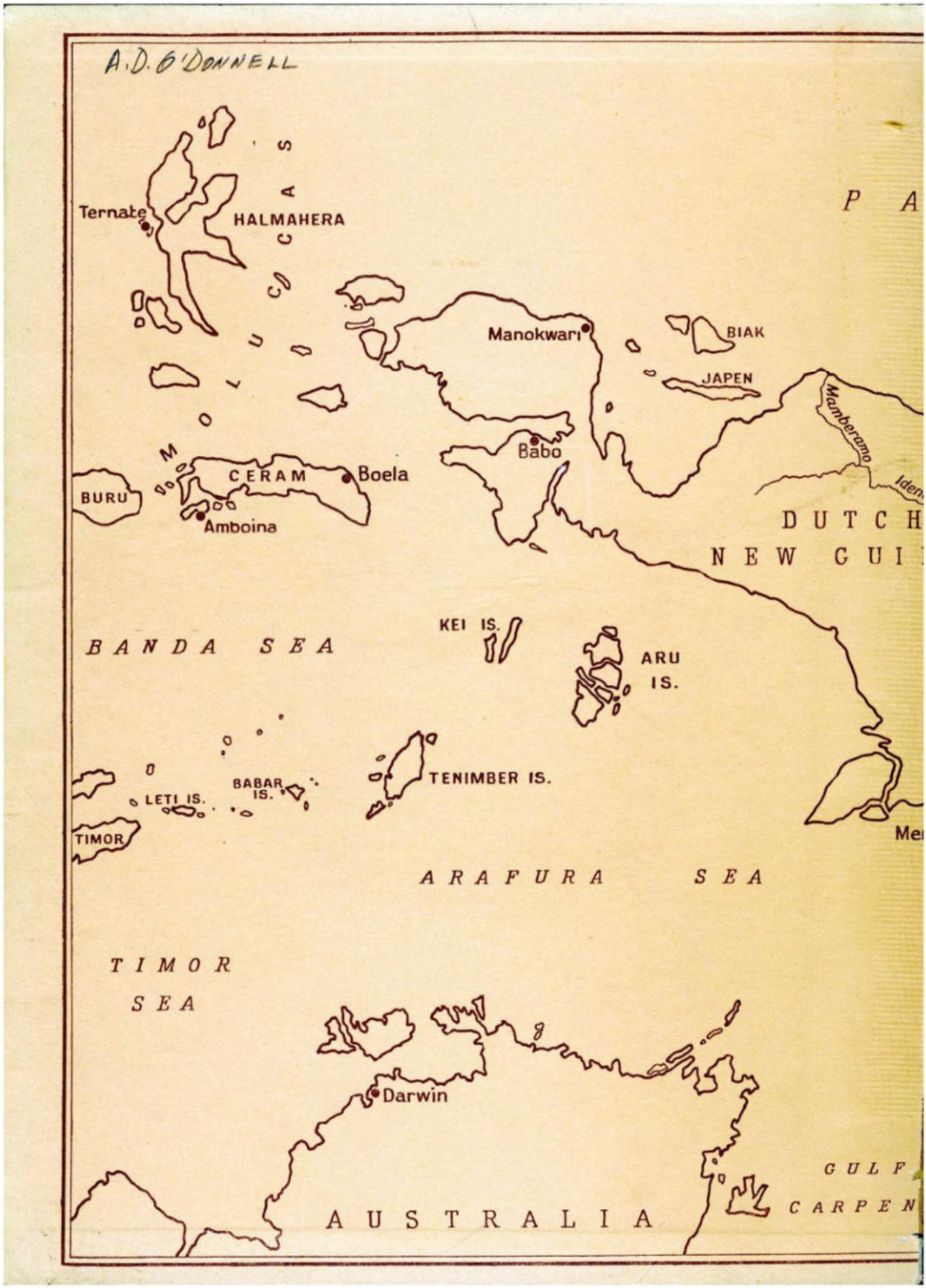
ALTITUDE MINIMUM


A.D. O'DONNELL
MOLUCCAS
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HALMAHERA
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BURU
Amboina
DUTCH
NEW GUI
KEI IS.
BANDA SEA
ARU IS.
TENIMBER IS.
BABAR IS.
LETI IS.
TIMOR
ARAFURA SEA
TIMOR SEA
Darwin
GULF
CARPEN
AUSTRALIA


I F I C O C E A N
MANUS
ADMIRALTY IS.
Hollandia
Aitape
Wewak
Sepik
HANSA B.
NORTH EAST NEW GUINEA
KARKAR
Alexishafen
Madang
Bogadjim
Saidor
Gusap
Markham
Nadzab
Lae
Finschhafen
Salamaua
NASSAU B.
HANISCH HAR.
HUON G.
Wau
Morobe
C.WARD HUNT
Fly
GULF OF PAPUA
Buna
ORO B.
Kokoda
Dobodura
Port Moresby
TORRES STR.
HORN I.
CAPE YORK PENA
CORAL SEA
Kavieng
NEW IRELAND
Rabaul
C.GLOUCESTER
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LOUISIADE ARCHO
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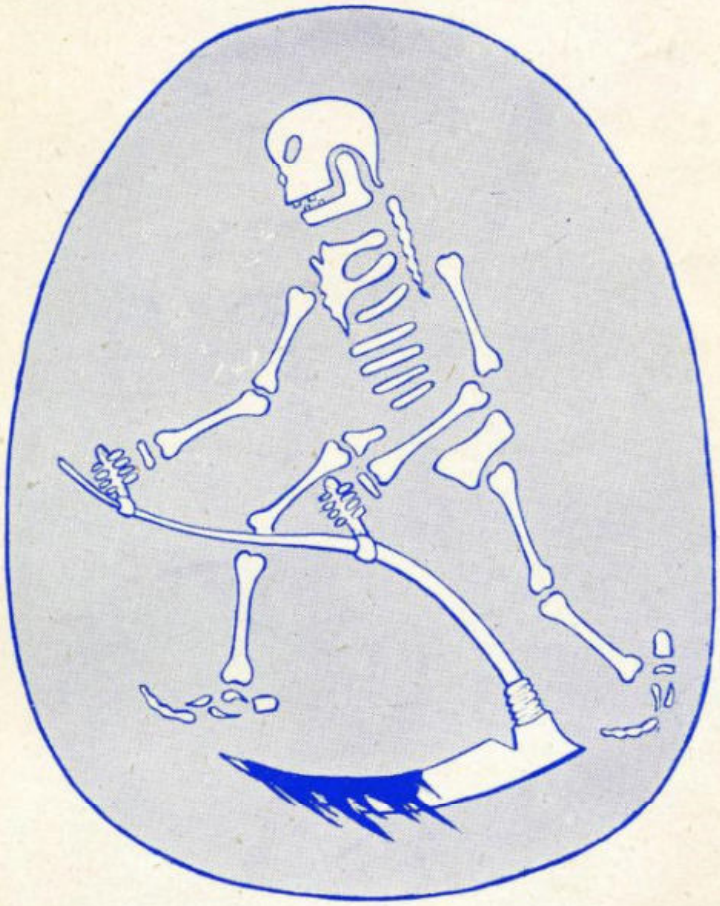


"There is justice in the Grim Reaper's Scythe—"


ACES UP

ALTITUDE MINIMUM

89TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (LIGHT)
SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA
ANGUS AND ROBERTSON LTD
1945

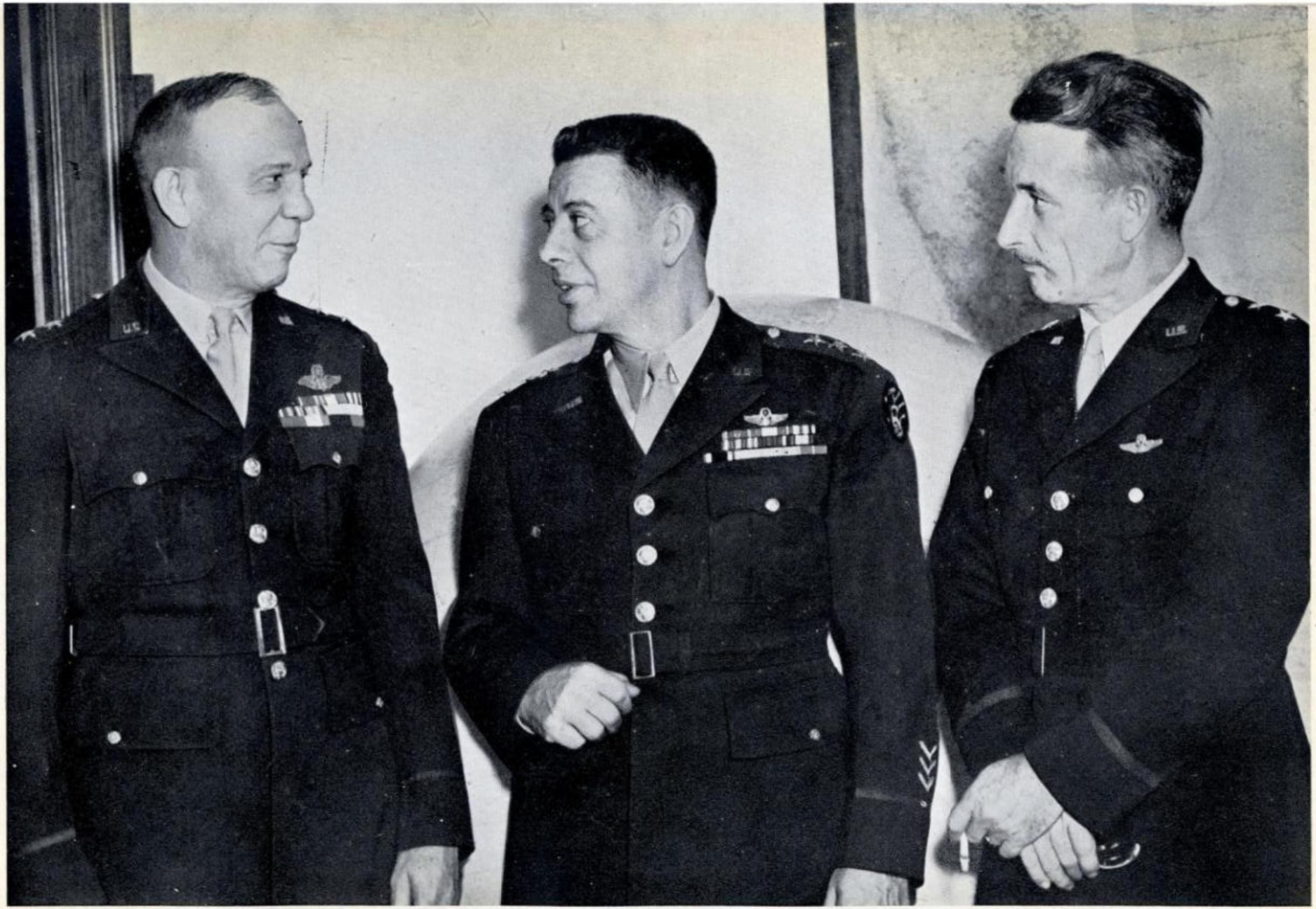
Set up, printed and bound in Australia by
Halstead Press Pty Ltd, 9-19 Nickson Street, Sydney

TO

THE MEN OF THE 89TH,

AND TO

ALL MEN GONE OUT THE HARD WAY



AIR STRATEGISTS OF THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

The planners and executors of the air war against Japan are shown here as they met for the first time since Lieut. General Kenney's new air army, "Far East Air Forces", was formed, embracing Major General Ennis C. Whitehead's Fifth Air Force and Major General St. Clair Streett's Thirteenth. *Left to right*: General Whitehead, General Kenney, General Streett.

HEADQUARTERS
ADVANCE ECHELON
FIFTH AIR FORCE
APO 713 UNIT #1

AG 201.22

18 May 1944.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : All Air Force Units, New Guinea Area.

1. The following radiogram received from the Commanding General, Fifth Air Force, is published for the information of all concerned and is to be posted on all command, wing, group and squadron bulletin boards:

QUOTE WRECKED JAP AIRCRAFT AT HOLLANDIA AND ON TADJI ARE ATTRIBUTED TO THE EFFICIENCY AND THOROUGHNESS WITH WHICH THE FIFTH AIR FORCE IS PERFORMING ITS TASK PD THE IMPOSING LIST OF DESTRUCTION CONTAINED IN YOUR RADIO DATED FOURTEEN MAY SHOWS THE COMPLETENESS OF THE JAP DEFEAT PD CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL CONCERNED FOR A JOB WELL DONE PD ARNOLD UNQUOTE

2. In addition to the above, the undersigned desires to convey his heartiest congratulations to all ranks for the continued success in destroying the enemy.

ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD,
Major General, United States Army,
Deputy Air Force Commander.

AG 201.22 1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, V BOMBER COMMAND, APO 713 Unit #1, 21 May, 1944.

TO: Commanding Officers, all Organizations, this Command.

My own observations show the thoroughness of the destruction at Hollandia. A magnificent job. Congratulations to all officers and men.

J. V. CRABB,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

SQUADRON, GROUP, AIR FORCE

FROM the single tactical squadron and its parent group, to the widespread, intricate Force that fought the enemy in the skies above New Guinea and Darwin, drove them to earth, destroyed their airplanes on the ground, sank their shipping and cut their supply lines to provide the opening for the long advances up the New Guinea Coast and along the water avenues to New Britain.

The Grim Reaper left the United States as a unit of four squadrons—the 8th Squadron, the 13th and the 90th, and the 89th. The 8th was the first of the Group to go into action. They had the A-24 . . . against Zeros, and numerical odds that pointed out the end before they went out on their first mission. They fought, but it was the hunting falcon against a slower, heavier bird. It was a quick, savage fight that ended tragically, but served the purpose of slowing the Japanese in their swift, inexorable drive towards Australia. The gentlemen of Nippon were flushed with conquest during the first months of the Southwest Pacific War—with a supreme confidence in their war lords. The allied air forces in the theatre were so short on men and fighting planes that the enemy intelligence must have disbelieved its reports. . . .

The B-25's went in next. Three ship formations—and three ship flights, carrying an overload of fuel, bombs and ammunition to targets that were at the extreme limit of their range. The squadrons remained on the mainland, and the B-25's had to make the long Coral Sea flight to the staging field at Port Moresby as the first stage of their missions. The ground crews set up skeleton camps near the strip. The crews would stage out of the area on missions without fighter cover, to the north coast targets of Lae and Salamaua, for ten days or a fortnight, before returning to the mainland. It was not an efficient arrangement, but the situation, at that time, did not permit any lessening of the grip upon our own precariously held lines of communication and supply. This was in April of 1942, before the reading public had begun to realize the strategic importance of the half-known islands of the Southwest Pacific. It was the first stage of the holding war. The records of the 3rd Bombardment Group, with their cold, impersonal figures of loss and achievement, do not look at it as an impersonal war. The B-25's fought too many battles with the attacking Zeros, they went through too many curtains of solid ack-ack fire, to regard it with the easily used phrases of dispassionately-composed news articles.

The 3rd has held the distinction, for a long period, of being the most highly decorated unit in the Southwest Pacific. The list of awards, and the actions which justified them, would be a remarkable addition to any album . . . but we do not think in terms of awards, but in terms of results, and the service our Group has given. There is not a single major target in this theatre of New Guinea and its satellite islands that has

not felt the full force of the Grim Reaper's wrath. The historic strikes at Rabaul, Wewak, Hollandia and Bolea will rank high in the formal accounts of aerial warfare, but we will prefer to remember our ships and our commanding officers leading the way across those targets. Major Wilkins, of the 8th Squadron, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour, posthumously. The highest award our nation can give to the fighting man, yet the men and the officers of the Group will first remember him as a man, and then as the pilot who went in with his crew in attack upon a Japanese cruiser in Simpson Harbor, at Rabaul.

The 3rd Group's commanding officers have ranked high in the actions of this war. Colonel Hall, Lt. Colonel Downs, Colonel Henebry and Lt. Colonel Ellis are on record as the leaders of medium and attack bomber flights over the most dangerous targets the theatre has held. It is part of the Grim Reaper's tradition that its commanders take the hard missions. They have never failed the tradition. It carries on into the squadrons, where the squadron commanders lead their own flights across and through the black-webbed lacing of enemy ground fire to reach the targets designated for the day. The 3rd Group began its history during the first World War, but it was in this remote part of the world, against the combined odds of nature, shortage of equipment and personnel, and an implacable and fanatical enemy, that its tradition began to build. It goes through from combat, all the way down to the prosaic building of camps in raw, new territories, to the manner in which the men of the Group accept the denial of the most fundamental advantages of existence.

The roster of the 89th Squadron's commanding officers is a record of the Squadron's combat history. They have all been A-20 men, but they flew B-25's during the first part of the war, and after they advanced to duties in the Group Headquarters Squadron, before the 3rd Group was changed over to attack bombers, they again flew the 25's in combat. Colonel Hall and Major Petrie were the early commanding officers. The command went to Major Clark, Majors Good and Nenneman, then to Major Joe Moore, who turned over the command to Major Dow. They ran their recorded missions up to figures that are difficult to believe, when it is considered that in other theatres, a quarter of the same number of missions was stated as the maximum required before the man was relieved from combat duties. The commanding officers of the 3rd Group and its squadrons do not request relief from combat duties, until the orders are in, from higher authorities, making it mandatory.

The present commanding officer of the 89th Squadron is Captain Walter Heyer. His successor is on the roster of officers who are today taking their ships and their flights on missions across the wide seas, and the mountainous islands of our sector. The Fifth Air Force has expanded, times over again, since it first was organized in Australia. It has needed the experience of the squadron and group men who have flown the hardest and most demanding type of combat. The training fields of the United States have needed that same experience, to prepare the fledglings for their own introduction into the war. To the layman, this will serve as the explanation for the advancement, and the replacement, of commanding officers, and all personnel. The rosters may change, with new names and new ranks, but the basic purpose of the Group and the Squadron's organization will remain the same. The Grim Reaper will not ease the weight of the strikes against his enemy.

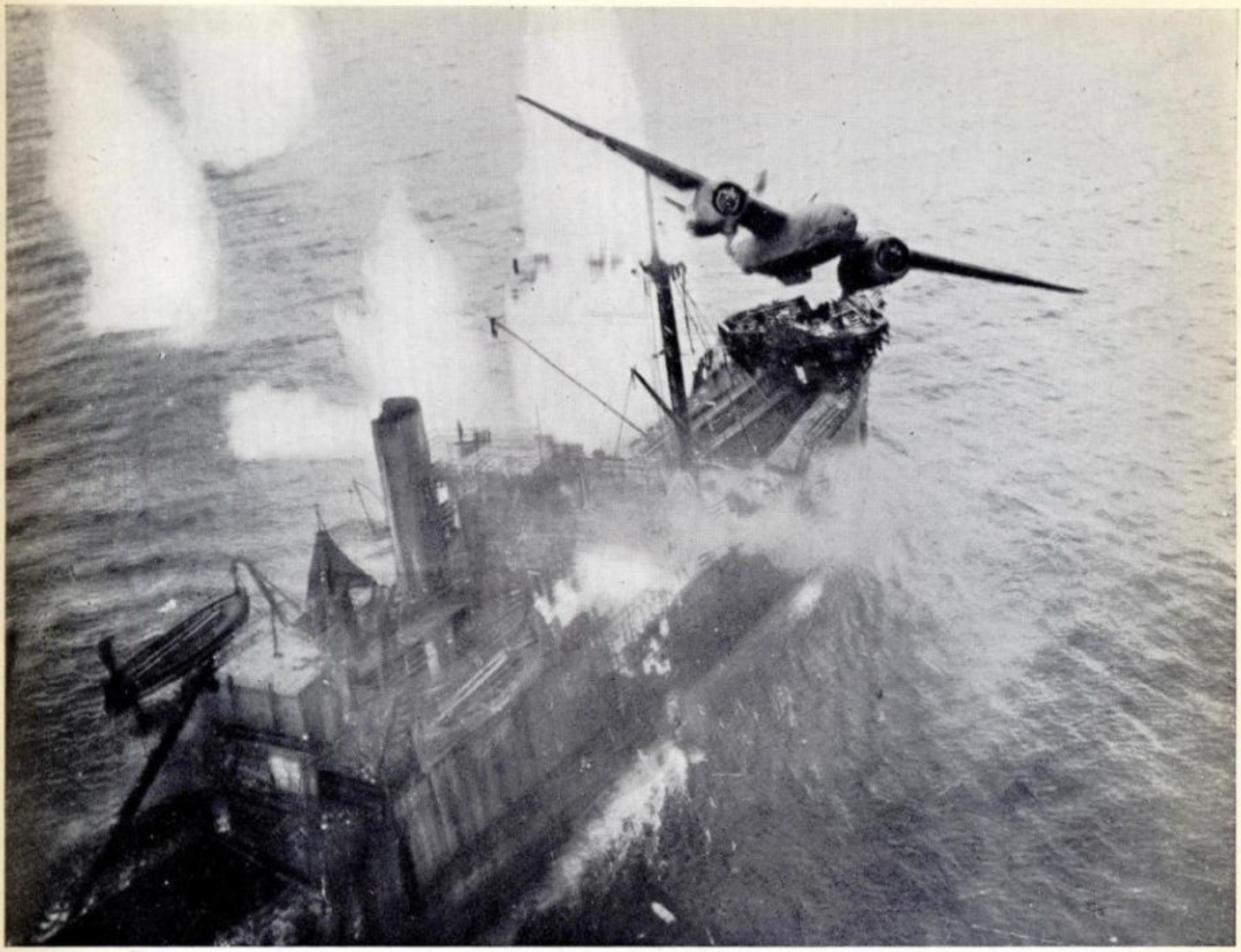
89th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

3rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)

HONOR ROLL

1ST LT ALBERT F. BURKE, JR. 0-740049
1ST LT PAUL KENDRACH. 0-431446
2ND LT CORNELIUS F. O'LEARY. 0-649101
1ST LT FRANCIS C. PRUITT. 0-442230
1ST LT TURNER WILLIAMSON. 0-433435
2ND LT GEORGE Q. LOCKWOOD, JR. 0-747444
2ND LT JACK HARRIS. 0-672087
F/O IRA J. WEIDLER. T-186427

T/SGT ARTHUR G. KELLY. 638962
T/SGT IVAN M. WRIGHT. 6823767
SGT HARRY C. YOUNG. 20329562
S/SGT RICHARD E. CHAPMAN. 20459114
S/SGT ROGER S. MARTIN. 11014927
S/SGT ROLAND C. NOYES, JR. 18010733
M/SGT SHEPHERD G. DECKER. 6810612
S/SGT LAWRENCE M. GILES. 11014331
S/SGT OTHA M. PIERCE. 17024312
S/SGT JOSEPH FOX. 18048416
PVT 1CL ZANE W. HILL 13031713
S/SGT FRANK E. TURPIN. 35457254
S/SGT DONALD L. BRADLEY. 6953407
S/SGT FRED J. SMITH. 6925240
S/SGT JOHN C. HUNTER. 34571366
S/SGT LEO G. SARKISIAN. 31005676
S/SGT ADOLPHUS T. CLEMENTS. 13034944
S/SGT CLAIR E. MATTOON, 39176425



WE CAME IN LOW

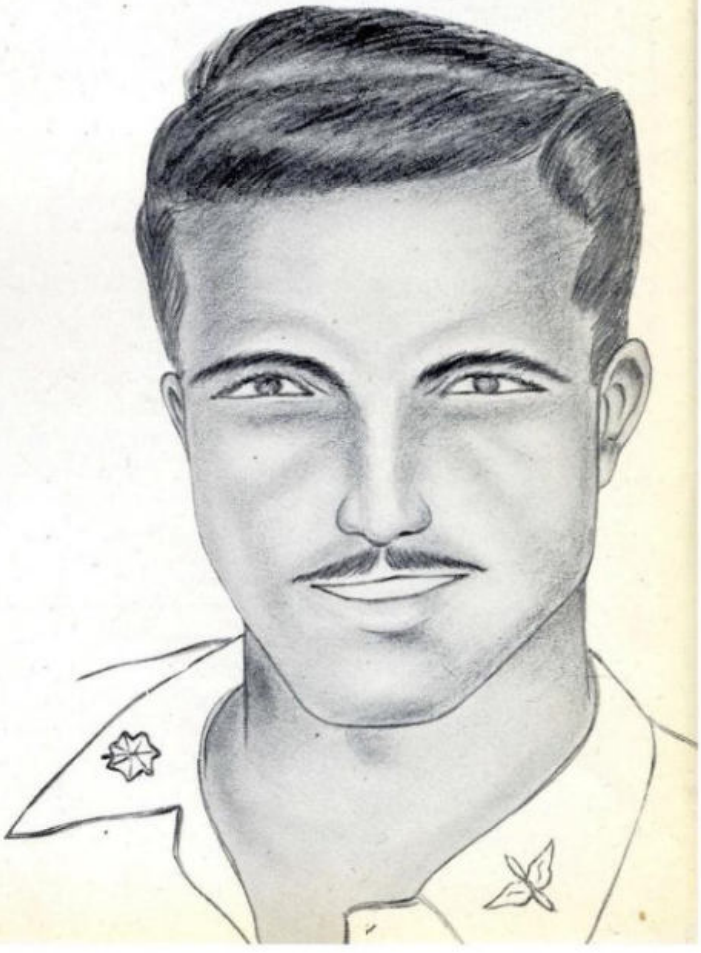
THIS is the story of one squadron on active duty in the Southwest Pacific. The 89th Bombardment Squadron (Light), member of the 3rd Bombardment Group (Light), on active duty since January 31, 1942 in the Southwest Pacific Theatre of the Second World War. This volume is not an effort to prove that we were the prime factor in the coming victory. It is too big a war to permit even the nations to reach out for the crimson glory. .It was planned to serve as a storehouse for the memory, for all of us who have served with the Squadron. A psychic, apprehensive belief persists that those memories shall be turned, revised, polished and amplified in the years of peace to come. It is so destined by nature, for man's memory is at best like the sands of our own islands, washed forever to infinitesimal change by the sea and the tides.

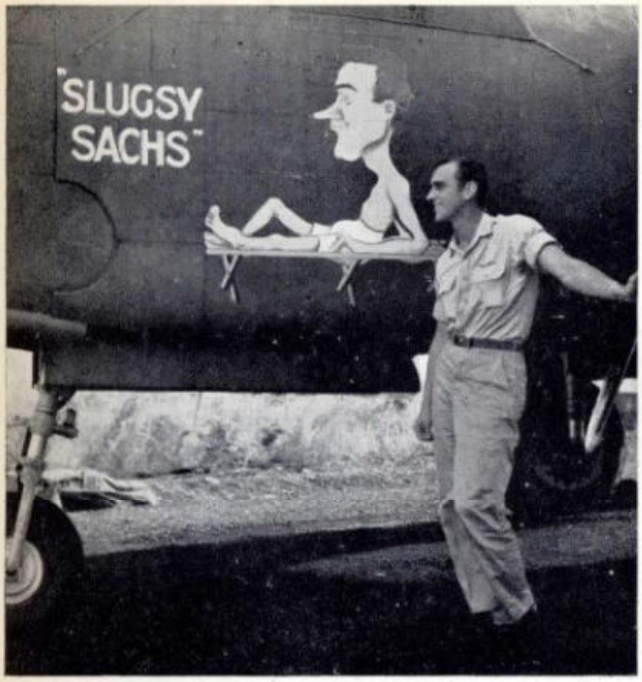
No album should do more than state facts, and present a picture-record of its men, and the manner in which they fought and worked and lived. War costs lives, and no man or organization can be willing to seize credit and glory after first weighing the cost. The 89th Squadron has Firsts to its credit, but they are in the records and in the cold, factual

CAPTAIN WALTER HEYER,
COMMANDING OFFICER

MAJOR ROBERT DOW,
FORMER COMMANDING OFFICER

CAPTAIN H. B. MONROE, OPERATIONS





history in the War Department Files. The facts state that we came early and have remained late, and shall remain until the war is won. Nothing else today is of comparable importance.

Of course . . . we were among the first to leave the United States, on January 31, 1942 . . . we were the first squadron to fly the modified A-20's in combat, with four fifties and four thirties firing from the nose . . . we have the longest period of island service over any unit in the Bomb Command of the Fifth Air Force . . . there are other facts, but, as it has been written, the claims must wait until the little brown gentlemen of the Zero-Zeros retire to their narrow islands to revise their dreams of world domination.

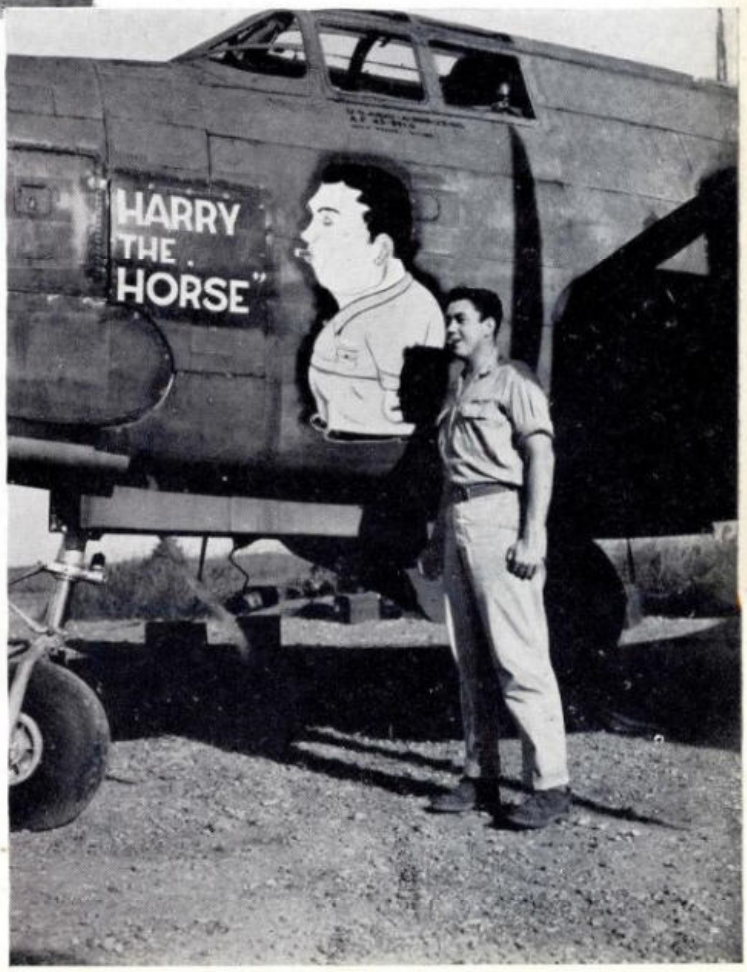

"JEW
LOUIE"


"BIG
BUTCH"

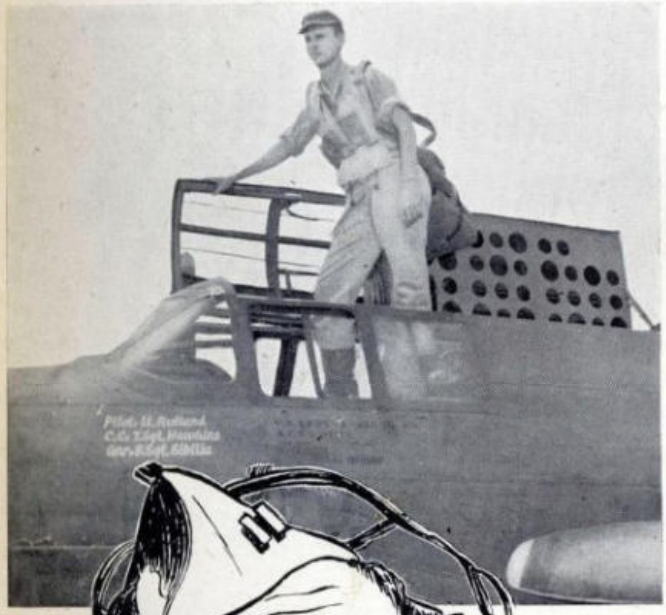

"SORROWFUL"


"EDUCATED
EDMUND"

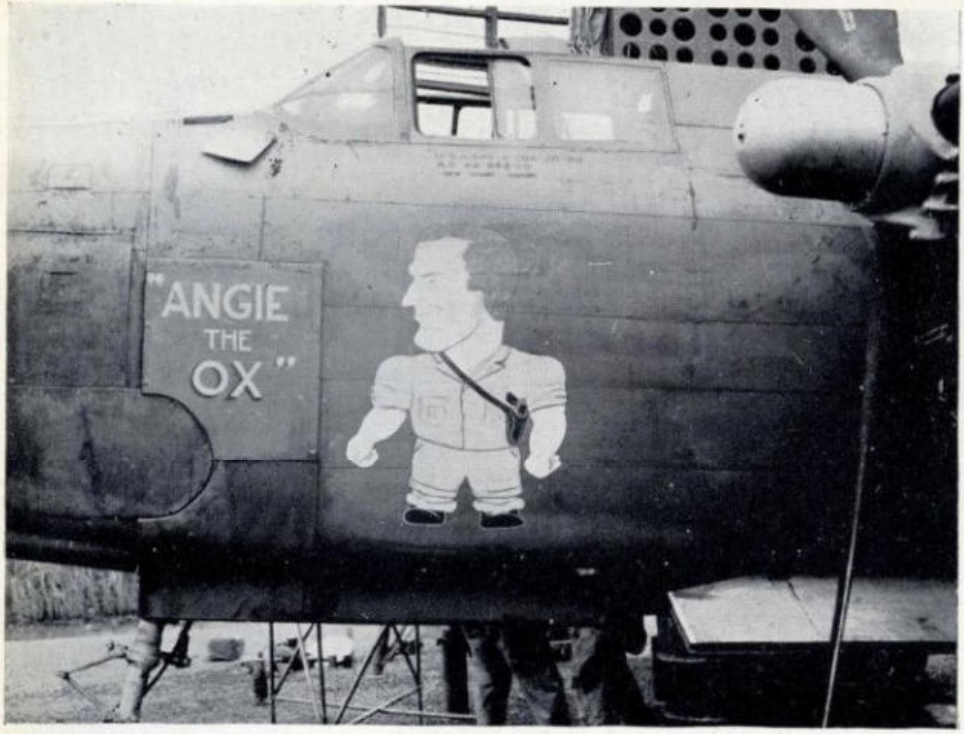

"LIVERLIPS"
III


"HARRY
THE
HORSE"

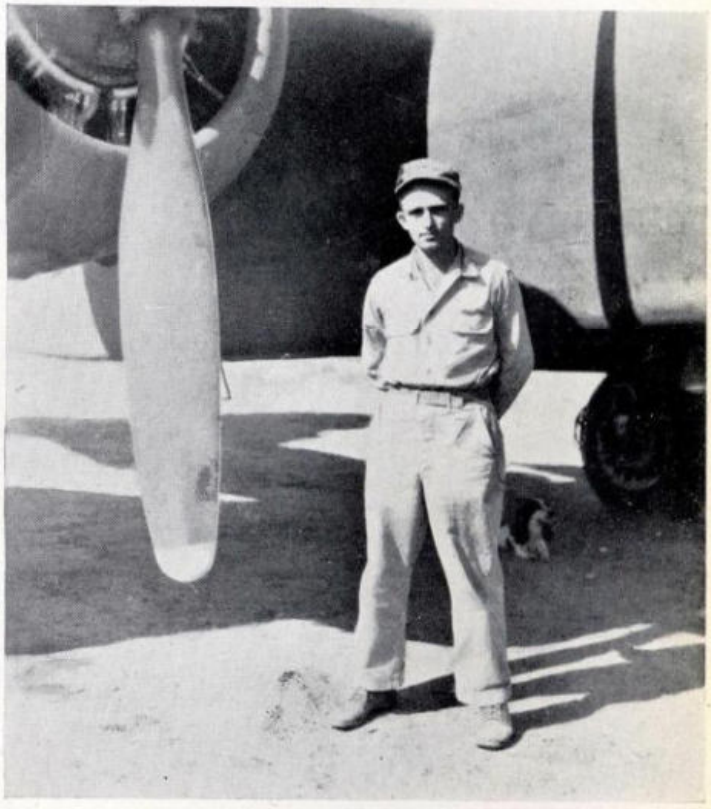
ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE SEPIK



AND THIS IS THE WAY WE
ALL WANTED TO
LOOK—


"ANGIE
THE
OX"

It is proper and inevitable, that a squadron should create its own book, because it has lived its own story. A squadron is the smallest complete unit of the tactical arm of the air force. The manner in which the men and officers live and work together, under exacting and, at times, unpleasant conditions, will create that intangible thing called the esprit de corps. There are many factors required to create that spirit of the corps. The smashing of the enemy at his own game, for one. The full knowledge that is given to the men who perform their duties to the best of their abilities, and see their faith justified in the record of their squadron. There are the opposing factors of rain,



heat, mud, dust, food, mail which act together to try the men's morale. These factors must be defeated, because their defeat is as necessary to a world victory as are the smashing of the enemy installations and the rout of his armies. We have lived and worked

together, overseas, for almost three years, as a part of this show which began small and in darkness, and have taken what was given, and have handed out a thousand times more. Bread cast upon the waters shall be returned seven-fold, but the Nips made the grave tactical error of dropping steel . . . and we returned kind with kind. We have moved by land, water and by air, have built camp after camp only to move forward again, looked at field rations and the empty mail box for days upon end time and time again, we have worked on our ships during the heat and the rain of the day and the unfriendly dark of the night and have flown our ships across targets insane with ack-ack . . . the album was inevitable.

It is a personal album. Not for the general market, even though the Second World War is the most written war in history. There has not been a single phase of the conflict left unrecorded since the day Germany overran Poland on its first move to final defeat. Those fragments of posterity which survive should benefit by the records, and be warned. As a squadron, we believe that one war is enough for any man's lifetime, and perhaps our album shall serve to act against the actuality of another war. We want to believe that the families of our men on the Honor Roll shall not have sacrified to a lost ideal. It will not be too long before the last mission is run, the last crew is interrogated, and Intelligence has sent in the last report to Bombcom, and then our album shall justify its existence, and the world will be given the opportunity to justify this war.

The 89th Squadron is a tactical unit, with the A-20 as its weapon, and its one purpose to attack the enemy. It is the attack bomber's duty to destroy equipment and supplies, to harass and hammer personnel, to wreck organization. The attack bomber can be compared with the swift-striking cavalry of the War Between the States . . . not the Civil War. This squadron came from Savannah, Georgia. . . . Minimum altitude means that our ships are on the deck when they hit. They hit low, at great speed. They have gone the length of the runway at Lae at eight feet above the ground, against the direct fire of ground gun positions. They have flown through the debris heaved skywards by the bombs of the ships gone ahead over the targets. The A-20 is a flying platform for guns, and a weapon of artillery that can hit the target at amazing distances. The ship is typical of air power in general, but for all of us it retains an individuality because of its speed, strength against punishment, and its utter beauty in flight. It is the pilot's airplane, and it must be a nightmare for the Japanese.

It has been an unconventional and unethical war in this theatre. . . . Things that shall not be easily forgotten have happened in this savage, no-quarter fight on a group of islands that were half-unknown to us before Pearl Harbor. The last desperate gesture of that Japanese infantryman at Buna, when he stood in the line of fire of our strafing planes and threw a hand grenade . . . the Bismarck Sea Battle, when one of our pilots made a perfect strike with a 500 pound bomb, followed it with a second, to sink the 800 ton freighter, and returned to say bitterly that if he had known one bomb would have sunk the ship, he would have saved the second for another target . . . the rendezvous on the decisive morning of the Bismarck Sea fight, when the Fifth Air Force met to form for the attack, and B-17's, P-40's, P-39's, the Australian Beauforts, our A-20's and every ship that could get off the ground was out there, circling, waiting . . . going into the harbor at Kavieng against everything the Nips owned, hitting everything they owned and coming out without a loss . . . watching The Brain circle the strip with one wheel down, the nose wheel half-down, and a bomb hanging nervously on damaged shackles in the bombbay . . . listening to an engineer's pointed remarks as he digs palm splinters and branch fragments out from between the cylinders of his engines, then listening to the pilot as he admits that it had been a little difficult to stay below the ack-ack and above

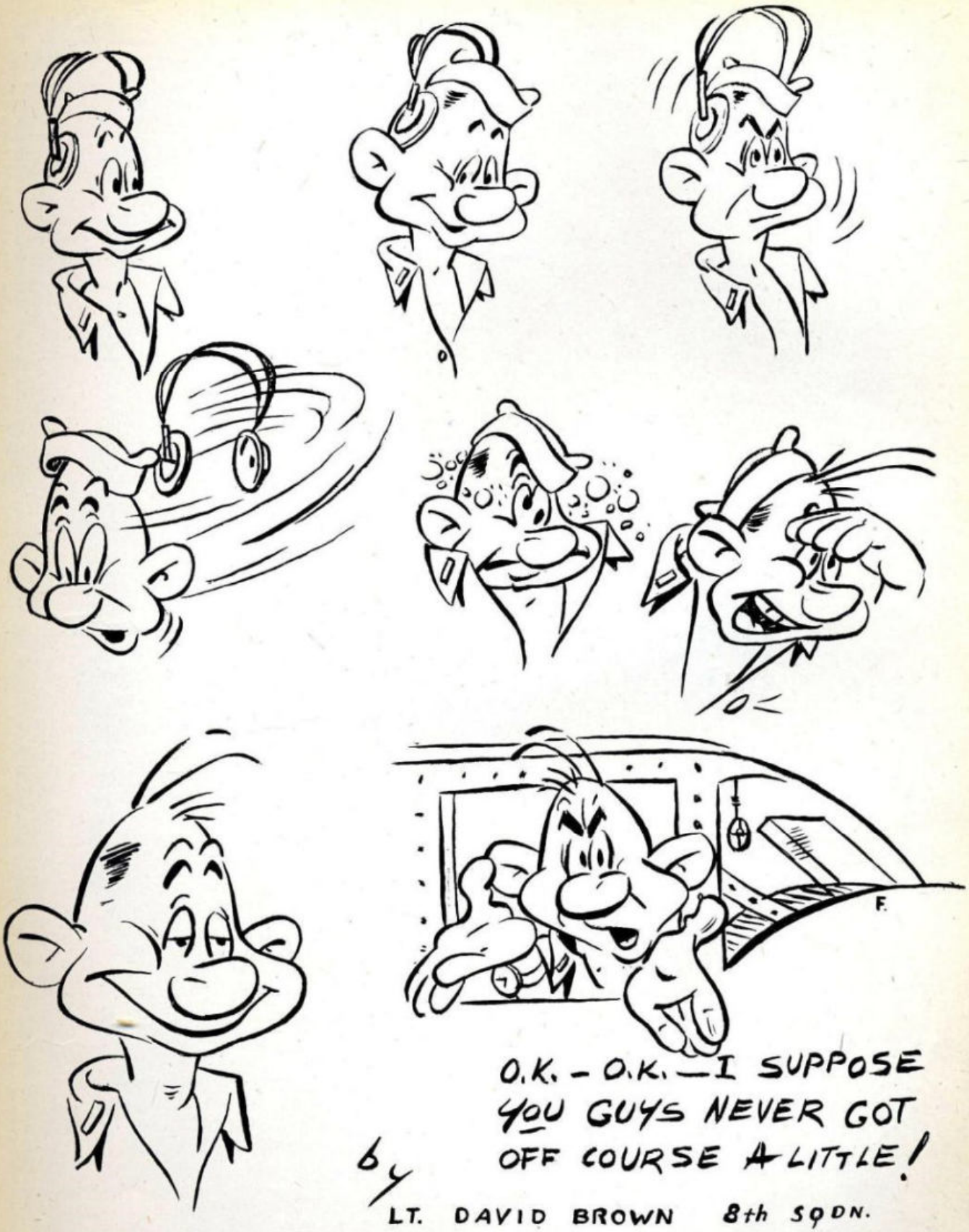
the trees . . . the discovery of the *Taiyei Maru's* register between Jew Louie's engine cylinders, and Rod's gesture as he remarked: "Well, it's proof, isn't it?"

A squadron's life is built around its aircraft, and it is natural that they are given names, instead of being referred to by number or by letter of the alphabet. The early A-20's were picturesque and varied in the names given by their pilots or by a conference of pilot, gunner and crewchief. We had Eightball, Kentucky Red, Mary Marual, Pappy's Joy, St. Sebastian, Oklahoma, and other highly individualistically named ships that carried the freight to every target within striking range, and carried it regularly. They were old A-20's, and paid for themselves in destruction spread among the Japanese times over, before the newer, heavily armored 20's began to come over from the United States. New pilots and crews came too, as relief, long due, for the men who had been here in the beginning. It remained the same squadron, of course, because men and ships assimilate swiftly in a forward zone. The work demands it.

A catch-word in the Squadron for aeons, it seemed, had been the word "Character". It was used as a cryptic description of any man who gave evidence of an eccentricity . . . such as making devout assertions that he liked New Guinea. In the long run, it became generally used, because under the glass, it developed that few men were without outstanding and individualistic habits which set them apart from men equally unique. This was the beginning of the thunderously approved decision to call the 89th Squadron "The Characters" . . . and it was approved because several copies of Damon Runyon's books were in the understocked squadron library, and they were always in demand. It held our imaginations, and even the Broadway characters reminded of home.

Then Suor—with a pencil, a stack of paper and a corner of the big desk at Mindy's—brought the characters to life. Mindy's was a four-room home, built by three pilots and a ground officer, at the big valley camp. A labor of love. Cement floor, shower, kitchen sink and hessian-cloth paneled ceiling and walls that set a pattern for the newer camps of the area. The last elaborate effort to create luxury, because in the camps that followed pyramidal tents became the demand. The very luxury of Mindy's proved its downfall as a home, because it became regarded, unofficially, as the Squadron Officers' Club—and out of it, after discussion and bull-session over the nightly teas, came the Characters. Merciless caricatures of the pilots, each name fitting, ideally, the personality of the pilot. Tobias the Terrible, Hot-Horse Herbie, Judge Goldfobber the Tennessee Lawyer, Good-time Charlie . . . Burke, for he never stood short, until that day at Noemfoor, and even then he made his run over the target before he went in. Our ships became known from Port Moresby to Biak and points north.

It is ironic humor that the fanatical followers of the Bushido Code must suffer attack from ships named with complete disregard for the dignity of the Japanese order of war. Their oriental, peasant minds must fail to comprehend the attitude of a nation whose men will take the ultimate in fighting machines, and christen them with irreligious names that rip away the false glamor of war. They would not understand that our Runyon characters have brought laughter, and have brought home a little nearer, too, by the quick flashes of memory they create. The humorless dignity of the Samurai might suffer irreparable hurt when he is in a palm-log dugout, waiting out the strafing runs of Jew Louie, Paddy the Link, The Brain, Jo Jo, Big Nig and their partners . . . but perhaps it does not matter at all to the Samurai, as he watches the disintegration of his nation's ambitions, whether the end comes with dignity, or without.



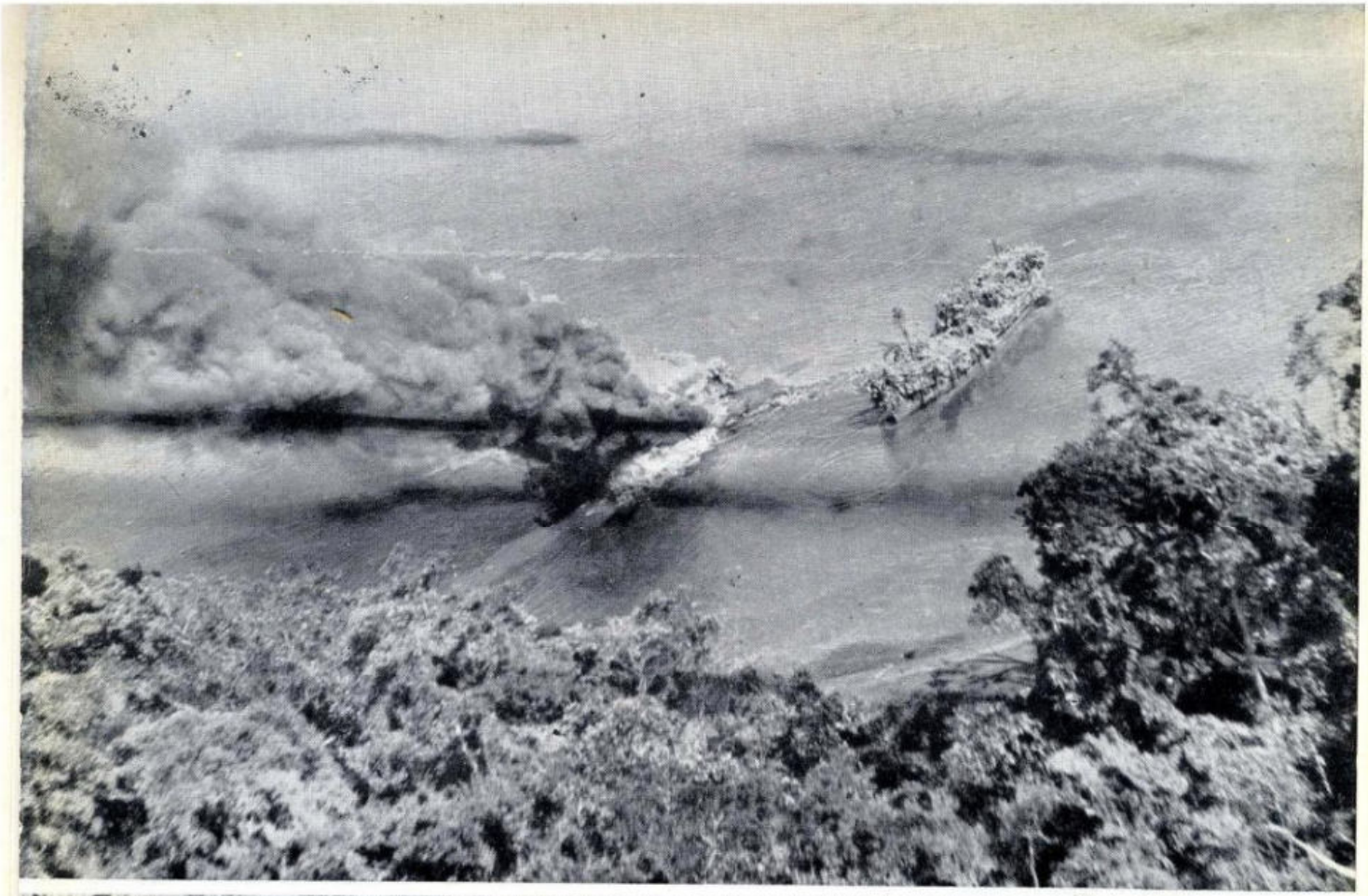
by

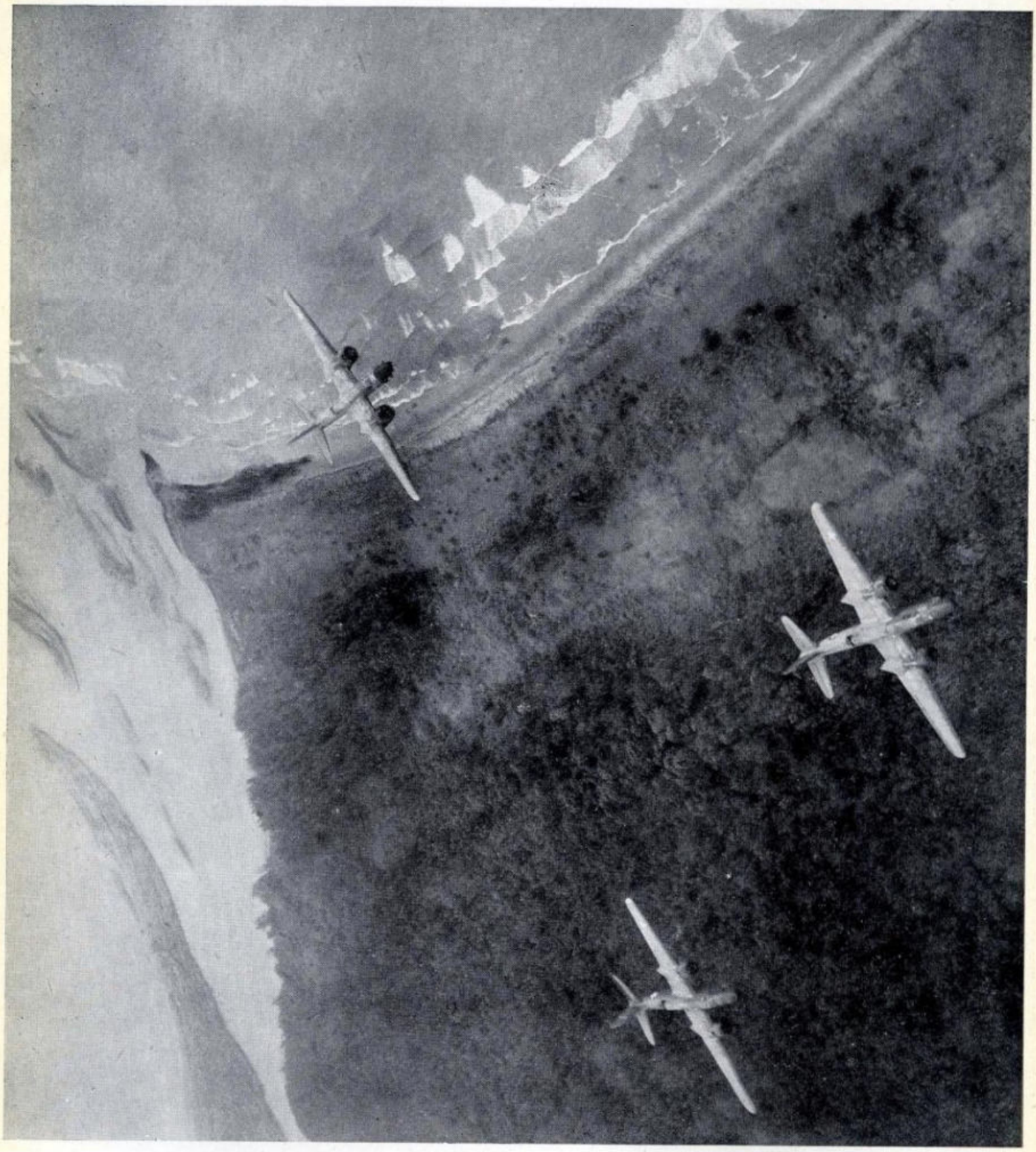
LT. DAVID BROWN 8th SQDN.

GLOOMY SUNDAY

"PILOT REPORTING — ACK ACK LIGHT, SLIGHT, AND INACCURATE!"

"DIDN'T MY BOMBS HIT THAT BARGE? PLEASE SERGENT ..... HUH SERGENT, HUH ??"





PERSONNEL

We've read the things written about us. We have read everything that has come our way, anything which provided a sound basis for the arguments of the nightly forums of the dimly lighted tent area. It is possible that the writers who studied us through their fourth dimensional microscopes have analyzed us correctly. They glamorized our pilots, and painted our gunners with that star-gazing gleam in their eyes, but most of them missed the ordinary things. A pilot climbing stiffly out of the high cockpit, too worn and tired to do anything but make out the form one and to head for camp and a few hours' rest. A gunner working out on his guns until late at night, and then going out on a mission at dawn. No one can know what it is to work on the line until the experience is given. The hot, gritty dust whipping across the parked plane, fouling the engines, even beneath the canvas, working into the precise prop mechanisms. It might not be of interest to a writer to watch a truck load of crewchiefs, armorers, ordnance men returning to their camp after ten or twelve or fourteen hours on the line. The mothers of those men would not recognize their own sons. A layer of dust so thick that it can be rolled back with the clenched fist is an effective method of attaining incognito.

We have read that there are few military organizations as complex as the air corps tactical unit. It might be true, because the modern fighting airplane, completely equipped, demands a considerable variety of specially trained men to keep it in fighting condition. It takes trained men to keep the ships ready to fly . . . and highly trained men to get them off the ground, make the long run to the target, and bring them home again. It

seems complex, yet, actually, the organization is broken down into neat, component parts which enables each man to know precisely his duty, and permits the entire organization to function smoothly, at peak effectiveness. This is the logical place to clear up at least one cliche which has been in use by civilians since the first Jenny staggered off the fields of France. The man who crews an airplane is a crewchief, member of the engineering department. He is not a Grease Monkey. He is a tolerant man, because the very nature of his work demands patience, forbearance, and a deep understanding of human nature and pilots. He is a crewchief, a radio man is a radio man, an armorer is an armorer, the gunner is a gunner. A straight line is often the shortest distance between any two points.

The Squadron was understrength when it first came overseas. As the new men came in to fill the vacancies, the responsibility for their training fell upon the older men. We have had gunners, with fifty missions and more, who have never had the benefit of a formal gunnery school. We have capable engineers, crewchiefs, who were overseas before they had begun to understand the first basic principles of maintenance. We have radio men of high rank and capabilities, without school certificates, self-taught. Armorers, ordnance, motor pool personnel, who had to get their knowledge the hard way. They had to work it out, under the sun, in the dust, the heat and the rain, in the open, unshielded revetments. The older men . . . older in experience and with army schooling . . . trained the new men until it was recognized they were capable of crewing planes, or ready for any of the precise duties demanded by the accurately built aircraft which are our squadron's weapons. The army is a school. It never suspends the training of its men. The training is only intensified on active duty, because necessity drives hard.

Engineers, Armorers, Gunners, Communications, Ordnance, Supply, Kitchen, Motor Pool, Medical. Departments within the Squadron. Coordinated to maintain, operate and fly the ships which are the open pride of every man, and provide the deepest reason for the discipline which can keep us over here, month into year, at peak efficiency. Beyond this division by departments, there is another and more evident division . . . combat and ground personnel. The Tables of Organization designate very clearly where the line is to be drawn. It is a necessary division, even if the individual man must be over-ridden to be forced into the pattern. This division only emphasizes the basic unity of the Squadron, because it proves that our record was made possible only by the fact of each man performing his assigned duty, every day . . . even if it has meant that men have had to sidetrack their personal desires. There is no man knowing the A-20 who would not sell his soul to fly at least one mission in the beautiful ship—but the organization of the Air Corps makes it impractical, and impossible, for all men to fly combat. The Squadron has always known a unity of purpose and spirit, regardless of these necessary divisions. We like to believe that our ships have so bound us together. There is a satisfaction and a thrill in the flight of one of our own squadron ships which an airplane of another squadron cannot offer. We are A-20. There is no other weapon of war quite the same.

Combat personnel, and the ground echelon. Material for a long, boring novel about a man who wanted to fly, and through circumstances beyond his control, found himself duty-bound in the ground echelon of the Air Corps. The men who service the ships have long ago learned that all that is written is not true. Everyone flies over here, on the long moves, to the mainland, from area to area where work is to be done and materiel is to be found. It is not combat flying, of course, but the terrain of New Guinea is not a kindly terrain to any ship or man in trouble. Then there have always been the nocturnal visits of the Japanese, which are admitted to be one of the great common denominators of mankind. The slit-trenches, dug with mathematical care by all ranks, are always equally favored by all men. A bomb falling through the open bombbays of an enemy airplane, droning high overhead, would not differentiate between the men who wore the silver wings, and the men who pulled the pre-flights, loaded the bombs, de-tuned the radios and heated the corned beef hash for two meals a day.

Unity in the Squadron was inescapable, because when a group of men must face together long weeks without mail, solid weeks of field rations, the lack of even the smallest of luxuries which meant that life was reduced to a level of plain and unadorned existence, a bond is formed that is not to be easily broken. If that novel about the earth-bound man is written, and it evolves that he is a bitter and frustrated personality, well, we will figure that he did not come out of the 89th. He would not have stayed around long, because this is a war in which personal hopes and ambitions must often be laid aside.

There is real satisfaction in working on a ship. It is an intricate, deadly and massive weapon, requiring conditioning equal to that given to a thoroughbred racing horse. The man assigned duties as crewchief on a ship recognizes his responsibility, because the men who fly his ship are entirely dependent upon his knowledge and ability. The men in the air have confidence in the knowledge that their ship is crewed by a reliable man, that each phase of the work necessary to keep their airplane's efficiency at peak has been covered by trained air corps men who go beyond their training because of the real recognition of their responsibility. A successful strike at enemy shipping, or a devastating raid upon an enemy airstrip, carries a keen, physical thrill for the men who participated in the mission, and carries a deep satisfaction for the men who watched their ships take off, because they were on that strike, through their work, their quick decisions, their steady, unremitting day after day efforts in the hot, dusty revetments and the open camp, where the routine work was accomplished.

Routine . . . a word that covers territory, and looks out of place in an article discussing the Squadron's part in this war. The headlines of home must give the impression that our existence was made up of continuous action, without respite . . . that we lived in a land of swamp, jungle, rain and blazing heat. The impression was more than half correct, but not in its entirety. The action has not been continuous, for no man or organization can bear action without rest for two years. But there has been more than one period when the combat crews and the men on the line have been very near exhaus-

tion, beneath the strain of weeks of steady missions. There have been other periods, which saw our ships on the ground and the men actually looking for work, because we were waiting to move forward, or there were no targets requiring the close attention of our ships. It was contrast during all of our time overseas, but the well-established routine of camp life, line work and flight-readiness was always followed.

The days always begin early in the Squadron, without formality, when the Charge of Quarters walks through the area, blowing a whistle. Breakfast, and then a formation near the orderly room. Not a complete formation, for the crews are on the line early, often before the sun climbs over the mountains to push away the mists on the strip. The formation over, the men go to their jobs. Engineers, radio, armorers and gunners and ordnance to the line: the orderly room heads for their big tent: motor pool goes back to the never-ending job of keeping the vehicles in running condition. They all scatter, spread out to assigned duties, as they did the day before, and they will the day following. Seven days a week, month into month, their routine continues—the ships go out on missions that are briefly reported in press releases, and the life seems never-ending in its sameness. Until the orders come again, alerting us, to be ready for another long move forward. Then we know that it has paid off.

The saving quality of all men in war is humor. It is as necessary as food and mail, with an even higher priority, perhaps, because of the food we must anticipate, and the veritable droughts of mail that come without explainable cause. The humor will often reach a new height in irony . . . grim humor that might not be understandable to one not engaged in the same job . . . but it is usually sound, and very logical humor that would drive a Boswell to distraction if he attempted to get it on record, and failed. The Cajun's classic, and profitable, gesture towards the Japanese and their inferior methods of manufacturing inferior timepieces, for example. He owned a watch made in Japan, and it proved to be unreliable as a time keeper in New Guinea. He wrote a uniquely insulting note, tied it to the watch, and a gunner heaved it through the bottom hatch of one of our old A-20's over Lae. It was one way of doing business. The bull-sessions that never end . . . beneath the wing of a ship, in the messhall, in the orderly room—but, at their very highest quality—in the tents at night, when the day is ended . . . it is at the bull-sessions where phrases, catch-words and tall stories deserving of immortality are born, and are borne away with the wind into the limbo of forgetfulness. This is typical of the army. We do not know if the armies of the Axis are provided with the same life-saving ability to rid their lives of monotony, discomfort and danger with words that cut away to the bone of contention. It might be given only to the armies that are in the right, and must win in order to give the world a break. A captured Nip diary once told us of the poor quality of the motion pictures that were being sent to the Japanese troops in New Guinea. The writer said that during one showing the audience booed lustily, and got up and left the open-air theatre. His attitude encourages the belief that there is hope for his nation in the post-war world . . . and then it is offset by the words of a Japanese officer, who stated that his unit had been forced to live on herbs, roots and grass for three weeks, but maintained that "it was excellent training". . . . We have

never developed the desire to exist on the grass and roots of New Guinea, and were inclined, at first, to believe that his entry was hard-won humor. The circumstances under which it was found, on his body after the fighting was ended, made it improbable that he knew the meaning of the word. Further proof, undeniably, that an army without humor cannot win.

It takes routine to win the war. Hard work, intelligent work—but if the attitudes and duties are tempered by an irreligious refusal to glamorize and idealize our period of service, the total effect is bound to be greater. It is a serious business. There never has been a war fought which did not add its percentage of heartbreak and disillusionment to the world it hurt. We are no different than ordinary people, for if a ship goes down, and takes men with it—it means a loss which it is not good to think about too long or too often. If we must remain away from our people and our homes for two years, three years or longer, our one salvation is to disregard the loss, and to make our overseas tour of duty effective, disastrous to the enemy, and of value to our own lives. The Runyon Characters will help to make our squadron service memorable . . . the daily press releases, in the newspapers of home, which state that attack bombers again hit Manokwari or Babo . . . but, above all, there will be the consciousness of long association with men who formed a striking force that did a job against odds, and in stride, as if we were back on the sheltered fields of Savannah.

HEADQUARTERS SOUTHERN BOMBER GROUP

Townsville, Australia

25 March, 1942.

MEMORANDUM TO: Eighty Ninth Bomb. Sq. (L)

With great pleasure we extend our thanks and appreciation to the officers and men of the Eighty Ninth Bomb. Sq. (L) who have done such an excellent job of maintaining our aircraft during the preceding fifteen days. Since we have had no ground crews at all and were forced to maintain our aircraft with the crews who flew them previous to your appearance on March 10 we most heartily welcomed you then. Since that time some of your men have been working almost constantly, night and day, and what they have done cannot be overestimated. We could not possibly have maintained the rigorous flight schedule which we have maintained without your assistance.

What we have accomplished is also partly yours. Our enemies have suffered extensive damage because we have worked together. While we cannot publish the exact details of our successes we can tell you that whatever major activity has been discussed in the newspapers regarding this particular area during the last fifteen days we and you played a part in it, a part our enemies won't forget.

You are a fine group of Americans. May your future be as brilliant as your past.

/s/ Richard H. Carmichael,

/t/ RICHARD H. CARMICHAEL,

Major, Air Corps,

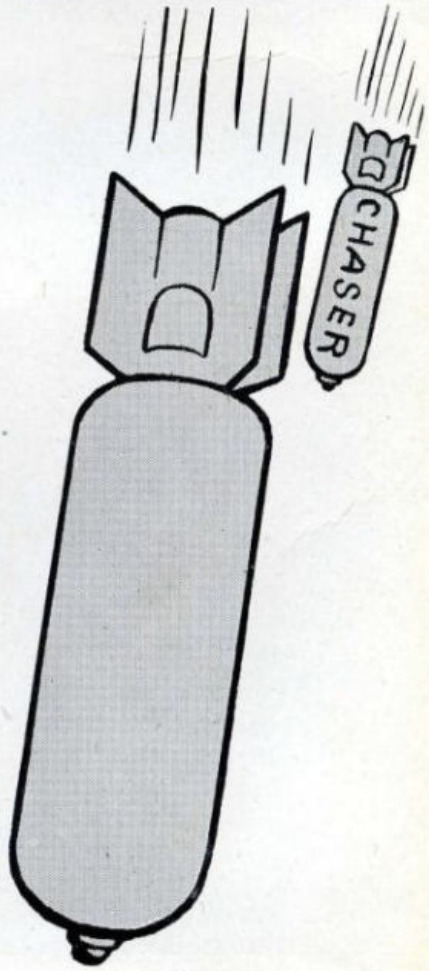
Commanding.

THE GUNNERS

ENGINEERS—FRONT OFFICE

TECH. SUPPLY

ENGINEERS



F.

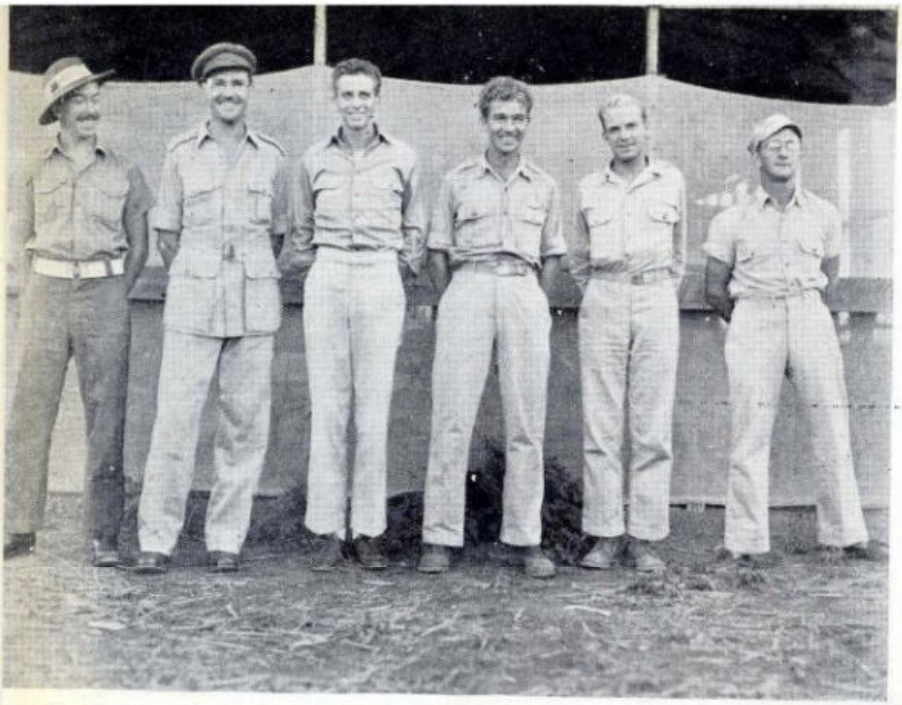
ENGINEERS

ENGINEERS MAINTENANCE

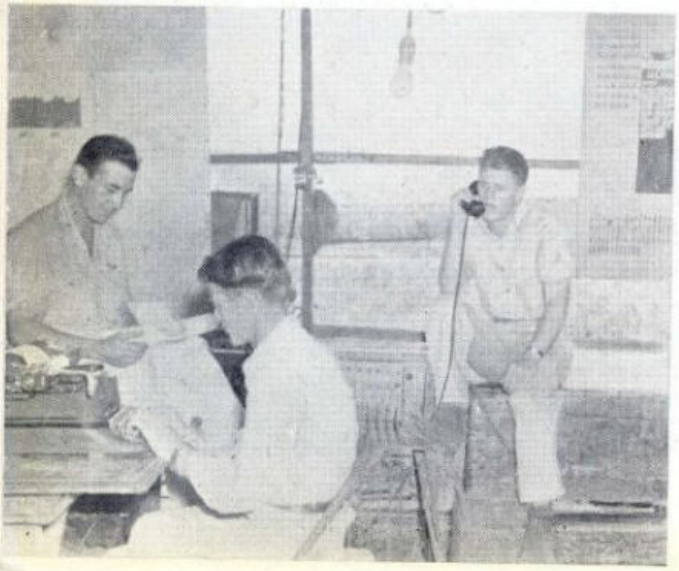
ENGINEERS

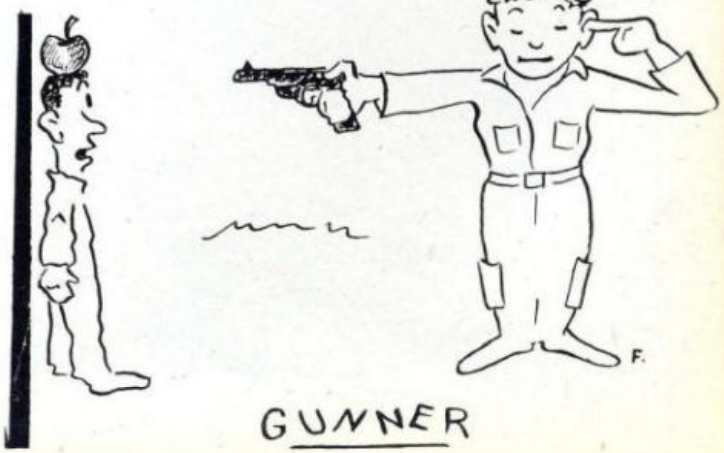
ORDNANCE

COMMUNICATIONS



The Australian contingent lends a cosmopolitan air to the picture, but we have all agreed, upon previewing the page, that their section was one of determined individualists. There is no other accounting for the various and defiant attitudes. Down below is Operations. The Brain Trust of the Squadron, looking with utter tranquility at the camera, as if it were never faced with the problems raised by combat crews demanding an accounting of their combat time.

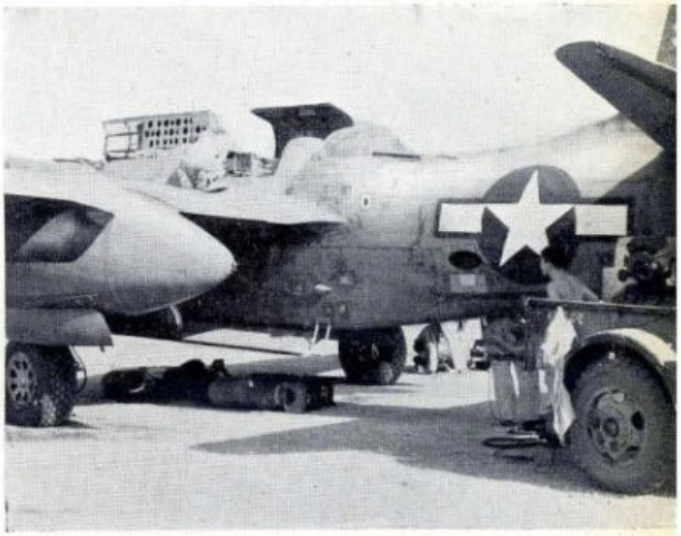




THEY WORK ON THE LINE

THEY SEEM HARMLESS

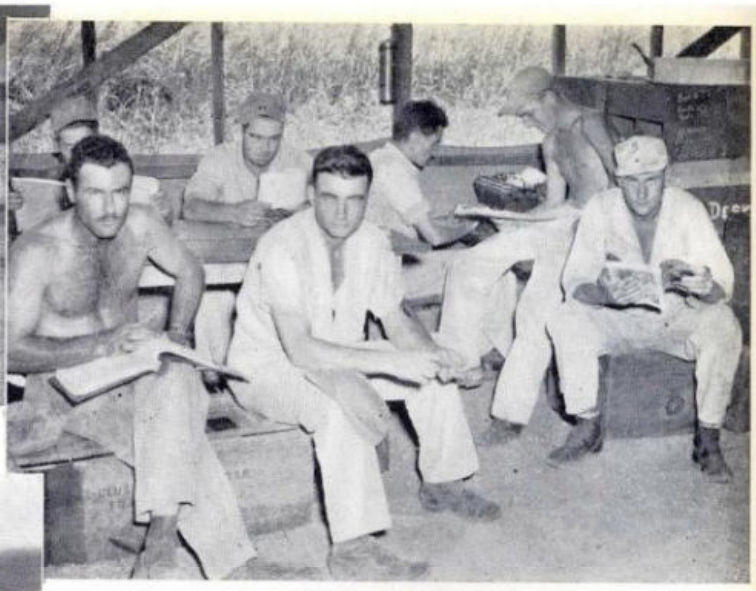
THE DEACON AND THE MAN WHO
CAME BACK FOR ANOTHER GO



GETTING THIS ONE READY

ARMORERS

REPRESENTATIVES OF THREE DEPARTMENTS.
BUTCH AND DURRA

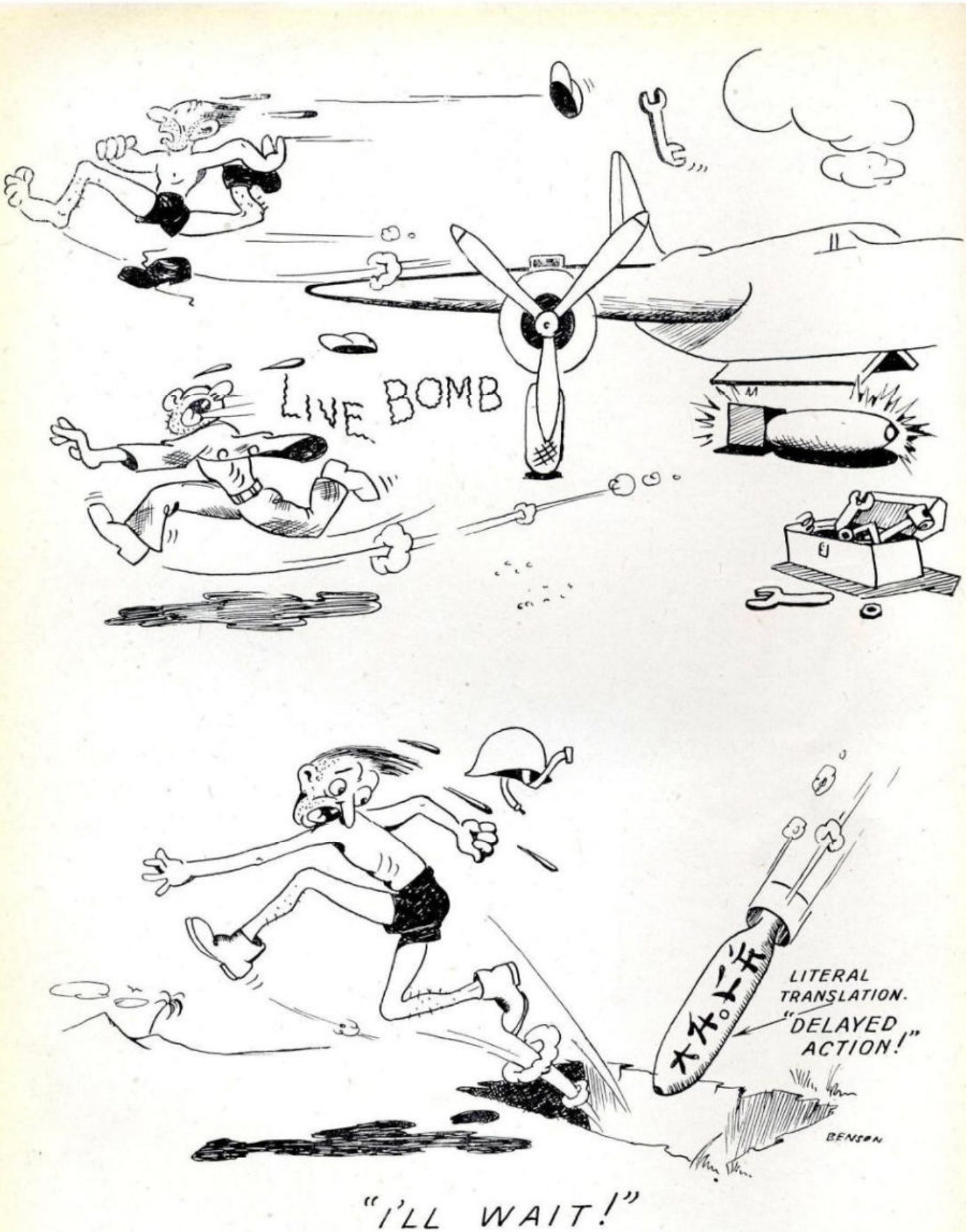


THE WHEELS

LECTURE IN THE FIELD

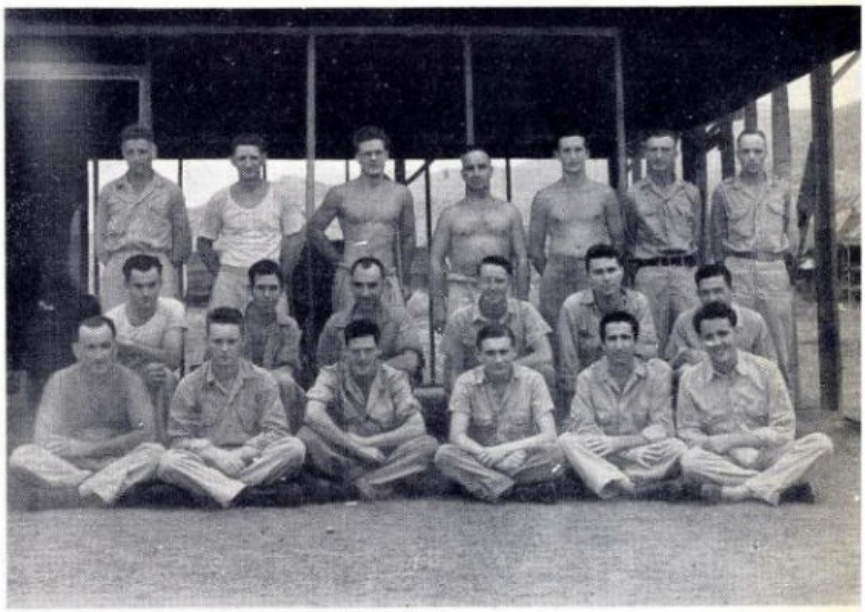
TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

CLOTHES ON THE LINE — NEW GUINEA STYLES



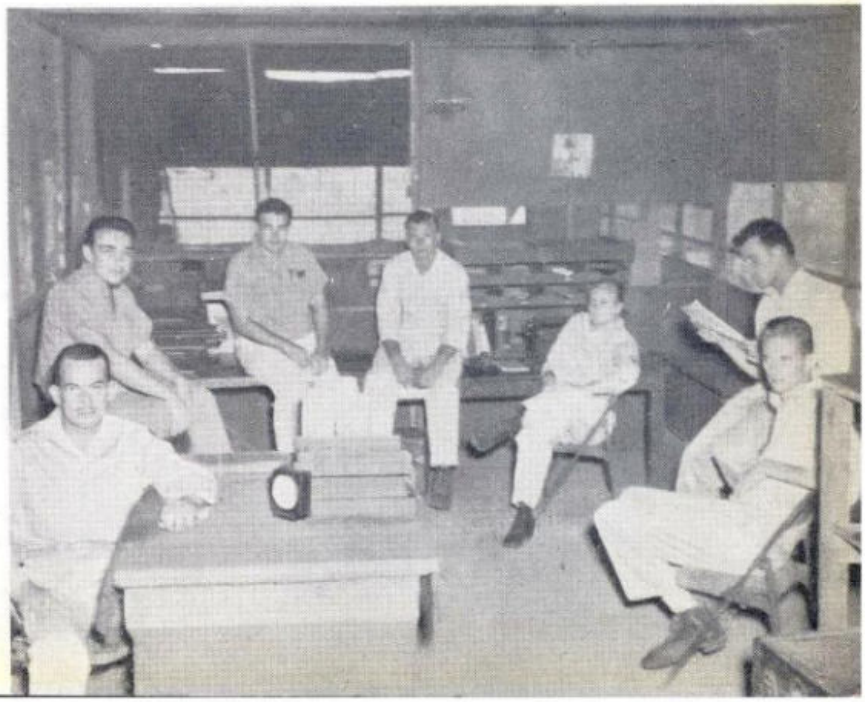
"I'LL WAIT!"

ADMINISTRATION

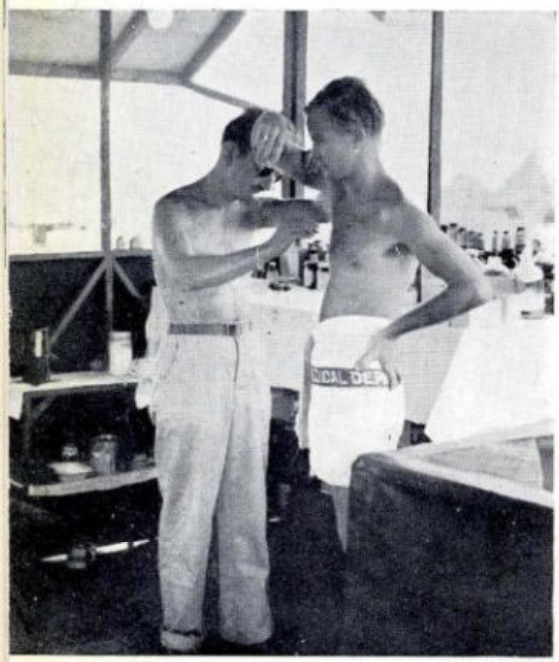


KITCHEN

"YOU FOUND A HOME IN NEW GUINEA!"

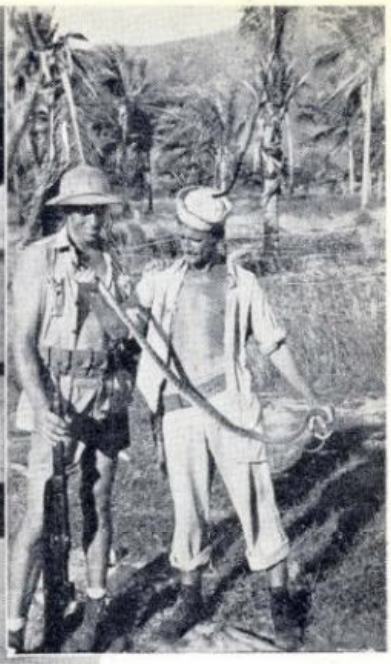


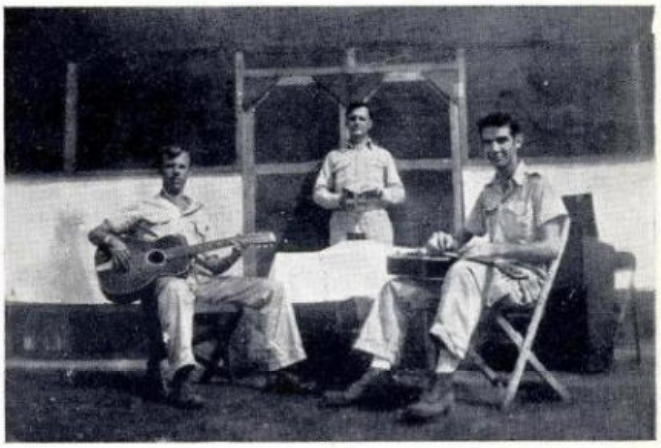
MEDICAL



TRANSPORTATION

QUARTERMASTER SUPPLY





Services, for all faiths, were held regularly, and received good attendance. If a picture was shown on church night, services were held first, before the show began and the projector broke down for the first time.

The primary purpose of the album was to give each man a visual proof that he had been with the Squadron during its overseas service. It seemed simple enough to make out the shooting schedule, because it permitted the premise that if a carefully-planned schedule was followed, the job would be completed and each man in the Squadron would be represented with his proper department.

It didn't work out that way. The first day of shooting went off perfectly, with the efficient men of the Group Photo Lab hard at it. Then the roster was checked against the groups photographed. It was discovered that at least fifty men were still standing short. Where were they? A hard question to answer. The hospital . . . because this is a companionable island, in at least its own way. On the mainland in Sydney, Cairns, Townsville, Mackay. They were scattered over the island at Port Moresby, Milne Bay, Dobodura, and at other APO's not approved by the censor for this volume. They were on duty, on leave, in forward staging areas, in rest camps and in hospitals. . . . It meant that notices were posted on the bulletin board, requesting that the men who had not had their pictures taken for the Squadron album report in front of the orderly room . . . and the notice bebecame almost as affectionately regarded as any of the permanent notices required by the highest of headquarters, because it appeared, time and again, until the most lenient of men were heard to remark about it in the most derogatory of phrases.

It is the reason why several pages of mixed departments appear. A man would prefer to be with his own section, but it was manifestly impractical, particularly when the last photographs were taken only hours before the album went south to the printers. It is not of importance, when we consider that we are all members of the Squadron.











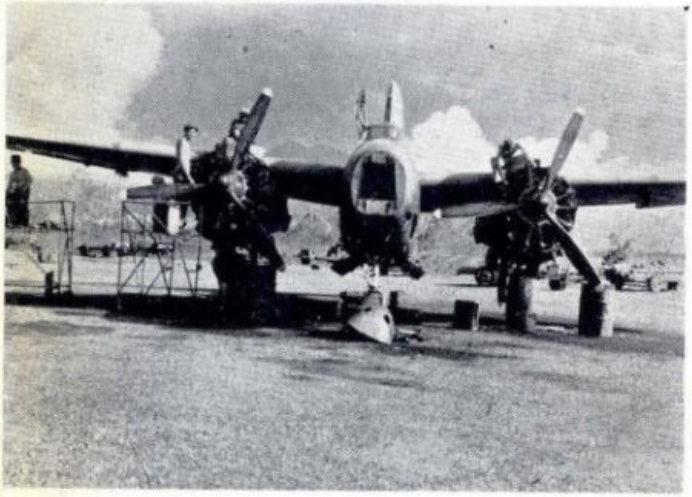


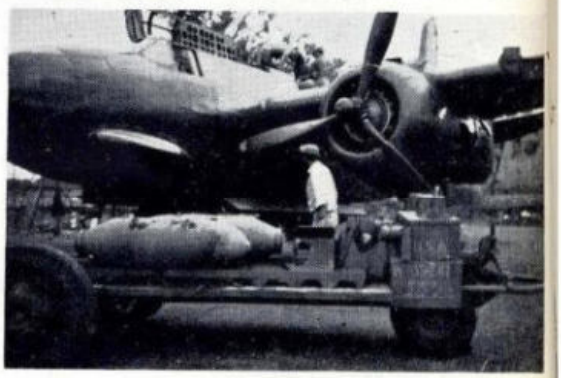



13



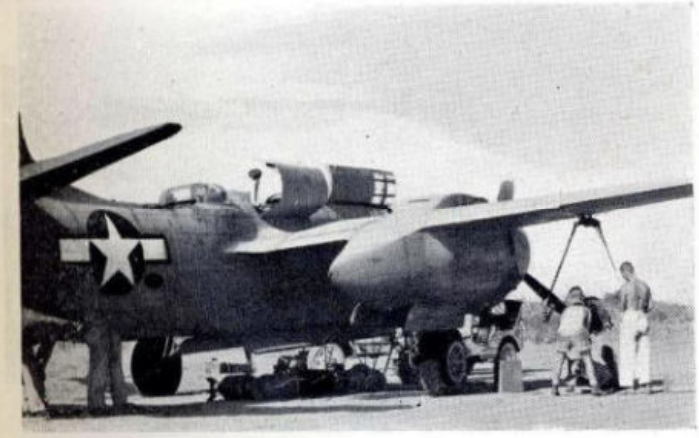
Z



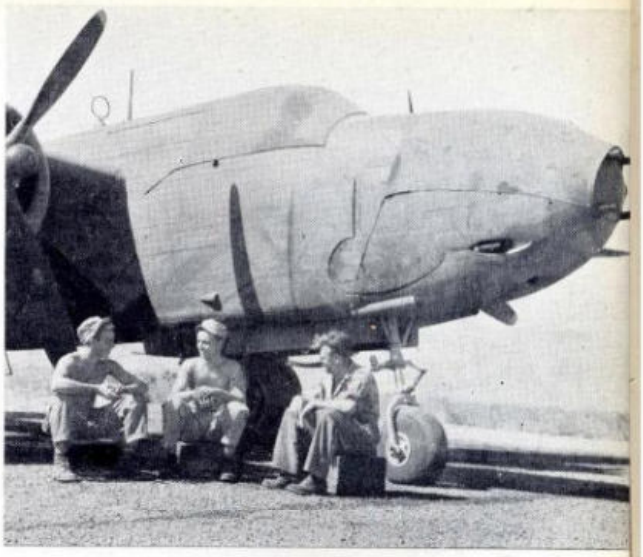



DUST !
MUD !
THE RAINS CAME
BENSON


ORD SEC

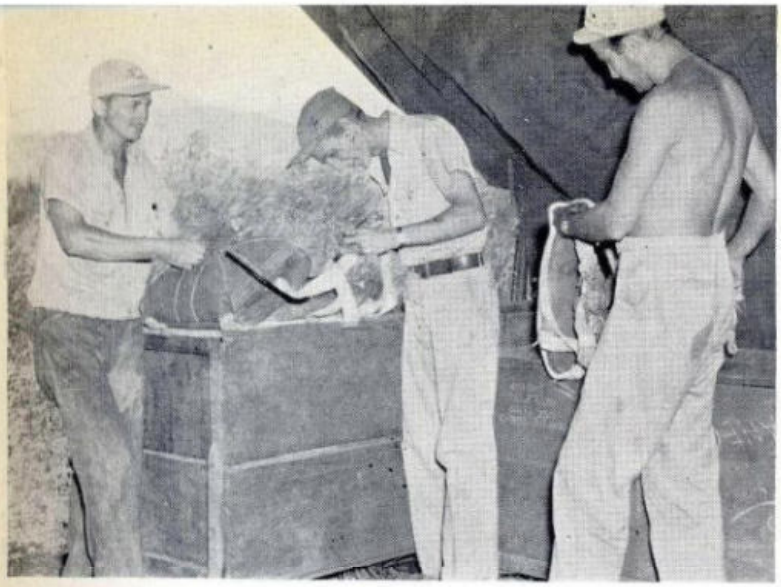


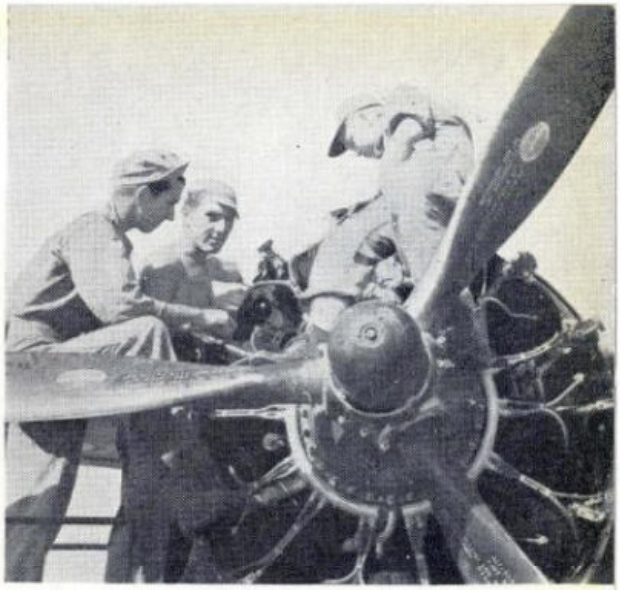

ORDNANCE
F.



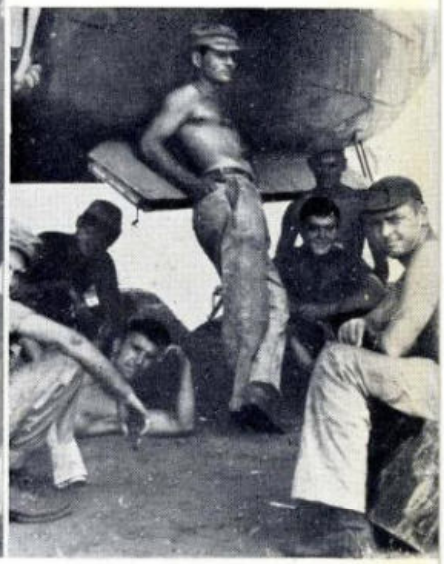

'GATOR
BAIT

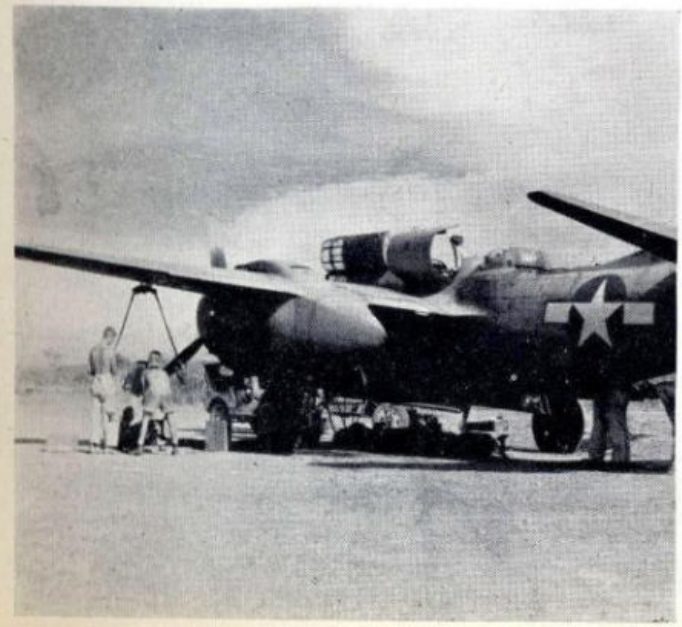

B

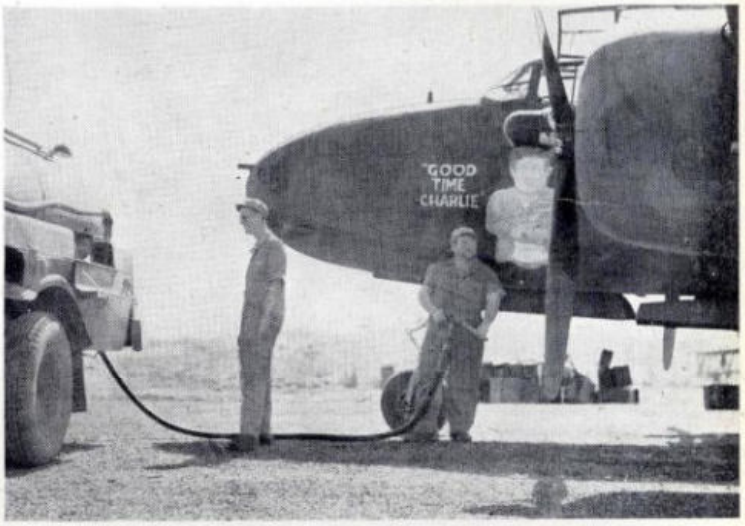





"BIG
BUTCH"







ARMAMENT.

F.
















HEADQUARTERS

FIFTH AIR FORCE

APO 925

12 March, 1943.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : All Organizations, Fifth Air Force.

1. The recent spectacular action against enemy shipping in the Bismarck Sea was the result of a concerted and determined effort on the part of all elements of the Fifth Air Force.

2. That enough airplanes were in commission to carry out the attack in sufficient strength to achieve the marked degree of success which was attained, reflects credit of the highest degree upon the maintenance personnel of both the tactical units and the service units of our Air Force.

3. That all classes of supplies necessary to make the attack successful were delivered at the time and at the places required, is an indication of the high standard of service constantly being rendered by the supply services of the Air Force.

4. The effectiveness of the forward fire of the airplanes making the low level attacks on the Japanese convoy is ample testimony of the skilful workmanship of the personnel responsible for the design and installation of the forward firing fixed guns in these airplanes.

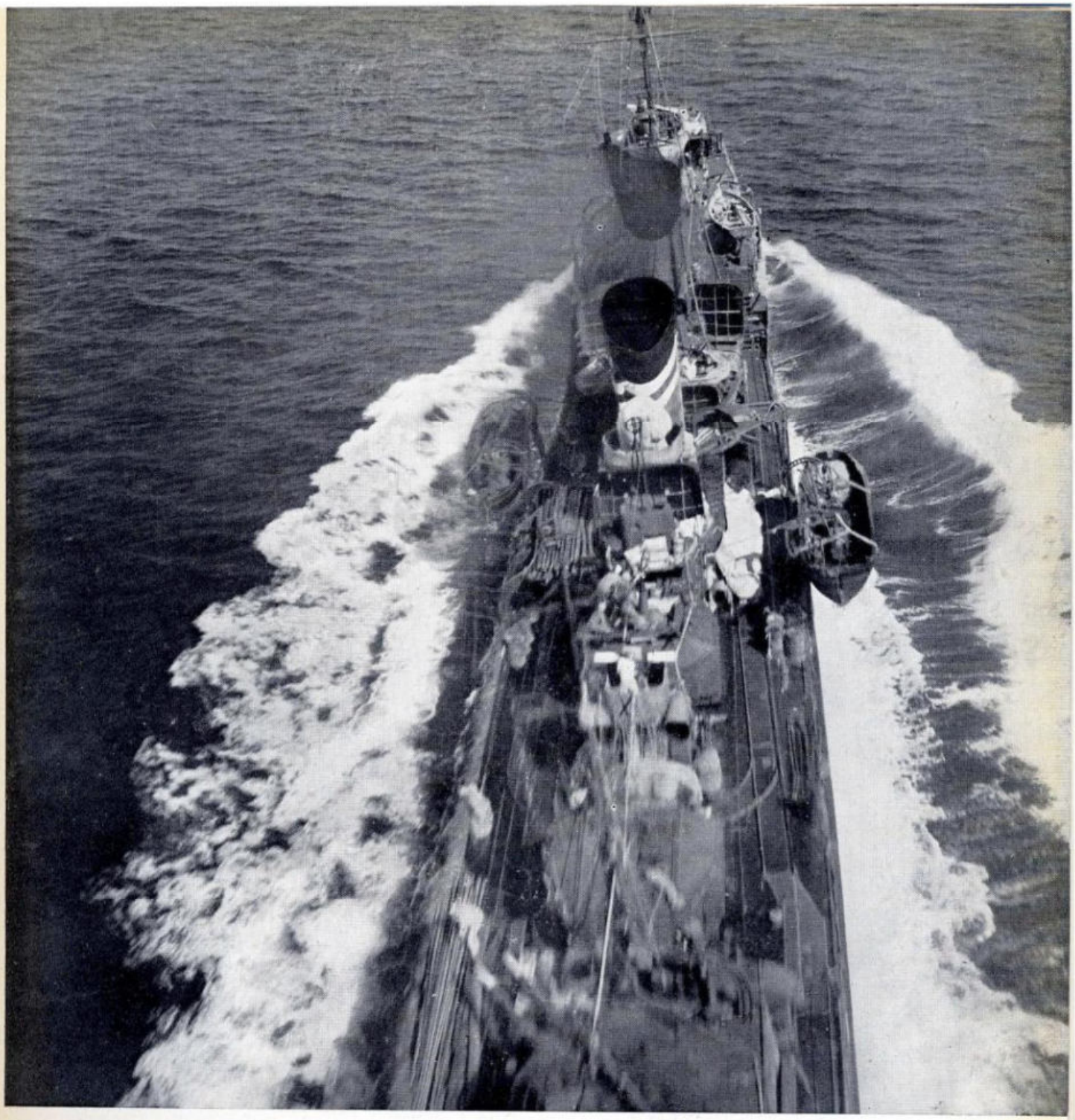
5. A field modification of bomb fuzes carried out within a very short time prior to the attack proved eminently successful for low altitude bombing and exemplifies the tireless energy and ceaseless effort on the part of the services to make available to our combat units the very best possible means of prosecuting the war.

6. The results which were attained by our combat crews were made possible by the efficiency of our ground elements, without whose complete cooperation successful operations against our enemy cannot be accomplished.

7. It is the desire of the Commanding General to express his appreciation of the fine work done by all units of the Fifth Air Force, which so enabled the combat crews to carry out their most difficult missions. This same spirit of cooperation assures us of continued successful air operations against the Japanese.

By command of Lieutenant General KENNEY:

DONALD WILSON,
Brigadier General, A.U.S.,
Chief of Staff.



THE BISMARCK SEA BATTLE

WHEN IT WAS ROUGH

THE album was first projected in April, 1943. We had served more than eight months on the island, and looked upon ourselves as veterans of New Guinea, dusty with age, mildewed, war weary, and ready to be relieved. The Bismarck Sea Battle was very recent history. The Papuan Campaign was closed, and the ground forces were tightening their girths in readiness for the next move up the coast. Our ships were still the old originals, flying hard and often. The end of the war was a thing not to be discussed. The rumors were heady and strong. Going home. Going back to the mainland to be re-equipped. Going to Sydney to do submarine patrol. Five per cent a month . . . but there never has been an army worth its time that stood short on rumors. Our outfit was no more rumor-ridden than the other units with us. The force of our strikes across the Owen Stanleys never lessened.

It was always material for discussion—the question of the when and where of our long-awaited move. To 503, to one of the more remote inland fields from where we could reach out and strike the Japanese ground forces, in direct support of our own ground troops. We waited, and our ships still took off from the narrow, hill-bound strip to make the long climb towards the pass. We looked forward to the day when we would operate on the other side of the great mountain range, because it would not be necessary then to sweat out the weather of the Stanleys. The cloud formations that began at ten thousand and went all the way up brought quick age to the men who were caught on the wrong side.

We were willing to move for other reasons. It had become too quiet and too civilized down there. When we first arrived, there was a kind of peace and quiet to the war. A single road that ran erratically into the hills. A headquarters that did not deign to impress a small squadron with its authority. The food wasn't good . . . but there never has been a war that permitted its men to eat three meals a day in the forgotten style of home. We wanted to find out whether the mosquitoes would follow us to the new location. They were the most determined and pugnacious and consistently hungry mosquitoes we have ever met in New Guinea. . . . The basic reason for our desire to move, of course, was simply the logical desire to get forward, closer to the enemy, to work him over hard and steadily.

If the personnel of the various departments is studied, as pictured in 1943 against 1944, it will be discovered that a squadron is always in a state of change. Many reasons dictate change. Transfers, casualties, replacements, illness, men returned to the United States. . . . The men of April, 1943, were the men who had come overseas with the Squadron, or had joined it shortly before, or shortly after the Squadron moved to New Guinea for its record stay. They were here when it was rough. A phrase which is guaranteed to earn the quick hatred of any man who has less time overseas than the man making the calmly insulting statement. Nor does it change the attitude of condescending

superiority to point out that our later moves and recent camps, that our targets of recent months, the number and the length of missions run, can be stacked against anything the first nine months in New Guinea had to offer. Logic simply does not apply.

There are other changes noticeable, chiefly in the ratings. The men who wore the corporal, buck and staff sergeant stripes in 1943, or wore none at all, are wearing a grade higher in 1944. Not all men, however. Promotions are governed by the available openings. An old established squadron does not have those openings, under routine conditions, until they are supplied by transfers, the rotation plan or one of the other means. The combat personnel shows change in greater degree than any of the departments, because of the system of relief and replacement of combat men—and because of the other reasons afforded by missions, and the ordinary routine of flight.

We had the vague belief, in 1943, that there was a possibility of replacements, and relief. We were not the only outfit in the Southwest Pacific to hold that belief. It required time, events and maturity in war before we grew out of it, as our own country had to grow beyond the initial stage after Pearl Harbor, when it believed that the war with Japan would be ended in three months. We found out that Japanese steel, ships and explosives were very effective, that a man suffering injury from a Japanese bullet or bomb-fragment was a genuine casualty, that the rose-tinted theories offered by the arm-chair and cocktail lounge strategists had to be revised. We learned the hard way, with the men of the other units who were there with us.

The first nine months were memorable, and were climaxed by the amazing victory of the Bismarck Sea. The old ships hit every target within their range, introduced the parafrag bomb to the war, gave the closest of ground support to the ground troops of the Papuan Campaign, and kept flying against all odds that conspired to keep them on the ground or on the wrong side of the range. The most important fact, perhaps, was one which never made the daily press releases . . . the fact that we had learned how to live and to work in New Guinea, with the same standard of efficiency that kept our maintenance records, even against the high number of missions run, at the highest levels.

It is unfortunate that several of the pictures taken at that time are missing, because the original plan was to present the entire Squadron, as it was in 1943. Materiel, records, clothing, personal equipment and possessions are hard to hold on to, over here. The necessity of moving the tons of equipment over long distances, under unfavorable conditions, involves a percentage of loss and damage which cannot be avoided. The missing pictures evidently went over the hill during one of our moves, along with other photographs which would have been of value.

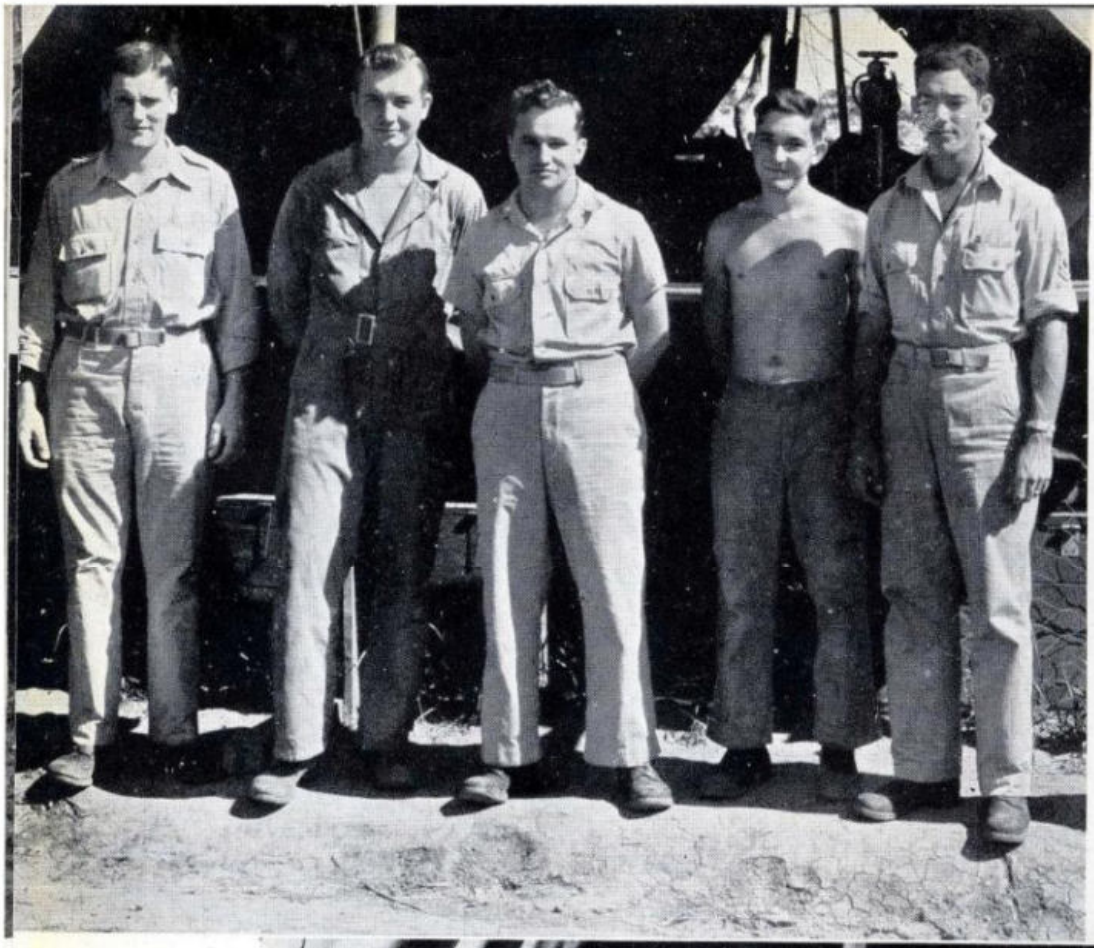
We were becoming veterans, in the first months of 1943, ready for any duty assigned, accustomed to the unusual ways of life on the island, and had learned to look forward to a long war. The months began to go by with amazing swiftness, as the effect of the Allied actions against the Japanese began to show. New pilots and gunners came to the Squadron, and then new ground personnel, well-trained in the schools of the United States. By the end of the year . . . Christmas, in the jungle camp at APO 503 . . . we were re-equipped with new A-20's, our roster was closer to full strength than at any time in the past, and 1944 looked promising. It has lived up to its promise.

ENGINEERING—1943

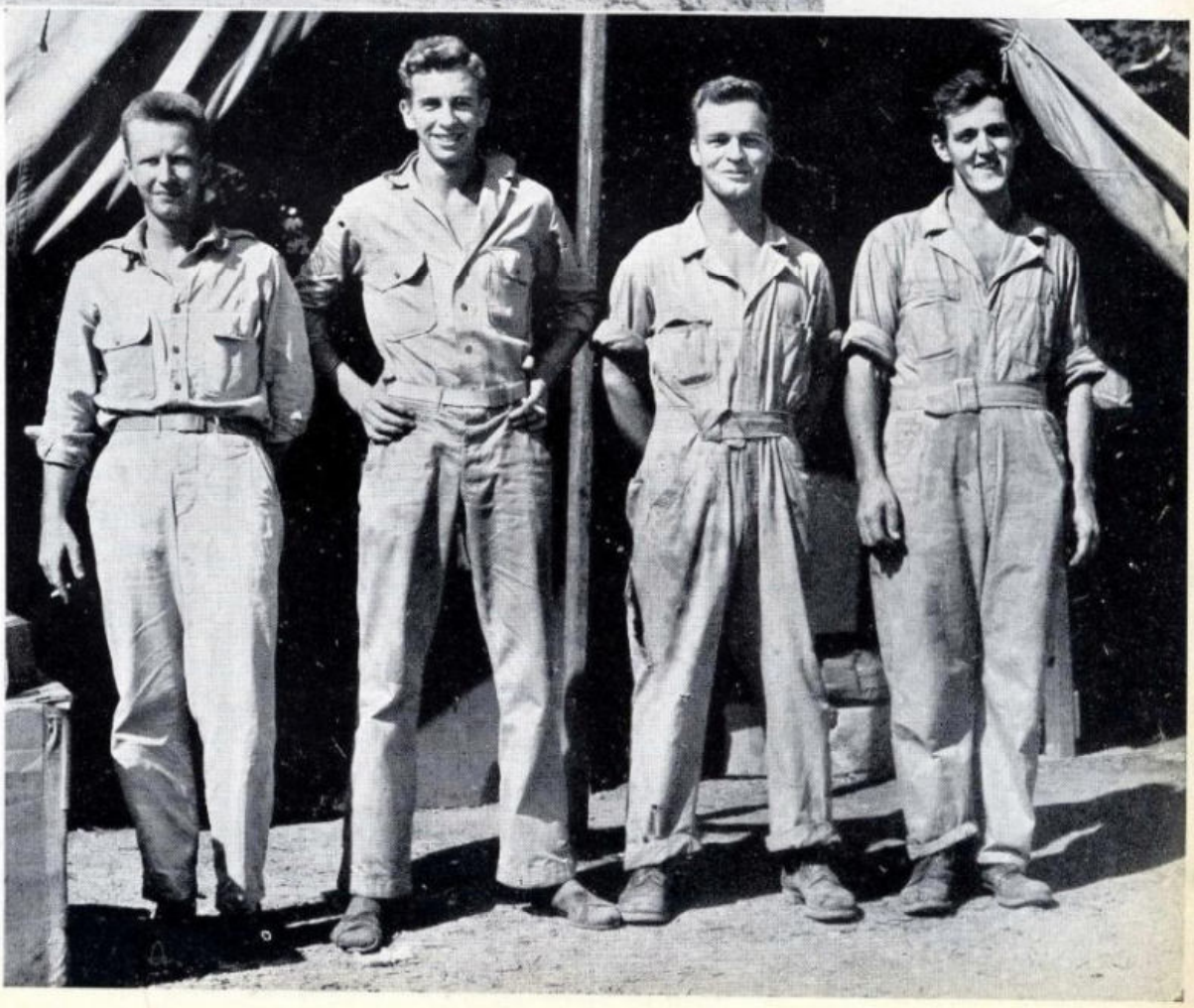
GUNNERS AND ARMORERS—1943

OPERATIONS—1943

COMMUNICATIONS—1943



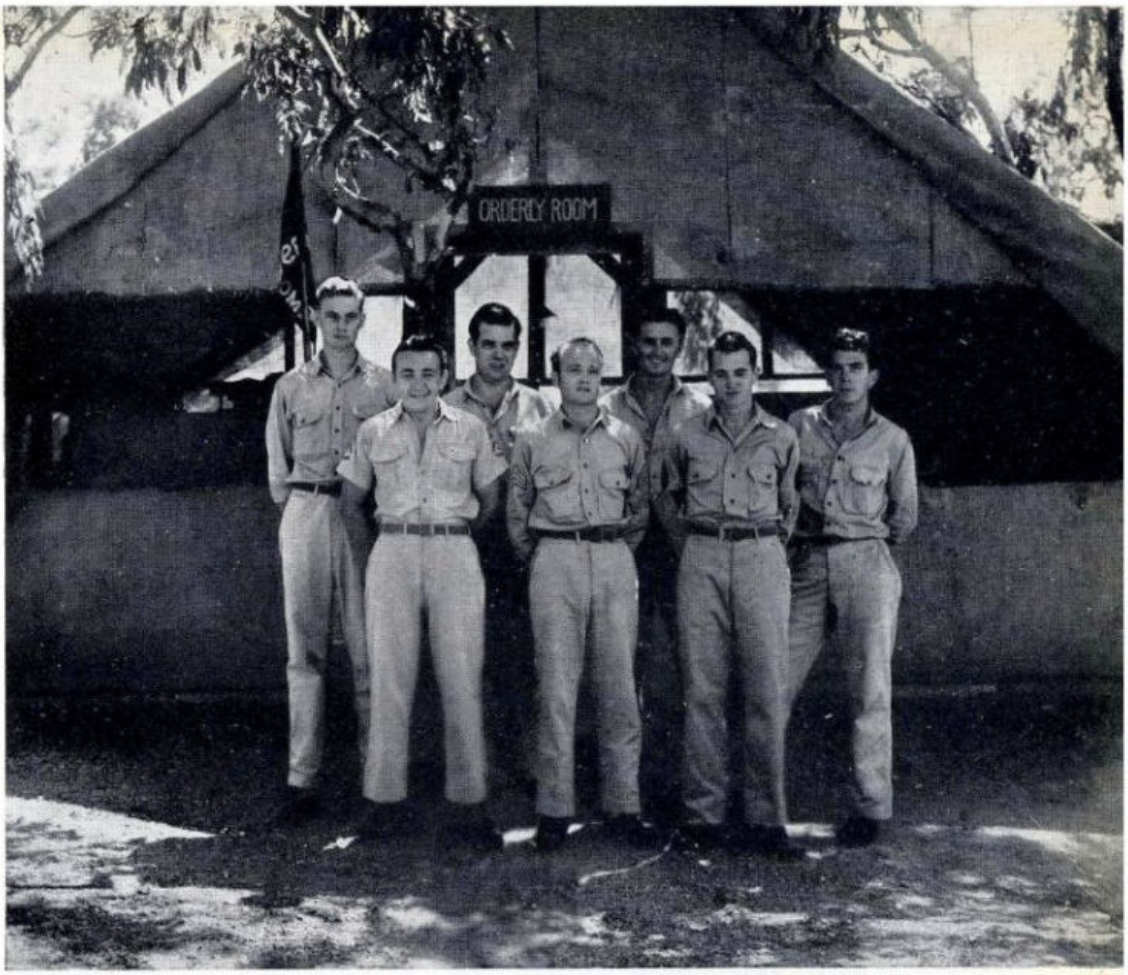
QUARTERMASTER
SUPPLY—1943



TECH.
SUPPLY—1943

ORDNANCE—1943

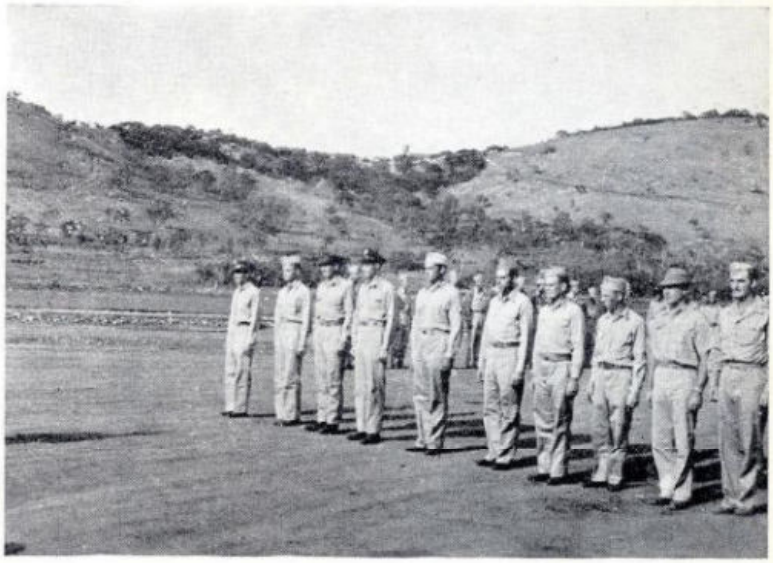
TRANSPORTATION—1943

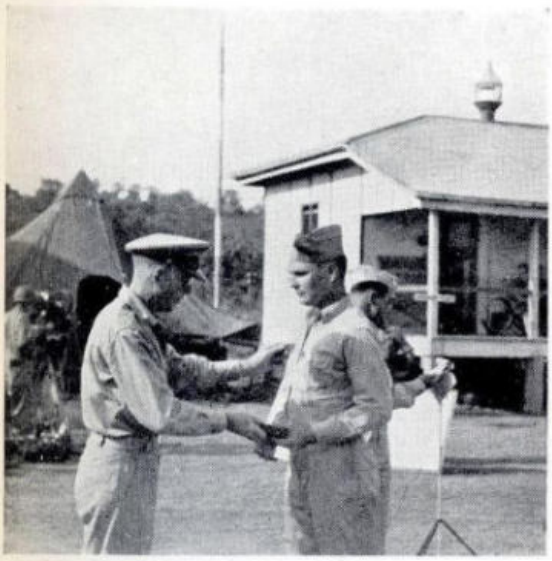


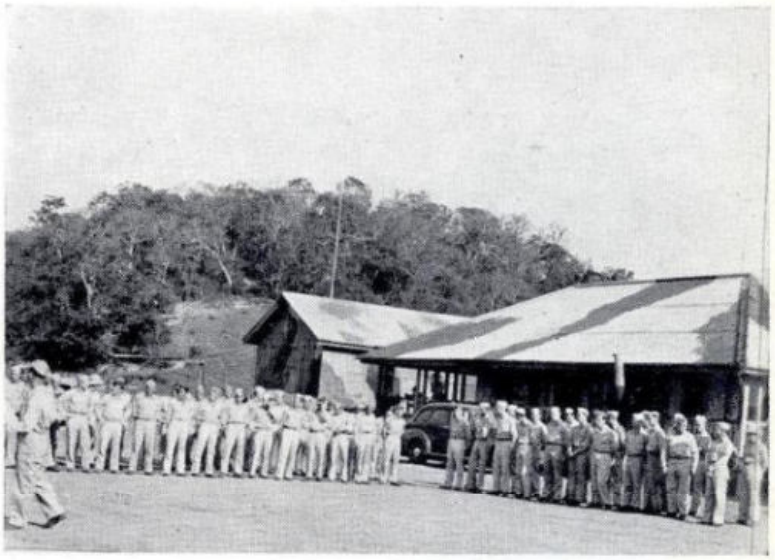
ORDERLY ROOM—1943

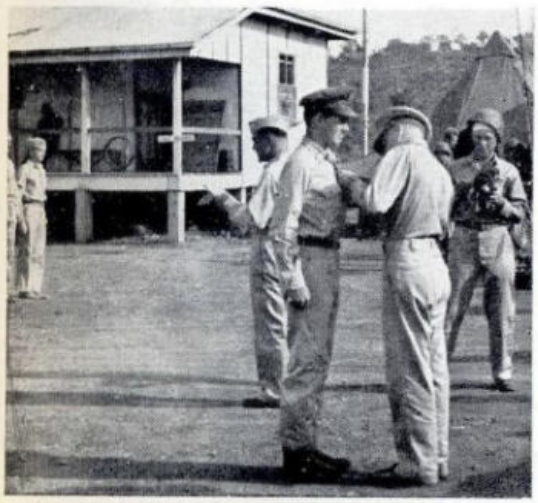
MEDICAL—1943

PILOTS AND GUNNERS—1943, MARCH

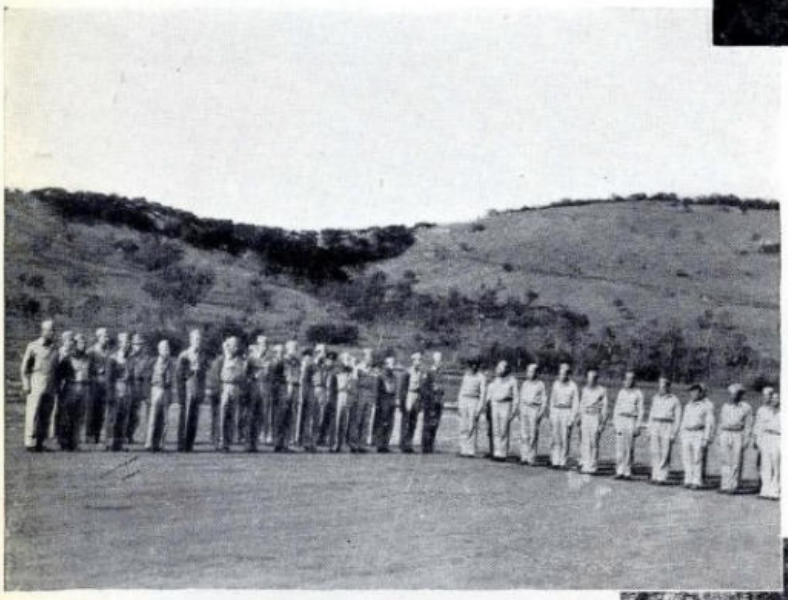




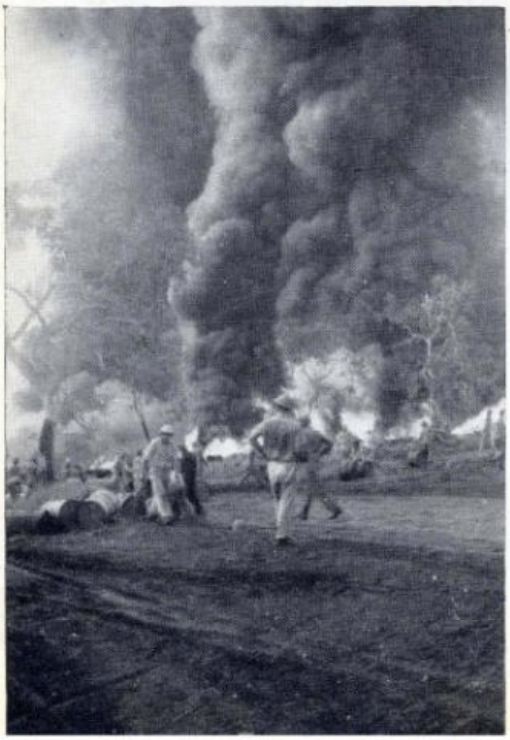




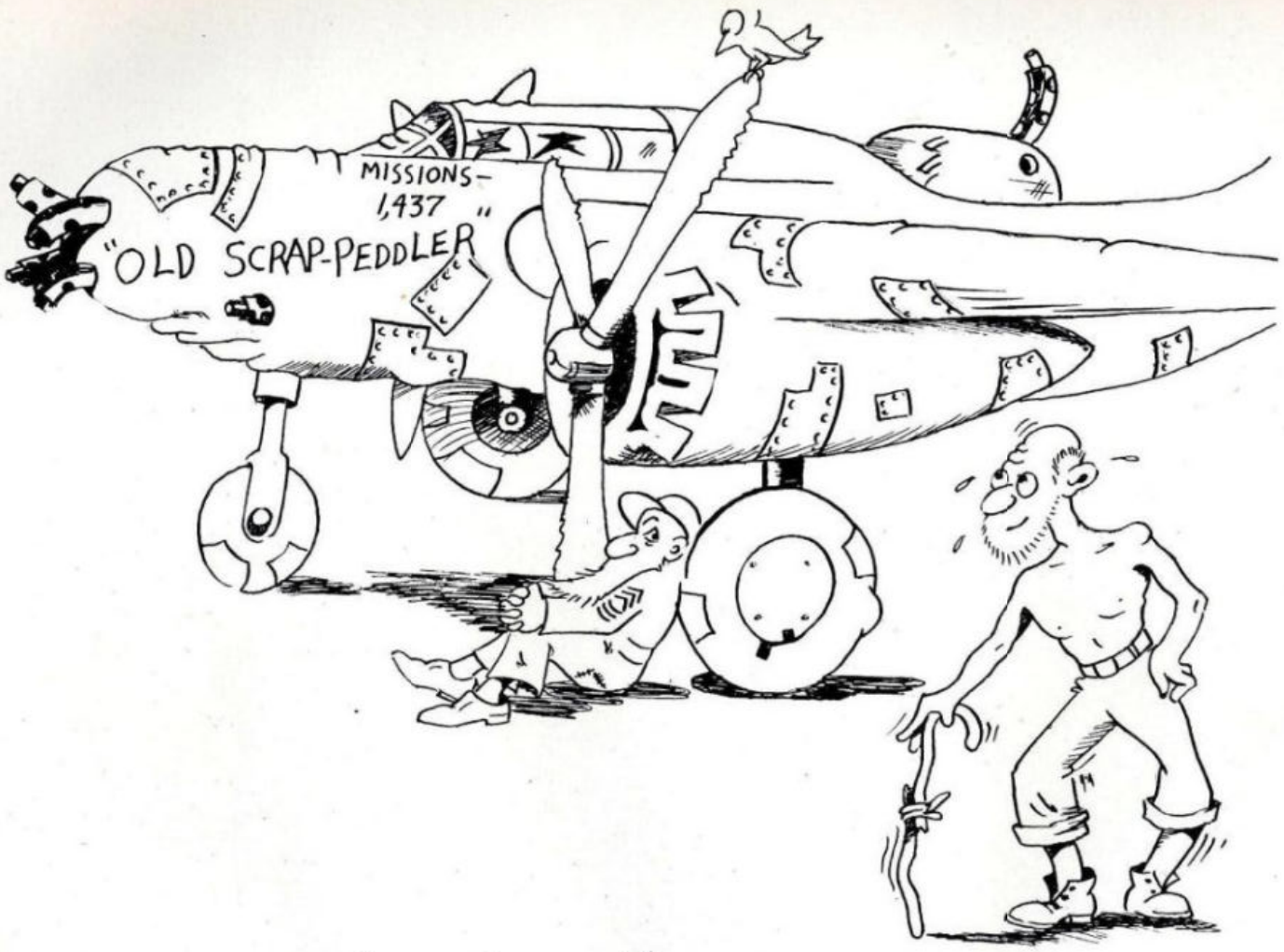
Awards and Decorations. A rare formation, held on a day designated for Maintenance and Training. Petri, Hall, Clark . . . Colonel Hall, in that upper right-hand picture, hunched over a bit in his very typical manner. . . . Taken at old Kila Drome, with the formation in front of the white-painted, hot-walled buildings that always seemed so out of place in that sheltered valley off the coast of New Guinea. We have stood to many of these formations, but this was one of the very first. A material manner of appreciation, for the work that was done, perhaps, but these men had it coming. Some of them will never go home. . . .



The raid of April 12, 1943, proved that our own fuel and materiel were as combustive and subject to destruction as those produced by Tokyo. It was a close one. They came over in force, but it was the small, lagging formation that struck close to the 89th and Headquarters, and made penitents out of the most callous sinners . . . for a few days.



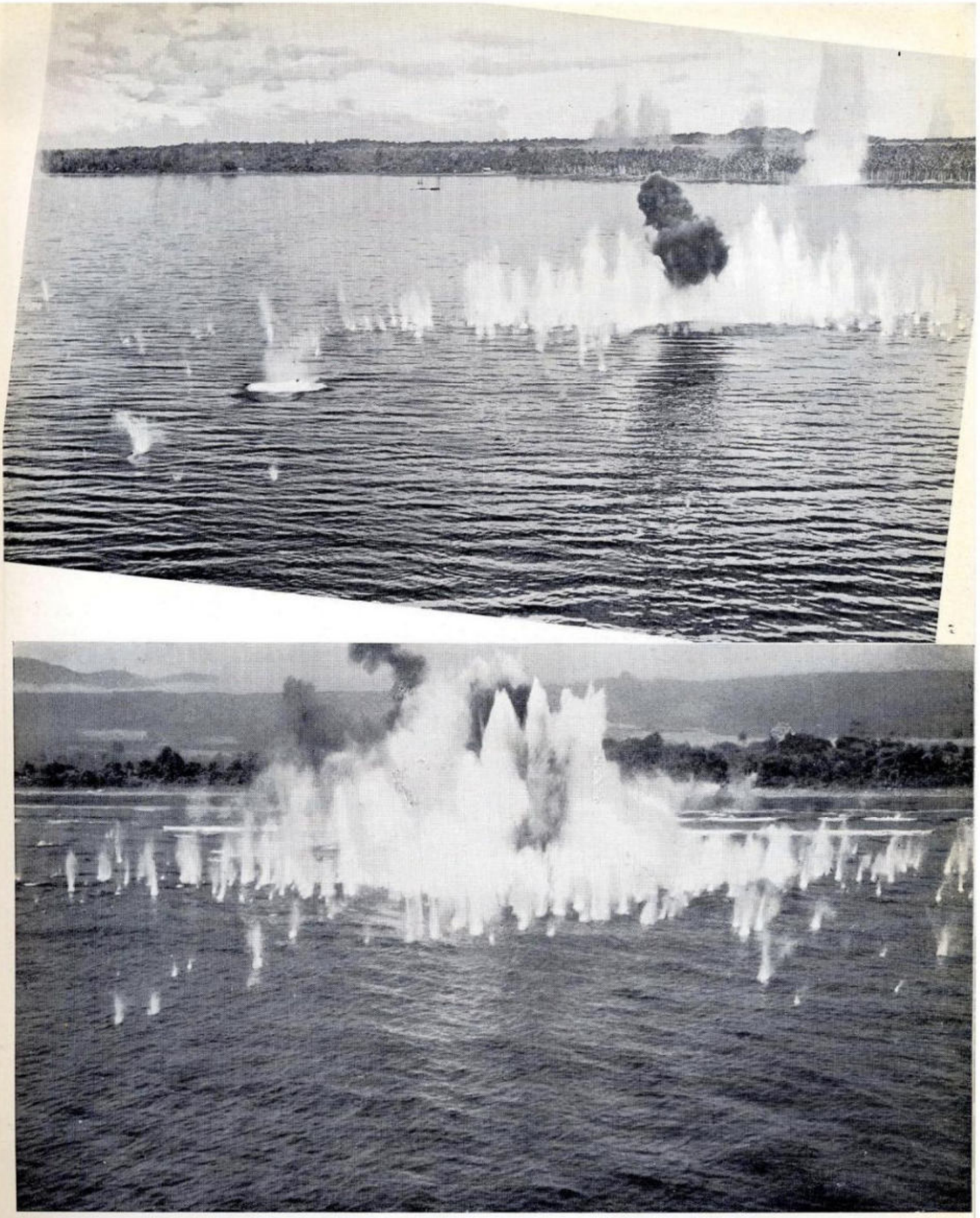
It was our first camp in New Guinea, made memorable by the heat, the mosquitoes, the brief strikes over the Owen Stanleys . . . the approach of the Japanese patrols across the range to within conversational distance of the strips . . . and then there was the close of the Buna Campaign, the Bismarck Sea, and then we began to move.



NEW GUINEA "OLD TIMERS" BENSON

"WELL, G.S., DO YOU RECKON SHE'LL STAND ONE MORE PRE-FLIGHT?"

Parafrags—detonation bombs—and the results. Unfriendly, deadly loads of destruction floating down to the wheel-marked surface of an enemy strip. . . . Craters, filled with the eternal New Guinea rain, making the landing surface unserviceable for the Japanese. . . . Component fighting units of the Imperial Air Force strewn out, useless, ineffective. Jeb Forrest would appreciate this page. This was his style of attack, to hit fast, hard, and to get away.



That's the New Guinea coast in the background, and an exploding ship hidden by those mountains of water. This is what the strategists mean when they refer to the cutting of the enemy's supply lines. Physical violence to interpret the theorist's words. . . .

TO THE AUSTRALIANS

THEY were in the fight from the day Germany struck at Poland. They had men in the Middle East, at Tobruk, in Libya, Syria. Their men are at Singapore, waiting for the day when the Allied planes will come in low, and the sounds of the relief forces shall be clear in the distance. Their Wirraways went into action above Rabaul against the graceful, fighter Zero . . . slow, under-gunned ships, against one of the finest fighters the first months of the war produced. At Port Moresby, their own P-40 squadrons fought against odds for weeks, without respite, until their last day when three P-40's took off to intercept fifteen bombers and their escort of Zeros. Then the American fighters moved in, but the Australians merely returned to the mainland to be re-equipped, and to go to Milne Bay where they fought against the Japanese invaders, to defeat them in the first decisive landing engagement in the New Guinea war. At Moresby, the area was studded with their guns and men, some of them returned from two years in Africa, and calmly, cynically witty about the fates which had taken them from the desert to place them in the jungle.

Their squadron of Bostons was operating from a strip near our first New Guinea base. It was a tribute to the magnificent ship, that the feeling of comradeship became a real thing between the two squadrons, but the beautiful ship and its style of attack made it inevitable. The association between the Australians and the Americans increased, because of very practical reasons, when the Japanese patrols advanced far up the trails towards Moresby. We saw the work of the Diggers on the brutal, undefined front of the first major ground fighting, and it became clear where they had gained their reputation for quiet, vicious determination in battle.

The Australian liaison officers, and their non-commissioned assistants, assigned to the Squadron to keep the channels clear between the air forces and the ground troops, were typical of their nation . . . until the merciless pounding they received forced them to revise their style of speech, and their theories of humor. A six-month period of service was not long enough, of course, to force a complete change-over, but they proved to be well disciplined pupils . . . and their speech became a fascinating mixture of Australian-American army talk, quite ——. The work of the liaison teams was of an importance not easily estimated, for it provided us with a detailed knowledge of the ground situation, an education towards the methods of survival in the jungle, and a more complete understanding of Australia and its people. Captain Stephens, Captain Braddock and Lieutenant Davey were with us, as ALO's. Their service with the Squadron was of value. . . .

The men from a great continent, with a small population which is largely concentrated into a few large cities, have again proved their steel in this war. There will be a new position for their nation in the world, during the generations of progress to come.

AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES

SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY

by

Lieutenant-General SIR EDMUND HERRING
K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., E.D.

GOC 1st AUSTRALIAN CORPS

Headquarters 1st Australian Corps
13 September 1943.

The capture of SALAMAUA marks the end of a campaign of 7 months' duration. It has been a campaign of very great importance to the Allied Cause in the South West Pacific, and I desire to take this opportunity of extending to all of you, Australian and American alike, who have taken part, my heartfelt congratulations. You have all done a magnificent job, have outfought the Jap and have triumphed in spite of the difficult terrain and trying conditions in which you have been called on to fight.

This message is addressed primarily to all of you who have borne the heat and burden of the fighting, to the infantry first and foremost, to the sappers for their grand work in this undeveloped country, to the signalmen who have maintained the vital communications and the medical services who have cared for the sick and wounded in most difficult circumstances.

It is also addressed to all those who have not actually taken part in the fighting, but have made the victory possible by their unceasing and unselfish devotion to duty on the lines of communication by sea and land, to those who have prepared supplies, to those who have loaded them into planes and on to ships, to those who have carried them through the air and over the water, to those who have handled them in all stages of their movement forward and finally those, including the natives, who have carried them to the forward troops.

I would also thank the Air Force for their generous co-operation at all times, and for their magnificent contribution to the victory won.

Lieutenant-General,
General Officer Commanding,
1st Australian Corps.

"I UNDERSTAND YOU A-20 PILOTS ATTACK AT LOW LEVEL"

HEADQUARTERS

ADVANCE ECHELON

FIFTH AIR FORCE

APO 929

1 January 1944.

AG 201.22

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : All Air Force Units, New Guinea Area.

1. The following message from the Commander-in-Chief, Southwest Pacific Area, is quoted for the information of all concerned:

"MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND THE AIR FORCES UNDER YOUR COMMAND FOR THE BRILLIANT PART TAKEN IN THE CAPTURE OF CAPE GLOUCESTER. THE COOL EFFICIENCY, THE RESOURCEFUL DETERMINATION AND THE SPLENDID COURAGE DISPLAYED BY ALL RANKS FULLY MAINTAINED THE NOBLEST STANDARDS OF THE AIR SERVICE. NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN FINER.

SIGNED MACARTHUR".

ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD,

Major General, USA,

Deputy Air Force Commander.

WE SPENT OUR EVENINGS AT HOME

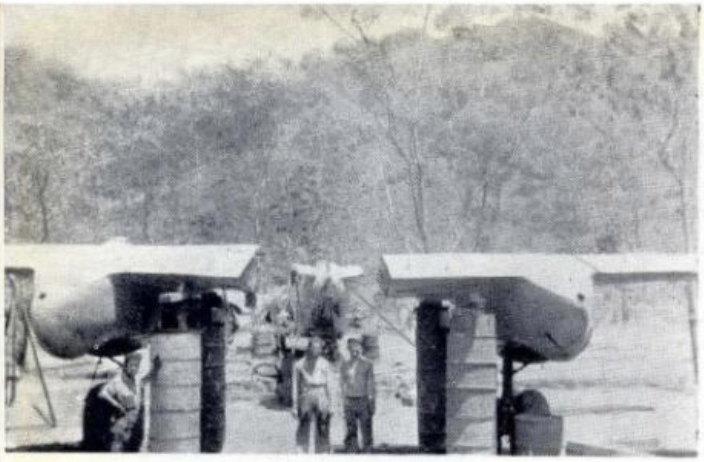
PEAKED tents against the setting sun . . . and in this camp, out in an open valley, we listened to the sound of enemy aircraft and intensely eager ack-ack too often. They made us dive out of our beds one morning, with their simulation of an A-20 attack, because their ships came across over and low, and any man who hadn't dug his trench was out there thirty minutes later with a shovel.

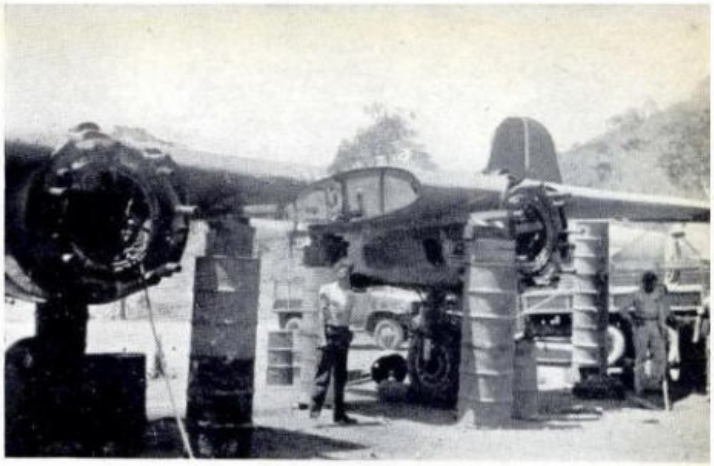
The slit-trench was an accepted accessory of camp life, but it was not as outstanding as the problem of winning a modicum of comfort in a climate that voted against it. In the beginning, a camp site was chosen with regard to concealment. It was advisable to remain out of sight of the enemy cameras and observers. A clump of trees, a ridge-broken area was preferred, because the self-effacing tents were able to merge quietly with the terrain and escape the critical eye of the Honorable Gentlemen of the Emperor. We had one camp merged in so perfectly that it could not be located except by the bend of the

river, and a give-away angle of the messhall that had to be seen twice before recognition was possible. It was hidden beneath the trees of the jungle. Cool days and soggy nights, until we had cleared away the underbrush, cleared away the matting of leaves, decaying wood and grass that makes the jungle a place of damp shadows. It was the ideal camp, until the evening of the rain and the high winds. We had long been accustomed to an occasional tree going down, narrowly missing a tent or a grass-roofed hut, but this time the hundred footers crashed all over the area. Tents and built-up floors were smashed flat to the ground. Telephone and power wires were ripped to tangled shreds. Trenches were filled to overflowing with water that could not be absorbed into the soaked ground. An immense tree fell through the center of the Club Tropical Paradise, and other trees, four feet in girth at the base, crashed across the camp road, causing a detour through deep mud that demanded all the power jeeps and trucks could produce. It was a remarkable storm, for there was damage, but not a single injury to any one of the hundreds of men caught in their tents by its suddenness.

A camp on the edge of a jungle does not have much to offer, except considerable work during its building. There is more to a camp than the setting up of tents. The accepted procedure, when circumstances permitted it, was to send out the advance echelon to the selected camp-site for the purpose of building the water system, the drainage pits, the showers, laying out the necessary camp road, and to prepare the ground for any of the semi-permanent buildings the situation advised. The schedule was planned carefully. The Squadron was divided into ground and air echelons . . . or water and air echelons, with regard for the necessity of keeping the ships available for immediate action. Our A-20's have flown a mission in the early morning of one day, and on the following morning they have flown out upon another strike, from another 89th camp site, five hundred miles farther up the line. A phase of logistics. A very technical and convenient word, which cannot convey its meaning because it cannot picture the sweating men loading their trucks, the cavern-like interior of a ship's hold, the mountainous piles of equipment on a spray-soaked beach or the first sight of the sultry valley assigned to the Squadron as its home.

It wasn't too bad, once the camp was set up and operating, but the building period was always rough with the search for non-available materials, the digging of drainage systems which would keep the floods from running ankle deep through the tents, the nights without lights, and the never-ending work details that drove section chiefs and department heads to bitter profanity. A camp in this area does not demand luxury. A water system, a generator to provide lighting, a well-kept messtent area, and canvas to shield the personnel against the weather. The progress of the war ended us with buildings that were even semi-permanent, but nothing has been able to help us create a new squadron area without the old, familiar routine of work against time, materials, and the prime duty of keeping our ships in readiness. But we were always ready to move. Fighting to move, because each movement forward, to the new areas taken by the infantry, meant that the war was another phase closer to the end. It did not matter if the Japanese were in the hills around the strip or if they slipped down quietly at night in their last desperate raids to create havoc . . . they were on the way out.



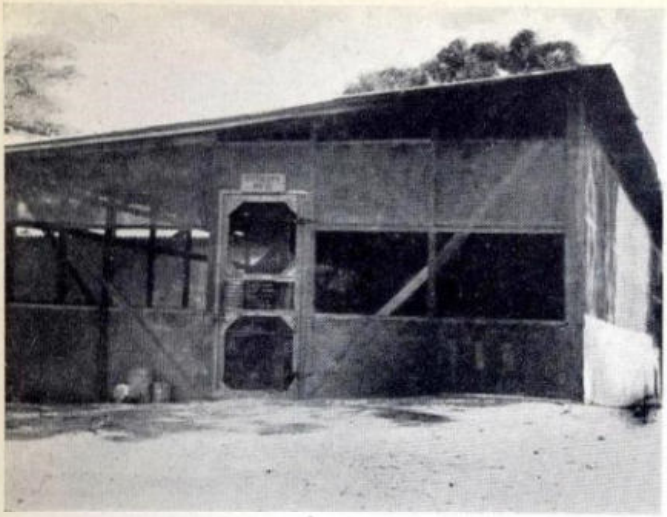


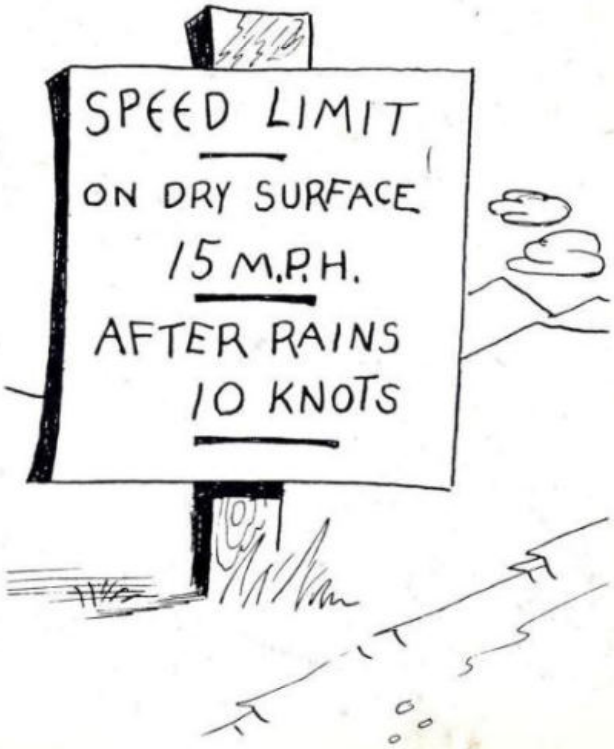
STEAK AND EGGS

Her wings flapped on the takeoff, the plexiglass let in the weather and the rain, she was the tired spirit of a trio of retired combat ships—but she made that run between New Guinea and the mainland innumerable times, carrying the precious freight of meat and eggs and—morale.

"From beyond the dark and dismal horizon of lousy chow shall rise this winged carrier——" the first words of the impassioned dedication speech, given during the ceremonies held beneath the hot, impassive sun of New Guinea. The engineers had taken a wing here, a wheel there, to build Steak and Eggs, in defiance of the tech manuals which advised against originality. They completed the task, watched her go up on the first of the series of test-hops and saw the dark horizon light up with promise of an occasional meal of supplementary rations from the mainland.

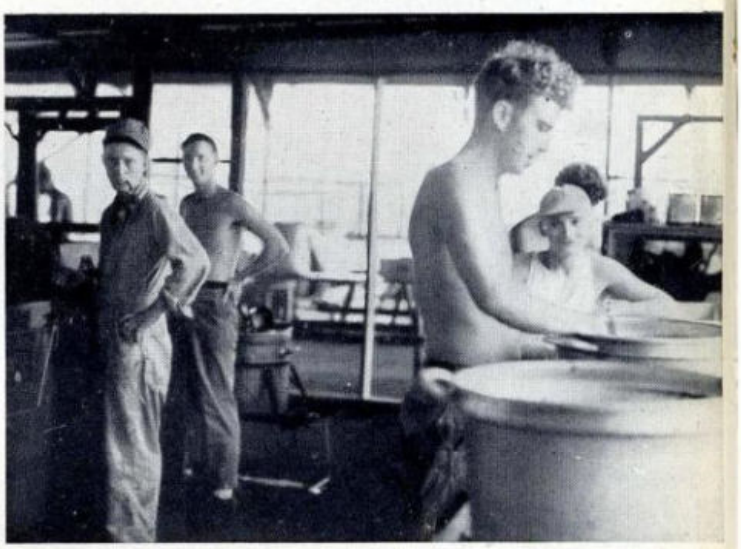
She is gone to the Valhalla of all good ships, with her body at rest on an island off the mainland, clear of the surf of the Coral Sea. A good job, done again and again, and we are all grateful that no man went down with her.



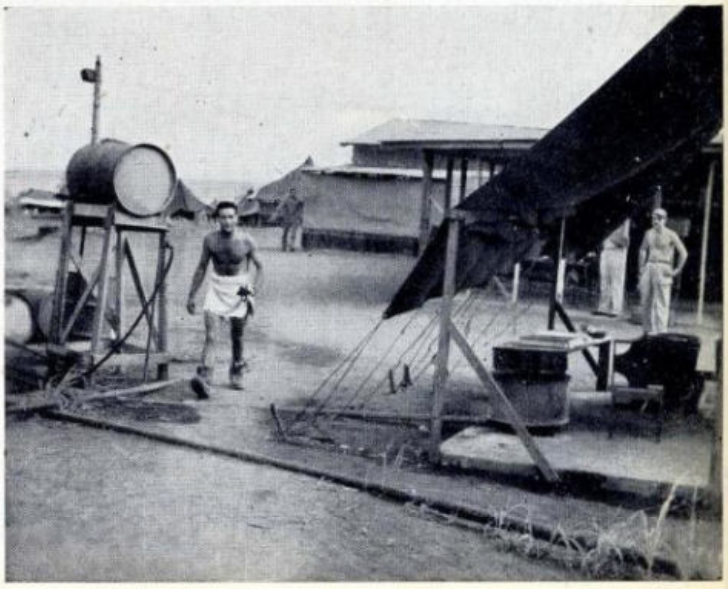

SPEED LIMIT
ON DRY SURFACE
15 M.P.H.
AFTER RAINS
10 KNOTS

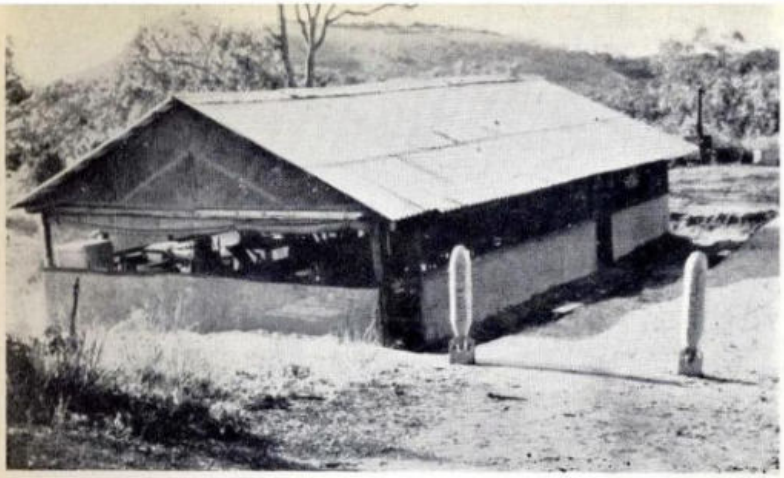

SUPPLY
G.I.
UNDERWEAR
F.


CLUB LA ANUKE




KITCHEN
1000 WAYS TO COOK BULLY BEEF
F.





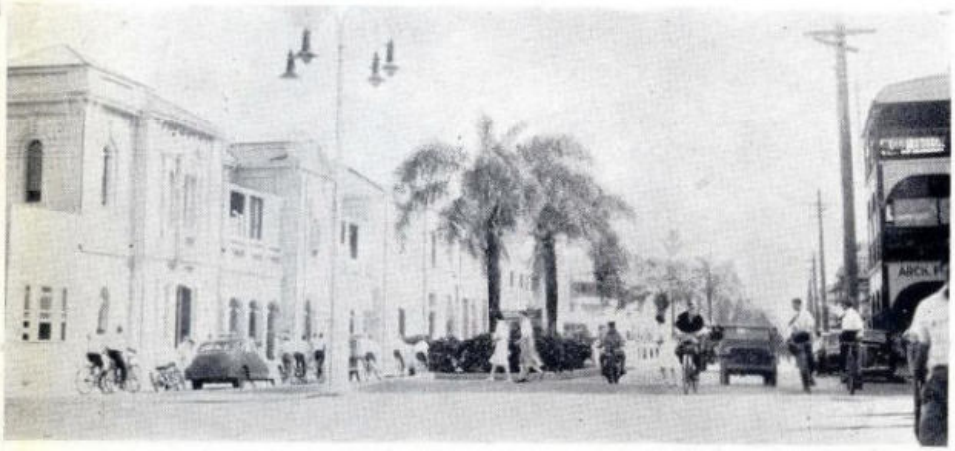
OFFICERS' CLUB AT APO 929

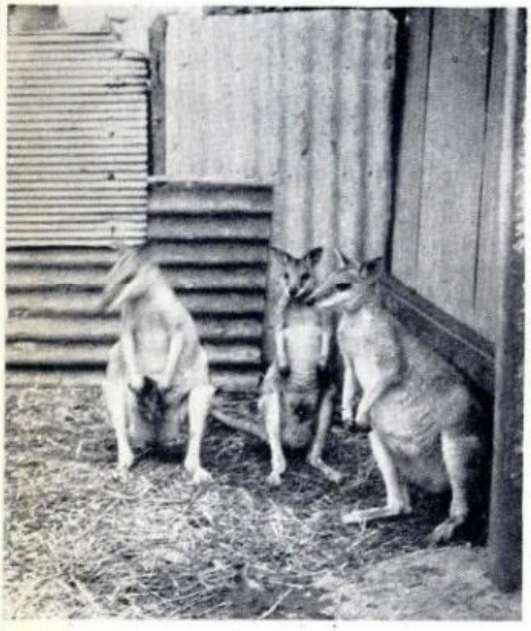
THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS POINT

HAND BUILT LUXURY FOR TWO

THIS WAS A BIG ONE

F.



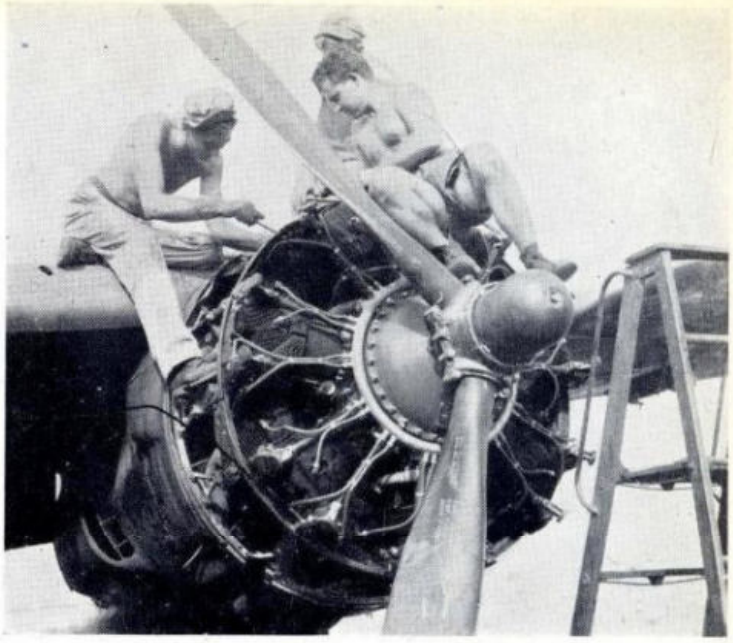


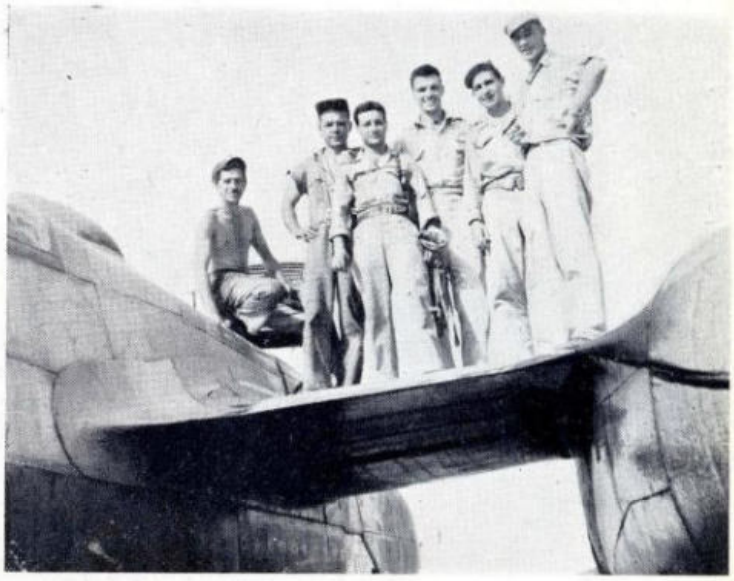
Mackay . . . Townsville . . . towns to stand out in the memory of any man of the ground echelon, because Sydney was too far away and too remote. A fantastic, impossible dream. . . . Instead, they sent us to the more tropical and available towns, which offered only a modicum of beer and song. The food was good, fortunately, because the American Red Cross was in there pitching right across the counter and against ten months or a year on the Big Island, a steak with fresh eggs was enough to make up for any shortage. We walked through the towns, looked at the monuments, the zoo, walked down the sultry main streets—and thought about the familiar places of home . . . ten thousand miles away.

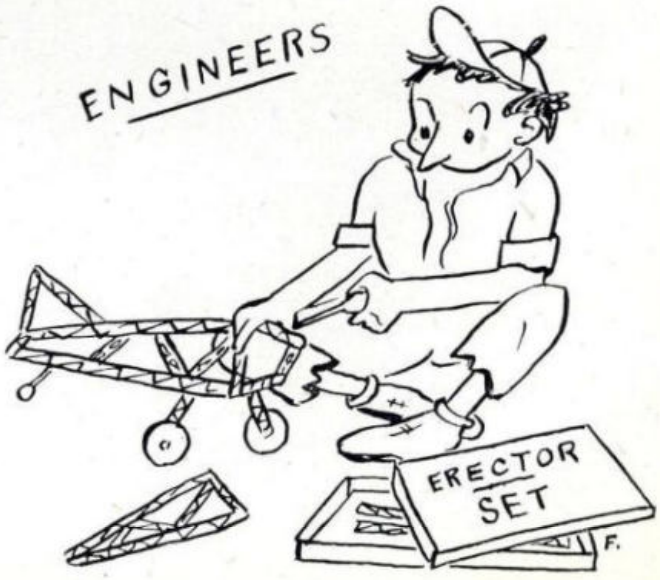
Pastoral scene of idyllic peace, which Shelley and Keats might have immortalized. Darke in the waist of a native canoe, framed against a background of tropical beauty. The picture cannot tell of the heat, or the rank odor of crowded vegetation that was always with us in the jungle. Down below are the rapids of one of the crazily-twisting rivers of New Guinea, which always took the easiest path to the sea. It was always amazing to watch them visibly rise after a heavy rain in the hills, carrying tons of brown silt, and slashing at their vertical banks of soft earth and sand. The erosion-control committees had not reached the island to study its problems.

Doc Connors will remember this one. The debate has never been settled between the two schools of thought which offered opposing theories on the most effective methods of identifying night-flying aircraft. The wisest men always expounded their theories from the edge of a convenient trench.

NEAL AND THE WATER SYSTEM

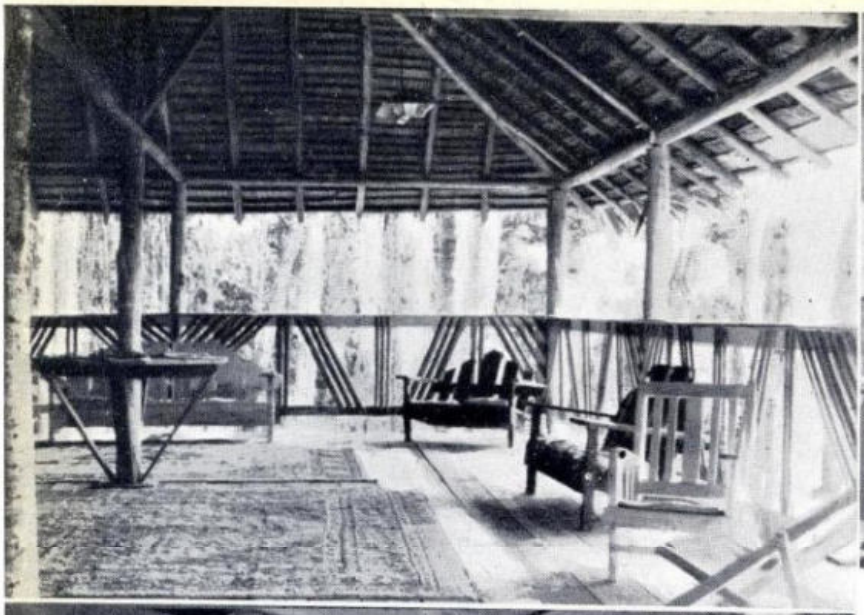






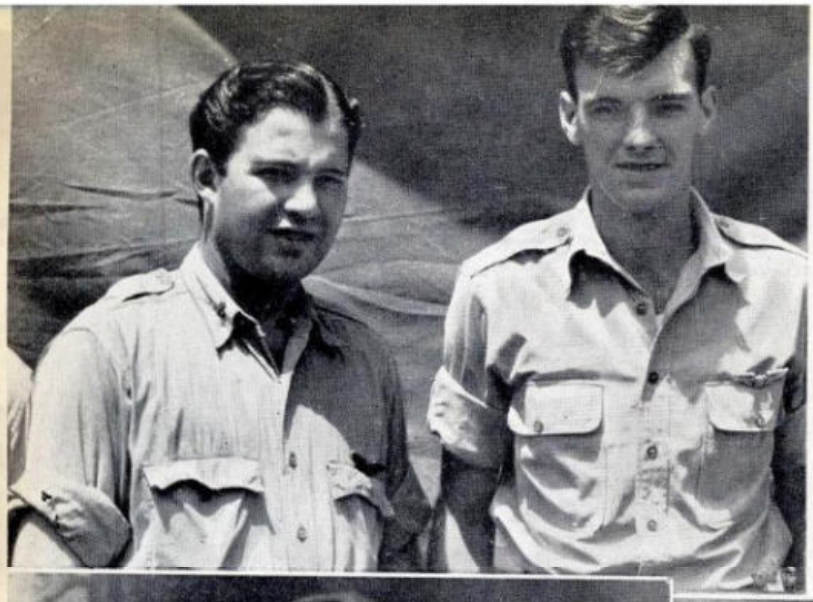
They worked on Tropical Paradise, complete with Neon sign and all, until the roof and the framework of the gigantic U-shaped structure had them licked. It was turned over to the natives, who swarmed over the immense building for two days, and laid it over with sago-palm and palm fronds to a perfect completion. We were fortunate to get the services of an orchestra for the first evening . . . and we heard later, from competent authority . . . that the reverberations of that first evening caused a red alert in Guadalcanal. Then we moved. We always move when a camp is set up and ready to go. Tropical Paradise . . . Lakanuki the Second . . . our camp of sago-roofed barracks . . . were handed on to the following-up outfit with our insincere compliments. A rough and most illogical war.

FATCATS . . . from way back. The officers, in New Guinea, had especial privileges. They were permitted to build their own clubs, for one, and their own homes.

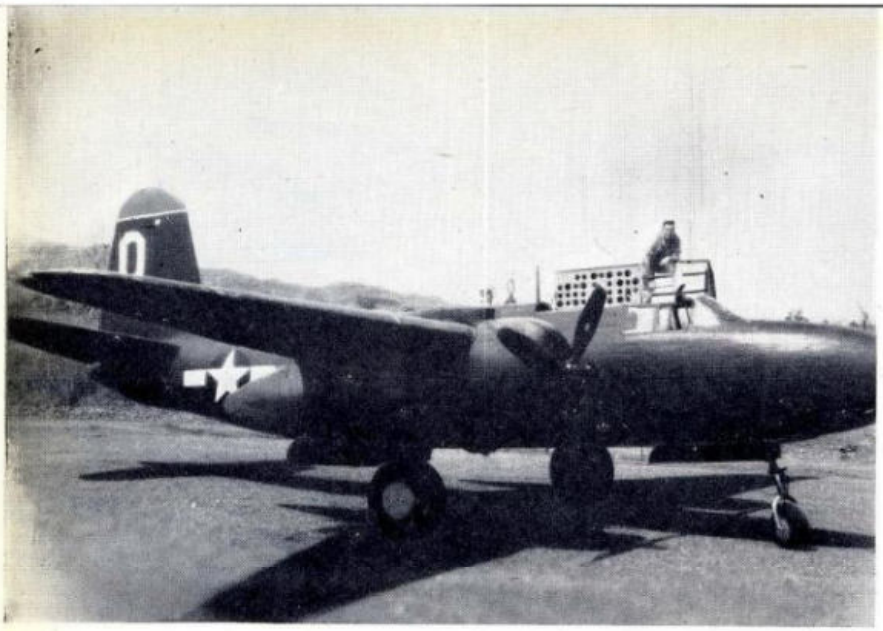


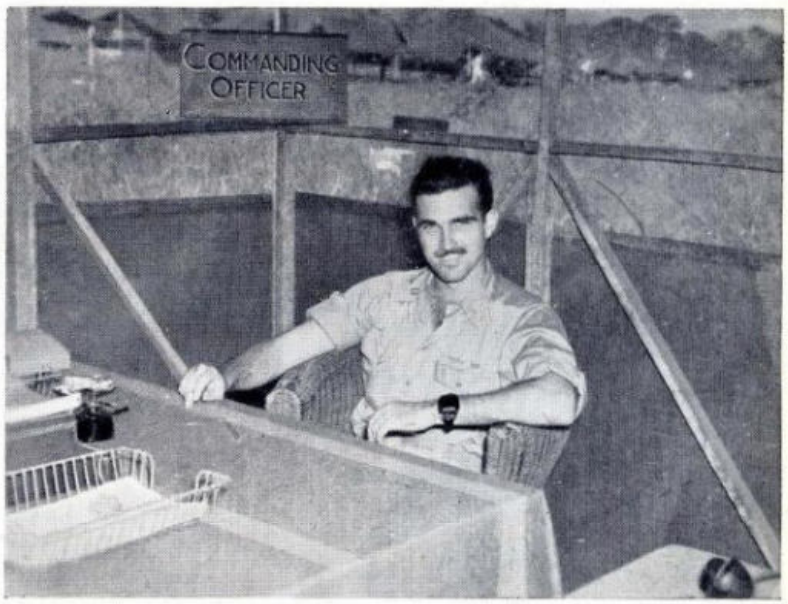
MAJOR WILKINS, Congressional Medal, late commander of the 8th Squadron.

COLONEL HALL . . . THE LATE MAJOR PETRIE, former commanders of the 89th.



COBBERS ALL



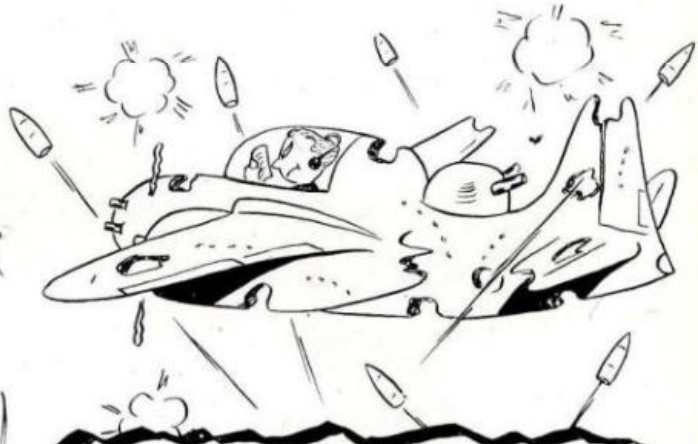


George Lockwood—and not forgotten—in the cockpit of "O". A technical error, for the print was reversed, and the hatch is shown opening to the right, instead of to the left. But he would not mind, altho he would have had something to say about it to the editor responsible for the error. . . . King, McEvoy and Davey of Melbourne, actually . . . Dow, Copeland, Hatten and Rod of the Japanese Merchant Marine. Characters. . . .


FARINA

I know I shouldn't write about food, but we had such a wonderful dinner Sunday that I thought you would like to know all about it. We had fried chicken - the way Mother cooks it - hot biscuits, new corn, salad, strawberry short cake, ice cold tea, ice cream and ....

....All of us were so happy when we saw in the newspapers that you would be home soon. We know that with all your time in the jungles you will be the first to come home under this new rotation plan.....

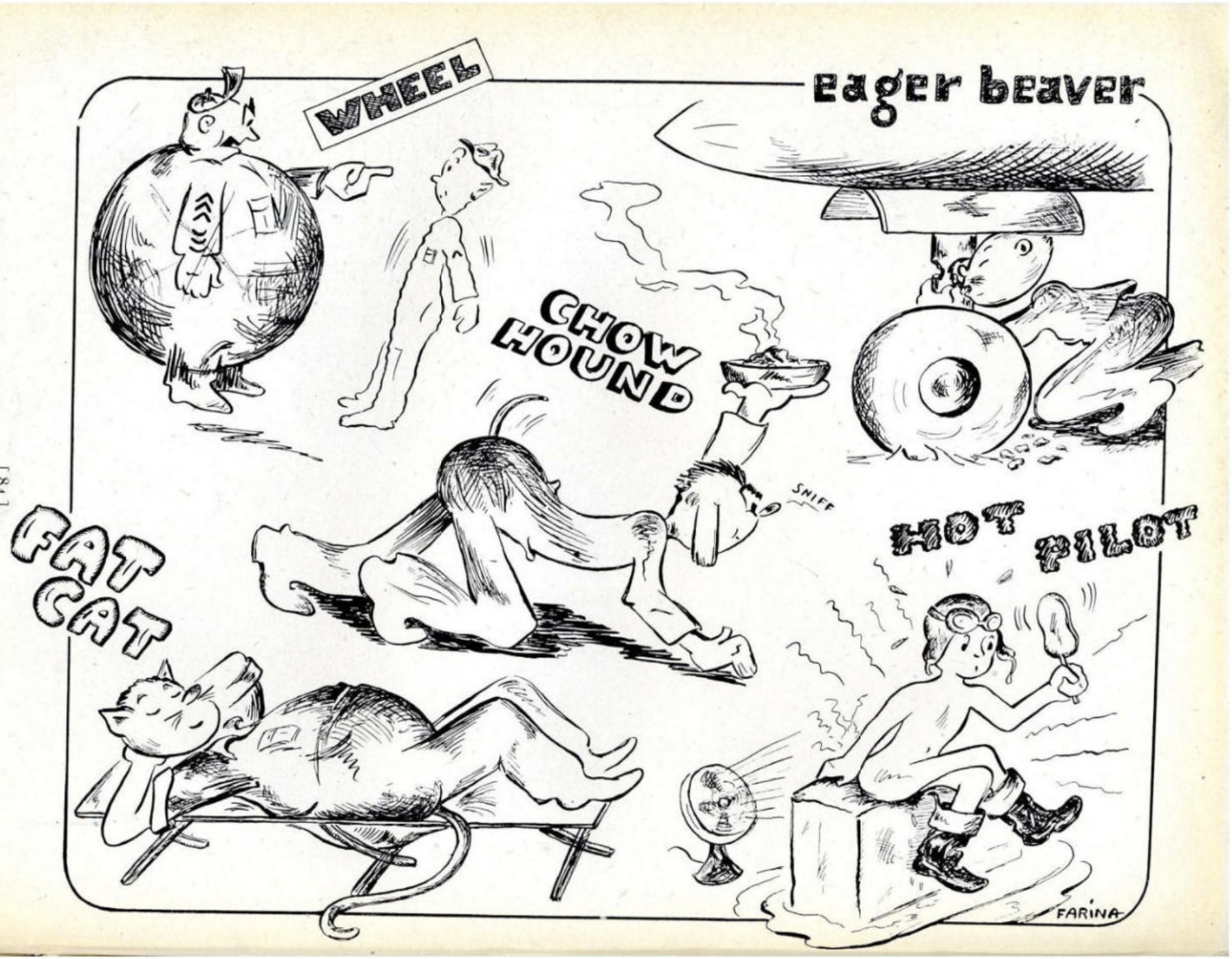


.....Well it doesn't look like as though I am going to get into this fight after all ... I've been deferred again, I sure wish that I could be there with you, but you know how it is old man. Just keep going, chin up, and remember that everytime you drop one on a Jap that I am right in there, pitching.....

It is so difficult for me to explain Johnny but it just had to come You see He is the foreman in our welding department I tried so hard to fight it off for your sake, realizing that you are over there in those dreadful jungles but Johnny life is too precious to waste I know you will understand and wish us luck

— Well Ol boy I've been in the army five months now. Promotions are kind of slow. I'm only a tech. sergeant — but the old man said the other day that I ought to be wearing three up and three down any day now. I sure can't understand you still being a Corporal, after three years, and with two of them over seas.....

— I am so tired tonight, I was on duty at the U. S O dancing with the boys. How are the U. S. O Clubs in New Guinea, Darling? It makes me feel so good to know that you boys are not being forgotten..


WHEEL
eager beaver
CHOW HOUND
SNIFF
FAT CAT
HOT PILOT
FARINA

TROPICAL PARADISE

THIS is the island that conceivably might have been considered as the site of the Garden of Eden. It has everything, and in quantity. Mountains. Rivers. Lakes. Rain and dust . . . and the luxuriant growth of all living things. All things that crawl, bite or fly, stage out of New Guinea at one time or another, if only during their apprenticeship. The Australians call the insects "Wogs". The Scriptures make no mention of Wogs, so the premise that our island could have been the Garden must be discounted. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle used it as the locale of his novel of prehistoric times, "The Lost World". He could not have placed the action more accurately. However, since this album has been created to serve as a visual record, and not as a venture into Theology or into the ossified realms of worlds beyond our memory, opinions are not in order. It is a very routine observation, of course, arrived at after more than two years' service on the island, to fully agree with the wisdom of Adam and Eve's move out of their tropical garden, into pastures less violently green. A percentage of us, biased, of course, but in all sincerity, are ready to cooperate to the hilt with any movement that will guarantee the continued position of this island as a Lost World.

It is genuinely beautiful, but does not measure up to the lyrical standards set by the rose-tinted advertisements of the South Sea Travel Agencies. If we could have been spared the mud, the rain, the amazing dust of the raw, hard-used roads built by the laboring engineers . . . if the coral seas had been shimmering lanes to romance beneath the swaying palms, instead of serving only as trackless avenues to the enemy's positions, we might have developed a more lenient attitude, for New Guinea has a grand, primitive

and unconquerable beauty, all its own. It shall not be possible to forget the blue, misted mountains that were forever only a breath away, with their steel-sharp profiles at dawn, and their caps of towering thunderheads at dusk. The rivers which cut so crookedly through the brown soil . . . because their intricate patterns, like half unraveled skeins of brown yarn against a green cloth, are too unlike the more conventionalized causeways of the rivers of the civilized lands. A savage beauty, unforgettable—and studied to best advantage at tree height, throttle forward, because then the Wogs, the rain, the unbelievable pressure of the sun during all daylight hours are neutralized. The Travel Agencies, we discovered, had neglected to mention the natural disadvantages and, unpardonably, the distance that separated us from any settlement that even remotely reminded us of the civilization we once had known.

The one difficulty of living and operating as a tactical unit in this theatre was the fact that civilization was not within a reasonable and easily traveled distance. We moved in, built the camp, remained until ordered to move forward—and built again. In thick jungle. In open valleys high with kunai grass. The three-day pass of the fields of home, the overnight pass that might be of value in other theatres of the war, were forgotten privileges over here. There was no place to go. Precisely. The camp bring-your-own-chair theatre, the church services, the messhall poker games, the nightly bull-sessions—and that was all. Contact with the realities of life at home was on the written page. Widely-spaced leaves and furloughs to the mainland permitted a swift readjustment to the luxuries of the normal way of life. It wasn't logical at all, when we knew that the people at home envied us our travels in this newly found part of the world and all we knew was the necessity of becoming familiarized again with the individual characteristics of new patches of kunai, new valleys and hills and mountains, and nothing else.

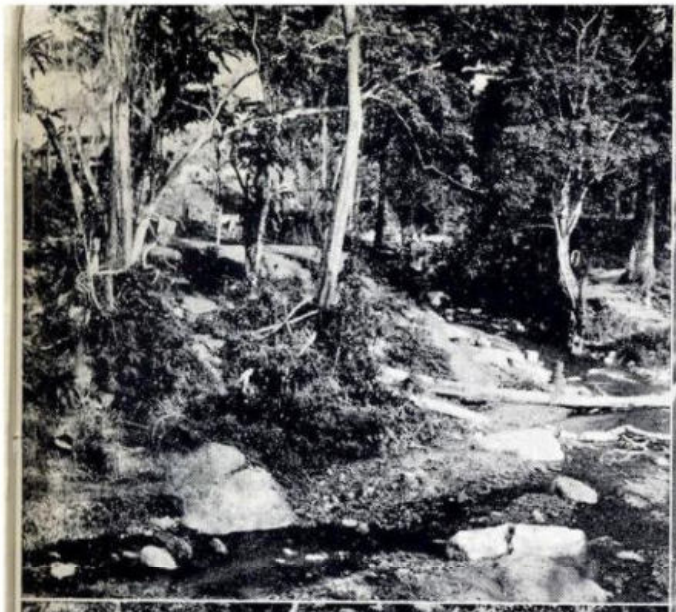
The native villages were quaintly interesting, in locations very difficult to reach, for men who had only a half day's freedom from duty. The villages were in the valleys, on the shore of the quiet sea, on the narrow top of a steep, twisting ridge, far away from any roads built by the engineers. We met the native men often, because they worked as laborers on the roads, and were often assigned to clear our new camp areas of the tall grass, and to construct buildings. They were, usually, small and dusty and clad in single cloths that flapped, without offending ideals or morality. They were pleasant and soft-spoken, intensely cheerful, and imbued with the belief that all American soldiers had been created for the sole purpose of distributing largesse, in the form of cigarettes, transportation and two bob. They went on walkabouts on Sunday, which was their day of rest. We grew accustomed to long lines of dark-skinned people straggling along the edge of the road, through the rich, choking dust, their women's feet hitting the earth flatly beneath the weight of the tremendous loads of yams and coconuts they carried in immense snoods on their foreheads. We looked at them carefully, and then always referred again to the letters which came from home, warning us half-seriously against the dangers of the sultry beauties of the South Seas. There was, it seemed, something wrong.

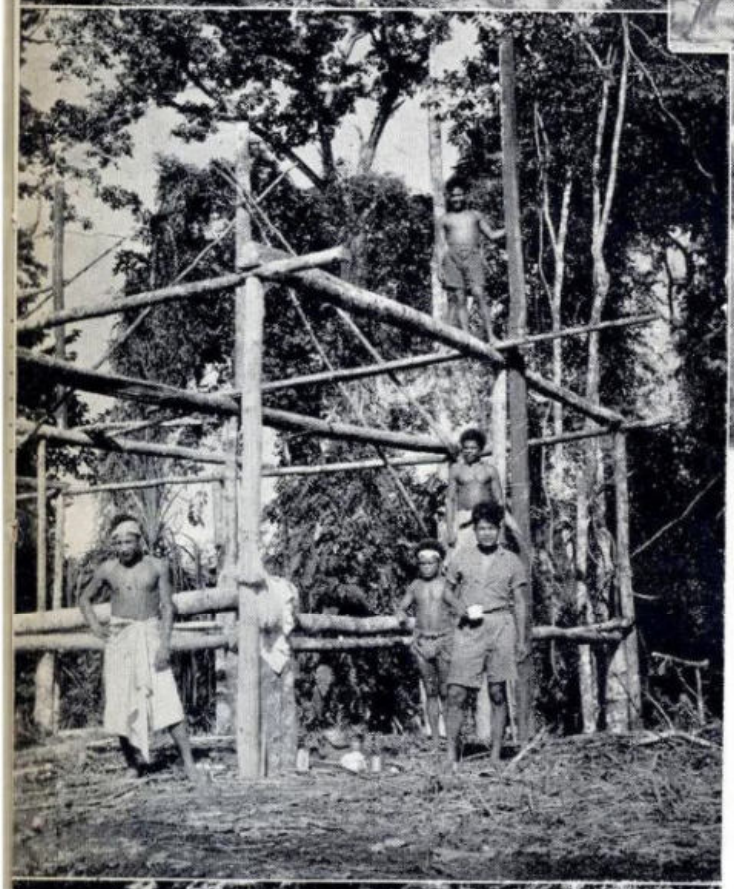
It was a bearable service, of course. It has been said, by someone, somewhere, that if a tactical unit was ordered to establish a base in the exact mathematical center of Hell's hottest inferno, that the move would be made, with the usual amount of griping . . . the word is not griping, of course . . . and that the unit would be operating smoothly on the hour and day ordered. This is not a fair comparison, perhaps, to either place. We have often wondered about the natives' attitude towards their island. Their long Sunday walkabouts might have a deep significance, an urge to go someplace, anyplace. . . . These opinions might have been influenced by the rumor that the terms of the Peace Conferences will force Japan to take New Guinea, making it mandatory that the Japanese live on the island, without any rotation of personnel to give them a chance to get back, even for thirty days, to the teapots of Tokyo.

It is the ideal place to fight the war, if the description can be regarded as a recommendation. It shall be the place to remember. There shall always be the distance, to remind us that we fought our part of this modern war in a theatre that removed us far beyond the most vaguely familiar and attested scenes of history.

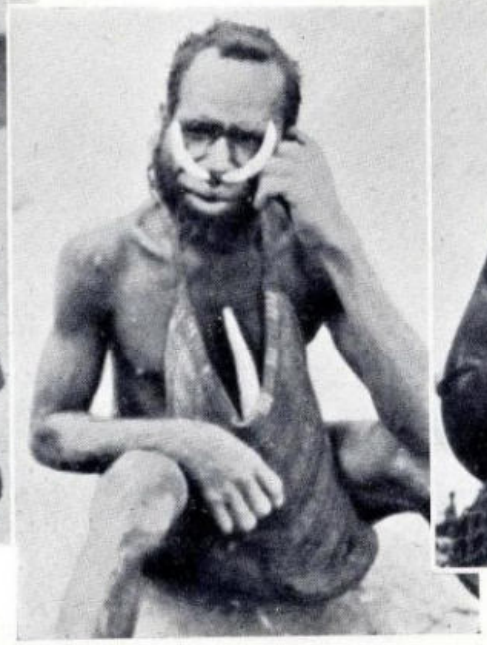
It has been a rough three years over here—and during that time we have often wondered at the inopportune fate which placed us in a land so primitive. The soldier does not complain. He grouses, gripes, utters bitter sentiments, but not with too deep a sincerity, because he knows it was only an accident of assignment, at a headquarters far up the line, which placed him in a sultry valley at the foot of ten-thousand feet of wet mountain, instead of in a quiet, stenographer-studded office in a base section. All the same—but each man to his own convictions.

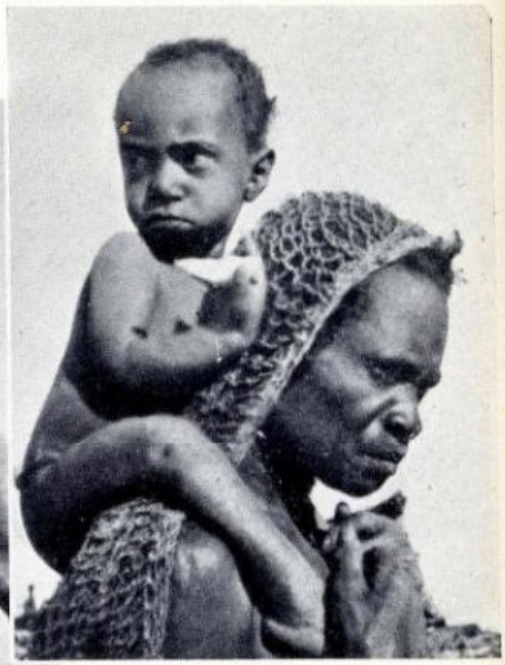
These are the belles of our island. Their pictures have been featured, not to satisfy any questioner who might insist that women simply cannot be quite so immodest. . . . It is not immodesty, on their part, for the climate is against clothing, and a thousand generations of acceptance makes their undress as natural to them as the smartly turned out Easter-parades on Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Not at all—this page is merely to silence the writers of those subway-minded letters, which spoke meaningfully of the South Sea women. . . . This is what we mean by an inopportune fate.






F.
ANT'S NEST!!

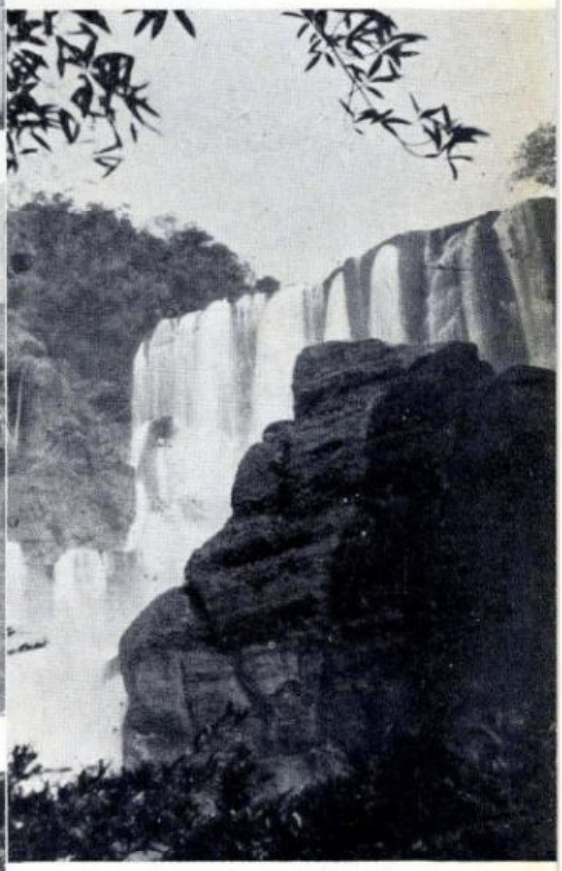


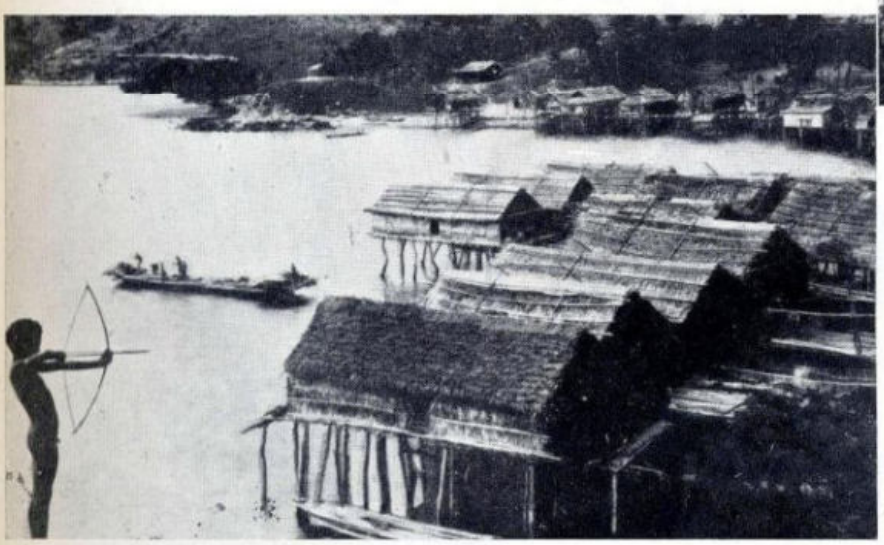


We looked for sarongs, but the usual find was a bulky pile of grass skirts, or a brown cloth, surrounded by variously-colored naked children all dyed a coffee hue by dust, the sun, and parental inclination. It must be general knowledge to the world, by this time, that the South Sea islands are not all langorous days on coral-trimmed beaches, but the pendulum of public knowledge has swung almost to the other extreme and might again be as inaccurate.

The natives of New Guinea are fascinating. Their habits, foods, superstitions and beliefs do not coincide with the white man's—of course, but their island does not encourage health, or vigor, or ambition. The white man has never gone forward to open roads to the inaccessible interior, to drain the swamps, to carry the gospel to half-primitive tribes battling for existence against the natural hazards of their savage island. The Australian government, before the war, had its handful of picked administrators in New Guinea. The missionaries of the various faith were there—and it was not unusual to meet a dark-skinned boy, wearing a jungle flower in his great mop of hair, who would shyly inform you that his name was Eliza or John or Joseph, because he was a mission-boy. It is known that many of the tribes we met during our time on the island were only a generation, or a half-generation away from the interesting ceremonials centered around a feast of long-pig. They must have been puzzled by the strange customs of the white man, who worked so hard, and in such mysterious ways, to destroy the enemy. Their own manner of war was simple, and very direct.

The natives of New Guinea have been of incalculable value to the allies. They have performed every task assigned, within their strength and ability. They have come forward, voluntarily, to give assistance to lost flyers, infantry units, engineers fighting their road through the uncharted jungle. They carried wounded men down the Kokoda trail with such gentleness that an Australian soldier found the words to describe them . . . "And the look upon their faces made you think that Christ was black". They might be primitive people, with the most simple of faiths and the most incomprehensible customs, but they are very human, very alive, and sensitive to life. This war has at least given us the knowledge that it does not matter which stage of human progress a tribe or nation might occupy, for they will know the value of life and will gain the most out of it, according to their own standards.

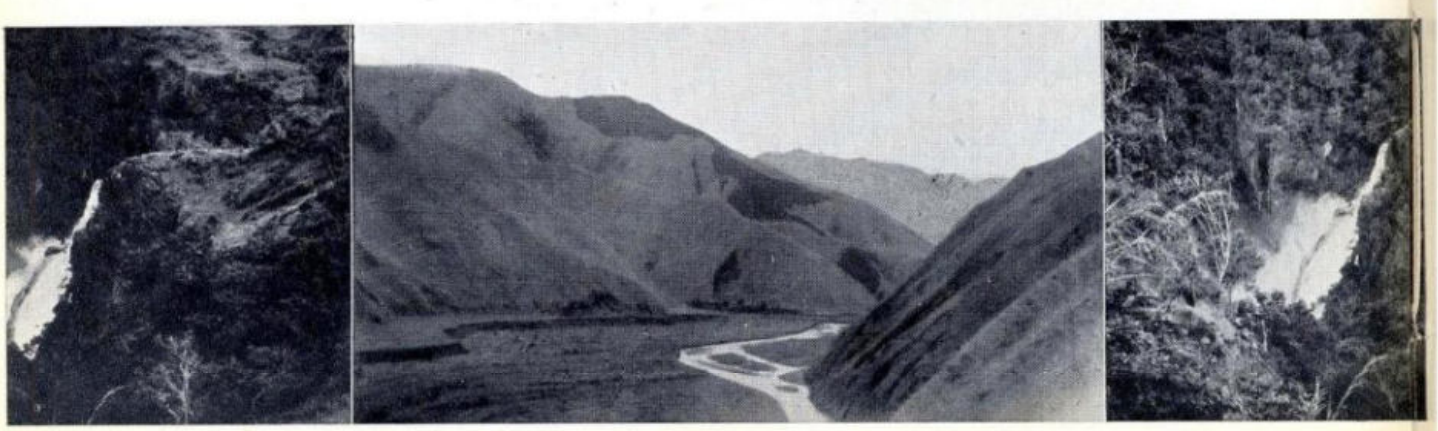




Two and one-half years overseas . . . with time to go . . . gave us the opportunity to observe that Hollywood and the Travel Agencies were wrong. The natives and their villages were picturesque, if judged by the standards set up by persons paid to use rose-colored, scented glasses, but in actuality, there was something lacking. We never discovered a lack of primitive sanitation, of course, or naked children or unfriendly, snarling native dogs, or solemn-faced hitchhikers along the road, with dusky thumbs hopefully asking for a lift to save long miles. It became quite commonplace, in the long run . . . but someone should have a long serious talk with the men responsible for enticing descriptions of swaying palm-fronds, golden-skinned women, and the musical rumble of surf against a lonely sand shore. . . .

The Markham Valley . . . and Rouna Falls, separated by 16,000 feet of mountain range. The Markham River leads down from abrupt, smooth-coated hills which are the final steps towards the sea of a series of savagely serrated ranges in the interior of New Guinea. The river's descent is appallingly swift, as if the brown water was intent upon ripping away the very heart of the land through which it rushed. The final miles of the Markham River, from the air, give the illusion that the river bed is one immense, ever-growing delta. . . .

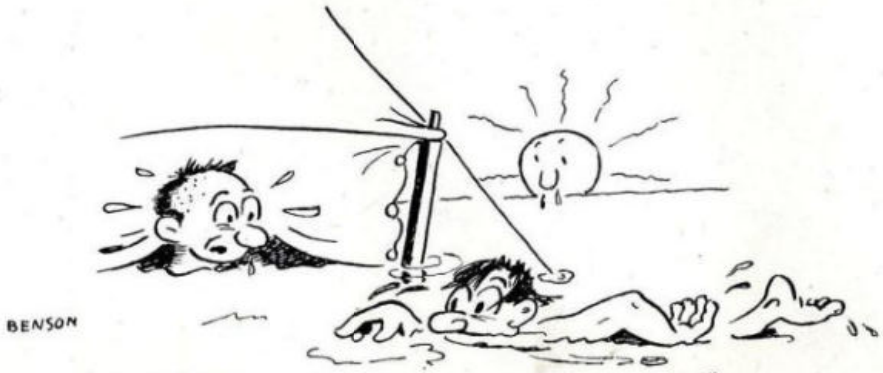
Rouna Falls are on the road to Koitaki Plantation. A road runs into those hills now, but during the first months it was a nerve-racking journey over a narrow, quarter-built trail that caused the big plantation to appear a sanctuary. They are narrow, white-coated falls, going a vertigo-like distance into a high-walled bed of ravine. . . .



"WE KNOW THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING
—BUT MAYBE HOLLYWOOD IS'NT RIGHT."


1.
2.
3.
N YORK Café
42 St
5th Av
DEEPEST, DAMN BOMB CRATER I EVER SAW
FARINA

"COME AROUND TOMORROW
AN' ILL FINISH THE JOB!"



"WELL, IT RAINED AGAIN LAST NIGHT"

A trail, working painfully along the narrow top of a ridge, disappearing beneath the jungle growth to show again, briefly, to the camera before it goes from sight. This was a hard-fought trail. There are few pictures as typical of the impossible terrain the island forced upon the fighting forces. Men moved along this trail, with guns, ammunition, leaned-down supplies. They flanked the trail, when it was possible, against the deadly ambush, or they merely walked forward, ready for anything that might come. It generally did. The camera does not show the lung-bursting pitch of the climb, or the soft earth that turned to gumbo when the rains set in, and it cannot tell of the heat, the insects or the strange quiet of the jungle. Our A-20's hit this trail often. It was an important target.

HEADQUARTERS

ADVANCE ECHELON

FIFTH AIR FORCE

APO 713 UNIT # 1

21 February 1944.

AG 201.22

SUBJECT: Commendation.

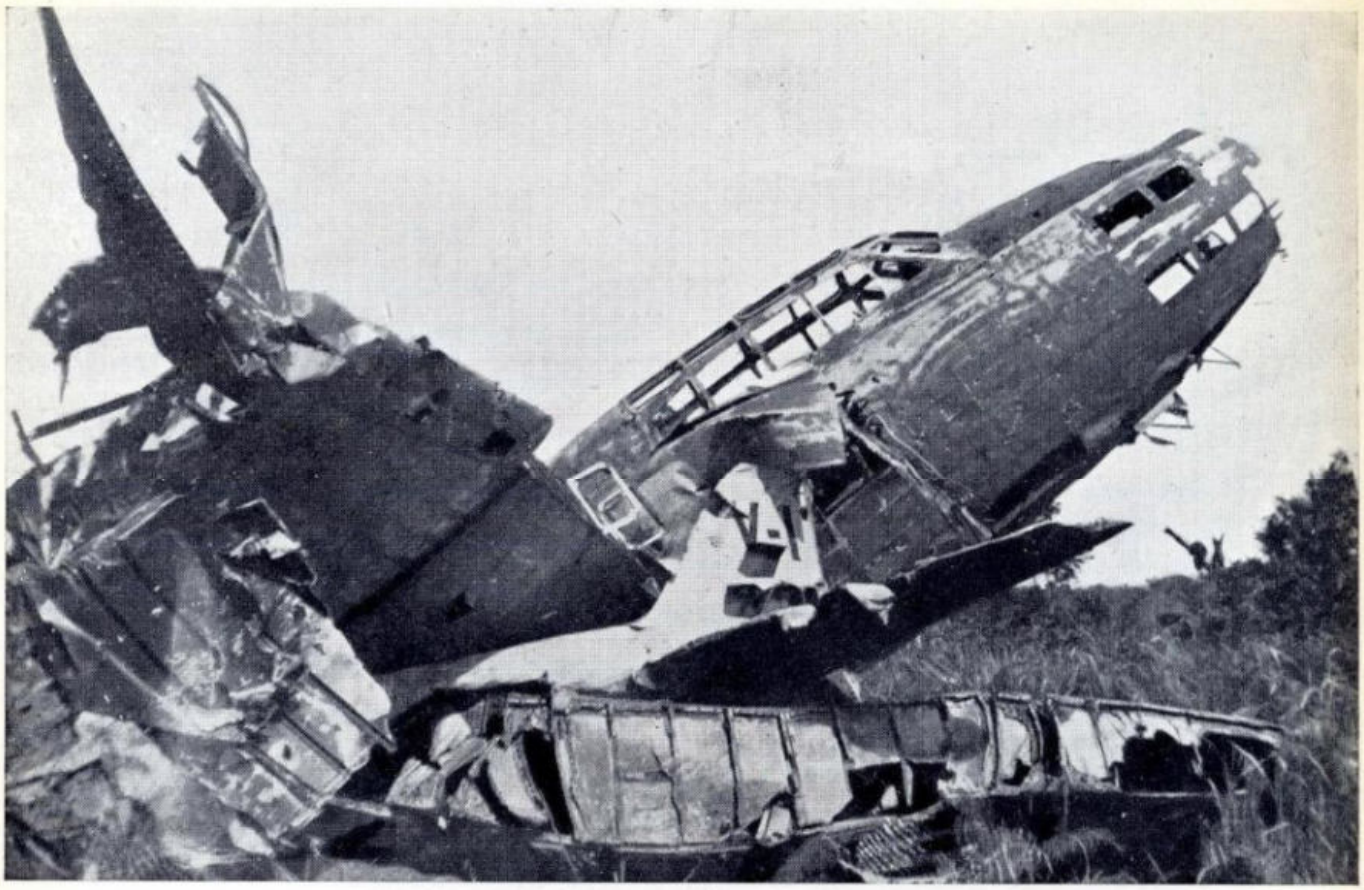
TO : All Units, Fifth Air Force, New Guinea.

1. The following communication received from the Commander-in-Chief, Southwest Pacific Area, and the Commanding General, Fifth Air Force, in regards to the recent Kavieng operations, is published for the information of all concerned, and is to be posted on all Command, Wing, Group and Squadron bulletin boards:

TO: COMAFADVON FIVE
FROM: KENNEY
"MESSAGE WHICH FOLLOWS PARAPHRASED FROM GENERAL MACARTHUR FORWARDED WITH MY OWN HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS QUOTE GENERAL KENNEY, FOR YOURSELF, GENERAL WHITEHEAD AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN CONCERNED EXTEND MY HEARTIEST ADMIRATION AND COMMENDATION FOR SPLENDID STRIKE WHICH DESTROYED KAVIENG CONVOY PD IT RECALLS ONE YEAR AGO OUR EPIC DESTRUCTION WROUGHT IN THE BATTLE OF BISMARCK SEA UNQUOTE"

2. The undersigned adds his heartiest congratulations to all ranks for their part in this daring action.

ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD,
Major General, United States Army,
Deputy Air Force Commander.



THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL AIR FORCE

THERE it is, shattered nose pointing at the sky which it shall never know again, wings torn from the fuselage by the shattering power of an Allied bomb . . . all the power and glory of empire, dead and smashed, in the rank kunai of a New Guinea valley. This ship had come a long way to fight, to justify its existence, and this is the way it ended. On the ground, thousands of miles away from the narrow, blinded islands which gave it birth . . . its crew dispersed into the hills in futile retreat, its mission uncompleted.

In the beginning, there was a different story. They had the wings and the power, and we were held to a single strip at Port Moresby, defended by two squadrons of fighters under the command of Colonel Buzz Wagner—short on equipment, men, planes.

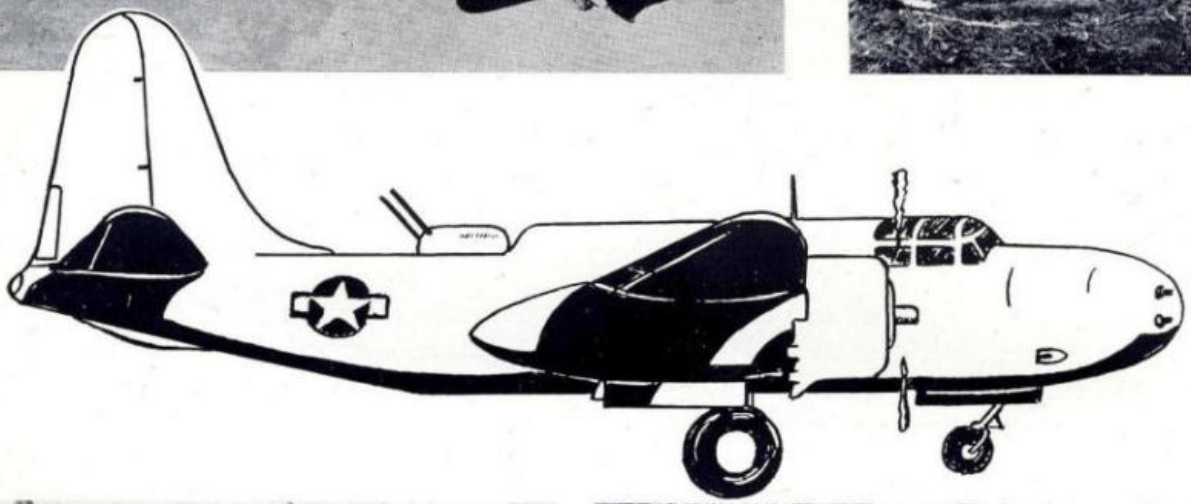
The 3rd Group staged its first missions out of Moresby . . . where the 8th Squadron threw its A-24's into the fight against amazingly unbelievable odds . . . a short, tragic gesture. Our A-20's were not ready for combat, but the men were, and it was the kind of war which saw A-20 pilots and gunners making the Coral Sea flight to the staging area at Moresby in B-17's and B-25's. . . . As the Cajun expressed it: "six Mitchells returned safely, escorted by Zeros". . . .

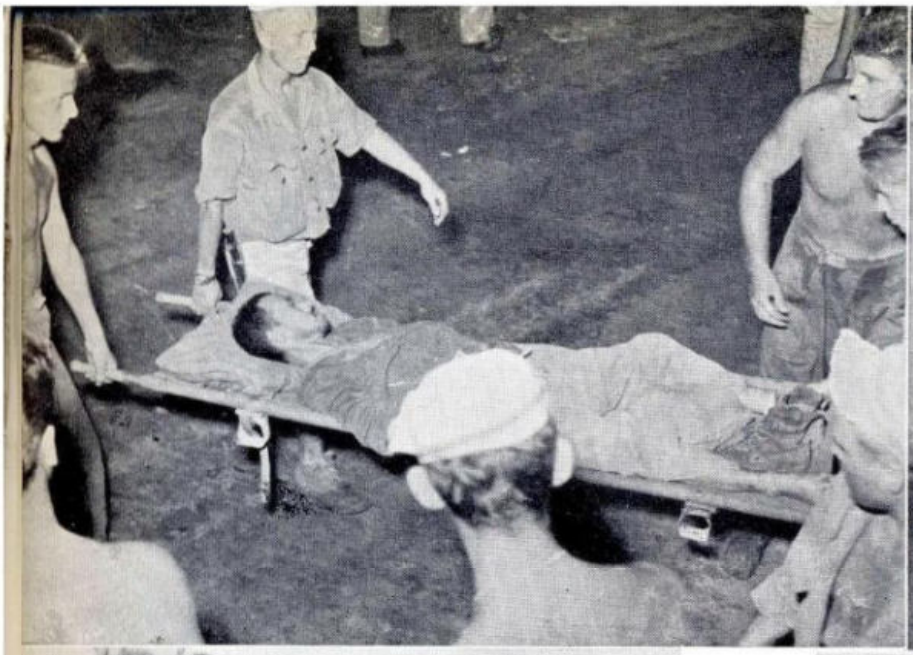
The Japanese had their own staging areas of Lae and Salamaua, where the Betty's and the Nell's used to come in overnight, to take off for the forty-five minute run to the under-staffed stronghold of Port Moresby. We usually had a warning, if the weather or the Nips had not prevented the Australian's Golden Voice from making his observations and sending his report across the Hump. It was the usual routine, for the opposing forces to be working over the opposing areas simultaneously. The American ships were always off the ground early, making the run down the rough, short strip during the last moments before dawn, bomb load so heavy that they would run clear beyond the end of the strip through the tall grass before their wheels picked sluggishly away from the ground. The Japanese usually made their first strike at seven-thirty, and must have known that their own strips were being pounded by our small formations of 17's, 25's and 26's. The men of the Japanese Imperial Air Force in New Britain and New Guinea must have then first known the premonition of their end.

The 89th has gathered its share of scalps. Lae, Salamaua, Gasmata, Kavieng, Wewak with its Borum Strip, Alexishafen, Hollandia . . . the Japanese have paid the toll of war to the low, thundering rush of strafing ships. We have found their air force stacked neatly beside the runways in the formation which is the strafer's dream . . . they have been hidden away in camouflaged revetments where they had to be hunted down through the intense fire of ground guns . . . they have been caught taking off, to finish their run in flames. If an enemy air force can be destroyed on the ground, it is not the quick, primitive victory of a fight in the skies, but it leads to the ultimate victory.

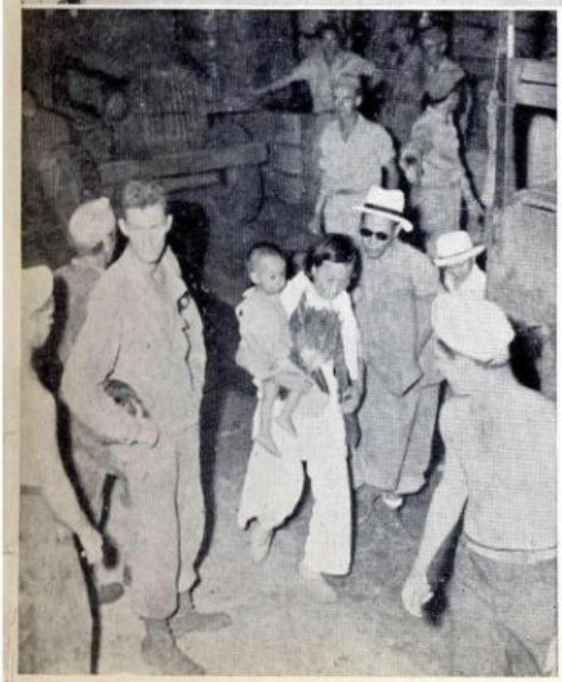
The Battle of the Bismarck Sea is regarded as a determining factor in the fight for the air over New Guinea. Later during the year came the devastating strikes at Wewak and Rabaul, until it must have been obvious to even the most casual student of our own private war that the percentages were at last in our favor. These pictures give clear evidence of the manner in which it was done. Their ships lying ruined, earth-bound, in untidy heaps of alloyed scrap metal. Their supply dumps gone up into expensive flame. Their service squadron areas bracketed and blasted, again and again, by accurate bombing and withering strafing that made impossible the one thing any airplane needs . . . careful and thorough maintenance. The results are clear. . . .

The Japanese newscasters of Radio Tokyo always announced the loss of an aircraft with the words, "and one of our aircraft has not yet returned to its base". They must have found it difficult to find an equally convenient phrase to describe the Imperial Eagles which failed to get off the ground.

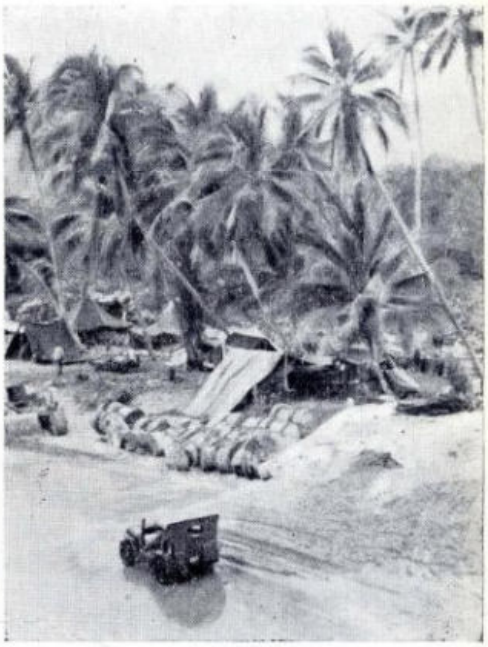




THE BEACH



GUNNER



War is an untidy business, and the narrow beaches of the tropical islands do not provide conditions even remotely approaching the ideal. A strip of sand, twenty or thirty yards wide and a mile long. Deep sand, washed by the tide, soft beneath the weight of trucks and jeeps and bulldozers. A narrow landing strip, with the big ships nuzzling easily against the shore and the great task of unloading under way the instant the big doors opened and the heavy chains dropped the short, steep ramp to earth.

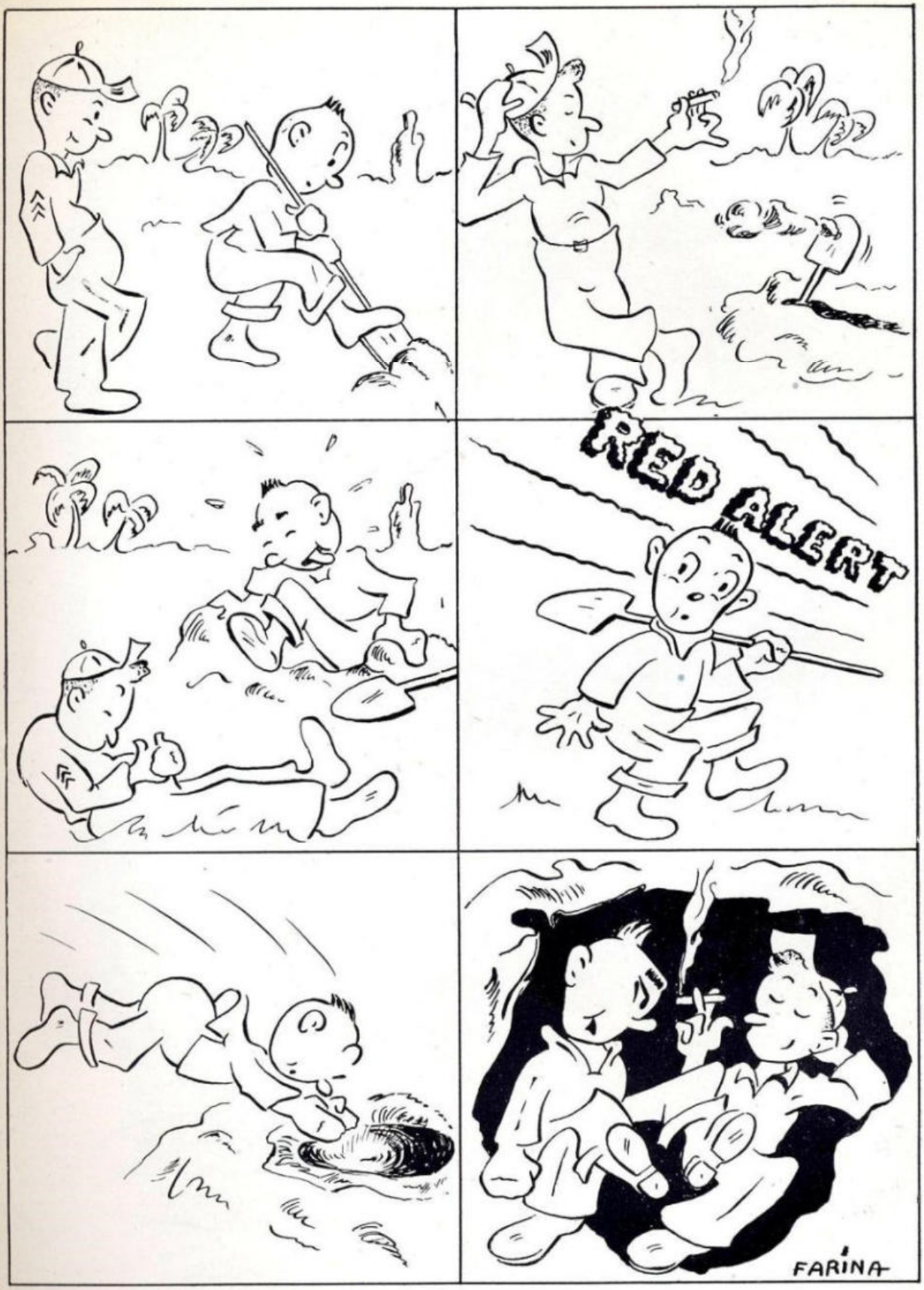
The accuracy of an enemy night bomber did not help. We missed his visit, but that big pool of stagnant water up there was a constant reminder of the presence of war. But we had countless and sensational proofs of the accuracy of our own ships . . . the balance sheet showed heavily in our favor, and proved again that the Japanese have suffered a hundred Verduns in this war of the Southwest Pacific.

This is the equipment of war. Supplies, some undamaged and unused. For a brief time, Hollandia was the Mecca of the souvenir hunters. The disappointment was general, however, when the quality of the Nips' rolling stock was discovered to be poor, of definitely inferior construction. There was food, cigarettes, engines, instruments, ammunition dumps—every conceivable item needed by an army on active service, but they could not take it with them. Not over the narrow, intricate, steep trails that led back into the hills, to nowhere.

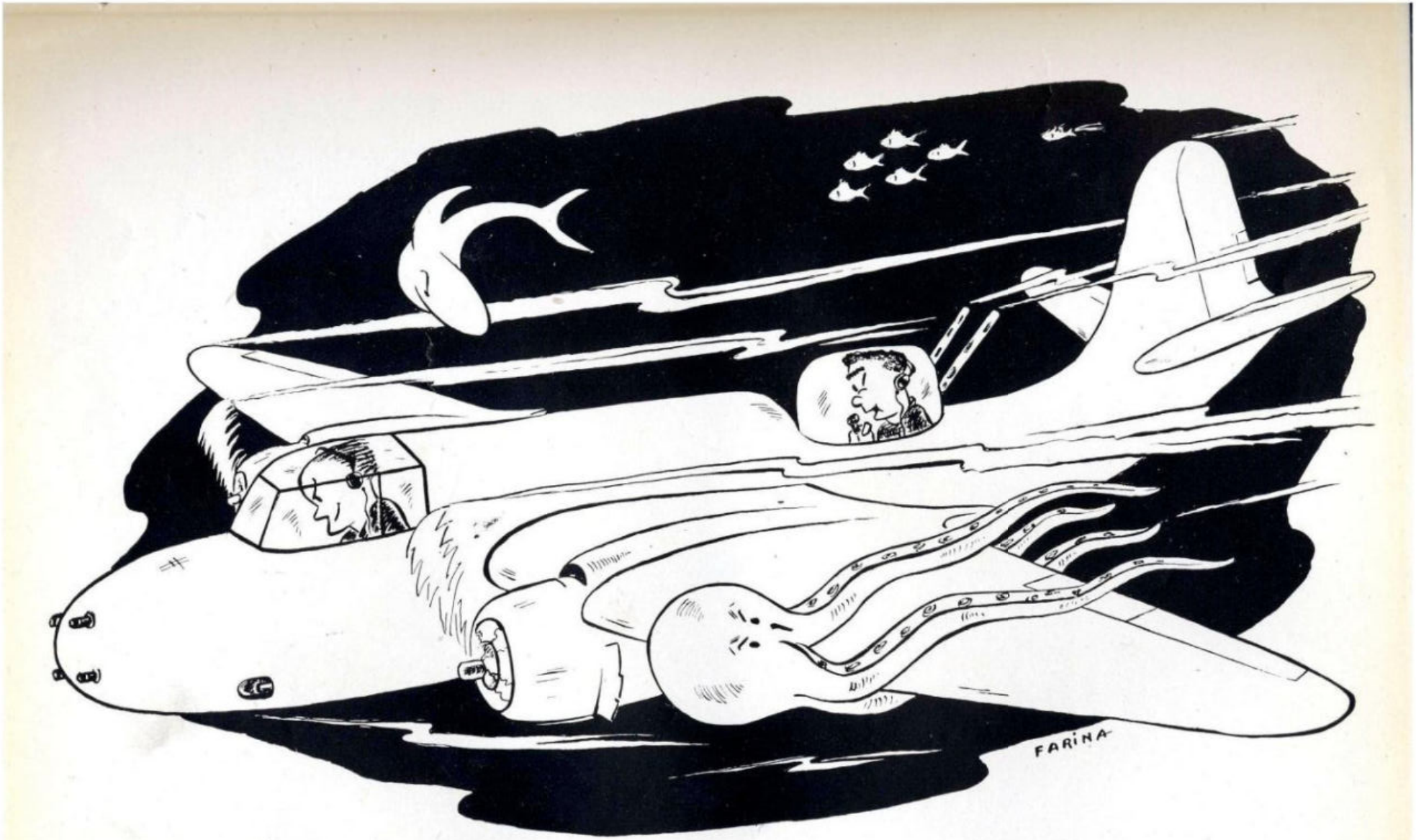
An outstanding characteristic of the Japanese in this section was their back-breaking dugout, bomb shelter and drainage system. There was not a single grass-thatched building in the service squadron areas which did not have its hand-dug shelter for protection against the attacks of the Fifth Air Force ships. The buildings had wooden floors, with escape hatches leading into deep pits that must have been sharp consolation during the tree-top attacks of the roaring A-20's. Six fifties firing forward are not encouraging.

The Nips used shelter and concealment to the final degree, but the cameras revealed their secrets, and after the photographs had been interpreted and analyzed, the strikes began. There is nothing that will stand up beneath the destructive force of precision-placed bombs. It was the constant hammering at their service areas which kept the Japanese ships on the ground, open to the final assault from the air which blanketed out this part of their air force, and permitted the landing to be made with a fantastically small loss on our ground forces.

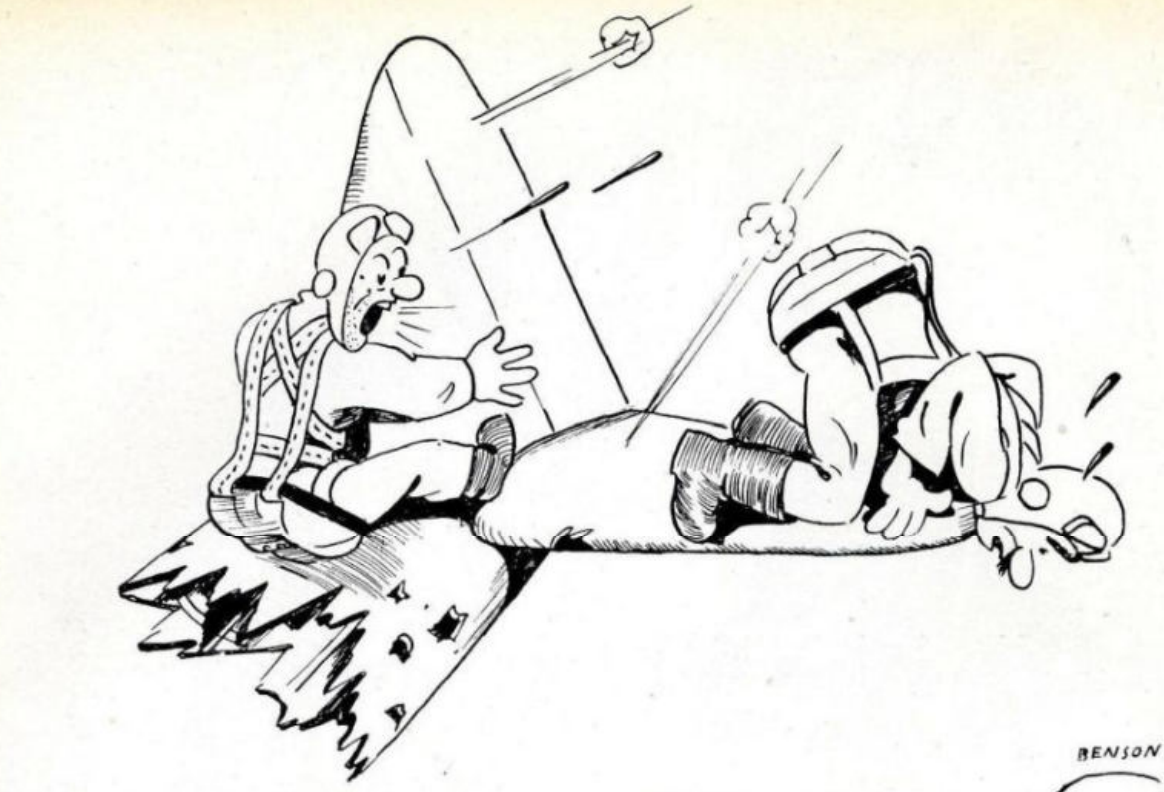
"BENSON, - TAKE THAT OFF - IT ATTRACTS TOO MUCH ATTENTION!"


RED ALERT
FARINA

"SIR, YOU HAVE JUST MISSED THE SECOND LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD."



"BEG YOUR PARDON SIR, BUT AREN'T WE OVER DOING IT A BIT?"



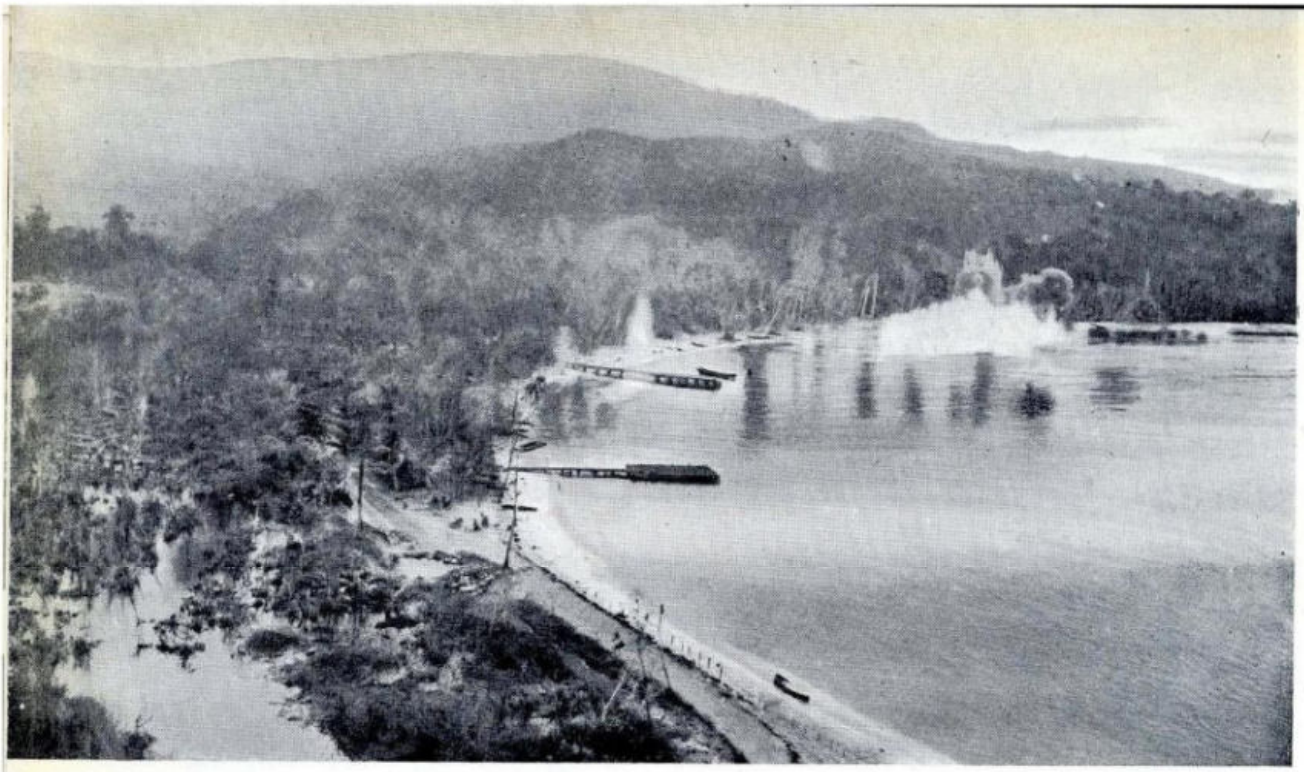
BENSON

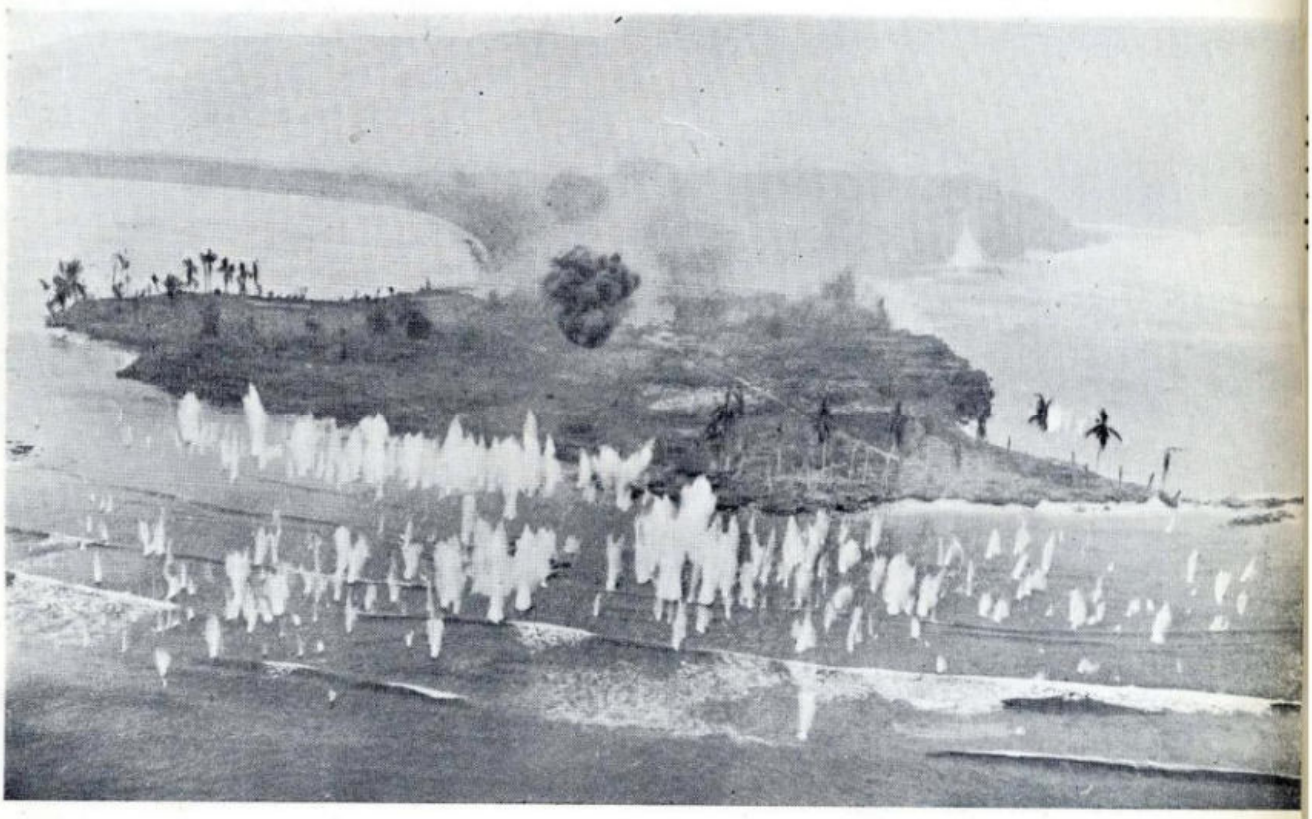
"OKAY — SO MAYBE THEY CAN SHOOT!"

BENSON

THAT'S FOR BRINGING ME TO NEW GUINEA!

A panorama shot showing the thick, matted undergrowth which lay on both sides of the jungle trail as it wound over the mountainous terrain. Our A-20's had to sweep low between these mountains and along the twisting trails to strafe these important supply targets.





These were taken during an average day for the Nips. The bursts in their harbour at Wewak, the murderous shower of fifties across their peninsula, so rapid and thorough that the gun switch could not be flicked off before the target was passed, were not new to them. A thousand headlines cannot tell of the individual tragedy . . . but the impersonal force of our own ships and their guns might cause the civilian to reflect that war is an unpleasant and deadly business. The waterspouts are only the final, lingering touch of the Grim Reaper's fingers as he sped low across his enemy's position. . . .

HEADQUARTERS

V BOMBER COMMAND

APO 713, UNIT # 1

AG 201.22 7 April, 1944.

SUBJECT: Letter of Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 3rd Bombardment Group, APO 713.

1. I wish to congratulate the 3rd Bombardment Group on the fine record which they have achieved during their first two years of operation. You have demonstrated repeatedly your high state of training and have always shown highest esprit de corps, even under most trying circumstances.

2. Your combat record has been most admirable. The tremendous number of sorties and combat hours flown indicate the great effort which has been expended by all your personnel. Again I wish to congratulate you and wish you every success in the future.

J. V. CRABB,

Colonel, Air Corps,

Commanding.

THIS IS THE ARMY

To the infantry, with its landings against the enemy on narrow, jungle edged beaches . . . to the navy, and their men who send their landing craft into the shallows, with the sign of hostile fire thick and dangerous, from hidden emplacements . . . to the engineers, for their men and machines, cutting through jungle, hills and valleys of the completely primitive islands to build roads, landing strips in country that had been marked before only by slender, intricate trails.

We had been with all of them and as we advance nearer to the end, the coordination shall be even closer, and will create a finer unity pointed towards the complete victory. In this war, the admiration for another unit's work is not usually expressed, except for the written letters of commendation, and the rare statements by the highest officers, but it is understood by all of us and does not require expression. This theatre has required a cooperation between all arms of the service as intense as in any theatre of the world war. The great distances, the bare fact that we could not follow the immemorial practice of armies and live off the country but had to bring each one of the countless, distinct items of materiel over thousands of miles to the men and units requiring them, the necessity to build bases in each newly captured sector . . . the accepted fact of fighting against nature, and not only the dug-in Japanese—these were the fundamental reasons which led to an understanding and the readiness to assist in the solution of each other's problems.

The first months were the Air Corps' war, and the Navy's. Then the Japanese began their advance over the Kokoda Trail, our A-20's went into action, supporting the ground troops . . . and the war was open. We began to know the infantry, to appreciate their style of fighting. There is not an Air Corps man without a serious respect for the men who fought it out on the ground, because we know the weather, the jungle, the terrain, and all the combination signifies. The salt-water swamps of Sanananda were as pitiless a battle-ground as the history of warfare has ever known. They had to fight it out on New Britain in terrible humidity and rain, they had to face the brooding, dangerous cliffs of Biak, they have had to go in against every opposition nature and the enemy could provide.

We have flown our ships from strips still under construction by the engineers, and have trailed along behind them as they battered a road through country that seemed impassable. Our association with the engineers has been closer than with any other service, because roads and landing strips had to be built before ships could fly from the captured areas. Their accomplishments, against problems not to be found in the manuals, have been a tribute to their traditions, because each road, each long runway surrounded by its labyrinth of revetments, represents a job done that cannot be appreciated unless the country they had to defeat is known.

Quartermaster, Ordnance, the Service Groups—the Signal Corps which tied the areas together with telephone systems over the great ranges, across the wide, rushing rivers—the artillery, which waited, ready and patient, to send up a curtain of fire against the raiders—to every single unit which served to form the organization which has driven the Japanese to their inner lines of defense. The 89th saw all of them at work and in action. We give credit where it is due.

LAE AT MINIMUM

ALTITUDE: MINIMUM

THE palm plantations of New Guinea were not referred to in the War Department's orders, dated January 15, 1941, which activated the 89th Bombardment Squadron, Reconnaissance, at Savannah, Georgia. The war in Europe was looking bad for England, and her allies. Our own forces were only beginning their expansion, and to the daily, faithful readers of the press of our nation, Japan had not made any moves significant of war. The Air Force was just beginning to preen its wings, and when the cadre of men and officers was formed, by shanghaing personnel from protesting, under-strength units, we knew that preparations were being made. Then, in the fall of the year, the A-20's went on the Louisiana maneuvers where their terrific speed and the aptitude and need of their low-level attacks was demonstrated repeatedly. . . . It wasn't the same, however, because the pilots charted their course by the white concrete of the roads, and made their right turns at the

highway intersections . . . over here, they learned to mark the course by a promontory, an island, a distinct, unmistakable ridge, a gun position . . . and, in Louisiana, we dropped paper bags, filled with white flour.

The months of 1941 saw the roster built up to a fair percentage of the strength stipulated by the Tables of Organization. The training never relaxed, and the men returning from schools of engineering, armament and radio, photography and clerical, were saddled with responsibility, in between their sessions with the China Clipper and the fatigue details. The 89th began to be a squadron. There is no other phrase as accurate, because the mere designation of an official order cannot create the spirit and unity which is an organization's very existence. We trained, at Savannah and through the maneuvers, and were looking forward to the long awaited Christmas furloughs, when the radio told us of Pearl Harbor. We sailed for Australia on January 31, 1942.

The ground echelon went to work, almost immediately upon arriving overseas, maintaining the 17's of the 19th Bombardment, which had escaped to the mainland from the crumbling defenses to the North. Our combat personnel went into service in the mediums, with pilots and gunners going into the B-17's as members of the crews on the first strikes over Rabaul. These first missions were flown in conjunction with the Royal Australian Air Force, and letters of commendation were received . . . the first of the long series given to the Squadron, and to the 3rd Group, for its effectiveness in action.

We moved to New Guinea on August 20, 1942, to begin our unbroken service of two years on the island—with the duration to come. The Japanese had slowed down in their attacks on Moresby, but they were still hammering at the strips, the fuel and supply dumps, and the shipping in the harbor, in raids that came at day and in the night. Their ground patrols were filtering through the passes of the Owen Stanleys. They were bringing strength into their newly-taken base at Buna, only an hour's flight away—but the Squadron began to get into stride, as a member of the Grim Reapers. The parent Group was winning its colors in the Southwest Pacific Area, and our missions were increasing in number, and in the vital importance of the targets—Lae, Kokoda, Buna, Salamaua and Sanananda. The Japanese air force, on the ground and in the air, felt the guns of the 3rd Group ships. We drove in to attack ack-ack positions, to give direct ground support to the Australians, strafing and dropping bombs, when they were within 200 yards of the enemy—letters of commendation from the Australians told of the accuracy, the havoc upon the positions hit, the fact that there was not a single attack in close support by the A-20's which had caused a casualty to our troops.

The parachute fragmentation bomb entered the war during this stage. Deadly little bombs, parafrags, that fell out of specially-built, pigeon-holed bays to flutter gracefully and wickedly to the earth. We went across at the A-20 minimum altitude, on the deck.

The tempo of our attacks steadily increased until the day in December, when the 89th Squadron flew nine separate missions, in support of the 32nd Division, fighting a bitter, costly battle across the range at Sanananda and Buna. It was on the 3rd day of March, 1943, that we helped to write a page of history . . . the Bismarck Sea Battle. We had been out after shipping, and the targets searches had revealed had only been barges, and coastal shipping. This time we went out with every fighting ship the Fifth Air Force could get off the ground and into the target area. All squadrons of the 3rd Group, and B-17's, B-24's, RAAF Beaufighters, all American fighters—and the formations struck the death

blow at a Japanese convoy on the Huon Gulf. The Nips had taken the great gamble on the weather, in risking their convoy which carried reinforcements for the hard-pressed troops in the Lae-Salamaua area. The weather betrayed them, and the convoy was spotted through a break in the heavy overcast by a recco. The A-20's scored twelve hits on seven ships, and followed with strafing passes that cleared the decks of the men who stayed at their guns, fighting a losing battle. The Allied fighters kept the skies open against the enemy Zeros to permit the heavies, the mediums and the attack bombers to make run after run across the convoy. The official photographs of the air-sea battle show the Japanese ships cutting weirdly-twisted white wakes through the water . . . ships lying soddenly,

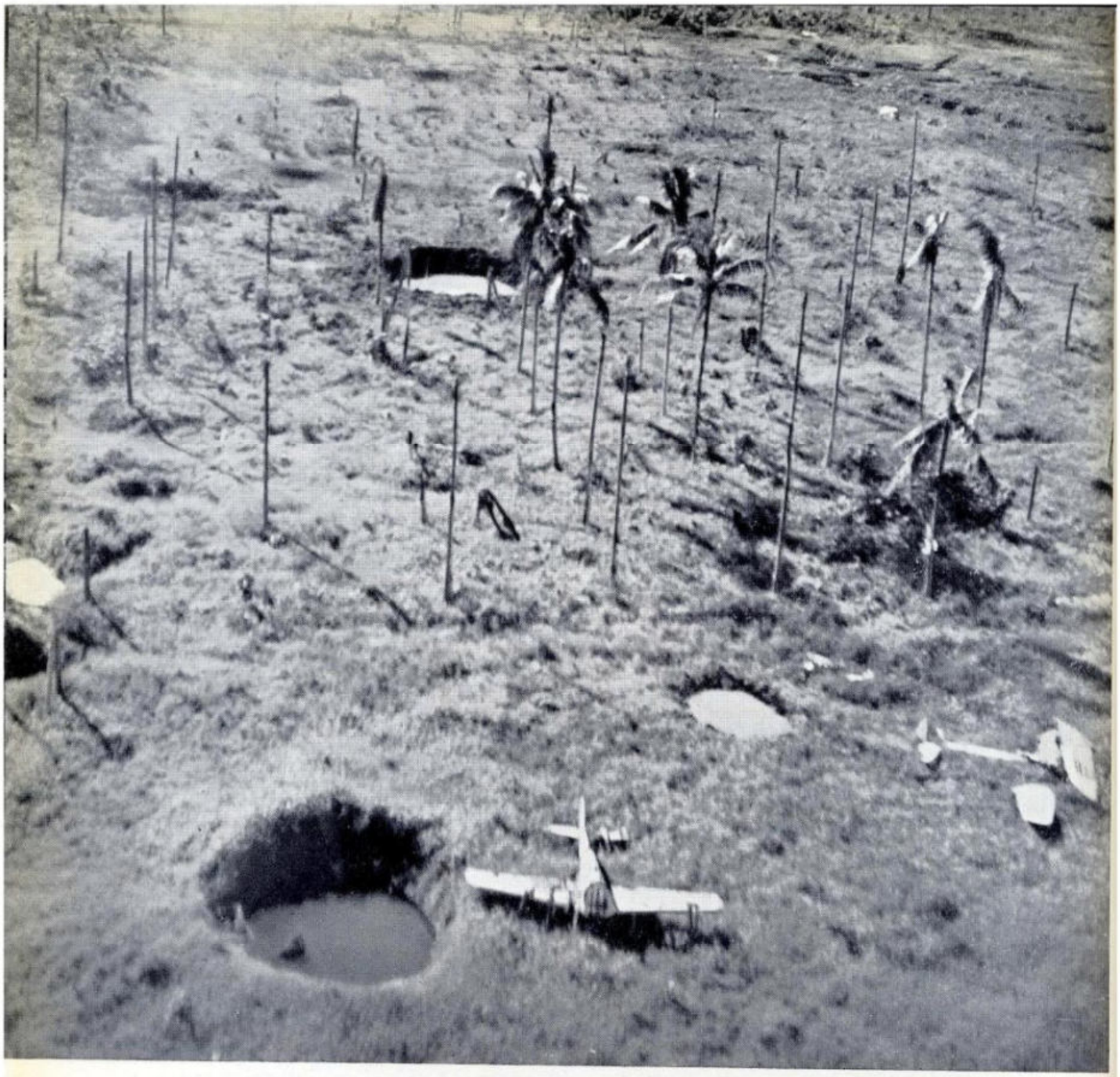
quietly burning . . . great, pall-like columns of smoke rising into the sky, to roll flatly along the clouds . . . survivors in the water, and others massed in life-boats, rafts and floating wreckage like black ants. The attacks made by the 3rd Group were at mast-height and after the bombs were gone, they went in again and again, smashing with their forward-firing, grouped fifties and thirties—and there was nothing the convoy had that stood up beneath the vicious strafings. It was the first decisive victory of land-based aircraft against enemy shipping guarded by war vessels. A victory for the Fifth Air Force and the RAAF, and one of untold importance, for it marked the fate of the Japanese Forces at Lae. Of that convoy, not a single ship escaped—and the survivors drifted to their islands, weaponless, without food, without organization. If they reached their own forces again, they knew that their propagandist had been wrong. We have always wondered, mildly, why the Japanese Government failed to send in a letter of commendation on the results of the immediate, devastating action of the Bismarck Sea Battle. If Radio Tokyo had commented on the action, there was little the newscaster could have said, unless he would have announced that the Allied attack upon the Lae convoy had been repulsed successfully without loss. Banzai! Build more ships.

We moved across the Owen Stanleys in May, to set up camp in a thick jungle, carpeted with matted leaves and heavy with underbrush. It became the camp of high-floored tents, sago-palm roofed barracks and buildings, days of sun-baking on the sand-strip across the brown river . . . and the base of our operations against Finschhafen, and the targets of New Britain. It was the month which saw our first combat crews relieved, and sent back to the United States. Captain Dunbar was among that first group. He returned, but the habit of combat was too strong, and he went to England, in A-20's—and, somewhere with the Eighth Air Force, he ran his last mission.

The reports began to turn up information about heavy night traffic of Jap barges along the coast of New Guinea. They had already begun to refuse further risk of their heavier vessels for the movement of men and supplies during the daylight hours when they would be exposed to the coldly-precise attacks of the Fifth Air Force. Their recourse was to turn to the slower, less-weighty barges. We ran missions night after night, along the hostile coasts, with success, until the enemy learned to hold up his traffic for the nights of weather, of clouds and heavy rain. Night missions failed, after that, to pay off a profit against the very definite risks involved.

Invasion of Lae. A long-dreamed-of actuality to the men who had been here since the first months, for Lae and Salamaua and Rabaul meant, to all of us, the enemy strongholds from which their ships came to hit us from the skies—the bases which guarded against any further advance along the long, southern road to their homeland. We were called out to support the landing of the paratroops at Nadzab, in the Markham-Ramu valley. It was an unforgettable sight—our ships low across the wide, beautiful valley, with wedge-shaped streamers of smoke pouring from beneath their wings. We supported the landing of the paratroops, went ahead to direct ground support, and the 89th was the last squadron to strike Lae before it fell to the Allied ground troops. We covered the Finschhafen landings, and helped towards the reduction of Satelberg. It was all A-20 work, for the ships had been designed for low-level, direct and close support to the men on the ground, and their accurate strafing, and placing of bombs, justified their design and speed.

There is a definite physical thrill in the movements of our ships in the sky . . . even in their rapid, purposeful movement through the revetments, taxiing towards their take-off positions. Guns jutting forward out of the nose, wide wings stretching across the



revetment roadway, ship sitting forward slightly on the nosewheel as it rolls. The pilot sitting high in the cockpit, and the gunner waiting behind in the rear compartment, ready to get into the turret. The takeoff is an illusion, with the size of the ship giving the impression that it takes off slowly . . . but to watch the ground pass by beneath, and the horizon drop swiftly away, with the trees at the jungle's high, sullen edge still reaching out for the wings, it is realized that the slowness is illusion. . . .

We have tried to guess at the feelings of the Japanese, as they hear the sound of guns, and look up towards the sound, and see again a flight of A-20's, streaming gray gunsmoke, bombbays open, lowering in perfect formation down to the trees, in their bomb-

dropping run. The very speed of the attack ship, like the speed of the P-38 with its beautifully synchronized twin-engines, permits only a last instant of warning, at the low-level, before the airplane itself is overhead, only seconds behind the sound of its engines. We have made attacks which caught the Japanese at sun-bathing, servicing their own aircraft with fuel, at volley-ball in a sheltered area—in a complete surprise, driving their guncrews to shelter against the sides of the gunpits. . . . But not all the guncrews. . . .

Lae, Finschhafen and Satelberg, and then we began to hit Cape Gloucester, Gasmata and the other targets on New Britain, in preparation for the invasion that was to come late in the year. The field orders sent us over Alexishafen, in November, and it was four Japanese bombers destroyed on the ground during the first strike. The campaigns were intensifying. The twenty-two missions run by the 89th Squadron in December were largely concerned with preparing the way for the Allied landings on New Britain, and the landing at Saidor, far up the coast of New Guinea. We were still operating from the jungle camp, but our advance echelon was farther up the coast, building in readiness for the next move. The Squadron was split on Thanksgiving Day, 1943, and the men of the advance echelon really came out on top, after the comparison of the meals served at the two camps.

Bogadjim and Alexishafen remained as targets. After our move north we began to work over enemy positions in the vicinity of Hansa Bay, and went up the coast as far as Dagua. The big mission of the early part of 1944 was the February strike against Kavieng, on New Ireland. The A-20's staged out of Finschhafen for the long run to the target. Twelve of our A-20's went across the intense opposition fire of the harbor, scoring direct hits on shipping, went over the town strafing and bombing, and twelve A-20's came out. The Kavieng mission was made against long odds of distance, and ack-ack fire, as intense and accurate as any in the theatre.

Wewak and Boram, But and Dagua, with their areas of stores, personnel, their lines of communications, their shipping, received the consistently destructive attention our ships so efficiently handed out. The smoke of the fires rolled sluggishly into the hot New Guinea skies, the ack-ack guns lay awkwardly, in grotesque positions, blasted from their iron mounts, stores were blown wide open and scattered . . . barges with their sides riddled and bottoms torn out lay on the bottom of the coral seas, their camouflage greenery floated to the shore, trucks rusted in the drainage ditches beside the narrow roads, planes sprawled broken and smashed in the revetments of their fields . . . and the burial grounds were beginning to be studded heavily with the square, stubby, character-painted marker of the Japanese grave.

The March 19th mission, against the Wewak convoy, was complete disaster for the Japanese, in the manner of the Bismarck Sea. Every vessel went down, literally blasted apart by the bombs that actually crowded their way to the targets. This was the mission that resulted in the most genuine of proofs being brought back to the Squadron intelligence officer. The leading flight of our Squadron had hit a small transport, and the debris from the explosion was falling back to the water's surface as the second flight approached, to go through the cloud of metal, fragments of wood, and bodies. When the planes of the second flight returned to base, the air intake of the oil cooling system of Jew Louie was choked—with paper. The crewchief removed it, carefully, and, torn slightly but unscorched and perfectly legible, was a page from the Japanese transport's log, giving the cargo listing, the name of the vessel and the tonnage. The War Department publication which noted this rather unusual method of securing the confirmation of a sinking, stated that the pilot had modestly disclaimed any credit for his spy work. It was all in the day's work, of course, and it happened off the coast of New Guinea.

The Fifth Air Force began to make the final arrangements for the obliteration of

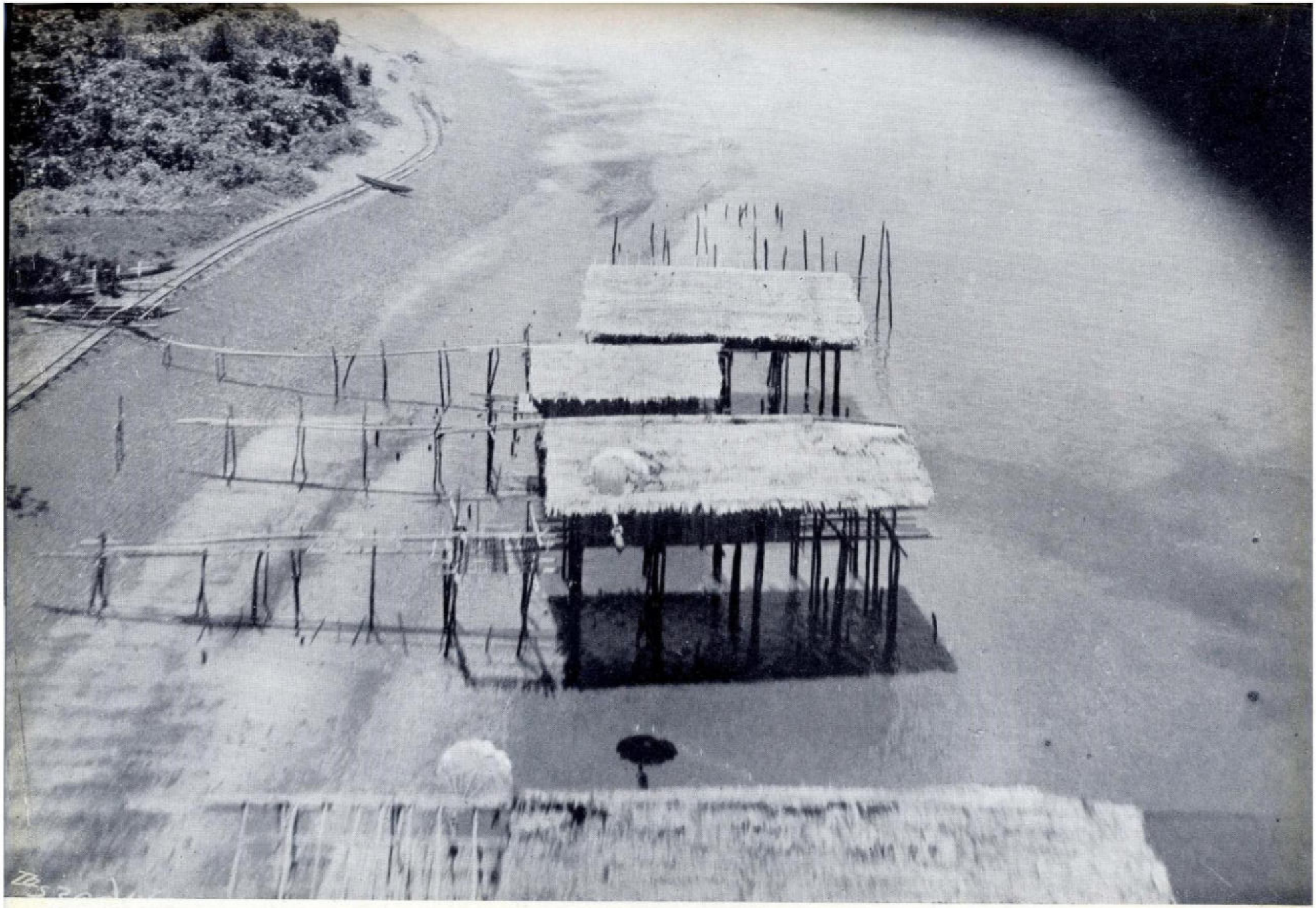
Hollandia, the major Japanese base, off the coast of Dutch New Guinea, near Humboldt Bay. The 3rd Group was called in to take part in administering the final blow, and the 89th had twelve planes on the big mission. They swept in low in the face of extremely heavy ack-ack fire, to drop a total of 119 demolition bombs, each bomb attached to its own small parachute. The ground fire was very intense, but they passed through the low-bursting flack, through the intercepting Zeros, and the twelve returned safely to our field. We participated in two more heavy strikes against Hollandia, dealing out heavy losses to the Japanese, and when the ground forces moved in against the light opposition which provided a startling, gratifying news release to the Allied world, they paid high tribute to the work of the Fifth Air Force.

There have been Biak, Manokwari, Babo and the oil fields and refineries of Bolea where the oily smoke blackened the sky as squadron after squadron of attack bombers drove in low with demolitions, and thousands of rounds of strafing fire. . . The war has moved on, to the west and to the north. To the Halmaheras, into the Philippines. It is our destiny to move with the war. The targets of the past were dangerous, stubborn, fighting targets that took a toll of good men, and good ships, yet finally went down beneath the unceasing, mauling blows of concentrated power. The targets of the future are going to be equally dangerous . . . or more, with the Japanese perimeter of defense tightening, narrowing towards their islands. Our job is not ended, and our story is not over. There is more to come, before the peace is reached.

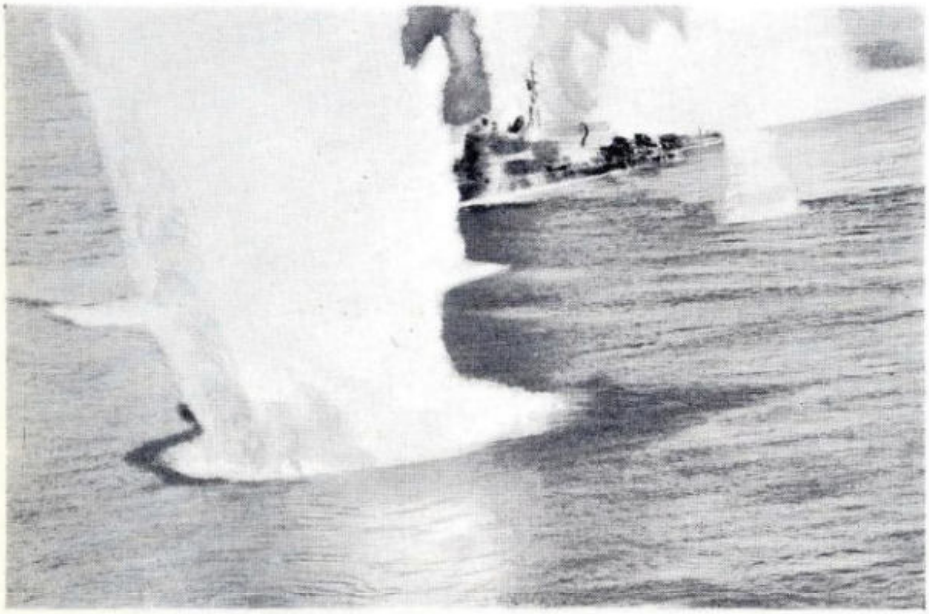
The Southwest Pacific did not ordinarily afford the sensational targets of the European theatre. The place-names of headlines in the newspapers of home usually represented a tiny cluster of buildings in a clearing dug out of the jungle. A mission and its church, a tin-roofed trading post, and a handful of native-built dwellings. A narrow street that might run two hundred yards before suddenly disappearing into high

kunai—and that was all. If there was an ammunition or gasoline dump, or a personnel area sheltering a thousand men, the very patient Japanese made use of every natural advantage to conceal their installations against the inquisitive eye of the camera. It was a major problem, on many missions, not only to reach the target against opposition, but to find the target. It meant that the destruction of a native building, or the thorough strafing of a designated section of a palm plantation was of more significance than even the mission photographs would reveal. The air-ground liaison men worked together too closely to permit of unwarranted actions. Japanese Intelligence could answer for the accuracy of their observations and decisions.

BEACH AT MANOKWARI



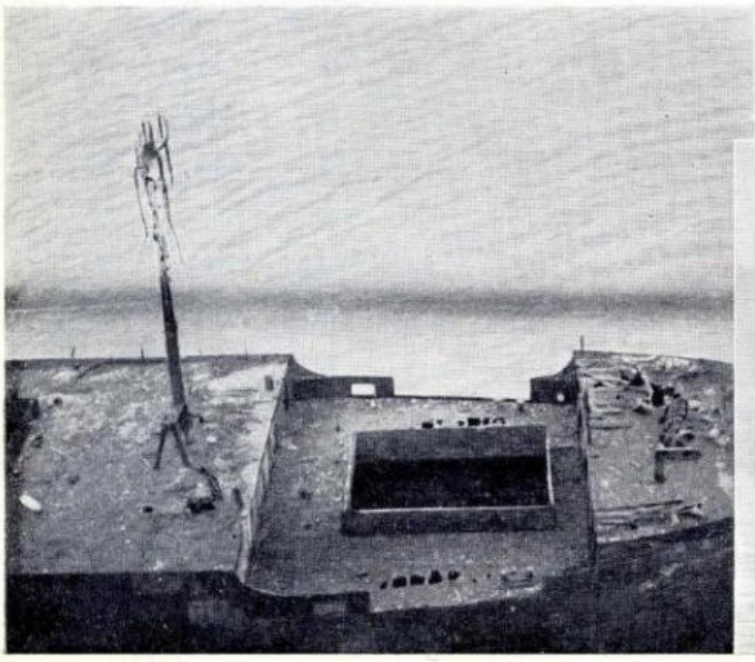
PARAFRAGS AT MANOKWARI



Arawe . . . Wewak . . . that Nip destroyer . . . the Moresby Hulk. This war is compounded of a hundred thousand incidents and places, but each one will hold its own significance.

The Moresby Hulk has paid its own disaster over a hundred times. It hit the reefs of the harbor twenty years ago and laid there rusting into red dust until the war came to the Island. We all will remember it as the recipient of countless rounds of fifties, and the way it received the impersonal pounding of practice bombs. It was always a real satisfaction to go across the old, shattered freighter, and watch the red flare of ammo exploding and splattering on the deadened sides, ricochets spinning away into the blue sky . . . for it was the final rehearsal for the genuine mission.

And can the straight white wakes of Arawe be forgotten—the first landing on the dangerous stronghold of New Britain?—White lines across a blue sea, leading to the evergreen of the island. . . . The cavalry took the water route that time.

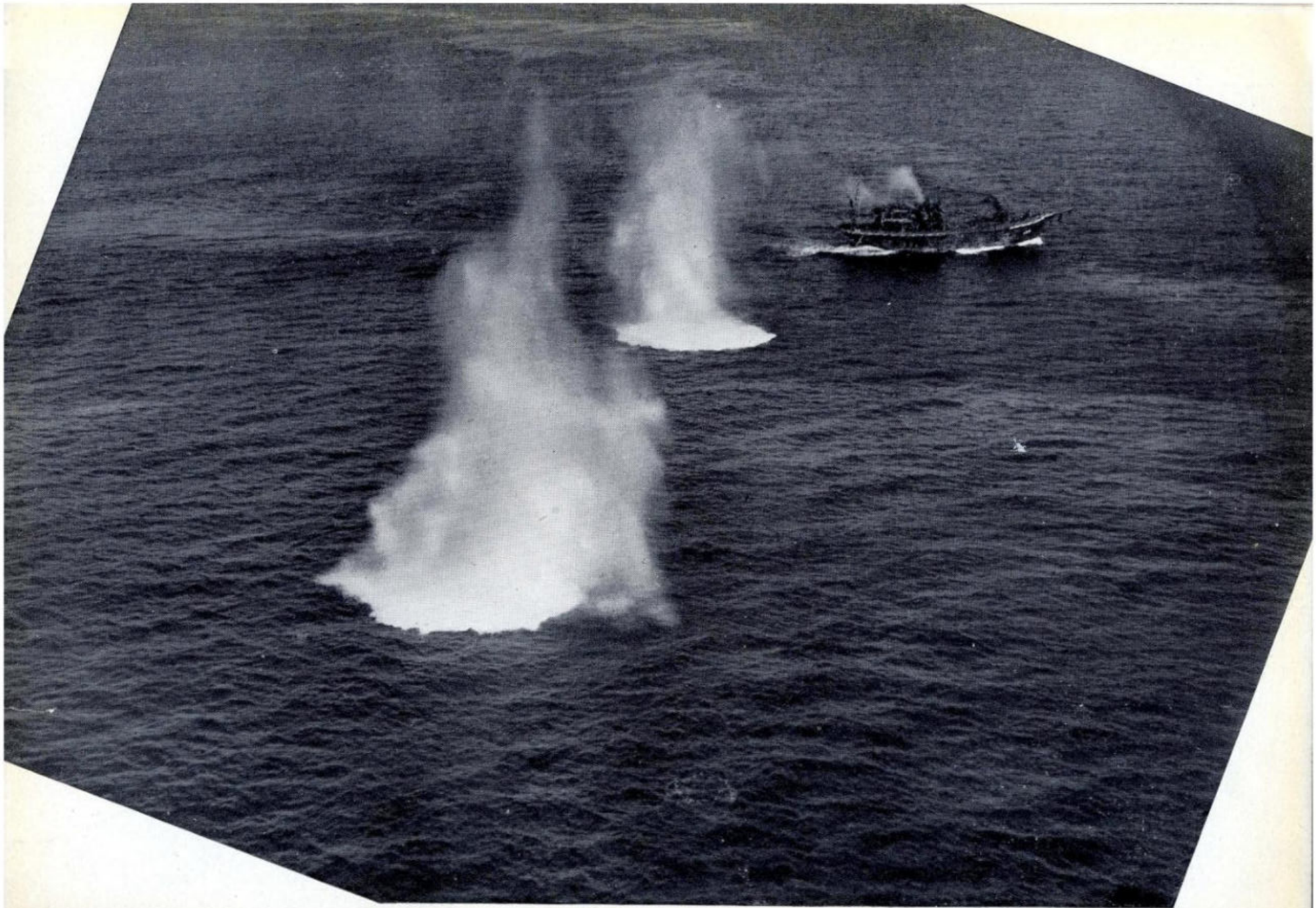


BOLEA—OIL

At this height the gunner swore that he had to use oxygen.

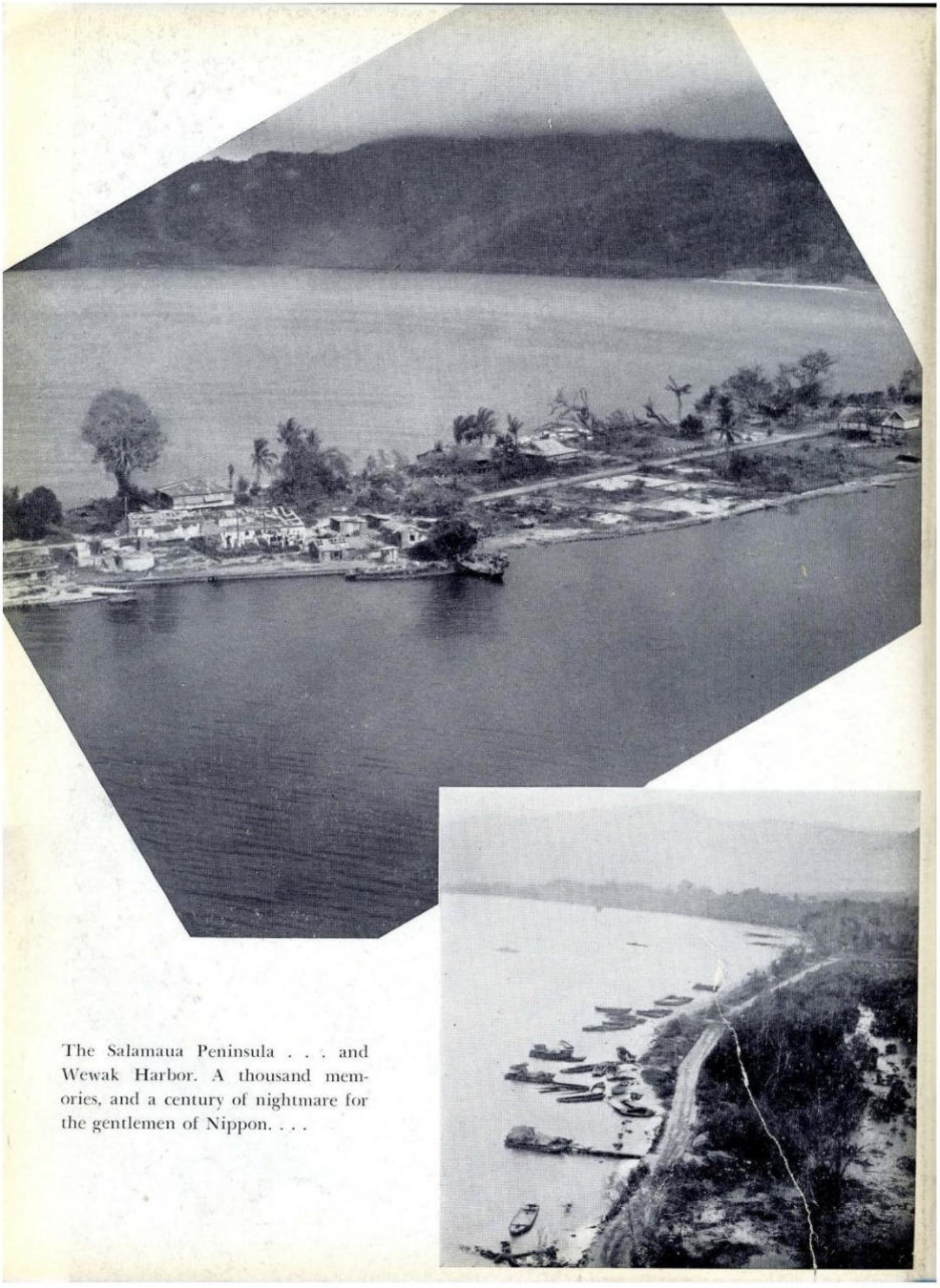
Wewak . . . famed in the daily releases, both in Washington and Tokyo. The Japanese 18th Army made its last stand in Wewak, after its Imperial Air Force had retired to greener and less violent teapots.

THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT OF THE WATER



CUTTING OF THEIR SUPPLY LINE

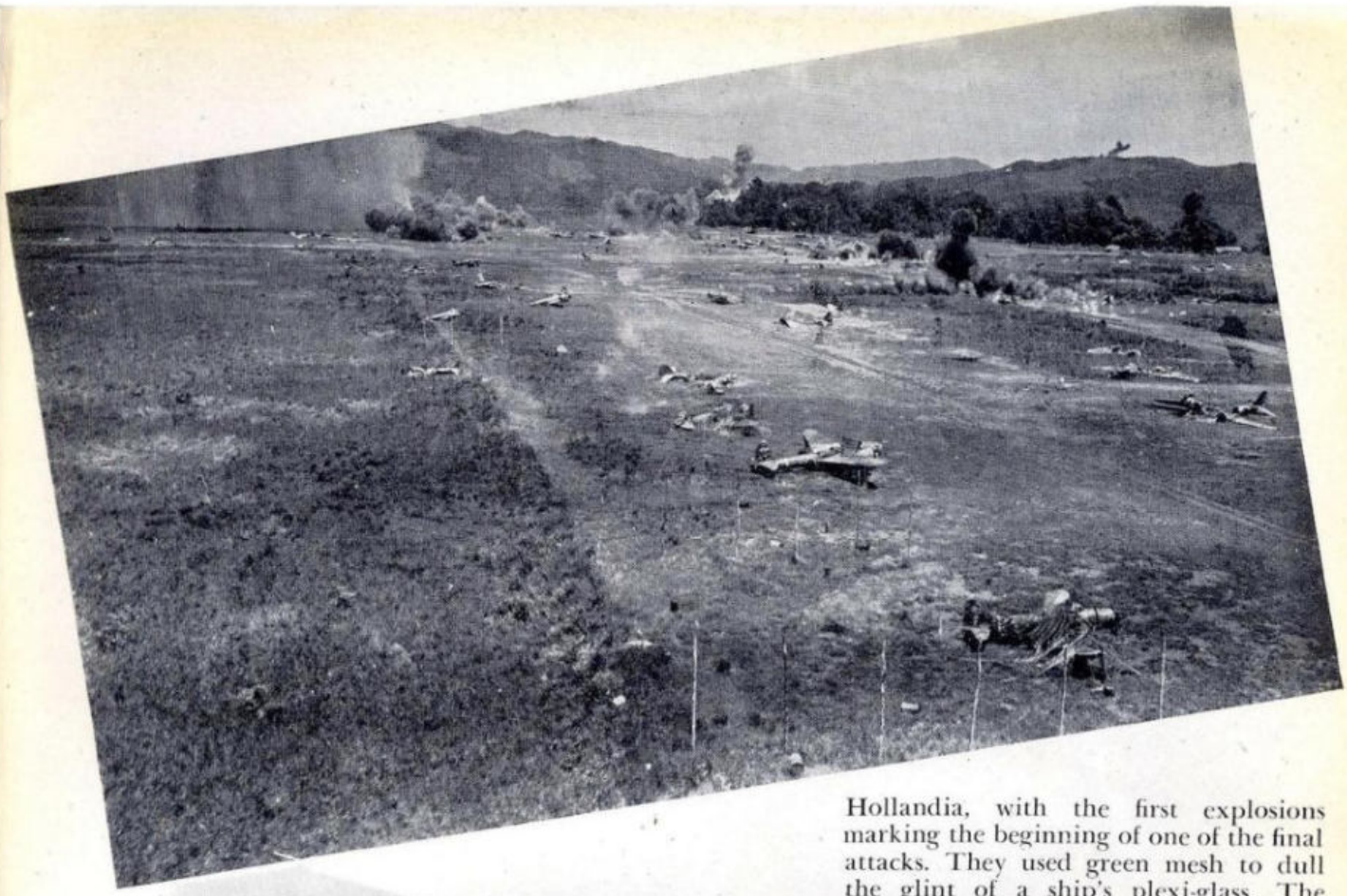
THE TIN ROOFS OF KOKAS



The Salamaua Peninsula . . . and Wewak Harbor. A thousand memories, and a century of nightmare for the gentlemen of Nippon. . . .

PARAFRAGS ON SHIPPING. UNORTHODOX, BUT EFFECTIVE

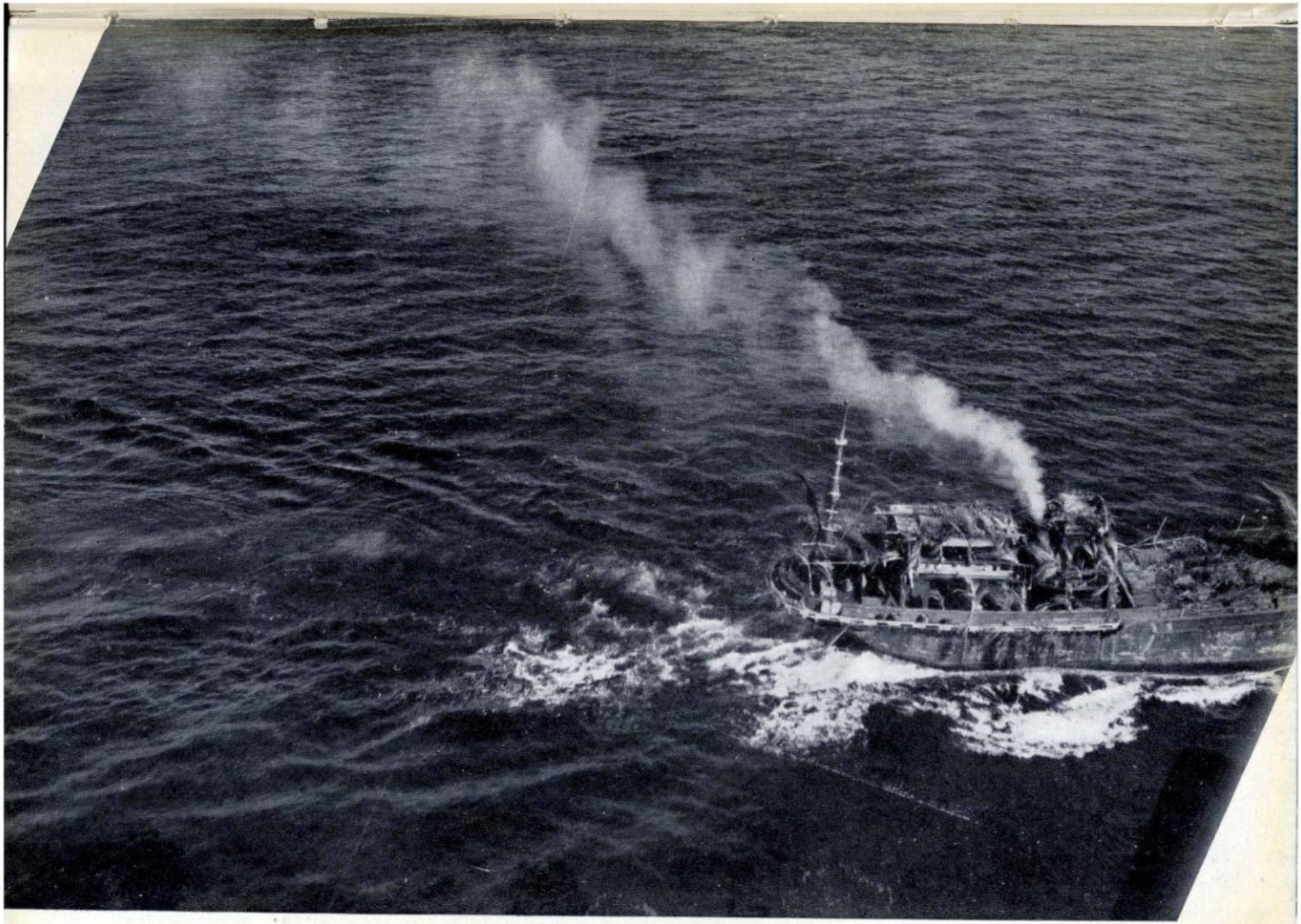
BABO, DIRECT HITS



Hollandia, with the first explosions marking the beginning of one of the final attacks. They used green mesh to dull the glint of a ship's plexi-glass. The ostrich hides his head beneath the sand . . . but nothing hides from an attack that comes across at a hundred feet.

A strip of land, hand-carved out of a resentful jungle, with laboriously built roads feeding into the surrounding revetments . . . and we fulfilled its destiny, after their work was done.

BOLEA—THE GRIM REAPER REALLY WORKED THIS JAPANESE BASE HARD

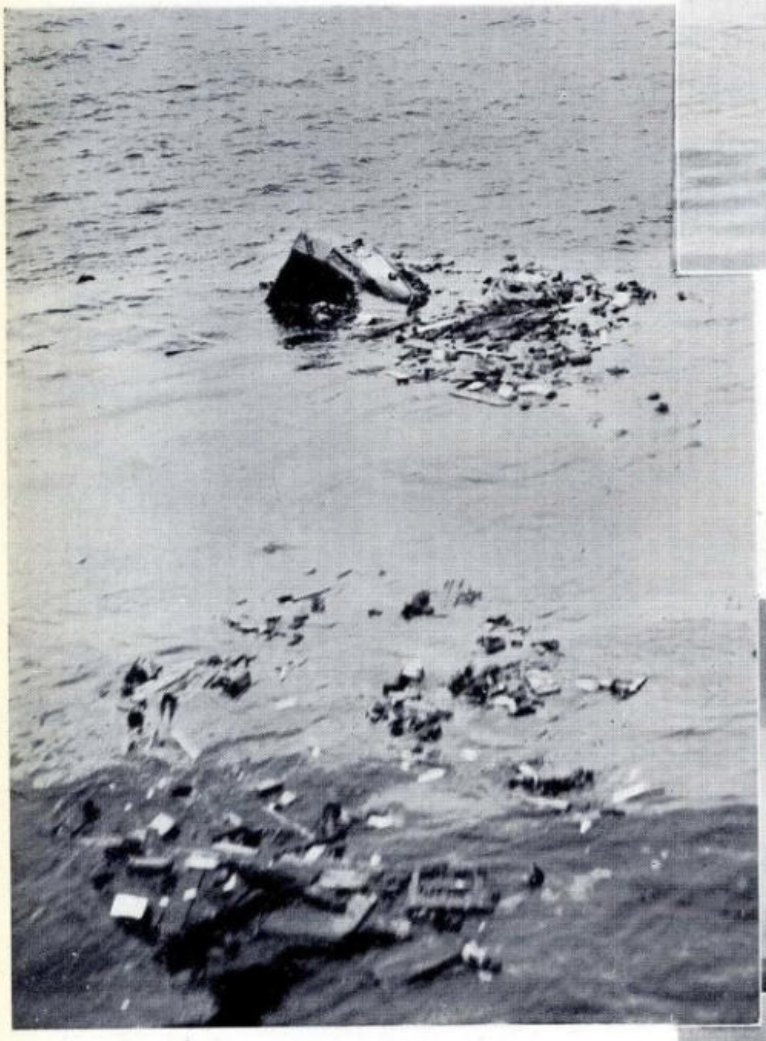


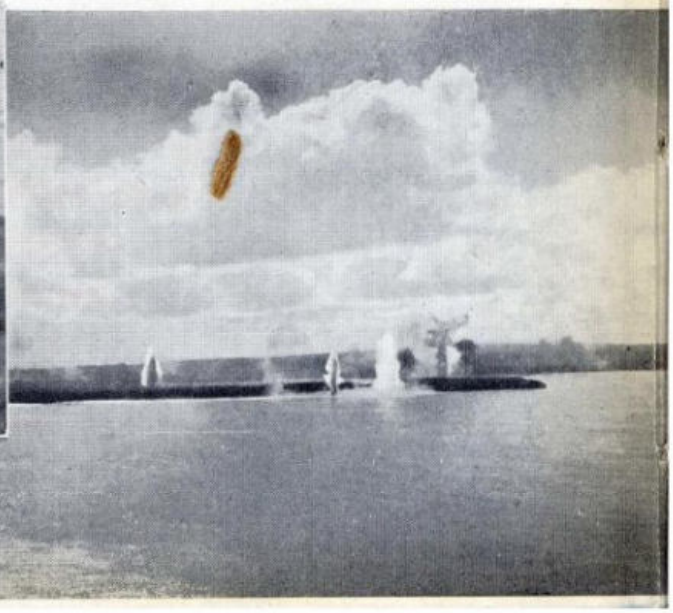
SHIPPING AT MANOKWARI—AND—

SHIPPING AT WEWAK

This is one ship of the Wewak convoy. It went down beneath the weight of the Fifth Air Force, with the hopes of the Japanese forces at Wewak. It was the Bismarck Sea Battle, all over again. Major Dow ranked Lt. Monroe out of leading this mission, and then Lt. Colonel Henebry ranked Major Dow . . . to give utterance to a deathless, if slightly ungrammatical phrase, the instant he sighted the convoy: "Goda-mighty, Joe!" he said, over the microphone, "It looks like the Queen Mary!"

The A-20's hit the convoy so hard and so fast that they were smashed by the debris thrown up by the bombs of the ships ahead . . . or a more detailed story could be told by Sorrowful Lt. John Soloc. They returned to base with bomb fragments and debris marking all the length of the bellies of their airplanes. It was a quick, savage fight. The way the A-20 had been designed to fight.





TAIL-END CHARLIE, BUT HE ARRIVED ON TIME AT BOLEA

This is Hollandia. The place the Japanese wanted to regard as an impregnable fortress, as a threat to all Allied bases in our section of the Southwest Pacific. They built roads, landing strips, created fuel and supply dumps—and when they were ready, the Fifth Air Force took over. This is typical of the Japanese Imperial Air Forces cooperation. . .

"SORRY, LIEUTENANT CAN'T GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR THAT CRUISER — PHOTOS SHOW ONLY ONE END SUNK."

The definition of Intelligence is that it is interpreted and evaluated information. Like all definitions, it is further subject to the interpretaton of the individual Intelligence Officer.

The Intelligence Officer, like all ground officers and ground personnel of the Air Corps, occupies the unique position of a Flying Centaur, with wings clipped. It is his duty to know the problems of the men who fly, to recognize the percentages of weather, the probable difficulties of unreadable terrain. At the briefings, he must make the grave commitment of estimating the strength of enemy ground fire or interception—and when the mission returns he is there to receive the unbridled fury of the men who had to suffer the ravages of a change of situation. . . . Perhaps the most classic example was midway in 1943, when all information pointed out that ground fire at Lae was negligible. The information was stressed during the briefing, and later, at the exact moment of the Estimated Time of Arrival over the target, the flight leader broke radio silence with the observation: "Who in hell said there was no ack-ack here?"

The real difficulties begin during the interrogation. It is an hour, or hours, of close, hard work, because it is necessary that all observations of the pilots and their crews be recorded. It is the small bits of information that provide the broad roads for strategy. Tired crews. Six hours, strapped uncompromisingly into position, no opportunity to move and relax the cramped muscles . . . and the interrogator begins to need the tact of a war-weathered diplomat. Claims of direct hits, near hits. . . another crew believes that it spotted four barges at the mouth of the river . . . a third pilot leans on the desk, lax with weariness, illusion and cynicism, and confides seriously that he saw two natives in a canoe, directing traffic at the bend of the Sepik River. It is a known fact that most interrogators are old, patient men, even though they are young. They seek for facts. They coldly appraise all performances, against the standards erected by tradition. They become cautious, thoughtful men, even when they go out on missions to observe, check and to evaluate the hard way.

It was inevitable, then, that the thoughtfulness of Lt. Vucelic, in bringing back the register of the Japanese steamer *Taiyei Maru* as irrevocable proof of that vessel's sinking, should remain forever in the grateful consciousness of all IO's. It is the A-20's manner—Get in and pick it up. The good ships have proved themselves in this war.

TEIKOKU KAIJI KYOKAI

The Imperial Japanese Marine Corporation

REPRESENTING

THE BRITISH CORPORATION REGISTER OF SHIPPING AND AIRCRAFT

Tama.

November 30th, 1936.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that I have surveyed, on behalf of THE BRITISH CORPORATION REGISTER OF SHIPPING AND AIRCRAFT Glasgow, the Steel Screw Steamer " TAIYEI MARU " 3221.04 t gross of Tokyo, Off. No. 31357,

and that I have transmitted to the Committee of the said Corporati Report stating that all repairs recommended by me have been completed my satisfaction, and that I have recommended that she be continued as classed B.S.* & N.S.* with new record of A.S. 11/1936,

being fit to carry dry and perishable cargoes.

FINIS

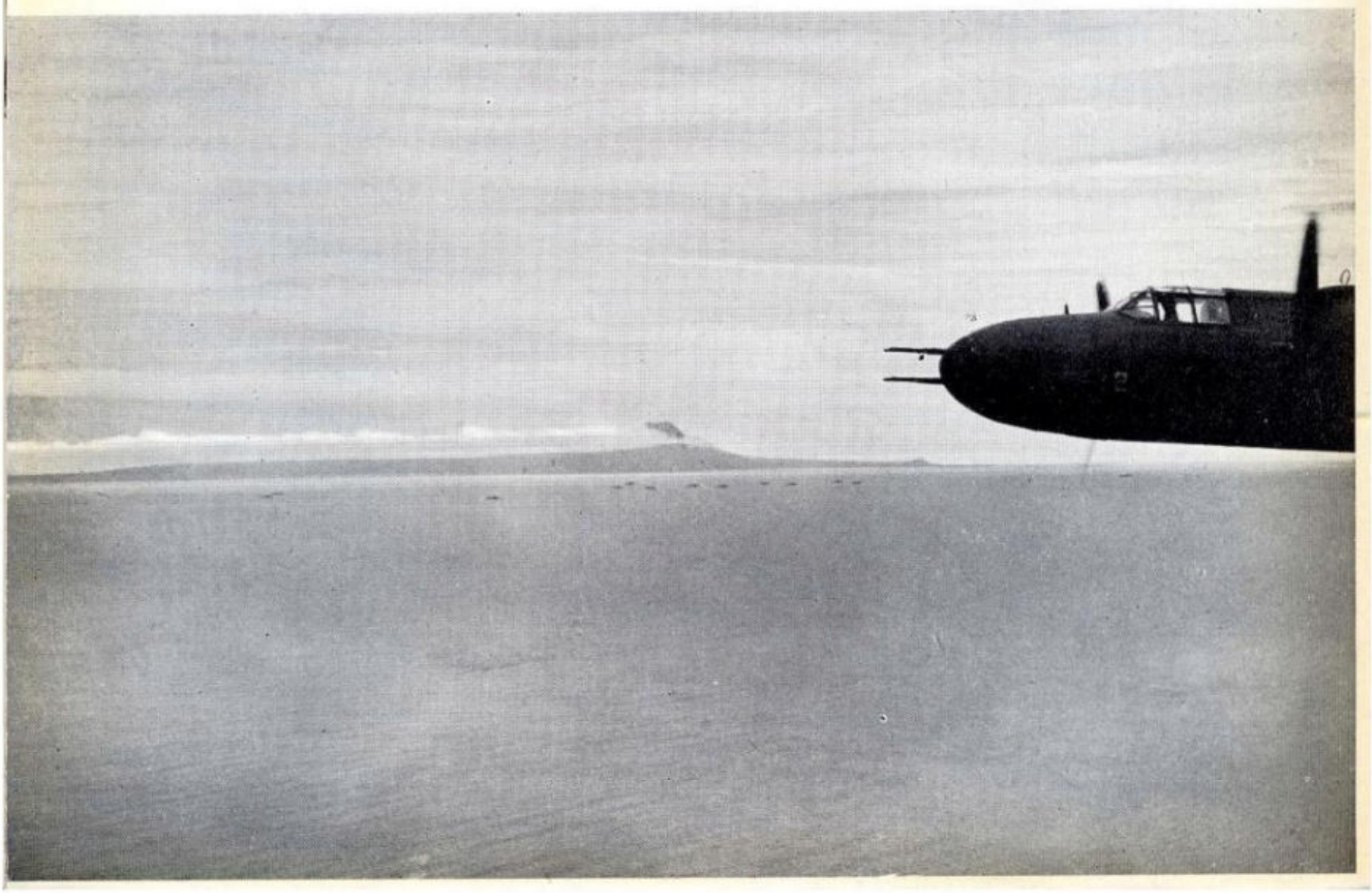
An album of this type cannot be complete. The personnel of the Squadron will change. The ships will go out on even more sensational strikes. It will not be complete. The one recourse is to seek to include the spirit of the Squadron. The drive, the determination to go on against all odds of supply, climate, the awayness from home and the effect of enemy actions. If the greatest strike pictures are not shown, if the most recent of replacements are not pictured, we want it known that they are part of the Squadron's history. The Army or the Air Corps does not encourage individualism. Each man, regardless of his position, is too dependent upon the other.

We came early—but not alone. The months of April and May, of 1942, when the strip was shielded by the 35th and 36th Squadrons of the 8th Group—the 19th Bombardment, out of the Philippines with its B-17's, was flying, before it was relieved, and sent back to the United States. . . . The 101st Coast Artillery was there, ringing the strip with its guns, and, above, on the hills, were the Australians and their Bofors, from Libya. The 22nd Bomb was flying its B-26's, landing hot . . . and the 96th Engineers were working hard, against enemy interference, to build additional strips. A thoughtful war, at that time. We saw the gallant efforts of the Australian fighters against the implacable Silver Fleets of the Japanese and their escorting hordes of Zeros. . . . It was a small, personal war—but all wars are personal, to the men closely involved.

We have seen the famous Fifth Air Force increase in striking power, from the days when six ships were a large formation of American bombers, until the time we watched flights of a hundred B-24's and 25's—and then followed on the same strike with our own A-20's. The power was on the other side, in the first year of the war, and the Japanese hit often, in the daylight and at night. It wasn't called a red alert, then, for the first signal was three shots, warning that the enemy was approaching—and the second signal was the Morse Code "A", on a siren, warning that the attack was imminent. Then our own strength began to build up, the fighters moved in and went to more forward bases. The enemy attacks came to a halt except for the morale raids of their night flyers. They failed to protect their shipping during the Bismarck Sea Battle, for a decisive defeat. Their final gesture towards Port Moresby, on April 12, 1943, of forty-three bombers escorted by clouds of Zeros, was so costly that they did not try it again. They made one last suicidal attempt to reach the shipping in Oro Bay, late in the year, and our fighters cleared the skies of their sixty-one dive-bombers and escort in twenty minutes. Our method

of hitting their strips and service areas hard, often and from all levels, of smashing their air force on the ground while our own fighters ripped apart their ships which got into the air, proved very effective.

The balance of air power was not gained without cost, in men and ships, but war is a deadly business and demands its price. We want to believe that the future of our world is going to justify the price. There is no glory in war to the loser, nor to the families of those men who went down to make it victory. This book is in memoriam to the men of our honor roll. For those of us who shall live on, it can be a close connecting link with the past, to enable us to so plan our lives that each one of us shall be an influence against another war. We have learned that unity and discipline are power, if tempered with justice and employed in aid of a just cause. It is not likely that our years of service in the Southwest Pacific will permit us to forget the reasons this war was fought.



89th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

3rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)

ROSTER OF PERSONNEL

Lt Col Alonzo J. Beavers.
Lt Col Donald P. Hall.
Major Christian Petrie, Jr.
Capt George A. Carter.
Capt Clayton A. Dietrich.
Capt Robert J. Downey.
Capt William D. Ford.
Capt James S. Graves.
Capt Sidney W. Jacobson.
Capt Robert D. Lauer.
Capt Stanley J. Meadows.
Capt Theodore G. Wuerpel.
Capt James R. Smith.
Capt John C. Wienert.
Major Glen W. Clark.
Major Donald E. Good.
Capt Alexander R. Salvatore.
Capt Robert P. Stafford.
Capt Thomas P. Talley.
Capt Howard B. West.
1st Lt Turner Williamson.
Capt John C. Conn.
Capt Ocal P. Jones.
Capt Risden A. Lyon.
Capt Turner P. Messick.
Capt Edmund D. Montagano.
Major Ernest B. Nenneman.
Capt Joe G. Pearson.
Major Raymond H. Wilkins.
Capt Harvey N. Brown.
Capt Roger D. Dunbar.
Major Edward A. Keszler.
Capt William J. Beck.
Capt William Klatt, Jr.
1st Lt Paul Kendrach.
Capt William W. Neel.
Major Joseph E. Moore.
Capt William J. Langley.
Capt Charley H. Mayo.
Capt Edward R. Richardson.
Capt Jarrett B. Roan.
Major Garland J. Robinson.
Major Walter W. Shegda.
Capt Hayes D. Brown.
Capt Charles S. Brown.
1st Lt Frank J. Brennan.
Capt George R. Conner.
Capt John G. Kelly, Jr.
Capt John F. Taylor.
1st Lt Mason A. Copeland.
Major Edward L. Larner.
1st Lt Robert H. Elliott.
1st Lt Frank P. Lamborn.
1st Lt John W. May.
Major Charles P. Martin.
Capt Seals S. Spear.
1st Lt Jack H. S. Cates.
1st Lt George P. Caldwell.
1st Lt William F. Houha.
F/O Ira J. Weidler.
Capt Horace B. Monroe.
1st Lt Cornelius W. Wickersham.
1st Lt Thomas R. Waddell.
Major Robert N. Dow, Jr.
Capt Wendell J. Martin.
Capt Edward Martin.
1st Lt Robert L. Boydstun.
1st Lt Avril L. Foreman.
1st Lt William J. Blair.
1st Lt Charles W. Cheatham.
1st Lt George M. Akers.
1st Lt Albert F. Burke, Jr.
2nd Lt Irving L. Amidon.
1st Lt Jack B. Craig.
1st Lt Thomas A. Gormely.
1st Lt Richard R. Loftus.
1st Lt Raymond Miller.
1st Lt Rix Rutland.
1st Lt George F. O'Neal.
1st Lt Thomas J. Marshall, Jr.
W/O Jack Morgan.
Capt Leland H. Waters.
1st Lt Stephen C. Stuntz, Jr.
2nd Lt George Q. Lockwood, Jr.
Capt Raymond K. Egelhofer.
Capt James L. Folse.
Capt Walter L. Heyer.
Capt Edmund C. Suor.
Capt Homer Vorel.
1st Lt Charles J. Anderson.
1st Lt Jack C. Bean.
1st Lt Julius J. Dinger.
1st Lt John D. Field.
1st Lt William H. D. Foncs.
1st Lt William A. Fowler.
1st Lt Cas M. Hatten.
1st Lt Elliott Hickam.
1st Lt Walter S. King.
1st Lt Walter K. Maddux.
1st Lt George A. Maki.
1st Lt Harold W. Marshall, Jr.
1st Lt James T. McEvoy.
1st Lt Thomas J. Reading.
1st Lt John Soloc.
1st Lt Rade Vucelic
1st Lt Thomas L. White.
2nd Lt Mayo J. Baker.
2nd Lt James H. Bouvet.
2nd Lt Robety J. Conway.
2nd Lt Gordon P. Messerlie.
2nd Lt William M. Morgan.
2nd Lt Robert L. Mosley.
2nd Lt Melvin L. Nelson.
2nd Lt Peter G. Palmos.
2nd Lt Ralph E. Smith.
2nd Lt Robert Strouse.
F/O Bruce R. Bell.
F/O Harvey O. Truesdale.
2nd Lt Cornelius F. O'Leary.
2nd Lt Jack Harris.
1st Lt Francis C. Pruitt.
1st Lt Howard F. Aufderheide.

89th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

3rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)

ROSTER

M/Sgt Johnnie H. Leonard.
M/Sgt Lewis D. McConnell, Jr.
M/Sgt James B. Moss, Jr.
M/Sgt. Harris A. Ward.
T/Sgt Henry J. Binkley.
T/Sgt Clifton H. Hawkins.
T/Sgt Harold S. Morin.
T/Sgt Oscar J. Neal, Jr.
T/Sgt Murray A. Orvin.
T/Sgt Joe T. Rice.
S/Sgt Tony I. Benson.
S/Sgt Oliver F. Beyer.
S/Sgt James A. Cunningham.
S/Sgt Harry S. Deen, Jr.
S/Sgt John L. Dugan.
S/Sgt Carl H. Jones.
S/Sgt John W. Kaus
S/Sgt Thomas G. Maberry.
S/Sgt William L. Polk.
S/Sgt Mark H. Smith.
S/Sgt Henry H. Stone, Jr.
S/Sgt Mayer D. Weinstein.
Sgt Kenneth A. Garthwait.
Sgt Anthony J. Grazious.
Sgt Jay R. Hook.
Sgt John S. Roszak.
Sgt John D. Shore.
Sgt Alvin Smith.
Sgt Donald W. Smith.
Sgt Harris W. Stahl.
Cpl Anthony Anselmo.
Cpl Ben D. Joy, Jr.
Cpl Francis M. McConell.
Cpl Embert M. Millay.
Cpl Luther M. Williams.
Pfc Arthur E. LaPierre.
T/Sgt David R. Derbes.
Sgt Joseph G. DeSalvio.
T/Sgt Raymond K. DeSerio.
T/Sgt Ray A. Epps.
Cpl Marvin E. Ezekiel.
Cpl Harry M. Fassnacht.
Cpl Hubert W. Fleming.
S/Sgt John W. Fox.
S/Sgt George L. Gann.
S/Sgt Thomas F. Gideon.
S/Sgt John I. Gilson.
Sgt Gary E. Gorsline.
S/Sgt Joe Hagan.
T/Sgt George R. Hamby, Jr.
1st Sgt Wyburg M. Hanberry.
T/Sgt William K. Henry.
S/Sgt John K. Higgins.
Cpl Roger R. Hirst.
S/Sgt Archie D. Hunter.
M/Sgt Alonzo J. Jone.
S/Sgt Leo E. Kight.
Sgt Milton B. Kramer.
S/Sgt George W. Johnson.
Cpl Maurice F. Leahy.
S/Sgt Earl L. Lee.
S/Sgt James H. Lemoyne.
T/Sgt Frank D. Lowrey.
S/Sgt James E. Luttrell.
S/Sgt Roger S. Martin.
M/Sgt Marion T. Matlock.
Cpl James J. McCormack.
M/Sgt Lester J. Anderson.
T/Sgt George M. Alexander.
S/Sgt Guy S. Baker.
Sgt George J. Bass. Jr.
S/Sgt Harry P. Blackburn, Jr.
S/Sgt Caesar F. Bocchino.
Sgt Leonard M. Borruso.
M/Sgt Hilroy M. Boswell.
S/Sgt William F. Black.
S/Sgt George K. Benfer.
S/Sgt Curtis E. Benefield.
S/Sgt Joseph R. Beatty.
Pvt Robert H. Boucher.
S/Sgt Donald L. Bradley.
S/Sgt Gettys F. Braswell.
Pvt Richard F. Brumbaugh.
S/Sgt Grealie A. Burk.
Sgt Robert B. Burnette.
Pvt Bob W. Buchanan.
Pvt Peter Catizone.
T/Sgt Milton C. Chaffee.
T/Sgt Gerard Chaloux.
Pvt Richard E. Chapman.
S/Sgt Alfred E. Clark.
S/Sgt Adolphus T. Clements.
Pvt Sidney Cohen.
M/Sgt Wade P. Cole.
Sgt Frank P. Cook.
Pvt Harold J. Cooper.
S/Sgt James J. Corcoran.
Cpl Charles R. Cornell.
T/Sgt Jean D. Coulter.
Cpl Robert G. Craig.
T/Sgt Edgar E. Crist.
T/Sgt Robert R. Darke.
T/Sgt Ramon R. Davis.
M/Sgt Howard W. Deal.
Sgt Charles B. Denney.
Cpl Leo F. Dixon.
T/Sgt Hugh D. Ellerbee.
S/Sgt Olyus L. Ford.
S/Sgt Joe E. Ferguson.
S/Sgt Herbert D. Ford.
S/Sgt Joseph Fox.
Cpl Vincent George.
Sgt Joseph M. Giglio.
T/Sgt Alexander D. Gonska.
T/Sgt William P. Hackett.
S/Sgt George J. Hall.
Pfc Boyd P. Hanauer.
Sgt Theodore L. Hanson.
S/Sgt Charles A. Herbst.
Pfc Zane W. Hill.
Pfc Charles H. Holdsworth.
S/Sgt John C. Hunter.
T/Sgt Arthur G. Kelly.
T/Sgt John Klatte.
Cpl John J. Kundel.
S/Sgt John LeClair.
T/Sgt Thomas LeBlanc.
Pfc Harrell L. Lemeron.
Pfc Leo Long.
Cpl Franklin R. P. Luce.
S/Sgt Herbert A. Marion.
S/Sgt Clair E. Mattoon.
S/Sgt Arthur W. McCain.
Sgt James W. McDonnell, Jr.
T/Sgt Walter N. Medberry.
S/Sgt George F. Moon.
Cpl Fred H. Mundhenk.
Cpl Samuel A. Musselman.

89th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

3rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)

ROSTER

Cpl Paul A. Noffke, Jr.
S/Sgt Roland C. Noyes, Jr.
S/Sgt Robert K. Nycum.
T/Sgt Augustine B. O'Donnell.
M/Sgt Will J. Orr.
Pvt William T. Osborne.
Sgt James C. Ossman.
Pfc Claude Owens.
Pvt James A. Owens
S/Sgt Ernest W. Page.
Sgt James F. Palmer.
S/Sgt John J. Paulovich.
M/Sgt William W. Pearson.
Pvt Milton C. Peck.
S/Sgt Columbus G. Pelham.
Pvt Embery W. Perry.
T/Sgt Joseph E. Pevey.
S/Sgt Ernest Phillips.
S/Sgt James D. Phillips, Jr.
S/Sgt Otha M. Pierce.
T/Sgt Robert F. Poppe.
S/Sgt Darrell L. Powell.
M/Sgt Aubrey L. Putnam.
S/Sgt Frank A. Racine.
S/Sgt William C. Ralls.
Sgt Francis J. Reilly.
S/Sgt Valentine O. Reising.
Sgt Robert J. Reilly.
Sgt Robert L. Reynolds.
S/Sgt David R. Rogers.
Cpl Raymond A. Russell.
S/Sgt Leo G. Sarkisian.
S/Sgt Joseph T. Saucier, Jr.
Cpl Richard E. Schaaf.
Sgt Robert G. Schellenger.
Sgt Joseph M. Schramm.
S/Sgt Harold D. Sechrest.
M/Sgt Garvin D. Senn.
S/Sgt Donald J. Setterstedt.
Sgt Francis W. Seitz.
M/Sgt Louis F. Sevcik.
T/Sgt Harold P. Shaska.
S/Sgt William M. Sherman.
S/Sgt Sylvester B. Silva.
S/Sgt Edward B. Smith, Jr.
S/Sgt Fred J. Smith.
S/Sgt Kenneth L. Smith.
S/Sgt Hubert P. Sorenson.
Cpl Charles F. Suit.
Sgt Arthur W. Stover.
M/Sgt Orvil B. Sullivan.
Pvt John O. Swett.
S/Sgt Archie H. Taylor.
Pvt Dominic P. Tom.
S/Sgt Frank E. Turpin.
Pvt Russell Tutrow.
M/Sgt Edward E. Venable.
M/Sgt Baxter C. Walters.
T/Sgt Martin Wagman.
Pvt LeRoy E. Wascom.
Sgt James H. Webb.
S/Sgt Frederick E. Whitehouse.
Sgt Frank H. Wentz.
S/Sgt Paul M. Willock.
Sgt Earl E. Wilson.
S/Sgt Willard C. Wolfer.
Pfc Morry Worshill.
T/Sgt Wade W. Wright.
T/Sgt Robert Winkelmann.
Pfc Sidney E. Wroton.
S/Sgt Mitchell G. Yanoska.
S/Sgt Edwin J. Yerger.
Sgt Harry C. Young.
Sgt Lawrence E. Yow.
T/Sgt Charles J. Zuker.
1st Sgt William J. Larson.
M/Sgt Heinz H. Bruestle.
M/Sgt Robert J. Campbell.
M/Sgt Robert J. Garrett.
M/Sgt Bruce Higinbotham.
M/Sgt Charles E. Price.
M/Sgt John Spatharos.
T/Sgt David Adler.
T/Sgt Meredith F. Bryant.
T/Sgt Thomas Clark, Jr.
T/Sgt Thomas W. Cleveland.
T/Sgt Lester L. Gouffer.
T/Sgt Thomas Herrera.
T/Sgt Joseph L. Long.
T/Sgt Lawrence H. Pack.
T/Sgt Edward A. Synesael.
T/Sgt Eugene E. Thompson.
T/Sgt William O. Woodcock.
S/Sgt George K. Bowen.
S/Sgt Gaylen M. Bracey.
S/Sgt George W. Brantley.
S/Sgt James H. Buckland.
S/Sgt Vincent J. Canipelli.
S/Sgt Joseph H. Cline.
S/Sgt Mack Cunningham.
S/Sgt Peter P. Flanjak.
S/Sgt Thomas Fizzano.
S/Sgt Vernon T. Forman.
S/Sgt John J. Geigus.
S/Sgt Michael J. Giroux.
S/Sgt Arthur T. Hannin.
S/Sgt George L. Johnson.
S/Sgt Glenn E. Johnson.
S/Sgt Francis J. Larkin.
S/Sgt Farrell J. Leavell.
S/Sgt Sydney F. Lindsley.
S/Sgt Paul J. Manzello.
S/Sgt Harry N. Marlar.
S/Sgt Thomas W. Marricle.
S/Sgt Steve Marsinek.
S/Sgt Milton B. Meadows.
S/Sgt Glenn V. Moffet.
S/Sgt George E. Morris.
S/Sgt Vincent P. Osterhout.
S/Sgt Harold I. Pelo.
S/Sgt Frank M. Phillips.
S/Sgt Joseph L. Prochnicki.
S/Sgt Moie M. Rosenfield.
S/Sgt Robert L. Rowe.
S/Sgt Joseph P. Rynkiewicz.
S/Sgt Jesse B. Shackelford.
S/Sgt Clark B. Shallenberger.
S/Sgt Joseph F. Sibilia.
S/Sgt John H. Simon.
S/Sgt Harold W. Sonnabend.
S/Sgt Stanley Szaban.
S/Sgt Louis F. Szuba.
S/Sgt Henry A. Taets.
S/Sgt Floyd E. Taylor.
S/Sgt Mark W. Taylor.
S/Sgt Forrest M. Williams, Jr.
S/Sgt Andrew B. Yaniga.
S/Sgt Edward F. Zahn.
Sgt Forest L. Adams.
Sgt Boyd F. Bedlyon, Jr.
Sgt Donald E. Benson.
Sgt Seymour H. Blond.
Sgt Eugene H. Bodnar.
Sgt William O. Boles.
Sgt Henry M. Bosch, Jr.
Sgt Adrian S. Bottge.
Sgt Bryant E. Dodson.
Sgt Lewis H. Doty.
Sgt James J. Drabic.
Sgt Lester V. Fischer.
Sgt James A. Flick.
Sgt George C. Forrest.
Sgt Frank J. Jenko.
Sgt Richard J. Looney.
Sgt Forbes E. Malarkey.
Sgt Frederick R. Marvel.
Sgt Ascension M. Mata.
Sgt Robert C. Meister.
Sgt Donald R. Merchant.
Sgt Olaf M. Nelson.
Sgt Albert E. Noelle.
Sgt Wayne H. Page.

89th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

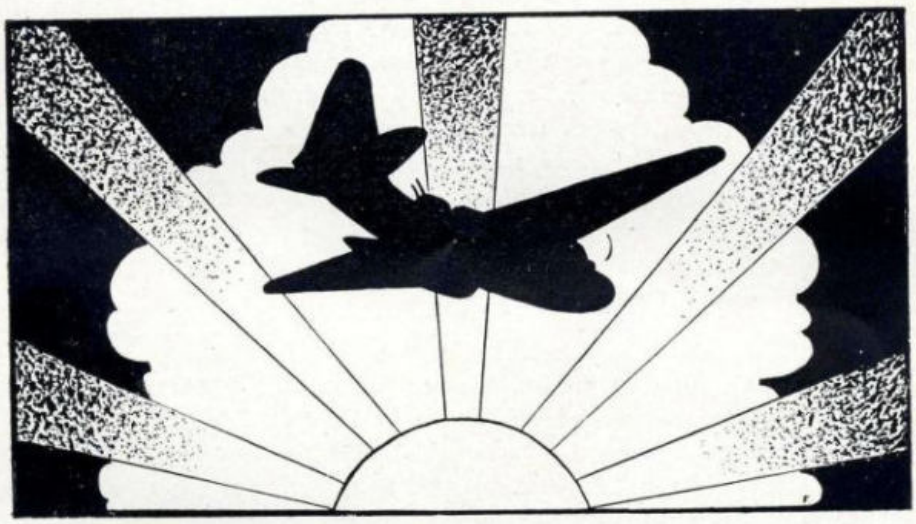
3rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)

ROSTER

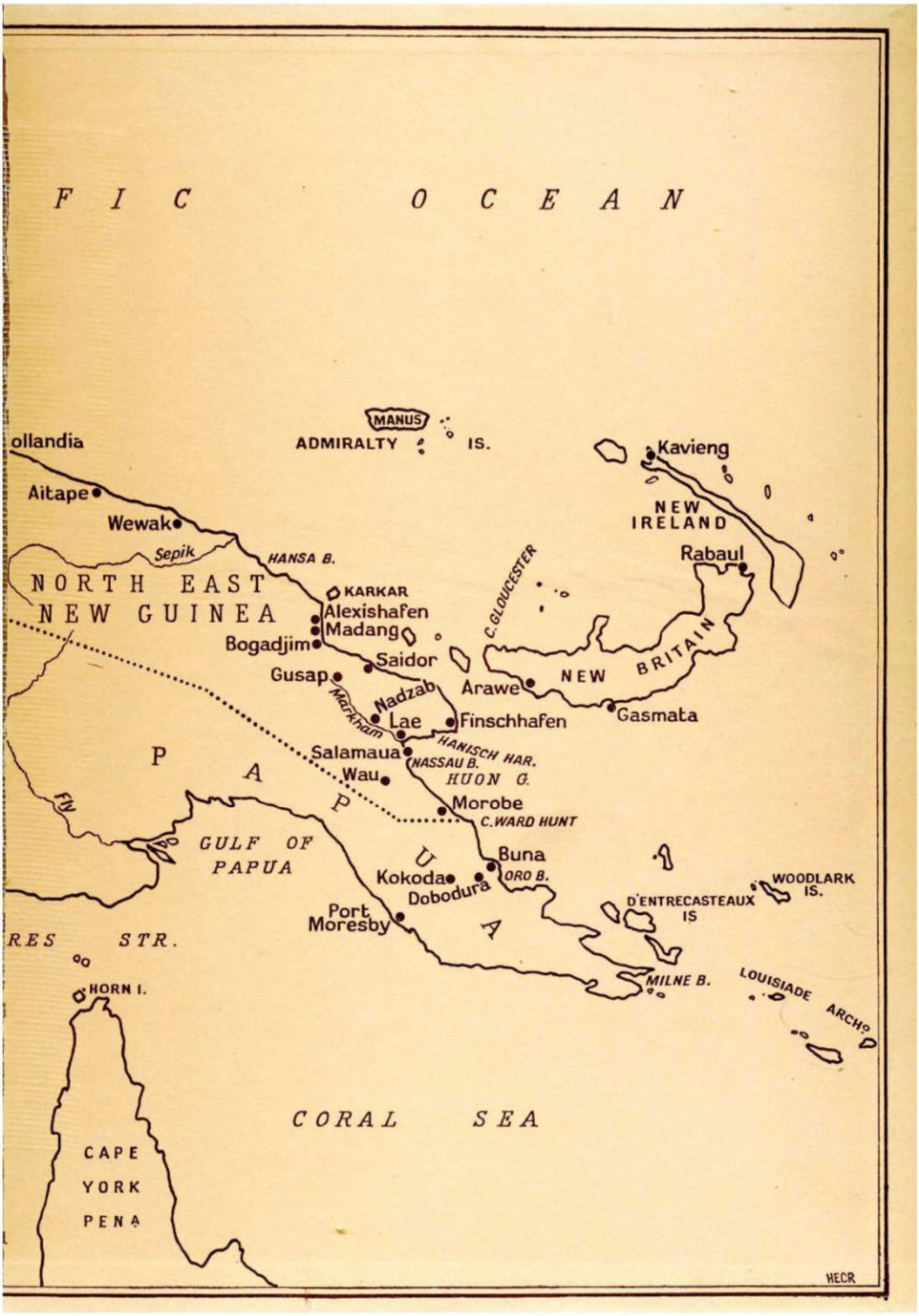
Sgt Letcher C. Parrott.
Sgt James M. Rodgers.
Sgt Albert G. Rupp.
Sgt John T. Russell.
Sgt Richard B. Sadler.
Sgt Meredith D. Schulke.
Sgt John C. Shappek, Jr.
Sgt Grover C. Silcox, Jr.
Sgt Travis L. Smiley.
Sgt Lowell G. Spangler.
Sgt Lawrence J. Van Bolcum.
Sgt James Vicente.
Sgt George C. Wagner.
Sgt David C. Williams.
Sgt Richard C. Yager.
Cpl Russell H. Ackerman.
Cpl Albert Allison.
Cpl Ole P. Aurdal.
Cpl Henry P. Austin.
Cpl Gerald N. Banta.
Cpl Gilbert A. Berger.
Cpl Edward A. Blackwell.
Cpl James C. Blasingame.
Cpl Edward A. Boedecker, Jr.
Cpl Albert F. Crossman.
Cpl Edward F. Darlak.
Cpl Leo G. Dillenschneider.
Cpl Theodore Fleischer.
Cpl William R. Foley.
Cpl Andrew J. Gillespie.
Cpl John C. Heffernan.
Cpl Martin J. Horan.
Cpl Philip S. Huntley.
Cpl Gerald F. Lappen.
Cpl Stanley G. Lawson.
Cpl Alexander Litnansky.
Cpl Orville E. Llewellyn.
Cpl Ralph L. Lowe.
Cpl John W. Ludgate.
Cpl Michael F. Lynch.
Cpl Victor P. Lysek.
Cpl James P. Malone.
Cpl Charles J. McCann, Jr.
Cpl Joseph N. McCart.
Cpl John W. McCormick.
Cpl Donald H. Morrill.
Cpl Ralph C. Niedermeyer.
Cpl James O'Brien.
Cpl Robert J. Oehlerich.
Cpl James P. O'Malley.
Cpl Alfred Osborn.
Cpl Albert W. Pardee.
Cpl Colen J. Parker.
Cpl Michael Pokrajac.
Cpl Damon C. Poole.
Cpl Wallace E. Potts.
Cpl Charles L. Pourciau.
Cpl James M. Ptolomey.
Cpl Ross M. Rimmer.
Cpl Dominick F. Russo.
Cpl Frank G. Sagar.
Cpl Joseph M. Sakosky.
Cpl Armas H. Salmi.
Cpl Fred R. Schaeffer.
Cpl John K. Shields.
Cpl Wilson P. Sly.
Cpl Walter W. Smillie.
Cpl Eldon W. Smith.
Cpl William R. Smith.
Cpl Wilson Smith.
Cpl Robert F. Sutton.
Cpl George C. Taft.
Cpl John R. Tocho, Jr.
Cpl James C. Van Pelt.
Cpl Hugh J. Watson.
Cpl Peter W. Wilshire.
Cpl Wesley W. Witten.
Cpl Pete Yeager.
Pfc Don W. Albertson.
Pfc Raymond A. Chamberland.
Pfc Lewis C. Chapman.
Pfc Sollie Compton.
Pfc Loran W. Durlam.
Pfc John Feler.
Pfc Joseph P. Fleming.
Pfc Frank Geshel.
Pfc Robert L. Heck.
Pfc Max E. Hughes.
Pfc George W. Jensen.
Pfc Fred H. Johnson.
Pfc Alex Kadingo.
Pfc Alfred T. Karstetter.
Pfc Richard C. Lee.
Pfc Robert A. Long.
Pfc Joseph J. Luchansky.
Pfc Manuel Loya.
Pfc Bernie R. McIlvoy.
Pfc Curt C. Meichner.
Pfc Norman G. Miller.
Pfc Clifford W. Pugh.
Pfc William P. Russell.
Pfc Calvin C. Schneider.
Pfc John M. Schuetz.
Pfc Jack R. Sheppard.
Pfc Walter J. Small.
Pfc Donald H. Spaulding.
Pfc Charles E. Stoy.
Pfc Christ T. Troupis.
Pfc J. B. Wilson.
Pfc Stanley Wolfe.
Pfc Charles E. Zettelmeyer.
Pvt Glen J. Beardall.
Pvt Louis Carpentieri.
Pvt Burke L. Cock.
Pvt Robert A. Cooper.
Pvt Frank G. Farina.
Pvt David Glassberg.
Pvt Lawrence B. Goldbeck.
Pvt Connie L. Goodman.
Pvt Stanley O. Hammeren.
Pvt John A. Johnson.
Pvt Edwin A. Kot.
Pvt Warren K. Lettsome.
Pvt John E. Marchant.
Pvt Herbert W. Schornick.
Pvt Robert J. Wiesen.
Sgt Frank J. Mayer.
Pfc David F. Stuck.
T/Sgt Freddie M. Roberts.
S/Sgt Brewster M. Land, Jr.
Cpl Wiley W. Carroll.
S/Sgt Fred L. Loftin.
Pvt Edward Ayres.
Pvt Wilfred T. Lorton.
Pvt Victor A. Roy.
Pvt Thomas H. Skelton.
Pvt LeRoy E. Wilson.
Cpl David S. Winans.
Pvt Donald B. Aubol.
S/Sgt Franklyn L. Timberlake.
Sgt Harvel D. Brown.
Sgt William W. Kurtz.
Pvt Robert D. Lamb.
Pvt Charles A. Lurwick.

This album was composed by members of the 89th Bombardment Squadron (L). The mission photographs were taken by squadron cameramen, or by 3rd Group cameramen, on missions in which the ships and crews of this squadron participated. All other photographs were contributed by squadron personnel, or were taken by the 3rd Group Photo Section and the 20th Combat Photo Squadron.

The album was composed and written by Lt. William F. Houha and Lt. Conrad S. Stuntz; the caricatures were created by Captain Edmond Suor and painted by Sgt. Tony Benson; art-work was by Pvt. Farina; cartoons were by Pvt. Farina and Sgt. Tony Benson.




Ternate
HALMAHERA
MOLUCCAS
Manokwari
BIAK
JAPEN
Babo
Mamberamo
CERAM
Boela
BURU
Amboina
DUTCH
NEW GUI
KEI IS.
BANDA SEA
ARU
IS.
TENIMBER IS.
BABAR
IS.
LETI IS.
TIMOR
Me
ARAFURA SEA
TIMOR
SEA
Darwin
GULF
CARPEN
AUSTRALIA


F I C O C E A N
MANUS
ADMIRALTY IS.
ollandia
Kavieng
Aitape
Wewak
NEW IRELAND
Sepik
HANSA B.
Rabaul
NORTH EAST NEW GUINEA
KARKAR
Alexishafen
Madang
C. GLOUCESTER
Bogadjim
Saidor
NEW BRITAIN
Gusap
Arawe
Markham
Nadzab
Lae
Finschhafen
Gasmata
HANISCH HAR.
Salamaua
NASSAU B.
HUON G.
Wau
P A P U A
Morobe
C. WARD HUNT
FLY
GULF OF PAPUA
Buna
Kokoda
ORO B.
Dobodura
WOODLARK IS.
D'ENTRECASTEAUX IS
Port Moresby
RES STR.
HORN I.
MILNE B.
LOUISIADE ARCHO
CORAL SEA
CAPE YORK PENA
HECR