



questions--all supposed to measure the same thing, which they gave at different intervals to as to avoid cheating; Bill had taken one that had different questions than I had. Why then the interview at all????

I got a telegram telling me to report to San Francisco on the 28th of July, 1942. My dad took the morning off and he and my mother went down to the S.P. Station to see me off. (I might take a little time to outline how that little ceremony evolved over the period encompassing when we all went into the services. When Dick went into the Navy in the fall of 1941, everyone but Charlie went down to the station. Charlie was on his mission. When I went, Mom and Dad went with me. When Charlie went in, Mom and Dad went with him, but Dad just took an hour off. When Red went in, Dad said good bye the night before. Mom went with him.) In San Francisco, I reported in and took the oath and was instructed that we would be taken to Santa Ana, California the next day on a deluxe train out of Oakland on the Santa Fe Railroad. We were further instructed that the train had a club car, but that we ought to take it easy on the booze because we would have a physical the next

day. The train would be a special express with deluxe accommodations etc. etc. The first of a long line of Army double talk. The train was old and dirty. The cars, though they were lighted by electricity, still had the fixtures at each end and in the ceiling for gas lighting. They were that old. The train stopped to let every other train on the line pass us. When we got to Bakersfield, we transferred to buses and we got to Santa Ana at four in the morning. The driver got lost somewhere south of Los Angeles. Thus, the trip took something like 20 hours--This was deluxe.

We were greeted with cries of, "You'll be sorry!" and put to bed. No physical the next day--just a long day of total confusion and thus I had my introduction to the efficiency of the Army.

They gave me a physical and immediately classified me as a pilot in spite of the fact that I had applied as a Navigator. I decided, "O.K. I'll fly their dumb airplanes," and started pre-flight school as a pilot. Three weeks later, they called me out of school and announced that I couldn't be a pilot because my left eye was twenty-thirty and pilots had to have twenty-twenty vision and transferred me to Navigation pre-flight school. (Later on they changed the rules and accepted twenty-thirty if it could be corrected with glasses, but by then I was overseas.)

Maybe I ought to tell you about my first brush with military courtesy. It was the third day I was at Santa Ana land I was

notified to report to the squadron commander. I went to his office and when told to go in, I went in and said, "You wanted to see me?" My goodness, you should have heard the invective; it went on for quite a while. When he calmed down, I told him that obviously I had done something wrong, but that I didn't know what it was and if he would tell me what the trouble was, I would correct it. What was wrong was that I didn't salute him when I came and give the formula, "Cadet Busath reporting as ordered, sir!" We parted friends. I can't remember what he wanted me for.

I was in Squadron 90. I was a beaver; shined my shoes; made my bed; saluted the right people and didn't salute the wrong ones. As a result I was made Cadet Sergeant. Cadet Sergeant got all the crummy assignments. He had to march the squadron to meals; march them to classes and conduct close order drill. I was not much of a disciplinarian, so for drill and marching we developed some variations. At drill, for instance, instead of marching all over the field, doing, "To the right flank, march; to the rear march; about face; right oblique march," which was boring and tiring, we played a game. We formed a circle and one man was, "It." He started marching toward someone in the circle and that person had to give him an order, in the proper sequence and on the proper foot so as to make him go somewhere else. The command had to be given in the proper parade ground voice and the execution on the correct foot. If he failed, he was "It," and the game continued. One day a brand new second lieutenant approached me and asked what the hell was going on instead of a proper drill and I explained the game to him. He left and about half an hour later, we noticed that his squadron was playing the game.

The other thing we inaugurated was the, "Busath Shuffle." That consisted of the squadron marching along, going to class or chow or somewhere, counting cadence etc. etc. and someone-- anyone--shouting, "Busath Shuffle--Hup" (on the correct foot.) At this point everyone in the formation halted and traded places with someone else and the instigator yelled, "Forward March!" and we went on. We got good at it to the point where it only took about five seconds to accomplish. We were on the way back from drill one day when someone gave the command and we went through the shuffle. About a block on we met another brand new second lieutenant who had me halt the formation. He asked, "What was that?" and I told him, "The Busath Shuffle." he then asked for my name and I told him. By the time we got back to the squadron area, there was a set of orders relieving me of my duties as sergeant. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi!

Here again I am not going to try and figure out what happened here.

We had a Cadet Captain. I forget his name. He was a slob. He had been in the Army a couple of years before becoming a

cadet and presumably, was chosen for his previous experience. he was overbearing, loud, profane and obnoxious. He had his own room, while we slept in open bays. He assigned me as Charge of Quarters one day. Charge of Quarters is assigned to stay in the barracks all day to guard against thievery and fire and he is supposed to make an inspection of each cadet's area and write up infractions. Enough "gigs" could keep a man on base on Saturday-Sunday passes. I made the inspection and wrote up the Cadet Captain with enough gigs to keep him on base for about three weeks. His bed wasn't made, his shoes weren't shined, his socks rolled etc. etc.. I posted the gig sheet as required on the bulletin board and went about my business. When the guys got in from P.T., there was great laughter and rejoicing and in came the Cadet Captain. He took one look at the gig sheet, tore it off the bulletin board and came into the office breathing fire. He told me never to do that again. I told him that he'd better not make me C.Q. again and that's where it stayed. I never did C.Q. again. He was later thrown out of the cadets for cheating on his P.T. figures. He would, instead of running the hundred yard dash, would put down an acceptable figure; instead of doing the long jump, he just put down another acceptable figure etc. etc. Some one ratted on him (Not I.) and out he went.

A good number of Navigation Cadets were men who had washed out of pilot training for some reason or other. I only met two of them who washed out because they couldn't fly. One was Curt Barnard who maintained they kept from washing him out much too long--that he was a menace in the skies and the other was a guy named Huston who maintained that he could fly like anything--he just couldn't land and that he was forever leveling out about thirty feet above the ground, imperiling both himself and the instructor. All the rest had some personal reason--"I didn't know that girl I danced with was the Instructor's wife." or, "I didn't know the instructor hated Italians. etc. etc.

As I said, I was a beaver; I even tutored kids in math and physics and for the most part, I kept my nose clean. At the end of three months, they called twelve of us out of the squadron, assembled us together and told us we were the cream of the squadron. Because we were the cream, they were giving us the best break possible--we were going overseas. (More Army bull.) They shipped us up to San Francisco where we waited for a ship and off we went. There was one plus out of this; I got to see my folks. They came down to Berkeley to the Lindblads and I went over there on a Sunday.

We sailed on the President Cleveland--the first trip the ship made as a troop ship. There were about 14000 troops on

the ship, going to Hawaii They didn't know what we were--whether we were officers or enlisted men. They finally decided we were sort of officers and that was a break. Actually, we were still enlisted men. My serial number was 19069472 which is an enlisted number, but we had sense enough not to tell them. They did figure out that we must have been something on the order of a second lieutenant, Jr. Grade because on the second day out, an Army Captain came to where we were living, (in the detention ward for mental patients.) and drafted four of us to supervise clean up crews of Army men to police the ship. I was far back in the ward and they didn't find me.

We got to eat with the officers from menus they used when the ship was a cruise ship. We ate like kings from menus about a yard square, while the enlisted men ate two meals a day at ten A.M. and four P.M and the ten o'clock meal was always sandwiches. They did give them Pepsi-Cola for sea sickness.

It turns out that I am not the best sailor in the world. We went under the Golden Gate Bridge just as lunch was being called. I ordered a sumptuous lunch and about the time it came we hit the long Pacific swell outside the Golden Gate. I finished the meal, but I wasn't happy. I never got actively sick, but I never got totally well for the first three days of the ten day trip. Then I ate like a horse to make up.

We started school--twelve of us in Class 43 D. The instructor was a Captain with a purple heart and a couple of other medals who started out by saying, "You men will all fly combat. We have been losing crews in the south Pacific because the Navigators we have been getting from the states are not properly trained in over-water navigation. You will be properly trained, that is, those of you who graduate." He was right. Only seven of us graduated, but we did know over water celestial navigation.

It might be appropriate here, to tell you about the rest of the class back at Santa Ana. When they finished pre-flight, they all went up to Sacramento and about ninety per cent of them graduated. When they graduated, they took the whole class down to Hondo, Texas, where they were starting a new Navigation school and made every one of them instructors. so much for becoming a Navigator to avoid combat.



Living accommodations at Hickham Field were interesting. We lived in a concrete barracks on the second floor. To get to the showers, one had to detour around several holes in the floor, about ten feet in diameter. They were bomb holes left from Pearl Harbor. The only repairs were barriers built around them to keep people from falling through the holes in the dark.

Training was gruelling. We went to class from eight in the morning until ten at night with time out for meals and about

an hour in the late afternoon. We had classes in Dead Reckoning for three weeks and then we flew every day for a week. Dead Reckoning is navigating by compass with corrections for the effect of the wind which you obtain by either observing the wind effect on the waves if you are flying at low altitude or by using the drift meter, which shows the angle at which you are drifting with respect to the heading of the aircraft. Once you get a drift reading on one heading, then you fly a short distance on a heading forty-five degrees off your course in one direction, then forty five degrees off in the other direction. This is called a double drift and if you read the drift meter accurately, gives you a wind direction and velocity which you can use to correct the heading of the aircraft so as to make good the track you want to fly. My first flight was from Hickham which was on the island of Oahu, to the south tip of the Big Island of Hawaii in an ancient B-18, which was nothing more than a D.C. 2 with a bomb bay. Outward bound, I was in the nose reading drift on the bomb sight. Coming back, I was in the navigator's station behind the pilots. Crossing the big island, you had alternate strips of jungle and lava. Flying at 1500 feet, it was rough, with alternate surges up about 300 feet and then down the same amount. Going out, I was horizontal over the bomb sight and it didn't bother me. Up on the flight deck, I was upright and that was another matter. After about ten minutes of this, the co-pilot handed me the compass cover and said, "Here kid, let it go." and I did. It took me three or four flights to get over my airsickness. It would come back whenever I laid off flying for a considerable length of time and then flew in rough weather or was nervous.

I don't know how much actual flying the cadets did at Mather, but we got quite a bit of it and I think that was the best part of the training. We got to put the theory into actual practice. We read drift off of white caps over water, we flew double drifts in quantity to determine wind direction and speed; we got comfortable flying out of sight of land. (That first time you fly our of sight of land is scary; it needn't be; the Hawaiian Islands are pretty hard to miss once you get right down to it.)

We started Celestial theory. Celestial Navigation is nothing more than being able to plot a small segment of a circle which could be drawn on the map representing the circle of equal altitude of any star or planet at any given time. That is if you measure the altitude of the sun at any given moment, theoretically you could draw a circle on the map of the world representing the loci of all the spots on the world where the sun would have that altitude at that given moment. With the use of spherical trigonometry, reduced to correlation tables,

you can plot a short segment of that circle on a chart and know, if your observations of the star or other celestial body was accurate, that at that moment you were on that segment. If you get two objects such as the moon and a star or a star and a planet which make two lines at an angle with each other, then, where the two lines cross is a "fix"--you were at the point where they cross at the time of the observation. If you get three to cross at one point, you have even a stronger assurance that the information is good. The problem is taking the sight. The airplane is not totally stable; it goes up and down; it goes through the air in a corkscrew motion and to take a sight, you have to observe the object, while at the same time, centering a leveling bubble in the instrument to provide an artificial horizon. The motion of the plane moves the bubble, (obeying Newton's First Law of Motion,) and you have automatically to correct for this motion constantly. What you finally arrive at is an average over a period of time. The Octant you use has a plastic drum on the side which you turn to adjust for the altitude. There is a stylus which you operate by your finger which makes a mark on the drum. You press the lever at regular intervals for one minute and you get marks like the illustrations here. The narrower the spread on the drum, the better the shot. This results from a smooth flying plane. The rougher the ride, the wider the spread. A nice tight set of marks looking like this  gave you great confidence. A sloppy set, which you got because the weather was rough or the pilot was not so hot, looking like this  and worried the daylights out of you. (In B-24's, the shots you took pointing forward or aft were good because it was stable for and aft. The side shots could be hairy because the plane tended to go through the air with the wing tips swinging up and down. A Co-Pilot named Peterson was the best pilot I ever flew with for taking shots; While I used the octant, he would fly with his fingertips on the yoke and make the plane fly like a Cadillac on a brand new freeway.

After we finished celestial theory, we flew at night, using what we learned. We were then sent up to Wheeler field to fly anti-submarine search missions in B-24's with a group which was stationed there. It was the 307th group, which I later joined on Guadalcanal in February of 1944. These searches consisted of a "Y". You flew for or five hundred miles out on a certain heading, then you branched out onto a right leg of the Y about seven and a half degrees off the base course until you were nine hundred miles out, then you flew across the top ninety miles and came back the other leg to the original course and on home. The miles would be nautical miles which would be almost 2200 statute miles or just short of the distance between San Francisco and Hawaii

We were supposed to be under the tutelage of the crew Navigator, but as , "Hickham Field Cadets," the crew navigator usually left it to us and slept most of the mission. On one of these missions, I went alone because the crew navigator just didn't show up. I heard the operations officer tell the pilot, "What the hell, he's a Hickham Field Cadet, go without your navigator," and we did.

We did this for over a month, every other day. These flights took about ten hours which meant that when we graduated, we had close to 200 hours of time in the air as compared with a Navigator trained the States having about 80 or less. It was while we were at Wheeler, that the first of four occurrences in which I was spared from sure death took place. Hawaii had a strict ten P.M. curfew. You had to be off the streets by ten or the MP's got you. If you went to a party, you either went home by ten or you stayed over night. About three of us got invited to this party and we were having such a good time we decided to go AWOL and stay overnight. What they did in Hawaii was to throw sofa and seat cushions on the floor and you slept on the cushions covered with sheets--things were casual in Hawaii. I was supposed to fly the next day, so I was going to be in real trouble. I didn't go back to the base until the morning after the day I was supposed to fly and when I got to the house where we were billeted, the corporal who took care of the place took one look at me and turned a little pale and said, "You're dead." I told him I wasn't and he told me my crew was. When they got back from the search and were in the landing pattern, the plane I was supposed to fly in blew up. Early B-24's had a problem with fuel fumes collecting in the bomb bay and a spark from an electric motor could set them off. The trick was to keep the bomb bay doors cracked a little so the vapors wouldn't collect.

My punishment was to clean all the machine guns on a B24. Ten fifties and two thirties. While we were kids, my dad wouldn't even consider our having anything to do with guns. All day long while I cleaned those guns, I kept thinking that my dad couldn't do anything about it.

On graduation, I got another example of the way the Army does things. Bowen and I were told that instead of receiving Reserve Commissions, we would be given Army of the United States or AUS commissions. The difference was that reserve officers received a bonus of \$500.00 per year for each year of active duty and AUS officers didn't. When we enlisted, it was with the express understanding that we would be Reserve Officers and here the Army was welching. We both refused to accept our commissions. We had an audience with a full Colonel who lamented the mistake and promised us faithfully that Reserve Commissions

would be initiated for us and to go ahead and graduate and accept our AUS Commissions temporarily. I never got the commission and I have never been able to locate that Colonel. I never got the \$500.00 per year either.

They lined the seven of us up and a General pinned wings on us. Curt Barnard was standing next to me. He had a brand new Government issue shirt on and the wing pin must have been a little dull. the General pushed harder and harder to get the pin through the shirt until finally it went through the shirt and into Curt. I have to hand it to him, he only winced and gave a little gasp and the General apologized.

I was assigned to the 19th Troop Carrier Squadron. They were stationed at John Rogers Air Port right next to Hickham. It was a civilian airport and the 19th maintained a military airline connecting all the Hawaiian Islands. They used C-47's for this and didn't need any Navigators for that. They also had 5 LB-30's which was an early version of the B-24, without Turbo-Superchargers. These had been converted to cargo carrying planes and they flew all over the South Pacific. (The LB stood for Liberator Bomber. they originally had been intended for Great Britain, but had been kept when we got into the war.) The LB-30's were great planes. They cruised about 40 miles an hour faster than military B-24's on the same engine settings and were therefore great on long over water hops. My first trip in them was a two week tour to Funa Futti, Samoa, Wallis Island and back via Canton and Christmas Islands.

Part of that trip was a hop from Funa Futti to Samoa with twenty seven wounded men who had been hurt the night before in a bombing raid. When we got to Pago-Pago, it was socked in with a terrific rainstorm and decided to orbit Pago Pago until the squall quit. The Flight Surgeon on board said we had to land because he had a man who was getting critical so we made the approach. We couldn't see the runway and we hit nose wheel first and bounced up into the air. After a while, the pilot said he didn't know if we were on the ground or not because the first bounce got the wheels turning and so we didn't get the shudder that goes through the plane on a landing. I told him to put the brakes on. If we were on the ground, we' slow down, it not, we'd know we were still airborne. We were on the ground. The next morning, they loaded us up with blankets and medical supplies to go back to Funa Futti. We complained to the loading officer that we were overloaded, but he assured us we weren't. On take off, the plane wouldn't lift off until the pilot put four inches of manifold pressure above full military power. What was scary about that was that there was a rock wall at the end of the runway to keep the waves from flooding the runway, we barely cleared that. At Funa Futti,

we asked for a trip back to Samoa. We were going to discuss things with the loading officer, but they wouldn't let us go.

The trip from Canton to Hawaii was interesting. We did the navigating for two P-70's (Night fighters.) They flew formation on us from Canton to Christmas which was about 900 miles. We offered to stay over night at Christmas to give them some rest, but one of the Pilots had a date with a nurse that night in Oahu and he didn't dare break it. We went on the other 1100 miles to Hickham. He was so tired they had to lift him out of the cockpit. He must have been a scintillating date that night..

I could have spent the rest of the war doing that, but with only five planes and over ten Navigators, they were a little top heavy in the navigation department and we were made to understand that we were there only temporarily. I made one trip out to Midway before I was transferred.

They decided to give the departing Navigators a going away party. The 19th had it pretty good as far as getting the wherewithall for parties because of the flights they made to all the islands every day, so it was a Steak Dinner--steaks being rare on Oahu. Before the dinner, some strange women started showing up, (We found out later that a Major from Hickham had been invited and he in turn had invited some girls from a local house of ill repute.) I had Maxine Christianson there and I took her home about nine thirty. When I got back, the party was still in full swing but I went to bed. The next morning I was awakened to hear a lot of yelling and screaming by a woman. It seems that this girl had gotten pretty drunk and depressed and started to threaten to kill herself because of her life style and about four guys carried her to one of the huts and deposited her in bed. When she awoke the next morning, she was minus her black silk panties and was considerably irate. The major had a meeting to try to find out who absconded with the underwear, but as far as I know, no one ever fessed up. The Major made a new rule--no more whores at the 19th's parties.

The trip out to Midway before I was transferred was notable for showing how really stupid I can be on occasion. I met some submariners that night. They were going to test dive their submarine the next day and urged me to come along. The very last thing I wanted to do in this world was to get in a submarine and go down under the water. I was afraid to tell them I was chicken and to count me out so I said I would go. Thank goodness our orders came to return to Oahu early the next day and we left. On the trip back we had two enlisted submariners as passengers. I went back in the waist to see how they were doing and they were both wrapped in blankets and

shivering like mad. I told them it wasn't that cold and they both said they weren't cold, they were terrified. I told them I'd be the same down under the water in their floating death trap and we parted friends.

While I was in the 19th, I got a letter from my father with the information that the Hawaiian temple was reopening and would I want to take out my endowment. I wrote back that I would like to and shortly there came a recommend, signed by the Bishop, but with instructions to be interviewed by President Clissold, the Temple President. I had been going to Waikiki Ward and dated his daughter once, so he knew me and after an interview, He signed my recommend and I went through the temple for my endowment.

After it was over I was talking with one of the workers who had come up from Samoa to spend the rest of his life doing temple work. I told him that my grandfather, James Barton, had served a mission in Samoa from 1897 to 1900. He said he remembered him and I was a bit skeptical. I reminded him that it was over forty years and he told me, "Your grandfather wore a mustache because he had a hair lip." I quit being skeptical.

I had a good time in Hawaii. I dated Maxine Christianson who was a lot of fun. I went to Luaus and Parties. I even had a car, a 1936 Buick coupe which I bought for 300 bucks. I sold it to a guy named Bowen for 300 bucks when I left. I had all the gas I wanted because the crew chief on the LB-30's would save the gas he drained out of the fuel strainers every morning instead of draining it on the ground which was standard procedure. All I had to do was to let hem have the car every once in a while. It ran real well on 100 octane gas, but it got lousy gas mileage. The 100 octane was highly volatile, so it always ran on a rich mixture.

This is sort of an after thought but I ought to tell you about Captain Rodriguez and his two buddies. The fighter boys were having trouble with the Signal Corps about the radar. The Signal Corps would call some fighter pilot and say something like, "We have you on the set--you are forty miles north east of Oahu." The pilot would reply something like, "Like hell I am, I just crossed the beach at Waikiki." This lead to some squabbles and it was decided that the fighters would have to calibrate the radar. This was to be done by checking out three fighter pilots on an old B-18 and have them fly out on different vectors ad different altitudes and, every ten minutes, radio their position. To know their position, they had to have a Navigator, and that's where I came in. I was detached to them and flew with them for two weeks, twice a day, and for two weeks those guys tried to kill me. In command, was this Captain Rodriguez with two other lieutenants.

They were bored so they started doing things with the airplane. First, they decided to become airline pilots. This consisted of trying to land on the main gear really smoothly and then lowering the tail wheel gently so as not to disturb the passengers. (Imaginary) We were flying twice a day during this time, so they got pretty good at it. Then they decided to learn to land three point landings, that is, putting all three wheels on at the same time. This got a little hairier because to do this, you have to stall out and the trick is to be close to the ground when this happens. Then they decided to learn to land tail wheel first. Now it gets rough because it involves a lower speed stall than the three point, and when the tail wheel touches, the wing drops and loses all lift and you come down on the main gear with a tremendous crunch. Rodriguez would say, "Doug, you know pilots who can do two point landings; and you know pilots who can do three point landings, but have you ever known anyone who can do one point landings?" then he would laugh like heck.

The last place we had to go was to Hilo on the big island. We did some flights there, and then on the last day, we were supposed to go to 20,000 feet and take a heading towards San Francisco and go out 500 miles. I got a hold of the Colonel in charge and told him that the crate wouldn't go to 20,000 feet and he told me that the engines were brand new and we would fly the mission at that altitude. Up we go; when we got to 17,000 feet everything was wide open and we were climbing at 25 feet per minute and the engines were almost redlined on the temperature gauges. I called up the Signal Corps and the Colonel told us to fly the mission at that altitude. We hadn't got more than 200 miles out on that leg when they radioed us to come home, so we turned back.

Rodriguez got a brilliant idea that since we were already that high, we ought to investigate the volcano craters on Maui and the Big Island. We didn't just investigate them, we flew down into them. Every time one of the wings would fly over a hot spot, that wing would fly up and put us into about a 45 degree bank and they thought it was hilarious.

The next morning, getting ready to fly back to Hickham, I told the three of them that in repayment for trying to kill me for over two weeks, that I was taking the plane off that morning; that I was flying it to Hickham and that I was landing it at Hickham. They all said OK and that was a mistake on my part and theirs.

We got down at the end of the runway and Rod says, "It's all yours." I had never sat in the pilot's seat before, but in two weeks with these guys I had learned a good deal of the theory. I know, acedemically, that at low speeds, you

controlled direction with the rudders. Rod pushed the throttles forward and off we went. It started to veer a little to one side and I controlled that with a lit tap on the opposite brake. The other side, ditto. The tail came up and I lowered my feet on to the rudder pedals. It started to veer to the right and since we weren't going very fast, I shoved a lot of left rudder in. Only trouble was I hadn't lowered my feet far enough off of the brakes and I locked up the left wheel and we veered about 20 degrees off the runway. Rod yelled, "You've got it, you've still got it." We were on the grass beside the runway and I had a lot of right rudder in and we veered back onto the runway and straightened up. I did see a civilian who was stationed at a crossing to stop cars when the runway was in use, running like mad because at one time we were heading right at him.

I held the plane on the ground until we had 115 mph on the air speed indicator and pulled back on the yoke. Since the plane would have taken off at 85 mph, we had a lot of spare speed and we went up in a pretty steep climbing turn.

We flew straight to Hickham and got clearance for a straight in approach and I was doing fine. But when we were about 15 feet off the ground, Rodriguez yelled, "I'm chicken! I've got it!" He took over and landed.

Two things happened at Hickham. Rodriguez got heck for stunting off the end of the runway. (He couldn't claim I was flying it.) It seems that Hilo had already telegraphed their displeasure.

Second: Just before we left Hilo, a civilian employee of the Air Corps asked to hitch a ride. Rod said OK and he flew in the back of the plane. After we landed, he came up to me and thanked me for the ride. In an airplane, the pilot sits in the left seat. I sat in the left seat, therefore I was the one to thank. I told him to think nothing of it, "I've never flown before in my life." He kind of sagged back against the trailing edge of the wing and wandered off.

That night Rodriguez was killed. His right engine in a P-70 exploded. A piece of it must have hit him and knocked him out. He went straight into the water without trying to pull out.

From Hawaii, we went to Australia via Canton, Figi and New Caledonia. We landed at Ipswich, a town a few miles out of Brisbane. Here I got introduced to the Austalian mania for gambling. None of us had had a good steak for some time, (except the going away party,) so we headed into town and ordered steaks which were plentiful and cheap. While we were waiting for our meals a newspaper boy came in. He was eight or nine--not ten. I told him I would take one of his papers and he immediately told me, "Double or nothing, Yank."

They put us on a "Deluxe" train to go to Townsville, Australia. Australia has, I think, five states. As I understand it, at that time, and maybe now, they had different gauges of track in each state. Queensland, where we were, had, as I recall, 3 feet 10 inch gauge. (New South Wales had five feet two inch.) A bunch of Australian soldiers got on also, and they all had bed rolls with them. We didn't understand why, because it was a Pullman type car with upper and lower births. I turned out the births weren't made up--you supplied your own bedding. We took off about 6:00 P.M. and were cruising along about 25 miles per hour when we came to a hill and started to slow down. I thought we would hear the engine exhaust deepen as the engineer opened the throttle, but it wasn't to be. The train must have run on about 60 pounds pressure and the exhaust never did bark like American locomotives did. We almost came to a stop before we got over that hill.

Carrico and I slept in the upper bunk which was so narrow we had to sleep on our sides spoon fashion and every time one of us wanted to turn over, he had waken the other so it could be done together. We had to sleep in our flying clothes

The next day, the train stopped about eight A.M. and all the Australians got off and ran into town; that was the only way you could get anything to eat. We learned fast. We missed breakfast, but not lunch or dinner for the rest of the trip.

At one time, I got out my stop watch and timed mile posts. The fastest we ever went was 36 miles per hour and that was down hill. It took 48 hours to go 600 miles and we were good and sick of Australian trains.

From Townsville, we flew to Port Moresby on the South Coast of New Guinea and I was assigned to the 499th Squadron of the 345th Group. We were stationed at 18 mile strip, so named because it was 18 miles from Moresby.

When we, Carrico and I, first got there, there were no flying personnel there. They had all flown their planes to Townsville to be modified as straffers and had gone on to Sydney for leave. For ten days we did nothing except censor mail. What a job. Anything went, so long as no military secrets were involved. One guy was writing to three different girls at the same time--describing in graphic detail the sexual acrobatics they were going to involve themselves in on his return. Another, a cook, wrote to his folks and told them that he took a little walk in the jungle; that he always took his gun with him; that while sitting on a rock, he spied a Japanese (Jap) and, "Pow! One less Jap to worry about." This was interesting because at the time, the nearest Japanese was about 150 miles away. I had to admire his locution; he didn't really lie. He didn't say he shot the man, he left it to his folk's imagination.

I'll bet they were proud of him.

When the crews got back, they brought back the darndest airplanes you ever saw. They had put 5 fifty caliber machine guns in the Bombardiers compartment in the nose, and had put a package of three of them on each side of the plane, even with the forward crew compartment. For some reason, no one had thought to check what all this metal had done to the compasses, which was considerable. Most of the crews had a devil of a time finding Moresby and one crew got so far off course they ran out of gas and had to set the plane down on a sandy beach 100 miles south east of Moresby. Oddly enough if they had known a little trick for finding Moresby, they would have had no trouble. East of Moresby, the water was blue and West of Moresby, the water was green. If, when you hit the shore of New Guinea, the water was green, you just turned left until you came to Moresby and vice versa. To get that plane back, they had to take landing mats down there by boat, rig a strip and fly it out. My first job was swinging compasses on about five of those freaks.

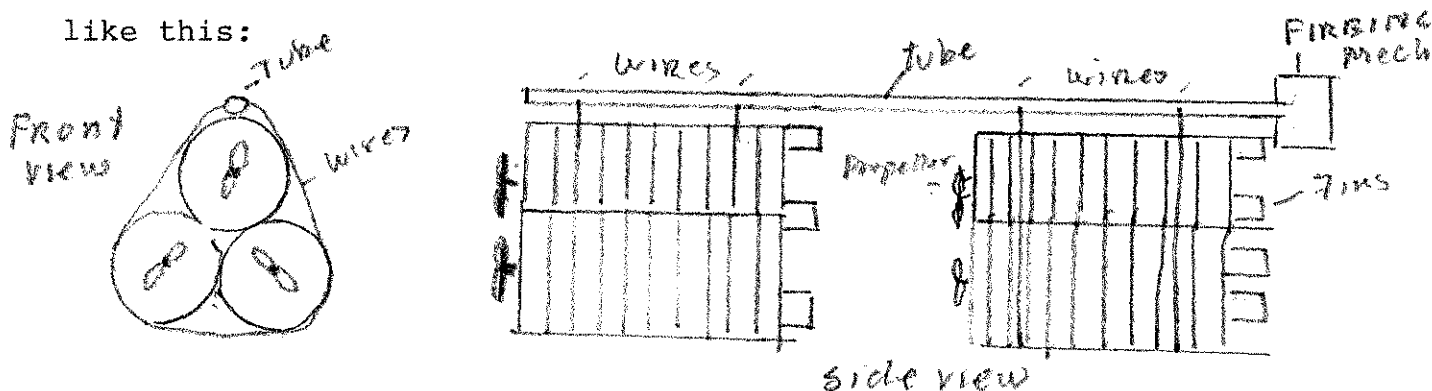
The first Pilot I flew with was a man named Parke. The Co-pilot was a man named Cabel from Richmond Virginia. I'll tell a funny story about him later. We didn't have the pilot very long because he got burned throwing gasoline on a fire. He was doing some laundry and wanted the fire hotter to boil some clothes. While I flew with him, he taught me how to land a B-25. His theory was that he wanted as many men on the flight deck as possible to be able to land the plane in case something happened to both him and the Co-pilot. The B-25 was a marvelous plane to fly--it would have to be for me to be able to land it with as little experience as I had. It really sounds simple and maybe it was. All he had me do was to line the plane up with the runway, pull back the throttles and, with flaps down, hold an air speed of 135 mph. The trick was to wait until you were sure you were going to crash and then pull back on the yoke. It worked every time, but of course, he was sitting there beside me to correct if I misjudged.

My first mission was a famous one. We were to go to a place called Nadzab in the Markham Valley. We were to strafe the Japanese positions and after the strafing run, come around again and lay down a load of six 500 lb bombs spaced at intervals of about 100 yards. What made it famous was that after we did this, paratroopers were dropped at the same location. It was the first such operation in the South Pacific and MacArthur was up there with us in a silver B-17. He had a squadron of P-38's for protection and we had a squadron of P-38's for protection--one horse one rabbit--fifty fifty. I've seen pictures of the operation in books and movies ever

since the war. Old Mac knew his public relations.

Back to the mission. When we got to the end of the strafing run and were pulling out, both the Pilot and Co-pilot we laughing like heck. I asked them what was so funny and they both said, "You." They told me that I had let out one long yell all the way down the run and as far as they could tell, hadn't had to take a breath. I asked then if they hadn't seen the Japanese firing at us and they both assured me it wasn't Japanese, it was our own bullets hitting rocks and making sparks. Oddly enough, on only one other mission was I as terrified as on that one. It was my first mission in B-24's and I had as little reason to be afraid on that one as on the first one in B-25's.

Whenever we had a mission dropping what were called, "Frag, or parafrags," I had a special duty. Frags were fragmentation bombs which were nothing more than a stack of cast iron rings with an explosive inside to blow them into small pieces and spread the result around. They came in two types: Ordinary Frags and Paragrafs which had a parachute attached to them to make them fall straight down. Ordinary frags were bound together in two clusters of three bombs, one behind the other and the clusters were tied together with wire. Above the whole thing was a steel tube through which the wires were threaded and at the end of the tube was a 45 caliber shell and a firing mechanism. When the bomb was dropped, the firing mechanism shot the 45 down the tube which cut the wires, thus freeing the individual bombs to fall free. What set off the 45 was a wire attached to the bomb rack which was fed through the firing mechanism. When it was pulled out, it set off the trigger. To keep the thing from going off while in storage and in the bomb bay, there was a cotter pin which was inserted into the trigger mechanism and which had to be removed after the bomb was loaded and the arming wire inserted. Each bomb had a little propeller on the front which would turn as the bomb fell. It had to turn a certain number of times before the bomb would go off when it hit the ground. I don't remember how far it had to fall before it was armed. O. K. my job was to pull the cotter pins, which had to be done standing on a ladder in the bomb bay because there was no way to get in the bomb bay in flight. The whole thing looked something like this:



I don't know how it happened; either the armament boys didn't push one of the wires all the way through its hole, or I jostled one of the wires, thus pulling it out--whatever. When I pulled the pin on this particular cluster, the 45 went off, the bombs fell out and started hitting the ground. Cabell was standing by the plane when the 45 went off. By the time the last bomb hit the ground, he was yards away and gong fast. I was standing on the ladder with nowhere to go. This is not to knock Cabell. There was nothing he could have done for me if one of them had gone off and saving his own neck was the smartest thing he could do. Thank goodness for whoever designed the propeller feature; all six of them hit the ground without exploding.

B-25's were fun. You flew low, followed the contours of the ground and had a real sensation of speed. But I had my reservations about flying in them. Our missions were short and there wasn't a real need for a Navigator on most of them. You could tell the Pilot to go to Nadzab or Cape Finschaven and, for the most part, he could get there on his own. (I understand that later in the war, flying out of the Philippines, they flew some long missions requiring both navigation and cruise control.) I got to thinking that if I got killed flying this type of mission it would be a waste of a really nice guy. I never mentioned this to anyone, but it's the way I thought.

When Parke got burned, they sent him home and put me with Snyder as a Pilot. We had a mission to go the north east coast of New Guinea above Finschaven and hunt for barges. The Japanese had taken to reinforcing the troops on New Guinea around the Gulf of Huron by putting the troops in barges and traveling by night. During the daytime, they would hide under the overhanging trees on the shore. The process was to go along the shore just a few feet off the water and peek under the overhanging jungle until you found a barge and then you came in from the sea perpendicular to the shore, strafing as you came and at the last minute, dropping a 500 lb bomb so that it would skip across the water and hit the barge. Snyder was leading the squadron and when we got over the Owen Stanley mountains, there was a solid undercast covering the Markham Valley and the Gulf of Huon. I got a terrific fix from bearings on two mountains, so I told Snyder to get on the command set and tell the squadron to spread out and take a heading of 90 degrees and let down at 1000 feet per minute and we would break out off the coast near Lae. We started down, but none of the rest of them followed us. Their confidence in my judgment wasn't that good. We broke out of the weather just off Lae and went on the barge hunt. The rest of the squadron went about 40 miles out to sea and spiraled down until they broke through the clouds.

This put them way behind us.

We found some barges and started working them over. We would come in strafing and about a quarter of a mile off shore, we'd drop one 500 pound bomb which would skip over the water and hopefully into the side of the barge. We couldn't observe the actual contact because by the time the bomb would hit, we would be over the jungle in a climbing turn to avoid the bomb blast. My job was to station myself over the bomb bay, looking into it through a hole about a foot in diameter to be sure the bomb went out. The first five runs, everything worked fine and so on the sixth and last one, I stayed up between the Pilot and Co-pilot. Cabell yelled at me to get back where I belonged and I told him not to worry, the bomb would go out. As we pulled up over the barge, some smart sergeant in the barge had his men point their rifles straight up and fire on his command. (I'm guessing at this, but I'll bet I'm right.) As we passed over the barge, we heard about four of five "twangs" on the airplane where rifle bullets went through the plane and one of the holes was directly over the hole I would have been looking down through if I had been where I belonged.

I only flew seven missions with the 499th. I don't remember why I didn't, but I didn't fly one of the most famous ones. The group received the Presidential Unit Citation for a mission up to Rabaul. It was a rough mission, but they did a lot of damage. After the war, I read a book by a Japanese destroyer Captain who described it. He was an on-the-ball guy who got his destroyer going and fled Simpson harbor. The group took a picture of his ship, going about 35 knots heading out of the harbor. He was not happy with the B-25's, but he was more unhappy with the other Captains in the Japanese Navy who hadn't maintained the preparedness which he had. The mission sunk a lot of ship tonnage in the harbor that day.

I flew the first Wewak mission. That was the most beautiful one I ever flew. Every time you saw a Zero, there were two P-38's right behind him. If he turned to the right, the right hand one fired at him, and if he turned to the left, the other one fired at him. The P-38's had a ball and the P-47's had to stay high for top cover. You could hear them on the radio being unhappy.

In November of 1943, the squadron was staged out to a little island called Woodlark, about half way between Bougainville and New Guinea. The situation was that the Marines had just landed on Bougainville at Empress Augusta Bay. There was a large Japanese task force at Rabaul and the fear was that the task force might come down and shell the American perimeter, sink the transports and all in all, cause all sorts of trouble. The scheme was for us to intercept and strafe and skip bomb

these ships. The information we had was that the largest ship in the formation was a battleship; our briefing was that we should not go in on anything larger than a light cruiser, the idea being that anything larger would have so much anti-aircraft fire that we wouldn't get close enough to skip a bomb into the side of it.

Our C.O. Was a Major Edison K. Walters. Walters had a problem. He was a West Point man who was only a Major. A good many of his class mates were Lt. Colonels and even Colonels. He had been in a crack up on take off and had been in the hospital for quite some time, thus increasing his problem. His Navigator was a man named Campbell who was only trained in the rudiments of navigation, his forte being that he was a Bombardier. In the jeep going down to the strip, Walters told his crew that he wasn't going to restrict himself to a light cruiser, he was going in on the largest thing he could find. Campbell told us about Walter's decision. He was not a happy man. With my irrepressible sense of humor, I told Campbell, "Campbell, when you guys go in on that Pocket Battleship, we'll all do a 360 and write a letter to your folks and tell them how you got it." About that time, the operations officer drove up and told me, "Busath, the Major wants a celestial navigator leading the squadron, you will fly with him and Campbell will fly with your crew. Campbell was delighted. He got a grin on his face and he said, "Busath, when you go in on that Pocket Battleship, we'll all do a 360 and write a letter to your folks and tell them how you got it." Now I was not happy.

We stayed there for three days waiting for that task force to come down from Rabaul. By three in the afternoon, they would let us stand down because if it was spotted after that time, we wouldn't be able to intercept it before dark. By the end of those three days, I had talked myself into thinking it was an acceptable idea. The rationale was that if we could get one or two five hundred pound bombs into the side of a Battleship, it probably wouldn't sink it but they would have to take it back the Japan to fix it, and in the game of begger-your-neighbor of war, that would be worth a B-25 and crew. I am not saying I was enthusiastic--I'm just saying I was resigned to doing it. As it turned out, the Navy took a couple of aircraft carriers up there and blasted them in Simpson Harbor. (Again courtesy of that Japanese Destroyer Captain.) We were sent back to 18 mile strip.

While we were out there, after each afternoon stand down, I was given three great afternoons. We had a Lieutenant in the squadron who, as I remember it, was a classmate of Major Walters. I can't remember his name. The difference between

Walters was that he didn't give a hoot about promotion. His father was a Colonel and he freely admitted that he was a great disappointment to his father. He had a tremendous store of knowledge of Natural History. He could look at a plant and tell its phylum etc. and justify his judgment by noting the shape of the leaves, the petals of the flowers or what have you. He could go at great length about the various features of a plant which helped it to survive in a particular environment. He could do the same about the birds we saw. I don't remember how we became acquainted, but we spent the three afternoons we were on Woodlark wandering around the island with him lecturing me on the Flora and Fauna. Our relationship was a little strained on the last day. We were on the north east coast of the island and I decided to go swimming. What I didn't know was that the north east trade winds were causing a tide on shore. The island was coral and this particular part of it had a sharp drop off where the water was about four feet deep. The drop off must have been at least thirty feet deep. The effect of this was that as a wave came in, the top four feet of water would continue on in toward the beach, but the water below that level would strike the shelf and set up a circular effect in that it created a terrific undertow with the water going around in circles on a perpendicular plane about fifteen feet in diameter. As I was swimming towards shore, all of a sudden, I was dragged under and down I went about 15 feet. Pretty soon, I felt myself rising to the surface about twenty feet from the shelf. As the current swept me towards the shelf, I yelled to my buddy to grab me as I went past, but he didn't do anything and under I went again only to repeat the process. On the second go-around, he just stood there and laughed at me and I was getting pretty peeved. On the third go-around, he casually reached out his hand, grabbed mine and pulled me up on the shelf. I spoke harshly to him. The funny thing about that whole episode was that I wasn't afraid. I think I had the idea that all I would have to do was to work myself either up or down the shore line until I came to a place where the shelf didn't create that situation. I've often wondered what happened to him. If he didn't become a teacher, his talents were wasted.

The next morning, we started back for Moresby and I got thoroughly unhappy with Edison K. Walters. It was overcast and the clouds came down to about 1000 feet. We were leading the squadron and I gave him a heading for Milne Bay which is at the south east tip of New Guinea. He'd say that it looked better over in another direction and he'd head that way; I'd give him a new heading for Milne and he'd alter it. I finally told him that on the particular heading we were flying, we'd hit

Goodenough Island in about ten minutes and since it was 6000 feet high and we were flying at 1000 feet, nothing good could come of that. He asked for a heading back to Woodlark and as luck would have it we "split" the island. I wasn't as much as a half a mile off course. (What this really means is that every mistake I made all morning was canceled out by an equal and opposite mistake.)

Walters was impressed and said so. That afternoon, the weather cleared up and we set out again. Walters asked me how many missions I had flown and I said that I had seven. He said he had the same number and that from now on, he was going to fly every mission the squadron flew and that I was going with him. I'll be honest with you, I was not all that enthusiastic. He was not a very good pilot. Both the landings I made with him were lousy. On top of that, when we flew over the northern arm of Milne Bay, there were a ton of ships in the harbor and they all started flashing recognition signals at us and we were busy flashing back the code of the day. That reminded Walters that there had been an operation order sent out a few days before to the effect that Milne Bay was off limits to aircraft because of the fleet being there and that any aircraft overflying the bay would be considered enemy and fired upon. He'd forgotten about it.

When we got back to Moresby, there was a set of orders waiting for him, detaching him from the squadron and transferring him over to Dobadura on the north east side of the Island.

When I first joined the squadron, they had been building an officers' club which was almost finished. When the crews came back from Sidney, we went to work to finish it and we had a big party planned. We worked like dogs on the day of the party and when we finished, the word came that there was not water--it had been shut off for some reason. We stank!!! Someone came up with the bright idea of checking out some trucks and going down to the river and washing there. We weren't supposed to go into the river because you could get fungus in your ears from the river water. We reasoned that we would be careful and not get water in our ears and it would be OK. I checked out a weapons carrier and drove it right into the river. I knew that with those big ribbed tires and with four wheel drive you couldn't get stuck. It took two six by sixes chained together to pull me out. We had the party with lots of nurses from the 177th Field Hospital.

That party sticks in my memory for another reason. The refreshments consisted among other things, of a drink made up as follows: Eight parts of hard liquor; eight parts of liqueurs and wines of various kinds and eight parts of fruit juices. Thus two thirds of it was alcoholic. I was dancing with a nurse

from the hospital and a drunk bombardier came up with an ordinary drinking glass of the stuff and said to my partner, "I saw you do it before and I don't believe it--do it again." she demurred and told him it wouldn't do any good and it was a waste of good booze. He said there was plenty (which was correct) and to go ahead. She drank it straight down and turned to me and said, "Alcohol doesn't affect me." Later on, I saw hem approach her again and she repeated the performance. That means that she drank at least three glasses of the stuff and she kept on dancing.

At another party, Vic Tatleman came to me and said, "Doug, I'm drunk and I'm going to be sick. I am going to my tent and go to bed. I've got a nurse from the 177th here, will you take her home?" I said sure and he pointed her out to me. I asked her for a dance and told her about Tatleman and that when she was ready to go home to let me know. She spent a good part of the evening fending off Colonel Clinton U True, the C.O. of the whole group. He kept reminding her that he had a staff car and she kept saying she had a ride home. When it came time to go, she said that there was another nurse going with us. That was Ok with me, so we started down the hill to where the jeep was parked. The first nurse said, "I'll sit in the back, you sit in the front." The second replied, "No, I'll sit in back, you sit in front." The first nurse repeats it, the Second gives the same reply. On the third go-around, I said, "Why don't you both sit in back." and they did. I have no illusions as to my being irresistible to women.

We had to serve as bar tender on a regular basis. As you should know by now, I have never had a drink in my life, so I didn't know much about mixing drinks. I thought you mixed them half-and-half. Half bourbon or scotch and half water or mixer. I was a popular bar tender. I heard one guy say to another, "Doug's bartending tonight, let's go over and get drunk."

The Squadron Navigator was a man named Snyder. (Not my pilot) He had a girl in Sydney and was madly in love with her and wanted to get down there and marry her. He had a picture of her and she was beautiful--red hair. I was scheduled to go to Sydney in late October. (I had been there once and was eagerly awaiting the second trip there.) Snyder came to me and begged me to trade places with him. He was scheduled to go a couple of weeks later than I. He had received all sorts of advice against marrying this girl, but he wouldn't listen. The gist of the argument against her was his admission that he had met her at eight P.M. one evening and was in bed in a hotel room with her by midnight. Conventional wisdom was that if he could conquer her that easily, how many others had had

the same success. He wouldn't listen. He begged and begged and finally I told him I would trade and off he went. He and another member of the squadron named Loverin were on a C-47 that cracked up on landing at Townsville and the both were killed. I've wondered a few times whatever happened to that girl.

Snyder went down to Sydney and we got word back that he had blood poisoning and that they might have to amputate his arm. This put me without a Pilot or crew and I got sent down to ADVON 5th Air Force in Moresby. (ADVON is Advanced Echelon). They already had a ton of Navigators down there. A whole group of C-47's had come over with a Navigator in each plane. Once there, the need for a Navigator in them was nil because the hops were so familiar and short. Until they could assign them (and me), they used us as officer couriers. For my money, it was a tremendous waste.

While I was there, I got acquainted with some paratroopers in the 503rd Parachute Battalion. They offered me a chance to go up and make a practice jump. Like Midway and the submarine guys, I didn't have guts or sense enough to tell them I was chicken. I really had no urge to jump out of an airplane unless it was an emergency. Thankfully, they got transferred out before I made the jump. Saved again.

While I was at ADVON, I learned two things about Snyder. He had some miraculous recovery. (This was the time when penicillin came into widespread use and I suspect he got treated with it.) Secondly, they had given him a Navigator named Bala and on his first mission after coming back, they crashed into the jungle. No one knows exactly what happened. I was told that he might have concentrated too much on the target and didn't pull out soon enough. I understand that at the last minute, he started to pull out but the plane went into a high speed stall.

While I was at ADVON, I suppose only three things need to be recorded; I got a good trip to Melbourne; I double crossed a Colonel and I had, perhaps, the single most faith promoting experience of my life.

The trip to Melbourne was fun. I was to carry the liaison codes between the US Air Corps and the RAAF. It started out quite melodramatic. My boss called me in and asked if I had a 45 automatic. I said yes and he told me to go get it. When I got back, he told me to jack a shell into the chamber, which I did. Then he outlined the mission. I was to take two bags of code material to Melbourne, Australia and deliver them to the Royal Australian Air Force. If any one touched or tampered with the bags, I was to shoot him. They put me on a plane for Brisbane--a C-47 making the regular trip, stopping at Rockhampton

for gas. At Brisbane, I showed the travel people my orders, which must have been pretty potent because they bumped a full Colonel off the plane for Sydney who was very vocal about it. At Sydney, it got stupid. There were no more flights to Melbourne, so I had to spend the night, but I couldn't get anyone to take the two mail bags off my hands. I finally found a Signal Corps office and got a man to sign for them. The office was in an ordinary Office building in downtown Sydney. The next morning at six, I went there and there was no one there, but my top secret codes, for the safety of which I was to shoot people, were lying on the floor under a table. I took them and went on to Melbourne, thinking that if anything happened to them, I was covered, I still had that guy's receipt for them.

At Melbourne, It got silly again. I took them to RAAF headquarters and they said that they couldn't sign for them and to take them to the civilian side of what would be their Pentagon. They did give me a kid about twelve to help with the bags which weighed sixty pounds each. Over at the Civilian side, they said, "Oh no, they go to the Military side." Back at the RAAF, they say no they can't take them. I got a little steamed and I tell the RAAF man, who had three stripes on his arm, which outranked me, "I'll wait for twenty minutes. If in that time, no one comes to sign for this stuff, I'll take them back to New Guinea." It worked. An elderly man with real broad stripes half way up his arm, came out, called me "son" and signed for them. I was supposed to stay in Melbourne for two more days. I took a week.

Australia at the time had Blue Laws. Nothing happened on Sunday until sundown. I was wandering around town with nothing to do and I passed an old seven passenger touring car. Sitting in the jump seat was a Gypsy woman. She said, "Tell your fortune, Yank?" Right away, I said no and was immediately sorry because I had nothing else to do. She told me it was her birthday and she would do it for free and I was hooked. She gave me the usual line of patter--some of it very good--even described Marinell. I don't know how they do it, but she was pretty good. Then she said she would like to fix me up with a lucky penny. She asked me if I had a penny and I said no, I had a ha-penny and she said it would do. She put the penny under a handkerchief and mumbled some stuff over it and then told me it was a luck penny, but it had to cure for three days without being seen. She asked me if I had a wallet with a snap pocket in it and I told her yes, but no way was I going to let her touch it. She said I could hold it while she put the penny in the pocket--under the handkerchief. I finally said OK and held the wallet. I won't say I held the wallet with a strangle grip, but it was good and firm. She asked me

if I knew how much I had in the wallet and I said no, which was a fib. I had seventy eight pounds in the wallet. She put the penny in the pocket and pulled off the handkerchief. I checked the wallet and there were only sixty eight pounds in it so she had almost thirty bucks worth of my money. I grabbed her right hand and told her to hand it over. She made the usual protestations. I told her I wasn't letting go of the hand until I had my ten pounds. She kept asking how she could have got the ten pounds when I held the wallet and I told her that wasn't the point, somehow she had. A small crowd began to gather and around the corner came a bobby. Out from behind her back came the other hand with a ten pound note in it--the engine started and swish, off they went. One of the bystanders said, "Good for you yank, they don't usually get it back."

One night, I was duty officer in the message center. One of the corporals came to me and said he had a problem. It turned out that some Colonel in Brisbane was sending a quart of booze by Safe Hand Mail up to another Colonel at a forward area called Gusap. The bottle was wrapped in paper and certified as Safe Hand Mail. Safe Hand Mail is classified mail which has to be carried by an officer and signed for each time it changes hands. The corporal thought that this wasn't right and what could be done about it. I told him it was simple and to get a pan and a metal ruler. When he brought the stuff to me, I held the bottle by the neck over the pan and whacked it with the ruler. The guys in the office that night were delighted; they ad a quart of bourbon in the pan, strained through paper. I understand they did it the next week when the bottle came through and then they quit coming.

Maybe I ought to tell you about the General and the camera. On another night when I was on night duty in the message center, a Corporal brought an Aerial Camera to us and wanted it sent safe hand to Nadzab. I told him to take it back as that sort of thing was not Safe Hand Mail. A few minutes later the phone rang and a voice of command wanted to know who the hell had sent his camera back. I asked him who he was and he identified himself as the Commanding General of the 5th Bomber Command I told him that cameras were not the subject of safe hand mail and he told me that the camera had to be in Nadzab the following day and he was going to send it down again and it had better go to Nadzab on the morning flight. I told him, "General, you send that camera down here, we'll put it in a mail bag. Tomorrow morning, it will be taken down to the strip where it will be put on a platform they install in a B-25. This platform is 7feet off the ground. When the plane gets to Nadzab, the Officer Courier will brace his back against the bulkhead of the B-25

and push that bag off of the platform. It will fall the 7 feet to the ground. If your camera will stand that kind of treatment, send it on down." The camera never came.

In early 1944, I was sent on a special courier mission. I took a special communication to the Commanding General of the 8th Army, stationed on Goodenough Island. I wrote a letter to my folks about what happened the night I was there and the best way to describe it is to put the letter here. The way it got into the Church News is via a proud father.

Soldier "How Firm A Foot"

(The following letter was written by Lieutenant Douglas C. Busath, with the Army Air Corps somewhere in New Guinea, to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. Busath of Sacramento, Calif. Lieutenant Busath is one of four brothers in the armed services.)

"MORMON boys in the front lines of the New Guinea jungle need no chaplain to conduct their services." So writes Lieutenant Douglas C. Busath in a recent letter to his parents.

He enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1942. After a few months at Santa Ana, Calif., he was sent to Hawaii to complete his training as a navigator.

His first assignment after he received his wings was to a transport squadron. In this work he visited many of the United States air bases in the South Pacific. He then was transferred to a bombardment squadron in New Guinea and after three months was taken out of combat and assigned to a headquarters company, where he is at present.

Since Lieutenant Busath left Hawaii he has been unable to have any contact with the Church, which makes his letter even more interesting. He writes:

Had an amazing thing happen last Sunday. I had an assignment to visit two different advance bases and come back here and give a report. I got to the first base all right, but bad weather set in and we were grounded for the rest of the day. After finding a place to sleep for the night I did the

next most important thing—located a chow line. It being Sunday I thought I'd go to a chapel I found nearby, but a sign on the door said the services were held there only in the morning.

(It wasn't a chapel really, just the intelligence department of some bombardment squadron, but some one had painted a cross on a little sign, and that is enough to make any building a chapel in New Guinea.)

So I started to hunt for a show and got a lead on one, about five miles away (but hitchhiking is always easy here). As I started down the road it passed the chapel again and heard an organ so I went in. A group was singing as I entered and there was an enlisted man leading, so I assumed the chaplain was the man playing the portable organ. The conductor then asked one of the men in the congregation to offer the opening prayer and I began to feel at home.

As the prayer progressed I thought more and more that's

a Mormon prayer, but then maybe all lay people pray that way. My hopes were realized though, when they announced the second song "How Firm a Foundation." I had come home!

I'm afraid I was guilty of beaming like a little ray of sunshine. They could have turned out the lights and no one would have known the difference. It was a wonderful meeting. They had both a sermon and a discussion topic and the two hours passed all too quickly.

No one can convince me this was a coincidence. I have had no other incident in my life which has so strengthened my testimony as this—after all these months with no contact with the Church, then to be guided to this fine group of Mormon boys so far (if I could only tell you) from what we call civilization—a group of Mormon boys who need no chaplain to conduct the services they love.

Now I hadn't gone astray. I hadn't started smoking, drinking or chasing women (there weren't any except the CO of ADVON's "Secretary." Oddly enough the CO was a movie director named Marion Cooper.) Someone in the guardian angel department just decided that it had been too long since I had had contact with the church and this was the way to rectify the situation. Oddly enough, at the time I was at ADVON, there was another group meeting at Moresby, but I didn't know about them--they were only five miles away. Goodenough Island was over 500 miles away. This incident will always be an important part of my testimony.

In my youth, if there was one thing I hated, it was being disturbed once I got to sleep. The 8th Army had just come overseas and every body was green as grass. The night I was there, at about midnight, the air raid sirens went off. I knew the raid would be on the air field which was five miles away, so I just rolled over--the Japanese weren't that bad. A signal Corps Captain shook me and said, "Lieutenant, there's an air raid coming." I told him, "Thank you very much, but I've already seen one." and I went back to sleep. Those poor guys spent three hours out in slit trenches in the rain listening to the "crump" of the bombs going off over at the field. It occurs to me now that I should have worried about the B-25 which was my transportation back to Moresby.

The next morning when I went to chow, I was walking towards the company grade officers section, (They had it divided into three sections; Colonels and Generals; Field grade officers and Company grade officers.) I was walking behind the Signal Corps Captain when I heard him say, "You know what he said to me? Thank you very much, but I've already seen one." and went back to sleep. I'm pretty sure it didn't take them long before they got a little more casual about that sort of thing.

The next morning, I got a real treat. I got to see a four star General giving a three star Admiral hell. The Cape Gloucester invasion had just been started by the Army and the night before, the Navy had allowed the Japanese to sneak several bargeloads of reinforcements past the navy and they had reached the Japanese lines. I had just reported to the General to get his reply to the communication I had brought the day before when the Admiral came in. The General didn't wait for me to leave--he started in on the Admiral and he didn't spare the man's feelings one bit.

The Admiral needed a ride to Milne Bay and we were drafted to take him. We were flying a B-25G, the kind with a 75 millimeter canon in it and he spent the whole trip trying to get me to let him fire it. I spent the whole trip telling him, "No!" I would have had to load it and then I would have had

get me to let him fire it. I spent the whole trip telling him, "No!" I would have had to load it and then I would have had to clean it. I finally shut him up by asking if he was willing to clean the thing if we let him shoot it and that ended it.

Shortly after that, I was transferred to the 13th Air Force, over on Guadalcanal. There were about thirteen of us. Most of them were Navigators from the troop carrier group I told about before. One of them was a really nice guy named Papischristo from Hagerstown, Maryland. He went by the name of Pappas. He had volunteered for combat because he had this girl in Hagerstown and he wanted to get home and marry her and he knew that he wasn't going home very soon unless he got into combat. They sent us down to Ipswich, (Where I landed when I first came to Australia.) to a replacement depot and when we got there, it was obvious that we were going to be there for quite some time until they had transportation for us, so we asked for ten days leave. They gave us a set of orders with a loophole in them through which you could drive a Mack truck. The orders designated the leave area to be Southport, which was a resort area about fifty miles south of Brisbane; but the orders stated that the ten days started, "On arrival in the leave area." I mentioned that if we went to Brisbane for a few days, and then to Southport, we could get a few extra days, so that's what we did. We stayed four days in Brisbane and then on to Southport. We stayed at a Red Cross run hotel for convalescing officers. The first day we were there, we heard a commotion in the kitchen which turned out to be the cook throwing a tantrum because her fan wouldn't work. Our waitress said there was a good chance the food wouldn't be as good as it should because when the cook was in a foul mood, things went to pieces. I said maybe I could fix it and it turned out to be simple; one of the wires had come loose; I fixed it and the cook loved me. She made it plain that I could have anything I wanted and I ate like a king for the rest of my stay.

Southport had the most marvelous beach I have ever seen. It sloped very gradually out in the water; it had blazing white sand and stretched for miles--I never found out how far. The surf was great and we had a ball. One of the Red Cross women told me it was great to have a bunch of healthy men for a change instead of the men they usually had.

After eight days, we all got telegrams ordering us to report back to the replacement depot and on arrival, we were handed RBI's telling us to explain our being AWOL for three days. The guys all asked me what to do since it was my idea and I told them to reply, denying the AWOL. (An RBI is a Reply By Endorsement. You just endorse on the back the explanation, sign it and return it.) We all got called into some Captain's office who proceeded

to chew on us and demand that we change the endorsements. I pointed out to him that we weren't AWOL as charged inasmuch as the orders said that the ten days didn't start until arrival in the leave area. I didn't dare claim that we still had three days coming. They gave us all new RBI's and the troops were beginning to get a little apprehensive, but I told them to reply as before. This time, it was the major in charge of the whole camp who called us in and I again made the same point. He told us he was going to Court Martial us, but they solved the whole problem by putting us on a plane for New Caledonia. From there were flown to Guadalcanal.

On Guadalcanal we had some spare time and one day we went down to the beach and swam for a while. We decided to play a game somewhat reminiscent of the game we played on the drill field. One man was it, and the rest formed a circle around him. he would swim towards the man holding the ball which was a coconut with the husk still on it. the guy with the coconut had to throw the ball to someone else before he got to the one holding the ball and if he could get possession of the ball any way, the last one with the ball was then it. We played this for quite a while and I got bored so I announced that I was going up to the beach and started swimming in. The next thing I knew, I was on the beach getting artificial respiration and I had a headache. Pappas, who had been a lifeguard in Maryland, was giving me the artificial respiration and he told me that he had saved my life. I said, "Who threw the coconut?" and he said never mind that, just remember that he had saved my life..

They had us go through a little combat orientation school they had there, but when they found out I had already flown some combat, they sent me to Munda in the Central Solomons and I was assigned to the 370th Squadron of the 307th Group, the same people I flew with in Hawaii, except that by that time, most of the men I knew in Hawaii had already gone home. I was put in a crew with a guy named Thomas as pilot and flew most of the rest of my missions with this crew--except Thomas--they transferred him to Group headquarters shortly and Made Alan Donahue, the world's greatest B-24 Pilot, the pilot. He had been Co-pilot on the original crew.

This crew had started out with a Pilot named Surbaugh and a Navigator named Corcoran. Surbaugh had been made assistant operations officer and Corcoran had had some trouble with his nerves and they made him assistant squadron navigator. Thomas had been a Co-pilot on another crew and they brought him in as Pilot and I became the permanent Navigator. They had quite a few missions more than I had--about thirty to my seven. It thus worked out that they went home before I did, although