brief

10 APRIL 45

15c

VOLUME 2, NO. 19

brief

10 APRIL 1945

PHOTOS: Pages 5-6-7—Cpl Lyle D. Strain, Pfc John A. Modzelewski, Sgt Fred Shelton; Pages 10-11—Sgt Paul Friend, Sgt Fred Shelton, Cpl Lyle D. Strain; Page 13—Cpl Lyle D. Strain; Page 17—ANS; Page 19—Sgt Fred Shelton, Sgt Julius J. Kupersmith Jr., Cpl Lyle D. Strain.

Bad Taste, Good Medicine

Officer in Charge, BRIEF:
(Referred to Editor):

The bit of whimsy in one of your recent copies by which Bud Nelson expressed his dissatisfaction over the officer-men distinction in our Army organization, impressed me as being in extremely bad taste.

I am referring to the bit of melodrama in which a nostalgic Marine is denied the privilege of reminiscing at some spot of the island where a "buddy" died because the spot is now "Officers' Country."

Apart from serving no useful purpose, this figment of Nelson's imagination is so ridiculous that I am amazed that you permitted its printing. Is the article attempting to imply that any Marine may tread forever any ground where a fellow Marine fought and died? Follow that through for a minute and you will realize that any member of the Corps should be allowed free trespass through any of the warehouses that now stand on the landing beaches, through any officers' or enlisted men's quarters, in fact through any installation whatever because some Marine has fought on every part of this island.

Then, too, is every thwarted Marine able to call out a detachment of tanks for "maneuvers" whenever the fancy hits him? And is he able to choose his own maneuver area ?

I've had considerable contact with Marines and it is my unqualified opinion that they excel in military courtesy and discipline. I don't believe, therefore, that such an incident could occur—if it did, it would certainly not be typical. What, then, was the purpose of the article?, Surely you did not think that it might be found amusing.

FREDERICK H. DEAMANT,
Major, Air Corps,

P.S.—The Navy doesn't welcome Army Officers in their clubs or ships' stores. Do you suggest we conduct "maneuvers" with a squadron of Thunderbolts—preferably with live ammunition?

Whimsy was based on facts, definitely not amusing. Result: EM on that island now have beaches, too.—Editor.

Art Lover

Editor, BRIEF:

Every third guy out here has a camera, and what's more, a lot of them know how to make good pictures. But there are practically no good artists, or if there are any, we never see their work. What I mean to say is, all of us really appreciate the terrific drawings done by your staff artist, Henry Gillette. The only complaint we have is that you don't use half enough of them. His double page spread of pictures on HAD caught the spirit of the place like no camera could, his editorial cartoons make even the dullest subject interesting, and his illustrations for Bud Nelson's column are as good as Nelson himself. I especially like the big illustrations he does for an occasional lead story. Why can't you give us more of his work?

S.SGT TED LA VARTA,
APO 86. *Absolutely,*
starting next issue.—Editor.

cover

The fighter planes streaking across this week's cover photograph are P-51's—the latest addition to the roster of aerial weapons in operation against the Japs. From Iwo's airstrips the 51's are within easy range of Japan and can fly either as escorts to bombers or as attack planes. The rugged Mustangs have seen long service in the European theater, where they were employed as jacks-of-all-missions, flying at all altitudes, lugging bombs, strafing and intercepting. The new models now with AAF-POA are tougher and have a vastly increased range. "Newest Jap Killer" on page 10 tells more about these planes. Sgt Fred Shelton took the photo.

pinup

The leopard, it says here, never changes its spots, and now you know why. If you were in the same spot as this leopard, namely draped around the interesting frame of Miss Ramsay Ames, you would not care to change, either. This picture was borne into the office by a native runner from the heart of darkest Hollywood. Unfortunately, he dropped dead at our feet before he could explain why Miss Ames chose to deck herself out in a leopard skin; in our opinion it is no improvement on the skin she is wearing underneath it. The thoughtful look in her eye comes from considering her chances of grabbing another brass ring to match the one she is wearing in her left ear.

EDITOR S.Sgt **Clive** Howard

EXECUTIVE OFFICER Lt Jack M. Young

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, Sgt Roger Angell; Assistant Editors: Cpl Richard L. Dugan, S.Sgt Paul Slocumb, Sgt Hugh Floyd; Staff Writers: S.Sgt Robert G. Price, S.Sgt Robert Speer, Cpl Zander Hollander, Cpl Steve Chiarti, Cpl Bud Nelson, Pfc Romeo Dingle, Cpl Wm. Groppenbacher, Pfc Alan K. Hartman.

ART DIRECTOR, Cpl William Clievallier; Illustrators: Cpl Henry S. Gillette, Pfc John Fitzgibbons.

LAYOUT AND PRODUCTION, Sgt Robert A. Dinsmore.

TYPOGRAPHY. Pfc Louis Sisino.

PHOTO EDITOR: Sot Paul Friend; Staff Photographers: Cpl Lyle D. Strain, Pfc Diego deArteaga, Pfc John A. Modzelewski, Cpl Harold Klee, Pfc Soon Oak Lee.

CIRCULATION: Pfc Robert H. Hawkes, Pfc Walter A. Coon, Pfc Angelo J. Pellegrino, Cpl Marco J. Cheli.

BUSINESS: Sgt Albert F. Gury, S.Sgt Jasper Wright, Cpl Leonard Mondi, S.Sgt William H. Johnson.

BRIEF IS PUBLISHED FOR MEN OF THE AAF, PACIFIC OCEAN AREAS

OFFICER IN CHARGE Maj Kent B. Pritchard

BRIEF, official publication of the Army Air Forces in the Pacific Ocean Areas, produced under the supervision of the Information and Education Division of AAFPOA, is published every Tuesday by and for the personnel of AAFPOA. BRIEF, in addition to serving as a news and information publication, strives to acquaint the men with the accomplishments of the personnel of AAFPOA. Opinions so expressed are those of the individual writer and are not to be construed as representing the policy of either the Army Air Forces or the War Department. Stories, features, pictures and other material may be reproduced providing credit line reads: AAFPOA BRIEF. BRIEF has been reviewed by USA military censors and may be mailed provided no markings or writing appear therein.

CONTRIBUTIONS: BRIEF welcomes the submission of pictures stories, news items, cartoons, etc., but reserves the right to edit all such material. The full name, organization and address of each contributor must accompany same. No unsigned articles will be accepted; no manuscripts returned.

BRIEF USES material furnished by the Camp Newspaper Service and Army News Service, 205 East 42nd St., New York City Such material may not be reproduced without their permission.

ADDRESS: BRIEF, APO 953, % Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif,

PRICE: Fifteen cents per issue. Subscriptions (mailed, postage

11 issues	52.00	33 issues.....	$6.00
22 issues	4.00	44 issues.....	8.00

Back issues (if available) are fifteen cents plus three cents postage. Subscribers must renew subscriptions prior to expiration date to insure uninterrupted service.

Change of address: Notice of same must reach this office one week prior to publication date of issue involved.

APPLICANTS: Men desirous of consideration for assignment to the BRIEF staff must include all particulars and professional background in initial correspondence.

"BRIEF entered as second-class matter June 28 1944 at the post office at Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, under the' Act of March 3. 1879."

JAPAN'S INVISIBLE ALLY

THE B-29 CREW stuck to their fantastic story although the intelligence officer scoffed. "We couldn't get in to the target," they insisted. "We came up to the coast of Japan. The closer we got, the less progress we made. We finally saw the coast outlined through instruments. Then we began flying backwards. Finally we lost sight of the coast altogether and we never did see it again." Ribbed by other crews, the men looked sheepish, but they stuck to the story.

Another crew came back with an equally fantastic story. "We were slugging our way along when we came to the coast. With all four engines roaring full blast, we couldn't gain an inch. We weren't flying backwards, but we weren't going forward either. We just hovered motionless over the coast. Finally we gave up and came back." The G-2 boys shook their heads, as did the aeronautical engineers. Only a couple of weeks after the first successful raid on Tokyo—on Thanksgiving Day—they had

(Continued on next page)

Japan's Invisible Ally *(Confd)*

run head-on into the biggest single obstacle to high altitude precision bombing of Japan: weather.

That weather problem was a tough one, worse than anything the Allied air forces ever faced over Europe. It was so critical that for a few black weeks it threatened to nullify much of the B-29 program and to change the strategy of high-altitude bombardment. It had everybody worried sick. They didn't hint about it either—they came right out and said so. Gen Arnold expressed his concern in press conferences. Lt Gen Millard F. Harmon, Commanding General of AAFPOA and deputy commander of 20th Air Force, flatly called weather the major problem confronting successful B-29 operations, and Brig Gen Haywood S. Hansell Jr., then commanding the 21st Bomber Command, violated all usual communique procedure by coming out bluntly after several not-so-good raids and saying, in effect, "We stank."

Incredible Winds

Winds over Honshu were incredible, and the Superfort crews who had trained over the plains of Texas, the prairies of Kansas, the mountains of Colorado, had never encountered anything to prepare them for this kind of weather. If planes did succeed in fighting their way beyond the target, and then turned to slide downwind over it, they clocked speeds in excess of 500 miles an hour with that wind on their tail. Before the bombardier could even begin his calculations, he was past the target and had to go back and try it over, which made him a very unpopular character with everybody in the crew who didn't happen to like flak in double doses.

Then there were the clouds. The Superforts would find the target hidden under several different layers of clouds, apparently moving in different directions. Just try and bomb through that stuff, even with instruments. You might hit something as big as a city, but B-29's were not produced to waste bombs in some citizen's backyard—they were supposed to lay their eggs right on the nose of important military objectives. There were also the crosswinds. At 30,000 feet, you might drop your bombs in the teeth of a 250-knot westerly gale and calculate accordingly. But when the bomb had reached 10,000 feet, it might be meeting an easterly wind of 60 knots. A bomb is almost perfectly streamlined and is practically unaffected by contrary wind currents at ordinary altitudes. But a deflection of the tiniest sort can become a whopping error—one of perhaps several hundred yards—when the. thing is falling from six miles up. Which in turn may mean the difference between pulverizing a factory or just helping to cultivate a rice field. There were quite a few rice paddies cratered in early raids on Honshu. A lot of crews came back disgusted after having hauled their bombs 1500 miles only to see them miss the target.

That was the situation back in November and December. What happened after that has been recorded long since in the headlines. More and bigger raids; factories hit, then damaged badly, then wiped out; fanatical opposition right up to the climactic big battle of Jan. 27, then a lower and lower loss ratio as the 29's demonstrated their slugging power; and finally the huge recent 300-plane attacks which experts have described as the most destructive air assaults in history. The results are in the book and are still in the making, but behind them is another story of AAF weather specialists working to lick the major problem, a story of eight volunteers who practically camped over Japan for three long months in order to turn the trick.

Not that anyone will ever tame weather. But so far as it can be predicted and turned to advantage, much of the job now has been accomplished. Many aspects of Jap weather still puzzle the experts and every once in a while a Superfort crew will cuss out the forecasters for giving them a wrong steer. You can't hit on the nose every time —one reason being that Jap weather in addition to being the roughest in the world also is the most fickle. But no recent major strike has failed because of weather. Many a mission that would have proved abortive has never left the ground because the forecasters handed out the right dope. Bomb runs have been improved. And literally dozens of Superforts which otherwise might have ditched due to lack of gas to make home base have been saved by correct estimates of headwinds.

Headed by Capt Edward A. Everts of Berkeley, Calif., the eight volunteers flew around the clock for weeks on end, risking their own lives on their forecasts, sweating out ack-ack, searchlights and fighters, and experiencing weather phenomena so out-of-this-world that they didn't believe it themselves even after they had recorded it and had sent the information back to base. Four of them experienced crack-ups during the stint and were forced to take to liferafts.

Worst Problem

It wasn't always the fault of weather if the early missions didn't pan out exactly as planned. Sometimes a plane fouled up one way or another, but that was a problem of engineering and every new plane is expected to show bugs. The B-29 was no exception, and aeronautical experts nursed it through its trial combat period just as they had babied along the B-17's and B-24's when they first came out. Gradually mechanical kinks straightened out until crews agreed they had a good weapon. But while weather may not have been the only problem, it was acknowledged by all to be the main one. Until it was solved, the Superforts' best efforts would not be good enough to satisfy the perfectionists of heavy bombardment.

Pacific weathermen had not been idle. They even knew what was wrong—but they hadn't been able to do anything about it. The latest weather maps they possessed of the Japanese ar.ea dated back to before the war, and these were not too reliable. Official studies of Japan's climate were sparse, and most of them had been issued in the days when a weatherman's main chore was figuring whether rain would save the crops, not trying to estimate cloud coverage over a specific target area for high altitude bombers, which is as ticklish and precise a business as picking the daily double at Belmont.

"Generally speaking, weather conditions over Honshu follow the same rules as over the east coast of the U.S.," said an officer in the office of the director of weather services for AAFPOA. "But over Japan they are much more intense. Great masses of cold air sweep east out of Siberia. A lot of people don't know it, but eastern Siberia is the 'cold pole' of the earth, far colder than Greenland, the wastes of northern Canada or the North Pole itself. The world's title for 'coldest spot on earth' goes to Verkhoyansk in Siberia, where a record low of 94 degrees below zero has been noted. And Verkhoyansk is roughly the same distance northwest of Japan that Saipan is southeast.

"If we could analyze those air masses that sweep across Japan from Asia, their velocity and density and moisture content, and do it at their source, we could predict almost exactly what the weather is going to be over any given part of the Empire at any given time. We do exactly that in the States. We gather extensive data from a great network of observation stations stretching across the U. S. and Canada right up to the Arctic. Putting it together, we can trace a storm wave as it sweeps across the country, and follow it right out to sea over the East coast, giving almost perfect spot predictions for any place ahead, in or behind it. But of course we had no such reporting stations north or west of the Marianas. The weather was originating in Jap territory and passing over us. It was like sitting in Brownsville, Texas, trying to predict the weather over Great Falls, Mont., when you don't have **a** single report west of the Mississippi."

Transient Weather Station Faced with these facts, weather experts thrashed out the problem and determined to set up what amounted to a permanent if highly transient weather station over the Empire. A call went out to Pacific weather officers for volunteers. The eight who were picked included Captain Everts, six lieutenants and a warrant officer. The latter, WO Jasper E. Grantham, was the first weatherman over Tokyo, on December 8 this year. Others followed, usually flying in single snoopers, although some accompanied rajor raids. Their reports of route weather and target conditions were radioed back for guidance of fleets of Superforts sweating out a takeoff. On return from the 14-hour gruelling rides, the weathermen would supplement these reports with exhaustive analyses of the weather to and from target, adding this

(Continued on page 15)

Under New Management

The one-time Jap airbase of Iwo has been taken over and is now under the management of the AAF.

By CPL RICHARD L. DUGAN

BLACK, DUSTY, stinking Iwo Jima is in the process of being changed from an island to an airstrip. When completed it will be one big air center, and little more. Because of that, it will be principally Air Force men who inhabit it. Thousands of them have already been dumped there and told "this is home" for an unpredictable number of months; but the chances are that not one in a million men will ever be able to honestly use such an affectionate term for the ugly pile of black ash heaved up on the road to Japan by some gastric disturbance in the earth's guts.

The first Air Force troops on the island were the fighter squadrons, both day and night varieties, the service groups and the signal units. They will be followed by thousands of others as the airports are expanded.

Not one man of all those who finally end up on Iwo will ever be able to say that he likes duty there, but the early arrivals who were in on the fight for the barren island will probably have the fewest complaints to make. For they saw the Marines take the island, they ducked shells and occasional sniper fire themselves, and they saw and smelled the dead, both Marines and Japs. Those who saw the awful cost of taking the island will always be thankful that they came as crewmen and mechanics and not as front-line fighters.

Most of the early Air Corps arrivals were established in foxholes in the relatively level ground between the foot of Suribachi and Airfield No. 1, still near enough to the front lines to be in actual danger most of the time. Then, as the battle slowly moved northward, their danger gradually decreased and life became more of a battle against the inhospitable island itself.

High seas in the first days of the invasion almost threw the landings off schedule. Once trucks were ashore from the landing craft, they bogged in the soft and ashy sand of the beaches, and even steel landing mats were quickly chewed up by the enormously heavy flow of traffic. Individual soldiers had a constant battle against the black, gritty dust which filled the air and seeped into weapons, mess gear and other equipment. One of the toughest problems was the simple matter of fresh water. Troops who fought their way ashore found absolutely no fresh water on the island; until the distillation units were set up, every drop had to be brought in from ships. The most extreme example of a long water haul came when front-line fighters had water carried to them in beer cans. The stuff had been canned in Philadelphia.

Island of **Paradoxes** The actual battle for Iwo developed an amazing series of incongruities that could happen only in the fantastic Pacific war. As Marines a few hundred yards away moved slowly forward, fighting and dying every foot of the way, the Air Force and other outfits quickly set up public address systems. At mealtimes, while the men waited in line to see whether the C-ration being fished out of the hot water can was meat and beans, beans and meat, or for a real treat, a can of spaghetti, the loudspeakers blared out news of the fighting that was going on practically within eyesight and certainly within easy hearing distance. It was, as one crewman put it, like taking a portable radio to the Satur-*{Continued on next page)*

LUXURY ON IWO reaches its peak in **the** fighter pilots' quarters. They live in tents like this **one dug into** a volcanic **ashpit.** A row of belly tanks is on side, Jap wreckage in background.

Under New Management (*cont'd)*

day afternoon football game at the stadium. News from the rest of the world was rebroadcast too, along with swing tunes like Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet, and Dolores. All this went on within earshot of the battle line, but fortunately the pre-. vailing winds kept most of the rear area "revelry" from the still fighting Marines.

It was fortunate, too, that on the day it was decided that the island was secured the PA system did not reach the front. That abortive statement was broadcast on the PA speakers over most of the rear area, and it was, fittingly, almost drowned out by the crash of big guns erupting only a few yards from this source of information.

News to the Marines

That same day we joined a couple of souvenir-hunting Air Force men moving up front to carry the good news to the Marines. In the 5th Division lines we found a resting Marine, cradling his rifle, which was the only thing clean about him, carefully in his lap. "It was just announced," we said, "that the island has been secured."

The Marine, a private who had been transferred from the artillery to the infantry overnight because of the latter's heavy losses, was too tired even to be mad. "Has it?" he asked wearily. "We gained 25 yards last night and retreated 25 yards today. That has happened four days and nights in a row." He pointed vaguely in the direction of the entrenched and hidden Japs ahead of us. "Do they know it's secured?"

We changed the subject. "What," we asked, "did the 69 straight days of bombing do to the Japs on the island?" He answered wearily again. "I wouldn't know about the airstrip, or how many Jap planes were knocked out. But," he added with real enthusiasm, "the fighters certainly saved our skins a couple of times. Since they

MEAT AND BEANS or beans and meat? Colonels and Privates stand side by side in Iwo's chow line and guess which variety of menu will come up.

IWO HOMESTEADER digs himself a better 'ole. Pfc Pete Herman of 7th Fighter Command uses some spare time to expand his quarters. This shot of the Fighter Command's general area is typical of Iwo living conditions before the battle ended, when a foxhole was first on any list of necessities.

came in we've had a couple of red alerts, and the minute they sounded the Japs started throwing everything in the book at us. They evidently thought their air force was on its way and ready to give us everything they had. But their planes never got here, and when the alerts were over we poured it right back on them. A lot of us couldn't have taken it, though, if we had had to put up with bombings besides all their mortars."

Thirst Drives 'Em Out

At night the rear area often joined in the battle to some extent. For many weeks, the thirsty Japs who presumably were well sealed up in Suribachi's countless caves managed to dig out, usually popping up in the most unexpected places to look for desperately needed water. Always they came out carrying empty canteens, bent on raiding our supplies or running across some unwary American with a full canteen. Lines set up by the Marines during the day usually revealed their presence, and it was a rare night when from one to a dozen Japs were not caught in the crossfire of Air Force and Marine rifles and cut to pieces. And it is expected that some Japs will continue to dig their way out of Suribachi for more weeks or months to come.

Because of these buried but undead Japs, it was a set rule in the Air Force and other campsites that everyone hit his foxhole at seven in the evening and stayed there until seven in the morning. Anyone not liking these hours had only to stick his neck out to draw a barrage of fire. This regulation was not too stringent for most sack-loving soldiers, but it was decidedly hard on those unfortunate ones with weak kidneys. For them there was only the choice of suffering or lugging a GI can into their foxholes with them.

Adding to the confusion and uncertainty of the first few weeks on Iwo, Tokyo Rose raised her persistent voice once again, this time with dire but vague threats of what was in store for the island once the fighting was finished. "There is," she said, "a great big surprise waiting for the conquerors of Iwo. Twenty-four hours after the island is secured you will know what it is." Many a Marine and soldier lying in his foxhole at night and feeling the hollow earth of Iwo shake under the wheels of big trucks and bulldozers, recalled official stories from G-2 that the whole island was lined with deep caves, some probably stretching its entire length.

These, they reasoned with some misgiving, might possibly be filled with a great number of tons of TNT or some other lethal explosive laid to back up Tokyo Rose's threats. The 24-hour period came and went and Tokyo Rose raised the ante and said sweetly that although the date had been moved up, it was now due to happen 48 hours after the island was secured. Her prestige immediately began to drop off, along with the submerged fears of the new inhabitants, and when the 48-hour period also passed without incident, Tokyo Rose reached her lowest rating; she lost a position she probably never again will attain.

Iwo Entertainment

For some little time, however, Radio Tokyo will probably furnish a good deal of the entertainment supplied the troops on- Iwo. Eventually, plans call for a couple of large movie theaters, there will be a Radio Iwo, and some day quonset huts will bet set up and made into day rooms.

Tents will be set up and eventually wooden floors will be installed but each tent will have a foxhole within easy reach so long as the Japanese home islands harbor an aircraft. And, worst of all, the odor of death will remain for months. No one on Iwo will ever be allowed to forget that almost 30,000 men died and turned black and were buried in those ugly eight miles.

TOWER IS makeshift, but it functions.

Rotation

THE GOLDEN GATE looms much closer to thousands of rock-happy veterans in the Pacific Ocean Areas who had just about given up hope of ever seeing home again. Radically changed and liberalized plans for both furloughs and rotation have been issued by POA headquarters, designed to cut down the backlog of 40-months-plus men to the point where eventually furloughs will come almost automatically at 24 months for men who want them, and rotation may even start as low as 30 months for combat-tried soldiers.

Exactly how either plan will work out in practice still hinges on the same two old bugbears of transportation and availability of replacements, but on paper at least, many more soldiers will get home in the near future than have done so under previous plans. Here is how the rotation plan will work:

Key to the new reassignment plan is a point system similar to the much-publicized demobilization point system. It is designed to compensate men for tough duty, wounds, previous overseas hitches, and service at isolated rocks throughout the Pacific. Every Army outfit is directed to submit to POA headquarters a special roster listing all their men who have 30 or more months of overseas service as of March 15, in the order of their total points earned to that date. On this basis, POA will allot proportionate quotas to all major echelons, at the same time putting in a requisition to the States for replacements of all the men selected for rotation.

A lump quota for all Air Forces men will be given to AAFPOA headquarters, which in turn will sub-allot quotas for individual units under their jurisdiction. These Air Forces quotas will apply only to AAF ground personnel. Air crewmen are exempted from this rotation system and will continue their current set-up of returning to the States on completion of a specified amount of missions or flight time.

The new plan has this to say about the policy of selecting men for reassignment:

"Selection of individuals for rotation to the continental United States.... will be limited to those who most deserve the privilege and are qualified to perform efficiently the duties of their grade in their arm or service. Preference in selection will be given to those individuals who have been longest in combat, who have served under the most hazardous and severe conditions, or those hospitalized three times or more because of wounds received in action.

"Special consideration will be given to individuals who do not require hospitalization but whose morale or health would be adversely affected by continued periods of duty under severe conditions, and whose effectiveness cannot be restored by transfer within the theater."

Rough Duty Pays Off The new plan corrects one of the most frequently criticized features of previous plans, whereby the only basis of selection was the amount of time served in the theater, regardless of the type of duty. Under the old set-up, a headquarters man with 40 months on Oahu received preference over a man who might have served 39% months of his time on every hot rock in the Pacific, participating in nearly every landing. Now the combat man will receive extra points which will compensate for his harder duty. That is one reason for lowering the eligibility time to 30 months, from the previous 36-month requirement. Under the point system, many a man with 30 months in the area will edge out some 40-month veterans on the basis of his combat experience. Here is how it works:

S.Sgt Herman Doakes is an old hardshell from Pineapple Army days. He has served no less than 66 months—the maximum time since 16 September 1940, the day the draft act went into effect—at Hickam Field as a line mechanic. At two points a month, that has earned him 132 points. Because he was at Hickam 7 December 1941, he is entitled to a battle star, which gives him 10 more points. He has the Good Conduct Medal, which gives him another four points for a'total of 146.

Cpl Joe Blow, also a mechanic with a bombardment outfit, left the States on 14 September 1942, which barely gives him his 30 months. His outfit went straight to Canton island, and was in on the Tarawa deal a year later. Picking up the Purple Heart by virtue of a bomb fragment during a foxhole session one night, he recovered in time to move west with his outfit to Kwajalein and then to Saipan, where he was nicked by a stray bullet shortly after arrival. He was wounded again on Iwo. Blow gets two points a month for his overseas service, a total of 60. Since all his time was spent outside the Hawaiian islands and New Zealand, he qualifies for an extra point per month for service at "remote stations." That kicks his total up to 90. He has two battle stars, 20 points more. He has a Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters; at 10 points apiece, he earns 30 points. He also has the Good Conduct Medal for four more. His grand total is thus 144 points, only two less than S.Sgt Doakes, although Doakes has served more than double Blow's total overseas time. Considering the fact that Cpl Blow has had a bout of malaria during his stretch, he may even go home ahead of S.Sgt Doakes, who happens to be in good health.

Both Blow and Doakes are extreme cases, and most of the old-timers in the region will fall somewhere in between. Majority of the ground men in the Air Forces who have served 30 months in the theater have had at least a spell in the forward areas. Most of the men in the remote stations managed to get back to Hawaii for a while. Very few were wounded as often as poor old Cpl Blow. But adding all factors together, the man who has had the roughest service will get the nod for the Stateside Express sooner than the man who has spent most time in the Hawaiian group.

Previous Overseas Hitches Men with previous time in other overseas theaters will benefit by the new plan. They will get one point for every month served outside the continental limits of the U.S.—including Panama, or Canada as well as the more remote theaters—providing he was reassigned to the States for six or more

Rotation Point Values

OVERSEAS CREDIT: Two points for each month served overseas since 16 September 1940, less that prior overseas service included under "Prior Overseas Service Credit." Time will include service in Hawaii or any other station outside continental U. S., in any armed forces of both U.S. and Allied nations. Any furlough, TD or straight duty time in the States will not be counted. Figure time from date of leaving a POE to date of arrival back at a POE. Any time over 15 days is counted as a full month.

PRIOR OVERSEAS SERVICE CREDIT: One point for each month served outside continental U. S. on a previous tour of overseas duty which was followed by assignment to at least six months continuous duty in the U. S. Time figured same way.

REMOTE STATION CREDIT: One point for each month served in this theater at any station except the Hawaiian Islands and New Zealand. Credit given for Alaska or Philippines.

COMBAT CREDIT: Ten points for each Battle Participation Star on theater ribbons.

WOUND CREDIT: Ten points for each award of the Purple Heart Decoration.

GOOD CONDUCT CREDIT: Four points for Good Conduct Medal and each subsequent Clasp.

months before coming on to the Pacific. If he served a hitch in another theater followed by less than six months continuous Mainland duty, that previous overseas duty will be counted as part of his present hitch, to the tune of two points a month. A man who served two years in the Canal Zone or Europe and then only had five months in the States before he was shipped over here would thus benefit by a cool 48 points. If his Stateside time between hitches was six months and one day, he would only be entitled to 24 points for that previous overseas time. He can count in foreign service time served with the Navy or any other branch of the armed forces, or with an Allied nation's forces, such as the RAF Eagle Squadron.

The only medals worth rotation points are the Good Conduct Medal and the Purple Heart. Many men who have kidded about the award of the Good Conduct Medal will change their tune on learning it is worth four points, as is each subsequent GCM Clasp. The Purple Heart—and each ensuing Oak Leaf Cluster—is worth 10 points, the same as each Battle Participation star on theater ribbons. No other award, not even the Medal of Honor, is counted toward rotation.

For purpose of reassignment, every station in the Pacific outside the Hawaiian islands and New Zealand is considered a "remote station" worth an extra point a month. No distinction is made between such rugged holes as Guadalcanal or Iwo and the comparatively quiet spots like New Caledonia or Canton—presumably the battle stars earned in the rough spots make up the difference.

The new plan serves notice on misbehavers that they had better reform if they expect to get home. "Individuals whose service has not been honorable, and those who are continually incompetent or inefficient will not be rotated," the order states. "Those who have unfavorable disciplinary entries in their service records. .. .for offenses committed on or after 1 May 1945, will not be selected for one year subsequent to date of last entry." Enlisted men who accept direct appointment as officers also must wait a year after the appointment before they are eligible again for rotation. Anyone who has been to the Mainland—whether on specific duty of 60 days or more, on recreation furlough of 30 days or more, or on sick leave or emergency furlough of 16 days or more—will not be eligible for rotation until he has served a year's continuous duty after return to the Pacific.

Must Have Replacements

Every man sent home on rotation must be replaced by a man from the Mainland. This requirement, carried over from previous rotation plans, is relaxed somewhat in one respect: replacements will be picked on a man for man and, **when possible,** grade for grade and MOS for MOS basis. Formerly a man had to be replaced by his exact equivalent in all respects. In some cases this proved impracticable. Now, if a man can't be replaced exactly, he may still go home providing his replacement is **similar** in job specialty or rating. A Corporal thus may be replaced by a Pfc or Sergeant in special cases; a First Lieutenant by a Second Lieutenant or a Captain with the same specialty. Or a Corporal who was a general clerk might be replaced by another Corporal who was a clerk-typist. But since all replacements are supposed to be on a grade-for-grade basis, no one may be promoted to fill any TO vacancy created by a man's leaving for rotation, at least until his successor arrives.

A requisition listing each rotatee by name, grade, serial number and MOS will be submitted to reach the Replacement Training Command by the 20th of the month preceding the month the specified men are due to go home. The rotated man may leave before his replacement arrives to relieve him, but the directive points out that delay or failure of requisitions to arrive on time will jeopardize the chances of later rotatees to get home and might eventually slow down the whole program. Regarding the actual number of men to go home, the directive makes no promises, except to say that it will be "in such numbers as are authorized by the War Department," and on several occasions the point is emphasized that "military necessity" will govern allocation of quotas, which will be "within the limits of current military requirements." Shipping space will affect the size of quotas, as well as availability of replacements. The replacement problem, hitherto the main stumbling block of all rotation plans, is expected to be eased considerably by the end of the European war.

Furloughs

ONLY TWO DAYS before release of the new rotation plan for Army forces in the Pacific, POA headquarters also issued a separate policy on furloughs to the Mainland for purposes of rest and recuperation. As with rotation, the new set-up for furloughs is much more liberal than the previous policy.

All furloughs henceforth will provide 45 days at home in addition to travel time. The previous figure was 30 days. All men from the Pacific who were home on furlough on 14 March—and were not en route to an embarkation point or already there on their way back to their stations—were granted a 15-day extension of leave.

The plan anticipates sending home greatly increased numbers of men from this theater. "The War Department has removed restrictions upon the numbers of qualified individuals who may be returned to the Mainland for temporary duty for rest and recuperation," the order stated. "It is the desire of this headquarters to utilize TDR&R to the maximum extent consistent with operational requirements and available transportation."

First step in carrying out the new program, as far as Air Forces units in the area are concerned, will be for the separate outfits to submit to AAFPOA headquarters a report on the number of men they wish to send home on furloughs during the months of May, June, July and August. When these reports have been received, AAFPOA then will divide up quotas among its member units on the basis of the shipping and air transportation allotted for each of these months.

All Air Forces men.—except air crew personnel who will continue their current plan—will be eligible for furlough after serving 24 months in the theater. If, at that time, they decide they'd rather sweat out rotation and reassignment, they can waive their rights to furlough. If they do go to the Mainland on furlough, they will not become eligible again for rotation until at least 12 months after their return to this theater.

Debate on Furloughs

Already the arguments are waging hot and heavy on both sides of the question. Many veterans, wise in the ways of the Army, say it's smart to take whatever you can get, to grab a furlough and then worry about rotation after you get back. Some men have pretty good jobs in the Pacific, like their outfits, and prefer to serve another year overseas, where they are piling up credit points toward eventual demobili-

(Continued on page 12)

Personnel Not Eligible for Rotation

ARMY AIR FORCES air crew personnel, warrant officers of the Army Mine Planter Service, and all general officers.

MEN WHO HAVE SERVED less than a year in the theater following assigned duty of 60 days or more in continental U. S.

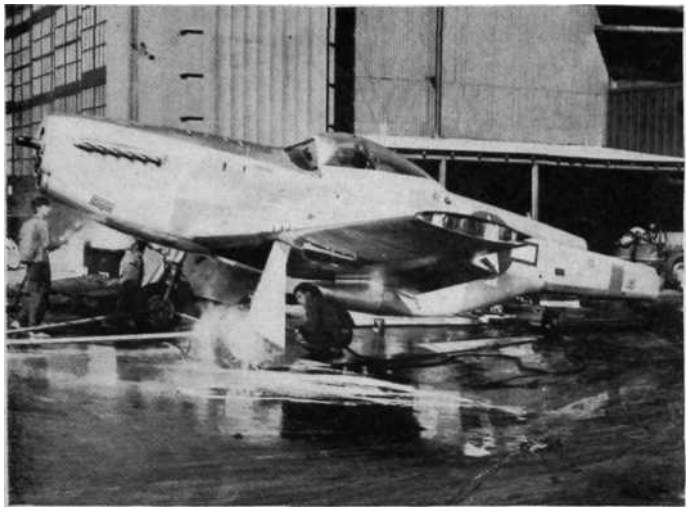
MEN WHO HAVE SERVED less than a year in the theater following rest and recuperation furlough in continental U. S. of 30 days or more.

MEN WHO HAVE SERVED less than a year in the theater following 16 days or more in continental U. S. on emergency, ordinary, or sick leave of absence or furlough.

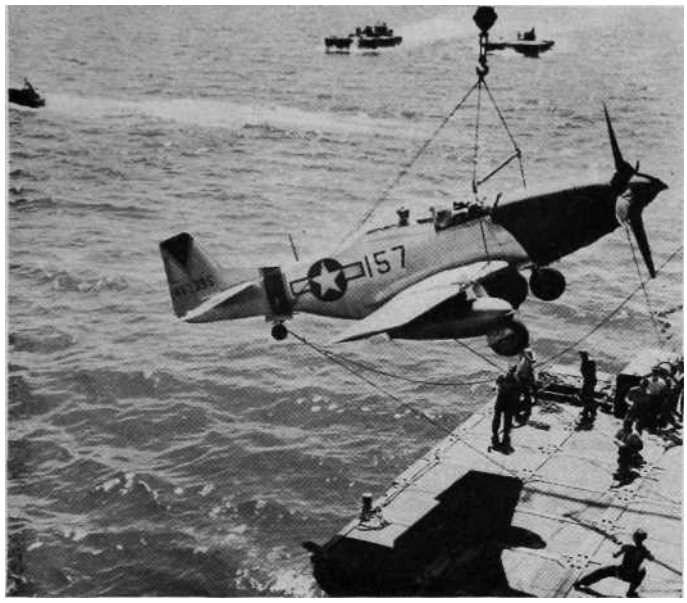
ALL MEN ELIGIBLE for return to continental U. S. by other means, such as separation from the Army, hospitalization, or other authorized emergency reasons.

MEN WITH UNFAVORABLE disciplinary entries in their service records for offenses committed on or after 1 May 1945. Become eligible again one year after date of last entry.

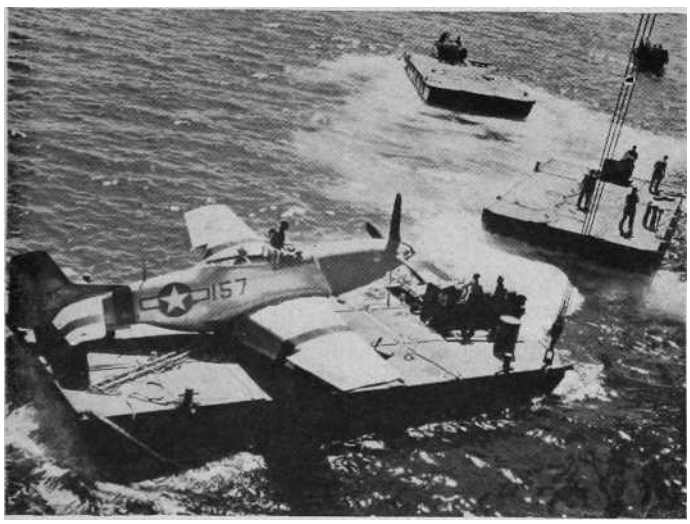
OFFICERS commissioned by direct appointment. Become eligible again one year after date of such appointment.



CHRISTMAS GIFT to AAFPOA were the first P-51's to hit the Pacific. The airplanes were shipped by water before hitting the air from Saipan.



STAGING OUT from the Mainland, they traveled on surface ships. Here one of the fighters is lowered to a Navy barge offshore Saipan.



WAITING LINE of barges come alongside as first of the fighters pull away from the ship and head ashore to the Saipan fighter strip.

The Pacific's first complement of sleek and dea

The wraps are off AAFPOA's newest Jap-killer—the sleek, swift and lethal P-Sl. First seen in the Pacific last December, the deadly fighters have gone to the wars, with the dusty, volcanic ash of Iwo Jima's airstrip as their takeoff point. The first Mustang to land on Iwo was piloted by Brig Gen E. (Mickey) Moore, CO of the 7th Fighter Command and newly named Air Defense Commander of Iwo itself. That was D-Plus-l5. Five days later the fighters took off on their first offensive bomb strike against the Japs from this newest American base. On that day, March 11, Iwo date, BRIEF Field Correspondent S.Sgt George Selleck reported:

BRIG GEN "MICKEY" MOORE

TODAY the 7th Fighter Command pulled a fast, quick stab against Chichi Jima with a sizeable formation of P-51's in the first flight of a round-the-clock bombing campaign which will likely equal in intensity any air offensive to date in the Pacific theater. Taking off in mid-morning from the dust-swept airfield here, still under sporadic artillery and mortar fire from the north, the P-51's burned their way to Chichi, navigating through an overcast to a point above their objective. When they dived at full throttle through the overcast, they broke directly over the target and cascaded their tons of explosives into the heart of the target. Gen Moore, observing from another plane, was reported satisfied with the results of his planes' initial bombing thrust at the enemy.

The raid was the fighters' first bomb-carrying run from here, but not by any means their first assignment. Arriving as soon as the invasion-blasted airstrip could be put in operating order, 7th Fighter squadrons

Newest *JapKil*

idly P-51's goes into action from Iwo airbase

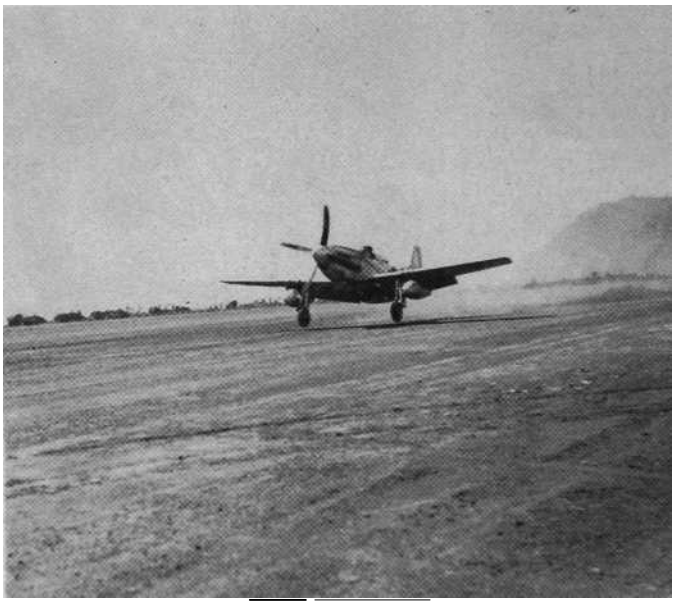
began running strafing missions in support of the Marines who were still fiercely engaged with the deeply burrowed and fanatically resisting Japs a short distance north of the second airfield. They also took over combat air patrols, a task that will be a part of their regular duties in the defense system of the island. Except for Radio Tokyo, which is one of the chief mediums of diversion in these parts, Jap air support and retaliation have thus far been meager. Consequently the fighters haven't had a chance to do much defensively, but they are ready, willing and itchy.

On an island as tiny as this one, where every section is within easy reach of artillery and heavy mortar fire, there are literally no such things as rear areas. So, added to the difficulties of dust-obscured runways and inadequate lighting for night operations, the fighter pilots have faced the periodic menace of small arms and machine gun fire while touring their traffic pattern, and have hit the dirt like any other soldier when a big one burst near-by.

Iwo had two airstrips already built by the defeated Japs, and room for a third on which they had already started work. Coupled with the island's strategic location, this gave our forces a running start on the construction of what is potentially one of our mightiest air bases. Already the island is handling a tremendous amount of traffic; its skies are. filled with the roar of engines, while its surface swarms with hundreds of vehicles and thousands of men preparing installations for the equipment and facilities a first-line fortress requires.

The P-51's are one of the most important parts of the gigantic offensive pattern that will be launched from Iwo. Besides their work in the island's defense system, they have two other potentialities—offensive strikes against nearby Jap bastions, and long-range missions to Japan as fighter cover for the B-29's. The P-51's have done spectacular service in Europe, and air tacticians expect their Pacific performances to be equally sensational. It is certainly the hottest airplane in the Pacific. When a flight of Mustangs streaks over a field, even the most sophisticated and air-wise ground men crane their necks to watch. Its air speed is secret, of course, but anyone who has seen one fly knows it is terrific. It has the altitude to cover most operations that will be made over the Jap homeland, and the range to do it from Iwo. From now on, you can expect to read about P-51's in most communiques from Iwo.

HOME BASE for a while is the soft and ashy strip on Iwo. These P-51's hit the island on D-plus-15, and pulled a big crowd of curious soldiers.



ONE BY ONE the fighters buzzed the field, then peeled off for their landings on Iwo's airstrip No. 1. Next stop for these planes is Tokyo.

IWO LINE today begins to shape up like many another U. S. airfield. The Pacific's newest Jap-killers are there in force, ready to strike.

DEAR ERNIE PYLE:

EDITORIAL...

SO NOW it's happened to you, Ernie. We were all glad when we heard that you had decided to come West. We all liked the idea; we thought here, at last, is a guy who is going to give us a break, here is somebody who is going to tell the folks at home that there is a war out here, too. We were a little worried when we heard that you were going to stay with the Navy, but that was o.k. The Navy is doing a hell of a lot of fighting and doing a damned fine job of it, but we still thought it was hardly the GI way of watching the war. But we let that pass, figuring you could get off your ship from time to time and get a good picture of the life out here.

Then you made a remark in one of your first columns from the Pacific. You said that you had never heard of Kwajalein. That stopped everybody cold, Ernie. It was an honest remark, but nothing more. But not to have heard of Kwajalein, and from a journalist, a guy who claims to represent the little guy in this war! Out here, Ernie, you speak of Kwajalein the same way you speak ■ of Gettysburg. After that crack, we began to worry. There was no way to pass it off—it was worse than civilian talk.

Then you came to Saipan. You didn't say you hadn't heard of that battle or that island. But you came to Saipan, looked around for six days and wrote another column. Saipan, you said, was a great place to soldier, it was a paradise, or words to that effect. That was after six days. Do you think that you would feel the same way after six months, which is just the beginning of service here for most soldiers? If you had asked around a little, Ernie, any Pfc could have told you that six or sixteen or twenty-six months on an island like Saipan or smaller than Saipan does something funny to you. You begin to think that just one more day of sun and wind and coral and water and "paradise" and something inside you is going to snap. A lot of guys kid about it. They call it going "rock happy" and a lot of other names. But it isn't funny. And it isn't something you can find out about in six days.

Saipan isn't bad now. We agree that the weather is fine, the food is improved, there are movies and even women—maybe a hundred or two hundred nurses and Red Cross girls. Probably it isn't unlike North Africa today. But you remember what North Africa was a couple of years ago, and we think that you would hesitate to write about its beauties. Why didn't you ask a couple of Joes about Saipan just a short six or eight months ago ? They would have told you about foxholes, and C-rations and little water for weeks on end. Don't you realize that the Saipan you saw was built from nothing by those same Army and Navy GI's?

Then you got on an aircraft carrier—a ship with the best possible living conditions in the Navy. And in another column you wrote about some enlisted sailors who complained to you about the time they spent away from home—sometimes a whole year. And you explained to them about soldiers in Europe who often had to spend two years away from home. That made the sailors shut up. It should. But why didn't you do the job right and tell the folks at home and those soldiers in Europe about this theater you are supposed to be covering? Why didn't you tell them about the men in the Army here, the men on any of these damned islands?

You'd have to revise some of your figures then, Ernie. You would have to tell that for every guy spending two years in Europe there are guys spending three years here. You would have to say that our four-year men, the Pearl Harbor veterans, are just being sent home now. Some of us have two years here now and we don't even dare to think of going home. Perhaps in another nine months we will get a furlough by signing our names to a paper and agreeing to spend another year here after our furloughs are over. This isn't the Navy and it isn't Europe — this is the Pacific, this is paradise.

A lot of us, even in che Air Corps, got to Iwo pretty early. We got shot at and we lived in foxholes for more days than we can remember. Three men we knew there got a break. They found a sailor friend whose ship, a beat-up old LST, was lying offshore. He took them aboard and they slept for two nights on mattresses and ate steak and roast leg of Iamb and turkey. And they could stand on the deck and watch the fighting. It seemed almost like watching a football game from there, except they could remember what it was really like close up. But if you hadn't been ashore you could easily get the idea that this wasn't a bad war out here, nothing like the fight in Europe. From the ship you couldn't even smell Iwo, unless the wind was right.

And on the LST they saw how the officers ate, Ernie, and remembered from your columns that you had been eating with the officers, like all the correspondents. Even on the LST they had spotless tables with linen table cloths. And when it was mealtime colored mess boys, GI's, hunted up each officer and said "Dinner is being served now, sir."

It was kind of hard, Ernie, picturing you being called to dinner that way, knowing that colored GI's were waiting on you and saying "Dinner is being served now, sir."

None of us can question your courage. You proved that enough times in Europe to satisfy everybody. And you proved that you could, for the sake of honest reporting, live the tough life of the GI under the worst circumstances. But if you were finally fed up with that life (and who could blame you if you were?), why didn't you just call it quits after you came home? Why come out here and live like no GI ever lived and tell the folks back home that this is "paradise?"

You're making liars out of a lot of soldiers here, Ernie. Or is it the other way around?

—The Editors, BRIEF.

Long Before '48

zation faster than if they were in the States. They have heard tall tales of chicken on the Mainland, and are afraid they will get shunted into a poor job after reassignment, and perhaps even be sent overseas again to start all over. They are also betting they will finish their furloughs, come back, sweat out their year and go home on rotation while the war is still on, so that they will be in the States for the armistice.

The men who are holding out for rotation instead of a furlough argue they would be suckers to go home and return for a whole year, when by waiting a few more months they might go home for good. They say that any Stateside job, including permanent latrine orderly, is better than being commanding general on the best rock the Pacific has to offer. Some of them are men who dislike their jobs and their outfits and want to get a new start somewhere else as soon as possible. Some have special family problems that are worrying them. Some are betting that the war in the Pacific will not last more than a year after the European armistice, and they dread being caught overseas at the end of the war, figuring they may have to sweat out a ship for months or even years before they are demobilized. They assume — rightly or wrongly—that men in the States will have an advantage in being demobilized simply because they are handiest, and regardless of any point system.

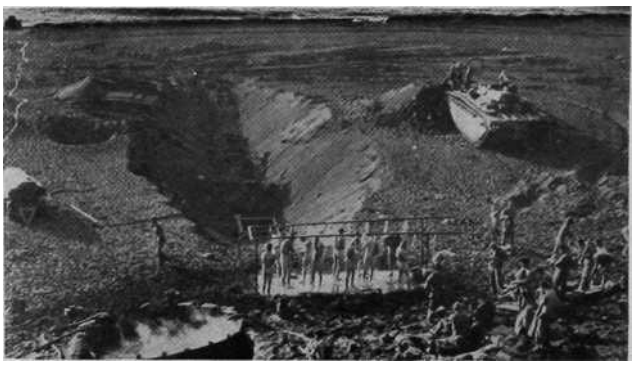
AAFPOA officials expect that a fair number of men, especially those with combat credits, will decide to waive their furlough rights. If they do, it will cut down materially the number of 24-months-plus men in each outfit who want furloughs and will enable many units to clean up their furlough backlog in a comparative hurry, so that in a few months the 24-month eligibility period will mean an almost automatic furlough for most men who want it. But there are a lot of old-timers to go first. Possible Hitches

Two factors may slow down the program: transportation, and a limitation on the number of men who may be absent from their outfit at any one time. POA headquarters will determine the amount of shipping and air transport available for any one month and will inform AAFPOA of its share in this transport. Quotas will have to conform to available passenger space, and if the transient centers jam up, men who are waiting to go home on rotation will get preference in passenger space over men heading back for furloughs. Much more shipping is expected to be available, especially after the European war is over. Air space will handle a large traffic as well —already one man in five is going home by plane. But there will be definite limits, and operations against the Japanese may cut deeply into shipping space from time to time.

More important than transportation space, however, is the question of the number of men who may be away from their units at any one time. Operating efficiency must be maintained and only those men who can be spared .may leave. Once they have gone home, no more may leave until they return. Total elapsed time for a man in the Hawaiian area is figured at about 90 days. If he comes from the forward areas, he can expect to be gone from his outfit for 120 days in all.

"Let's take an example," said one AAFPOA furlough expert. "Here's an outfit with 1000 officers and men, of whom 100 have served more than 24 months out here. Assuming that 950 men are indispensible to efficient operation, it is decided that only 50 men can be absent at any one time. The commanding officer can figure it sev-*(Continucd on page* 1S)

IWO WATER works was set up while the battle still blazed. Steaming hot water comes from distillation unit to reservoir.



WHILE THIRST drove many Japs from their caves, Americans scrubbed away Iwo's black dirt under hot showers.

Forward Echelon

Flying, Dog Fashion

Iwo Jima (Delayed)—First civilian air passenger to land on this hotly contested rock was Rags, a six-month-old pooch who rode with his master, Lt Arthur C. Shepherd of Seattle, when he set his fighter plane down on battered Motoyama strip.

Part wire-haired terrier, Rags is entirely air-broken and likes to fly. He jumped down on the dusty field and immediately set out to look for his more plebeian canine friends who had had to smuggle themselves in by LST.

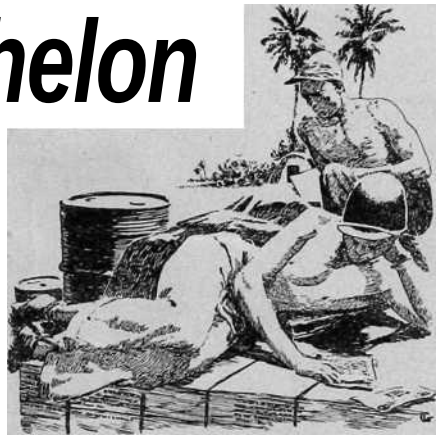
Target Kicks Back

Marianas—The B-29 had turned turtle—it was flat on its back in the air over Japan, and fighting like an overturned turtle to get right-side-up again.

The crew inside didn't know what the hell was coming off. They figured it must be some new maneuver invented by the pilot, because they were certainly in a position not mentioned in the books. Only the pilot knew they were upside-down because a blast set off by their own bombs had lifted them high above the formation and then flipped them over. It wasn't until they made it back to base that the rest of the crew found out just what happened. Then Lt Stanley Black, pilot of Thunderin' Loretta, told them the story.

"We had just finished the bomb run over Osaka and turned away from the target. A blast from the ground slammed us up in the air and tilted us at such an angle that we lost most of our flight instruments. We no sooner pulled out of that than we were hit by another and much more terrific blast. This one flipped the ship over on her back like a cook turning hot cakes on a griddle.

"Before we came out of it we lost airspeed and about 6000 feet of altitude. I was afraid to pull up too fast because the strain on the airplane was terrific. The ship actually was out of control for about seven minutes, but we were upside-down for only a few seconds. As soon as we were righted the co-pilot made a quick trip through the plane. All kinds of small articles, from candy bars to oxygen bottles, were hanging from the ceiling. So was the bombardier. The navigator's chute flew from the front of the plane all the way to the rear, and the central fire control gunner banged down through the floor in the



rear of the plane and broke the plywood. It looked like a mess, but no one was injured, and the only damage to the plane was that both wings were slightly wrinkled."

Thunderin' Loretta's crew still isn't sure exactly what it was that knocked them on their backs. They went in over the target on instruments through a thick overcast. The target itself was covered with smoke and flames, so they can only guess that it was a fuel or ammunition dump that caused the upset. Whatever it was, the crew hopes never to hit another target that will kick back at them the same way.

Case of the Barking Deer

Palaus—The Liberator was named "I'll Get By"—but it didn't. During a bombing run over a Jap target an ack-ack shell burst between the left-wing engines, and both of them flared into flame. A stream of blazing gasoline poured back from the engines into the plane's waist section, and the whole interior became an inferno.

In spite of that, the crew did get by. Every one of them hit the silk and cleared the flaming airplane before it crashed. Then they had to fight the jungle and dodge Japs on the ground. Separated, the crewmen made their individual ways back to an American base, the last straggling in after eight days and nights in the jungle. They had lived on plant roots and other tropical vegetation, while clouds of insects lived on them. One of the weirdest experiences encountered by the men was related by Capt Julian D. Penrose, an AAF observer. He told of the small Philippine deer that barked like dogs. It sounded, he said, for all the world as though the Nips had put bloodhounds on their trail.

Salvage Job

Marianas—The P-38 was turned over to the air service group for salvage, marked "beyond repair." The airplane's retractable landing apparatus looked to be hopelessly damaged. But the mechanics in this engineering squadron were skeptics. They had a record of putting 150 damaged airplanes back into the air, and had even manufactured one fighter entirely from scraps.

Three days after the P-38 was turned over to them, they turned it back—ready for action. Into action it went, in a pre-invasion mission over Iwo Jima. On that mission the fighter that was ready for salvage shot down two twin-engined Jap bombers.

Nice Handling

Marianas—Before the first group of fighters took off for their new base on Iwo Jima, an ammunition crew commanded by Lt Clifford H. Turner hung up a new record for the handling of belted ammunition. In less than four days they belted, by hand, 62,000 rounds of 20-mm. cannon and machine gun ammo. The Lieutenant is naturally proud of that record, but he thinks a more important feat is the processing of 300 tons of bombs since the crew's arrival in the Marianas. Speaking of that, he remarked thoughtfully, "And we didn't drop a one of them."

Parachute Brake Again

Palaus—The trick of tossing out parachutes to slow a disabled plane when landing—originated by 7th AAF bomber crews—worked again for a shot-up B-24 returning from a mission against Zamboanga.

The 7th AAF Liberator, piloted by Lt Edmond J. Bissaillon of Pittsfield, Mass., made the trip to Mindanao in the southern Philippines without incident, but three heavy bursts of ack-ack straddled the plane just before bombs were dropped. One large piece of flak entered the nose, damaging the nose wheel. Another fragment wounded the navigator slightly and a third piece hit the right inboard engine, setting it afire, which was finally extinguished after Lt Bissaillon put the bomber through violent maneuvers.

Heading the plane for an emergency field, Lt Bissaillon decided the damaged hydraulic lines would not provide enough brake pressure for a short runway. Crew members tied three parachutes to gun mounts and pulled the rip cords when the wheels hit. The chutes blossomed out, held and braked the bomber to a stop with plenty of runway to spare.

By CPL BUD NELSON

OAHU—What surprised me more than anything else when I got back here, outside of the fact they had Stateside likker on sale, was the fact so many guys are still here. The last I saw of some of the forward areas, a few weeks ago, they were all living double-deck—so naturally I figured Oahu would be deserted of troops, and the wimmen much the same as I hear they are Stateside.

But it isn't true. Some nefarious character or characters have gone and snatched new GI's from the Mainland fast as we've gotten 'em further south. And Hawaii right now is just as jammed with the tan of the Army and the white of the Navy as ever it was.

* * *

Only they've changed—or maybe I've changed. You can't talk to them like you could—unless, of course, you run into another crowd of guys who've just come back. You are eager to tell them of your experiences, to describe "how it was," and they listen, courteously, but they have other problems, like problems of supply, or problems of listening to the Articles of War, and they are thinking of the next formation they will have to make instead of being enraptured by your every utterance.

At first I thought "what the hell, they ought to hold onto every word, be appreciative, at least, of all this first-hand information," but then I began to realize that there is no way for them to understand until they themselves experience the same thing.

How can you describe an air raid until you've been in one? How can you tell to somebody else how you dive for that foxhole and stick your nose in the dirt when they're strafing? They'll think you're nuts.

How can you explain the odor of a dead Jap, cooking in the sun for two days, until you've smelled him, and how can somebody else, who hasn't been there, understand?

How can you picture a battlefield, like Iwo Jima, until you've been on one? How can you tell somebody else what it feels like to be sniped at?

So what happens? You wind up mixing with' the boys who have been down there—who have felt it—and then it's no longer necessary to explain anything—you only have to recall it and they know what you're talking about.

But although a hell of a lot of the guys who come back here—only to find out they're not considered the big shots they thought they would be considered—are justified in their letdown, it's only because the guys back here can't possibly understand until they get there themselves.

They will, in time.

* * *

Oahu still is the same as you left it. You still fight your way into a bar, take your drinks with one eye on the clock and the other on the bartender. You still find it lucky as all hell if you can shape up a date or a quart of the necessary.

You will find dozens of "rest camps" and the local Snake Ranches are still grinding it out, so many hours a day. In fact, you will find good old Wahoo just about the same 24-hour amount of **pilikia**—and if you can take it, pal, you're welcome to it.

* * *

Me and the Evil Old Man—Moose Strain, the camera clicker—had quite a trip during the past four and a half months. We covered a little better than 20,000 miles and hit just about every spot west of Oahu and east of China. We had quite a lot of fun, too, in between laboring over priorities and what horrid item would be'served up for the next meal.

No doubt two of the horde of GI correspondents which invaded Leyte with Dugout Doug's soldiers have departed for more fertile fields and once again are operating under their own unique systems.

It's quite a trick and gets them many places that the foot-slogging variety of combat correspondents is denied. What they did simply was not bother to "report" into Public Relations headquarters but, armed with typewriter and camera, headed straight for the front lines.

When they got up to the tactical CP they asked the local PRO what was going on. Naturally that officer, overjoyed that correspondents would bother to ask him for information, leaned over backwards to please them. As a matter of fact, this PRO not only personally tied up their jungle hammocks, but chauffered them to the front and, when he was forced to put on tire chains in knee-deep mud, labored while the GI duet sat back and smoked cigarettes.

And later, at the officers' mess, half a dozen assorted Colonels and Majors listened breathlessly as the enlisted men described other travels. After a few days of this delightful—and unusual—treatment, they left.

Later, when they told me their story, I asked them why they didn't reveal their identity.

"Hell," said the photog, "nobody asked

While I was staying down at Bomber Command's area on Saipan, there was a series of Jap sneak thefts among the officers' tents. One night a guard, just after one such theft, hollered: "There goes the bastard—into that grass!"

Inside of five minutes the Bomber Command commandos, armed to the teeth, and with exceedingly high echelon indeed arguing over who was in command of what, began launching a counterattack.

Their first step was to order out all vehicles. Then, after much maneuvering and commanding and counter-commanding, the vehicles surrounded the battle-area and flooded it with their headlights. After this was accomplished, amid more orders and revoking of same, men and officers formed small groups and entered the area from all directions—like a Kansas rabbit hunt. And they were all armed, too! Miraculously, no one got hurt.

Next morning the motor pool's pet goat came munching her way out from the area!

Japan's Invisible Ally *(Confd)*

data to the large amount collected by ground stations in Allied territory and the big Army and Navy patrol planes. Result was an up-to-date and accurate check of the weather to and from Japan.

First to try his luck in a life raft was Mr. Grantham, when his plane ran out of gas 65 miles from home. "I bruised my back badly in the water crash," he said, "and two other men were cut. We lost two gunners somehow, but the rest of us managed to get into two 5-man rafts. An hour later, a Navy PBM spotted us when we released our dye marker in the sea. Then , some P-47's buzzed us and led a destroyer to us within just a few hours." A couple of weeks later, Lt Robert J. Moore of San Jose, Calif., also underwent a ditching experience and was adrift for more than a day before being rescued.

Lt Frederick R. Worthen of Tacoma, Wash., had a rougher deal than the first two. He was highly praised by his fellow weathermen for having saved a crewman's life. "Worthen's plane came down near a small island, which was believed to be occupied by Japs," said Grantham. "There was a heavy sea running, so the ditching was a rough one and several men were .injured in the crash. Worthen used to be on the swimming team at Stanford University. He took one man, both of whose legs were broken, and towed him through the surf to a rocky beach. The crew huddled on the beach, trying to look like lava and not attract the Japs' attention. Luckily they were spotted by our search planes and soon a dozen planes showed up, swooping and diving above the men to discourage the Japs from trying any funny business. But when a destroyer appeared, it couldn't approach the beach. So Worthen towed his man back out through the surf again to a whale boat." Weather Unbelievable

During three months of flying over the Empire, the weathermen encountered conditions they couldn't believe themselves. Most amazing phenomenon was the velocity of the westerly gales from Asia. With four great engines going full blast, turning out 8,800 horsepower, the big planes sailed steadily backwards on several occasions, like an 80-mile-an-hour plane in a 90-mile wind tunnel. Weathermen described that sensation as the eeriest they had ever experienced. Sometimes the Superforts would hang motionless for half an hour, like a seagull soaring into the wind. Wise guys suggested installing a jib or mainsail so the plane could tack back and forth in such a wind to make headway.

Cloud conditions were sensational, too. Southeasterly trade winds, warm and moist as they followed the Japanese current, boiled up against the opposing cold winds from Asia along the Japanese coast line. Clouds formed in layers and decks all the way up, moving at conflicting speeds and directions to provide a king size headache for the bombardiers. The lead formation might find the target clear. Rear elements, five minutes behind, would find it socked in. Weathermen recorded all conditions, and back at base the results were studied by some of the world's best meteorologists, who came to the Pacific area to help solve the new problems that confronted heavy bombardment of Japan.

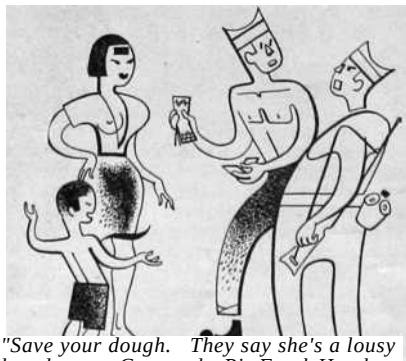
Summing up results, Capt Everts said that in some ways, Japanese weather had been overrated at first. Winds quite often were extreme, but the Superforts have been able to operate in most gales they have encountered. Weather from the Marianas to Japan has little turbulence; once over the Empire, the B-29's are above the turbulence level. Rime ice occurred frequently at abnormally high altitudes and during the winter severe icing conditions may begin over Honshu under 5,000 feet. But here again, the Forts fly above most ice in the relatively dry and clear air of the sub-stratosphere.

"The worst weather conditions over the Empire are now over for several months," he said. "Winter is nearly past. During spring and summer crews can expect lower wind velocities until well into autumn, when the hurricane season will begin. However, warmer weather probably will create worse cloud conditions than in the winter months—so it's six of one and half a dozen of another. Clear skies will be rare until next fall."

The eight original volunteers, now replaced by other flying weathermen, were carried as non-rated flying officers and drew $60 a month extra pay for their trouble, instead of the usual 50 per cent of base pay. They did not get Stateside rotation after completing their tour of duty. "Maybe we were crazy," Capt Everts said. "We all realized the hazards involved in this kind of flying and most of us encountered some rough experiences. But we figured it this way: if we weren't flying, they'd probably have us censoring mail. That's enough to make anyone take to the air."

Cpl Richard L. **Dugan and** S.Sgt **Bob** Speer

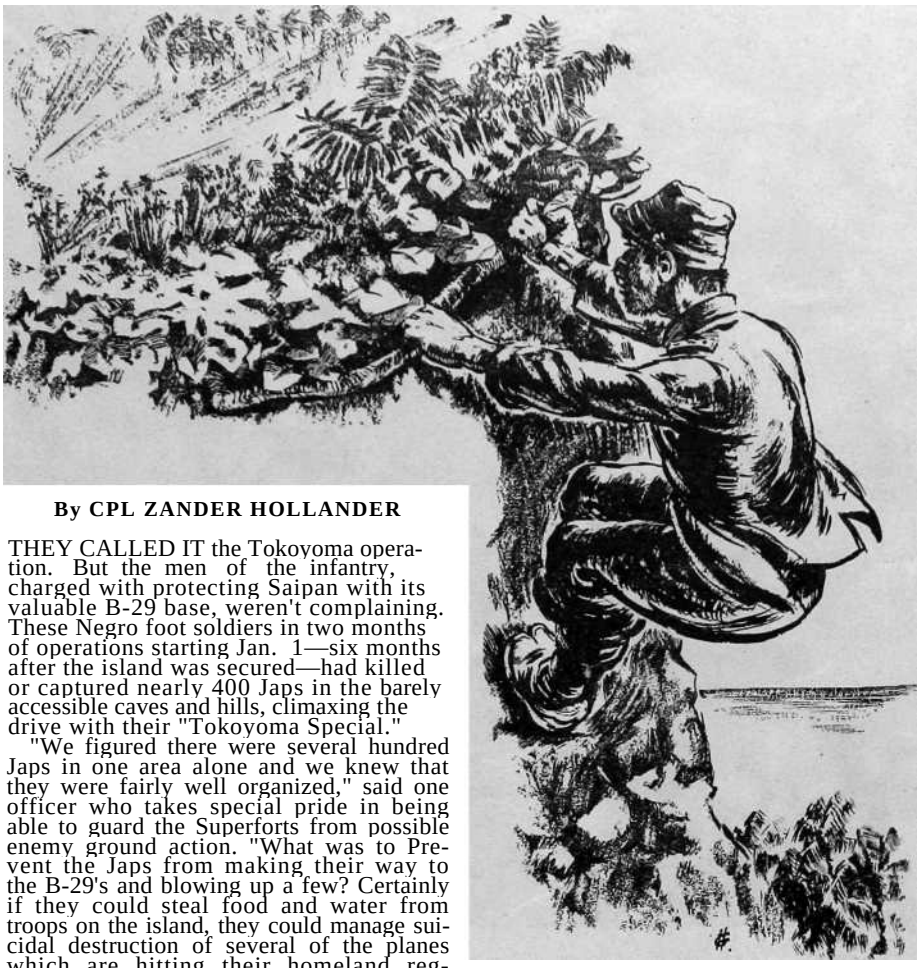
THAT PALM TREE over in the corner of this picture is a Hollywood palm and has no similarity to the real or permanent party palms you find out here. Oh yes—the girl is Gene Tierney.



"Save your dough. They say she's a lousy laundress. —Cartoon by Pjc Frank Hcnslty.

'The Tokoyoma Operation'

Every night the Japs had been watching movies from a cliff until this last campaign cleaned out their Saipan hideout



By CPL ZANDER HOLLANDER

THEY CALLED IT the Tokoyoma operation. But the men of the infantry, charged with protecting Saipan with its valuable B-29 base, weren't complaining. These Negro foot soldiers in two months of operations starting Jan. 1—six months after the island was secured—had killed or captured nearly 400 Japs in the barely accessible caves and hills, climaxing the drive with their "Tokoyoma Special."

"We figured there were several hundred Japs in one area alone and we knew that they were fairly well organized," said one officer who takes special pride in being able to guard the Superforts from possible enemy ground action. "What was to Prevent the Japs from making their way to the B-29's and blowing up a few? Certainly if they could steal food and water from troops on the island, they could manage suicidal destruction of several of the planes which are hitting their homeland regularly."

It was on the afternoon of Feb. 8 that the unit's most extensive "flushing" performance began. For some time prior to the operation, rumors of a Jap group headed by a captain had persisted. But nobody knew his hideout.

An L company patrol of two officers and 14 enlisted men discovered a bivouac area having many small shelters and capable of housing between 100 and 200 men. Because of insufficient strength to cope with the estimated opposition, the patrol withdrew immediately, but not before they had killed the only Jap around at the time. " A sweep of company force to destroy the area was planned. Reconnoitering the area on Feb. 10, one platoon killed three of the enemy, discovered the Japs were healthy, had plenty of food and water, and were stocked with rifles, ammunition and grenades.

"The following day things started to happen," said the regimental plans and training officer. "Four Japs surrendered on the civilian farms and interrogations by interpreters revealed one of them as a right-hand man of the Jap captain. He had been in charge of 30 men stationed at a point which would prevent any Japanese from escaping to the farm area and surrendering. He said he surrendered because he grew tired of the men quarreling over the women and because food and water were running low. He stated that the captain and 300 Japs armed with three light machine guns, numerous rifles, pistols, grenades and mortars were still around.

"On Feb. 12, the Jap was taken from the POW stockade to the vicinity of the cliff occupied by the Japs. It was this area that he called Tokoyoma. He pointed out that the Castle Theater in the engineer dump below the cliff provided 100 to 150 men with entertainment nightly, even if they didn't understand what was said. He further indicated which sections of the cliff were most densely filled with men and consequently, these sections were selected as initial targets for a barrage. Further observations of the cliff at 1815 that night showed a group of 40 Japs leaving the area—probably on a foraging expedition."

The stage was set now for the tactical phase of the plan. All mortars available in the regiment and also four 75-mm. howitzers were massed for the barrage preliminary to the actual sweep. Companies were to move into position on the north, east, and south sides of Tokoyoma. The west was a sheer cliff with an open area at the base which was covered by two machine guns. On completion of the barrage, the east company was to sweep forward, thoroughly cover the area and come down one exit in the face of the cliff, while the north and south companies were to remain in place. Following the sweep, the latter companies were to search the area and then all three assemble at the foot of the cliff.

Mortar ammunition was dumped at the various posts on Feb. 14 and the next day the rifle companies moved into position according to plan, meeting no opposition and observing no Japs.

"At 0940 fire was commenced by all mortars simultaneously," said the Major. "The entire top of Tokoyoma was covered by the barrage and many fires were started. After six illuminating shells were fired from the 60-mm. mortar, the assault company moved forward. One squad had shifted position just prior to the barrage and saw a shell explode in their former position. Another squad had a dud land in their midst. Fortunately, no one was injured.

"Ten minutes after the shooting had lifted, four Japs came forward and surrendered. One prisoner said the barrage had caught his group completely by surprise. He said there were 300 Japs living on Tokoyoma with the captain in command. The PW figured 10 were killed and 15 wounded seriously. Some had escaped by hanging over the cliff's edge during the firing. This was the area hit by the cannon.

"The rifle company swept the area and encountered only slight sniper fire. One man was wounded in the arm. It turned out later that he was the only Yank casualty in the entire operation. At least 32 Nips were killed, with an undetermined number wounded. However, none of the latter were found. Among the captured materials were nine rifles, a sword, a radio receiver and transmitter set (with no batteries). One soldier shot a Jap and brought back a live goose which had been fastened to the Jap's belt."

One corpsman was released to bring back five of his friends. He returned with 13 Japs. The procedure continued and so did the procession of surrendering Japs, civilians and military alike.

One of the prisoners said that he wished to talk to his comrades on Tokoyoma because their captain had lied to them when he said they would be killed if they surrendered. He was well pleased with his treatment.

All interrogations indicated the presence of 50 to 100 Japs still on Tokoyoma. They lived in nearby areas during the day, but gathered on Tokoyoma at night. Another barrage was planned.

"Lights and a PA system were set up and the area was surrounded at dusk to intercept any Japs that might try to leave during the barrage," said the Major. "A large initial concentration was planned on specified target areas, after which the whole ridge was to be covered. A period for surrender was to be without mortar fire and . then regular firing would be maintained for the rest of the night. The lights were to remain on and the Japs were told they could surrender any time at their own risk from the harrassing fire, but safety was guaranteed within the lighted circle. At dawn one company was to sweep the area.

"The ambushes moved into position about 1815 and at 2030 the barrage commenced. Cannon and mortar fire, followed by the PA system, resulted in nine more Jap captives, and when the company swept the area at dawn, 22 bodies were uncovered, three more Japs killed and two taken prisoner."

The siege continued for the next three days and only one Jap surrendered. Thus ended the Tokoyoma operation, one which cost the enemy 202 killed or captured, and just a single Yank soldier wounded.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

NEXT WEEK big league umpires will shout "play ball" for the beginning of the fourth season of wartime baseball. Biggest figure on all major loop diamonds this year, as never before, will be the spectre of the draft, which has in recent weeks cut deeply into the rosters of all 16 already depleted clubs. Most managers will be counting on a lot of once-retired ballplayers and untried kids when they pick their starting lineups for the first games. And bitter experience in recent months has taught them to count on no one. Four-F's, once considered safe bets to finish a season, have been going at a startling rate. About 50 percent of those called up for re-examination since the Byrnes crack-down on pro athletes, have been accepted. And this policy has caused a lot of players with temporary winter war jobs and farms to hesitate before signing contracts that would take them from occupational deferments. Not until President Roosevelt gave baseball the tentative green light did many old-timers show up at spring training camps.

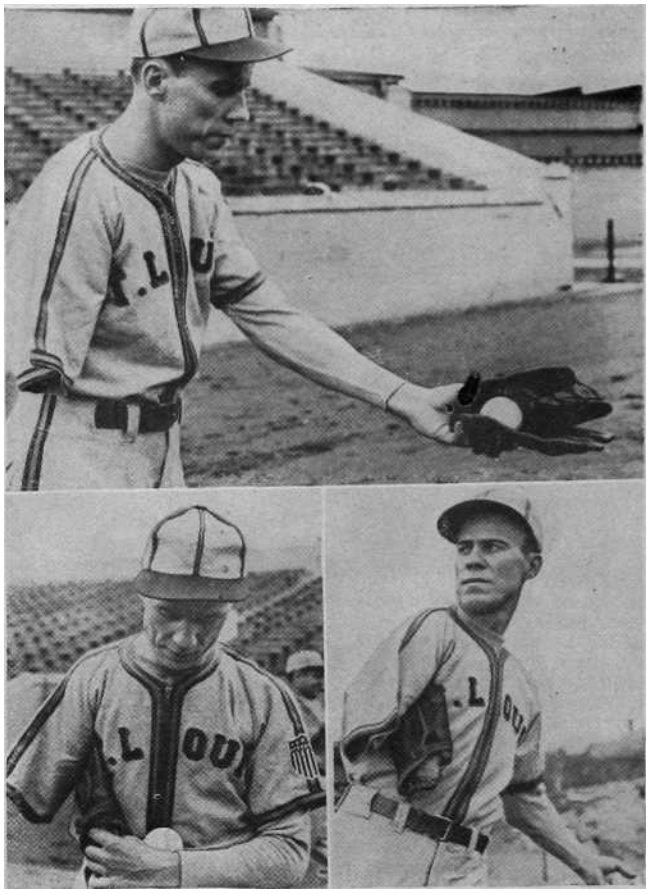
On the surface at least, the season will resemble last year's. All the clubs have trained at middle-south camps in places like Maryland and Illinois in order to keep off the railroads, and schedules again call for only three extended road trips for each team. Biggest change from last year is the fact that the World's Series has been tentatively called off.

On the books it is anybody's race in either league. The Browns seem to have lost fewer men than any other strong club, while the champion Cards will be considerably weaker than last year. Despite Trout and Newhouser, A. L. pitching averages reached a new low last year and they won't improve. Only the loss of key hitters like Dick Wakefield will keep it from being a walkaway for the batters in both leagues. Pitchers require more seasoning than other players, and some indication of the managers' problems in that line is the fact that Mel Ott is counting heavily on such oldsters as Van Mungo, Johnny Allen and Cliff Melton for his Giants' mound staff.

The draft has cut heaviest into the minors; 301 percent of minor league players are in the services, as against 90 percent of the majors. This means a big shortage of replacements. Old men will have to fill in. Joe Cronin, who has "retired" off and on for the last five years, will probably start at first base for his Red Sox.

Yes, it will be a peculiar season. It will be baseball, but fans expect that if the first pitched ball isn't a wild pitch, it may well be hit and bobbled for a three-base error.

Anything can happen.



PETE GRAY, one-armed outfielder up with the Browns, will be the most watched player of the year. Above he shows stages of catching fly, tucking glove under his arm and making peg. (PAP)

WEARING JACKETS against icy New Jersey winds, Yanks run out onto their spring training grounds at Atlantic City. (Acme)

SCHNOZZ LOMBARDI, veteran backstop of N. Y. Giants, works out the winter kinks with Outfielder Charlie Meade. (Acme)

sports

Editor: ZANDER HOLLANDER

Servicemen in Sports

Tony Janiro, the Youngstown, Ohio, lightweight sensation, who is listed on New York boxing records as 20 years old, recently took his first physical exam for the Army. Draft board records have him as 18. Tony's fought some main events illegally in New York if the draft board is right and New York boxing officials wrong. And do you want to bet on who has the right figures?

The entire starting eleven of the 1941 Chicago Bears, including the head coach, are in the service. All but center Bulldog Turner, who has only been in uniform a few weeks, are commissioned officers, and seven players and coach George Halas have seen overseas service.... The performance that ship's cook Ted Gray, former Detroit farmhand, has been turning in on the pitching rubber in the South Pacific, has the Bengals waiting eagerly for him to get back into civvies.

Marine Lt Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame All-America back, was holding hands with Lady Luck in Iwo Jima. Landing in one of the assault waves, Bertelli, making his first invasion, was with a group of seven or eight men that stepped into an area on which the Nips had zeroed a mortar. Shells came over and exploded within 50 feet of Bertelli, injuring every man in the party except Bullet Bert. ...Bill Corum, New York Journal-American sports columnist, is on leave of absence from his paper doing a hitch as a foreign correspondent with the Allies across the Rhine in Germany. Corum was there in the last war, too, but as a soldier, not a writer.

Frank Kilroy, Philadelphia Eagle tackle who was on the Normandy beach on D-Day, has gone to sea again as a ship's doctor .... A recent Pacific release had Lt Byron "Whizzer" White as a bomber pilot with Admiral Mitscher's Task Force 58 belting Japan. It didn't say how the former PT boat skipper and Colorado All-American got in his flight training. (ANS.)

By SGT ROGER ANGELL

Here's another addition for your file labeled "Things Are So Chicken in the States That I Don't Want to Go Home Anyway." We suggest that you keep this morale file in operation until you find out just how the new furlough and reassignment policies work out.

The Clipper, newspaper for the 4th AAF in the States, had an empty middle page in a recent issue, so they filled it with an article about MP's. This story, rather self-consciously called "The GI Cop Is No Gorilla," goes all out to tell how the modern MP is a combination of good looks, intelligence, sympathy and GI deportment—sort of a Judge Hardy with an Errol Flynn physique. "The MP," they say, "is a thoroughly constructive influence in the life of a soldier."

Our dealings with MP's have intentionally been few and far between, so we aren't qualified to add any comments of our own to the story. But somehow the following incident described by the Clipper seems to be as good a reason as any to be glad that you are overseas.

This MP "found a Sergeant in a local nightspot on a recent evening, who was sitting with his wife. The Sergeant was out of uniform, not having stripes on his sleeves. This could easily have been a guardhouse customer, but the Sergeant was celebrating a wedding anniversary. The MP let him off with only a delinquency report."

Big league baseball is really sweating it out this year, with the increased draft raising hob in the punctured eardrum set. But The Sporting News recently uncovered an item about one league that was completely discontinued by bombs in the outfield. This was the baseball played by the natives of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, who were taught the game by the Japs. Rivalry was keen between teams who made road trips by getting into their canoes and traveling from atoll to atoll.

The climax of the season each year was the world's series between the best of the Marshall islanders and the Caroline All-Stars, played in Jaluit Stadium. The winner got a Jap flag. The Sporting News didn't say who was ahead in the series, but our spies report that the Truk outfit, with southpaws from their powerful UHthi and Yap farms, would have been a cinch to win the next encounter.

We have always been puzzled by the question of who writes all those official directives and memos that pour into every Army office. Not so much that we want to meet the man face to face, but we would like to know where in God's name he learned to write the English language. Surely no normal school or college ever turned out a man who could whip a few simple sentences into such a porridge of complex-compound confusion. There must be a school somewhere that teaches them (and the men who make out income tax forms) how to write officialese.

We offer the following examples (taken at random from a few recent Army regulations) as Reason A why First Sergeants have nasty dispositions.

This one tells you how to make out something called a Stock Balance and Consumption Report: "(f) Current Net Obligations: Enter the quantity of current net obligations which will be determined by adding the obligations incurred from consuming activities during the thirty days prior to the reporting date and deduct from that sum the total representing all obligations to consuming activities filled during the same period."

This next paragraph tells how a statistical reports control system operates. At least that's what the regulation says it does: "Where a headquarters of an air force or command, or other such independent activity has delegated the responsibility for control of reporting to a control office other than statistical control such control office may continue to be so responsible on approval of Control Office, Headquarters, AAFPOA."

There must have been some idea or thought there originally, but God knows where it went. Maybe headquarters is faced with an acute shortage of commas. We would offer to write that phrase (after explanation by its author) in one clear, short paragraph, if we weren't afraid of being given a permanent job in our orderly room as an interpreter.

But the art of officialese was brought to its highest pinnacle in one short sentence in a recent directive on rotation. We have read this several times anxiously under our breath, because it probably is very important. We tried reversing some of the seven words, but it never quite jelled.

Here it is: "Rotation quotas are mandatory, military necessity permitting."

What?

Long Before '48 *(Cont'd)*

eral ways. He can request that about 16 men a month go home. So 16 go in May, 16 more in June and maybe 18 in July. By August the first 16 have returned and 16 more can go. This can continue until he's all caught up. Or he can decide to send all 50 in May. Nobody else would go in June or July. In August the first 50 would be back and he would request that 50 more would go. These men would be back in November, and he'd have gotten rid of his entire original backlog. But in the six months it took him to do so, many more probably would have become eligible, and it would now be their turn to go. Eventually his outfit would be caught up.

"Substantial Improvement"

"Yet while all this is going on, the ones who didn't go are becoming eligible for rotation, and some of them may start going home on reassignment in addition to the batch on furlough. In fact, many of the 100 probably would turn down furlough anyway, so catching up on the backlog isn't as difficult as it might seem. We expect many of our smaller units to catch up almost immediately and to stay that way. It will be a tougher proposition with larger outfits that have been out here a long time, but even in these cases there will be substantial improvement over the past. Between furloughs and rotation their situation will be eased a lot.

"We can't promise anything. Unforeseen events can change things overnight and shipping needs might take a turn for the worse. The question of military necessity is a rough one too—if an outfit is scheduled to go in on an operation soon, obviously we can't strip it to the bone. It will need every trained man it can get for the job ahead. Certain types of units already are operating pretty close to the margin and are having difficulty in obtaining trained reinforcements. Others may be far over strength for their present job and can afford to send a lot of men home. But looking at the overall picture, we think many more men will be heading Stateside than ever before in the Pacific war."

An important factor in both furlough and rotation plans is that they are designed to handle future situations as well as the present. With the European armistice, hordes of soldiers from that theater will be coming into the Pacific to help finish the job out here. The "prior overseas service credits" they receive will mean that after they serve their minimum of a year in the theater, many of them will start dovetailing into furloughs and reassignment along with soldiers who have spent their entire hitch out here.

***by* Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"**

She Looks Different Without Bangs

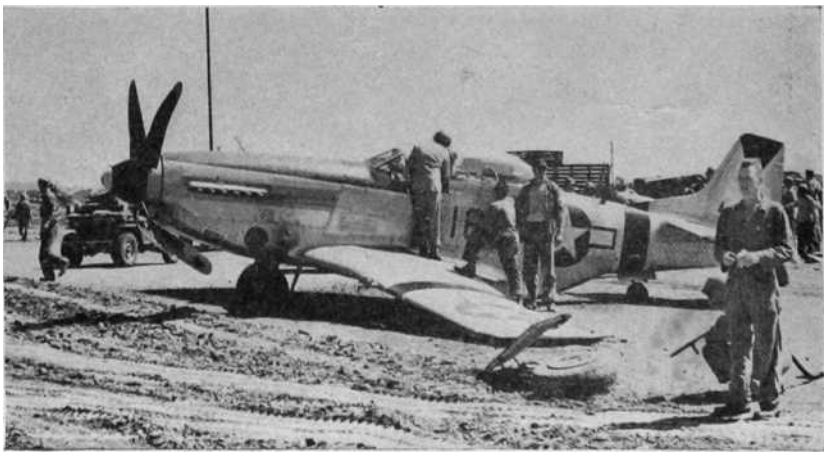
Male Call

SLEWING AROUND violently, a parked Mustang bursts into flame (top) after being struck by another P-51 landing on Iwo airstrip. Crash crewmen are already fighting the flames. Loaded with gasoline, the plane finally was destroyed, however (right), even while the bystanders rescued pilot trapped in first P-51 up-side-down nearby.

HOT LANDING

IN THE BEGINNING, the Motoyama airstrip on Iwo Jima was strictly makeshift. When the first squadron of long-range P-51's landed there on D-plus-15, pilots worried more about the rough runway than they did about Pistol Pete, the Jap artilleryman who had been dropping 12-centimeter shells on the field. Hastily patched shell and bomb craters from the pre-invasion shellacking, clouds of volcanic ash blowing across the field, soft sand, sharp flak and shrapnel fragments all combined to make landings hazardous. The strip was still under construction, too short to give much leeway to the hot Mustangs. It was so short that 7th AAF ground crewmen, watching from jeeps at the end of the strip, were nearly scalped by approaching planes (left), and had to duck and run for it. The first two fighters made safe—if bumpy—landings. The third (bottom photos) came to grief from a small piece of shrapnel on the matting, which blew a tire. The pilot was unhurt in the resulting belly-skid, but the P-51's propeller took a beating. A couple of days later more Mustangs arrived and a freak accident resulted (top photos). Trying to cut his approach short, the pilot miscalculated, pancaked atop a parked fighter, then flipped over on top of another one. The first parked plane—luckily unoccupied—caught fire. The pilot was pulled out of his overturned Mustang with slight injuries. Score:'one plane destroyed, one badly damaged, one able to fly after repairs. Other mishaps occurred, but work on the base went on from dawn to dusk, lengthening and improving the strip, and soon the Iwo field stopped looking like a battle-ground and became a serviceable airbase.

PILOT OF THIRD P-51 to land on Iwo Jima climbs hurriedly from the wrecked plane (above), after shrapnel on runway punctured tire, as crew chief beckons aid. Mechanics (right) rushed to inspect the landing damage.



Ramsay Ames