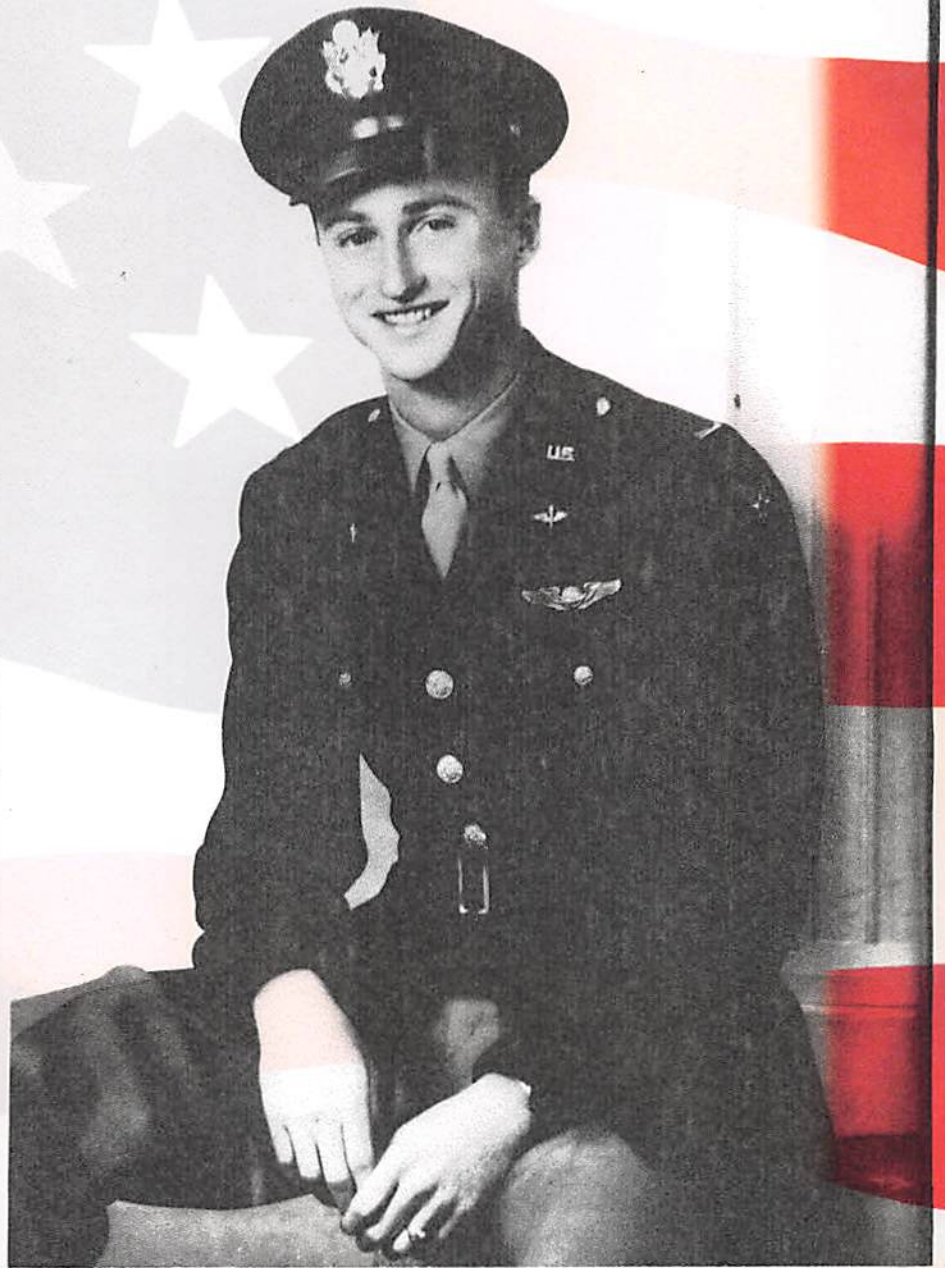


I Wanted Wings



*Stories of a young airman in
World War II*

By Albert L. Gill



Albert L. Gill

Aug 1944 - 12-25-06

The background of the page is a stylized American flag with red and white stripes and a blue field with white stars. The flag is slightly faded and has a soft, wavy texture. On the left side, there is a vertical strip of white paper with a perforated edge, suggesting it's a page from a binder or notebook.

*I Wanted
Wings*

My father died three days after my ninth birthday and Mother and I moved from Charleston, South Carolina to Columbia, South Carolina to live with my grandmother.

About this time I became interested in airplanes, reading all the books I could find at the library and building model airplanes, both solid and flying. Also, we lived about two miles over the hill from Owens Field, at that time Columbia's only airport. I would ride my bicycle down to the airport to hang around the hanger watching whatever was going on.

In 1938, Army maneuvers were held at Fort Jackson close by and a squadron of P-39 Airacobras was stationed at Owens Field. This was a hot fighter in its day and Owens Field was a short runway, so it was very exciting watching the P-39 take off and land.

My interest in flying continued and with the attack on Pearl Harbor and our country drawn into World War II, I wanted to go into the Army Air Corps. Since I was not twenty-one, I had to have my mother's permission, which she would not give. I registered for the draft while working in Washington, D.C., February 12, 1942.

With my twenty-first birthday coming up on December 1, 1942, my mother finally gave me her permission and in October 1942 I applied for the Aviation Cadet Program and took the written and physical exams. I was underweight by seven pounds and they told me to come back in a month. I tried to put on weight during this time. I went back and still four pounds short but was granted a waiver. I continued to have a waiver every time I had a physical while in the Service. I was sworn in

November 11, 1942 at Fort Jackson in Columbia, South Carolina. At the same time there was the Armistice Day Parade for World War I on Main Street in Columbia.

I reported for active duty February 1, 1943, Basic Training in Miami Beach, Florida. We were barracked in one of the many beach hotels.

On March 1, 1943, I was assigned to the University of Tennessee for college training detachment. We arrived by troop train and unloaded by Neyland Station. We marched up to the cafeteria in the girls' dorm. All the girls were hanging out the window and yelling. We attended freshman classes and marched in formation. At first, we were in the stadium dorm then moved into the alumni gym. I met a very pretty young lady, Joan Perrin, on a blind date while at U.T. and dated her while there.

On May 29, 1943, I was sent to Nashville, Tennessee Classification Center. There tests were given, both written and physical, to determine qualification to fly as a pilot, navigator or bombardier. I was classified a pilot. I went to the hospital on June 16, 1943, for a rising on my right breast. I was then released June 28, 1943. That was a story in itself.

On July 2, 1943, I arrived at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama for pre-flight training. I attended classes and had hard physical training. I then went to the hospital for mumps on one side. The day after being released from the hospital, I reported for physical training exercise with dumbbell weights in the hot sun. At the end of these exercises we were called to

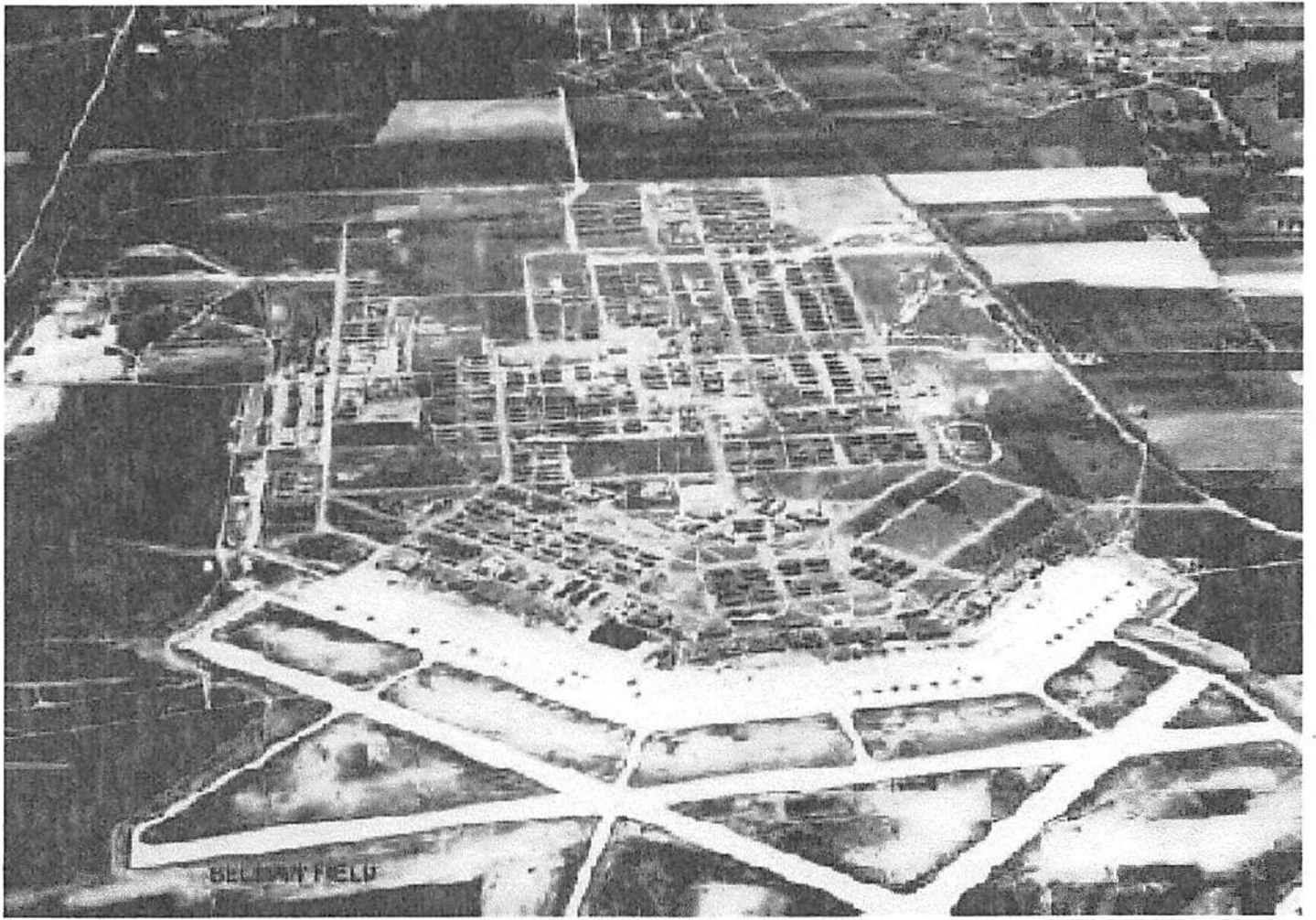
attention and ordered to march. I blacked out but continued to march and came to without falling out. I was put back to the next class because of my stay in the hospital. Ours was the last class to have upper classmen hazing lower classmen.

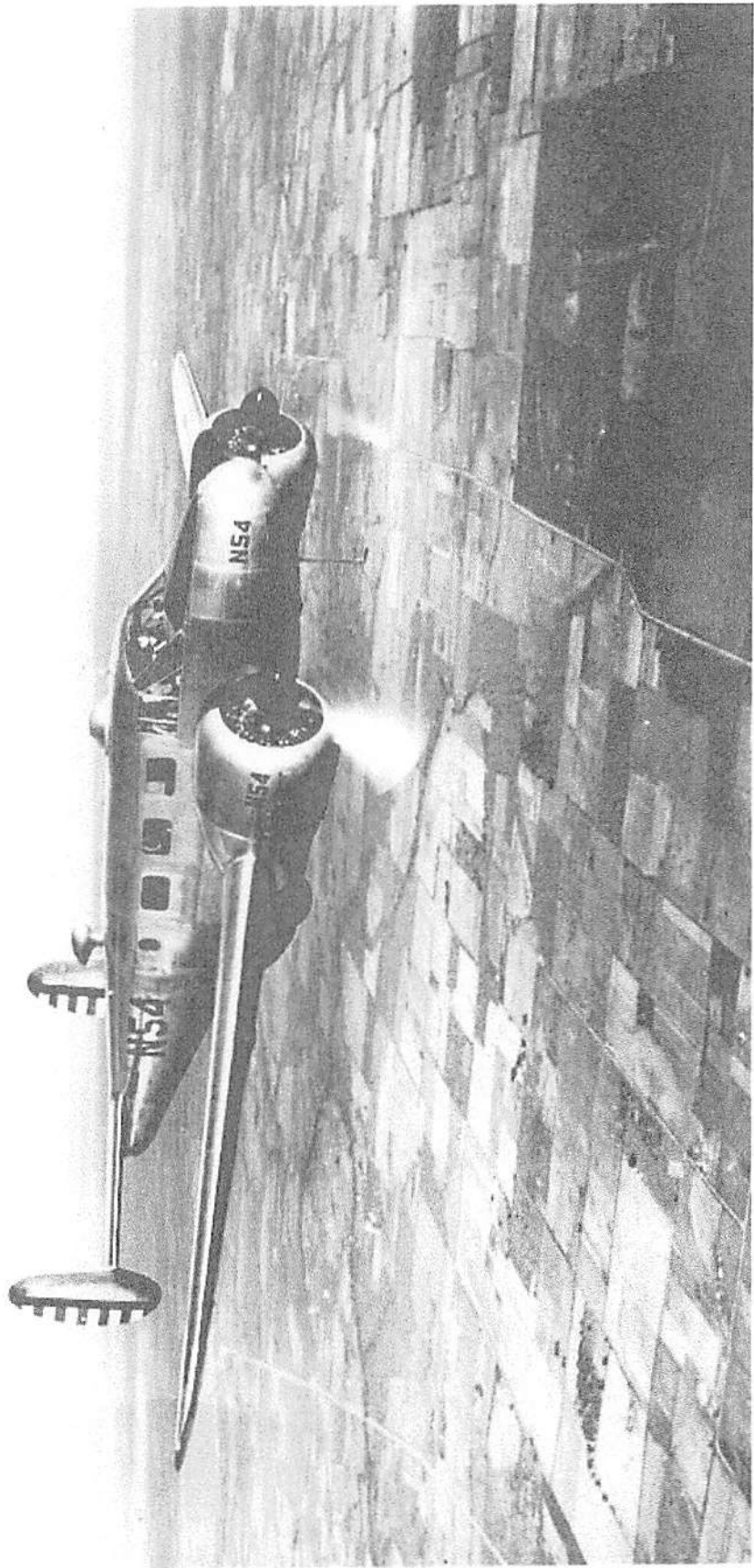
October 2, 1943, I reported to Jackson, Tennessee for primary flight training in Stearmens. Flying in open cockpits, I got a crick in my neck, went on sick call but just had to keep going and wear it out. After 10 hours of instruction I was washed out because the instructor said I was not ready to solo. The bubble of my dream, to be a pilot, had burst and I felt terrible. Myself and several others, who had washed out, went into town to drown our sorrows. While in the restroom of this bar someone destroyed the door to one of the stalls. The owner came in and threatened to put everyone in the restroom in jail. A major from the base came to our rescue. If we would pay for the damages, leave and go to our hotel, he would talk the owner out of having us arrested.

My second qualification was navigator so I was sent to Selman Field in Monroe, Louisiana on October 28, 1943 to begin navigator training. I had two years of algebra in junior and senior high but no geometry, so the theory of navigation, especially celestial, was very hard. I had a buddy, Ted Wides from Ohio, who had two years of college and he helped me a lot. He was having trouble with airsickness and I helped him with encouragement.

Halfway through Navigation School, we were required to go to Aerial Gunnery School. We reported to Buckingham Field, Fort Myers, Florida, November 23, 1943. I received my gunner's wings January 11, 1944.

AL'S HOME AWAY FROM HOME "SELMAN FIELD"





After Gunnery School, we returned to Selman Field in Monroe, Louisiana to complete Navigator School. I flew a day-night training mission from Monroe to Augusta, Georgia. I called my mother from Augusta and she could not understand why I couldn't come on to Columbia, since I was so close.

On May 20, 1944, I received my commission as a second lieutenant and navigator wings. Mother made the trip and pinned my wings on me. Mother's trip was by train and the last leg from Vicksburg, Mississippi to Monroe; she had to ride in a prison car, wood seats and shackles rattling around. There was a shortage of regular railroad passenger cars.

I left Monroe, Louisiana, May 22, 1944, for Fresno, California Assignment Center. I had applied for Radar Navigation School, Boca Raton, Florida, but did not get the assignment.

At Fresno, I was assigned June 1, 1944, to the 4th Air Force, Walla Walla, Washington. This was a RTU where the crews were formed and training as a crew started. I was the last member of our crew to report. We flew high altitude formations, flying bombing practice and I was just a passenger until my turn came to navigate. We flew a day-night mission from Walla Walla to Spokane, Oregon to Reno, Nevada, over Idaho and back to Walla Walla. In that I did not get lost and came in on my ETA. The crew then accepted me.

We had a two-week delay in route, from Walla Walla to San Francisco, as my only leave before going overseas. I went down to Pendleton, Oregon, July 28, 1944 and caught a commercial flight to Salt Lake City, Chicago, Nashville and Chattanooga, where I was

bumped off by a WAC with a higher priority. I then caught a bus to Columbia and arrived at 9:00 a.m. Sunday, July 30, 1944. I left Columbia on August 10, 1944 to fly back to San Francisco and stopped in El Paso, Texas. While in El Paso I walked around the airport and saw a Jap Zero by a hanger. I walked over to see it and my plane almost left without me because I had strayed too far away.

On August 12, 1944 I arrived in San Francisco and reported to Hamilton Field. All the crew arrived and we were assigned a new B-24J. We flew up and down the San Joaquin Valley calibrating all the instruments and checking out the aircraft in general. While in San Francisco we went into town a few nights and had a good time.

We departed San Francisco on August 26, 1944 for Hawaii. As we left the bay it was covered in fog and only the tip of the Golden Gate Bridge was visible as my departure point. Crawford, our co-pilot, opened our orders and found out we were heading to Townsville, Australia. The first leg of our trip was over water. At the halfway point there was a radio ship that was orbiting, giving out radio signals for navigation. We flew over the ship and then the next sight was Diamond Head, which was a beautiful sight. We landed at John Rogers Field, Honolulu after 13 hours of flight. We spent 1 ½ days on Honolulu and I tried to ride a surfboard.

We flew from Honolulu to the Island of Canton. I did not realize what a small bit of land we were aiming for. It was big enough for an airstrip, space for a few planes to park, a small office building and a small barrack building.

We left Canton the next day for Tarawa, the scene of bloody fighting by the Marines. We crossed the international Dateline. The next day we flew to Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands, also scene of much fighting. We spent one night here.

The final leg of our flight was from Guadalcanal to Townsville. Townsville reminded me of towns in our old western movies with dirt streets and wooden sidewalks. We left our B-24 in Townsville. After a few days we were flown by a C-47 to Nadzab, New Guinea. This was a replacement depot. We were assigned to the 13th Air Force and were flown to Wewak. We were again transferred to Noemfoor Island, off the coast of New Guinea and became part of the 424th Sq. 307th Bomb Group (H) 13th Air Force. On October 14, 1944 we flew our first mission to Balikpapan, Borneo. This was the largest oil installation in the Pacific and was a sixteen-hour mission.

After several more missions we moved up to Morotai Island. This was across the bay from the Island of Halmahera, which was held by the Japs. In fact, there were still Japs on our Island, up in the mountains. Morotai was our permanent base. Our tents had wooden floors set up on half fifty gallon drums, cots had air mattresses and, of course, mosquito netting. Our living area was on a peninsula in a large orchard of coconut palms. We had to dig foxholes for the Japs bombed us regularly in November, December and January. We had a PX, outdoor movie theater, chapel and hospital.

Sometime after December 15, 1944, we were taken off flying status and given a leave in Sidney, Australia. We arrived on December 23rd and we four officers found an apartment. There was an area called Kings Cross where

all the social activity was centered. The people had allowed so many service people in Sydney for Christmas time that they did not have enough planes to fly us out. When our time was up, some of us had to stay over several extra days, which was fine with us.

In January we started flying missions again, west to Manila and were the first to bomb Corregidor since the Japs had captured the island.

I flew my last mission March 26, 1945 to Cebu in the Philippine Islands. This made 43 missions with 476 combat hours. Crawford had become squadron leader and Edgar squadron bombardier. They agreed to stay on, fly more missions and were both promoted to Captain. The rest of the crew decided to go home. We had enough points to make that decision.

The month of April was spent waiting on orders. Our group flew a mission to Saigon, in Indochina. They flew from Morotai to Palawan in the Philippine Islands, refueled and went on to Saigon. It was a milk run and I wished later I had gone, especially with the advent of the Vietnam War.

We were finally flown to Leyete, Philippine Islands to await transportation home. Up until our arrival it was by plane to San Francisco, but after almost a month we were put on a ship and sailed for San Francisco. This was the month of June and almost in sight of San Francisco the ship turned south and docked in San Diego. We went by train to Camp Pendleton to await the formation of a troop train that took us through Texas to Atlanta, Georgia where the car I was in was put with a train going to Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I caught a bus to Columbia and started a thirty-day leave.

I had been corresponding with the pretty young lady, Joan; from the time I left Knoxville. I received an invitation to visit her, which I readily accepted. I brought her back to Columbia for a visit. THINGS WERE GETTING SERIOUS.

I had orders to report to Miami Beach for R & R (rest and recuperation) for a couple of weeks. Joan has never let me forget that we did not get married and go to Miami Beach for our honeymoon. One evening at Miami Beach the wind started blowing from the Everglades and the air was full of mosquitoes that really peppered me.

After the R & R, orders were for me to report to Ellington Field in Houston, Texas and return to Navigation School. The place was full of returning combat veterans. I soon decided I wanted to be discharged. I had also asked Mr. Perrin for Joan's hand in marriage. I was separated from the Service on September 19th with thirty days leave. I again visited Knoxville. An engagement ring was purchased and the date, October 18, 1945 was set.

The first week in October I came down with a terrible case of malaria and I got out of a sick bed, weak as a kitten, to go to Knoxville to be married. I think my best man, Herchal Coppedge, had to hold me up. From that weak start it has become a strong marriage with four wonderful children and at this writing, five wonderful grandchildren.

Epilogue

It has always bothered me that I did not become a pilot. So with my son Bert taking over the business, therefore less stress on me, I decided to try again.

On July 5, 1988, I started my flight training with John McConkey at the Island Airport in a Skipper. I later switched to a Cessna 150. At the age of sixty-eight, I received my pilot's license. I later checked out in a Cessna 172.

My dream was finally completed. As to my time in the service, I have kept close ties with Garfield Crawford, pilot and Bob Edgar, bombardier. We have visited in each other's homes, gone to the 307th BG reunion and kept in contact with letters or phone calls. We have lost contact with the rest of our crew.

I enjoyed my experience in the service most of the time and always felt the presence of God watching over should have this feeling.

Addendum to I Wanted Wings

It has been brought to my attention that in my story "I Wanted Wings", I should tell my method of navigating. The main purpose of air navigation is to know the direction and speed of the wind. You also need to know the deviation, the degree plus or minus east or west of the magnetic north. This is shown on maps. If you are south of the equator there are different stars to use from north of the equator. We flew above and below the equator. My equipment consisted of an octant, for celestial, radio, drift meter, maps and a log to mark my course. The octant is an instrument used for measuring position of heavenly bodies. Using the octant one would sight three stars at different angles, each forming a line, where the three lines cross would be your position. Each sighting would be timed and after the three sightings you would adjust the time up and down to have all three the same time for your fix, position.

The first leg of our flight overseas, we left early a.m., daylight, San Francisco to Hawaii. There was a ship stationed half way between San Francisco and Hawaii that sent out a radio bearing that we could pick up about three hours after leaving San Francisco, we flew directly over the ship. The rest of the way I used the sighting the sun with the octant. This gave me a line on which we were traveling, in other words we were somewhere on that line. I used the drift meter to read drift on the wave crest to tell the direction of the wind and with the time of departure and our indicated air speed this would give me my ETA, estimated time of arrival. As we neared Hawaii there was a radio bearing being broadcast from Hawaii from which we could follow. With the exception of the

radio ship I followed the above described method the rest of the way. We stopped at Canton Island, Tarawa, and Guadalcanal and completed our flight at Townsville, Australia. We left our plane in Australia and were flown by c-47 to Nadzab, New Guinea.

When we started flying missions we generally took off before dawn, two or three a.m., and I used the octant for sighting the stars and thereby getting a fix for our position, weather permitting, in bad weather I had to use DR, dead reckoning. After daybreak it was pilotage, following along on maps, the maps were not too accurate, therefore reading drift and DR was used.



*My Great
Adventure*

After finishing Combat Crew training, July 27, 1944, we were given two weeks delay in route from Walla Walla, Washington to San Francisco. This was my only leave until I returned from overseas. I flew from Portland, Oregon to Chicago then Chattanooga, where I was pulled off by a WAC, who had a higher priority than I. The rest of the trip to Columbia was by train.

All the crew reported back to Hamilton Field, San Francisco August 22, 1944. We were assigned a brand new B-24, which we proceeded to fly, checking out all the systems. At night we went into San Francisco to the Top of the Mark among other places. We were not supposed to go to town, but no one was checking. After four nights were given open post, but we did not go, we were too tired.

On August 25, 1944 we took off to the west. The Golden Gate Bridge was our point of departure and only the very top of the bridge showed through the fog. After leveling off at altitude, Crawford, pilot, opened our orders as directed and found we were heading for Townsville, Australia.

Our first stop was Honolulu, Hawaii. We had not had any training over water and my being the Navigator all attention was on me. Halfway between California and Hawaii was a radio ship that orbited at that location and gave us a compass reading. We flew right over the ship. I shot a sun line, which gave direction somewhere on that line. I used a drift meter to read drift on the wave crests. We had a nervous engineer and he was concerned about our fuel supply and was constantly asking when we would arrive. It all worked out, Diamond Head came into view and we arrived on my ETA and landed at John Rogers Field.

We spent two nights in Hawaii; this gave us a chance to go to Waikiki Beach. The Royal Hawaiian

Hotel had been taken over by the military as a club. I tried surfboarding but the little Hawaiian boys went sailing by as I floundered.

We departed Hawaii for the island of Canton. I had no idea what a small piece of land we were looking for in that big ocean, but we found it. There was the landing strip, a few buildings, a space to park a few planes and one tree. The story was that there were two trees but the dogs ran themselves to death so they cut one tree down.

After spending the night on Canton we headed for Tarawa. This is the island where the Marines had such a terrible time. They missed the tide and the landing crafts could not reach the beach, so they had to wade in under extreme fire. The Japs were well dug in and all the bombing and shelling did not keep them from putting up a very hard defense. After seeing all the destruction and knowing the great loss of life, it was very humbling that it was done to provide a stop over for our planes heading to the South Pacific.

We spent the night on Tarawa and next morning headed for Guadalcanal, crossing the International Date Line. Here again we came to a place where there had been long, hard fighting. We landed on Henderson Field, over which there had been a hard battle.

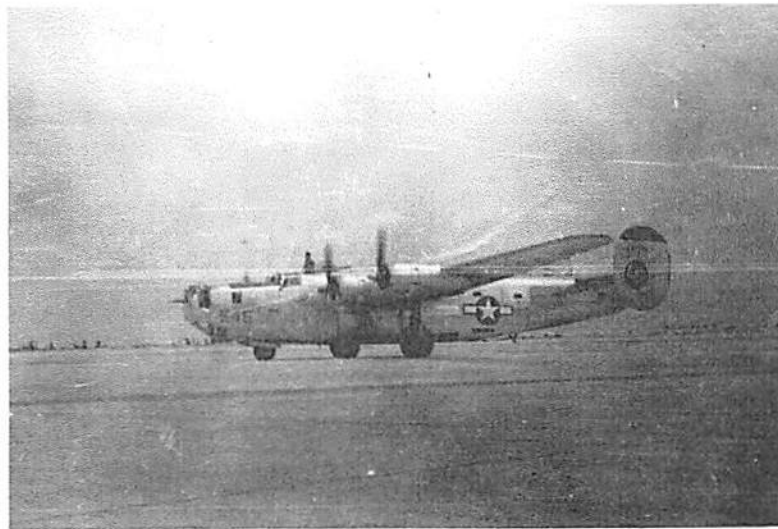
We departed Guadalcanal, after spending the night, and were on our way to Townsville, Australia. We flew over the Great Coral Reef before landing in Townsville. Townsville reminded me of the towns in our old western movies - dirt streets and wooden sidewalks. We left our plane there and were flown by C-47 to Nadzab, New Guinea.

Nadzab was a replacement base and we were waiting to be assigned to Group and Squadron. This was a large tent area on a hill. The fighter boys would check out a plane and then buzz the area. One guy, trying to out do the others, took a P-38 up, feathered one engine and then rolled the plane on the side of the feathered engine very low over our tent area. The word was that the C.O. sent an order down for the pilot to report to him upon landing. The C.O. chewed him out and then said, "That was some piece of flying".

We were in Nadzab about a week, and then received our orders to report to the 13th Air Force, 307th Bomb Group, 424th squadron on the island of Wadke, off the coast of New Guinea. We were again flown by C-47 to Wadke only to find the Group was in the process of moving to Noemfoore. This island was off the northeast tip of New Guinea, thirty minutes from the Equator. This was a very temporary location. There were tents without floors and we had to wash our clothes in a boiling pot over an open fire.

On October 14, 1944, we flew our first mission to Balikpapan, Borneo for 16 hours. After a couple more missions we moved to Morotai, thirty minutes north of the Equator and halfway between New Guinea and the Philippines. This was a permanent base and had wooden floors in our tent, along with laundry, a PX, an outdoor movie and other conveniences. I finished my missions - 43- 475 combat hours at the end of April 1945. After about a month I was flown to Leyte in the Philippines to await transportation to the "good ole USA". It turned out to be a slow ship to San Pedro, California. A troop

train was made up and I crossed the country to Fort Bragg, NC. Then I took a bus and cab to 305 S. Walker Street, Columbia, South Carolina.



Pitoe Strip - MOROTAI

The background of the page is a stylized American flag with a blue field of white stars on the left and red and white horizontal stripes on the right. The flag is slightly faded and has a wavy, draped appearance. On the far left edge, there is a vertical strip of white paper with a series of small, rectangular perforations, suggesting the page is part of a binder or folder.

*Mission
Number Ten*

Our take off and assembly before the target was uneventful. The six-plane squadron leader for the 424th was Hunter. As we neared the target Crawford saw fighters approaching and they looked like P-47s, but they had red balls painted on their fuselage. The Japs passes us by only to turn and come head on, high and way out front. Their first attempt was to drop phosphorus bombs over us. When they burst the burning phosphorus looked like long white Octopus tentacles that could burn through metal. Our pilot maneuvered the plane sideways and up and down to evade the phosphorus.

The Japs next attack was another head on high with what looked like bundles attached under their wings. They pulled up releasing the bundles, which turned out to be iron rails cut in short sections. Crawford again maneuvered the plane so as to miss what looked like fence poles. Since the rails did not break up our formation the fighters came back again head on four abreast, a new tactic, with guns firing. Hunter had been hit and number three engine was on fire. Our gunners reported that six parachutes were seen coming from Hunter's plane and that the right wing of their plane had folded.

My job as a navigator over the target was down in the well from the flight deck, looking out through the bomb bay, to spot the bomb results. When I saw all this stuff flying under us, I thought that Claude White, our nose gunner, had shot up a Jap plane, of course it was the rails flying around. With all the debris flying about the only damage to our plane was the aerial that ran from the forward part of the fuselage to the horizontal stabilizer was knocked off. We later learned that our fighter cover had turned back because of bad weather.

About a month later on returning from a mission in the Manila area, flying along the coast of Mindanao, the

The first part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the State to the President, dated January 1, 1865. The letter discusses the state of the Union and the progress of the war. It mentions the recent victories of the Union forces and the hope for a speedy end to the conflict. The Secretary also expresses his confidence in the President's leadership and his belief that the Union will ultimately prevail.

The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State to the President, dated January 1, 1865. The report provides a detailed account of the military operations of the Union forces during the previous year. It describes the major battles and campaigns, as well as the strategic decisions made by the Union leadership. The report also includes information about the state of the Union's resources and the morale of the troops.

The third part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State to the President, dated January 1, 1865. The report focuses on the political and diplomatic aspects of the war. It discusses the Union's relations with other nations and the efforts to secure international support for the Union's cause. The report also mentions the internal political situation in the Union and the challenges faced by the government.

The fourth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the State to the President, dated January 1, 1865. The report provides a summary of the Union's military and political achievements during the year. It highlights the significant gains made by the Union forces and the progress made in restoring the Union. The report concludes with a statement of confidence in the future of the Union and a commitment to the principles of liberty and justice for all.

pilot spotted a faint light flashing among the palm trees along the shore. Remembering the little mirrors in our survival kits he asked Rowland, co-pilot, to report the spotting to me. As navigator, I made note of the location and reported the sighting at debriefing when we arrived back at the base. The next day a Catalina PBY rescue plane went to the location and picked up the six survivors of Hunter's crew and returned them to Morotai. It was great to see them back and safe.

At the interrogation, Hunter's navigator told of being on the catwalk with Hunter right behind him when Hunter said he was going back to try and help his co-pilot out of the plane. The co-pilot had taken an exploding 20 mm shell between his legs, was in shock and bleeding to death. Shortly after the navigator bailed out the wing folded. The nose gunner was also dead at this time. One other crewmember never made it out.

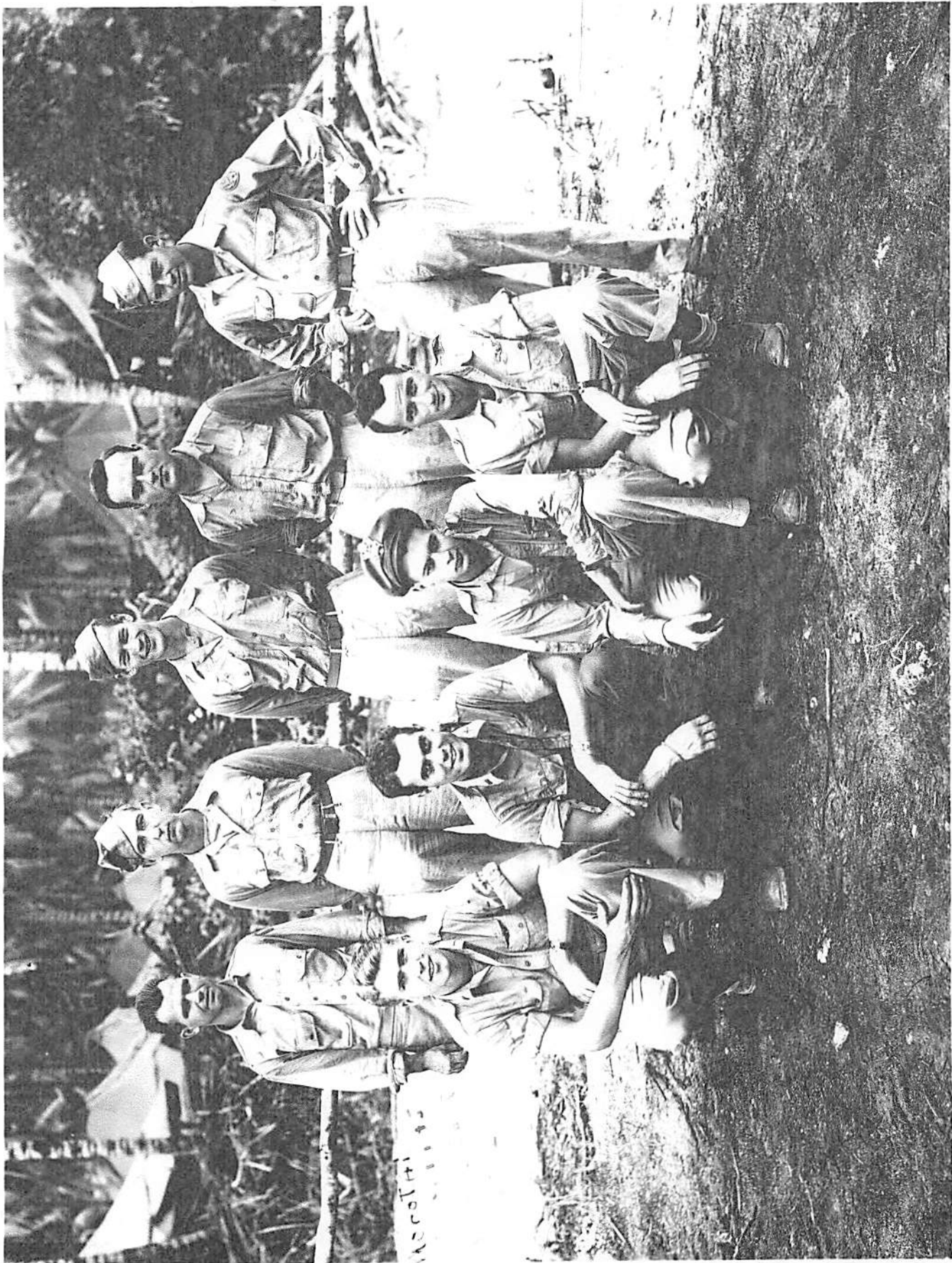
When the parachuters landed, the Philippine guerrillas were waiting for them and took them into custody, thinking they were German fighter pilots. (At this time nobody knew that German pilots were helping the Japs, but this explained the four abreast attacks, new to us but an old German tactic). Once the Philippineos found out Hunter's crew were Americans they went to the crash sight, buried the dead and gathered all the guns and ammunition they could carry. It took them a month to take our boys from island to island, evading the Japs, to the pick up point.

2000-2001
The first part of the report is devoted to a description of the
methodology used in the study. This includes a discussion of the
data sources, the sample selection process, and the statistical
techniques employed. The second part of the report presents the
results of the analysis, which are organized into several sections
corresponding to different aspects of the study. The final part
of the report discusses the implications of the findings and
provides some concluding remarks.

After the interrogation was over the six survivors were returned to the States. The military did not want to take a chance that they may be shot down again, and this time be captured by the Japs and made to reveal anything about the guerrillas.

We never experienced this kind of attack again.

*Garfield Crawford, Pilot
Albert Gill, Navigator
Sgt. Jessie Sellers, Radio/Gunner
Robert Rowland, Co-Pilot
Bob Edgar, Bombardier
Sgt. Claude E. White, Gunner
Sgt. Robert W. Schimmel, Gunner
Sgt. Edward C. Peneck, Gunner
Sgt. Lee W. Kittredge, Jr., Gunner
Sgt. Carson A. Lucas, Gunner*



1st Lt. [Name] and [Name]

The background of the entire page is a stylized American flag. It features a blue canton in the upper left corner filled with white stars, and the rest of the page is composed of horizontal stripes of red and white. The flag appears to be waving, with soft, wavy lines separating the stripes. On the far left edge, there is a vertical strip of white paper with a series of small, rectangular perforations, suggesting the page is part of a binder or folder.

*An Unusual
Mission*

The date was December 10, 1944 and the location was the Island of Morotai in the South Pacific, the base of the 13th Air Force. Our B-24 crew was comprised of Garfield Crawford - Pilot, Robert Rowland - Co-pilot, Bob Edgar - Bombardier, Albert Gill - Navigator and Sgts. Edward Pencek, Jesse Sellars, Lee Kittredge, Claude White, Robert Schimmel and Carson Lucas. We were members of the 307th BG, 424 SQ. We were scheduled to fly with another crew on a two-ship strike to Miri Town on the west coast of Borneo, in the Sarawak region of Malaysia and near the Sultanate of Brunei. The other crew included Lt. Col. J.W. Hinton - Pilot and 307th BG Deputy Commander, Hubert Patrick - Co-pilot, 1st Lt. Fred Harrison, 1st Lt. Robert Jones, Sgts. Roy Hann, George Westlund, Henry Hritz, Robert Podewils, Francis Shea, Thomas Wong and Leonard Bennett. This was Patrick's crew from the 372nd SQ., except George Westlund, from Tom Harris's crew, who was asked to fill in as engineer. We also had an eleventh man, a photographer. The ground personnel did not rotate as the flying crews did so this individual decided to checkout as a photographer so he could fly missions and secure points towards going home. This mission with us was his first combat mission.

Before each mission, crew members, must check their equipment to see if everything is working properly. All items checked out, however, Bob Edgar reported one bomb, among a cluster, had a different looking fuse and was warm to the touch. It was too late to contact ordnance for any changes as it was just a few minutes before taxing out for takeoff and with the Colonel flying the lead plane Crawford was not about to be late.

This, as the case of all our missions, was individual planes to the assembly point; form up and on to the target. We took off early morning, before dawn, with the Colonel and Patrick first. The takeoff from Morotai was to the southwest. There is a bay 30 miles across and the Islands of the Halmahera Group are on the other side. This group of Islands were held by the Japanese and are mountainous. The first plane flew from takeoff straight across the bay and hit a mountain. We will never know why the plane crashed but many at our base saw and heard the crash and fire. Those at the base waited and prayed for flash reports from both planes. They all hoped maybe it was a jap plane but finally one coded report came in, from the Crawford crew. When Crawford's radio operator was queried, he reported the other plane had never been sighted. We followed the first plane's takeoff and turned northwest over the bay to avoid the Halmahera Islands mountains and continued onto the assembly point, located on the east coast of Borneo, not knowing the other plane had crashed. We arrived at the assembly point and circled waiting on the other plane to arrive. After waiting as long as we could we left for the target.

The mission called for the attack to be at 200 feet with five second delayed fuse bombs and strafing with our guns. A strafing pass was first made on a large 1000-barrel tank. As we approached this tank the pilot called to the nose gunner, White, "Don't fire on that _____" but too late, he fired on the tank. The tank exploded in front of us so the pilot made a sharp bank to avoid the flames and debris. That was our first close call.

We came back for an attack on another tank. The bombardier Edgar toggled a bomb into the side of the tank, which caused an instant explosion directly underneath the aircraft. This was due to either a bad fuse (the warm bomb) or a spark igniting the fumes in the tank. The pilot felt a blast of air from the bombardier's compartment and called Edgar to see if he was okay. Edgar had no wounds but the bombsight window was shattered, the nose wheel doors were blown open and the bombardier's kit bag and parachute had fallen out. The engineer came down out of his top turret and reported a large hole in the top of the right wing. The pilot turned the plane over to the co-pilot, Rowland, while he and Edgar walked the cat walk through the bombay, with the bombay doors wide open. The pilot did not want to close the doors until all systems were checked, we had to get rid of all bombs before starting back to the base. The gunners in the aft section of the plane checked their area for hydraulic and cable damage while Edgar and Crawford checked for gas leaks from the wing. A serious gas leak at this point in the mission would make a safe return to the base rather doubtful. No leaks were detected. Since Edgar lost his parachute the pilot suggested that if we had to bailout he should strap together with Gill and buddy ride one parachute to the ground.

We made a third bomb run at low level aiming at a couple of very large warehouses. The bombs hit the first warehouse and went right through and out the other side before exploding. This was caused by the delay fuse. Later in 1975 the Edgar was living in Singapore, running a

large oil field supply operation, and was in Miri calling on the Shell Oil company and visited this very same warehouse.

The photographer was asked if he had gotten any pictures and he said no, said his camera would not work at this low altitude, so the pilot pulled up to 500 feet and made an attack on a costal vessel at a small pier and we used the last of our bombs. Hits were scored on the pier and portside of the vessel, timber and wood splinters rising to the altitude of the aircraft.

With a big hole showing in the right wing and not knowing if we were leaking gas the pilot headed for home. When we arrived on Morotai and the aircraft was inspected we found 40 holed through out the aircraft. A piece of metal, about 8"x10", cut through the cowling of the #3 engine and was resting against the top cylinder. The name Shell Oil company was stamped on it. We understand that this plane was never flown again.

The pilot was asked to fly another plane to the approximate area where he saw an explosion on the mountain shortly after takeoff for this mission. Because of the hour of the day, the tree shadows were long and dark, no crash site was seen at that time. For two hours the next day a 372nd B-24, crewed by Lts. Harris, Burns and Rodabaugh, T/Sgts. McNally and Kendall, Lt. Baldwin, Operations Office, Lt. DeClerk and S/Sgt. Walter, criss crossed the northern peninsula of Halmahera Island searching for the missing plane. No trace was found. Rumor had it that an Aussie landing party, later attempting a land search, was turned back by strong Japanese forces along the Halmahera coast.

The photographer had never taken off the lens to the camera, so no pictures were taken. He also turned in his camera and decided to finish the war on the ground.

For this mission our pilot received the Distinguished Flying Cross and the rest of the crew the Air Medal.

The background of the entire page is a close-up, slightly blurred image of the United States flag. The stars and stripes are clearly visible, with the blue field of stars on the left and the red and white stripes on the right. The flag appears to be waving or draped. On the far left edge, there is a vertical strip of white paper with a series of small, rectangular perforations, suggesting the page is part of a binder or folder.

*Sailing Into
The Sunset*

The location of this story is 350 miles southeast of the Philippine Islands, in the Southwest Pacific, on the island of Morotai. It is one of the Moluccas Group or Spice Islands, where I found myself in early 1945.

In September 1944, the U.S. Army invaded Morotai and in October 1944 this became the home of the 13th Air Force, 307th and 5th Bomb Group (H), B-24's. Morotai Island is shaped like a tadpole, round body, with a mountain sloping down to the sea and a long tail. The landing strips were at sea level and the southern end was the peninsula and the living area for all the personnel. There were still a few Japanese soldiers in the mountains that would come down at night and try to steal food.

The usual routine was to fly a mission, be off the next day, and then fly again. Morotai was a very small island and boredom was a big problem for twenty year olds. To alleviate its effects the personnel would dream up all kinds of distractions. One day two friends and I were sitting under a coconut tree with nothing to do and someone, looking out over the water, said, "Why don't we build a boat and go sailing?" Since we were all from the hinterlands, no one had gone sailing, much less on salt water, with tides and currents, about which we knew nothing. We just decided we wanted to go sailing. It seemed that there was not enough danger in flying missions that we had to look for more.

The idea was to build a boat in our spare time and in that we were not sailors, we knew we could not build a boat from scratch, so someone suggested using a plywood gas tank. It was a droppable tank used by airplanes to increase range. This tank was about 12 feet long and 3 feet deep. The mid section was cut out to hold the three of us. In that the bottom was round, we "found" two large aircraft oxygen tanks, which were attached as

outriggers. This gave the appearance of a narrative boat. A tent pole was the mast and a tent canvas made a jib sail. A wooden rudder was attached and we were ready to go.

One afternoon we carried our boat to the water on the west side of the peninsula, which was the bay between Morotai and enemy held Halmahera Island, and away we went. Since the wind blew parallel to the peninsula and toward the bay, we found that we could not come back to shore. Our problem was we did not have a center board or keel to allow us to tack into the wind, which would bring us back safely to the shore. Fortunately a sailor, in a small motor skiff, came by. We hailed him and he tied up to us and brought us to shore. At this point, we realized that the boat was sea worthy but we were limited in going where we wanted to go. Someone suggested we attach a board, a foot or so wide to the side of the boat, that extended down into the water. This was to give us a keel and theoretically would allow us to tack into the wind.

A day came that we were not flying and so we again launched in the afternoon. It was quickly apparent that we had not improved the situation and again could not come back to shore. A US destroyer came into the bay and dropped anchor near us. A small motor launch was heading for the destroyer and we hailed him. He came over, tied up to us and started for shore. In just a few minutes the rope broke and he took off saying he had to pick up the "Ole Man". This left us sailing up and down, paralleling the peninsula and moving further out into the bay. As darkness approached, we could see the sailors on

the destroyer preparing for the evening movie, the screen was on the fan tail. As we sailed by sailors waved at us but did nothing to help us.


Several hours after dark a searchlight swept the area from out in the middle of the bay. This bay was about thirty miles across at the widest point. The light became fixed on us for a few minutes and then it went out. We decided that our best bet was to make for the source of the light, in that the wind would blow us in that direction. At this point, we began to think of prayers and help from above. Desperation dictates that one would make a promise to the Lord that he would fully intend to keep, but one in the group found it hard to keep after the fact. Around midnight we came within hailing distance of a ship. They spotted us with lights and threw a life preserver, attached to a rope, over towards us. We had three boards that we used for paddles and we started working towards the life preserver. It seemed as we neared the life preserver that it was jerked back towards the ship. In a flash of great wisdom, I decided to dive overboard and swim to the life preserver and make contact with our boat. As soon as I hit the water, I found out why it appeared to jerk back toward the ship. There was a very strong current rushing by and I just did make it to the life preserver. The other two in the boat had to paddle harder but with my stretching from the life preserver, we finally made contact and we were then hauled to the ship and brought aboard. This ship turned out to be an Australian Corvette, a ship small than a destroyer, on station and guard between Morotai and Halmahera. They spotted us earlier on radar, because of

the oxygen bottles, and flashed the search light on us and then decided that we were natives and turned the light off. If we had missed contact with the ship, we would have either landed on Halmahera with the Japanese, or been carried out to the open sea.

The Australians gave us a couple shots of whiskey, fed us and put us up for the night. They notified our Group where we were and the base said they would send a boat for us in the morning. The next morning we were delivered to the base and we were advised that the Squadron CO wanted to see us. It just so happened he was on a mission when we reported, so we saw his adjutant and gave him our story. He said he would advise the CO when he returned. We heard nothing from him so we were off the hook.

A day or so later another brave flyer tried sailing and spent the night tied to a buoy at the end of the peninsula. If he had missed the buoy, he would have gone out to sea. An order came down from Group Headquarters that there was to be no more sailing and all boats were to be destroyed. My sailing days in the Pacific came to an end.

(This account by Albert L. Gill occurred while he was serving as a Navigator on a B-24 for the 424th Squadron, 307th Bomb Group (H) of the 13th Air Force).

The background of the page is a stylized American flag. The top left corner features a blue field with white stars, while the rest of the page is filled with horizontal stripes of red and white. The flag appears to be waving, with soft, wavy lines separating the stripes. On the far left edge, there is a vertical strip of white with a series of small, rectangular perforations, suggesting the page is part of a binder or folder.

*Thirty Minutes
That Seemed
Like An
Eternity*

This story about a gas fume filled B-24 is nothing new to all you old B-24 crew members, we who remember this situation are the lucky one who have survived.

Going back to my B-24 pilot transition training at LAAF Liberal, Kansas in 1944, my instructor took all of us fresh graduates from aviation cadets for a little ride to the local scrape yard full of old, busted up and blown up B-24s. One of the things he told us about this plane, we were about to fly, was its inherent ability to produce gas fumes in the bomb bay. He said "always crack the bomb bay doors a foot or two before take off to vent the area" Many of the accidents happened on take off and were usually blamed on an engineer entering the bomb bay smoking. I have always had my doubts about blaming the engineer for all of those accidents. It was my belief that when the bomb bay doors were not open enough to vent the area, once the gear handle was moved to the "UP" position the accumulator pump started and it always sparked, which was the primary cause of an explosion. A Navy friend of mine said they had five B-24s in their squadron and three of them blew up on take off, so they quit using the B-24.

Now back to my story. As part of our crew discipline we always took off with the bomb bay doors cracked about one - two feet to vent the area. No one was allowed to light up a smoke until there were no fumes present and we had reached an altitude of 5,000 feet. The crew never broke this discipline. I imagine most all crews operated the same way, although our navigator flew an early mission with another and older crew who fired up smokes as soon as the landing gear was up. Guess they were lucky.

On January 17, 1945 we took off on a routine mission from Morotai for a strike in the Philippines. All seemed

normal, bombs in the rear bay and fuel tanks in the forward bay. Not long after we cleared the ground, my navigator Al Gill, came forward and said we had excess fumes in the flight deck. I said "this is normal Al, keep me posted". He then returned with his map which was wet and dripping with 100 octane fuel. I was convinced we had a real dangerous situation on our hands, ordering all hatches open and oxygen mask on. The radio operator had already passed out and we were all soon drenched with 100 octane aviation fuel. I looked into the bomb bay thru the hatch window and saw a solid fog of gas and the line leading from the top of the bay to the transfer pump on the cat walk was swinging free in the breeze like a garden hose gone crazy.

Being 21 years old, as most of were at the time, a call placed to Bob Edgar, our bombardier, helped me decide that the bomb bay was too saturated to explode, so we agreed to salvo the bomb load, as no one could survive in the present atmosphere of the bomb bay and to also unstrap the fuel tanks and drop them.

The bomb bay door opened and the bombs dropped and all was quiet. I firmly believe the Lord was answering some prayers and helped us make the right decision. We returned to Morotai. My landing technique was to set her down as on egg shells, keep the engine running a little fast so as not to cause a back fire and ignite any residual fumes coming out of the hatches and open bomb bay. I braked to stop with the engines running fast, the Morotai pick up truck with water tank in back (fire equipment) followed us. My crew got out in record time and ran away from the plane and kissed the ground,

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. The text also mentions the need for regular audits to ensure the integrity of the financial data. Furthermore, it highlights the role of the accounting department in providing timely and accurate information to management for decision-making purposes. The document concludes by stating that adherence to these principles is essential for the long-term success and stability of the organization.

The second part of the document provides a detailed overview of the company's financial performance over the past year. It begins with a summary of the key financial indicators, including revenue, profit, and cash flow. The text then delves into a more granular analysis of each of these metrics, explaining the factors that have influenced their performance. For example, it notes that revenue growth was primarily driven by an increase in sales volume, while profit margins were maintained through cost control measures. The document also discusses the company's financial position, including its debt levels and liquidity. Finally, it offers insights into the company's future financial outlook and the strategies being implemented to achieve its long-term goals.

at which time I released the brakes and proceeded to the parking area. I then shut off the engines, took the form 5 and got out of the plane as fast as possible. At this point the transfer hose (or fuel line) was still draining gas. All of this because of clamps on a fuel line were not properly tightened.

Needless to say, I was called before the powers that be and asked why we turned back. I gave all my answers, which I felt were based on sound judgment and not cowardice. Thank God for Major Vanderpoel, Squadron CO. He was by my side and convinced the Group that I had made the right decision, thus bringing back my crew and airplane ready to fly another day. Had we continued toward the target I am sure we would have exploded long before reaching the target area.

There is no way to prepare a pilot and crew to handle such a situation. Our instructors gave us all the information they had and the decisions are ours and with Divine intervention we survived, only the Lord knows why, but I give Him thanks.

By: Garfield Crawford, Pilot

With some assistance from Al Gill, Navigator and
Bob Edgar, Bombardier

424th Squad 307th Bomb Group (H)
13th Air Force, Southwest Pacific

The first part of the document deals with the general principles of the law of contract. It discusses the formation of a contract, the requirements for a valid contract, and the consequences of breach of contract. The second part of the document deals with the specific rules of contract law, such as the rules of offer and acceptance, the rules of consideration, and the rules of privity of contract.

The third part of the document deals with the remedies available for breach of contract. It discusses the law of damages, the law of specific performance, and the law of injunction. The fourth part of the document deals with the law of restitution. It discusses the law of unjust enrichment, the law of quasi-contract, and the law of tortious liability. The fifth part of the document deals with the law of agency. It discusses the law of authority, the law of liability, and the law of termination. The sixth part of the document deals with the law of partnership. It discusses the law of formation, the law of liability, and the law of termination. The seventh part of the document deals with the law of joint tenancy. It discusses the law of creation, the law of severance, and the law of termination. The eighth part of the document deals with the law of co-ownership. It discusses the law of creation, the law of severance, and the law of termination. The ninth part of the document deals with the law of trusts. It discusses the law of creation, the law of administration, and the law of termination. The tenth part of the document deals with the law of wills. It discusses the law of testaments, the law of intestacy, and the law of rectification.

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