Group

823rd Squadron

71st Squadron

405th Squadron

822nd Squadron

"The Sun Setters"

THE 38TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION (WWII) DECEMBER 1993

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

JAMES B. THOREN

It is time for you and for the association to make our commitment to the '94 Reunion. We have blocked 175 rooms at the Hampton Holiday, Hampton Coliseum, and conference center, Hampton, VA. Enclosed is a '94 Reunion questionnaire; we would truly appreciate your taking the time to fill it out and returning it to us whether or not you plan to attend. It makes it so much easier if we know your plans in this regard and it obligates you to NOTHING while truly helping in the planning. It also lets us know you are still alive very IMPORTANT.

The May '94 issue of "The Sun Setters" will contain reunion registration forms, travel information and instructions on hotel reservations. Tours will be listed with costs should you want a tour. There are several very historic places and military installations to visit plus other interesting activities in the Hampton/Norfolk area — PLAN NOW TO COME!

The 71st BSq held a reunion in Denver in September — a very nice affair. Also dedication of the 5th AF Memorial at the graveyard at the Air Force Academy (with the 38th plaque and others) was staged October 8 — really cold and windy but well worth the visit, a truly memorable presentation with about 300-400 present. Mat Gac, Doug Hagie and others took several pictures that should be available at the Reunion. Also sincere thanks to Doug Hagie for his efforts in having the plaque made and delivered to the Academy in good shape.

There was an error in the address of the "Military Information Enterprises" — P.O. Box should be 5143, Burlington, NC 27216, Tel. # 1-800-999-8068. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

As of 10/18/93, we have 193 living life members (13 deceased), 73 widows (non-dues paying), 422 paid up members. We have recently located a few more of our lost comrades. For those of you who contact Secretary/Treasurer Bill McKinstry, please give him and his wife Cledie a pat on the back for doing such a great job for our organization.

One last very important item for each of you to think about and consider: We will need to elect new officers for the next two-year period. It requires some work but the contact with former members of the 38th BG makes it truly worth the small effort required. PLEASE PLAN TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES TO KEEP THE ASSOCIATION ALIVE AND WELL. We are well-funded so you should not have to bear any expenses, it does not require much of your time and former officers are there to help should you need it. HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES!

Continued on next column.

IT IS WRITTEN, I SAW WAR

Everett Caswell - 405th

As a radio-gunner on #1308, a B-25 arriving late one evening on the last lap of our flight from Mather Field, California, to Biak, New Guinea, I had my first contact with warfare. And it did not serve to instill me with great confidence for I was not permitted to see but only to hear and feel its effects.

On the ground at Biak, tired and hungry, operations said "we unload it and we eat".

It was so dark beyond belief, we had difficulty finding the mess hall — and only 33 flying hours ago we were "stateside soldiers". The mess hall, a palm-thatched roof supported on poles with an opening all the way around above the walls and one in the low wall for entrance/exit. I also recall a pole in the center of the entrance opening.

My mouth watered — we hadn't eaten in many hours and the food smelled good. (Obviously we must have REALLY been hungry!) My mess kit was about half full when the clatter of gunfire and engines' roar was punctuated by loud, earth-shaking booms. The cook's eyes jerked upward, the ladle dropped from his hand, he spun on his heels — and lights went out.

In the blackness, human shapes against the background of air-raid warning and weapon flashes, loud shouting. One word stuck out of the cacophony — "Trenches!!" Apparitions leaped over the low walls; others swelled to and through the exit openings in the low, braided frond walls. Machine guns' loud chatter sounded like stones falling into an empty steel drum. The earth shook. Ack-ack or anti-aircraft guns, followed by ear-splitting explosions gave me reason to believe the others were right — the mess hall was definitely not the safe haven I originally thought.

Action followed thought — sprinting through the darkness for where I last remembered the door opening to be, I found it — AND the center pole! Unable to see me prone on the ground, others collided with or fell over me. The din of warfare all about me, I can attest to earth-shaking (from close personal contact), trembling men and the acrid smell of burnt gun powder. I saw no bomb bursts, I saw no tracer in the dark skies, I saw no ack-ack bursts, I saw no aircraft, YET it is written I SAW war.

A LONG, LONG TRIP

As editor "The Sun Setters" editor, I am reluctant to use the limited space available for a personal experience but in view of the dearth of articles submitted, our problems may give some idea of how difficult it was to crack into this elite organization.

Upon graduation from celestial navigation school, Hondo, TX, and an abbreviated bombardier course at Carlsbad, NM, I was sent to Columbia, SC, for crewing up with Lt. Peebles and familiarization with the B-25. On 3/14/43 our crew was sent to Hunter Field, Savannah, GA, to crew a B-25, and at nearby Chatham Field for pre-departure briefing, we learned we were Pacific Theater bound via Hunter Field, Sacramento, CA.

We left 3/19 for Meridian, MS, where a mechanical problem delayed us two days before going to Jackson, MS, where a mechanical problem dictated a routing to Tinker Field's major overhaul facility at Oklahoma City for 6 days to correct a propeller problem, which watered down our enthusiasm for B-25s considerably.

On 3/28 we flew to Phoenix where another mechanical problem dictated a 2-day delay of departure for Hamilton Field and to Sacramento the same day.

On 4/08, back to Hamilton Field for two days orientation on over-water flights and a compass swing to assure accuracy. We settled at Hamilton for 11 days awaiting the ETF to come down to an acceptable level for our B-25 flight to Hawaii, monotony broken only by familiarization flights and a compass-swing flight. The most constructive aspect was upon being informed an ATC navigator would be assigned us for the 2500-mile flight to Honolulu, I insisted I was qualified for over-water navigation, and was most gratified when both pilot and copilot echoed my confidence and the decision was reversed.

April 29, while ETFs had improved by very little, we were notified in late afternoon of departure that evening — a surprising development until we heard a coterie of senators and representatives had been inspecting the facility and were much disturbed by aircraft being held up by weather ("it's great here" which influenced the report but not the weather"), so 10 B-25's took off at nightfall along with the B-24s and transports with much greater fuel capacities.

The 6 or 7 wind changes were most disconcerting, requiring constant monitoring. The Air Traffic Command ETA came and went, and the fuel supply became critical before we picked up the Honolulu beam. Peebles didn't turn off the engines upon reaching our revetment — both quit because of lack of fuel. All B-25s made it, but one stopped dead before reaching the runway exit.

Continued in next issue

YOUR 1993-94 ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

President ..... James B. Thoren
8110 S. Possession Rd., Clinton, WA 98236
Vice President ..... Grant Nelson
Box 696, Ferndale, WA 98248
Secretary/Treasurer ..... William J. McKinstry
473 Evergreen Drive, Tonawanda, NY 14150
71st Sqdn. Rep. ..... Robert Blair
2499 S. Colorado Blvd., Apt. 710, Denver, CO 80222
71st Sqdn. Alt. ..... Eugene E. Benson
714 Grand Ave., North Mankato, MN 56001
405th Sqdn. Rep. ..... Delbert Campbell
3102 Neilson Drive, Enid, OK 73703
405th Sqdn. Alt. ..... Harlan Denning
5425 Mark Court, Richland, WA 99353
822nd Sqdn. Rep. ..... Jack C. Wallace
101 Castlerock Rd., Oklahoma City, OK 73120
822nd Sqdn. Alt. ..... Andrew A. Rimar
522 Chase Drive, Corpus Christi, TX 78412
823rd Sqdn. Rep. ..... Dale Howieson
823rd Sqdn. Alt. ..... Orland F. Gage
337 Reservoir Drive, Lewiston, ID 83501
Hdq. Rep. ..... Thomas D. Kirby
P.O. Box 416, Simi Valley, CA 93062
Editor "The Sun Setters" ..... E. L. (Lew) Pavel
1002 Sweetwater Blvd., Longwood, FL 32779

"IN EVER-HONORED MEMORY"

Since the publication of the September 1993 newsletter we have been informed of ten veterans of the 38th Bomb Group that have gone to their final resting place.

Elmer DeBerg ..... (71st)
Jerry B. Evans ..... (71st)
Joseph S. Greco ..... (71st)
Donald L. Keefer ..... (71st)
R. S. "Bob" Laurens ..... (71st)
John J. Lynady ..... (71st)
John Mehalick ..... (71st)
Robert R. Robbins ..... (71st)
Robert E. Eichelberger ..... (405th)
Delmar Land ..... (822nd)

ADDITIONAL LIFE MEMBERS

The Association has gained twelve new Life Members since the listing in the September 1993 Sun Setters newsletter:

William C. Chisholm ..... (71st)
James W. Cronn ..... (71st)
Max R. Dyal ..... (71st)
George V. Reed ..... (405th)
Edwin H. Brandt, Jr. ..... (405th)
John Henry ..... (405th)
John J. Wilson ..... (405th)
Wellington M. Wise ..... (405th)
Roy L. Stallsmith ..... (822nd)
Robert G. Curliss ..... (823rd)
Robert F. Schanker ..... (823rd)
Cynthia "Cindy" L. Lee ..... (ASC)

* ~~The last name of Clifford Gunsalus was misspelled~~ in the September issue.

Here is the breakdown by squadron of the total number of members who have contributed $100 to the ...

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

HQ	71st	405th	822nd	823rd	ASC
7	46	80	37	41	3
1	4	6	2	1	Deceased

Total - 214

HISTORY OF 38TH BOMB GROUP

(This history appeared in FRAG RAG 7/07 and 7/14/45, provided by A.C.West, with minimal editing in the interests of space.)

France was no more. London was emerging from rubble of Luftwaffe savagery. Germany and Russia were locked in the most titanic struggle in the history of the world. Italy, under Benito Mussolini, ruled "Mare Nostrum". In the Far East, warlords of Japan agreed the time to strike for world conquest was near... But America, already committed to sympathy to the Allies, was only beginning to pool her men and materials for physical entry into the war, a role she knew inevitable. Then, from the fiery crucible of early American preparedness, emerged an infant of the Army Air Forces — The 38th Bombardment Group (M).

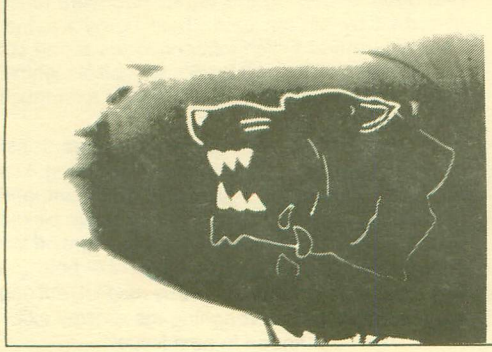
The day in January 1941, the place an old, red balloon hanger at Langley Field, VA. Personnel were few, and only three B-38s were assigned to the organization. For six months only a trickling of men and equipment was added to the group, but after transfer to the Jackson Army Air Base, in Mississippi, expansion was accelerated. Administrative and flying officers were assigned to the group from various Air Bases, Officer's Candidate Schools, and Aviation Cadet Schools; enlisted personnel came from the technical schools, gunnery schools and reception centers to bring the ranks to full strength, and fast, sleek B-26s — Martin Marauders — began to arrive to replace the obsolete B-18s. By 12/1/41, the group was at full strength with a smooth functioning administrative staff, a full quota of death-dealing B-26s and crews. But the cataclysmic attack of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, 12/7/41, forced the War Department to abandon its's defensive plans and prepare for an immediate war on two fronts; a change in plans greatly effecting the growth of the newly-born 38th Bombardment Group.

Results of the sudden entry into war saw Group ground personnel proceed to their overseas station, while air-crews with the necessary ground crews remained in the United States for further training. Plans of the High Command indicated the B-26 bombers were to be sent to the European Theater while B-25s were to be sent to the Pacific. This change of plans necessitated many transfers in personnel, both in air and ground crews and required still more training in the handling and maintenance. Finally, the four Squadrons of the group arrived in Australia during late August, much to the joy and relief of the ground echelon, now veterans of eight months overseas service.

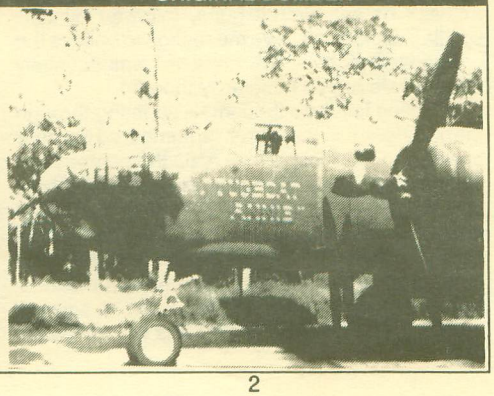
Again, however, demands of war necessitated loss of two Squadrons to the 7th Air Force of the Central Pacific. Then 9/15/42 the 38th Bombardment Group (M) launched its first

Continued on page 3

THE REAL STRAFER



ORIGINAL BOMBER



"RIBS AND STUFF"

Frank W. LaMar - 405th

In the fall of 1943, I sent my mother a picture of myself — a mechanic standing in front of my B-25 at Port Moresby's 17-Mile (Durand) Airdrom

Bang! I got a letter back fast. "What is matter? Aren't you getting enough to eat? I can see your ribs!" I got a copy of that picture out and, sure enough, although I was 15 feet in front of the camera, I could see my ribs, all of them — even the curved one on each side at the bottom.

Curiosity prompted me to make an immediate personal inspection and was surprised to note the skin had sunk down between them about 3/16 of an inch! Were everyone's like that, I wondered? As the ground crews got on the noon chow truck, I looked them over — everyone's ribs showed! No wonder I had sub-consciously thought everyone's body was so ugly. We were on half-rations, and without realizing it, we had gradually lost weight.

The next day I was in the orderly room. Captain Murphy, our squadron doctor, was at adjutant Captain Carpenter's desk. Scanning a ration report, he said "This can't possibly be our fair share. I'm going to see the quartermaster tomorrow", and the Captain quickly volunteered, "I'll go with you".

"Oh, boy!" I thought, "at last we'll get enough to eat!" Alas, nothing happened. We were hungry and even dreamed of food — but now for the sequel.

"THE FAT CAT"

As I recall, we were on the island of Biak in the Dutch East Indies. Five of us were waiting on the taxi strip for the chow truck when Joe asked, "What's for supper?" I said "Steak" and Joe jerked his hat off, threw it on the ground in mock anger. "What! again?" Another fat cat had come in loaded with fresh steak, lettuce, cucumbers, tomat and several other vegetables. For four or fi days, we ate like kings.

How did this get started? One afternoon someone said the C.O. had remarked that if everyone would chip in ten pounds (Australian), he would strip down one of our B-25s and send it to Townsville, Australia, where the crew could buy fresh meat and vegetables. I joined with the others in handing over ten pounds ($32 then — now over $250). All the armament was stripped out of one of the planes, boards were placed across the bottom of the bomb bay. The bomb bay, and the crew headed south. They came back with the B-25 stuffed with food — front, back, and bomb bay. It was luscious but not unique — our sister squadrons were doing the same.

Why the name "Fat Cat"? The 822nd or 823rd had painted their plane with a cat dressed as a portly, elderly, prosperous looking business-man leaning back comfortably in a swivel chair — the name for our food planes seemed most appropriate.

One morning in Port Moresby, I walked into the mess hall for breakfast. There was a luscious steak dinner with tossed salad and all the trimmings! An advanced echelon was taking off that morning for Dobadura to run air strikes against Rabaul, New Britain. The CO had said, "Those men will miss the steak for supper we're having for dinner. Serve it for breakfast."

Four or five more "Fat Cat" trips were made over the next six to eight months. But Biak was the last. When we moved to Morotai, we were too and way too busy running missions for to spa planes and crews for Fat Cats.

What happened to our ribs? They had disappeared and we were on full rations. But those Fat Cats — 49 years later they are still a very pleasant memory!

NOTHING ON IPSWICH

The Editor was intrigued by a member letter remarking, "In all the articles in "The Sun Setters" about 38th history, I have yet to read anything on our stay at Ipswich (20 miles east of Brisbane) — As I recall, we were there a month working on B- modifications."

The writer hasn't read anything about Ipswich because the Editor hasn't received anything from anyone assigned there, including that writer — had he concentrated on observations about or activities of station, "Sun Setter" readers would have been exposed to it. Our supply of stories runs pretty low at times — opportunities to introduce neglected areas or activities are welcomed, but can only be generated by member memories.

Dates of service in a location are helpful BUT the date the information is submitted can be most helpful in resolving occasional duplication of experience — first received, first used, with second received held for a later issue. Members can support the publications's viability by sending in their memories — a short item re a single incident, a detailed report of a mission or non-mission activity. Dates help readers to relate more readily to activities during their duty tours.

AGAIN, date your submission. The editor's principal duties are to proofread articles for any blatant misrepresentations and to correct spelling errors; it is not his prerogative to alter basic facts presented by the submitter.

GET THOSE ARTICLES IN, FELLAS — the well of information is going dry!

EDITOR'S NOTES

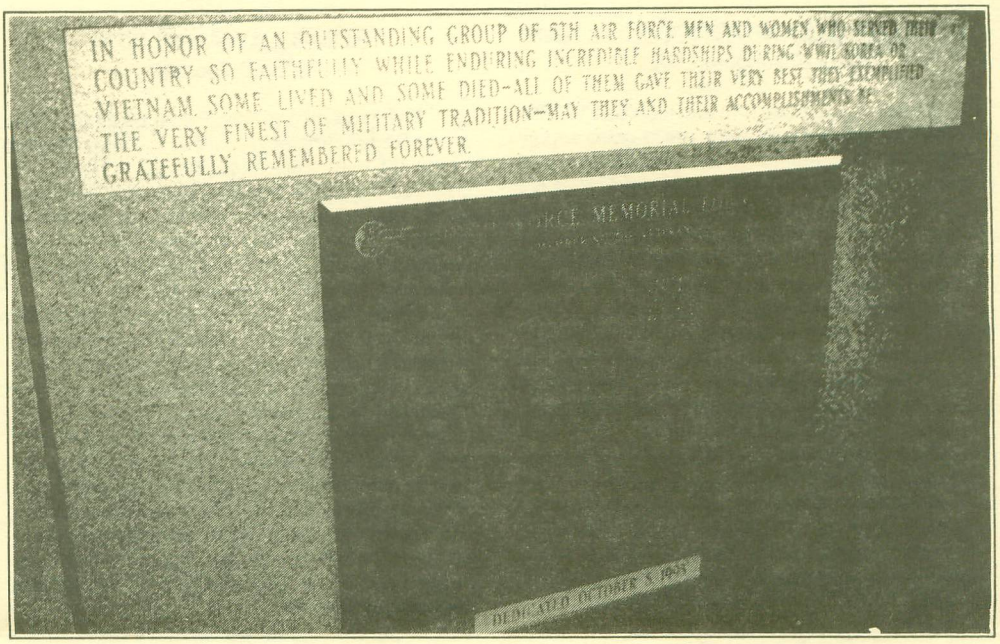
Occasionally we receive a letter from a member enclosing a story and remarking it had been submitted before but was not used. That article may have resembled one already edited, in which case we would hold it for a minimum of two issues lest it be viewed by the readers a a re-run of the previous story and initiating rumors re favoritism. Another possibility, the sender misaddressed the envelope and did not include a return address.

May we AGAIN urge members to date all material submitted and include full name and address on both the material for our information and on the envelope to assure its return if misaddressed. Please refer to this issue for the proper address -- I have discontinued our P.O. Box.

HISTORY OF 38TH CONT.

strike against the enemy. Thirteen sleek, olive drab B-25s took to the skies from an advanced base off the northern coast of Australia to smash enemy installations in the Buna sector of New Guinea, and all planes returned safely to the base. For a first effort, the mission was considered a tremendous success. The group moved forward with allied troops in the New Guinea campaign to begin operating from the Moresby area, pasting targets at Lae, Salamaua, Nadzab, Alexishafen and Wewak. Enemy shipping did not escape the long and powerful air arm of the 38th. When Nadzab fell into Allied hands, the 38th moved to that area from whence it bombed enemy targets at Hollandia, Biak, Owi and New Britain. Shortly after Biak fell to the Allies, the group used the base for its operations but for only a short time, moving on to the island of Morotai. From this spot the group hit enemy targets in Borneo, the Celebes, and the Philippine Islands. At this time the 38th Bombardment Group was) is firmly entrenched "somewhere in the Philippines" participating in strikes against enemy installations on Formosa, the China coast and adjacent waters.

Continued in next issue.



MISSION TO JEFMAN-SAMATE

Sam Mazzara - 405th

(This article in essence is the interview by Author Larry Hickey re the Jefman-Samate mission of 6/16/44 on which Sam was crewed with Bob Henderson. Hickey indicated no objection to its use in "The Sun Setters" prior to the publication of his book. SM identifies Sam and LH identifies Larry.)

SM: I think I may have a fair recall of what happened. As we hit the strip, like Pappy stated, the Japanese Zeros were in various stages of takeoff. Some were with landing gear down, some with gear up. Pappy got his Zero before I got the two. I didn't see his get hit. As we were making our run on the strip at 50 feet, two Jap Zeros appeared off our right wing in a takeoff mode. They were slightly above our right wingtip, approximately 45 feet away. We were still down at 50 feet. One Jap pilot looked at me and I could see his expression — he was surprised and I was too. He appeared to be about 20 years old, my age. I whipped my guns over and gave a short burst. You could have hit him with a shotgun. There was another one right behind him. They were taking off together. He was a little lower in pattern than the other. He just flipped over and as he flipped, I let him have it and they both went down. I saw the explosion when I hit him and then he wiped the other one out. I was raking them both with my 50's.

LH: So the first one you saw your bullets hitting him — where?

SM: Right across the whole fuselage.

LH: Did you actually see bullet holes appearing in the side of the fuselage?

SM: It was like instant hit, instant explosion.

LH: Did you see tracers or anything?

SM: I didn't see anything going in. I was firing right at him, point blank. I didn't even use my gun sights. He winged over and there was another one right there next to him.

LH: So he disappeared from your view?

SM: Yes. After they collided, both went down. Pappy got the one in the lead. There were quite a few planes takingoff. Swede got one with his nose guns — he was our wingman.

LH: So you got one and then you got the other. Tell me what you saw happen after that.

SM: There was a fire and explosion by the cockpit and he winged over, and as I was raking his plane, I was raking the one above him, too. It happened so fast. Whether my 50's got him or whether he wiped him out... they both went down together into the water.LH: Did you actually see anything hit the water?

SM: No. You're moving so fast over the target. You hit them, you see fire and an explosion. They were both confirmed by Fred Logan, the gunner in Swede's plane. The weirdest part about the experience was the face-to-face confrontation with the Jap pilot just 45 feet out there and you can see the surprised expression on his face. Another scary mission was an early morning mission, one of the first that Pappy and I flew together. He was the oldest man on the crew — that's why we called him "Pappy". It was a night mission out of Dobodura and we were assigned a celestial navigator. His name was Johnny Johnson and it was our first time together. We were heavily loaded with fuel and 500-lb bombs. I don't recall the target. We were about midway down the runway and we lost power. I was standing in the turret and with the type of runways we had in New Guinea, the props came down and the sparks were flying. Pappy picked it up and it dropped down again — we slammed in and slid right to the end of the metal runway onto the dirt. There was no fire — Swede, our copilot at that time, was fast enough to hit all the switches. They bailed out of the front and the radio operator and I bailed out of the waist windows. We all gathered in front of the nose off to the side and the B-25s were just clearing us! No one was aware that we crashed on takeoff. Major Foley, our C.O., was at the other end of the runway in a jeep and didn't see us crash. No one was aware of it until Jimmy Kannette (radio operator) notified the control tower. We counted heads and Johnny Johnson wasn't there. Swede and I ran back, climbed over the nose and into the cockpit. We found him right behind the pilot and copilot seats. A piece of prop had caught him on the right side of his head. He was still breathing and Swede gave him a shot of morphine. If you're standing behind the pilot and copilot seats, those props are right even with you. When we hit that metal runway with the props, a fragment of the prop sliced right through the fuselage and caught Johnny in the head. He was later pronounced dead at the hospital. I was talking to Johnny just before we took off — he had received a letter from his mother telling him that his brother, who was flying P-40s over China, was missing in action. Johnny was concerned for his mother because she had a bad heart condition. For quite some time after Johnny's death, my thoughts were with his mother and I wondered if she survived the tragedy of losing two sons in the war.

Continued on next column.

THE 405TH SUPERSTITIOUS? — NAH!

Harry Rosengard - 405th

It was one of those unusual nights at 17-Mile in New Guinea — there was a pretty good supply of liquid refreshment from Australia available and no mission scheduled for the next day.

After a hundred or so choruses of "Shanty's Lament", I took an empty cigar box from the bar and went outside the club and filled it with small stones. I then went into my nearby tent and made a small sign "DUMPU LUCKY STONES - ONE SHILLING". I returned to the club, put the box and sign on the bar, and within five minutes the box was loaded with shillings, florins and half-pound notes. The money was donated to the bar fund for the next "Fat Cat" run to Australia. I think that "Terrible Terry" Terrell, Sam Mazzara, and Swede Swenson still have their "Lucky Stones".

For those 405th troops who missed that 1944 opportunity, there will be an ample supply of "original Dumpu Lucky Stones" at the 1994 Clambake — and the one shilling charge will be waived.

"NO BRAKES"

John Palmer, 71st

Flying out of 17-Mile, Port Moresby, as co-pilot for "Hubby" Beers we were taking off in a sweeping left turn to get information for a mission, to Wewak, I think.

The cloud cover was very low and we broke into the clear every once in awhile. I was peering intently up to find the Squadron and all of a sudden I saw a B-24 coming straight at us at our level.

"Hubby" saw it as soon as I did and pushed the control column forward (we were at about 300 feet) and we drove toward the harbor at Moresby and I heard a big thud, looked back and saw the navigator all covered with red. I thought it was blood, but it turned out to be fluid from the bomb bay doors.

As we pulled up, the force of this tore three 300 pound bombs off the bomb rack and right through the bomb bay doors into the bay.

We had to handcrank down the gear and flaps, and when we hit the runway, "Hubby" yelled "No brakes!"

I grabbed the handle of the bottle between us and it was out of juice so we sailed off the end of 17-Mile Strip.

Twice we have climbed out through the top hatch. Both times "Hubby" stepped on my hands, but everyone got out and no one was hurt — BUT we were all a bit shook.

BOMBS AWAY !!! ???

A. "Bud" Yeoman

Flying co-pilot with Lt. Price, on a mission to strafe Dagua Strip at Wewak as the lead ship, we broke off over the water. Navigator Dick Slye checked the bomb bay and found a 250 - pound bomb had hung up — one clip had released, dropping the bomb at an angle across the bomb bay with the fuse stretched tight with only about 2 inches left before pulling out of the fuse.

We decided not to try to shake the bomb out and about 20 miles from Wewak, Price pulled out of formation and started climbing to get into smooth air. Leveling off at 15,000 feet, we tried to find some way to release the bomb since we had no tools. Slye did have an American dime (which he had carried ever since he left the States) and asked me to hold his legs while he hung down into the bomb bay to try to remove the screws from the shackle with the dime. After 1 1/2 to 2 hours effort, we were ready to jump out of the plane. I'll never forget the moment Slye came up for air and said the bomb was gone.

When we landed, we found 22 holes where bullets had gone through our fuselage, knocking out our electrical system.

Just a routine flight! — YEAH!!!!!

"OOH-LA-LA"

Bill Wilson - 405th

The 405th Squadron was located at 17-Mile strip out of Port Moresby when we arrived in September, 1943, and after a few days we decided we needed to wash some clothes. Harry Terrell, Royce Harrod and I procured an empty metal drum from the maintenance section. We rinsed it a couple times, then started a fire under it and threw our underwear in.

When we figured the clothes had cooked enough, we took them out and hung them at the side of our tent. Before long some of the "old hands" came up the hill in their jeeps and as they passed, we heard them hollering "yoo hoo", "Hey, honey" and similar sexist comments.

The stimulus? The drum had contained hydraulic fluid and, needless to say, our underwear had been dyed pink. We were the "YOO HOO" boys for a few days, but I'm glad it was 1943 and not 1993 or we might have been mistaken for "Slick Willie's Yoo Hoo Boys".

Needless to say, we sent our laundry out from then on.

VICTORY SALUTE FOR A COMRADE

Harry E. "Terry" Terrell, Jr.

When I first arrived in the 405th Squadron, I got to know a fine lad, Johnny Johnson, who lived across the road from our tent at 17-Mile, Port Moresby. He was killed on a night take-off at Dobodura when the B-25 bellied in after the gear was raised. I kept his Aussie flying boots and swore that I would walk the streets of Tokyo in them for Johnny.

At the end of the war, I managed a courier flight from Yontan to Seoul and Tokyo. We RON'd at Kimpo and the next day headed for Tokyo. I had heard Admiral Halsey was going to ride the Emperor's white horse, so I thought I'd do him one better and buzz the Emperor's Palace — and I did on 9/22/45.

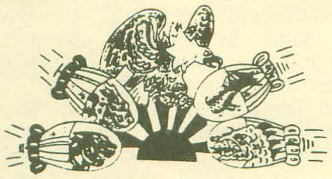
When I landed at Tachikawa, I was asked to show the route of flight I had taken from Korea. General MacArthur was living in the New Grand Hotel in Yokohama and had received the report of the "buzz job". I showed an approach from the southwest, away from the Ginza to outside the Emperor's Palace grounds. I never heard another word about my flight plan. Incidentally, Halsey never did ride the Emperor's horse!

At the time I was Assistant Group Officer and I don't recall which squadron aircraft I flew or who the crew members were. I'm hoping that anyone reading this article who was on that flight will recall that "Victory Salute" to Johnny Johnson and will let me know — I'd like to reminisce a bit.

****

(Del Campbell, through whom Terry's report was forwarded, added a postscript: "I was on the mission when Johnny Johnson was killed by a piece of the prop which came through the fuselage. I was leading the second flight. We all took off just over their heads, not knowing they had mushed down after lifting their wheels and were sitting at the end of the runway. The date was 2/29/44 (Leap year) and on this mission I lost Lt. Beady and his crew — the only crew I ever lost off my wing. The only reason for those loses were night takeoffs and night flying which none of us had done in a long time.")

SEE YOU IN HAMPTON, VA, REUNION '94!!



"The Sun Setters"
8110 S. Possession Road
Clinton, WA 98236

Non-Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit # 38
98236

KEEP 'EM FLYING LM
ORLAND F. GAGE (LM)
337 RESERVOIR DRIVE
LEWISTON, ID 83501