the "Marianna Belle" the AC was Captain Roy Nighswonger. This crew was attached to the 9th BG to gain experience to be a lead crew for the 333rd BG, which was to be deployed to Okinawa. The crew had flown four missions. The crew members are as listed in the Air Crew chapter. This was the first daylight mission for the crew. It was around four AM when we took off, August 7, 1945. Everything went smoothly, we made rendezvous on schedule, fit into the 12-plane formation like we belonged there, and made the IP right on the dot. When we joined the formation, another plane told us our tail skid was down. A burst of flak to the left was reported about a mile away, and a little later the pilot reported several bursts below us. The left gunner, Peter Vrabel, reported a strange large cloud to our left. (Later we assumed this was the cloud from the Hiroshima A-bomb.)

The target was the Toyokawa Naval Arsenal. With bombing altitude at 17,000 feet, we were on the bomb run, and the bomb doors were open when we received two hits from the ground. One hit in tail gunner Eldon Brown's position, and the other came through the plane, hit the radar set, and destroyed it. Fortunately, radar operator John Sather, was not at his position as we were going to bomb visually. John was looking out one of the

gunner's windows. When hit, we were knocked up, over, and out of the formation.

When Brown called on the interphone that he had been hit, the AC directed the right blister gunner, Albert Vespa, to go to the tail section and take over the tail gun position after Eldon Brown was removed. He was given first aid to his injured arm by the radar operator. The AC directed the radio operator, Walter Cherniak, to take over the right blister position.

Since we knew there was a DUMBO close by, we headed for water as quickly as we could. It was not certain when most of the bombs were dropped, but the pilot, Bob Skeels, toggled most of the bombs. Later the bombardier, Irwin Tobkin, kicked some of the bombs loose that were hung up in the bomb bay, and the bombs were dropped as quickly as possible to get rid of weight.

It took both the AC and pilot to keep the plane under control. The navigator, Bill Buckley, who was sent to the back to assess the damage, reported some control cables severed. We had lost control of the rudder and elevator and had little control of the ailerons.

The engineer, Clayton Patisaul, had done an excellent job keeping the fuel evenly distributed before we were hit. As the plane was being steered by the engines and some were using more fuel than others, there was concern we might run out of fuel for some engines. The fuel transfer valve had been shot away.

For about 30 minutes after we were hit, we were lost. The navigator had been given other duties by the AC. A sun shot which line crossed an isolated island gave a position and heading to Iwo Jima. The fixed antenna was shot away. Using a trailing wire let out by the radio operator, Walter Cherniak, he was able to request a buddy, but no one responded. The VHF and IFF were shot up. Later it was discovered that the radio compass was again operating, and this helped to further establish our position. By using the Loran Antenna, Cherniak contacted Iwo Air-Sea Rescue, gave them our condition, and received bailout instructions.

It was a little after 11 AM when we were hit, and we saw Iwo Jima about 3:35 PM. The only check on ground speed showed we were doing about 120 knots an hour. Iwo instructed us to start jumping at 2,000 feet. The AC requested permission to bail out at 6,000 feet, but Iwo insisted 2,000 feet. Everyone except the AC went out the rear door. The bombardier and navigator offered to stay up front, but the AC said he would handle it alone. When they went to the back of the plane, the nose wheel was down, and the flight deck door opened.

First out was John Sather, who landed in one of the hot springs on Iwo, but did not receive severe burns. Next



was Eldon Brown who had no problem opening his chute despite an injured arm. Bob Skeels injured his back in landing beside the dispensary. The most seriously injured was Peter Vrabel who was coming down into the turning props of a B-29 waiting to take off. He tried to slip his chute which collapsed, and he landed on his head fracturing his skull. Some of the crew had problems exiting through the rear door as the slip stream pinned them to the side of the plane. Irwin Tobkin was the last to go out of the back. The AC said the altitude was about 1,500 feet when he went out. He saw the plane cartwheel into the water at about 4 PM.

Eight men landed on land, and most had minor injuries. The AC, navigator and bombardier landed in water and were not injured. The longest they were in the water before rescue was about 20 minutes. William Buckley - Navigator - 9th BG

(Now the Lloyd Welken crew, who flew the “Marianna Belle” for most of their 35 missions, know that their ship was not shot down by one of the P-61 Black Widow fighters at Iwo, as had been rumored, or chopped up at the Tucson aluminum salvage yard.)

FIVE BUCKS FOR A NICK

George W. Fields, Gunner, 99th Squadron

Corporals Robert Lasto and George Fields got the first confirmed fighter kill for the 9th BG on April 7 on a daylight strike at the Mitsubishi Aircraft Factory at Nagoya. The fighter was a twin engine Nick. Captain Alden Jacobson, AC, had offered five dollars to the first gunner to shoot down an enemy fighter - he accused his gunners of “ganging up” so he would have to pay twice. (He did pay both gunners.)

Captain Jacobson’s crew was the first replacement crew in the 99th Sqdn. Since the mission to Nagoya was the crew’s first combat mission, and the twin engine Nick was the first enemy fighter plane the crew ever saw, the whole episode was quite a thrill - especially to a couple of “warriors” who had just turned 19 years old.

Captain Jacobson’s crew went on to fly 30 more missions over the Empire before the war ended, including a Super Dumbo mission for the Nagasaki strike when Major Sweeney dropped the second “A Bomb.”

THE SUNSET PROJECT

Charles C. Bailey, AC/Engineer, 1st Squadron

My crew arrived on Tinian in time to participate in some of the POW supply missions. We transferred with the group to Clark Field and my most important role occurred with my participation in the Sunset Project. From mid 1946 to early 1947 ninety-nine B-29s were returned to the mainland from the Pacific Theatre, primarily from Clark Field, PI. This project was known as the “Sunset Project.” At the time I was a 1st Lt and designated the Engineering Officer for this endeavor. I was flying all over the Pacific looking for former B-29 mechanics, crew members, and experienced engine and aircraft personnel. I was also obtaining B-29 parts, engine stands, bomb bay fuel tanks, and other related paraphernalia. Most of the parts were found in warehouses on Guam, Tinian, Saipan, and other islands.

As an Engineering Officer, I was personally setting valves, setting the engine timing, and training mechanics to take over this responsibility. Also, I was a B-29 IP, AC, and Instructor Engineer responsible for the test flight of each aircraft to ascertain its air worthiness and checked out the crews when necessary. All ninety-nine B-29s were flown to the U.S. without major incidents. I made two of these missions, one with a non-stop from Guam to Hickam Field, HI, in 20 hours and 30 minutes. Both of my missions ended at Pyote, Texas.

In 1947 I assisted the then Colonel Irvine to set the altitude record for piston bombers at over 43,000 feet; also his non-stop record flight from Guam to Washington, DC. To my knowledge, I was the only B-29 AC also qualified as an Engineer. I flew B-29s again in the Korean War. In my 8 years of flying B-29s I had almost 3,000 hours in this aircraft. I retired from the Air Force after 21 years service with the rank of Major.





BRINGING HOME THE METAL

Fred J. Curtis, Jr., Gunner, 99th Squadron

March 30, 1945 - This was a day that I will never forget. I was on a mission from Tinian on a B-29 piloted by Lt Raymond E. Johnson to drop 2000 lb. mines in Tokyo Harbor. On take off the #1 engine caught fire. Since I was the left blister gunner, and the fire was on my side of the plane, I reported the status of the fire about every minute to the AC.

The Group Bombing Training Instructor, Capt. Milne J. Schmid, who was on board for this mission, suggested to our AC that we should fly out to deep water where it would be safe to salvo the mines. According to our bombardier, William Duft, the instructor dropped all the mines at once instead of dropping them individually. As I watched the mines dropping toward the water with their parachutes open, two of them collided and exploded. I saw the explosion, and I also saw the tail of our plane crumple like a piece of paper being crushed in someone's hand.

When I tried to report the status of the fire, I couldn't make contact. The intercom button was located under my left foot. It was then that I found that I had been hit in the upper left femur with a piece of metal almost the size of my fist, and it wound up in my flying suit. Our radio operator/medic, Bertis Brewer, said that the wound was too high to put on a tourniquet.

AC Johnson swung the aircraft back to Tinian where mission aircraft were still taking off on Runways A & C. Although the aircraft didn't respond very well to the controls, we landed safely on Runway B. The AC made a smooth landing considering all the damage to the plane.

The front cabin crew were trying desperately to get the attention of ambulance personnel to no avail. The radio on the plane was damaged so we could not communicate with the tower. Finally, our navigator, Douglas Millin, ran to some men with a jeep to ask them to get an ambulance. I was in the hospital from March 30, 1945, to April 6, 1946 - 3 months in traction, 6 months in a body cast, and the rest of the time was spent working with physical therapists. Aircraft #36, SN4224789, was towed to the salvage lot, never to fly again.

Editor's note: Maj William Hosmer, Combat Maintenance Unit Controller, inspected #36 and included the following damage in his report. #1 engine and nacelle, total damage due to fire; left hand outboard wing panel warped and bent; flak hole inboard wing panel; flak hole left aileron; flak hole right aileron; left wing flap warped and had flak hole; left landing gear doors sprung, warped,

and flak holes; #2 nacelle fairing warped; #3 nacelle fairing warped; flak hole in #4 nacelle and possible engine damage; nose wheel door bent and wrinkled; left elevator twisted with flak holes; right wing panel trailing edge warped; horizontal stabilizer twisted beyond repair; pressurized tunnel badly warped and bent; front bomb bay doors twisted and bent; flak holes at nine fuselage stations. What a great aircraft this was to survive the damage and what a great feat of airmanship by Lt Raymond Johnson's crew to return to Tinian without further injury!

DISPLAY OF POWER

William J. Grady, Gunner, 1st Squadron

When Japan surrendered, the United States had been the most powerful fighting force in the Pacific that the world has ever seen. As the Japanese surrendered in their homeland a problem remained as to how fast the word would get to the other Pacific areas that were under Japanese control. Korea had been under Japanese control since 1910. Some of their people had been brought to Tinian to work in the sugar cane fields pretty much as slave labor. As our last men were loading into trucks at the 9th Group area for the embarkation to Clark Field in the Philippines, an old Korean man came up to the truck. His words in broken English were to the effect that, "You will never know what your presence here and the winning of the war against Japan has done for us. We want you to know we are so thankful."

Prior to a U.S. landing in Korea to free Korea from the Japanese it was felt necessary that the Japanese there should understand that the war was over. A display of power flight was thought necessary. General Curtis LeMay was instructed to have every B-29 in his command fly over Korea. General LeMay said he wanted every B-29 to be ready to fly to Korea, and any B-29s that were being worked on to be worked on 24 hours a day in order to get the whole fleet on flying status. There was only one glitch in this great plan. Korea was beyond our normal range. Every B-29 had to be fitted with extra gas tanks in the bomb bay. I think the ones they hooked up in our bomb bay held 2,000 gallons of fuel.

The date was set for September 29th. B-29s were taking off from Guam, Saipan, and Tinian at the same time, all heading for Korea. The 9th BG contributed 19 aircraft. Our leaders thought that if the Japanese rulers in Korea looked up and saw 1,000 B-29s flying over their country they might not be eager to engage us in combat when our occupational forces went ashore commanded



by General Hodges. The whole world knew we had some awesome bombs.

As soon as we got up in the air, our plane filled up with smoke. Our AC couldn't read his instruments or see where he was going. Everybody near him was fanning the smoke to help him see. Having the plane full of smoke was bad enough but now we got a strong smell of raw gasoline. That was a bad combination. We were forced to abort. I now have all white hair and I think it started to turn on that flight.

We found out later that the gasoline smell came from a bad leak in the hookup of the extra gas tanks located in our bomb bay, and the smoke came from an electric motor in our nose wheel well. It wasn't all that dangerous but we didn't know that the gasoline and fire were a good distance apart.

How unfortunate that a few years later we were involved in a war within Korea that cost us over 50,000 of our brave men.

THE MARVIN WHITE CREW

James L. Landgraf, Radar Operator, 99th Squadron

This is a story of B-29 #42-24835 and Capt Marvin White's crew.

After leaving Herington, KS, Mather Field, CA, and Hawaii, our journey took us west over Johnston Island on our way to Tinian with a scheduled stop over on Kwajalein Island. About 500 miles west of Johnston Island we had a fire in the right outboard engine. After putting out the fire and feathering the prop, we were instructed to return to Johnston Island for a damage estimate. After examination by our crew chief, Walter Naquin, and the Navy personnel, it was determined that an engine change was needed. As there was no equipment or personnel to handle this work, assistance with the necessary equipment was flown in from various bases to make the engine change. After a short stay the work was completed and our journey was completed to Kwajalein and Tinian.

After completing seven missions over Japan, we were assigned a mine laying mission on March 30th with aircraft #265283 named "The Big Wheel". Our own ship was out for mechanical repairs. After a short time airborne we developed engine trouble, and headed for the jettison area to clear our ship of the mines. The second engine on the same side developed trouble and gave engineer, Kenneth Lobdell, a lot of extra work. On approaching Tinian we were not able to maintain enough altitude

and crashed short of the runway.

Squadron Navigator, Lt. Frank Bachelder, was aboard for this mission making a crew of 12. Because of a severe cut on his leg, our right gunner, Sgt. Al Sklenka, was not flying this mission. Substituting for Al was Victor Deeb. After the crash tail gunner, Sgt Joe Trullo, and myself were found in a nearby field and taken to the hospital. Sgt. Trullo died three days later leaving me the only survivor from the 12 men aboard!

I was discharged from the hospital three weeks later and sent back to the 99th Sqdn. From there I was detailed to the 313th Wing training school to maintain and install a number of training units. I was there until the school closed after the war. To my knowledge our original aircraft #42-24835 was never given a name and had no nose art. It survived the war as one of the higher mission aircraft at 38 combat missions.

"MOTHER" TO A P-51

Roger M. Whipp, CFC Gunner, 5th Squadron

I was a member of the Major Adams replacement crew. Soon after we departed Kwajalein enroute for our overseas assignment, the Major opened our sealed orders and we learned we were to be assigned to the 9th BG on Tinian. We only flew 5 missions between June 17th and July 13th when we were sent back to the states for some kind of special training.

The incident I want to report occurred during a daylight mission. We were flying "Tokyo-KO", Circle X No.32. We had cleared the coast of Japan for the return to Tinian and began to relax. As CFC gunner I shut down the computerized gunnery system as we looked forward to a relaxing trip home. I remained in my top position which I liked because it provided a great view of the world. After a bit I noticed a small speck in the sky at about the 8 o'clock position which appeared to be gaining on us. I called the navigator to see if we were out of the combat zone to learn that we were. I soon determined that it was a single engine aircraft and asked the engineer to provide power to restart the gunnery system, just in case. It continued to close on us but not in a pursuit curve, and it was soon evident that it was one of our P-51s.

The P-51 sidled up beside us and the pilot came on the radio. He explained that he had overstayed his visit and his "mother" B-29 had already left with the other P-51s for Iwo. He had so much fun shooting up his targets that he hadn't paid enough attention to the time. Jerry Muchnick, our navigator, advised that we were on a direct course to Tinian which would not overfly Iwo. At



the angle the P-51 was flying he would have missed Iwo by miles. He said, "I was hoping to find somebody. Can you take me home?" Maj Adams told Muchnick to give us a course to Iwo.

We changed course and he slid right in with his wing over our wing. I always admired the P-51 and I sat there enjoying the view and could count every rivet on the P-51. There was quite a bit of talk back and forth. He asked how much fuel we had and did we have a siphon hose? Roger Caudell, our FE, said, "We have something like 1,200 gallons. How much have you got?" Response was 75 gallons - we all gasped. I noticed that he had the prop at the highest pitch possible and it was barely turning over. He had the air scoop closed as tightly as engine cooling would permit to reduce drag.

We chatted back and forth quite awhile and he was worried about making Iwo. John Peterson had the radar operating to back up Muchnick's navigating. The scope brought up Iwo and we were right on track. Maj Adams told the P-51 jockey, "We are at 8,000' and Iwo is just over your horizon. You better start your descent now to help conserve fuel. You will soon be in sight of the island. We will remain over you until you land." He soon reported he could see the island.

We could see the airstrip and there was equipment all over it - graders and trucks which began to scatter as he approached. He was pretty much in line for the landing and he managed to work his way around the equipment. We noticed that his prop had stopped turning by the time he was off the runway. Was it a dead stick landing? I wish that we had asked for his name to learn if he survived the war.

AILING B-29 LANDS AT IWO

Elmont Waite, Boston Traveler, March, 1945

Guam, March 8 (AP) - (Via Navy radio)- "Can you give us a bearing to Iwo Jima?" Sgt. James G. Cox asked over the B-29 radio.

"Can you give us a bearing to Iwo?"

A sudden clear reply reached the sweating radioman who hails from Merriam, Kans.: "This is Iwo. What is your trouble?"

The crew of the Superfortress limping home from Sunday's Tokyo raid drew a relieved breath as Cox answered,

"Iwo, this is Nine Bakecable. We are running low on gasoline. Can you give us a bearing to Iwo?"

"Roger this is Iwo. What is your altitude?"

"Roger. Altitude 350 feet"

"This is Iwo, We do not receive your signal. Have you sighted Iwo yet?"

"Roger, we have sighted Iwo."

"Roger. Course 167 (degrees) for 28 miles. Do you prefer to ditch offshore or try to land on the strip?"

"We prefer to land."

"Roger. We will have the field cleared for you to land."

And that's the way the first B-29 came to Iwo. The pilot, Lt. Raymond F. Malo, Danville, Il, twice circled the field on the smoking, flashing little island. Each time the narrow runway slipped from his field of vision as the huge bomber swung in its necessary wide circle.

The third time around he hit the runway square, and as soon as the wheels touched the brakes were slapped on. Skidding down the runway 3000 feet and knocking over a telephone pole with only a minor dent in a wing edge, the Superfortress stopped safely - in front of grinning Marines.

"I figured the war was going on up at the other end of the island and nobody would pay any attention to us landing on the southern airfield," Malo said, explaining the crew's surprise at the long lines of spectators down either side of the runway.

The emergency stop was the only alternative to ditching the B-29. The reserve gasoline lines weren't working. Their failure, Malo said, would have cut out the engines within another 150 miles - fully 600 miles from home base at Tinian.

The fuel line was repaired on Iwo and the B-29 came home safely. It was the first Tokyo run for the crew. (Note: The B-29 involved was DINAH MIGHT assigned to the Lloyd Butler crew.)

WHEW!

James D. Taylor, Bombardier, 99th Squadron

"What the hell is that smell?" Capps, the pilot, asked over the intercom. We were on the taxi ramp waiting our turn for takeoff on a night fire bombing mission, loaded with incendiary bombs.

"Can't smell anything back here," McClean, the CFC replied. The preflight had gone smoothly; everything seemed to be working. As bombardier I had checked the bomb racks in both bomb bays and nothing seemed out of order.

"I think I've found it," said Chris, the radioman. "It's the relief can. Someone forgot to empty it after the



last mission.” You have to be kidding - two gallons of urine sitting in a parked B-29 for two or three days, under a tropical sun! The relief can was about three feet high and ten inches in diameter, strapped to the bomb bay front bulkhead across from the radioman with a one inch flexible hose two feet long, running from the top of the can and ending in a small funnel so that crew members could relieve themselves on long missions. Each crew was supposed to empty its own urine at the end of a mission. Since as a replacement crew we never used the same plane from one mission to the next, we knew it wasn’t our screw up. We never learned who used the plane just prior to us.

“Nothing we can do about it now. Let’s wait and see after takeoff if the ventilation system will cut the smell,” AC Aufford said. Takeoff was uneventful. Our sense of smell told us the ventilation system was not helping. Something had to be done, or we would really have a miserable ride. Then Chris came up with a brilliant idea, “Let’s put the damn thing in the bomb bay before we pressurize. I can prop it up on the catwalk next to a girder. It should be OK.”

“All right,” Aufford said, “but if you spill any portion of that mess inside the plane, you go out with the bombs over Japan!” So that is how the relief can rode to Japan, but that’s not the whole story. Chris and I had a fantastic idea. It was a low level night mission with no pressurization. When I yelled, “Bombs away,” on the intercom, he would yank open the access door to the forward bomb bay, reach in, and push the relief can out with the bombs.

It worked beautifully! The incendiaries were dropped, the relief can was dropped, and to this day I don’t think the Japanese knew what hit them. Perhaps they thought it was a new secret weapon. The only regrettable postscript to the entire scenario was that Aufford had a hell of a time trying to explain away the loss of a relief can to the crew chief when we returned from the mission.

THE STANLEY BLACK CREW

Lawrence S. Smith, Historian, 9th BG

A number of our crews were left without a spokesman for the recording of our history. I want to take this opportunity to record some of the incidents that occurred to friends of mine who did not return from the war.

Was there such a thing as a hard luck crew? From the experiences of some of our crews one might think so. I had two good friends among the enlisted men of the

Stanley Black crew - Nicholas Bonack, radar operator, and Charles Siddens, CFC gunner. The Black crew enlisted men shared our barracks at McCook and later our tent and quonset hut on Tinian.

Only one man lost his life during the training of our group - a bit of a miracle when one considers the record of other groups in training. Most air crews were assigned one long training mission prior to going overseas equating in distance to the combat missions we were to make in the war zone. Of course we didn’t know just where that was to be. Some men were guessing the Philippines and others the China/India theater. Perhaps a few guessed the Marianas.

Some of the crews were sent to Havana, Cuba, for over water navigational training. Many of the long range flights were to the Gulf of Mexico to make a bomb run over the target on Matagorda Island, then out over the Gulf to give the gunners some experience firing at towed targets, and return to McCook. Somewhere on the return from this type of mission, the Black crew ran low on fuel for reasons unknown. It was night. The decision was made to have the crew bail out and the two pilots and FE remained to see if they could find an airport. Those who bailed out were all parallel to a roadway in farm country and soon found themselves on the same party phone line. One man was missing, Sgt Lucien Billedeau. He was later found dead apparently without his parachute fully open.

Lt Black lucked out and the aircraft was landed safely at a commercial field. I have been unable to find anyone who is aware of the field. Fifty year old memory leans toward some place in Kansas. End of incident #1.

After arriving overseas the Black crew participated in the Tokyo daylight high altitude raid of March 4, 1945. The aircraft all carried one bomb bay 640 gallon fuel tank. As the bombs were released several of these fuel tanks went with the bombs. I often wondered : (1) if the Japanese were puzzled as to what type of weapon these were, and (2) how many times they may have bounced. Three of the four shackles holding the tank let go in Lt. Black’s aircraft which left the tank hanging out and causing a considerable drag on the aircraft. And, of course, the bomb bay doors couldn’t be closed. Charles Siddens, who I attended remote controlled turret school with at Lowry Field, went out into the bomb bay with a portable oxygen tank and chopped the shackle off with the fire axe. The crew returned safely to Tinian at a time when Iwo Jima would not have been available. Siddens was said to have been recommended for the DFC but I have been unable to find a record of it in the microfilm records of the 9th BG. End of incident #2.

During the Osaka incendiary fire blitz mission of



March 14th the Black crew had an unusual experience in the thermal updrafts over the target. This experience is well reported in the write-up for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Lt. Black which is recorded below.



GENERAL ORDER NO.77, SECTION IV
3 MAY, 1945
SECTION IV

Announcement is made of the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to the following named officers and enlisted men:

First Lieutenant Stanley C. Black, 1st Squadron, 9th Bombardment Group, Air Corps, US Army, for extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight on 14 March, 1945. During a bombing mission against Osaka, Japan, the B-29 aircraft in which Lt. Black was flying as AC was caught in a vertical updraft, thought to have been caused by an explosion of munitions in the target area. The aircraft was immediately flung into a sharp vertical bank. Lt. Black succeeded in righting the plane, although the gyros had tumbled, and the plane had been forced up 2500'. The plane was again caught in the updraft and this time was flipped completely over on its back to an altitude of 12,000', five thousand feet higher than the attacking altitude. At this time, the plane was in a stalling attitude, the air speed having fallen to a dangerous point. Lt. Black immediately put in full left rudder and left aileron and in the ensuing few seconds completed a slow roll. In the descent, the indicated air speed of the aircraft reached 480 miles per hour. Lt. Black, in a superb demonstration of coolness and courage, succeeded in bringing the plane to a normal flying attitude at 4,000'. During the period when the plane was in the updraft, visibility was practically zero because of the thick black smoke over the target area. Upon landing, examination of the aircraft showed structural damage to both wings, which included warping of the wings, popping of the rivets, and displacement of inspection plates. Through superior airmanship, resourcefulness, and extraordinary professional ability, Lt. Black saved his crew and aircraft from certain destruction, thereby reflecting great credit on himself and the Army Air Forces.



I recall the excited talk in the quonset hut when the enlisted men returned from that mission. Charles Siddens had come out of his seat and his feet went through the

plywood floor of the gunners compartment. They had all thought their time had come. End of incident #3.

The Black crew was assigned to a mining mission to Moji Harbor and Karatsu Bay on the night of May 27th. Our crew was not on this mission. At debriefing there was a report of twin engine fighters making a coordinated attack. Black's crew was reported shot down by AA fire. Both the Emmons and Ashland crews observed a B-29 going down in flames with no parachutes observed.

It was a pretty sober group remaining in our hut as the day wore on and we had to conclude they wouldn't be back. Some enlisted men came and boxed the personal items of the six men in our hut. After that I always left a bag of my personal items and my parent's address with my friend Bob Heverly of the photo lab. I managed to get the address of Nicholas Bonack's girl friend from some letters by his cot before their personal goods were removed. I contacted her and through her his parents. Their report at that time was that the Black crew was missing in action from Tinian.

Tragic end to incident #4. Was it three times and out? I have checked all the crew names with the Office of Veterans Affairs to learn if any may have been prisoners of war. Their dates of death are all listed for the date of the mission.

NINTH BG ENGINE MAINTENANCE

*Thomas Lazzio, Wright Aeronautical
Company Representative*

Editor's note: Thomas Lazzio who served as a civilian technical representative at McCook and on Tinian was located in early 1995 and responded with this letter.

On Tinian I flew a great deal with Aircraft Commander Ashland. I hold him in high regard as a pilot and friend. He helped me when I needed to check many engine problems in flight. Overheating of the top cylinders was a problem causing the valves to damage the entire cylinder and engine.

With Harley Rohrer's ground crew, I found excessive rust in the fuel which caused the engines to backfire. The rust would deposit on the carburetor jets and lean out the mixture which caused the backfiring. Through this finding, Norman Weinberg in charge of 9th BG maintenance, and I set up a procedure to flush the fuel lines out and change the screens (filter) at every flight. I believe this is the reason we had the best flight records, fewest aborts, and therefore the highest bomb load drop of all the bomb groups.

Colonel Huglin was great, assisted when needed,



and had a lot of confidence in us. He backed us up like a real true commander. I wonder if you are aware that the 9th BG was the first group to get 1,000 hours on all four new engines? We had really good ground crews. Our maintenance was outstanding. You all know the Wright 3350 engine was put out so fast it really was not a proven engine.

In the beginning we rarely got more than 10 hours out of an engine. We had a rough time to pre-oil and install new engines. We even had a manufacturer mark distributor rotors improperly. Slowly but surely between McCook and Tinian we did alright. Please tell Ashland, Weinberg, Shaeffer, and General Huglin hello.

MINELAYING WITH THE “B.A. BIRD”

Lawrence S. Smith, CFC Gunner, 1st Sqdn

While all thirty-five of our missions flown from Tinian were adventures, some stand out more than others when examined more than fifty years later. The events related here occurred during the aerial minelaying effort in the Shimonoseki Strait.

On the night of March 27/28, 1945, our crew participated in the first minelaying mission carried out against Japan from the Mariana Islands. If my reading of history is correct, the 313th Wing was the only Wing in the Marianas given the responsibility for minelaying. In this role, the 9th BG was a heavy contributor, with 328 sorties flown between March 27th and May 27th, 1945. During the period May 13th - 28th, the 9th Group was given the entire responsibility for the mining of Japanese home waters. The importance and effectiveness of the B-29 mining operation has been well documented in Part I of Volume I of “The Global Twentieth” in Rear Admiral K.L. Veth’s story titled, “The B-29 Mining Operation Began at Palembang”. Further details of the minelaying operation are to be found in “Mines Against Japan” by Ellis A. Johnson and David Katcher, Superintendent of Documents Stock No. 0856-00038 (reportedly out of print). The general public was never fully aware of the part that mining played in the final stages of the war as the mining operation had been kept classified until a press release was finally made within a day after the first atomic bomb was dropped. The successful fire bombing of Japanese cities and the atomic bombs understandably took the headlines.

While the primary purpose of mining Japanese waters was to prevent the importation of raw materials and

food into Japan (Operation Starvation), the immediacy of the initial mining missions was to prevent the Japanese fleet from rushing to the defense of Okinawa through the Shimonoseki Strait and then south down the relatively safe western side of Kyushu. Thus the first phase of the mining effort was given the name, Okinawa Support. At this point in the war the two southern exits from Japan’s Inland sea, as well as the exits from major harbors along the southeast facing coastal areas had become too hazardous for convoys due to U.S. Naval and submarine activities.

The mines we were to drop came in two sizes, 1,000 lb for water up to 15 fathoms, and 2,000 lb for water up to 25 fathoms. We listened in amazement as the mechanical intricacies of the mines were explained. Some mines could be set off by the presence of a ship altering the magnetic field, others by noise or water pressure changes caused by a ship’s propeller or passage. They could be equipped with a “ship count” device which permitted a specified number of ships to pass into their field of influence without causing detonation. Thus, mine sweepers or sacrifice vessels might be permitted to pass before the mine became operational. A delayed arming device permitted the mine to come alive only after a specified time had elapsed. The mines could be equipped with a canceling mechanism which rendered them impotent after a predetermined period. The various options available for arming the mines helped baffle the enemy in their counter effort. To protect the sensitive equipment that controlled the mine, the position of entry into the water had to be controlled with a small parachute not much larger than an umbrella. The Navy established a mine assembly depot on Tinian and brought in mine modification experts whose job was to modify each mine’s sensitivity to the needs of the locality where it was to be planted.

Minelaying was to be done at night. This had the advantage of permitting take-off and landing during daylight hours and provided the secrecy of nighttime for the approaches by the B-29s. The Radar Operator and Navigator played a key role in placing the mines and prominent radar points were required for the IPs (Initial Points) and drop points. Relatively low altitudes of 5,000 - 8,000 feet permitted larger payloads to be carried and provided for greater accuracy of placement than higher altitudes. The only high altitude mining mission was made when our 9th Group, in anticipation of formidable defenses, mined the approaches to the Kure Naval Base from 26,000' on the night of April 1/2, 1945.

As the truck left our crew at the aircraft at 3:40 PM on March 27th we were well aware that we would be



carrying something new and different. The usual sign by the front wheels reading "Bombs Loaded" was a misnomer for what was in the bomb bay. How sensitive were those six 2,000 lb. cylindrical objects hanging from the bomb racks? They didn't appear to have any safety wires or a place where they might be installed. Rather they had a salt plug on the side which was to dissolve in sea water and expose the sensitive triggering mechanism. (It was just as well that we were unaware that five men from the 505th BG would be killed later returning a mine to storage.)

At 5:40 PM we took off, joining 94 other 313th Wing aircraft headed for the Shimonoseki Strait and its approaches from the east and west. The mission was being flown as individual aircraft each with its assigned IP and drop points. Our Navy folks had scheduled each mine for a specific location. Our drop area was reached at 1:00 AM with brilliant moonlight reflecting from the waterways.

For accuracy in placement, each mine was dropped individually with Navigator Herb Maher calling for the release and Radar Operator Ken Nicoles taking a picture of the radar scope at the moment of release with a 35mm camera. The photo of the radar scope was required to authenticate the location of the mine for the benefit of later U.S. Naval activity. Later in the war the Keller crew from our group could not be rescued by our submarines as they were in an area that had been mined.

Gunners Bob Reid (left), John Sens (right), and Tom Thorne (tail) had to watch the mines fall to determine if the parachute opened. As a matter of fuel conservation, the bomb bay doors were being closed between mine drops. After the last mine was dropped the right rear door gave some difficulty in closing - requiring several minutes fussing with the controls before the door closed

No enemy opposition had taken place, and we never saw another aircraft after the sun had set on the outward journey. With so much space and distance and with each aircraft on its own best cruise settings, we never saw another B-29 although 94 other aircraft were on the same approximate course and altitude. All aircraft returned safely to Tinian, landing about 8:00 AM. This completed our 8th mission, with 14 hours, 20 minutes of flying time. It appeared that mining missions would be "a piece of cake."

With little rest, we were immediately assigned for a similar mission for the night of March 29/30. Taking off at 7:00 PM we joined 84 aircraft headed for much the same area as the previous mission. Our assigned area was the western approaches to the Shimonoseki Strait, north

of Nagasaki. This route took us across the island of Kyushu an area clothed in winter although we had come from more tropical climes. Bright moonlight and the low elevation permitted us to plainly see frozen rivers, towns, fields, and snow covered mountains. Lighted towns ahead would black out and then light up a soon as we had passed, apparently deciding the lone aircraft posed no threat. I noted in my diary that we had trouble getting the mines out, but it doesn't explain the problem. In any event the mines were finally dropped, but it had required opening and closing the bomb bay doors more than the normal number of times.

Shortly after one of the mines had been released, Capt Wendell Hutchison's voice came over the interphone with an enquiry as to whether the bomb bay doors had closed. Radio Operator Frank Cappozzo was in a position to peer into the front bomb bay through the small window in the circular doorway and reported that the front bomb bay doors were closed. From my position in the top gunners seat, I could look down through a similar window in the doorway to the rear bomb bay and reported that the right door was still open. There was a long period of silence on the interphone. We continued to place individual mines where assigned while the problem was being assessed in the front cabin. Every time the bomb bay doors were closed following the release of a mine, we hoped to see the door close, but it wasn't to be. We were all aware that an open bomb bay door could consume so much fuel that a return to base might be jeopardized. At this date Iwo Jima was well secured and regularly being used by B-29s that couldn't make it back to the Marianas. However, Ed Delahanty's quick appraisal of the situation as Flight Engineer led to the conclusion that we might be hard pressed to make it back to Iwo from our position off the northwest coast of Kyushu.

Once all the mines had been placed, Ed reported on the interphone that he was coming back to the gunner's cabin and shortly appeared from the tunnel over the bomb bays with a screw driver in his hand. With Tail Gunner Tom Thorn asked to be extra observant, Ed called the three of us gunners from our stations into something akin to football huddle. Ed had discussed a plan of action with Wendell Hutchison and Pilot Clifford Pountney. Ed explained to us that he intended to go out into the bomb bay to see if he could determine the cause of the malfunction with the errant door. While there was a portable electric motor similar to an electric drill mounted in the wing section between the bomb bays to be used for emergency operation of the doors, Ed felt that this was not the solution to our particular problem. He would need assistance,



and I would go with him. Bob Reid would take a position in the open doorway to watch for signals from us and pass them on to John Sens who would remain at his position on the interphone to relay a request to the front cabin to actuate the bomb bay door control.

I have to confess that I had never been out in the bomb bay during flight. Bombardier Don Allan and others had always attended to removing the safety wires on the incendiary and high explosive bombs. A narrow ledge of 8 - 10" surrounds the bomb bay and is probably less than six feet from the ground as the aircraft sits parked on its hardstand.. We commonly walked around the open bomb bay on this ledge while on the ground, never giving it a second thought. To accomplish Ed's plan the bomb bay doors needed to be in the open position; and as we worked our way into the bomb bay with both doors open, we had a spectacular view of the moonlit Tushima Strait a mile below.

As I followed Ed into the bomb bay, I recalled several instances of tales told by men of our group who had to release stuck bombs and one instance in which Charles Siddens of the Stanley Black crew had to chop off a shackle with a fire axe to release a bomb bay fuel tank which was hanging out of the bomb bay preventing closure of the doors. We inched our way from the door of the cabin to the side of the bomb bay where we had better hand holds with the ribs of the aircraft, and then forward past the rear bomb rack to the front bomb rack. Ed had one thrill when he used the control cables running along the interior of the hull for a handhold and they gave a bit, permitting him a "better" view than he had wanted through the bomb bay doors. Ed's goal was to reach the top end of the arm that actuated the doors. To do so with some added safety, he laid on the walkway with his feet in the narrows between the front bomb rack where a larger aircraft rib joined with the bomb rack, providing a V situation. By placing my weight on his legs with my knees, I more or less locked him in this vise-like area while holding the bomb rack with my left hand and a rib of the aircraft with my right. Although short in stature like myself, Ed was able to reach the limit switch for the bomb bay door with the screwdriver. When ready, Ed indicated by a nod of his head to signal Bob Reid, and the signal was relayed to the front cabin to actuate the door switch. Whatever Ed was doing needed to be timed with the actuation of the switch to raise the doors. It took a few tries before, miracle of miracles, both doors came closed. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Reid pass the signal to Sens, and thus on to the others, that both doors were coming up.

This whole procedure hadn't taken much more time than it takes to tell it.. We were still west of Kyushu; although once the mines were gone, we had assumed a heading for Iwo Jima in the likely event that we wouldn't get the door closed. We had a secondary assignment on this mission which was to take radar pictures of the coastal areas near Nagasaki. Now that we were assured of enough fuel to return, this task was accomplished. We re-crossed Kyushu, its mountains bathed in moonlight as before, and reached the sea without further mishap or any fighter opposition. We landed on Tinian fifteen and a half hours after departure, completing our ninth mission. While no aircraft were lost to enemy action, the mission was not without a tragedy. We learned upon landing that Captain Marvin White's crew had to abort the mission due to mechanical difficulty. Upon their landing they had undershot the runway and crashed on the shore of Tinian killing all but one of the twelve man crew.

No losses to enemy action had occurred during our first two mining missions. We had approached at low altitude, mined by instrument, and disappeared into the night before the Japanese could effectively intercept. Subsequently, all of the main shipping arteries and the approaches to their coastal harbors were mined as a continuation of Operation Starvation. By this time in the war the bulk of all of Japan's imports had to funnel through the vulnerable bottleneck of the Shimonoseki Strait which permitted access to their sources in China, Manchuria, and Korea. Several harbors in Korea were mined by aircraft landing at Iwo Jima with their load of mines for refueling. The Strait's importance is indicated in the fact that half of all the mines dropped in Japanese waters were placed in the strait or its approaches. It became such a common mission that when crewmen returning from a briefing were asked where they were going, the simple response was, "To the Strait."

The Japanese soon learned what had been happening during the nighttime overflights. On subsequent mining missions Ken Nicoles frequently exclaimed about the number of ships showing on his radar screen, effectively bottled in the Inland Sea just inside the Shimonoseki strait by the blockage of mines. We had the advantage of surprise. The defense of the Shimonoseki Strait by anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, and fighter aircraft increased rapidly as the Japanese responded to this new threat and, like the approaches to Tokyo and Nagoya, it could also claim the title, "Searchlight Alley." Our group's Lt. Joseph Lewis and his crew were forced to bail out over a submarine south of Japan after receiving damage to two engines and control cables over the Strait on May 22nd.



They were guided to a submarine by the Superdumbo on duty, but in the darkness only three men were recovered. Lt. Black's crew from our Squadron was lost to flak over the Strait on the night of May 27/28. As we shared living quarters with Black's crew, this was a loss keenly felt. While an assignment to replenish the mine fields in the Shimonoseki Strait at one time appeared to be an easy mission, it soon took on the aspect of the "kiss of death." It would have been a boost to our morale at the time if we could have known that no major Japanese warship traversed the Strait after March 27th. Some destroyers made it through during the Okinawa campaign, but the Japanese later acknowledged that at least four destroyers were sunk by the mines.

Our crew participated in eight mining missions, but the one of March 29/30 recounted above is the one that remains most vividly in our memory. The enlisted men of our crew learned during training at McCook that we had a real professional with Flight Engineer Edward Delahanty. We had observed flight engineers that only went to the line to participate in missions. Ed was frequently involved with the ground crew and made it a point to learn everything there was to know about the operation and maintenance of a B-29. His knowledge of the aircraft demonstrated on this mission most probably saved us from having to ditch in the ocean before daylight on 3/30/45. (Fifty years later I still wonder just what it was that Ed did with the screwdriver - or what we would have done if he had dropped it).

Epilogue: The "B.A.Bird" didn't prove to be any record-breaker for missions flown. It served us well for twenty-two of our thirty-five missions. Other crews accounted for another ten missions. While our crew had been one of the top performers for fuel efficiency in our group, we began turning in poor records, and some landings at Iwo Jima became necessary for additional fuel to make the 750 miles back to Tinian. On May 22nd, Lt. Benjamin Nicks' crew had a close call with our ship when returning from a mine-laying mission. Lacking fuel to make the return to Tinian, they planned to make a landing at Iwo Jima only to find the island covered with ground fog. Faced with the undesirable options of ditching offshore or bailing out over the island, they finally found the runway on a third attempt at landing.

The poor fuel efficiency for our Bird didn't escape the attention of the top brass. Maj Ralph Settle from the 313th Wing Engineering Office was assigned to take a check ride with our crew to learn what was wrong. He could find nothing amiss with the pilot's and flight engineer's procedures. They finally leveled the ship and

with a transit determined that the tail was slightly twisted - undoubtedly from one of several of our experiences with heat thermals. Backtracking our record of missions and aircraft flown, it had to have occurred on the Kawasaki incendiary raid of April 15/16 when we were lifted 5,000 feet in the heat thermal and returned with a piece of charred wood wedged between two cylinders.

The "B.A.Bird" made no more combat missions. I learned that it was used for short flights with personnel between islands of the Marianas and eventually was returned to the states as a "war weary." Our crew was assigned a new aircraft which was never named. With this aircraft the above incident with the bomb bay doors would not have occurred - it was equipped with pneumatic rather than the screw type doors.

Editor's Note - Information from an untitled document: By the wars end 1,528 B-29s had laid 12,053 mines on target with the loss of only 16 planes, only nine of which were due to enemy action. At the end of the first month of the mining campaign enemy ship movement had been reduced by 50%. When the war ended, ship traffic was less than 10% of pre-mining traffic. The Japanese counter measures included use of small sacrifice vessels to which our Navy responded by decreasing the sensitivity of some mines to respond only to large targets. Several mine sweeping devices were utilized including a magnetic sweep gear energized by a generator carried by a small vessel and explosive charges. The Japanese placed spotters along the Shimonoseki Strait and other coastal areas to mark the location of mines, and some spotter aircraft were assigned to follow the B-29s to mark the location where mines were dropped. The Japanese employed 349 vessels and 20,000 men in an effort to keep their channels clear, not counting those on the ground who were assigned to watch for mine drops or the Japanese pilots who followed the B-29 mining runs.

Was Operation Starvation successful? There is no doubt that it was. Was it more important than the total decimation of Japanese factories and cities and the dropping of the Atomic Bombs? Hardly, but it contributed more than its share to the defeat of Japan.+



A Combat Diary

Earl Pearsall, Radar, 5th Squadron

I kept a diary of each of our 35 missions flown with the crew of AC Maurice Ashland, nearly all flown in the “Nip Clipper.” This is the way I saw it at the time.

- Jan 25** Arrived at Tinian from Kwajalein. (Time 6:45)
- Feb 02** Local high alt formation. (4:15)
04 Local high alt formation. (3:40)
06 Bombed MAUG with 8 500-lb G.P. by radar. Results unobserved. No opposition. (5:10)
09 Bombed TRUK seaplane base with 20 500-lb G.P. Results fair. Flak was meager. (7:20)
12 Bombed Iwo Air Field and gun emplacements with 16 500-lb G.P. from 26,000 feet. Results were excellent. Flak was medium and accurate. Sighted Navy task force headed to Iwo. (8:40)
19 Bombed Nakajima Aircraft Plant at Tokyo with 10 500-lb G.P. from 28,800 feet (Scheaffer flight fill in with the 504th). Bombed by radar over cloud cover. Flak was medium to heavy and accurate, and 12 fighters encountered. Two flak holes and hydraulic system hit. No. 1 engine shut down 2 hours out of Tokyo. Invasion of Iwo began this day. (14:45)
22 Test hop to check “Nip Clipper” damage repair. (1:35)
- Mar 04** Bombed Tokyo target with 11 500-lb incendiaries from 26,500 feet. One-hundred and fifty B-29s participated with 79 from Tinian. Flak was intense, heavy and accurate. No fighters. Sighted a ditched B-29 with survivors. One 9th BG B-29 landed at Iwo to refuel. (14:35)
11 Bombed Nagoya Industrial Area with 33 500-lb incendiaries from 7,000 feet. Good results. Flak meager to light. Searchlights were accurate. Three night fighters seen. No ammo was taken to permit max bomb load. (16:05)
13 Bombed Osaka Dock Area with 38 500-lb incendiaries from 9,500 feet. Excellent results. Meager flak and 3 night fighters. Accurate searchlights. 300 B-29s participated. (16:00)
18 Bombed Nagoya with 40 500-lb incendiaries from 6,500 feet at 0500 hours. Meager flak and searchlights. Over 300 B-29s participated dropping 2,500 tons. (14:45)
23 Practiced laying mines at Rota. Dropped 4 bombs in bay. (3:20)
25 Test hop. (1:00)
28 Dropped 12 1,000-lb mines from 5,000 feet at the west end of the Inland Sea at 0115 hours. No flak or fighters. (14:00)
- Apr 01** Dropped 8 1,000-lb mines from 25,000 feet at the Kure Naval Harbor at 2332 hours. Six B-29s participated. No opposition. (13:45)
05 Training flight. Dropped 10 bombs on hulk of old Jap ship from 8,000 feet. Two direct hits. (3:00)
07 Bombed Mitsubishi Aircraft Factory at Nagoya with 15 500-lb G.P. from 18,000 feet at 1030 hours. Two B-29 formation. Results good. Flak was heavy to intense and very accurate. Two holes and CFC gunner Phenner hit in leg by flak. Three fighters encountered. Hydraulic system hit. (14:50)
13 Bombed an arsenal at NW corner of Tokyo with 35 500-lb incendiary clusters from 8,500 feet at night. Flak meager to intense and large number of searchlights. Hobaugh had 200 holes in ship and one engine shot out by fighters. (13:55)
- Apr 15** Test hop. (:50)
19 Test hop to “slow time” a new engine. (3:45)



- 21 Bombed Kanoya Airfield with 20 500-lb G.P. from 14,000 feet. Daylight formation with 12 B-29s. Poor results. No flak but 25 fighters sighted. Three fighters attacked. (14:30)
- 27 Training mission. (3:10)
- 28 Bombed Kokubu Airfield with 24 500-lb G.P. with a 7-ship formation. No flak but 15 fighters encountered. One B-29 lost with crew bailing out halfway to Iwo. (14:20)
- 30 Bombed Tachikawa Air Arsenal on Honshu with 23 500-lb G.P. from 21,000 feet at 1200 hours with a 9-ship B-29 formation. Results unobserved. Flak was inaccurate and 6 fighters were encountered.
- May** 04 Test hop to “slow time” a new engine. (3:15)
- 05 Dropped 7 2,000-lb mines at east end of Inland Sea near Kobe from 6,000 feet at 0118 hours. No flak or fighters. (14:00)
- 07 Training mission. Dropped 6 100-lb bombs on runway at Rota. (4:05)
- 10 Bombed Matsuyama Airfield on Kyushu from 18,000 feet with 7 2,000-lb G.P. at 0830 hours. Excellent results. We were lead ship in 16-ship B-29 formation. Phosphorous streamers were encountered but not effective. (15:00)
- 14 Test hop to “slow time” 2 new engines. (3:00)
- 16 Dropped 7 2,000-lb mines at 0215 hours in Wasaka Bay on northern shore of Honshu from 7,000 feet. No flak or fighters. (14:40)
- 23 Dropped 6 2,000-lb mines in Shimonoseki Strait near Yawata from 5,500 feet at 0200 hours. Flak meager with no fighters. Many searchlights pinpointed us. (14:50)
- 25 Dropped 7 mines in a river on north coast of Honshu at 0230 hours. No flak or fighters. Distance was 3,500 miles, and down to 450 gallons of fuel upon landing at Tinian. (16:00)
- 27 Dropped 7 mines in Shimonoseki Strait from 7,500 feet at 0130 hours. Heavy flak and 1 fighter attacked. “Nip Clipper” had 24 holes and a bullet hole in a prop blade. Observed Lt. Black’s B-29 going down with a wing on fire. (14:45)
- June** 01 Bombed Osaka with 29 500-lb incendiaries from 18,000 feet at 1155 hours. Smoke thermals were up to 35,000 feet. Flak was intense and accurate with 1 fighter attack. Accompanying P-51s were good protection. One hit on the wheel well doors. (14:50)
- 05 Bombed Kobe with 29 500-lb incendiaries from 14,000 feet at 0830 hours. Flak was meager but accurate. About 50 fighters encountered with one ramming a B-29. (15:30)
- 09 Bombed Aircraft Factory at Nagoya with 3 4,000-lb and 1 2,000-lb bombs from 19,000 feet at 0900 hours. Excellent results. Flak was heavy but inaccurate. Fifteen fighters encountered. (14:30)
- 14 Training mission. Dropped 5 500-lb bombs on MAUG. (4:00)
- 15 Bombed Osaka with 29 500-lb incendiaries from 20,000 feet at 1100 hours. Bombed individually in daylight. Solid undercast and results unknown. No flak or fighters. (14:20)
- 18 Bombed Yokkaichi, 15 miles north of Nagoya, with 184 100-lb Jelly incendiaries from 9,500 feet at 0315 hours. No flak or fighters. (13:25)
- 20 Bombed Fukuoka with 184 100-lb incendiaries from 8,800 feet at 0110 hours. Intense flak but inaccurate and no fighters. (14:35)
- 24 Training mission. Bombed Guguan with 5 500-lb G.P. — 3 visible and 2 radar. (4:30)
- July** 01 Ferried a battle-damaged B-29 to Guam. A very beautiful island. (1:30)
- 02 Training mission. Bombed Guguan with 5 500-lb G.P. (3:50)
- 03 Bombed Himeji, west of Kobe, with 39 500-lb incendiaries from 10,000 feet at 0206 hours. Flak was meager and a few fighters encountered. One bomb hung up on shackle and later fell on the closed bomb doors. It was salvoed and exploded beneath the B-29. Doors damaged and could not be closed. (14:25)
- 07 Bombed Shimizu, a large producer of aluminum, with 18,000 lbs from 7,600 feet at 0235



- hours. Smoke intense. Meager flak and no fighters. (13:15)
- 11 Training mission. Bombed Guguan with 5 500-lb G.P. (4:00)
 - 13 Bombed Tsuruga on northern Honshu shore with 40 500-lb incendiary clusters from 12,200 feet at 0115 hours. No observed results due to solid overcast. No flak or fighters. (14:15)
 - 16 Local flight. (4:00)
 - 17 Local flight. (4:15)
 - 18 Test hop to “slow time” a new engine. (3:20)
 - 20 Flew an RCM mission over Choshi dropping chaff and jamming radar frequencies from 15,000 feet and from 0130 to 0300 hours. The 313th BW dropped incendiaries. No flak or fighters. (14:50)
 - 21 Test hop to “slow time” a new engine. (3:30)
 - 22 Training mission to Rota. (3:00)
 - 24 Bombed Tsu with 30 550-lb G.P. from 15,000 at 1130 hours. No flak or fighters. (Note: This was a makeup mission and not flown with the Ashland crew.)
 - 26 Bombed Tokuyama with 40 500-lb incendiaries from 11,000 feet at 0221 hours. Flak was intense but inaccurate and no fighters. (14:40)
 - 28 Bombed Ujjiyamada with 40 500-lb incendiaries from 12,800 feet at 0258 hours. Moderate flak and no fighters. Radar was inop so bombed visually. (13:30)
- Aug**
- 01 Bombed Nagaoka with 38 500-lb incendiaries from 12,000 feet at 0014 hours. Four fighters made coordinated attack with 12 searchlights. Flak was meager. (15:35)
 - 03 Training mission to Pagan.
 - 06 Flew an RCM mission to Maebashi. Circled for 1-1/2 hours over the target. Weak flak and 25 searchlights. A few fighters were encountered. This combat mission was the long-coveted *number 35*. (15:50)



Figure 14-319. The “Nip Clipper” by this date had flown 47 combat missions with 820 flying hours



Memories Of My Combat Missions

Donald R. Connor, Gunner, 99th Squadron

The following are notes I made the day after debriefing meetings for missions we made in 1945. They are the more noteworthy things that I heard crewmen say, and not necessarily accurate. The mission numbers are for the missions I participated in.

- Feb 18** Mission #1, TRUK: AC Capt Keene with aircraft #298. I flew as a substitute for Sgt Ed Collins with Keene's crew for my first mission. This was a navigational escort for a P-38 recon mission.
- 25** Mission #2, TOKYO PORT AREA: AC Capt Feil, aircraft #876. Tail wind 165 mph from Saipan. Task Force #68 fired on them at the same time that we did. No loss from our Group. Damaged 29,000 Sq.ft.. No fighter planes. Carried ten 500 lb. bombs.
- Mar 09** Mission #3, TOKYO: AC Feil, aircraft #876. First blitz mission. Flak meager. No fighters. 14,000 lb. bomb load. Lost two planes from 9th. Hardgrave ditched. All crew OK. Keene ditched killing three. First 99th Sqdn men to die.
- 11** Abort Mechanical: AC Feil, aircraft #876.
- 14** Mission #4, OSAKA: AC Feil, aircraft #876. Second blitz mission. Hit a column of smoke that took us on a wild ride. 6500 feet. 10.2 square miles damage. 14.5 hours flying time. Report that Lt. Black slow rolled in smoke.
- 16 & 17** Mission #5, KOBE: AC Feil, aircraft #876. Third blitz mission. Load 16,000 lbs. fire bombs. Burned down two square miles. Lt. Christie lost. Sighted 5 night fighters. Capt Roth, Sqdn navigator, went down with Lt. Christie.
- 19** Mission #6, NAGOYA: AC Feil, aircraft #876. Fourth blitz mission. Heavy flak. Lost a plane out of our group. Caught in three searchlights but got out OK.
- 24 & 25** Mission #7, MITSUBISHI A/C ENGINE PLANT, NAGOYA: AC Feil, aircraft #876. Carried 14,000 lbs. fire bombs. 8,500 ft. altitude. Missed target.
- 27 & 28** Mission #8, SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS: AC Feil, aircraft #876. Bottled up Japanese navy in Inland Sea. Lost two planes from our wing over their navy.
- 30** (Not our mission) Capt White crashed near graveyard on Tinian. All killed but two, Joe Trullo, who died later, and Fred Curtis got a broken leg. Engine caught fire on takeoff.
- Apr 04** Mission #9, OTA near KOIZUMI: AC Lt Pattison (Capt Feil passenger), aircraft #876. Saw fire bombs. Lots of flak. Only group to hit target that night. When I went back to Japan during the Korean War, my first living quarters were in the aircraft factory that we bombed that night.
- 07** Mission #10, NAGOYA: AC Pattison (Maj Johnson passenger), aircraft #876. Completely destroyed target. 18,000 ft. Five fighters. Our first shot at fighters. 20th AF bagged 81 over Tokyo. Lost two planes (rammed). We got four holes.
- 12** Mission #11, SHIMONOSEKI STRAIT INLAND SEA: AC Pattison, aircraft #876. Six 2,000 lb. mines. Radar and results were excellent - easy mission.
- 15** Mission #12, KAWASAKI: AC Pattison, aircraft #876. Saw three planes go down beside us. Lt. Carver and crew went down with Major Chapel as passenger. Balls of fire chased us. Our plane went through turbulence as directed in briefing. Some of us thought that the three planes that went down did not.
- 17** Mission #13, KOKUBU AIR FIELD: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Not much flak. No fighters. Good hits on airfield. 250 lb. G.P. bombs. Tried three times to accomplish this mission.
- May 3 & 4** (Abort Personnel): AC Littlewood, aircraft #574, Keene Passenger.
- 05** Mission #14, INLAND SEA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Mine Field Dog. Seven 2000 lb. mines. Very bad weather.
- 07 & 08** Mission #15, IMABARI AIR FIELD: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Carried block busters. Hit secondary target because of weather. Small town. Took over lead from Johnson.
- 11** Mission #16, MIYAKONOJO: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Had to hit a town as an alternate target because of weather. Held formation from Iwo Jima to mainland and then broke up because of weather.
- 17** (Abort Mechanical) AC Littlewood, aircraft #574.
- 18** Mission #17, TSURUGA BAY: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. 400 miles from Russia. Mined harbor. I dropped



rope out, seemed effective. (Rope - anti radar foil also called chaff)

- 20 Mission #18, YAWATA STRAITS: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Lt. Caldwell crashed on takeoff and took three planes with him. Saw explosion 70 miles away. Killed 10 air crew and 2 ground crew.
- 22 Mission #19, SUPERDUMBO: AC Littlewood, aircraft #835: Lost Lt. Lewis' plane. Smitty, Stine, and Canova saved by sub after an all night vigil. We found them in heavy waves after dawn. We stayed on station until 11 AM and then had to return. We flew 21 hrs.
- 23 Mission #20, HA HA JIMA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #835. Superdumbo for P-51 fighters. We circled Ha Ha Jima. Fighters never showed.
- 31 & June 1 Mission #21, OSAKA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Fire bombs. Flak moderate. Smoke to 35,000 ft. Saw Tojo attack. Flak bad after smoke.

Jne 04 & 05 Mission #22, KOBE: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Saw 11 chutes in water. Hole in #4 gas tank. Plane on left caught on fire. 8 chutes. 15,000 ft. We were attacked by fighters from under front. Fighters also shot at men in chutes. We had a tough time landing at Iwo Jima. (See story "Will We Make Iwo" by Philip True, passenger, and "Dawn into Darkness" by Donald Cotner).

- 09 Mission #23, NAGOYA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #900. Carried 4,000 lb.(M-56) bombs. Pressed by fighter attacks. Caught fighter from left side.

Jne 15 (Failed to takeoff) : AC Littlewood, aircraft #900.

- 19 & 20 Mission #24, FUKUOKA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #900. Ran searchlights off with rope. The squadron next to us finally made their first mission. Smith, Stine, and Canova are back - our long superdumbo mission was a success. The squadron next to us is the one that later carried the A-bomb.
- 25 & 26 Mission #25, NAGOYA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Went in with Hank at 16,000 ft. Couldn't see because of ice on window. Fighter at left blister. Seven 2000 lb. M66 GPs. (Hank - Col Huglin.)

Jul 04 Mission #26, HIMEJI: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Fire bombs burned the place down. We saw no fighters. Light flak.

- 07 (Abort Mechanical): AC Littlewood, aircraft #025.

08 Mission #27, KOFU: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Radar pictures. 12 hours dropped leaflets. Saw Mt. Fujiyama several times.

12 & 13 Mission #28, TSURUGA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Fire bombs. Terrible weather. Shorted on gas. Only four guns. 13,000 ft. Mission effective.

- 19 (Abort Mechanical) : AC Littlewood, aircraft #011.

24 Mission #29, TSU: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Led four planes. 600 B-29s for first time. 10/10 clouds. 137,000 lbs. on take off. 1,000 navy planes. Halsey's 3rd fleet. (Lt Col Hall passenger)

Aug 01 Mission #30, NAGAOKA: AC Lt. Littlewood, aircraft #574. Fire Bombs. Air Force Day. 800 planes. Told Japs where we were going. Combined fighters and searchlights. Planned show I think.

05 Mission #31, MAEBASHI: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. Caught by searchlights. No flak. Feathered #2 because of oil. Few fighters. No ammo for lower turret guns.

08 Mission #32, YAWATA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. 181 Heavy Ack Ack. Lost 5 planes. Knocked Smitty out when we hit a cloud bump. Benzedrine poisoning? Keller 's crew bailed out. Keller killed.

15 Mission #33, KUMAGAYA: AC Littlewood, aircraft #574. I am 20 years old today. End of War. Last bombs dropped. Successful raid. We also dropped bombs with the first full 99th Sqdn raid.

Sept 02 Mission #34: NAGASAKI: AC Littlewood, aircraft #011. Dropped supplies to POWs. Saw them waving. A box went through a roof and a parachute draped over roof. Lots of sunken boats. Later: Sgt. Don Connor promoted to Civilian Don Connor.



CLOSE CALL

John R. Kerr, Gunner, 5th Squadron

We were flying at 3000' en route to Japan on a daylight mission. I was half asleep when I was startled to see trees coming up under our left wing. With a yell to the AC who saw them at the same time, I watched Capt Klemme pull the left wing up with full throttle just narrowly missing those trees. Whew!

We later learned that the volcanic isle was also 3000'.



Historian's notations: While the major hazards to missions were getting the B-29 airborne with a heavy load of bombs and fuel, and flying over Japanese targets, there were other hazards of note, some of which have not adequately been covered with the stories in this chapter. With so much open ocean between the Marianas and Japan, running into the rare island wasn't too probable. In addition to the incident reported by John Kerr, Beeman Emmons reported a somewhat similar incident at our Orlando reunion in 1989 which is reported as follows.

Beeman E. Emmons, AC, 99th Sqdn.: On some of our earlier missions we flew to Japan at 500' to conserve fuel and when we picked up the Japanese coast with radar we started climbing. We were cruising along at 500' when all of a sudden, radar operator, Barney Unger, came on the interphone and said, "Lt. Reid, do you see the funny looking clouds on the horizon?" Keith Reid, navigator, looked at his repeater scope and said, "Heck, they aren't clouds, they are islands." Keith said, "Either we are sixty miles off course or these islands are plotted wrong on this chart. It has to be Ha Ha Jima. They say there are some anti aircraft guns on these islands so what do you think, do you want to go over them and take a chance, or go between them? I said there is no use being foolish, let's go between them. Keith directed us to make a real quick 45 degree turn to the left followed a few minutes later with a 45 degrees to the right, and we turned back on course having passed between the islands which we never saw due to the weather.

About three weeks later, Keith was lying on his cot in the quonset hut. All of a sudden he sat bolt upright and said, "You know, I just thought of something. Those islands are 3,000 feet high!" After that we got smart and started going north at 5,000'.



All crews weren't as lucky as the Klemme and Emmons crews. A 73rd Wing crew with Lt. Stickney as AC making their first mission weren't so fortunate. Following a daylight attack on Nagoya on 1/3/45, they had buddied a crew in trouble from their squadron off the Japanese coast and gave them navigational bearings for Saipan. The two aircraft maintained radio contact until they neared the northern string of the Mariana Islands when they lost contact. Lt Stickney's crew was never heard from again. Weeks later a wrecked aircraft was sighted on Anatahan island and a rescue party finally reached the aircraft on March 5th. Eight bodies were located and provided a funeral service by the search party. The remaining three crewmen were never found. The aircraft remains on Anatahan in the crater of an extinct volcano. (Information from Volume I of Chester Marshall's "The Global Twentieth" series.)



Another hazard has been reported by James Burkhalter and Bill Grady with their stories about close calls with mid-air collisions with other B-29s. In recognition of the hazard of several hundred B-29s all focusing in on the same target, some crews elected to use their running lights at night. I was CFC gunner on the Hutchison crew. As we were between the IP and the Tsuruga urban area on the night of July 12/13, we had a near mid-air collision. Tail gunner, Tom Thorne, and Hutch and Pountney (P) had discussed such potential problems and had prepared signals in the event of such an emergency. In the near total darkness of this mission Tom yelled "DIVE". Hutch responded immediately, and I looked up into the open bomb bay with its incendiary bombs of a B-29 clearing us only by a few feet. We had a specific briefed air speed to hold from the initial point to the target, and the other crew was in gross violation. Tom said he was face to face with the bombardier before we dropped away as the other aircraft pulled up!



We will never know how many mid-air collisions may have occurred, but at least one was witnessed. An Albuquerque former AC with the 314th Wing stationed on Guam, Larry Scruggs, let me borrow his very complete and interesting diary. While nearing the offshore rendezvous area for a daylight mission in a cloudy situation, they saw parts of two B-29s fall out the cloud ahead of them. At debriefing, another crew reported seeing the two aircraft come out of the cloud on a collision course.



This completes the stories the men of the 9th Bomb Group Association have provided for the occasion of the 50th anniversary of our year on Tinian. How fortunate we are that over 1000 of our members have lived to celebrate our part in one of the most significant events of our time.

Lawence S. Smith, Historian



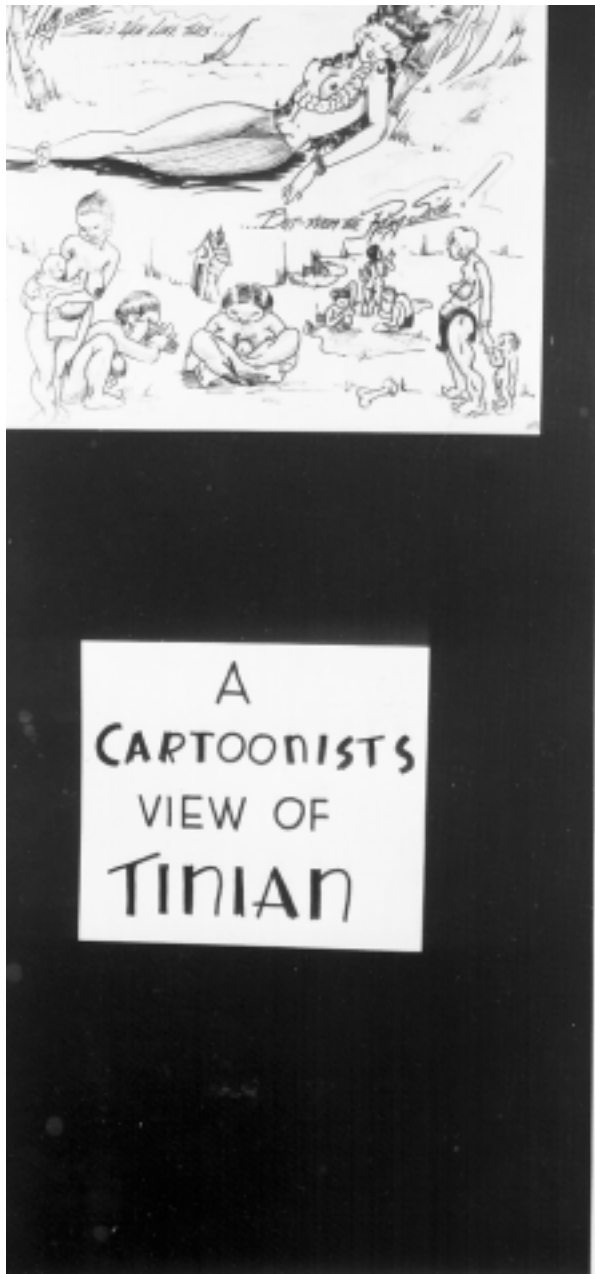


Figure 14-324. Cartoonist View of Tinian



Postscript

9th Bombardment Group Since the Japanese Surrender

After the Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945, the group participated in dropping medical and food supplies to prisoners of war in Japan, China and Korea, the latter requiring missions to be flown of almost 20 hours duration. A total of 54 B-29 sorties were flown on these missions between September 2nd and 15th. Over 2000 packages of supplies were dropped. On September 29, 1945 the group participated, with 19th aircraft, in a Display of Power mission over Korea during the landing of American occupation forces, to participate in freeing that country from 45 years of Japanese colonial occupation.

Early in 1946 the group was transferred from North Field, Tinian to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. There it functioned on a diminishing basis until April 1947, it was then reduced to zero strength by the reassignment of the remaining 56 officers and 317 enlisted men to the 313th Wing Headquarters and to other units in Okinawa, Guam, and Japan. In June of that year the group was transferred "on paper" to Harmon Air Force Base, Guam, but it was not remanned. It was inactivated in October 1948.

In May 1949 the group was redesignated the 9th Strategic Reconnaissance Group, activated at Fairfield-Suisun (later Travis) Air Force Base, CA, and assigned to the newly established and activated 9th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing. In April 1950 the wing and group were redesignated as bombardment units.

In February 1951 the group was reduced to record-status, and the 1st, 5th, and 99th Squadrons were attached directly to the 9th Wing. The group was inactivated in June 1952.

In 1954 the 9th Bombardment Wing was reassigned to Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho where it remained until 1966 during which time it was equipped with B-47 bombers.

Since 1966 it has been the 9th Reconnaissance Wing located at Beale Air Force Base, CA, equipped with U-2s and SR-71s conducting worldwide reconnaissance during the Cold War. The 9th Group was reactivated under the Wing in September 1991.

As of 1994 the 9th Reconnaissance Wing is still at Beale Air Force Base, as a unit of the 12th Air Force, which is part of the Air Combat Command. The Wing is now equipped with U-2s and T-38s, the SR-71s having been removed from service.

The 9th Group carries with it the four campaign streamers earned in World War II: Anti-submarine, American Theater, Eastern Mandates, Western Pacific, Air Offensive, Japan, and the Presidential Unit Citations earned during World War II for the attack on Kawasaki, Japan, April 15, 1945, and the May 1945 participation in the mining campaign against Japan. When the 9th Group is either inactive or assigned to the 9th Wing, that wing is temporarily bestowed the decorations (Presidential Unit Citations) and the honors (campaign streamers) of the 9th Group.

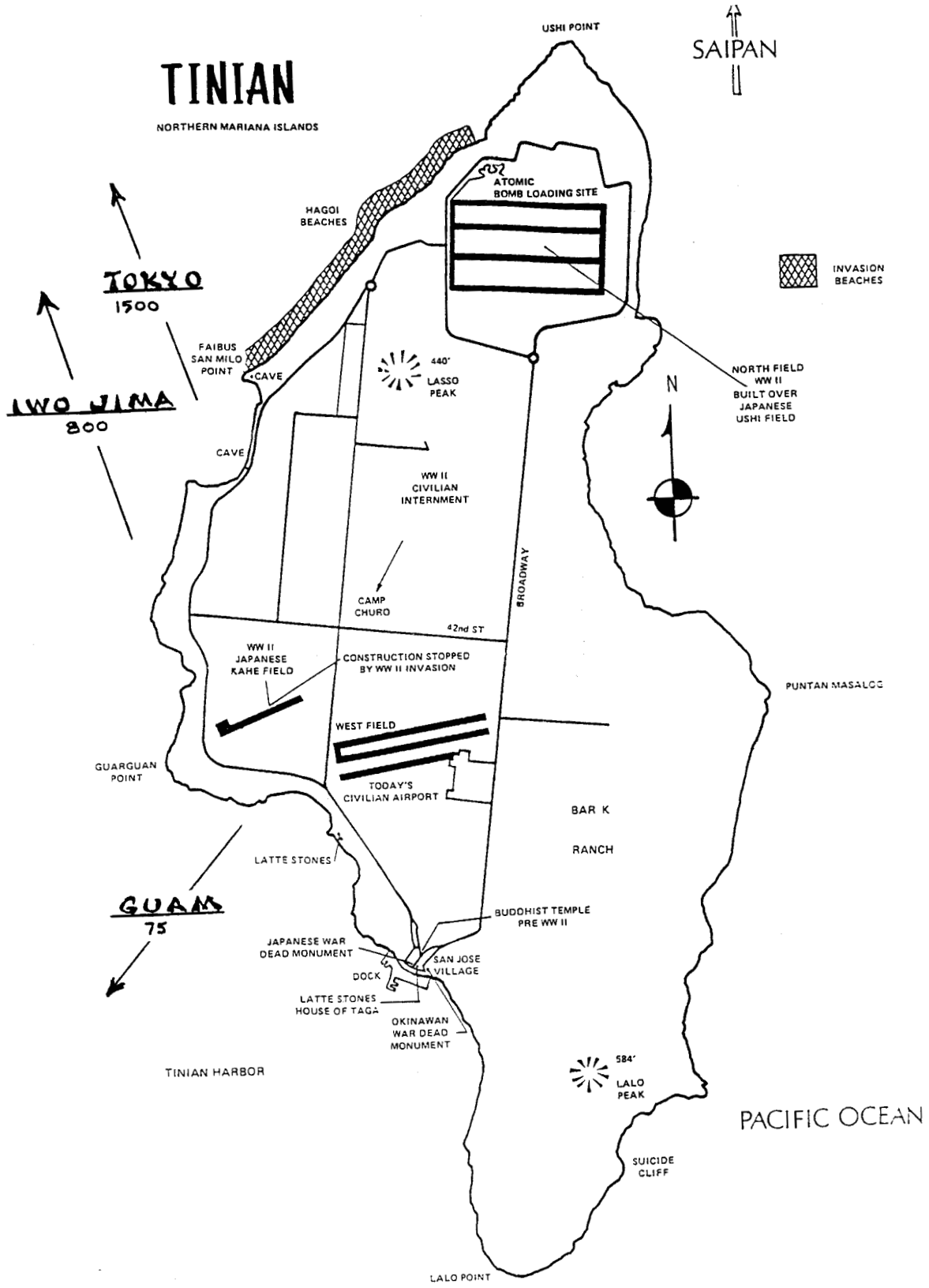


Figure 15-326. Map Diagram of Tinian



Appendix A

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Appendix B

9th BG Glossary

by Maurice Ashland

AACS—“Army Airway Communication System”

AC—“Aircraft Commander” who was the left-seat pilot and in command of the flight crew.

Ack-Ack—Anti Aircraft ordnance fired from the ground to explode at a specified altitude to spread shrapnel.

Aldis Lamp—A portable searchlight used to signal or for observation of some parts of the B-29 exterior.

Anti Aircraft—Ordnance fired from the ground with the objective of “downing” the B-29.

ATC—“Air Transport Command”

Banzai Attack—A “last chance” attack by a concentrated group of enemy troops, usually against overwhelming odds.

BG—Generally used to mean “Bombardment Group.” Also, could mean “Brigadier General” (1 star).

Bombardier—Occupied a position at the nose of the B-29 and, utilizing the “Norden Bomb Sight,” usually coupled to the Auto-Pilot, dropped the bombs with precision.

Bomb Bay—The cargo space for the bombs.

Brass—Used to identify, in general terms, the higher levels of officers in authority. When the word was used, it often implied that a crew member was not in complete agreement with a policy/directive but that not much could be done about it due to their high position.

Briefing/Debriefing—All flight crew members received a general briefing on all aspects of a mission. The target, known defenses to be encountered, the route, duration, weather, bomb type and loading, and fuel loads. Expanded specialized briefings for the individual specialties were then conducted. A debriefing was always conducted after a mission — “Intelligence” wanted to know the specifics of the mission, i.e. target results, fighter aircraft encountered, location and quantity of searchlights, and anti aircraft fire as well as any unusual facts.

“C” Rations— “Combat” rations consisting of canned meat and other foods, usually eaten cold and in the field.

CFC—“Central Fire Control” gunnery system of the B-29. Also used to identify the “CFC” gunner who coordinated the B-29 fire power among all gunners and the bombardier.

Chaff (or rope)—Strips of tin foil dropped to confuse ground radar and mask the exact position of the B-29.

D.S.—“Detached Service” meaning while assigned to an organization, a member is detached to another for duty or other purpose.

Dog Face—The majority in the very lowest ranks who were expected to do as directed and not to question why (generally applies to army troops).

Dumbo and Superdumbo—Dumbo referred to, usually, a PB-4Y or B-17 equipped with extra radios and survival equipment that could be dropped to aid crews in distress. Superdumbo referred to B-29s similarly equipped.

FE—“Flight Engineer” who, at his Engineer’s Panel, controlled the engines and accomplished the fuel management.

Flak—An ordnance round fired from the ground and set to explode at a specified altitude. The explosion occurred with a black cloud and pieces of shrapnel traversed in all directions.

George—An affectionate term given to the Auto-Pilot which did much of the flying under the constant supervision of one of the pilots.

GI— “Government Issue” was a term applied to both material and men meaning “this is what the government provided.”

Goof Off—A term given to someone who repeatedly and successfully avoided given assignments.

Gook Camp—A derogatory, undeserved term given to a camp compound housing primarily the native population of Tinian.



Gunners—Left “LG,” Right “RG,” and Tail “TG.” Besides operating their assigned turret, they were trained to man each other’s positions as well. A very important duty was that of “Scanners” who alerted the pilots of other aircraft and reported abnormal conditions.

Hardstand—An individual aircraft parking space.

IP—Generally used to mean “Initial Point” and occurred at the beginning of a “bomb run.” Could also mean “Instructor Pilot.”

Jet Stream—A meteorological condition of high velocity wind in the order of hundreds of MPH first experienced over Japan by the high altitude B-29s. The wind caused complications to the bomb run and resultant accuracy. Once the “Jet Stream” was more fully understood, it was taken into account during mission planning.

Kamikaze—An air or ground attack in which the attackers fully expected to die (and usually did).

Mae West—An affectionate term given to the Air Corps standard water survival vest worn by all crew members over water.

Mayday—The standard voice “Call of Distress” to alert others that a very serious condition exists. It is similar to the Morse Code SOS.

Meat Wagon—A “GI” ambulance which often carried more dead than living from airplane crashes.

Mess Hall—A building housing the cooking and eating facilities. Food was served from a cafeteria line onto metal trays. Long wooden tables and benches were used in the eating area.

Navigator—The crew member skilled in all phases of navigation who could precisely navigate over water for 3,000 miles and 14 hours using WWII type of navigation equipment. When the target could not be seen visually by the bombardier, the navigator used the radar system to accomplish area bombing.

P—“Pilot.” In B-29s, this was the right-seat pilot. Originally for B-29 long-range missions, it was envisioned that 3 pilots would be required, i.e. AC, P, and CP (copilot).

PBY—An amphibious airplane that could land and take off from water.

PDI—The “Pilots Directional Indicator.” An instrument on the pilot’s panel receiving its signal from the bomb sight that provided course corrections on the bomb run.

POW—“Prisoner of War”

Putt Putt—A small power plant inside the B-29 which was used to provide auxiliary electrical power.

PX—“Post Exchange” where small items such as toiletries could be purchased.

R & R—“Rest and Recuperation” The 9th BG sent some crews to Hawaii for R&R during their combat tour. Other crews voted to continue their missions to finish earlier

Radar—“Radio Detecting and Ranging” On the 9th BG B-29s, the APQ-13 provided an aid to navigation, area bombing, and weather avoidance. Also used to identify the radar operator.

Revetment—A sandbagged area or earth berm which provided some protection against a strafing attack or shrapnel.

RO—“Radio Operator” who monitored the long-range radio. He also usually was the crew member cross-trained as a medic to initially treat injuries received in combat.



- Runways A, B, C, and D**—The identification of each of the four 8,500-foot runways at North Field, Tinian. “A” was the farthest north.
- Sack Out**—to hit the sack (bed) at any time of the day or night, generally after a sleepless 24 hours (or more) of briefing, flying the mission, debriefing, etc., i.e. “when dead tired.”
- Salt Peter**—It was generally believed that the food or coffee was “salted” with a substance to reduce sexual desires.
- Script**—All U.S. money had to be exchanged for paper “script” of equal value. This was the only legal currency recognized by the military on Tinian.
- Searchlights**—Usually arranged in a ground battery or on gun boats, they were placed to guard the approaches to an area and pinpointed the B-29s so that anti aircraft fire or fighters would have a visible target. Their light was so intense that newsprint could be read inside the B-29. They were generally aimed by acoustics.
- Section 8**—As used in jargon, it meant someone whose actions and ideas were a bit crazy.
- Snafu**—When despite the best made plans, something goes wrong.
- SOS**—Several meanings depending on usage: In chow (food) it was “slop on a shingle” or “sh— on a shingle” (chipped beef in a gravy on toast, which was actually quite good); In communications it was a distress signal sent in Morse Code by radio or signal light.
- Stir Crazy**—A person out of his normal element and with little or no diversions becomes overwhelmed with emotion.
- Spam**—Seemingly, the staple food during the early part of the tour, it was a ground meat canned and generally sent from Australia or New Zealand.
- Sqdn**—A shorthand version of “Squadron.”
- Superfortress**—The name given early to the B-29.
- Tarmac**—Used by some to identify the hard surface of the hardstands, taxiways and runways.
- Tour**—In the 20th AF, the combat tour length initially was 30 combat missions and then increased to 35. Crew members completing 35 missions could return to the U.S.
- Very Pistol**—A flare gun which could be placed in a mounting to fire flares from the B-29. Different colors had significant meaning as specified at the mission briefing.
- VIP**—“Very Important Person,” usually reserved for high-ranking officers.
- 20th Air Force**—Top of the command structure for all B-29 units. Headquarters was at the Pentagon with General Arnold as Commander until July 16, 1945 when it was moved to Guam.
- XX Bomber Command**—Composed of the 58th Wing while in the China-Burma-India Theater. After the 58th Wing movement to Tinian, it was deactivated.
- XXI Bomber Command**—Composed of five wings: the 58th, 73rd, 313th, 314th, and 315th. The 313th Wing was based on North Field, Tinian; the 58th Wing was based on West Field, Tinian, after its movement from the China-Burma-India Theater; the 73rd Wing was based on Saipan; and the 314th and 315th were based on Guam. The 21st BC was commanded by General LeMay with Headquarters on Guam.
- 313th Wing**—Composed of five groups: the 6th, 9th, 504th, 505th, and 509th.
- 9th BG**—“Ninth bombardment Group,” composed of three bombardment squadrons, the 1st, 5th, and 99th.
- B-29**—The high altitude, pressurized, long-range, heavy bomber which was the most technologically advanced aircraft and weapon of war to date.





Appendix C

Biographical Sketches

Over 160 members responded to the invitation to provide brief biographical sketches with information on their lives, careers, and families. Some of these are written in the first person, others in the third person. Some are provided by widows or were taken from newspaper obituary columns. The life circumstances of these members are considered representative of the men of this group who gave two or more years of their lives serving in the military with the 9th Bomb Group.

HOYTN. ACUFF: I was born and raised on a farm in southwest Missouri near Springfield, and soon after my 17th birthday in May of 1943, I was in the Army Air Force. In the fall of 1944 I was assigned to the 5th Sqdn as a radar technician at McCook, NE. Most of the men in my unit were well educated, and I was sorry that I hadn't completed high school. To improve myself and work toward a high school diploma, I completed correspondence courses while the war was still in progress. In the fall of 1945 when the war had ended, I enrolled in all the courses offered at the "Tinian College." On January 4, 1946, I was discharged; and a few days later I was attending college. I received a BS in physical science and a MS in geology at different universities and a PhD in earth science at Iowa State University. The field work for my PhD was doing the geology for the Richard Leakey expedition near Lake Turkana in North Kenya. Altogether I taught school 40 years, mostly earth science. I have a wife, Mary, three children, five grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. My wife and I retired and live in Ames, IA.

CHARLES E. AGUAR: At age 17, I joined the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve at Jacksonville, IL, my birthplace. I began active duty in June 1944. Aerial gunnery wings were awarded at Buckingham Field, FL. I completed instructors' school in Laredo, TX, and taught the GE remote system at Clovis, NM. As left gunner on Bill Barnhart's photo reconnaissance crew, we photo mapped the Trinity test site at Alamogordo, NM, just a few days before the world's first atomic bomb was exploded there on July 16, 1945. Our F-13 training ended that same day. We joined the 9th BG, August 14.

We flew POW supply drops, "snooper missions" from Iwo Jima, and the "Show of Force" over Korea. I obtained degrees in landscape architecture and city planning at the University of Illinois, married my high school sweetheart, Berdeanna Benson, and added to the post-war population boom with four boys and a girl (twins included). After 20 years in government planning and private practice, I became a professor of landscape architecture at the University of Georgia and retired in 1992 to write books.

PETER J. ALBIZATI: I was born in 1924 in Bayonne, NJ, graduated from the local schools, and in February 1943 volunteered for the Army Air Force. After graduating from navigation training at Selma Field, AL, and Radar Training at Boca Raton, FL, I joined the crew of AC W. R. Heath. We completed five combat missions. After the war I received my degree in chemical engineering and worked as an engineer until my retirement in 1983. I have been married to Beatrice Lupa, for forty years, and we do not have children.

GEORGE E. ALBRITTON: Born in central Florida in 1921, grew up on a citrus orchard farm, and graduated from Lake Wales High School in 1938. Worked a year on my parents' farm and had worked two years as a clerk in an insurance and real estate office when Pearl Harbor was bombed. Volunteered for the Army Air Force and was accepted for aviation cadet training. After completion of navigator school and pre-flight at Orlando, FL, I was assigned as a crew navigator to the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, and after 18 months transferred to McCook, NE, as 1st Sqdn navigator. I returned home from Tinian in November 1945. I

married Barbara Stanland and later enrolled in a business school in Atlanta for industrial accounting; returning to Florida to work after graduation. We have two children and four grandchildren. I was co-owner of a General Electric appliance store in Lake Wales for ten years and then went to work for a grower-owned citrus marketing cooperative in Lake Wales. I retired as general manager of the cooperative in 1986 after 22 years. We still live in the same home we built in 1951.

MAURICE (MAURIE) ASHLAND: Clear Lake, IA, birthplace in '22. Enlisted in Air Corps early '41. Completed Airplane and Engine School at Chanute. On flight line at Manchester, NH, winter of '41. Won wings October '42. Flew gunners at Buckingham Field, FL, and was IP in B-17. To Tinian as B-29 AC 1st Lt with a top crew. Became Flight Leader, promoted, flew 35 missions. In '45, married Betty Simon of Lincoln, NE. Children Jerry and Janelle. Flew B-29s MacDill Field, FL, before college. Graduated University of Nebraska with a degree in architecture. Recalled during Korean war '52, B-29 refresher at Randolph, then to MacDill. Command staff positions followed. Flew KC-135 jet tanker three years at Ramey AFB, PR. University of Texas at Austin for Masters in Architectural Engineering followed by Civil Engineers 9th BW, Mtn Home, ID. Air War College at Maxwell, AL, in '67 also earning Masters in International Affairs from George Washington University. Vietnam '68, participated in siege at Khe Sanh as pilot in Air Commando Sqdn. Retired from AF with over 9,000 hours. Masters in Environmental Planning '80 from Arizona State University (ASU). Program coordinator for ASU National Solar Program. Chairman



of 1st 9th BG reunion Tucson '87. Hobbies golf, travel, and photography.

EDWARD C. ASTON: Joined the Army in August 1941 and graduated from Radio Operator School at Scott Field, Bellville, IL. At Morrison Field in Palm Beach, FL, I volunteered for overseas duty but was sent to Radar School in Boca Raton, FL, where I flew in A-29s and B-34s. I volunteered for overseas again but was sent to AFSAI in Orlando, FL, flying in B-17s and B-24s. After again volunteering, I landed instead ten miles south at Pinecastle Air Base and again crewed B-17s and B-24s. After again volunteering, I went to McCook, NE, and finally to Tinian. With AC David Rogan I flew 33 missions. In 1944 I married my high school girl friend. After the war I became a salesman at a local mens' clothing store and bought the business in 1964. Now our son minds the store, and I work there two days a week. We also have a daughter and two grandsons. I still reside where I was born in 1917, Danville, IL.

RICHARD (DICK) A. BAILE: Born in 1920 at Warrensburg, MO. Graduated from Central Missouri State University in 1942 with a BS Degree, majoring in mathematics. Entered the Army Air Force in 1942. After initial assignment in San Antonio, TX, and several assignments, was accepted for training in the Air Force engineering training program at Yale University. Received 2nd Lt commission as an engineering officer and trained at the Boeing plant in Seattle, WA; Lowry Air Base in Denver, CO; and McCook, NE, in the fall of 1944. Assigned as flight engineer to the crew of Capt Howard McNeil, arriving on Tinian in 1945, and flew twelve combat missions. Left the service in January 1946 and was employed by Standard Oil and Gas Co. In 1952 formed my own company and retired after selling it in 1984. I married my college sweetheart, Frances, in 1946; and we have five children and six grandchildren. Have had a wonderful life!

ROBERT E. BATES: Born in St.

Louis, MO, August 29, 1921. Entered the Aviation Cadet Maintenance Engineering course in June 1943 at Boca Raton, FL. Graduated and commissioned February 1944 at Yale University. Completed B-29 ground/flying training at Seattle and Lowry Field and rated aerial observer (aerial engineer) and assigned to the 9th BG at McCook, NE, August - December 1944. Stationed on Tinian from January - September 1945. Flew 33 missions. Released to inactive duty in November 1945 and recalled to active duty December 1950 at Rapid City AFB. Transferred to HW AM at Wright-Patterson AFB as chief, guided missiles section. Discharged in May 1952. Married Ann Liggett in July 1946 and have three children. Employed 30 years with Ford Motor Co., including 11 years in Europe. Retired January 1978.

JOHN BELIAK: Born May 26, 1923, in Avella, PA. Inducted into service, April 19, 1943. Took basic training for two months in Miami Beach, FL, and had ten weeks of training at the Fair Grounds, Salt Lake City, Utah. Attended radio operator school. Arrived on Tinian on December 28, 1944, and served as a heavy truck driver, hauling water from source to camp. After leaving the service, was employed as a railroad brakeman and conductor from 1950 to 1956. In 1959 attended a electronic school to learn TV repair and worked in this field from 1961 until I retired in 1985.

FLOYD A. BISHOP: Born in 1920 at Cheyenne, WY. Graduated from the University of Wyoming in 1942 with a BS degree in Civil Engineering, and entered into active duty with the Army in June 1942. I served a year on construction of the Alaska Highway and building airfields in the Aleutian Islands before transferring to the Army Air Force for pilot training. After completing pilot training and B-17 transition, I was assigned to the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, at McCook NE, as a pilot on Lt. E.M. Shirley's crew. In December 1944 we were transferred to Tinian from which base I flew 20 missions as a pilot on Shirley's crew and 15 missions as AC with my own crew. I returned to civilian life in 1946 living at

various locations, mostly in Wyoming, and pursued a career in civil engineering. My wife June and I raised 3 sons, one of whom passed away in 1986.

JOHN H. BIXLER, JR.: Ground crew chief in the 1st Bomb Sqdn, 9th BG. Employed by railroad for 18 years and involved in the credit union movement for 41 years., Retired in 1989. He and his wife, Doris, have a son and a daughter. They are avid motor home travelers.

ELDEN W. BORTZ: Graduated from high school in Emmaus, PA, in 1940 and spent several years as a welder in a defense plant. Joined the Army Air Force in August 1943, and after basic training at Miami Beach, FL, had further training at Dickenson College, Carlisle, PA; Radio School, Sioux Falls, SD; and Clovis, NM. Arrived on Tinian in March 1945 and flew 24 missions over Japan as radio operator on the crew of AC Orien Clark. Discharged in November 1945. Spent seven years on a retail bakery route and 30 years with a major insurance company, retiring in February 1985. My wife, Joyce, and I have lived all these years in Emmaus, PA; and we have eight children, thirteen grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

JAMES A. BOYCE: Born in Clyde, NY, in December 1925. After graduation from high school in 1943, enlisted in the Army Air Force in Rochester, NY. Entered the service in February 1944 and completed gunnery school (hand held and consolidated tail turret) at Tyndal Field, FL. In June, transferred to Lincoln, NE, and assigned to McCook, NE, as a left blister gunner on Capt Leon Smith's crew. Completed 33 missions with Capt Smith and then Lt. Eugene Brown flying on "T.N. Teeny" and "T.N. Teeny II." My buddy, Ario Welch, and I did the nose art on both planes. On arrival on Tinian I was summoned to the headquarters of 1st Sqdn; and since I was one of a few hand-held gunners, I was assigned to a vehicle with a hand-held 50-Cal. and was to report to that site should there be a Japanese attack in our area. I was thankful that this did not materialize. Returned to Clyde on



completion of service, and married Regina in 1948. Employed as a postal clerk, became supervisor in 1955, officer in charge in 1969, and postmaster in 1971. Retired in that position in January 1984.

JOHN W. BRADLEY, JR.: Born in Houston, TX, on Dec. 20, 1924, and graduated from Jeff Davis High School. Drafted on June 1, 1943, and attended the following training bases: Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, TX; Truax Field, Madison, WI; Boca Raton Field, FL; McCook Field, NE; and POE Ft. Lewis, Seattle, WA. After a 30-day voyage on the USS Cape Henlopen to Tinian, served on the ground crew for several planes. Discharged January 16, 1946. Married Aline, the girl of my dreams (who should be in the Guinness Book of records since she wrote me a letter every day I was in service), on June 1, 1946. We have two children and four grandchildren. Earned a BBA degree in accounting from University of Texas, Nixon Clay College. Had a career as an accountant and auditor with a large CPA firm for eight years until I went into private practice and later semi-retirement. Have been active in the Masons, Methodist Church, Civitan Club, and Republican Party.

FRED E. BRADLEY: Born in 1925 in Asheville, NC. Graduated from high school in 1943 and volunteered for the Army Air Force. Spent my first night in the service on New Year's Eve in Ft. Bragg, NC. After completing gunnery school at Buckingham Field, FL, and flight and gunnery instructors school at Nuevo Laredo, TX, stationed at Alamogordo, NM. Assigned to Capt Robert Abbott's crew to replace his tail gunner who had become ill. Received about ten days of training before we departed for Tinian, arriving on May 1, 1945, as a replacement crew. After completing 15 missions, we were sent to Muroc, CA, for lead crew training. While there, the war ended, and I was discharged Jan. 14, 1946. I received an undergraduate degree from the Spartan College of Aeronautical Engineering and a MS degree in engineering mechanics from St. Louis University. After 35 years at McDonnell Douglas, where I advanced to Director,

Advanced Space Systems, I took early retirement. I was elected to the Ferguson, MO, City Council in April 1993. I am married with four children and four grandchildren.

BERTIS L. BREWER: Born on July 31, 1920, in Chatham County, NC, and graduated from high school in 1937. Served nine months in the CCC in Oregon. Volunteered for Army Air Force in 1942. Completed photography school at Lowry Field, CO, and radio and B-29 radio schools at Scott Field, IL. Assigned to Capt. R. E. Johnson's crew as radio operator at McCook, NE. Our plane was the first B-29 to touch down on Tinian. Completed 33 combat missions and returned home in 1945. Married Ruth Poole and have two daughters and four grandchildren. Retired from U. S. Postal Service in 1979. Enjoy golf and family.

BOYD C. BRONSON: Born April 9, 1924, Salt Lake City, UT, and graduated from Monticello High School. Military service included the completion of 22 combat missions as radio operator on the crew of AC Joseph Webb. Married Gladys Lee in 1948 in St. George, UT, and we are parents of five children. Graduated from Utah State University with a BS degree in civil engineering and in 1972 with a MS degree in civil engineering from Brigham Young University.

Career includes employment as a civil engineer at Hill Air Force Base, 1950-1953; structural engineer for LDS Church Building Committee, 1953-1955; design engineer for U. S. Steel Corporation at Provo, UT, 1955-1984, consulting civil engineer for U. S. Steel, in the Philippines; and consulting civil engineer for National Steel Corporation in Philippines, 1988-1990. Elected to the Utah State House of Representatives in 1967.

ELDON A. BROWN: Served as a tail gunner on the crew of AC Roy Nighswonger. Assigned to the 9th BG in 1945 and completed six missions. Employed as an accountant by the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of Interior, at the Engineering and Research Center in Lakewood, CO. The last ten years of service, served as Finance Of-

ficer, retiring in 1979.

H. J. BUCKHALT: Born January 4, 1919, in Houston County and lived the early years of his life in Ashford, AL. He was a veteran of WW II, having served on active duty for 19 years in the Army and Air Force. Upon his medical retirement from military duty, he was employed by the city of Dothan, AL, for 25 years as chief accountant, treasurer, and clerk. He was active in the Masons, American Legion, DAV, Elks, and the First Baptist Church of Dothan. Married to Billie Lanton and had one daughter and three grandchildren. He died on October 13, 1993.

LLOYD G. BUTLER: Enlisted in the Army Air Corps in September, 1940, as a private and later entered pilot training. Shortly after beginning pilot training in Texas, contrary to all regulations, I married my high school sweetheart Martha McFadden, and we have a son and a daughter. Received commission and pilot wings in April 1943 and joined the 9th BG in Orlando, FL, where I qualified to fly B-17s, B-24s, and B-26s while developing combat tactics. Assigned to B-29s and flew 35 missions over the "Empire" as AC. The air crew was credited with several enemy planes destroyed. Like many we had close calls, the most serious on our 32nd mission and my birthday. Paraphrasing the DFC citations, "During a daylight raid over Kobe, all the Japanese fighters in the area realizing it was in trouble and alone, converged on Butler's plane and made at least thirty assaults until he was 25 miles out to sea. His crew was credited with 3 kills and 2 probables." Needless to say we made an emergency landing on Iwo Jima. When the war terminated, I transferred to the Strategic Air Command flying top secret missions out of Alaska. Resigned from military service and joined the Harris Corporation, retiring as Corporate Senior Vice President in 1983. I was one of the founder owners of a very successful \$500 million company, which we sold in 1986 and I really retired.

THEODORE CALE, JR.: Born Oct. 10, 1921, Jersey City, NJ. Gradu-



ated from North Arlington High School, attended college, and worked for Western Electric before active duty as an Air Force Communication Cadet in March 1943. After basic training at Boca Raton, FL, attended technical school at Yale University and commissioned on Sept. 16, 1943. Completed Radar School at Harvard-MIT and taught radar bombing and navigation to B-17 and B-24 crews at Langley Field, VA. Worked on B-29 radars at Davis Monthan Field, Tucson, AZ, and was at replacement depot in Kearns, UT, when the first atomic bomb was dropped. After a 30-day liberty ship trip to Tinian, served there until the last vehicle left on the ship for the Philippines. Entered MIT in the fall of 1946 and graduated with a degree in electrical engineering in Feb. 1948. During 1951 to 1953 was back on active duty with an Air Force A.C. & W. Squadron, spending the last year at Pepperell AFB in Newfoundland. Barbara and I were married in 1943 and have 3 sons and 6 grandchildren. Worked at General Electric in various engineering and management positions until retiring in 1983.

RAYMOND H. CAREY: Born in 1925 in Carnegie, PA, but spent my growing years in the Arnold-New Kensington area. Enlisted in the aviation cadet program prior to graduation in 1943. Assigned to radio school at Scott Field and after graduation to the special radio school for B-29s. Assigned to Capt John Hobaugh's crew at McCook. Flew 33 missions on that crew and a 34th as a sub for a sick radio operator. After discharge, I graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology as a mechanical engineer and worked as a design engineer until I was recalled to active duty with a troop carrier wing as a radio operator. Had flight training at Donaldson AB and Sewart AB. Prior to shipment to Korea, I was sent to Lackland AB for officers training. After several weeks I found I was eligible for immediate discharge and opted out. I met my wife several months later, was married, and am the proud father of 12 lovely children. We have 13 grandchildren. With retirement the family really keeps us busy!

LEONARD W. CARPI: Born in Alhambra, CA, May 29, 1924. Attended Whittier College on a football scholarship and enlisted in the Army Air Force air cadet program. Received his pilot's wings at Marfa Army Air Field, TX; B-17 training in Roswell, NM; and B-29 training in McCook, NE, where combat crews were formed. Was pilot on a lead crew, and went to Tinian with the 9th BG in January 1945. Completed tour of 35 missions over Japan including the March 9-10 Tokyo firebombing raid as a pathfinder crew. Flew last few missions as one of the youngest airplane commanders in the Army Air Force, barely 21 years old. After discharge as a 1st Lt in 1945, attended the University of Southern California and the Los Angeles College of Optometry, receiving a Doctorate in 1954. Moved to Las Vegas, NV, with his wife, Betty, and three children and is still in practice. One of the founders of the 9th BG Association, serving as its first president. and currently is on the 20th AF Association Board of Directors.

WILLIAM J. (BILL) CARTER: Born in December 1943 in Omaha, GA, and schooled in Atlanta, GA. Joined the Army Air Force in 1943 and completed gunnery school. In August 1944, assigned to Capt. Dean Fling's crew as the left blister gunner on the B-29 named "God's Will." Flew 27 combat missions with ACs Fling and Bertagnoli. After the war married my high school sweetheart, Phyllis Ewing, and we have had a great family life with two boys and four grandchildren. Graduated from Georgia State University in 1951 and enjoyed a career as a CPA. Became a partner in Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery (now Coopers & Lybrand). Past president of Atlanta Chapter National Association of Accountants and Georgia Society of CPAs. Trustee and president elect of Georgia Society of CPAs when for medical reasons, was compelled to retire early from business in 1970.

WILSON M. CHAPMAN: Born in Newton, MS, on Aug. 28, 1918, and was raised in New Mexico and West Texas. Earned a degree in chemical engineering from Texas Tech, in 1940.,

Accepted by Army Air Force for training in California in August 1941 and commissioned 2nd Lt as a pilot, Mather field, March 1942. Assigned 3rd AF, Heavy Bombardment, Barksdale and MacDill, May 1942, then to new 98th B-24 Group at Ft. Myers, FL. Arrived Middle East, July 1942, with 98th and assigned to 9th AF supporting British 8th Army and later Allied North African invasion. May 1943 reassigned 2nd AF, US training command. April 1944 assigned B-29, 9th BG, for staging and moved to Tinian January 1945. Completed the war as squadron operation officer and had 55 combat missions in both theaters. Married Dottie in 1943 and have two children. Resumed engineering and construction career in 1946, primarily oil refining and chemical plant related. Semi-retired in 1987 but doing consulting and writing some B-24 combat memoirs which have been published in my book "Booster McKeester and Other Expendables."

CHARLES G. CHAUNCEY: Enlisted in Army Air Force in January 1943. Completed basic training at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, MO, and flight training at Santa Ana, CA; Tex Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, CA; Taft, CA; and Marfa, TX. Received wings and commissioned on April 15, 1944. After B-17 training at Roswell, NM, assigned B-29 training at McCook with the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG. Arrived on Tinian in January 1945 and flew as pilot with AC John Fleming's crew for 35 missions, 32 of which were on "Goin' Jesse." This crew was selected and dropped the 2,000,000th ton of bombs for the Air Force on July 9, 1945, on Wakayama, Japan. Married Jayne Elliott and have three children. After leaving service entered family oil field supply business and was owner and operator of the stores with machine shop facilities for 25 years before selling in 1989. Currently serving as a board director of the 9th BG Association.

RAY C. CHRISTENA: Flew four combat missions as a weather observer on crew of AC Wallace N. Durkee and numerous non-combat weather missions.



Graduated with a PhD in physical chemistry from Indiana University. Married my wife, Patricia, the chemistry librarian, in 1947, and we have five children. Worked for my entire career as a polymer research chemist, retiring in 1980. Enjoy watercolor painting as a hobby.

CHARLES L. (CHIP) COLLINS: Born in 1919 in Oldham County, KY. Received private pilot license at age of 16 and joined RCAF in 1941 while awaiting training assignment in U. S. Army Air Force. After training as a fighter pilot, returned to U.S. in 1942. Graduated from Twin Engine Instructor and Instrument Instructor Schools and taught twin engine advance training. Transferred to B17 transition training, Lockbourne Army Air Field, OH, and B-29 training at McCook, NE. As AC, 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, flew 35 missions from Tinian. Graduated from Test Pilots' School, Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, OH, and separated from active duty in November 1947. Appointed to the staff at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1947. Established and operated flight test facility at M.I.T. as senior engineering test pilot for 32 years. Was active in the Air Force Reserve from 1947-1973, retiring after 30 years of commissioned service. Graduate of USAF Air War College; Associate Fellow, Society of Engineering Test Pilots, and has been a member and officer of several aeronautical organizations. Holds current Airline Transport Rating and logged in excess of 15,000 hours in more than 50 types of aircraft including single and multi-engine jet and reciprocators, single and multi-engine jet helicopters, and gliders. Cited by Massachusetts State Senate for lifetime contributions to aviation and the U.S. space program. Married with three daughters. Presently residing in Westford, MA, with wife, Beverly.

DONALD COTNER: Born July 17, 1922, in Wilmar, AR, and raised in Tulsa, OK. Called to active duty as an aviation cadet on May 20, 1943. Married Jean Riesinger from Tulsa on December 4, 1943, in Dwight Chapel, Yale University. Graduated from Aircraft Maintenance Engineering School at Yale and commissioned on March 2, 1944.

Other Air Force Training: Boeing B-29 Factory School, Seattle; B-29 Flight Engineer's School, Lowry Field, Denver. Assigned to the 99th Sqdn, 9th BG, Capt. Harold Feil's lead crew, for training at McCook, NE. Flew in the January 1945 deployment to Tinian with Captain Feil and crew and Crew Chief Al Szarko as passenger on our own B-29 "The Honorable Spy Reports." Flew 33 missions over Japan with crew: 10 with Capt Feil, 4 with Lt Karl Pattison, and 19 with Capt Ted Littlewood. Our first child was born while I was over Tokyo. Separated from service on October 17, 1945. Earned a Bachelor of Architecture Degree and Master of Science in Structural Engineering from Oklahoma State University. Practiced architecture and engineering in Oklahoma, D.C. area, and California. Taught at California State Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo, from 1960 - 1965. Retired from employment as Architect and Engineer from County of Orange, CA, October 1987. Jean and I are health nuts regarding diet and exercise. We combine national and world travel with competition in Masters Track and Field Meets and each won national championships in 1993 and 1994. We visited Tinian in 1993. We are still married. Our progeny includes 3 daughters, 5 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren.

JOHN F. CRAMER, JR.: Born in Milton, OR, on February 26, 1923, and have lived all of my life in Oregon except for the time I spent in the service. I was a navigator on AC Fleming's plane and flew 35 missions. Married Mary M. Cramer and have three children. After WWII I enrolled in Law School at the University of Oregon and received my LLB from there in 1948. I practiced law in Portland for 42 years before retiring in 1990 and have been active in education affairs, having served on the Beaverton School Board for 12 years, and in the environmental movement.

WILLIAM G. CRAPO: Employed by Bell Aircraft on June 4, 1940. Married Lillian on November 22, 1942, and have one daughter. Enlisted February 21, 1944, and flew as right blister gunner on

the crew of AC James Loy. Completed 35 missions over Japan. Discharged December 6, 1945, and returned to Bell Aircraft. Retired January 7, 1983, from Bell Helicopter Textron, Inc.

IRA L. CRIPPS: Joined the aviation cadet program at the age of 17 and active service after graduation from high school in May 1944. Completed gunnery school at Buckingham and training at Clovis, NM. Participated as a right gunner on the crew of AC Edwin Adams in five combat missions from Tinian and four aborts with three landings on Iwo Jima. Re-enlisted and spent two years, 1947 - 1950, as aircraft mechanic in the 13th Air Repair. Married 1950 and have three sons, five grandchildren, and one great grandson. Retired in 1988 after 15 years of employment by Grossman Lumber. Enjoy re-fighting air war on a computer.

FRANCIS CUTHBERTSON: Like all the boys in his rural high school graduating class, he was drafted. Thirteen days before leaving for active duty he and Margie Polzin were married. He participated as CFC gunner on twenty nine B-29 missions. After the war he returned to care for the grandparents who reared him. He became a tool and die maker and later a salesman of small machines. He built his own home, served on the village council for 18 years, and took great delight in his family of three children and two grandchildren. Every year since 1946 he carried the U. S. flag in the Memorial Day parade until his death in 1993.

ALEXANDER (ALEX) CYTRYNOWICZ: Born in 1922 and raised in Mahanoy City, PA. I was 21 years old, working for Naval Ordnance, when in November 1943 I was drafted. After training as a ball turret gunner at Tyndall Field, FL, I was assigned as a right blister gunner to the crew of Capt Alvin Bowers' plane "Ready Teddy." We completed 35 exciting missions, some near fatal ones. I graduated as a civil engineer from Penn State University and retired as Engineering Division Manager from the second largest consulting firm



in Ohio. Married Florence Strause and have three children.

DONALD R. DACIER: Born Oct. 18, 1925, in Marlboro, MA, the youngest of five children of Arthur and Eva Dacier. Attended Marlboro School and enlisted in the Army Air Force in March 1944. After gunnery training at Tyndall Field, FL, assigned as left gunner to Capt Alvin Bowers crew at McCook, NE, October 1944. Arrived on Tinian in January 1945, and flew 35 missions in "Ready Teddy." Credited with shooting down a Japanese fighter on mission over Kobe, June 5th. Discharged in November 1945. Received a BS degree in Biology at Holy Cross College in 1950 and Doctor of Dental Surgery from Georgetown University in 1954. Married Genevive Poore in 1954 and have a son and a daughter. Married Virginia Bolduc in 1987. Practiced dentistry in Hudson, MA, until 1994. Served on Board of Boy Scouts of America, 1968 - 1972. President of Marlboro-Hudson Dental Group 1960 - 1962. In retirement I continue to serve as Vice Chairman, Board of Directors of St. Mary's Credit Union of Marlboro and Chairman of Investment Committee of St. Mary's Credit Union, 1990 - Present.

ARNOLD DAHLE: Assigned to the 9th BG in 1944 and completed 25 missions as pilot on AC Bearden's crew. After discharge from service entered teaching at Elbow Lake MN. During the next eight years, received a Master's Degree at the University of Minnesota. In 1954, moved to Princeton, MN, as principal of the high school and one year later became Superintendent of Schools, remaining in that position for 25 years. I have enjoyed retirement and keep busy in my wood workshop. I feel I have had an interesting life experience, and I will never forget my years in the service.

EDWARD M. DELAHANTY: Born in Detroit, MI, in March 1920 and attended the University of Detroit from 1939 - 1943. Entered cadet program at Yale and graduated as Aircraft Engineering Officer in March 1944. Attended Boeing B-29 Technical School in Seattle

and assigned to Lowry Field, Denver, CO, as Flight Engineer. Joined 9th BG in McCook, NE, and completed 35 missions from Tinian on August 6, 1945. Returned to MI and completed classes to receive a degree in mechanical engineering. Worked at Chrysler on gas turbine propeller engine for Navy. Japanese N-20 jet engine we flew against evaluated by Chrysler for U. S. government. Constructed three locomotive engines for Detroit Zoo. Employed by Ford Motor Company in 1950 and worked in manufacturing and assembly plants. Assigned to South America and then sent to Ford of Australia to head Quality Control. Returned to U. S. in 1966 to Transmission and Chassis Division in MI. Retired in 1980. Jane and I were married in 1944 and are blessed with one son, four daughters, and 13 grandchildren.

JOHN F. DELANEY: Born in Boston, MA, in 1916. Had gunnery training at Buckingham, FL, and was assigned to Capt Hamilton's crew as tail gunner on "Lucky 'Leven." The crew was taken over by 2nd Lt Leroy Bonnicksen. Flew 29 combat missions. On the mission of June 18, 1945, an engine fire set the engine supports on fire, and the plane was trailing pure white sparks while over Japan on a very dark night. After the war, returned home happily to my wife Jeanne. Have a son and a daughter.

DONALD (WALKER) DEPUGH: Born Nov. 22, 1923, at Chillicothe, OH. Worked in Springfield, OH, as a machinist making Norden bombsights in 1942 until inducted into the Army Air Force. Took basic training in Miami Beach; Airplane Mechanics School in Amarillo, TX; and B-29 Electrical School, Chanute Field, IL. Assigned to 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, McCook, NE, in 1944, and arrived on Tinian in Feb. 1944. Worked on line maintenance as a mechanic and electrician on several B-29s. Kept a daily diary and took several pictures with my little 127 Kodak. Departed Tinian, Dec. 14, 1945, with many of our group on the USS Grimes. In 1947 moved to Tucson, AZ, and attended the University of Arizona where I met and married Doris Kundtz on June 1, 1950. We have 2

daughters, 3 sons, and 8 grandchildren. In 1953 entered the real estate and development field, holding a broker's license for 42 years. I am now retired and enjoying my favorite hobbies of big game hunting and fishing. For the past 11 years we have been enjoying our summer home in Pinetop, AZ, during the months of May through August.

RAYMOND B. DOLAN: Born Feb. 13, 1923. Joined the National Guard on July 8, 1940, and Army Air Force on Sept. 11, 1942. Received rating as a glider pilot, liaison pilot and navigator. Served as a navigator instructor, Oct. 44 - 45. Assigned to B-29 crew of Capt Burton Cox and flew as a navigator on 30 combat missions. Met Theresa, an army nurse on Tinian, in August 1945, and became engaged while on Tinian. She was discharged in Feb. 1946, and we were married on May 25, 1946, and have four children. After the war was active in the National Guard and Reserves. Recalled for a year during the Berlin crises. Retired from Reserves in 1982 as a Lt Col. As a civilian associated for 42 years with Equitable Life Assur. Soc..

ROBERT L. DREW: Born in Pembroke, MA, in 1922. Entered active duty in February 1943. Took primary flying at Bennettsville, SC, in Stearmans, basic flying at Shaw Field, SC, and advanced flying at Turner Field, Albany, GA. Graduated and commissioned in August 1944.

B-17 Transition at Sebring, FL; and B-29 Transition at Alamogordo, NM. Assigned to 9th BG on April 28, 1945 and flew all my 16 missions out of Tinian. Our aircraft was severely shot up over Kobe, Japan, on June 5, 1945, and Radar Officer Richard Hughes killed. Forced to crash land on Iwo Jima where Hughes was buried. Transferred to 13th AF, in December 1945 and flew C-47s out of Clark Field, PI. Returned home and graduated as a mechanical engineer at the University of Maine in 1950., Employed as a sales manager for various companies, retiring in 1988.

HAROLD W. DUKE: After leaving high school in 1943, took a one-year farm deferment. Volunteered for the



Army Air Force in 1944. Served as right blister gunner on 25 combat missions over Japan on the crew of AC Archie Nash. Flew in the last combat mission of WW II and in Display of Force over the battleship "Missouri" in Tokyo Bay when the peace treaty was signed. Discharged from service on Dec. 11, 1945. After completing business school, hired as a legal stenographer with the VA Regional Office, Nashville, TN, in the fall of 1946. Transferred in Nov. 1949 as a stenographer to the U. S. Secret Service. Promoted to special agent of the Secret Service in 1955 and worked in offices at Nashville, TN; Atlanta, GA; Washington, DC; and Little Rock, AR. Was Special Agent in charge of the Little Rock office from 1966 - 1976, when retired. Responsibilities with the Secret Service included criminal investigation and protective responsibility of the President of the U.S., Vice President, former presidents, major presidential candidates, foreign heads of state, and other dignitaries. During career protected Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and VP's under those administrations, and Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan before they became president. Retired from U.S.S.S. on Feb. 21, 1976. Married Justine Hope on Feb. 21, 1953. Had three sons, one daughter, and four grandchildren. After retirement, worked for two national retail stores in electronic sales. Enjoy deer hunting, walking, gardening, and traveling.

DONALD F. DWYER: Born Jan. 3, 1923, in New York City. Was inducted, Feb. 23, 1943, in Newark, NJ, and graduated from Bombardier School at Midland, TX, June 10, 1944. Assigned to the 9th BG, 1st Sqdn, McCook, NE, and flew 28 missions on lead crew off Tinian. Married in 1956 to Marion Kern in New Providence, NJ. We have three children and five grandchildren. Retired after 35 years in sales.

BURTON DYER: Born in 1925 at Barbourville, KY. After completing school, worked about nine months as an aircraft mechanic at Wright Patterson Field, Dayton, OH. Volunteered for air cadet training in 1943. Received gun-

nery training at Las Vegas, NV, and assigned to the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, at Dalhart, TX. Assigned to 1st Sqdn as right gunner on Rogan's crew. Langdon, my twin, was assigned as the left gunner. Flew 33 missions. After returning home, I enrolled in college and married my childhood sweetheart. Graduated from college in 1949. Had 32 years of service as a civilian technical specialist with the Air Force and other agencies of the Department of Defense. One of my most enjoyable experiences in my early career was in the identifying and preparing of item descriptions for components of the B-29 gunnery system. I enjoy my family life with my wife, Fran, three children, and four grandchildren.

LANGDON DYER: Born in 1925 at Barbourville, KY. Worked about nine months as an aircraft mechanic at Wright Patterson Field, Dayton, OH. Volunteered for air cadet training in 1943. Received gunnery training at Las Vegas, NV, and assigned to the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, Dalhart, TX, in April 1944. At McCook, NE, assigned to Rogan's crew as left gunner. My identical twin, Burton, was assigned as right gunner; flew 33 missions. After returning home, enrolled in college, graduated, and married in 1950. In addition to my wife and three children, have six grandchildren. Spent several years in the Army Reserve with the Kentucky National Guard. I was placed in the retired reserve with the rank of captain. I had 30 years of Federal Civil Service with the Social Security Administration in district offices and became an assistant district manager and a branch office manager.

ROBERT F. EICK: Assigned to the 9th BG in 1943 on a ground crew in technical inspection. Discharged on Christmas Day, 1945, and a week later was hired as a senior aircraft and power plant mechanic for an air cargo outfit at Newark Airport, NJ. Shortly thereafter, I became a flight engineer on corporate aircraft. We flew DC-3s, Lockheed Lodestars, Jetstars, Allison Convairs, and Gulfstream IIs and IIIs. The Gulfstream was the C-20A. Became a pilot and served a stint as Commander of my local

VFW Post and on the executive committee of my local American Legion post. Retired in 1988.

JAMES M. ELLIS: Born Aug. 20, 1924, in Louisville, MS. Attended Mississippi State University before entering basic training in April 1943 at Biloxi, MS. Had cadet training at Quachita College, Arkadelphia, AR. Graduated from Bombardier School, Midland, TX, in June 1944 and had B-29 training at McCook, NE, August 1944 to January 1945. Completed 35 combat missions from Tinian on B-29 "Indiana" with AC Capt Howard Thimlar. Discharged in October 1945. Employed by Taylor Machine Works, which manufactures heavy industrial equipment, in Louisville, MS. At the time of his death in March 1983, was Director of Production Planning and Controls and Administrative Assistant to the President. He is survived by his wife Margaret, two sons and their wives, and five grandchildren.

BEEMAN E. EMMONS: Born in Clayton, TX, October 16, 1916, and educated in schools in Warren, Melrose, Nacogdoches, Houston, and Port Arthur. After graduation from a business college in Port Arthur, was employed by Texaco until entering military service in March 1942. After completing flight and instructor school and training with 9th BG at McCook, served as AC for 35 missions from Tinian. Finished missions on August 6. Employed by Texaco until December 29, 1978.

JACKSON T. FAHL: Born in Tennessee in 1921 and graduated from high school in 1941. Entered Army Air Force in June 1942, had preflight at Santa Ana, CA; Bombardier school at Deming, NM; and navigation school at Monroe, LA. Served as an instructor in Deming until 1944 and after a short stay at Langley Field, VA, and Alamogordo, NM, arrived on Tinian in April 1945. Participated as bombardier on 11 combat missions on the crew of AC W. R. Heath. After WW II was employed as a salesman for the Crane Co. in Albuquerque, NM, for several years. For the remainder of my career I was involved in the insurance busi-



ness in Albuquerque and Tucson until 1986 when I retired and bought a wholesale furniture business, which my wife still operates.

MORRIS FEIL: After graduation from Cornell University, entered army in Nov. 1942. Joined 1st Bomb Sqdn, 9th BG, in Dalhart, TX, in April 1944 from Lincoln AB. Served in Dalhart, TX; McCook, NE; and Tinian. Discharged Dec. 30, 1945. Married to Phyllis on June 20, 1948, and have two sons. Was Vice President for Sales for a paper converter in New York for 20 years. Retired in July 1991. Have lived in Westbury, NY, for over 36 years and also have a home in Boynton Beach, FL.

WILLIAM FELDMANN (Bill, the Gasser): Born in 1924 and raised in St. Louis, MO. Drafted into the army on March 17, 1943, and took basic training at Keesler Field, MS. Completed Truck Driver School at Ft. Warren, Cheyenne, WY; Gunnery School at Hill Field, Ogden, UT; Refueling School at Pratt, KS; and on to McCook, NE. Refueled B-17s, B-24s, and B-29s. Arrived on Tinian by ship and attached to the 99th Sqdn, 9th BG as a refueling operator on Dec. 28, 1944. Spent a year refueling B-29s and had occasion to refuel the "Enola Gay" and other planes of the 509th BG before their refuelers arrived on Tinian. Left Tinian on Nov. 22, 1945, and was discharged on Dec. 30, 1945. Employed by the Federal Government at the St. Louis Lincoln Ordinance Depot; Granite City, IL, Army Depot; and Tooele Army Depot, UT, until retirement in 1980 with 37 years federal service. Had a painting and decorating business until 1992, retiring in Tooele. Married Mary Jean Poorman in 1948, have two sons, and four grandchildren. Enjoy fishing, spending winters at Lake Havasu, AZ, rock and gem clubs, line dancing, and finding more members of our 9th BG. Am a local museum member, senior citizens volunteer, and a member of Vet's organizations including the Enola Gay Committee.

WILLIAM R. FLAHERTY: Entered cadet program in December 1942. Basic training, 22nd College Training

Detachment; Classification: Pre-flight, Gunnery, and Bombardier School at Deming, NM. B-29 crew training, McCook, NE, August 1944 through February 1945; Tinian, February 1945 through July 1945. Flew 35 missions and discharged in August 1945. Recalled in September 1951 with B-26 training at Mather Field, CA, and Langley Field, VA. Arrived in Pusan, Korea, in March 1952 and flew 55 missions, the highlight of which was destroying train near Wonson Harbor. Returned home in July 1952, married, and assigned to Forbes AFB, Topeka, KS, as bombardier/navigator instructor. Separated from service in 1953 and retired as a major in the Reserves in 1968.

DEAN A. FLING: Flew 22 combat missions. Completed tour on Tinian as Group Operations Officer after VJ Day, primarily air lifted supplies to POW camps in Korea and China. Remained in service and in 1947 received a regular commission at Dayton, OH. Sent to University of IL for graduate training, receiving MA in 1949. Then to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia; Pentagon; Williams AFB, AZ; Big Spring, TX; Misawa and Fuchu, Japan, where was promoted to full colonel. Thence Maxwell AFB, Kansas City, and Sioux City, IA. Retired in 1967 to take a position with the Burroughs Corporation as Director of Vocational Training of the Omaha Women's Job Corps Center. When the center closed worked with University of NE at Omaha. Moved to Austin, TX, so wife could accept a graduate fellowship in math teacher training. Employed by University of Texas until 1975 when I left to go into real estate. Became realtor with Fling Realty until retiring in 1990. Enjoy traveling the world, golfing, and attending 9th BG reunions.

HARRY B. FRANZ, JR.: Entered active duty at Mead, MD, March 22, 1943, and completed basic training at Kearns, UT. Trained in several mechanical schools, failed cadet aviation training because of color blindness, completed aerial gunnery training and B-29 crew training. Was assigned to Tinian, August, 1945, as a gunner on AC Virgil

M. Steven's crew. Participated in two POW drops—Kobe, Japan, and Shanghai, China. Discharged from service on Feb. 24, 1946.

ROBERT F. GERTENBACH: Born in New York City, Feb. 26, 1923. Participated in 29 combat missions as a bombardier, some with AC Wilson Chapman, most with AC William Wienert. Our most harrowing experience was an engine fire on a night mining mission over Niigata, Japan. Married to Carol (nee Roberts) - second marriage; and first marriage to Arlene Turney, mother of my two children. Have one grandchild. After completing a BBA at the College of the City of New York and a JD from the School of Law, Fordham University, had a career in accounting (CPA in NY and NJ), law (Attorney in NY), and marketing. Was president of a corporation that provided funding for scientific/medical research. Retired Dec. 1992. Currently, taking philosophy courses at Felician College.

DORIS E. GIBSON: Born in 1921 on a farm in Henderson County, KY. Graduated from high school in 1938 and continued to reside on the farm until WW II. Due to my interest in radio, entered a radio and radar training school operated by the Signal Corps in Lexington, KY, in 1942. Entered the Army Signal Corps in 1943 and attended radar school at Robins Field, GA. Transferred to the Air Force in 1944 and attended Radar School at BOCA Raton Field, FL. Assigned to 5th Sqdn at McCook in Oct. 1944 and to Tinian in Nov. 1944 as a ground crew radar mechanic. After discharge in Jan. 1946, followed a career in radio broadcasting engineering. Retired from the Voice of America as broadcast engineer in 1984 in Mason, OH. Married to Dorothy Given since 1949, have three children and four grandchildren.

JOHN E. GINNELLY: Born Jan. 11, 1922, in Syracuse, NY. Due to abandonment by mother, placed in an orphanage until age of 16. At 18 joined the National Guard, which was federalized in Oct. 1940. Shipped to California and



Hawaii. Took test for Air Corps, returned to the states, and completed Armorer School. Assigned to the 99th Bomb Sqdn for training in Nebraska and transferred to Tinian in 1944. Was on Tinian when the "Enola Gay" took off for Hiroshima. Discharged from service at Ft. Dix, NJ, in Nov. 1945. Married Shirley Reilly, Oct. 30, 1946, have two daughters, one son, and five grandchildren. Worked as a postal clerk in Syracuse, NY, until retirement in 1978.

EDWARD F. GRANT: Trained with the 9th BG at McCook as a member of the 99th Bomb Sqdn. Transferred with the 99th to Herington, KS, and assigned an aircraft. The night before we were scheduled to leave for California, I had an attack of appendicitis and an appendectomy. Although I was assured that I would join the 9th BG after recovery, my crew and I were assigned to the 869th Bomb Sqdn, 497th BG, on Saipan. May have flown in formation with some of my former associates on one occasion when formation broke up during bad weather and then reformed with aircraft from Tinian.

ROBERT J. (JACK) GREGORY: Born in 1924 in Edgewood, TX. Drafted in the summer of 1943 into the Army Air Force. After basic training at Wichita Falls, TX, and attending mechanical school at Amarillo, TX, and the Boeing plant in Seattle, WA, joined the 9th BG at McCook in May 1944. Left McCook for a 30-day cruise to Tinian in November 1944, arriving two days after Christmas. Served on the ground crew of "T N Teeny" and "Big Dick." After spending my second Christmas on the high seas, returned to the U. S. in December and was discharged on January 22, 1946, at Ft. Sam Houston, TX. Married Ruby Miller on August 31, 1946, and we have two children and five grandsons. Received BBA and MBA degrees in accounting from Southern Methodist University and Texas A & I. After 36 years with Exxon Oil and Refining Company, retired in 1986 as Senior Financial Analyst for the Corpus Christi District. My hobbies are tennis and jogging. Also, I do tax work a portion of the year for H &

R Block.

WILBURNE C. GROMATSKY: (from obituary). Born June 19, 1924, in Pottsville, TX. Served in WW II and Korea. Flew 26 missions over Japan and three missions in B-24 with 55th Long Range Weather Reconnaissance Sqdn stationed on Guam. Married Helen F. Thorton of Pottsville and had three sons and five grandchildren. Graduated from Southern Methodist University in 1947 with a BS degree in civil engineering. Employed by the Texas State Department of Highways and Public Transportation and retired in 1987 as District Administrative Engineer. Died at age of 70 on January 27, 1995.

RICHARD (DICK) GROVE: Born in 1925 at Tulsa, OK, and graduated from high school in 1943. Completed one semester at the University of Tulsa before being called off Army Air Force Reserve in January 1944. Took basic at Wichita Falls, TX, and assigned to Blytheville Air Field, AR. Graduated from radio school at Scott Field, IL, and assigned to Hal Lassman's crew at Clovis Air Field, NM. Picked up new beautiful B-29 at Kearney Air Field and flew to Tinian, arriving in June 1945. Crew was assigned "The Kristy Ann" aircraft and completed 13 combat missions. Iwo Jima looked good twice on the return from the empire. We certainly didn't need any more Yawata targets! Returned stateside under "Sunset Project" as radioman with Capt Wallace Durkee's crew. Discharged in February 1946. Returned to Tulsa and married my high school sweetheart, Kathleen McGuire. Received BS and MS degrees in petroleum engineering from the University of Tulsa. Spent 33 years with Marathon-Ohio Oil Company in engineering and management, retiring in 1983. We were well traveled during this period and owned homes in Wyoming, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Oklahoma, Alaska, and Arkansas, and returned home to the Tulsa area. Our family has two sons, six grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

FRANCIS T. GULLING: Born in 1924 in Maximo, OH, and graduated from high school in 1943. Drafted into

the Air Force in November 1943. After basic training attended gunnery school at Kingman, AZ, sent to several bases before McCook in June 1944 and Pyote, TX, in September 1944. Assigned to the 9th BG in March 1945 and flew as a left scanner on 27 combat missions from Tinian on the crews of Capt B. D. Hamilton, Lt. C. Davis, and Lt. H. Peterson. We flew "Lucky 'Leven" on most of our missions and had a few close calls, one being when the propeller flew off. After earning degrees in education at St. Mary College and Kent State University, taught for 26 years. Married Julia Aownd in 1958, and we were blessed with two sons and a daughter. She died in 1982. Am now married to the former Ruth McDonald, and we reside in Louisville, OH.

JOHN H. HOBAUGH: Born on Feb. 13, 1918, in Chester, PA, and graduated from high school in Feb. 1936. Enrolled in Penn State College in 1940 and enlisted in the Army Air Force in Nov. 1941. Graduated from pilot training school in July 1942. Flew 33 combat missions as AC of B-29 "Nip Nemesis." Remained in service until retirement in Nov. 1970.

HERBERT W. HOBLER: Born in St. Louis, MO, Sept. 25, 1922. Entered Air Force from Princeton University Class of 1944 on Feb. 28, 1943, at Atlantic City. He trained at Michigan State College, Santa Ana; Las Vegas Gunnery School; Hondo TX, navigation; Boca Raton FL., radar; McCook, NE, B-29 training; 9th BG, Tinian, arrived Jan. 28, 1945. Navigator on crew of AC Lloyd Welken and flew 11 combat missions. Discharged in Sept. 1945. His career in broadcasting included employment with NBC-TV and CBS-TV; Production Head of Videotape Production of NY, Vice President of the Tele Prompter Corporation; and founder and owner of Nassau Broadcasting Company for 25 years (stations and cable). He is chairman of the American Boy Choir School and President of the 9th BG Association from 1987 to the present. Is an inveterate walker



and enjoys backgammon, golf. Married and has four children and ten grandchildren. Lives in Princeton, NJ.

CARLETON M. HOLDEN: Graduated from high school in 1942 and after one year in engineering school at Northeastern University joined Army Air Force in May 1943. Trained to fly at East Coast Training Command receiving wings in Aug. 1944. Went to B-17 transition and B-29 training in Alamogordo, NM. Arrived on Tinian, Apr. 29, 1945. Flew 16 missions as a pilot on crew of AC George Keller. Discharged in Feb. 1946 and returned to Northeastern University. Married in 1948 and graduated in 1950 with two children and a BS in Electrical Engineering. Spent most of my working life as a sales engineer in the lighting industry except for six years as a funeral director, 1975 - 1981. Retired in 1991 as a manufacturer's representative. Currently have three children and eight grandchildren., Son Reed recently purchased a plane so I fly with him occasionally. Look forward to reunions and speak at high school for the VA in a POW program.

ROBERT V. HUNT: Born July 18, 1924, at Council Bluffs, IA, and raised on a farm near Glenwood, IA. After graduating from Glenwood High School in 1941, worked in Oregon Shipyards, Portland, OR, and drafted in May 1943. Had basic training at the Amarillo Army Air Base, Amarillo, Texas; Radio School, Sioux Falls Army Air Field, Sioux Falls, SD; Electronics School, Madison, WI, and Radar Mechanic School, Boca Raton, Fl. Assigned to 99th Sqdn, 9th BG, McCook, in July 1944 as a radar mechanic and to Tinian in Feb. 1945. Discharged in Jan. 1946. Married Lila L. Johnson Sept 1, 1946, and have three children. Worked in sales in Iowa until 1957 when we moved to Denver, CO, where I joined Sears-Roebuck & Co. and worked for them until retirement in 1989. Member and active in the Riverside Baptist Church. Hobbies are golf, genealogy, and computer.

WENDELL W. HUTCHISON: Born in Anderson, IA, on June 23, 1920.

Graduated from high school in 1937, and attended Peru State College, Peru, NE, 1937 - 1940. Earned a private pilot's license through College Civilian Pilot Training Program in 1940. Entered Army Air Corps on Mar. 13, 1941, as a flying cadet. Trained in Corsicana, TX; Randolph Field, TX; and Brooks Field, TX; and commissioned as a 2nd Lt, Oct. 31, 1941. Married on April 1, 1942, and had four sons. Instructed in B-24s for two year before getting into B-29s. Trained at McCook and assigned to Tinian in Feb. 1945. Completed 35 missions over Japan in August 1945. Returned to the States and assigned to Chanute AFB, IL, from Dec. 1945 until July 1950 except for five months with UN Advanced Hq in Haifa, Israel. Other assignments included six months in Korea and three years in Japan; Air Command and Staff School, Maxwell AFB, Alabama; AF ROTC program at Oklahoma A & M, where he also earned a BS degree in off duty time; and Base Deputy Commander for Operations at Fairchild AFB. An old back injury forced his grounding as a pilot; and he retired on August 23, 1961, with a partial medical retirement. His wife died in 1970. His civilian career included a business partnership with an older brother, managing a supper club, and managing an Elks Club. Retired and enjoys golf and traveling.

JOHN R. JEWETT (JACK): Born in Niagara Falls, NY March 14, 1921.. Enlisted in the Reserve Army Air Force in 1942 and continued college education at Ohio University following two years at Purdue. Called to active duty in May 1943 to OCS at Boca Raton, FL. Assigned to engineering training at Yale University in August 1943, volunteered in B-29 flight engineering and commissioned in Feb. 1944. Trained at Boeing Factory School; Lowry Field, CO; McCook, NE; and Herington, KS. Assigned to 9th BG, 99th Sqdn, Tinian, January 1945. Flew seven missions, one to Japan. On return flight from mission to Tokyo on March 10, 1945, plane was forced to ditch in rough seas near Pajoris, a volcanic island. Nine of the crew that survived were rescued from the island by the Navy after one and a half days. Flew

on a crew returning airmen to the US in late Nov. 1945 and was discharged in Dec. 1945. Married at Yale in 1944 and have four children. Joined Kimberly Clark Corp. in 1946; employed 34 years as an industrial engineer and accountant at Niagara Falls Mill, and New Milford (CT) Mill. Retired from CT Mill and enjoying retirement since 1981 with frequent travels around the country.

ORVAL H. KAISER: Born in New Athens, IL, on June 9, 1925. Drafted in Belleville, IL, in October 1943. Military locations/stations: Fort Sheridan, IL; Jefferson Barracks, MO; Perrin, TX; Clovis, NM, University of Alabama; Panama City, FL; McCook, NE, Herington, KS; Tinian in January with the 9th BG; Mojave, CA; back to Tinian, then San Pedro, CA. Served as a radar operator. Discharged in December 1945 and recalled in May 1951 until August 1952. Married Ruth and have two daughters and five grandchildren. Received a BA degree in Business Administration from Washington University. I was a certified internal auditor and retired in 1986 from the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

JAMES H. KASLER: Born May 2, 1926, in Southbend, IN, and graduated from Shortridge High School in Indianapolis. Served a two-year enlistment in the Army Air Force as a B-29 gunner on the Winifred Heath crew from May 1944 to May 1946 and saw combat over Japan. Attended Butler University in Indianapolis for three years. Entered Air Force Pilot training Program in January 1950 and received wings and commission in March 1951 at Williams AFB, Arizona. Had gunnery training in the F-84 at Luke AFB, AZ, in 1951. Flew 100 combat missions in Korea and became an ace with six MIG 15s destroyed. Returned to states in 1952 and assigned to Nellis AFB, NV. Reassigned to Turner AFB, GA, in 1957, Seymour Johnson AFB in 1963, and Bitburg AB, Germany. Received BS Degree from University of Nebraska, Omaha in 1963. Assigned to Southeast Asia in February 1966 as the Operations Officer of the 354th Tactical Fighter Sqdn at Takhi Royal Thai Air Base, Thailand. While flying his 91st



combat mission his F-105 Thunderchief was shot down over North Vietnam on August 8, 1966. Captured and interned by the North Vietnamese until his release on March 4, 1973. Attended the Air War College at Maxwell AFB, Alabama. Assumed position of Vice Commander, 366th Tactical Fighter Wing, Mountain Home AFB, Idaho in July 1974 until retirement from active duty May 1, 1975. Since retirement has operated his own golf course in Momence, IL.

ROBERT B. KATZ: Born in Albuquerque, NM, in 1918. Graduated from the University of NM and the College of Dentistry of Southern California in 1941. Practiced dentistry in Albuquerque until drafted. Trained with B-17 crew at Dalhart, TX, and assigned as Dental Surgeon, 9th BG. Transferred to McCook and Tinian. After war ended was one of the regulars to remain, close down Tinian, and transferred to Clark Field, PI, to become part of 13th AF. After discharge returned to dental practice in Albuquerque. Married Polly Dreyfus of Ponca City, OK, in 1947 and had two children and one granddaughter. Raised and showed a lot of dogs, had a few horses and generally enjoyed life in New Mexico. Polly died in 1979, and five years later after retirement I met Rose Karsh, a widow living in CO. Married Rose and settled in CO.

RALPH L. KENDRICK: Born Nov. 4, 1924, In Rockford, IL. Received high school education in Peoria, IL. Entered service in April 1943 at Camp Grant, IL, and completed basic training at Keesler Field, MS. Transferred to their technical school and to B-24 school in San Diego, CA. Assigned to the 9th BG in Dalhart, TX, and transferred to McCook, NE. Married Betty MacDonald in June 1944 in McCook. Arrived on Tinian in February 1945 and assigned to the ground crew for the "Big Wheel," which was lost after seven missions. Assigned to ground crew of the "Judy Ann," which flew 35 missions. I flew with Lt. French's crew on the last mission of the 9th BG, a cover mission for the occupation of South Korea on September 19, 1945. After the war I worked

as a mechanical engineer in the manufacturing of high technology electronics in the U. S., Korea, and Mexico. Betty and I have four children.

JOHN R. KERR: Born near Lima, OH, 1917, and graduated from Harrod High School in 1935. Married Arnita in 1942 and drafted into the army Nov. 10, 1943. While in basic training volunteered for the Army Air Force and completed gunnery school. Assigned to Robert Klemme's crew in McCook as left gunner on the "Umbriago." Flew 35 missions. Discharged from service in 1945 and returned to employment at Lima Westinghouse Aerospace Division. Graduated with a MBA Degree. At Westinghouse worked on the electrical system as an engineer for the Apollo Spacecraft that placed the first man on the moon. Retired in 1981, worked as a consultant for five years, and am now enjoying traveling and golf. My wife has been very supportive in my endeavors and has helped put our two children through college.

JOSEPH F. KISH: Born in 1922 in Cleveland, OH, moved to Hammond, IN, in 1924 and completed high school in 1940. Volunteered for the Army Air Corps in January 1941 and completed Air Corps mechanics school at Barksdale Field. Transferred to Kirtland Field in Albuquerque, NM, in 1942 and in 1944 to Flight Engineer School in Denver, CO. Assigned to McCook, as flight engineer on B. E. Cox's crew. Flew all my missions on #26, "Cox's Army." Discharged from service in Nov. 1945. Married Irene Hrycak while stationed in Albuquerque in 1944 and had two daughters. Irene died in 1947, and married Marcella in 1948. Live in Schererville, IN.

JOHN A. KRAFT: Enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1942 and completed a mechanics course at San Angelo, becoming a crew chief on an AT-11 Bombardier Trainer. Volunteered for cadets in 1943, sent to Coe College for academic refresher courses, and graduated from San Marcos Navigation School in 1944. Arrived on Tinian in April 1945 and flew 23 combat missions. Discharged in 1946

and entered Spencerian Business College, graduating in 1948 with a degree in Business Administration. Employed by Allis Chalmers Corporation in 1948 and worked there 39 years holding positions in purchasing, contract administration, and accounting. Married Claudia Knoll of Hague, ND, July 11, 1953, and have three sons, one daughter, and five grandchildren.

LESTER J. KREBILL: Born and grew up in Huntington Park, CA. Entered reserves in Dec. 1942 and active duty in Aug. 1943. Had basic training at Miami Beach, FL, and completed radar school at Camp Murphy, FL, and Boca Raton, FL, and assigned to a ground crew of 9th BG. Received a degree in electrical engineering from the University of Southern California in 1950. From 1950 to 1968 employed as an electronic engineer at Bendix, North Hollywood, CA, in conceptual design and development of sonar equipment including PE on computer of acoustic torpedo MK 46. In 1967 did a special study for SAC including two weeks on Eniwetok. From 1968 to 1987 employed by NOSC, San Diego, CA, in conceptual design and procurement of sonars and related underwater acoustic equipment. Retired in 1987 and have enjoyed traveling in Europe.

PAUL A. LANDOLT: Red Cross Field Director on Tinian until April 1946. Returned to Lincoln, NE, enrolled at University of Nebraska, received an MS Degree in Physiology in 1951, and a PhD Degree in 1960. Taught biological science and was assistant football coach in Scottsbluff, NE, 1946 - 1953. Employed by University of Nebraska, 1953 - 1977, retiring as a full professor. Authored a Physiology-Anatomy textbook and honored with several Outstanding Professor awards and Distinguished Service Award. He has been married 59 years to his wife Lillian, and they have one daughter and three grandchildren. Both he and his wife are active in volunteer work.

ARTHUR P. LANFORD: Entered the Army Air Force, June 19, 1942. Served on a ground crew in B-29 main-



tenance on Tinian and discharged in December 1945. Has been married to his wife, Alice Ann, for 48 years, and they have two sons, two daughters, and twelve grandchildren. Since military service they have lived in Panama City, FL. Art retired as Superintendent of the County Maintenance Department.

JACKSON (JACK) F. LEE: As a civilian was Air Traffic Controller at Kansas City Municipal Airport. When inducted was assigned to Army Air Force Flight Control Command and spent time in Winston-Salem, NC; Atlanta Region and Kansas City Center; and then assigned to newly formed 20th AF Flight Control Center on Saipan (If you called "Room Service" off "Anna" (Annatahan) for landing information on returning from a mission, that was us.). When the war was over, assigned to 313th, then to the 9th BG in Nov. 1945. Transferred to Clark, PI, with the first contingent and was with the 9th BG until July 1946 when sent home for release from AD. Remained in Reserves until retirement in 1975. Most of my career was in broadcasting and advertising with some politics mixed in—Mayor of Fayetteville, NC, for 4 1/2 years, and Chairman of the NC Republican Party for 4 years. Now semi-retired.

GLENN H. LEECH: Born Sept. 23, 1913, to a pioneer family of Shackelford County, TX. Graduated from Albany schools and spent life as a cowboy on West Texas ranches. Volunteered for service in US Army Air Force on Feb. 14, 1942, and received basic training in Lubbock, TX; Flight School in Denver, CO; and final training and assignment at McCook, NE. As engineer on a B-29, became part of a crew that was sent to Tinian where we completed 35 combat missions over Japan. Our crew stayed together and flew the same plane, "Darling Donna III," through it all. Returned home to Albany, TX, in Oct. 1945, married Grace Gillean, and settled in on my own ranch where I still live. Life has been good to me, and we have three children, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

DAVID J. LEMAL: Born in Rockledge, PA, in 1921. Employed as a tool and die maker at the beginning of WW II. Entered the service on Oct. 8, 1943, and assigned to aviation cadet training at Birmingham Southern University. When this program was terminated at the convenience of the government, trained as aerial gunner at Laredo, TX, and Buckingham Field, FL. Trained at Clovis, NM, on Capt Vander-Schans crew as a tail gunner, joined the 9th BG on Tinian, and flew 22 missions. After the war married Eileen and have one child and two grandchildren. Retired as Plant Layout Engineer with SPS Technologies.

EUGENE M. LUKENS: Graduated from Bombardier School, Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, NM, in Dec. 1944, and assigned to replacement crew of AC Marcus Humphrey, arriving on Tinian in April 1945. Participated in three combat missions as a radar operator. Assigned to Clark Field, PI, in Nov. 1945, and discharged in Sept. 1946. Entered Washington State University in Oct. 1946 and graduated in dentistry from the University of Washington in June 1954. Practiced dentistry for 33 years, retiring in 1987. Enjoy hunting, fishing, skiing, golf, and travel. Work part time as a travel agent.

WILLIAM T. MATTINGLY, SR.: Born on July 1, 1921, in Blackford, KY, and drafted on July 25, 1942. After eight months in army training at Camp Swift, Austin, TX, and Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, TX, transferred to the Air Force and spent several months in training as a pilot at San Antonio and Chickasha, OK. Trained in airplane mechanics at Amarillo, TX, and as a B-29 crew chief at the Boeing Factory School in Seattle, WA, and McCook. After completing this training, transferred to Tinian and was responsible for maintenance of the plane "Sweet Sue." Discharged on November 26, 1945, with the rank of staff sergeant. Married Geneva Morrow in 1946 and have three children. Spent 31 years as a rural letter carrier in Clay, KY, retired in February, 1980, and am currently farming in Crittenden County, KY.

GEORGE H. MATVICHUK: Assigned to 9th BG in 1944 and served as a radar mechanic in the 5th Sqdn. One of his most notable experiences was working on radar maintenance on the "Enola Gay" and the "Great Artiste." After the war he was employed by Sandia National Laboratories and the University of New Mexico.

CHARLES L. R. McCLURE: Born May 3, 1925, in Amsterdam, NY. Entered Army Air Force April 28, 1943. Graduated from Advanced Twin Engine Pilot School, Moody AFB on August 4, 1944 (Class 44-G). Trained in B-17s at Hendricks Field, B-29 Transition at Maxwell Field, and B-29 Phase Training at Davis Monthan Field on the crew of Major Countryman. Picked up a new plane at Topeka and flew to Tinian in May, 1945. Flew 14 missions when crew was sent to Lead Crew School at Muroc with Capt. Richard T. Schlosberg as commander. Since the war ended, we did not have to return to Tinian. Remained in the Air Force Reserve and retired with rank of LTC. Attended Purdue University for two years and then graduated from University of Southern California, where I was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa. Married Rosadel in 1969 and have two sons. Retired in 1993 after about 40 years of teaching math, but still work occasionally. Hope to do some traveling.

RICHARD R. McCREADY: Life began in Valley City, ND, in 1924. I enlisted in the Army Air Force in Nov. 1943, as a cadet with aspirations to be a flying demon. Since the office ranks with contingent perks quickly filled, I wound up with 15,000 other aspiring cadets at Goldsboro, NC, ready for trans-shipment to Jolly Old England and an unknown career opportunity. Fortunately, I was among a small group pulled from the 15,000 to become electronic gunners on the recently developed B-29 Superfortress. After a transfer to Clovis, NM, I was assigned to the 5th Sqdn at McCook. I became the tail gunner on Maurice Ashland's crew and fortunate to complete 35 missions over the Japanese Empire without a single air abort. Since the war I have been married to my lovely wife



for 46 years, and with good karma, Ardis and I will celebrate many more anniversaries. Professionally, my career includes completion of a B.S.; M.A.; and a Doctorate in Business. This led to an academic career culminating with 20 years at Arizona State University. I have had the privilege of authoring eight textbooks while enjoying a life with young people and all the other good things that go with academia.

LAWRENCE C. McDANIEL, JR.: Assigned to the 9th BG in Feb., 1945 and served as radio operator on the crew of AC Carl Hopkins. Graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 1943 and University of Baltimore in 1950. My major work experience has been in journalism and public relations. This included employment as a reporter for the "Baltimore Evening and Morning Sun," reporter and columnist for "Baltimore News-American," and managing editor for eight weekly and two monthly newspapers for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune chain. Public relations involved employment as a press secretary, speech writer, and public information officer for several Maryland departments of government. At present I am a public relations consultant and editor of manuscripts for authors of books and other publications. Married and have three children.

DESMOND McGLONE: Enlisted in the Army Air Force Cadet Program in September, 1942, and called to active duty, March, 1943. Pre-flight at Maxwell Field, Cadet Class 43-K, basic training at Lakeland, FL, reassigned to A & E School at Amarillo Army Air Field, Amarillo, TX, and completed school in January, 1944. Assigned to B-29 A & E School, Boeing Air Field, Seattle, WA. Upon graduation was assigned to 9th BG, 99th Sqdn, McCook. Spent 13 months on Tinian, ground crew of "Daring Donna III." Discharged on January 3, 1946. Returned to former position as Analytical Chemist with Universal Cyclics Steel. Retired in January 1982, after 45 years service. Married on May 1, 1948, to Helen E., have five great children, and eight grandchildren. We are enjoying our retirement.

JAMES K. McKAY, JR.: Born April 3, 1917, in Galveston, TX. My family moved to Waco, TX, when I was three years old, and I graduated from Waco High School in 1934. After I graduated from Texas University in Austin, TX, with a degree in Business Administration, I started a Fire and Casualty Insurance business. When the war broke out, I applied as an aviation cadet and was honorably discharged from military service by reason of: "to accept commission as 2nd Lt." in Midland, TX, on November 25, 1942. After I became Group Bombardier, I was assigned to the 9th BG. While in training I was stationed at Mount Brook Air Base, Brooksville, FL, where I met my wife; Orlando, FL; Dalhart, TX; and McCook, NE; Herington, KS, and then to Tinian for active duty on November 26, 1944. After the war ended I was discharged from the service as Staff Bombardier, with the rank of major. I went back into the insurance business continuing to work until my retirement in 1992. I married Mary Huebner, a Florida girl, and have one daughter, one granddaughter, and three great grandchildren.

GERALD W. McVEY: Born in Wisconsin in 1917 and grew up and helped with the family restaurant in Winona, MN. Attended Teachers College until 1939, and then employed by Douglas Aircraft in California in construction and experimental departments. I was an engine and flight line mechanic with RAF Flight School until becoming an instructor with AAF Mechanic School in Los Angeles. Joined 9th BG, 99th Sqdn, at McCook in 1944. After Tinian and the end of WW II, I was again employed by the family restaurant, and we added ice cream manufacturing. Retired in 1984. I am married, and we have two children.

GEORGE F. MELLORS: Born May 18, 1921, in Latrobe, PA. Attended Indiana State Teachers College in Pennsylvania and inducted in Greensburg, PA, Dec. 28, 1942. Assigned to Ft. Knox, KY, then transferred to Army Air Force on July 27, 1943. After basic training in Greensboro, NC, assigned to the 60th College Training Detachment at the Uni-

versity of Pittsburgh. Attended service schools at Buckley and Lowry Fields, Denver, CO, and received air crew training at McCook. Assigned to the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, 313th Wing, as a B-29 CFC gunner. Arrived on Tinian on Feb., 1945, completed 35 missions by Aug. 6, 1945, and discharged with the rank of T/Sgt Oct. 22, 1945. Married Mildred Carroll, and they have three daughters and two sons. Enlisted in the Pennsylvania National Guard on Jan. 18, 1948 and discharged July 7, 1952. Business career in civil engineering, retiring in 1983.

ALVIN L. MILLER: Born Nov. 11, 1919, in Jersey City, NJ, and entered the Air Force in 1942. Remained in the Air Force through the Korean War and retired from the Reserves as a major. Had B-17 training at Lockbourne, OH, and B-29 training at McCook. Assigned to the 9th BG and was pilot on the "Nip Nemesis," flying 33 missions. His last mission was to fly over Hiroshima at a low altitude so that Signal Corps cameraman could photograph the aftermath of the bomb drop just days after it happened. He received a MBA degree at the State University of New York at Buffalo and his CLU from the American College of Life Underwriters, Bryn Mawr, PA. Before retiring to Florida in 1983, he spent his business career as an insurance executive. His hobbies were fishing and boating. Al died on Aug. 23, 1991 in Stuart, FL, and is survived by his wife, Dorothy, two sons, two daughters, and two grandchildren.

LEONARD R. MILLER: Assigned to the 9th BG, arrived on Tinian in May, 1945, and flew 19 missions including two for POW's. After the war I was employed in Civil Service but was called back to the Air Force in July, 1951, for two years. Flew B-29s again for SAC and then went to a Radar Calibration Sqdn. Was on overseas orders six times but recalled each time to the Z of I. After discharge I completed my college education and taught math in Bloomington, IL, schools for 30 years, retiring in 1987. To keep from boredom my wife Marjorie and I manage a 60-unit apartment complex.



ROBERT B. MILLER: Born in 1909 in Rumsey, KY, graduated from Lula High School in 1927, and junior college in 1929. Served with the Coast Artillery 1931 to 1933 in Hawaii. Drafted into the Army Air Force, Armament School for student/instructor at Lowry Field, CO, and aviation cadet (ground), Yale University. Commissioned on Feb. 11, 1944, assigned to Walker Field, and overseas to 9th BG on Tinian and Philippines. After release from active duty, assigned to Reserves. Was employed by civil service in several technical schools and Sheridan VA Hospital, retiring in 1973. Am a registered rehabilitation therapist, active in local and national rehabilitation organization. Since retirement, operates a health program for a senior citizens center.

STANLEY MILO (formerly Milosovic): Born in Cleveland, OH, June 5, 1921. Enlisted Sept. 9, 1942, and received military training at Sioux Falls, SD; Madison, WI; Boca Raton, FL; Hill Field, UT; and McCook, NE. Assigned to the 9th BG in Sept., 1944, and was a radar mechanic. After service I completed two years at Fern College (now Cleveland State University) with a certificate from their "Technical Institute." My entire working career of 42 years was with the General Electric Company. I retired in 1980 as Plant Manager of the engineering facilities in the Lamp Division of GE. I married my high school sweetheart, Charlotte, in 1946, and we have five children and two grandchildren.

FREDERICK C. MOSIE: Born in Secaucus, NJ, in 1924, graduated from Hoboken High School in 1941, and entered the Army in 1943. After attending aircraft schools in Biloxi, MS, San Diego, CA, and Paterson, NJ, I was assigned to Dalhart, TX, and later to McCook. Upon arrival at Tinian I was assigned to the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, as a mechanic on the "Early Bird." My most memorable day was my flight over Tokyo Bay and the battleship "Missouri" when the peace treaty was signed. After returning home in 1946 I resumed work with my former employer, Bendix Avia-

tion, and held positions as machinist, prototype assembler, rate setter, and in methods engineering. I retired after 35 years with the company and later moved to New Mexico. I married my wife, Dorothy, in 1948, and we have three children and five grandchildren.

GEORGE A. NASH: Attended Fordham University, NY, for pharmacy and City University of NY for pre dental school. Military training included assignments at Maxwell Field, Seymour Johnson Field, gunnery school at Buckingham Field, Ft. Myers, FL, and Tinian in June 1945. Flew 2 combat missions as a gunner on the crew of Maj Stinely. After discharge in Aug. 1945, I spent my entire career in the "Booze Business," but never became an alcoholic. I owned a liquor store in Newark, NJ, and later became a salesman, sales manager, and state manager for wine and liquor companies. Married and have one son.

GORDON K. NELSON: Born in Windom, MN, Aug. 9, 1920. Inducted into active duty with the Minnesota National Guard on Jan. 6, 1941. Completed flying cadet training at Stockton Field, CA, in Sept., 1942. Was basic flying instructor at Lemoore Army Air Field, CA, and then trained in four engine at Hobbs, NM; B-29 crew training at Pyote, TX, 1944; and flew a new replacement B-29 as AC; assigned to 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, North Field, Tinian, in March, 1945. Flew over 25 missions including two missions over peace signing in Tokyo Bay. Returned to States and inactive duty. Recalled for Berlin airlift in 1948. Sent to Japan and Korea, 1951-1953, and retired as major, USAFR, in October, 1963. Graduated in 1967 from the University of Houston, TX, and was mental health worker, director of counseling, and psychiatrist assistant 1963-1978. Fully retired in 1980.

VERNON F. NELSON: Born March, 1923, in a small town in MN and grew up in St. Paul, MN. I attended University of Minnesota majoring in aeronautical engineering. I completed 1 1/2 years before being drafted. I reported for

duty at Ft. Snelling, MN, on April 4th, 1944. Basic training was at Buckley Field, Denver, followed by 16 weeks of Technical school (CFC, electronic maintenance of B-29 gunsights and turret systems) at Lowry Field. Upon completion of the CFC school I was assigned to the 9th BG reporting to McCook, NE, October, 1944. I traveled to Tinian with the ground echelon arriving there 12/28/45. Only four 99th Squadron CFC personnel traveled with the ground echelon and I was one of them. The trip was a real character builder. I returned from Tinian in February, 1946, and discharged March, 1946, with the rank of sergeant. I completed college and married Sherry Novak. I worked as a mechanical engineer for the Green Giant Company for 37 years, 16 years as Director of Engineering. Sherry died in 1985, I married Antoinette Hardt in 1992. I have 2 sons, 1 daughter, and 2 grandsons. I had a good military experience, a good career, a good marriage, a good life.

WILLIAM (Bill) NESBITT: During my time of duty with the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, I was able to leave my mark for our history 50 years later. I was, among other duties, "Squadron Artist" - never realizing that aircraft "nose art" would be as popular as it is in today's world. I was able to complete 14 paintings during 1945, the best of which was the flag raising scene on Dave Rogan's "The Spearhead." The best gift of my life was a 1945 "Christmas Day" discharge at Beale Air Force Base, California, where my old plane, the "Big Time Operator" was later a museum piece. The "B.T.O." now rests at the Museum of Flight in Seattle, WA. Returned to college at the University of Nevada for an electrical degree and worked in civil service at Edwards Air Force Base, CA, and at the Naval Air Station, Lemoore, CA. Retired in 1980 after having a stroke. Enjoy my family, one daughter, two sons, four grandsons, and one great grandson.

BENJAMIN A. NICKS, JR.: Born, Mar. 31, 1919, in Chicago, IL, and lived in Shawnee, KS, for many years. Graduated from St. Benedict's College, Atchison, KS. Enlisted in 35th Infantry Division in Jan. 1941 and soon trans-



ferred to US Army Air Force. Had in flight training at Sikeston, MO, and Randolph Field, TX, receiving pilot's wings in Mar. 1942 in San Antonio, TX. Spent a year as B-24 pilot instructor across the Midwest, mostly Nebraska and Idaho. Transferred to B-29 training at Clovis, NM, assigned to the 9th BG at McCook., and moved to Tinian in Jan. 1945. Our crew flew with the 9th BG until mid-June, at which time we were transferred to the 504th BG. After mustering out, returned to Shawnee and was employed by TWA in several administrative capacities, retiring in 1981 as facilities manager of the Hostess Training Academy. Married June Trembley on April 10, 1942, and our first child was born during our stay at McCook. June and I were blessed with seven children. Tragically, our oldest son was killed in 1970 when, as a sergeant in the 101st Airborne Division, led an infantry patrol into a jungle ambush in Vietnam. We have eight grandchildren scattered around the country and spend a lot of time traveling to First Communion, birthdays, and graduations.

KENNETH L. NICOLE: Born in 1923 at McMechen, WV, and raised mostly at Monaca, PA. Received gunnery training at Tyndall Air Field, Panama City, FL, and selected for radar training at McCook, NE, where I was assigned to Capt. Hutchison's crew. Flew 35 missions over Japan concluding the night before the first A-bomb drop. After 16 months of civilian life, I re-enlisted in the Air Force and was assigned to radar air traffic control, then in its infancy. Remained in the air traffic control field until retiring in March 1968 as a Senior MSgt. After working in a variety of accounting jobs, I became a photographer and built a studio onto my home in Walla Walla, WA. Following retirement I have accumulated about 3,500 hours of flying in a variety of aircraft. My wife Fay, who was in the British Army, and I met in Berlin, Germany, during the Berlin Airlift. We are blessed with three children and seven grandchildren.

JOHN NOVICKI: Born in Benton, IL, in 1913. Graduated from Illinois

College, Jackson, IL, in 1933 and was employed in the roofing manufacturing business until war broke out in 1941. My brother Stanley was on the "USS Houston" when it was sunk in the battle of the Java Sea. After I tried to enlist, but was rejected, I was drafted in 1945 and sent from McCook to Tinian. I was discharged in 1946.

HAROLD J. OLSEN: Born on Oct. 12, 1921, in Detroit, MI. Graduated from high school in Dearborn, MI, and attended college for two years before enlisting in the Army Air Force in Jan. 1942. Received wings and commission in multi-engine aircraft at Pecos, TX, in Mar. 1944. Assigned to Roswell, NM, and completed flight training as a B-17 pilot. Transferred to McCook to fly B-29s and assigned to AC Maurice Ashland's crew. Because of a freak accident on Tinian, I was close to finishing 35 missions when the rest of the crew had completed theirs. After leaving the service in Jan. 1946, I graduated from the University of Michigan as a civil engineer, majoring in Structural Engineering. I became a Registered Professional Engineer in many states while employed at General Motors over 30 years. My position was Head of the Structural Engineering Department of Argonaut AEC, a division of General Motors, which designed and built GM facilities all over the world. Gwen Martin, who is from Nova Scotia, Canada, and I were married and have two children. At present we reside in Northville, MI.

NATHANIEL M. PATCH: I was born in 1917 in Geneva, NY. After completing high school I attended the Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester, NY, and received my Bachelors (1939) and Masters Degrees (1941) in Piano and Theory of Music plus performer's and artist's diploma in Piano Performance. In 1941-1942 I taught at George Peabody College, Nashville, TN, and joined the armed forces in June, 1942. After basic training with the 80th Infantry Division, I was commissioned in the 554th AAA Btn, transferred to the Army Air Force in late 1943, had pre-flight in Houston, navigation training at

San Marcos, TX, and Boca Raton, FL, assigned to the 17th Wing, 9th BG, 5th Sqdn In McCook, NE, and then to Tinian, 313th Wg. Our airplane "Tokyo - K O" flew 38 missions. After service I returned to teaching in Nashville and married Gertrude Lasseter, and we have a son, daughter, and three grandsons. We moved to Lexington, KY, in 1949 where I was appointed Associate Professor and retired as a full Professor in 1982.

KARL M. PATTISON: Graduated from high school in Tucson, AZ, in 1939. Employed by Lockheed in California until entered Army Air Force in 1942. Flew B-29 for 36 missions, the most exciting was flight over Kobe including shooting down a Jap fighter and landing with only one engine. Married after WW II and we had three sons and three daughters. Graduated from University of Arizona in 1950 with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. Worked 25 years for the Hughes Aircraft Company, including two years in Sweden. After Hughes, taught mechanical engineering design at the University of Arizona until retirement.

MARVIN W. PAULE: Born in Toledo, OH, July 30, 1920. Degree from University of Detroit in Aeronautical Engineering and an MBA from Ohio State University. Drafted in Toledo, OH, in 1943. Joined 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, McCook in August, 1944. Arrived on Tinian, January, 1945, as Radar Operator on "Queen Bee" crew with Bertagnoli/Merrow, then Brown/Merrow. Bailed out on April 28, 1945, after Kyushu raid. Rotated stateside with 58th Group during deactivation. Discharged at Fort Benjamin Harrison, IN, on November 26, 1945. Returned to civilian job for the Air Force as an Engineer, Logistician, Weapon System Planner/Manager. Served at Wright Patterson AFB, Norton AFB, and Hill AFB. Retired from Wright Patterson in December, 1979. Married Dora Matlock in September, 1942, and have five children. Spend summers in Dayton, OH, and winters in Palmetto, FL.

CASEY D. PAWL: Born in Ukraine, as Casimir Dmytre Pawlowski,



I found my name badly mispronounced so I shortened it, since I had always been Casey to my friends. Enlisted in 1940 at the US Army Air Corps and served in Jefferson Barracks, Scott Field, West Palm Beach, and as chief clerk in Radar School in Boca Raton, FL. Sent to OCS and had Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart as underclassmen. In 1942 as a "shave-tail" served in Trinidad, Antigua, Aruba, and Curacao on submarine patrol with B-24s, B-39s, and P-38s. After 18 months we returned to the States and matriculated through Clovis, Alamo-gordo, and McCook. Served on Tinian as 9th BG Maintenance Executive Officer. In 1946 I went into the Air Reserves and finished college with a BS Degree at Denver University. On Oct. 7, 1944, while attending a dance at the McCook Country Club, I met and fell in love with Daisy Opal Thornburg. It was love at first sight. We drove to Oberlin, KA, 29 miles away, and at 2:00 AM, October 8, 1944, we were married by a lady county judge and again by the base Chaplain on Nov. 4th. We had a wonderful marriage of almost 48 years and were blessed with five fine children. Unfortunately, Daisy died in 1992, and I have never been the same since. I have had 16 surgeries including heart, lung, kidney, eyes, and rotator cuffs torn in both shoulders. Being a "survivor type," I'm still here and own a lovely home in CA.

H. L. (PETE) PETERSON: Received State Farmer Award - Gold Key presented by Governor Meriam in 1935. Student at California State Polytechnic, San Luis Obispo, CA, where played varsity football, and at University of California at Davis, where played varsity baseball and earned an associate degree in 1941. Served in the US Army Air Force from 1942 to 1947. Commissioned March 4, 1944. Took B-17 training at Roswell, NM, and B-29 training at McCook. Was pilot on crew of "God's Will" and completed tour on Tinian as AC of "Lucky Leven". Concluded service as an operations officer for a B-29 group at Mather AFB, receiving a captaincy in November, 1946. Had 2,000 hours flight time. From 1947 to 1968 developed, managed, and owned an ag-

ricultural aircraft service, which continues in operation today. Have flown 14,000 hours of agricultural flying. In 1970 met and married my wife, Wanda Robinson and blessed with a daughter, Stacey, in 1976, who is now in college. From 1970 to 1982 elected and served as County Supervisor. Dedicated to California water development and testified before Congress on several occasions. Hope to continue to fly eight to ten air shows a year in my untouched original Stearman and to continue in the service of our Creator, country, and community.

FRANK PEZZA: While stationed in McCook, met and married Eva, a local girl, and we are still married and have one daughter Anna Marie. Assigned to the 9th BG in early 1944 and was a Line Refueling Dispatcher. Discharged from service January 9, 1946. Drove long haul truck until 1958 when we moved to California, and I quit truck driving. Employed in electronics until 1982 when I was retired with medical disability. Moved to Florida in 1990, and then moved back to Nebraska.

EDWARD P. PIATEK: Born in Meriden, CT, on Sept. 19, 1923. Enlisted Dec. 11, 1942. Had B-17 training at Lockbourne Field, Columbus, OH and B-29 training at Clovis Field, Clovis, NM. Based with the 99th Sqdn, 9th BG, on Tinian and completed 31 combat missions. Memorable experiences: Being caught in enemy searchlights for at least 15 minutes while dropping mines into the Shimonoseki Straits; as Superdumbo, saw the atomic bomb explode over Nagasaki; being part of the display of power force at the signing of the peace treaties in Tokyo Bay. Discharged Dec. 10, 1945, with rank 1st Lt. Received BA degree from University of Connecticut in 1949. Spent career in printing, city government, and currently a real estate broker. Married to Dorothy and have two children.

ROBERT J. PIELSTICKER: Born in North Platte, NE, and joined the service in 1943. Trained at Yale and McCook. Served with the 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, and participated in action on Tinian.

Most memorable experiences were closely related to the first atomic bombing. Received an honorable discharge in October 1946 with the rank of Captain. Graduated with BS and ME degrees from Purdue University in 1947. Employed by International Harvester. During 36 years of employment with the Truck Group of General Motors was assigned to manufacturing plants in Ft. Wayne, IN; Springfield, OH; Chicago, IL; Holland; and Belgium, retiring as vice president in 1981. Was president of Sun Health Foundation at Sun City, AZ. Died on Jan. 19, 1990.

MICHAEL POPRIK: I was born in Ford City, PA, on June 20, 1945. After graduation from high school, I enlisted in the Army Air Force and attended several service schools. I was assigned to 1st Lt. Nelson's crew and transferred to the 9th BG based on Tinian in April 1945. We flew 20 combat missions, the most memorable being the one in which we assisted when Lt. Keller's crew bailed out off the coast of Japan. Returned to the US in December, 1945, and discharged as a sergeant. Married Catherine Fay Allred in 1948, and we've had a wonderful life together with four children. Graduated from the University of Pittsburgh in 1952 with a BS Degree and the University of Pittsburgh Dental School in 1956. Interned at Walter Reed Army Medical Center and then spent the next 28 years in the Army Dental Corps. Retired as a colonel in 1984.

JOHN V. POSTMAN: I was a corporal in the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, and my job was to take care of the oxygen and safety equipment on the planes. After my discharge on December 31, 1945, I went to school under the GI Bill, was married, and raised three children. I am now retired in Lacey, WA. I helped form a VFW Post in St. Louis but dropped out after three years when I was married and concentrated on school.

GENE POWERS: Employed at the Broadway Hollywood Department Store on the corner of Hollywood and Vine Street until I enlisted in the service in 1942. I took my basic training at Ft.



Riley, KS. Transferred to Hill Field, Ogden, UT, where I became a supply clerk. Completed Gunnery School at Lowry Field, CO. Transferred to Santa Maria Air Base, CA, then to Fresno Fairgrounds Replacement Pool, Muroc Air Base for overseas assignment, Salt Lake City, UT, Fort Lawton, Seattle, Hickam Field, HI, and finally assigned to the 9th BG in June, 1945. After a couple of missions and two POW Missions, I was assigned as Supply Sgt. for the Group until I returned to the states in January, 1946. After the war I became Purchasing Manager for the corporate office of American Savings in Beverly Hills, CA. I later went overseas as a Purchasing Manager for Bell Helicopter in Iran. I now live in Central Oregon where I have retired.

DONALD RAUE: Born in 1923 in Joliet, IL, and grew up in nearby Lockport where I attended elementary school and graduated from high school in 1942. Drafted in the army in April, 1943, at Fort Sheridan, sent to St. Petersburg, FL, for basic training and to the University of Illinois to participate in the Army Special Training Program. In 1944 graduated from Photography School at Lowry Field, CO, and was assigned to the 99th Sqdn, 9th BG in April, 1944, at Dalhart, TX. Moved to McCook, NE, where the 19th Photo Lab Bomb Group was formed, and carried out exercises for overseas duty. Arrived on Tinian in January, 1945. Reassigned to the HQ of the 9th BG where I was responsible for the operation, installation, and repair of aerial cameras used in recording the accuracy of bombing missions. Discharged in January, 1946, at Camp Grant. I married Marion in 1949, and we raised five children in Chicago. I continued my photography career working for an art department specializing in catalog presentation. From still photography I switched to motion picture doing news and spots for television and processing commercial color and black and white film. In 1957 I joined the Argonne National Laboratory, formerly the Manhattan Project, working at the development of nuclear fuel and its reprocessing. I also served as an elected local official for 20 years and

worked throughout the state in an education program for local government officials. After almost 30 years with Argonne, I retired; and now Marion and I enjoy community work, traveling, and our seven grandchildren.

THOMAS E. RAYMOND, JR.: Born September 19, 1920, in Clinton, MA. Moved to Zanesville, OH, in 1924 when widowed father remarried. Graduated from Zanesville High School in 1938. In 1941 enrolled in Ohio University, Athens, OH. After serving in the Army Air Force returned to Ohio University and graduated June, 1946, with a B.S. in Electrical Engineering. Worked for several firms as electrical and hydraulic engineer until his retirement in 1985. Purchased H & R Block franchise in Cambridge, OH, in 1970 and worked there until his death of congestive heart failure, April 1, 1991. He is survived by his wife, Grace, whom he married October 23, 1942, and six living children.

GEORGE D. REID: I was born in Savannah, GA, in 1923. After finishing high school there, I completed one year at North Carolina State University and joined the US Army Aviation Cadet Program. I won my silver pilot wings at Moody Field, Valdosta, GA, in the class of 44-H. At Maxwell Field, AL, I was assigned to a B-29 group and sent to MacDill Field, Tampa, FL. I met my bride-to-be in Tampa. After the war I married Dot and finished college at NC State. After two short-term jobs I was employed by the Monsanto Company for thirty years in man-made textile fibers and retired in 1985. We have two daughters and four grandchildren.

WILLIAMA. REYNOLDS: Born November 15, 1921, in Spencerville, OH. Graduated from Spencerville High School in 1939. Military Service: Staff Sergeant in Hq Detachment, 2nd Battalion 148th Infantry Regiment from October 15, 1940, to March 10, 1942. Received pilot training as an aviation student, March 10, 1942 to December 13, 1942. Class of 42K. Stationed at Buckingham AAF, Ft. Myers, FL, December, 1942, to June, 1944. Flew B-17s, B-

26s, B-34s, Hudsons, and AT-6s. Assigned to 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, July, 1944, in McCook. Completed B-29 crew training at Pyote, TX, and rejoined 5th Sqdn, 9th BG, on Tinian in March, 1944. Flew 29 missions. Married in 1947 and have three sons. Graduated from Ohio State University in 1949. Employed as an Oil and Gas Lease Broker, in Denver, CO, 1949 to 1986. Retired in 1987. Lived in same home in Broomfield, CO, for 37 years and am active in civic and church organizations.

EDWARD D. RICKETSON, JR.: Served as CFC gunner on the crew of AC Donald Eichler, 1st Sqdn. After WW II graduated from Emory University in Atlanta, GA, with a BBA degree. Worked in the insurance business from 1949 to present - 43 years as an independent insurance agent. Married with 4 children and 7 grandchildren. Active in Chamber of Commerce, civic work, and politics. Member of Georgia House of Representatives for six years and mayor of Warrenton, GA, now. Southern Baptist deacon, Sunday School teacher, and choir member. Have traveled all over the world (China, Russia, Siberia, Middle East, Europe, and Africa) and all over the U. S. Hobbies include golf, hunting, fishing, and piloting a Cessna 172.

JOHN F. RIELLY: I left Tinian early in February, 1946, and after my discharge on March 1, 1946, I returned to my home town, Rock Valley, IA. In September, 1947, I enrolled at Iowa State University and graduated in June, 1951, with a BS Degree in Geology. I was employed from July, 1951, to April, 1957, by Geophysical Service, Inc., a contract geophysical company which provided oil and gas exploration services to oil and gas companies. I advanced from computer trainee (A computer was a human at that time.) to party chief while involved in using geophysics, mainly seismic techniques, in exploration for oil and gas in East Texas, South Louisiana, and offshore Louisiana. In February, 1973, I was named Chief Geophysicist for Pennzoil Co. and was concerned with coordinating the geophysical activities of that company in both domestic and foreign areas.



I retired from Pennzoil Co. in July 1, 1986, did a little consulting after that, but now consider myself as fully retired and am living the life of Rielly. Lillian Ranschau, also from Rock Valley, IA, and I were married December 30, 1950, and we have seven children.

WILLIAM A. ROBINSON, JR.: Born July 25, 1925, in Easley, SC. Entered the Army Air Force, December 31, 1943. Since I was one of the youngest members of the squadron and had few points, I was the only member of my original overseas group left on Tinian after the end of the war. I was promoted to Crew Chief on the "Spearhead" and for a short time was Line Chief. At the time that the group was assigned to the Philippines, I was given the choice of signing up for the Philippines or going home. My pilot convinced me to go home and go to school on the GI Bill. I graduated from Clemson University in 1948 and the University of South Carolina Law School in September 1950. I have been in law practice in Easley, SC, from 1950 to the present. Other activities included Director of State Chamber of Commerce, Chairman of Board of Trustees of Pickens County School, President of Easley Chamber of Commerce, and President of Easley Rotary Club.

DAVE L. ROGAN: Born in Middlesboro, KY, October 7, 1914. Joined Royal Canadian Air Force in April, 1941. Trained as pilot at Brandon, Manitoba. Departed for England November 14, 1941. Flew Bristol Blenheim MK-4 on bombing missions with RAF and laid smoke screen for commando landing at Dieppe, France, August 19, 1942. Transferred to 8th Air Force, September 29, 1942, and assigned to 358th Sqdn, 303rd BG "Hell's Angels." Flew 25 combat missions as B-17 pilot. Returned to USA, August 24, 1943, and was stationed at Alamogorda, NM; Ardmore, OK; and B-29 pilot training at McCook. Departed January 13, 1945, for Tinian and served as Flight Commander for 1st Sqdn, 9th BG. Flew 14 combat missions in "Man O War" and 19 combat missions in "The Spearhead" with-

out an abort. Returned to USA on October 18, 1945. Assigned to Flight Test Division at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, OH. Discharged with rank of Major, December 24, 1946. Married Elizabeth and had four daughters and seven grandchildren. Retired in 1986 from family owned wholesale mine supply business.

HARLEY ROHRER: Born in California in 1920 and raised on a farm in Arkansas. Graduated from Forrest City High School in 1940. Also received State Farmer's Degree from FFA in 1940. Entered Air Force in 1942 and trained on B-24s at Keesler Field. Crewed B-17 aircraft at Dalhart, TX, and McCook. Was crew chief on the first B-29 delivered to 5th Sqdn. Flew round trip from McCook to Langley Field, VA, as Col. Eisenhart's flight engineer. Assigned to the "Nip Clipper" as Lt. Ashland's crew chief at McCook. Flew from Herington, KS, to Tinian with Lt. Jones' crew. Resumed duties as crew chief of "Nip Clipper" on February 11, 1945. Received Bronze Star. Graduated from A & M College, Stillwater, OK. Taught vocational agriculture to high school students in Solome, SD. Received degree from Spartan School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, OK. Overhauled B-47s for Douglas Aircraft. Retired from FAA, Oklahoma City after 30 years as an aerospace inspector. While at A & M, married Marjorie McGraw in 1947 and had 11 children and 13 grandchildren. Gardening is my main hobby.

LYLE R. ROSBURG: I received my discharge, March 1, 1946. After working in machine shops as foreman and setup in Sioux, IA, I went into farming. I was employed by the postal service in several different positions and retired in 1983. Mary and I were married July 30, 1946, we have five girls and three boys and live in Mapleton, IA, where we both grew up.

WILLIAM L. ROSE: My love affair with airplanes and flying began at age 7, and I read everything on the subject I could. At age 16 I took flying lessons in an old Porterfield and after high school worked for Boeing in Wichita, KS. Re-

jecting a critical skills deferment, I joined the Army Air Force Cadets program. My world came crashing down when I was grounded for "nasal obstruction." At classification, based on test scores, I was classified as an aircraft mechanic and electrical specialist and assigned to B-24s at Peterson Field and later to the 9th BG at McCook and Tinian. After the war I returned home to Wichita with my wife and daughter and was employed by Boeing as an aircraft test technician, attending Wichita University on a part time basis. In 1979 after 30 years with Boeing, I retired as Director of Manufacturing. My attraction to the aircraft industry continued as I was employed by Sikorsky Aircraft; Cessna Company; Saab Fairchild SF 340 Ltd. in Windsor, England; and Aircraft Braking Systems Corp., Akron, Ohio. Although I retired in March 1992, I can talk airplanes and flying with someone everyday, as I'm near my two younger sons who have well established careers with Boeing, Wichita.

DEAN E. RUPLE: Had basic training at Greensboro, NC, and assigned to a desk job in the Intelligence Unit, 3rd AF Hq. Ft. Benjamin, Tampa, FL. Completed Gunnery School at Ft. Meyers, FL, and Gunnery Instructors School at Laredo, TX. Served as a gunnery instructor at Ft. Meyers, requested crew assignment, and transferred to Alamogordo Air Field. Arrived on Tinian eight months prior to end of the war. The only mission I participated in was the display of power flight over Tokyo the day the peace papers were signed. Our crew was assigned back to the States to get recreational equipment for the men on Tinian but were told when we got state-side we couldn't return to Tinian. Until discharge I was assigned as assistant mess sergeant at the Santa Anna Air Base. After returning to my hometown, Kalamazoo, MI, I entered Western Michigan University majoring in Education and Marketing and graduated in 1950 with a degree in secondary education. Taught distributive education in Saginaw Public Schools, became a system-wide Vocational Counselor, and later Adult Education Director. Earned a Master's Degree from Western Michigan University and a Special-



ist Degree in Education from Michigan State University. Married my wife, Lois Schilpzand, a girl with whom I attended school from kindergarten through 9th grade. We have six children and 21 grandchildren. Lois and I operated a credit union from our home for ten years; and when I retired from Saginaw Public Schools, I became a full-time Marketing Director for a credit union. At age 62 I retired from the credit union and became a part time Adult Education Counselor for Bridgeport Spaulding Public School. In 1994 I retired from all paid positions but am active in volunteer work with the Michigan Credit Union League, Saginaw United Way, and my church.

CARL H. RUSSELL: (By Edith H. Russell) Carl H. Russell, my husband, was born November 20, 1910, in Smith County, MS. He served two years in the 14th Infantry Regiment in Panama, was discharged, and returned to the States in 1938. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps and arrived in Hawaii in August, 1938, as a member of the 31st BG Armament Section. We were married August 20, 1941. He served in Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, New Hebrides, Tinian, and later in Korea. He was proud to serve in the 9th BG. After the war he served several years at Davis-Monthan AFB, Research and Development, Kirtland, Korea, and Seymour-Johnson, NC. We have a daughter, a son, and one grandson. M/Sgt. Russell died with cancer October 9, 1992.

RICHARD H. SABEY: After discharge I married Eleanor Janssen and we had eight children. I also enlisted in the USAF Reserve for four years. I went to work as a commercial artist and after 42 years retired as executive vice president of a large art studio in Chicago, IL. In my retirement I am active in the American Legion, serving as an officer and chairman of their scholarship program, which I founded. Also, I am a member of the VFW, AFA, Cross and Cockade, 9th BG Association, McCook Airbase Historical Society, and the Danish Brotherhood. I read, golf, and build airplane models, which I display.

WESLEY (WES) SABIN: Volunteered for military service in early 1942 at the age of 21. I spent 14 months in the Middle East Theater of Operations in a US Ordnance company attached to the British Eighth Army. In 1944 I transferred to the Army Air Force and after CFC school in CO joined the crew of Captain Ben Nicks as CFC gunner at McCook. We arrived on Tinian in January, 1945, and flew 35 combat missions, the last on the night before the first atomic bomb was dropped. After leaving the service I graduated from Michigan Technological University in 1950. I spent 32 years with the Dow Chemical Company and retired in 1982. I have three children and five grandchildren.

KARL M. SAMUELS: After the war I finished college and spent the next 18 years working for Naspel Brothers. During this period I joined the Louisiana Army National Guard of Louisiana and was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Army Reserve in 1949. In 1965, with the rank of major, I was employed by the Guard on a full time basis as a training and operations officer. When I retired in 1982, I was Director of Plans, Operations, and Training for all of the army guard units in Louisiana. I am presently president of a land holding company. We own 4,500 acres of land, some of which is marsh, which has some mineral production. I reside in a suburb 30 miles from New Orleans. My hobbies are golf, hunting, and fishing.

BERT A. SHERROW: I was born in Laurel, MT, on January 5, 1924, and attended grade and high school there. I entered Montana State College, where I was a student in their ROTC program. I joined the Enlisted Reserve Force and was called to active duty April 13, 1943. After basic training at Camp Walters, TX, I applied for Army Air Corps cadet training and received assignments at College Training Detachment at Jamestown, ND; Santa Ana, CA; Hondo, TX; and Boca Raton, FL. I joined up with the 5th Sqdn at McCook as radar/bombardier/navigator on Ray Tutton's crew, and we flew our B-29 to Tinian. We successfully completed 35 missions, which

included high altitude bomb runs, mining runs, "Superdumbo" missions from Iwo Jima, and low altitude fire bombing. At the conclusion of the war I returned to Montana State College, used the GI Bill to complete my education, and was graduated in 1948 with a degree in Industrial Engineering. My first work assignment was with the Montana Power Co. After seven years with this job and an electrical contractor, I joined the General Electric Co. My GE assignments were mainly in the Pacific Northwest—Seattle, Spokane, Eugene, and a final job as General Manager Construction Sales in Saudi Arabia. I retired from GE in 1986. My wife, Alberta, and I have three children. Brad, Bob, and Brenda and three grandchildren.

THOMAS S. SIMPSON: Born in 1924 in Springfield, MA. Graduated Chicopee High School and volunteered for Army Air Force in November, 1942. Received technical training at Seymour Johnson Field, NC and Glen Martin Plant, MD. Entered cadet pilot training at Baltimore, MD. Graduated as pilot at Freeman Field, Seymour, IN. First pilot B-24 at Smyrna AFB, TN, and volunteered for B-29s. Received training and crew at Clovis, NM, and arrived Tinian in May, 1945. Participated in nine missions, landing on Iwo Jima three times. Sent to Lead Crew School at Muroc, CA, in August, 1945. While there the war ended, and I was separated in January, 1946. Flew in reserves at Westover AFB, Chicopee Falls, MA, for five years. Married with four children and eight grandchildren. Graduated from American International College, Springfield, MA, and took over my father's engineering and contracting business, which is now operated by my two sons.

ARTHUR C. SMITH: Born Black Earth, WI, 1915., Schooled and worked in Wisconsin. Enlisted in US Army Air Corps in 1939. Attended Service School and instructed at Chanute and Keesler. Married December 17, 1941, ten days after Pearl Harbor. Commissioned in 1943 as Aircraft Engineering Officer and assigned to a B-17 group at Dyersburg,



TN. Reassigned to 9th BG, Dalhart, TX. Transferred with Group to Orlando, FL, School of Applied Tactics. Moved with Group to McCook and then to Tinian as the 99th Sqdn Engineering Officer, remaining there for the duration. Separated and joined the Wisconsin Air National Guard. Mobilized for Korea and served a tour in Korea as Sqdn CO of the Field Maintenance Sqdn, 49th FBW. Separated briefly and was recalled for duty at USAF Hdq, Pentagon. Retired in 1970 and following three years as a civilian employee in the Pentagon, we moved to Colorado where our two children had settled.

EDWARD (ED) DEMING SMITH: I was born in Wilmington, NC, in 1923. Following high school, I attended North Carolina State University until I was called into the US Army Air Force in February, 1943. I received the wings of a navigator in May, 1944; and after further training in radar operation and radar bombing, I received assignment to the 5th Sqdn at McCook and joined Maurice Ashland's crew after a short training period on Captain George Davis's crew. The "Nip Clipper" carried us safely through 35 qualified missions. Following discharge from the Advanced Navigation School at Ellington Field, TX, I re-entered North Carolina State University and graduated with a BS in Mechanical Engineering in 1949. I had two successful careers, beginning as an aero-analyst at the Aberdeen Proving Ground Ballistics Lab, 1949-1951, and with the General Electric Co., 1951 - 1984. The experience with this giant corporation was exciting and rewarding. I was in various managerial positions in quality engineering, marketing, and product and equipment development, and managed three manufacturing plants in Ohio and North Carolina. I have been married to a wonderful wife for 46 years and have one son, three daughters, and seven grandchildren. In 1984 I retired and am fully enjoying my third career involved in various local community projects, traveling, and visiting the family here in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

LAWRENCE (Larry) S. SMITH: Born in Rodman, NY, 1925. Lived on a

dairy farm through high school. Pact with high school chum that whoever was drafted first, the other would volunteer and go with him. I was the volunteer 1/44. We were separated at the re-ception center. CFC turret school at Lowry Field '44. Assigned to 9th BG at McCook. CFC gunner on Wendell Hutchison's crew. Survived 35 missions due to conservative AC, a FE and ground crew that knew the B-29 inside and out, and a Navigator who never went to sleep. Returning from our 35th mission with our Group Commander as pilot early in the morning of August 6th we crossed trails with the Enola Gay headed north. BS in biology and soil science at Cornell Univ. followed with a MS in wildlife management and fishery biology. Married childhood sweetheart, Virginia McIntosh, '49. Served with US Fish and Wildlife Service from '41 to '84. Refuge Manager for National Wildlife Refuges '51 - '74 (Monomoy, Cape Cod; Montezuma and Iroquois, NY; and Great Swamp, NJ.) . Migratory Bird Coordinator for SW Region US FWS '74 - '84. Member Whooping Crane Recovery Team '75 - '86, Team Leader last 7 years. Meritorious Service Award '84 from The Secretary of the Interior for contribution to management plans for waterfowl and crane populations of the Central and Pacific Flyways. In retirement I serve as Secretary for the National Wildlife Refuge Assoc., Trustee for the Whooping Crane Cons. Assoc., and Historian for the 9th BG Assoc.. We have three children and 5 grandchildren. Enjoy travel.

LESTER W. SNYDER, JR.: Born in Chelsea, MA, on May 8, 1921. Graduated from Howe High School, Billerica, MA, in 1939. Entered a machinist apprenticeship at Watertown Arsenal, MA, in 1941, and the Army Air Force at Westover AAF in early 1943. Completed Navigation School at Selsman AAF, LA, in 1944 and stayed to teach navigation for four months. Flew as Radar Observer on B-29 (Crew W-153) to Tinian (1st Sqdn) in June, 1941 and flew four missions. Flew as radar observer on B-29 to Clark Field, PI, in January, 1946. Returned to US and was separated from active duty in August, 1946. Earned BS degree in Mechanical Engineering from

Louisiana Tech in 1949 and stayed as an instructor of M.E. for two years. Was recalled by USAF to Barksdale AFB, LA, in 1951. Completed tour of 50 missions on B-26 crew at K-9 (Pusan, Korea) in 1952 and taught navigation at Harlingen AFB, TX, in 1953 until separation from active duty. Earned MS degree in Industrial Administration from Carnegie Tech in 1955 and became an industrial engineer and systems analyst for Kodak. Taught Mechanical and Industrial Engineering at South Dakota Tech from 1959 to 1986, progressing from Assistant Professor to Professor Emeritus. Have been active in Civil Air Patrol since 1970, holding rank of colonel. Completed Air War College in 1971. Placed on Retired Reserve List in 1972 as Lt. Colonel with 16 decorations and awards. Have been elected to five honor societies. Became a licensed private pilot with an instrument rating and logged over 1,800 hours of flying. Recently have been presenting slide talks to schools and civic groups on manned space flight.

ELMER G. SPARKS: Born in 1922 in McKee, KY, and grew up in eastern part of the state. Moved to Dayton, OH, in 1941. Entered service in Nov. 1942. Trained at Dalhart, TX, and transferred to the 9th BG at McCook in 1944. Served on Tinian with the medics. After discharge returned to Dayton, OH, was married, and have one adopted daughter. After 30 years with General Motors as a tool grinder, retired in April 1977, and moved to Alabama on Lay Lake, where we have a waterfront home.

ROBERT (BOB) TALBOT: I was born in Woodcliff, NJ, November 1, 1923, and attended public schools in Weehawken, NJ. In November 1942 I volunteered for the Army Air Force and attended Radio School in Madison, WI, Gunnery School at Lowry Field, CO, training at Briggs Turret School in Michigan, and B-29 CFC at McCook, NE. I was not on an air crew but had the opportunity to fly as CFC Specialist. I returned in December 1945. During the war I had married, and we had a daughter; two other daughters followed and three grandsons. Following World War



II, I attended two years college and joined the Colorado Air National Guard, retiring as a Chief Master Sgt. As a civilian I retired as Assistant to the State Adjutant General of the state of Colorado in 1978. I have held part-time jobs and filled many volunteer positions since then.

JAMES (Jim) D. TAYLOR: Born in Wenatchee, WA, June 1, 1925. After graduation from Leavenworth, WA, High School in June 1943, drafted and selected for flight training in Army Air Force. Assigned to crew in Lincoln, NE, as bombardier, attached to 9th BG, 99th Sqdn as replacement crew. Flew 25 missions on crew of AC Aufford before V. J. Day. Returned to civilian life in October 1946 from Clark Field, Philippine Islands. Eventually earned a Ph.D. in higher education. Worked as an administrator and instructor before retiring in 1990 as Professor Emeritus, Northern Arizona University. Married to Dorothy Menzies, and we have four children and four grandchildren. Still like to ski, backpack, and travel.

NORMAN (NORM) THOBURN: Born in 1922 in Los Angeles, CA. Enlisted in the spring of 1942 and called up March 1, 1943. Classified as a pilot trainee and graduated in class 44C, March 1944, in Marfa, TX. Sent to B-17 school and then assigned to McCook to train as a B-29 pilot. My AC was Lloyd Welken in the 1st Bomb Sqdn, 9th BG. We flew a B-29 to Tinian arriving in late January 1945. My crew flew 35 missions completing in August with no real problems. Since I had acute appendicitis in mid June and missed several missions, I then flew as pick-up pilot after my crew finished up. The Display-of-Power mission when the surrender was signed in early September was my 33rd mission. After the war I drove a taxi in Whittier, CA, supervised a mine in the high desert area between Barstow, CA, and Las Vegas, NV, and finally returned to Whittier College where I had dropped out in 1943. Graduated in August 1950 and enrolled in the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University. After several years of high school teaching near Rome, GA, I was employed by the University of Michigan

as a statistician in a research institute, became an administrator in several centers and departments, and finally completed a doctorate at Harvard in my mid-40's. There I met Catherine Barry, we were married, and we have a daughter, two sons, and three grandchildren. Catherine, who also trained at Harvard's Education School, had a career as a child psychologist. Since then we have traveled a great deal in the US, Canada, and several foreign lands. We feel fortunate that we have had interesting and challenging careers and have been able to retire comfortably. Our family is doing well and life is good.

ROBERT B. THOMPSON: I grew up in Springfield, OH, and enlisted in the Air Force Reserve at Patterson Field in August 1942 and went on active duty in February 1943. I earned pilot's wings at Blytheville, AR, class of 44C. I flew the AT-9; the only one now in existence is at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, OH. I feel it was a great honor to have been in the 9th BG. I had the experience of being on the original McNeil crew that trained at McCook, and later I flew with replacement crew men. I consider myself very lucky as I flew on 33 combat missions with no engine failures or serious damage to plane or crew. As a reserve pilot I was assigned to the 307th Bomb Wing, Kadena, Okinawa in 1952 and was relieved of active duty in November 1952. Most of my life I was a salesman, retired from Sears in December 1984, and have been very active with part time employment and volunteer work.

DONALD H. TOWNSEND: Born June 29, 1925, in Detroit, MI, and grew up through high school in Needham, MA. Volunteered for aviation cadet training but failed physical and was drafted into the U. S. Army in July 1943. Transferred to air crew training and had basic training at Keesler Field, Biloxi, MS. After gunnery training at Buckingham AFB, Fort Myers, FL, was assigned left blister gunner on the B-29 crew of AC Lloyd Welken. We completed 35 missions and were on our way home via boat when war ended. While on terminal leave from

USAAF. I married my childhood sweetheart, Pauline Mae Wallis, then a cadet nurse. We have been married for 49 years, have three sons, one daughter, and six grandsons. I attended Northeastern University in Boston and spent most of my adult life as a sales engineer and business executive designing and constructing propane gas plants of all types and sizes. Worked for 12 years in Midtown Manhattan and 5 years in London, England. Retired at age 60 and now live on Cape Cod, MA.

JOHN J. TREMENTOZZI: I was born in Boston, MA, March 12, 1924, attended local schools, and graduated from Hyde Park High School in 1942. In December 1943 I entered the Army Air Force and received my gunner's wings in August 1944 in Florida. As a member of a B-29 crew of the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, I flew 24 missions over Japan, ending my service as a staff sergeant. In 1947 I married, and we had three children. After the war I became a refrigeration service manager for over five years, a Boston firefighter for nine years retiring because of injury. For 24 years I was personnel manager for a plastic company. While employed I studied for and received my electrician's license and work part time at this trade.

PHILIP A. (PHIL) TRUE: Born at Jackson, MI, April, 1951, and grew up on a farm north of Jackson. Enlisted in the cadet program in February, 1943. After basic training and classification at Miami Beach and four months at Allegheny College in the College Training Detachment program, I went through Preflight at San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, trained as a navigator at San Marcos AAF, and was commissioned in December, 1944, as a 2nd Lt. In early February, 1945, I was assigned to Capt. Dayton Countryman's crew at Davis-Monthan, Tucson, AZ, and we flew the B-29 "Nip Finale," named by the citizens of Riley County, KS, to Tinian in May, 1945. The plane was assigned to the 504th BG. and the crew completed 13 missions (I had 12.) before returning to the States for lead crew training. We completed our training but did not return to the 9th because



of the end of the war. After attending various colleges. I received a Master's Degree in Geography from the University of Chicago in 1950. I married Fern Brooks in 1949. After teaching at the University of Missouri, we moved to northern Virginia where I worked for 33 years as an intelligence analyst and manager for the CIA with a specialty in East Asia, particularly China. I have been semi-retired for ten years. I work about 50 days a year as a contractor specializing on analytic techniques, intelligence writing, and the effects of mindset and bias on analysis and also do some freelance writing.

WALTER SCOTT (SCOTTY) TULLOCH: Born Aug. 12, 1915, in Morenci, AZ. Except for military service lived in the San Diego, CA, area. Entered service in Dec. 1941, and commissioned in June 1942 in the Army Air Force. Became AC of B-17, B-24, and B-29. Arrived on Tinian in Feb. 1945, and flew 32 combat missions as AC on "Goin' Jesse", "Patches," "Sad Tomato", and others. Discharged Dec. 27, 1945, and recalled to active duty in Apr. 1951. During 20 years of active duty was also AC of B-36 and B-52. Retired from USAF in Apr. 1967. Enjoyed many years of traveling, back packing, and sailing. Died in May 1992. Survived by wife Betty, two sons, and five granddaughters.

DONALD VAN INWEGEN: I was born in 1925 at North Arlington, NJ. With the exception of three years I lived all of my pre-war years in NJ, mostly on the NJ coast. In late 1942 at the age of 17 I tried to enlist in the aviation cadet program only to be turned down due to an eye deficiency. I was drafted in June 1943 and during basic training I again tried the cadet program. This time I passed the eye exam and was sent to CTD, only to be dropped in April of 1944 for "the convenience of the government" and sent to Tyndall Field for B-29 gunnery training. Following gunnery school at Tyndall and also Clovis Air Base, I was assigned to the 9th BG in August and went overseas as a tail gunner on Lt. Robert Bearden's crew. We flew 23 missions with a stateside interruption of six

weeks for advanced lead crew training, returning just in time to fly the last mission of the war. After the war I received a degree in Metallurgical Engineering from Drexel University and have worked in the steel industry ever since. I am currently a private consultant. My wife Marge and I just celebrated our fortieth anniversary. We have three children and one grandchild.

HERMAN W. VAUGHN: Born in Memphis, TN, Feb. 19, 1925. Graduated from Memphis Technical High School in 1943 and immediately enlisted in the Army Air Force Cadets. Started basic training at Helena, AR, and trained at Montgomery, AL; Keesler Field, Biloxi, MS; and Clovis, NM. Served on Tinian on the ground crew of "The Uninvited." Recalled to service in 1951 and served in the 516th in Memphis, TN, until discharged in 1952. Married Mary D. Grimes in 1947 and had a son, a daughter, and four grandchildren. Retired from Memphis Light, Gas, and Water Division in 1972 and returned to flying. Was a corporate pilot for four Memphis companies until 1990. Died June 11, 1994.

ERWIN (CZYZEWSKI) "CHICK" VERNON: I was born in 1922 in Milwaukee, WI. Finished high school June 1939 and started college in September. Was sworn into the Enlisted Reserve Force in September 1942 and sent back to school to await orders for a meteorology program. Called in March 1943 but spent three months in a hospital with pneumonia and on release was reassigned to a communications program at Yale. Commissioned in July 1944. Sent to RCM schools at Boca Raton and Eglin Field. Base cadre at Great Bend, KS, training B-29 group. Reported to 20th AF, Guam in 1945; 313th Wg, 1945; and joined 9th BG. Flew four missions before the war ended and went to Clark Field, November, 1945. Returned stateside in July 1946 and to the University of WI for a degree in economics. Worked as a purchasing agent and office manager until I was recalled for the Korean war in 1951. Married Ruth Szulczewski, and we have one daughter and three granddaughters. Remained as career AF officer un-

til retired for disability in 1967. Earned a master's degree in computers along the way. After retirement from service taught college computer courses until 1987 and then retired.

WARREN LEROY WARCHUS: Born Chicago, IL, July 11, 1921. Drafted US Army in July, 1942, and assigned to the 95th Infantry Division, Camp Swift, TX. Arlene Polson and I were married in the 379th Inf. Regt. Chapel at Camp Swift on August 22, 1942, and we have two children, Warren Jr. (1944) and Jean Ellen (1949). I was transferred to the Air Force after taking the Aviation Cadet Entrance Exam in San Antonio which led to graduation from bombardier/navigator school (B/N) at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, NM, in 1944. Took OTU training at Alamogorda, NM, and arrived with a replacement crew to the 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, 313th WG, Tinian, in April 1945. Flew 24 missions as B/N on John Prehoda's crew. Following service, completed my schooling and majored in transportation. Employed as a traffic manager with a number of commercial firms and retired from US Govt. Civil Service in 1980. Our family has grown to include six grandchildren and four great grandchildren. I have been active in Masonic organizations all my adult life and lately have added senior citizen groups.

A. J. "JACK" WEDDLE: Born in 1922 in IN, migrated to CA in 1929. Joined Air Force Reserve at University of Idaho in 1942. Called to active duty Feb. 1943, first to Fresno, then spent three months at the University of MT for CTD training in middle of winter. Santa Anna Preflight Cadet Squadron 70 was followed by Primary at Hancock Flying School at Santa Maria, CA, and Basic Flight at Chico. Received pilot's wings and commission (Class 44-C) from Fort Sumner, NM, (twin engine advanced) on March 12, 1944. Married Cora Marie Savae on March 15 and went to Hobbs, NM, for B-17 transition training. With an apparent oversupply of B-17 pilots, joined the 9th BG at McCook, NE, as pilot on Ted Littlewood's crew. We were deployed to North Field, Tinian Island in Feb. 1945. After a few missions Karl



Pattison became our AC, and we acquired "Daring Donna" as our aircraft. My crew was one of the first to complete 35 missions which included three emergency landings on Iwo Jima and one single engine landing on Tinian. Received the DFC with one OLC, Air Medal with four OLCs, and numerous campaign ribbons. Returned to University of Idaho and graduated with a BS in forestry. That started a 40-year career with the US Forest Service mainly as a District Forest Ranger. Was involved in the development of the Air Tanker Program for forest fire control. Stayed in the Air Force Reserve and was a M-Day Assignee as Base Operations Officer at Travis AFB for five years. Flew U3As, C-124, and T-33. Retired with rank of Major. My wife and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary this year. We have one son, one daughter, and four grandchildren.

LARRY WESTWATER: Enlisted 12/8/41. Graduated as radio Op/Mech. in May '42 and radar Op/Mech in July '42. Maintained and flew radar in anti/submarine/sonar search commands in Gulf and Atlantic in '42 and '43. Washed out of Sgt. Pilot Program (class 43G) because of color dot eye test in primary, was first alternate appointee to West Point, but left school to join 9th BG, 1st Sqdn at McCook as Radar Maintenance Section Chief. Transferred to flight status in May '45 and flew 24 missions. Spent the next 45 years in aerospace and defense industries. Have four children and 11 grandchildren and am enjoying retirement.

ROGER M. WHIPP: Served on Tinian as a CFC gunner on the crew of Major Edwin M. Adams. Returned to home town of Redding, CA, and for 39 years was employed as a part time school bus driver. Also, I worked in a machine shop grinding crankshafts. I finally bought and still operate this machine shop. My main hobby is hot rodding, racing, and producing car shows for hot rodders. After discharge from service I was married, and we had two sons. My second wife died in 1992. I am active in the "Experimental Aircraft Association" and own a 1940 "Taylorcraft."

MELVIN J. WILLIAMS: Born June 4, 1925. We lived on a small farm raising tobacco, cotton, corn, beans, and truck crops. Graduated from New Bern High School, NC, was deferred from draft for farming, but volunteered. Qualified for aviation cadets in Montgomery, AL, to be in the next class at Maxwell Preflight, but was eliminated "for the convenience of the government." Went to Gunnery School at Tinker Field, then to Lincoln AAF, and became part of the 9th BG at McCook. After my discharge I was a pipe fitter for eight years, aircraft instrument mechanic for ten years, owned two service stations for fourteen years, and a farm for four years. Also was shift supervisor for security at Weyerhaeuser plant in Plymouth. I retired in 1987 from Civil Service, play a little golf, fish, and keep up our cars, house, yard, and garden. Margaret and I have three children four grandchildren, and one great grandchild. It's been a good life.

CLEMETH R. WILLOCKS: Born November 11, 1925, at Maryville, MI. Entered Army Air Force, December 8, 1943. Basic Training was at Miami Beach, Florida with barracks at Blackstone Hotel. After leaving the service I was employed at University of Tennessee and became an electrical engineer, retiring in 1989. I now live on Lauden Lake and do some boating and fishing.

LESTER N. WILMARTH: Graduated Cortez High School, Cortez, CO, 1934. Enlisted in the US Army Air Corps, Ft. Logan, CO, 17 Dec. 1940. Completed armament-chemical course, Lowry Field, CO, and was assigned instructor duties until Mar. 1943. Completed armament cadet training, Valley Forge, PA, and Yale University, CT. Commissioned 20 May 1943 and retained as an instructor and later deputy director of Officers Armament, Bomb Sight, and Auto pilot Course.

Assigned as Armament Officer to 1st Sqdn, 9th BG, from 25 Aug. 1945 until 31 Dec. 1945 when I returned to the U. S. for release from active duty. Recalled to active duty 7 Feb. 1951 and served in instructor and command duties at Lackland

AFB, TX; and Lowry AFB, CO, until Jan., 1957. Other assignments included Korea, Schilling AFB, KS, Forbes AFB, KS, and last active duty assignment as Base Director of Administrative Services, 3902 AB GP, Omaha, NE. Retired as a Lt.Col on 1 Jan. 1966. Before my recall I received a commercial pilot certificate, now inactive, and I am an Extra Class Amateur Radio Operator. I was married to Ila Mae Payton, Atwood, KS, on 6 Dec. 1941, on a three-day pass. In nearly 55 years together I've never forgotten an anniversary date!

RICHARD WITHSTANDLEY: Born April 19, 1917, at Worcester, MA. Married Ann J. in 1944 and we are still married. We have four children, Craig, Mark, Jill, and Meg. After winning WWII, returned to Worcester and took a job teaching. Seven years later I switched to law, had some small success as a trial lawyer, and was never indicted. Ultimately I made significant contributions to both education and law by quitting both. In August of 1983 I had some plumbing work done at Massachusetts General - not a sex change. Actually, it was some minor heart surgery, which for billing purposes the hospital and doctors insisted was major. Following whatever it was that they did to me, I came to Nantucket for R&R and except for an occasional visit to the real world I've never left. Now my time is divided evenly between harpooning whales and telling lies to the tourists. My current ambition is to live until tomorrow.

GIN D. WONG, F.A.I.A.: I entered the Air Force in 1942. After receiving my commission and training in TX and CA, I was assigned as Navigator/R.O.B. on Capt. Gahl's crew as a member of the 99th Sqdn of the 9th BG. I was stationed at Tinian and served on nine combat missions to Japan during WWII. Our crew was selected for Lead Crew Training School in CA. After completion of training, WWII ended. When my tour of duty was completed in 1946, I enrolled at the University of Southern California in 1946, graduating in 1950 with a degree in architecture. After a long-term stint as Director of Design and later President



of William L. Pereira and Associates, for which I was associated with many major structures including the Transamerica pyramid building in San Francisco, I opened my own practice as Gin Wong Associates in 1973. Our headquarters are in Beverly Hills, CA. We have designed many major headquarters buildings, hotel resorts, office buildings, and university campuses throughout the US. I was Supervising Architect and Executive Architect, from inception to the present, of the Los Angeles International Airport. Our planning and architecture work can be found worldwide across the US and in many Pacific Rim countries, such as China, Indonesia, Singapore, and Taiwan. I have been a Trustee of the University of Southern California for the past 13 years, and I continue to serve, or have served, on boards for private corporations and on public and civic boards.

WALTER B. WOODCOCK: Born 9/21/19 at Miles City, MT. Completed my education at Montana State College, Bozeman, in 1941. Returned to the family cattle ranch in Custer County. Volunteered 9/12/42 in the Aviation Pilot Training Program of the US Army Air Force. I was a pilot cadet in the class of 43K but washed out due to hearing deficiency. Entered the B-29 Engineering Program at Amarillo, TX, in September 1944 and attended various training schools at Amarillo, Chanute Field, IL, and Seattle, WA. Following my discharge from service I returned to our ranch in Montana. Entered government service in March 1948, married Mary Lou Hogan, and we had two children, Mrs. Jay (Lynne) Cravath of Phoenix, AZ, and James G. Woodcock of Billings, MT. I was awarded the MAI designation from the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers and on 8/21/82 I retired, Chief of the branches of Land Use Planning and Real Estate Appraisal for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, DC. Following my retirement I returned to MT and purchased my present home on Flathead Lake.

EDWIN L. WOODS: Born in Wichita Falls, TX, in 1923. I graduated from Bonham High School, TX, in 1941, and entered the service in 1942. After

leaving the service I received a degree in refrigeration engineering from the University of Houston. I met and married Kathleen Finney in 1947, and we have two sons.

HAL G. WORLEY: Upon discharge in December 1945 I returned to college (VPI), completed my final year in 1947, and went to work for the Western Electric Company in Winston-Salem, NC. It was here that I met my wife, Rosemary Thorpe, and we were married in 1949. I was employed by Western Electric for 39 years, working in North Carolina, New York, and Pennsylvania. I have served in numerous civic, cultural, and professional organizations. Wood working and gardening are my hobbies, and I continue to serve as a volunteer in several community organizations.

MARTIN L. ZAPF: I was born in Princeton, NJ, on November 20, 1925. In 1943 I graduated from Princeton High School and entered the army in February 1944 at Fort Dix. I applied for and was transferred to the US Army Air Corps, taking basic training in Greensboro, NC, and then radio operator training at Scott Field, IL. We were crewed at Lincoln, NE, on George Keller's crew and took training at Alamogordo, NM. We were assigned to the 9th BG based on Tinian in the Marianas in March 1945. We flew 16 and a half missions, being shot down over Yawata, August 8, 1945. We were POWs until September 1945. I was discharged in March 1946. I am married to Jutta Zapf and have four children. My career was with Burroughs Corporation where I spent 17 years overseas in various countries.



6. Narrative Report.

a. Prior to Ditching:

The return flight from the target was made in the weather at an altitude of 8000 feet. At 0945, 10 minutes before the ETA a let down was made to 1000 feet but the home base was not in sight. A drift reading was taken and the ETA changed to 10:16. At 11:30 Pagan was sighted and it became apparent that home base could not be reached and emergency radio procedure in CW on 7310 KC was instituted.

The emergency IFF was turned on about 40 to 45 minutes before ditching and then an attempt was made to raise the Mine Sweeper "Bering Strait" on VHF and on 4475 KC but neither of these attempts were successful. Metro was used for obtaining ground speed but apparently stronger head winds were encountered while in the weather.

The crew was ordered to prepare for ditching and the radio operator sent QUG's to the ground station.

b. Preparation for Ditching:

All loose personal equipment both fore and aft was stowed in the bomb bay, along with items such as flak suits, fire extinguishers, and bomb sight. This equipment was then dropped but emergency procedures had to be used to close the rear bomb bay doors. The emergency escape hatches from the engineers compartment and the tail gunners compartment were jettisoned while the hatch in the rear compartment was opened. The astrodome was removed with difficulty. Ditching braces were installed. The remaining gasoline supply of approximately 100 gallons was transferred from #2 - 3 engines to #1 and 4. When #2 and 3 engines ran out of fuel the props were feathered.

c. Ditching:

The ditching took place at 11:55 when the airplane had been in the air for 17 hours and 30 minutes. The pilot and co-pilot used shoulder braces and safety belt, the engineer was in his seat, safety belt fastened, the bombardier took his position beside the engineer. The navigator folded his desk and took position on the floor facing aft. The radio operator sat in his position with his safety belt fastened, and his head on the table, padded and braced for the impact. The right gunner was in the unpressurized compartment, used his chute for back and head support and sat against the E5 sustenance kit which had been placed against the bulkhead door. He padded his back and head and braced his feet against the camera frame. The left gunner took his ditching position in the unpressurized section on the right side of the airplane and sat on an E5 kit with his back against the bulkhead. His back and head were padded and his foot braced against the camera frame. The radar operator sat on an E5 kit on the left side of the fuselage in the unpressurized compartment with his arm against the escape hatch. The tail gunner was in his seat back and head padded. The CFC man sat on lower forward turret with back padded and braced on upper forward turret with feet against the bulkhead door.

The airplane was ditched cross wind, along the swell with full flaps at 95 MPH. It went straight in without any side deceleration. It was not known if the airplane landed on a swell or trough but the angle of impact was about 5 degrees. The tail hit the water first and the nose mushed in. Almost immediately water was shoulder depth and it appeared to come from the tunnel, lower forward turret and engineers hatch. The aft pressurized compartment was filled with water. The nose section did not break but the fuselage broke 3 to 4 feet behind the blister. The putt-putt was not displaced. The underneath skin was severely broken



but the top skin wasn't broken until a few minutes after impact when the airplane settled. The tail fell off and sank in about 15 minutes and the nose sank 25 minutes after ditching. The flaps were in shreds.

d. Escape:

The pilot and co-pilot escaped through their escape hatches, navigator through the astrodome, bombardier through the engineers hatch, radio operator, engineer, and CFC gunner through the astrodome, radar operator and right and left gunners through the rear unpressurized escape hatch; and the tail gunner escaped through his hatch.

Upon leaving the airplane each crew member inflated his Mae West, two of which failed to operate properly when only half the vest inflated properly.

The life raft handles were pulled from the inside and they inflated properly. The tail gunner used his C2 raft to join the multiplace (A-3) raft. Five men occupied one raft and six were in the other. The two (A-3) rafts and the C2 raft were then tied together. The Gibson Girl Radio as well as the E5 kits were not removed from the airplane.

Seven men wore canteens on their belts and reported no hindrance to escape. Five men had the C1 vest on and complained of the weight after the vest became wet.

e. Weather:

Visibility was very restricted. The airplane flew a heading of 180 degrees while the wind was 8 to 10 knots from 90 degrees. The height of swell was 10 feet.

f. Survival:

When in the raft the Radar Corner Reflector was installed and a sea anchor put out. Everyone became sea sick after they had been in the raft a few minutes.

At 16:30 the survivors were sighted by a PBM search aircraft and signaling mirrors and dye marker was used by those in the raft to maintain contact with the PBM. Later the PBM dropped a raft, sustenance kit, cigarettes and a can bearing the ETA of the Seaplane Tender "Bering Strait" all within 10 feet of the raft.

g. Rescue:

The PBM dumbo picked up the Radar Corner Reflector on its scope from 10 miles at an altitude of 800 to 1000 feet. The "Bering Strait" picked up the reflector on its scope at 5 miles. First contact was made with those in the raft at 16:30 by the PBM. Rescue was affected at 21:15 by the "Bering Strait," and contact was maintained after dark by use of flares.

h. Crew Recommendations:

1. Pack sustenance kits in life raft if possible.
2. Thorough preflight of Mae West.
3. Gibson Girl Radio should be attached to the raft.
4. Sustenance vests are too bulky.
5. First aid kits were lost at time of impact.



Since some of the control cables were shot away, and one of the front bomb bay doors was shot off, ditching was believed impossible.

The Superdumbo guided 50V759 to the submarine, even using Aldis lamp as a guide.

b. Preparation for Bail Out:

The crew adjusted their parachutes and inspected their mae wests.

Since the bail out bell was inoperative, the CFC gunner stayed on interphone the entire time.

The IFF was on.

The nose wheel well was open and the nose wheel was down. The bomb bay doors were opened, but the remaining front bomb door opened only half way.

c. Bail Out:

The airplane commander made two passes over the submarine. His altitude on the first run was about 5500 ft.

On the first run, the right gunner, radar operator, and tail gunner went out of the aft bomb bay in that order.

The engineer, radio operator, and navigator were seen standing in the door of the front bomb bay, and it was assumed that they jumped.

The second run was made at about 4500 ft. over the submarine. The left gunner left from the aft bomb bay. It can only be assumed that the rest of the crew also left the aircraft. Since it was still dark, no one, including the Superdumbo crew, saw any of the men actually leave the plane.

It is believed that the navigator may have been previously hit, as his whole compartment was hit.

Time of bail out was about 0330K.

d. Survival:

The sea was extremely rough and the swells were very high.

The right gunner was unable to unfasten his parachute straps. The chute dragged him after he hit the water. The dinghy strap (attached to his mae west broke, and he lost his one-man raft. He had decided to leave his C-1 vest in the plane. He inflated his mae west and removed his shoes.

In about an hour the right gunner sighted a light and began to swim toward it. He found that it was the tail gunner who had the light from the C-1 vest attached to his clothing. The tail gunner was dead, floating on his back, his life raft inflated. The entire lower portion of his clothing had been torn off. The



tail gunner was the only one of the men in the back of the plane who had worn his C-1 vest, and the survivors believe that this had hindered him.

The left gunner could not free himself from his parachute. When he inflated his mae west, he became tangled in the shroud lines of his parachute, and he had to cut himself free. In doing this he accidentally cut away his life raft.

In the early morning the left gunner had swum close to the right gunner and the dead tail gunner. They were sighted by the Superdumbo about 0630K after they had released sea marker. They were picked up by the submarine with difficulty because of the rough sea, at 0700K.

No other crew member was seen. The close proximity of the three survivors and the dead man indicate that the two runs over the submarine were excellent.

The Japanese mainland was in view from the water.

7. Crew Recommendations:

- a. Light similar to the one the Navy uses, which could be pinned on clothing, would have come in handy.
- b. Have Superdumbo drop flares to aid submarine.
- c. If rescue ship is known to be near, do not leave C-1 vest on. Survivors believe that the less weight the better.

8. Comments and Criticisms:

- a. Submarine reported that no enemy planes appeared on the radar, but they left when the Superdumbo got close.
- b. Crew of the distress plane and the Superdumbo crew should be commended. From reports of the Superdumbo and from the other aircraft who heard the conversation between the two planes, it can be said that good judgment and good procedure was used, and everyone remained calm. If the sea had not been so extremely rough, the rescue of more of the crew would have been certain.
- c. Communications with Iwo Jima were poor. A period of two hours elapsed without a search plane in the area when Superdumbo had to leave station at 1100K. Plane from Iwo (notified several hours earlier) had not even taken off at 1100K. Contrary to opinion of authorities at Iwo, we believe that search should have been continued the following morning when the sea was comparatively calm.
- d. It was known that the CFC gunner and the tail gunner didn't know how to swim.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL DAVIES.

The EDITOR

Lawrence (Larry) S. Smith
9th BG Assoc. Historian (1986-Present)



Figure 15-361. Lawrence (Larry) S. Smith

At the 1994 9th BG Association reunion, it was a universal thought that the 9th had too interesting a history for it to remain hidden in archives. A mandate from our members followed that we should publish our WWII history. Larry agreed to accept the task of its accomplishment. As a “35 mission” member and the 9th Historian, Larry was uniquely qualified for this work. One of Larry’s skills is his ability to type faster and more accurately than most secretaries. He jokingly states the reason he was made historian was he could type while others were writing in long hand.

The old adage “if you want something done, give it to a busy person,” was certainly true here. While accomplishing the history, Larry was also president of the “Whooping Crane Conservation Association” and secretary and southwest representative for the National Wildlife Refuge Association with all their attendant requirements. He continued, with others, to locate new members and welcome them to the Association. This continuing work has contributed to the 9th BG Association being the most active B-29 Group with the greatest number of members.

Accomplishing a history 50 years after the events was a challenge. Larry began by cataloging the 6,000 documents in the microfilm records obtained from the Historical Research Center at Maxwell AFB, AL. He asked members for anecdotes of their experiences, biographical sketches (bios), and relevant photos. Volunteers were needed for help in typing, editing, and photo enhancement. As a result, 90 anecdotes, 162 bios, and thousands of photos were submitted. Many members volunteered to help. Also received were hundreds of letters thanking Larry for taking on this task.

Fortunately, 9th BG Commander Henry Huglin wished to author many of the chapters (how often does a General volunteer for so much work?). Maurice Ashland, also a “35 mission” member, lived literally down the street in Albuquerque, and his support in reviewing and editing incoming material was a key to producing this history during the 50th anniversary year. Several other members authored substantial portions of some chapters. The coordination of all this effort by Larry was a herculean task. While providing guidance to others, he contributed his own authorship of much of the history. Where there were gaps or members had died, he contributed the “rest of the story.”

A “History Steering Committee” evolved of Larry Smith, Herbert Hobler, Henry Huglin, Leonard Carpi and Maurice Ashland. No significant problems were encountered. Bonnie Chiravalle provided expert computer services, including coordinating and inputting all sources into the final book.



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Figures 15-363a and 15-363b. Dedication of "The Spearhead" to the 5th Marine Division on Aug. 17, 1945
 Above: 5th Marine Division band practices for the ceremony. Below: 313th Wing Brigadier General J.H. Davies at center rear with General Keller Rockey of the 5th marine Division to his right. To Davies' left is Captain Dave Rogan, Airplane Commander, 1st.