

January 4
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

After leaving Palm Beach, Florida on the 22nd of December, we flew over the Caribbean Ocean and spent the first night in British Guiana. The next day we flew to Natal Brazil where we spent Christmas Eve. We then flew over the South Atlantic to the Gold Coast of Africa and spent a night at Accra. We then flew to Kano, then to Karatoum where I spent 2 days in the hospital with dysentery. We then flew to Aden in Arabia. From there we flew to Karachi, then to New Delhi, and finally landed in Piradoba, a small hamlet just northwest of Calcutta. We were given two blankets and a canvas cot. I've learned all the desirable sleeping positions in one night.

We have a "houseboy" in our barracks to whom we pay one Rupee (about 30 cents) per week for sweeping and keeping our end of the barracks clean. Our barracks is a one-story structure of white-washed mud or adobe and a thatched roof. We eat from mess kits in a central mess hall. The weather is quite cool. We have no sheets and I have requested some from home.

The men here use picks and shovels on construction jobs. The dirt is loaded into round wicker baskets about 18 inches in diameter and the women carry them on their heads, filled with dirt, to wherever it needs to be dumped.

January 6
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Bought a "mattress." Paid 16 Rupees for it. Native made (\$4.80)

Went to movie on perimeter of base. Open air theatre. We got caught in a sudden storm. The movie was "Janie." But we all ran home.

January 7
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Attended Church, about 10 were present. Tony Snow gave lesson, the rest of the time for testimony meeting. Wonderful meeting.

January 8
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Attended radio school. They are endless.

January 9
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Went to school again.

Bebout Bathon and I went into the jungle to visit and look around. People dirty, poor, and friendly. Women ran and hid. Small children were dressed in a red string tied about their waist.

Went to movie again to see last half of "Janie."

January 17
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Meals mostly of dehydrated food. Fresh fruit (bananas 3-4 inches long). Eating a dozen bananas would cause no ill effects unless eaten with the skins on. Fresh meat occasionally. Oranges a little smaller than lolly-pops and a little larger than marbles.

Found a new pet--a monkey. He had no idea about being "house broken."

January 18
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

First letters from home.

Sold the monkey for 4 Rupees (I had paid 5). Though it was a good bargain.

January 23
~~Scott Field~~, India (China)
1945

Flew a mission over the "Hump" to China to take gasoline for future missions to Japan. We stayed overnight (Li Li Yang). Visited a nearby village to buy a few things. Went to a "cafe" after dark, became frightened and returned to base. Evacuated a squad of American Infantrymen on return flight.

January 23
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Crew found can of ice cream mix (for three gallons) bought ice and borrowed mixer. Ate it all.

Wished we were based in China. Boys treated so well there.

January 28
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Shots all over again. Typhus gave most trouble.

Our bomb group given the name "Hellbirds."

January 31
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Payday. Usual rattle of dice, gloomy looks, long lower lips and happiness. Sent Ivory jewelry home bought in China, \$2300.00 worth--Chinese money, of course (\$4.00).

Class B allotment check for mother and dad as dependents was \$27.00 per month. Asked them to cancel it when they got on their feet.

Lynn was in Burma, but I couldn't locate him.

Out of nowhere a boy pulled a violin and began playing "Songs my Mother Taught Me"--sounded so nice.

February 7
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

We flew our first "mission" today in a ship called "Rush Order" but had to abort the mission. One engine blew and exhaust stack. The target was Saigon. We turned back to the base and the pilot elected not to jettison the bombs--they might have fallen on friendly troops. With 16,200 lbs. of bombs aboard he landed the plane on three engines! Scared us half out of our wits. He gave us all permission to bail out--but we elected to ride it down.

Had interesting discussion about our "Word of Wisdom". One of the crew brewed himself a cup of coffee and drank it to prove that it was not harmful. One of them accused me of being "possessed by the devil" for believing the things I believed. Brems and I are Mormons. There is one Jew on the crew, one Methodist, and one which makes no religious claim at all, the others seem to be Catholic.

I teach a weekly lesson in our church group on the Doctrine and Covenants.

February 12
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

On the evening of the 9th, we were assigned to serve as a "standby" crew for a crew who was preparing to fly a Photo Reconnaissance Mission to Singapore. They crashed on take-off so we had to take the mission. At 27,000 feet over Singapore, 10 fighters attacked us together. One gun jammed, and we had no ammunition left except the four rounds in the tail gun. A "Tojo" came in real close and raked us from the nose to the tail. He hit a gas tank and one cannon shell exploded in the gunners compartment--just missing the control cables. Benoit had his safety belt cut off by a fragment and the intercom control box near Bernier was shot off. A portable oxygen bottle was also hit which exploded. The main oxygen system was also hit forcing us to use oxygen masks. As the "Tojo" went past the tail, Pop gave him the last burst of four rounds in his guns. He disappeared into the clouds smoking. We think Pop got him with four rounds. We finished our camera run over the Dock areas and headed home. I managed to get the intercom system wired back together so we could again communicate with each other. We were forced to land in Burma because of the damage the plane had sustained. I got the radio going and wired our base. The next day they sent a B-25 down for the film. We flew back later.

The strip we landed on was called "Cox's Bazaar". The film, when it was developed, showed most of the remaining Japanese battleships in dry dock. The Japanese bombed the airstrip the night we stayed there but did minor damage. We arrived back at our base on the 13th of February.

February 21
~~Scott Field~~, India
1945

Strange monkey came into barracks and got into bed with Bathon. They got him drunk on beer and then Bebout put on his gas mask and chased him around the barracks and finally out the door.

Anticipate a move, packed all bags. Wouldn't unpack them for a can of peanuts.

Told folks I wouldn't be writing for a while.

We shared a plane with another crew who do most of the flying. They have been here longer than we have been so they get priority. When we leave they will fly the plane and we will have a boat ride. No one knows where we are going. Some artic clothing has been issued. We may end up in Russia.

We were assigned to fly another airplane on a flight to "break" the new engines in... "slow timing" the engines as we call it. It name given the ship by another crew was "Untouchable." We reported to the flight line and discovered another crew had been assigned the job. We protested to the flight operations officer. Our answer was: "McCulley, you aren't going to fly today. The other crew is going to fly this plane." As they took off, number three engine caught fire and burned off the wing. The wing tank exploded and the plane crashed to earth in a ball of flames. No one got out alive. The whole mess was "Untouchable."

February 25
~~Scott Field~~, U.S.S. General J. H. McRae
1945

We were shipped out suddenly in the middle of the night. We were loaded onto the train . . . a grown-up toy . . . it seemed to us, with benches placed longitudinally in the cars. Each time it stopped, we'd all slide against each other. We had "K" rations and slept sitting up. The toilets were just holes in the floor and a number had not developed a talent or accuracy for using them. We are now aboard ship sitting in the harbor. Down the mouth of the river we've seen partially decomposed bodies with huge birds sitting on their chest floating out to sea.

Our troop ship is a large one. I've never seen a ship this large before. Our crew has quarters on "D" deck which is the very bottom deck and quite a few feet below the water line. Our "bunks" are canvas and steel pipe shelves about 18 inches apart and an 18 inch isle between tiers of these "shelves". We have no port holes and no air conditioning. It is very difficult to sleep. It is hot and it stinks.

February 26
~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

Nothing happened today. We just sat in the bay and waited for the ship to be loaded. I ran into Preston Bushman, whom I knew at the "Y".

February 27
~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We moved away from the dock today and stopped to refuel. I'm not sure I'll like this trip. We only have two latrines for all the men, and they are doing a good business! Our compartment is crowded, and so warm, and smelly all the time. The officers enjoy luxuries we have long forgotten. It seems that with the army and the navy, its special rights for some and equal priviledges for none.

February 28

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae

1945

We moved out a ways today then stopped. We had an "abandon ship" drill--a real comforting thought!

March 1

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae

1945

Last night some time we moved again. Early this morning I couldn't sleep and went to the latrine. I was very busily engaged when the anchor was dropped. The latrine is right in the bow of the ship and the anchor is just above it. The noise it and the chain made sounded like the whole ship was being torn apart. I don't know where I thought I was going, but I was getting there fast--and not completely dressed either! I've met a large number of LDS boys aboard. We are trying to arrange service next Sunday. It is so hot in our hold that sleep is next to impossible except in the very early hours of the morning when the noise of the ship activities gets underway. We have to pass the officers quarters on our way to the mess hall. Their quarters are air conditioned and the cool breeze coming from there really makes us envious. We have 200 sweating steaming bodies in our hold.

March 3

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae

1945

We sailed a considerable distance today. Water is very calm. A friendly plane flew over. Every order given to the ships crew is piped into our hold. "Section two, fall out on the fan-tail" has absolutely no meaning for us. We fixed that though. I have a radio-repair tool kit and a sewing kit with me. We drove a needle through the flexible cable which leads to the speakers then cut it off flush on both ends which effectively shorted out the speaker. Now we have absolutely no calls from the bridge. The only trouble is, we can't hear mess calls, nor could we hear emergency calls. We had a fire drill and missed it. They've spent hours trying to find the trouble. They never will find it.

March 4

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae

1945

On KP today. Same old KP except for the gentle roll of the ship which is a little difficult to adjust to. We passed a floating mine which gave us some concern. We had a squall and the sea became a little rough.

March 6

Scott Field, General McRae

1945

Sea is still rough. We have lost our escort. It is quite stormy and not very pleasant. A couple of us crept near the doorway of the officers quarters and were enjoying the cool breeze, one of them spotted us and ordered us to get below where we belonged. I was ran off the top deck four times last night as I attempted to find a cool place to get a few winks of sleep. They have a detachment of Marines on board. Right now their assignment seems to be to keep us below decks. I suppose it is in our best interest, but we have a hard time to see it that way. Had I not found some convenient shadows at the right moment last night, I'm sure I would be in the brig today. We played chess most of the day. Bushman and I get together and sing frequently with a guitar which helps a little.

March 5

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

Sea is rough. It is hard to sleep in this hold--even after a stretch of KP. I slipped out on deck for a little while--behind the guard--and enjoyed a few minutes of clean, fresh air, and sleep behind a roll of rope. It was wonderfful. We held church today. There were 11 of us there. They came from Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, and Nevada. An Ensign abourd ship--LeRoy Dills, is from the BYU. I met Tommy Fuller from Circleville, and Burhanam from Kanab. I met him in CMTC at Fort Douglas. I gave a short talk and Tony Snow gave the lesson. We used the sacrament cups I had brought from India. We crossed the equator today also. 82° 55 Longitude.

March 7

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

Today was King Neptune's day and he rules with an iron hand. We crossed the equator (March 5) and so according to custom all the "unclean" had to be initiated into the Royal Order of the Deep. We were rounded up and put in a long, never-ending line. We crawled on our hands and knees through a paddling line and up a flight of stairs to his Royal Court. Here we were greeted by a couple pairs of indiscriminate sissors. Everyone lost his hair at the hands of "Barbers" not too well defined in the art. Then black grease was smeared on our faces and flour dusted on top of that. A piece of dough was also placed in our mouth which we were to hold there. By night fall the barbers were standing knee deep in hair, dough, and flour. We also had to kiss his Royal Bottom. One soldier used his teeth and brought upon himself severe chastizement. We were then lead to another "Barber" chair for a final "Inspection" and adjustments. Then the chair was tipped backwards and it was then we discovered the reason it was covered in grease. We slid like hams down a chute on our backs and into a vat of sea water where Neptunes helpers kept dunking us until it looked like we could not survive. We were then tossed into another chute head-first on our stomachs--between a long line of paddles. It was so slick we couldn't climb out or crawl, but the force of the paddles propelled us down the chute. I managed to get a few pictures until a Captain spotted me and yelled: "Hey, get that kid with the camers!" I ducked into the bodies and legs around me and escaped capture and an unknown fate!

March 8

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

The sea was rough again today but only a few are getting sick. Sea sickness must be similar to air sickness and most of us overcome that a long time ago. We are kept down in the hold 12 out of each 24 hours, being allowed to come up to the mess hall for food and a little exercise occasionally. The smell and the closeness is terrible at times.

March 11

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

Our compartment is getting cooler. We must be approaching the southern latitudes as it will be "winter" there. I gave the lesson in church today. Priesthood and Church Authority.

March 12

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

All the gun batteries on the ship began firing today without warning. We were all excited until we discovered they were only target practicing.

March 13

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We must be quite a ways south now for it is cold enough for a coat out on deck. There is also some heavy early-morning fog. I was on KP again. I was assigned to the vegetable room where all the potatoes and onions are peeled--what a relief when I discovered that all we had was dehydrated vegetables.

March 17

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

There was joy with most of the men today. We sighted land--Australia. We are now in the Harbor at Melbourne. It sure seems good to look at the city (what little we can see of it) and to know there are people living in it. It is so much different from India. The only catch is we can't get off the boat. We'll be here about a week getting something or other repaired. There seems to be some crazy order from General McArthur that no American troops are permitted in Melbourne. Attempts are being made to get it recinded as we have men aboard who have been in India for over three years. (It might be just as well if they were kept on board!) Some Aussies have been throwing Australian pennies on deck as souvenirs for us. The trick is to get them and also keep fingers.

March 19

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

As rumors go, we might get a 16 hour pass into Melbourne. Gee, I sure hope so as I'd certainly like to get a look at it. Last night 5 fellows went over the side. Three of them were later caught and are in the brig. The other two I suppose will be gone for good.

March 23

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

Well, the rumor was true. We all received passes. Ensign Dills arranged to get four of us (Tony Snow, Lee Walker, Preston Bushman, and I) passes along with the regular 16 hour pass, and we have really enjoyed ourselves. We visited the House of Parliament,

the University of Melbourne, saw an operetta (The Desert Song), visited the LDS Mission Home, and MIA. We spent the rest of our time just look around and eating fresh fruit and ice cream. We ate at Collin's restaurant and went to a Red Cross dance which seems to have been arranged especially for the troops on the USS General McRae. I wasn't planning on dancing, but a girl asked me to dance with her. She was a wonderful dancer. Her name was Lydia Drexel and seem so interested in me and the things I was doing. She wanted to dance and talk. It embarrassed me somewhat as the other boys were joking about it. I'm sure she was genuinely interested in making us seem at home. I wasn't interested in acquiring a new girl and I'm sure she had nothing else in mind but being a good hostess. Whether it was a rumor or a fact, I'll never know, but sometime later we learned that she was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Melbourne. We window shopped but could buy so very little. Our resources were limited, and storage space, and we couldn't get "points" which were necessary to buy so many of the things we wanted. Melbourne was a beautiful city. We liked it very much.

March 25

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We shoved off soon after our passes into Melbourne on the 23rd. We are at sea again today. Saw a school of Tarpin. Nothing exciting happens. Today is a reoccurrence of yesterday. We line up for chow; to wash our faces; to shower; and even to use the commodes. The weather is beginning to get just a little warmer again and still the ventilation won't work. We thought they would have the system fixed in Melbourne, but it wasn't and we still rely upon "natural" ventilation through the ventilators which doesn't work too well, especially on calm seas. As the ship rises out of the water, the water breaks away from the hull with a groaning or tearing sound. Sometimes it sounds as if the ship were tearing into peices. We are only one inch from the water and it gives us a creepy feeling to hear it. The bilge is right under us and we can also hear that water sloshing around as the ship pitches. The water from fountain in our hold doesn't work very well. The other night it over-flowed. My "shelf" is only two inches from the floor (should I say deck?) and the water level almost reached the bottom of my bed. I discovered it when, out of the corner of my eye and in a fitful sleep, I caught a glimpse of a G. I. shoe half floating down the isle. I awoke with a start and thought sure the sea was leaking into our hold and that we were sinking. It was a relief to find that we weren't.

March 28

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We picked up a pilot in Brisbane to guide us through the costal waters around the eastern part of Australia, on the 26th. The reefs look treacherous. Today we docked in Townsville and picked up a group of Australian infantrymen. They don't know for sure where they are going either, but we are having fun swapping souvenirs--mostly equipment. I've been on KP today to make up for the day I missed when Ensign Dills took us into Melbourne.

March 30

~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We passed through some straits today which we were told are in New Guinea. The jungle looks quite dense. The Australians put on a good show for us today for entertainment.

March 31
~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

This deck proposition is getting a bit ticklish. I'm afraid we'll have some serious trouble unless something is done. The situation is this. In our hold there are 4 holes which measure 6 x 10 inches each to supply air for 200 men. There is hardly any ventilation at all. The temperature at midnight last night at my bed was 92°. Some of the fellows who had managed to find places on deck to sleep were discovered and ordered below. They refused and it took the Marine Guard with rifles and bayonets to get them below. The captain has ordered tear gas to be used on us. There is going to be trouble, I can feel it. Because it isn't working, the water in our compartment was shut off. We gather around the one in the mess hall when we get there and cause such confusion that it has been shut off also. Coffee is about the only liquid readily available and it only at meal time. Those air conditioned officers quarters certainly are appealing. I've found a spot to sleep on deck in a pile of planks. I lay there and listen to the water and see the southern cross above me. It so happens that this load of planks is rigged to be triggered and dumped into the ocean in the event we are sunk to give us something to hang to as there are not enough lifeboats for all of us (about 4,000 men). I hope they don't dump it accidently.

April 1
~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

I guess the weather came to our rescue. The day before yesterday we passed Lae, New Guinea and yesterday we passed Finschaven. We docked at Madong long enough yesterday to let the Australians off. I'm glad I'm not getting off here. The whole dock area is severely battle scared, and there is heavy fighting back in the jungle. We came to the Admiralty Islands where we are to pick up an escort. We held Easter Services on board ship. I participated in a chorus. The Chaplin gave a brief, uninspiring sermon. He's the same one who insisted on having the boys salute him in Melborne. The Navy had a movie on deck tonight so some of us hung around to see it. Just as it was to begin, the Chaplin noticed us and had us all sent below. He isn't a man to be admired. Someone speculated that he probably confesses his own sins to himself and then forgives himself.

April 2
~~Scott Field~~, General McRae
1945

We sailed today with our escort. I suppose we'll reach our destination soon. This is a battle zone. I sure hope as our situation below deck is still bad.

April 8
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We stopped by the Utricht Islands where we saw over 500 ships of the fleet which was impressive. We passed Guam where we speculated was to be our home then sailed on to this Island, arriving here on the 6th of April. Early on the morning of the 7th some landing barges approached and we disembarked via rope ladders over the side of the ship. The captain, standing on the bridge had his hat blown by the wind into our midst. One of the men took the insignia off then threw the cap overboard as a final display of contempt which we had for his regulations. It was good to get ashore. We slept on the ground with our two blankets. The island is "secure" but there are an estimated 2,000

Japanese soldiers still hiding out. We have been warned not to go far from our camp area. Two C. B.'s were found just 300 yards from our camp dead and mutilated. We are busy clearing and burning sugar cane for our permanent camp site. Berms and other members of our outfit have just arrived from China. They flew the airplanes in. The CB's almost have the airstrip completed. Water is extremely hard to get. We are rationed one can-teen per day. We all need showers.

April 9

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We cannot tell where we are. Two indicated in a letter that the experiences I had during the summers with Dad was good (trying to tell them I was living in a tent and "camping out" and that we could use Lloyd and Deray--both were cat operators which we needed). I have been with Maxine only 12 days in 2 years and miss her so much.

April 12

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Pop got into a live hornets nest yesterday. Broke all track records on the island making his get away. The weather is very hot as is our only drinking water. I've had KP the last three days--including my birthday which was yesterday. I have a small boil on my arm. We try to keep clean but with the amount of water available, it is difficult. We wash our clothes by boiling them in a bucket when we can find the water. We are still sleeping on the ground. A couple of us explored a few Jap pillboxes near our tent area (where pop got into the hornets). We found a helmet, dishes, pay, books, and magazines we couldn't read. We also found some canned Japanese rice and fish which we didn't bother to sample.

April 14

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We heard of the death of President Roosevelt today.

All of us are required to salute officers. We spaced ourselves 10 feet apart and gave them the works.

Rain every night, mud in the morning, and dust every afternoon. Cultivated a little flower garden near tent. We got air mattresses today. They will feel good tonight. Two have pajamas, and sleep in them to keep the sheets clean.

April 17

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We have open-air movies every night. Steel bomb crates serve as seats for the officers and are located right in the front. We sit in the rear in the mud. I transplanted more flowers near our tent entrance today. I don't even know what they are--just some I found in remains of a small form house. I think one is a banana tree.

We (our crew) have followed the patterns set by some one and built ourselves a washing machine from a 50 gallon barrel and equipped with canvas blades which turn by the wind. A number 10 can on the end of a piston serves as the Dash. It looks like a cross between a Dutch windmill and a saw horse!

April 18
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Yesterday our crew commandeered a vehicle and visited the north end of the Island. Our area is the West Central area--just a couple hundred yards from the shore. This was the original beach head area. We found burned out tanks, gutted houses, and abandoned or spent amunition of a naval ship variety. We also found some fuses from artillery shells which we brought back with us, only to scare the ordinance officer half out of his wits. We were more frightened then he was as we had disassembled them without knowing what they were. We could have all been killed. We also found some Japanese aircraft, or their remains as they had been stripped of anything of value. We found a skeleton near one plane with a detached show containing a decayed foot. A little further away was an American Marine Cemetary which reminded us of the price this small island (about 5 by 20 miles) cost us.

April 19
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

No flying and time getting burdensome. Ground personel all working and wondering about us.

Beer available. I gave mine to Pop.

April 22
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian

We are still working on our camping area--making coral walks now to fight the mud. I received some flower and vegetable seeds from home. They sould grow real well here. We are not doing any flying and we are getting restless. It takes 500 combat flying hours or 35 missions to be rotated home. At this rate we'll never make home. I attended LDS services at the main base on the other side of the island. There were about 50 of us in attendance.

April 24
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Banana trees and flowers are still alive and thriving. We are still working on the camp area. I was on guard duty last night with live amunition. Someone on the southern end of the island found occasion to use his. Guard duty here isn't like it was at Texas Tech--this is for real! We have a good mail call today. I received 25 letters--all from Maxine and Mother. Meals here are not bad. We had fresh butter, pork chops, spinich, and dehydrated potatoes for dinner. We also have beer and candy on ration. I trade my beer to Pop for his candy. I have a lot of cold sores on my lips from the sun I suppose.

April 25
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We saw the picture "Winged Victory" which portrays an accurate account of the Aviation Cadet. Especially the Wash-out sequence I experienced.

Look Magazine of April 3, 1945, had article on B-29. It was good.

Most of us doing guard duty. Mostly to guard the water supply--~~from~~ both us and Jap soldiers.

April 27
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Pop and I usually get up at 5:30 cleaned up and went to breakfast early. We start work at 7:30. Still no flying.

May 3
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Our baggage has caught up with us--almost like home now. Sinus bothering me.

May 4
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We won't be flying for a while. McCulley has a sore back and Regan has a fungus.

Everybody building little articles of furniture to make life a bit more livable.

We went swimming on the beach. The coral is dangerous.

We have no lights in tents yet.

May 5
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Preston Bushman brought Nile Shirts, a cousin of mine to see me. He was a crew chief. (The censor left this in a letter to Maxine, but cut it out of my letter to Mother.)

May 7
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We flew a training mission today to a small by-passed island--Pagan. Seems good to fly again after the long lay-off. We were able to buy stationery with our new insignia "Hell-birds" imprinted on it. Most of us are writing letters home like mad.

May 8
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

One group flew a mission to Japan, but was called back just minutes before reaching the target area. We are told there is a 72 hour truce in effect--something to do with the defeat of Germany which we heard about today. Last night we got a truck and drove to the dock area where we loaded up with lumber which is used to pack bombs in the ships. We

returned to the tent area and spent the rest of the night making ourselves a floor in our tent. This is one advantage an enlisted man has. Officers couldn't risk getting caught. We have the only tent with a wooden floor in the area. It really seems nice too. Only casualty was caused when one fellow held a nail for another to drive. I suppose the language he used was justified in this case.

May 11

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

My garden transplants worked so well I tried some corn today. I'm not sure whether it was corn or sugar cane. The radishes I planted are just beginning to come up. A strange cat walked through the tent today. The word for "Scat" must be the same in English as it seemed to understand.

May 13

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We went to a special Mother's day program at the Island Command Chapel. Chaplin Gerald Erickson whom I knew when I worked at Grand Canyon was in charge. I washed my sheets and hung them out to dry. The wind came up and blew them in the mud. I washed them again and hung them out over night. The next morning they were in the mud again. I washed them again and while they were in the washing machine, a sudden gust of wind tore it to pieces. My sheets don't look like sheets anymore.

McCulley has sinus trouble so I suppose we won't be doing much flying for a while.

May 14

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

I discovered I made Sergeant last month on April 7. The day we landed on this island. My base pay is now \$78.00 per month with 50% added for flight pay plus another 20% for overseas pay which makes about \$140.00 per month. Beginning next month I'll get another 5% for longevity.

Brem and I went on a little excursion and found a watermelon. We brought the seeds back to prove it. There is some talk about how we'll be discharged after the war is over. It is on a point system. Battle stars count five points (we have 3), children count 12, I have 53. Baker says he doesn't have enough to get out of the WACS.

May 18

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We flew our first combat mission yesterday since arriving here. It was a long one to Nagoya. While waiting for the signal to start our engines, I retired to the shadows of the empty bomb crates near the plane and prayed. One plane crashed on take off. We arrived over the target at 3:30 a.m. I was frightened but felt a great calming power come over me. There were 500 planes over the target. We dropped our bombs just three minutes before the squadron behind us dropped theirs. There were great fires below us. We were 32 hours from the time we were awakened until we got back to our tents.

May 21
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

I'm trying to decide whether to become a teacher or an engineer after the war.

May 23-24
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We flew our second mission to Japan today to Tokyo. The plane weighed 135,000 lbs. including the bombs. The mission was 2700 miles. Part way there the bomb-bay doors opened mysteriously by themselves and we had a hard time coaxing them shut. We had on flack suits, Mae West life preservers, steel helmets, and oxygen masks--real knights in shining armor. We flew over Iwo Jima and Mt. Fujiyamma which we used as an identification Point. We could see it plainly in the moonlight. One B-29 near us went down in flames. One almost rammed us from the rear and Pop in the tail gun really got excited. The flack was also heavy. We were glad to get home.

On the way back we ribbed Adams about Texas:

Do they teach U.S. or Texas history down there?
We don't like Texas Steak at all (Spam).

When we returned Pop got under the showers and got all soaped up and the water ran out. As we leave the briefing room via the north (side) door after a mission we are all given a "shot" of Whiskey. Pop gets mine, and a few others as well so he was well oiled to protest the shortage of water.

May 26
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian (Tokyo)
1945

Third Mission to Tokyo. Engine no. 3 smoked a lot. Brems replied to an inquiry about our position: "Somewhere over the Pacific." We passed over Fujiyama and headed for the target. Radio Tokyo sounded normal. Flack was rocking the ship. Sounded like it was inside with us. Japanese "Baka" came after us. Pilot made a steep climb. "Baka" ran out of fuel and crashed into the sea. Came home with other B-29's. They looked beautiful, but not as good as the landing strip at home. Our losses were 60%.

We received packages from home dated in October and marked: "Do not open until Christmas" Were they six months late or six months early? We were happy to get them and amazed that they had followed us all this distance and still found us. A 10 x 12 picture of Maxine was the most valuable of all in mine. I had a cake--now crumbs--but we are every single one of them. I carry a small picture of Maxine with me on all missions, but this one will stay here.

May 29
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian (Yoahama)
1945

Fourth mission, this time to Yoahama. We had fighter escort for the first time. . P-51's picked up at Iwo Jima. They flew with us in flocks--like an old hen with little chickens. Over Fujiyama again. Bombed the homes where the war workers lived and

also the factories. Jap fighters struck, not knowing the P-51's were with us. They took a real beating. One B-29 lost by accidental ramming. Some P-51's ran out of gas and were ditched off the shores of Iwo Jima. A bunch of tired "Hellbirds" were happy to go to roost at night. We had a huge hole in our left wingtip.

May 31

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Payday! Sent \$50.00 to Mon and Dad to help with the carpenter work on the house.

June 1

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Sent Maxine \$100 for the bank account.

June 3

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Garden going to pot. Too much flying.

June 5

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian (Kobe)
1945

Fifth mission was to Kobe. (92nd CB, Battalion was our "sponsor" for this mission.) They were with us for the briefing. We went in at extremely low altitude, and took a severe beating. A number of ships were lost. One in front of us in formation was shot down. We counted 8 parachutes. Flack and fighters were extremely heavy. Radio Tokyo was extremely bitter about the "indiscriminate" bombings. I could imagine what they would do to survivors of a lost aircraft! I can't say that I'd blame them much. Total time: 37 hours from briefing to briefing.

We learned on our return that we've lost Brems, our Navigator, and Bathon, our Radar man to another crew. We picked up two replacements, both officers. David A. Stocking for Navigator from Stockton, California. The Radar man also an officer, Lt. James R. Hyde, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Something in the wind.

June 7

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian (Osaka)
1945

Sixth mission. Osaka. Everything went wrong. Bad weather scattered us. A gun jammed. A fighter came out of the clouds and was too startled and too close to fire. A mysterious smoke filled the cabin. The nosewheel door came open. We ran low on gas. Gun jammed against nosewheel wall door. The mission was completed and safely home at last! We were one of three ships to make it back. Some were lost, others had to land at Iwo Jima.

June 9

~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

12 hours sleep in three days . . . lost of flying. Recommended for Air Medal.

June 11
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

One fellow got a letter from his wife telling him he was the father of a "12 point baby girl". (He hadn't been home for over a year.) It was 12 points and that was his immediate concern.

June 12
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Got word that our crew has been selected to return to the States for special training in "Radar" bombing. We had mixed emotions as it would prolong our tour of duty, but the thoughts of going home rang soundly in our ears. For the next few days we were traveling salesmen with customers coming to our doors. We had hundreds of messages to give to wives, sweethearts, parents, brothers, and sisters. A "Big Gear" got our ship, so we had to go to Iwo Jima to get his; the one we were to fly home. It was battle damaged and a "War Weary" but we were glad to get it--"Flying Stud II." When we finally got it back from Iwo, much repair work needed to be done. After a few days of waiting and one forced abort, we finally got it off the ground and headed home. We went by way of Kwajalein Island and Pearl Harbor. We finally arrived in San Francisco on June 18. Old "Flying Stud II" just about conked out on us a few hours out of San Francisco. The radio equipment went dead and one engine quit. Another engine began to lose oil. When we landed it, we left it at the end of the runway and were told it would not be flown again.

June 16
~~Scott Field~~, Honolulu
1945

Arrived in Honolulu. Turned one roll of film into customs, but was able to hide the others. Our aircraft number was 44-24464. Rested a few hours--overnight.

June 18
~~Scott Field~~, San Francisco
1945

Sent telegram home to Maxine. Might be home tomorrow for 6 or 8 days.

Our crew was sent home for further training in Radar Bombing. (The reason we lost Brems and Bathon and gained officers with radar bombing and navigation background.) We shipped out almost overnight. Telegram was sent as soon as I got to San Francisco. Telephone line couldn't be freed.

June 29
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc, California
1945

Arrived from Salt Lake City via air line to Las Angeles. Arrived in LA at noon. At Burbank Lohk Heed Air Terminal. Took bus into LA and ran into McCulley. We rode bus some 80 miles to Muroc. We were the only one of our crew there. Pop came in the next day . . . stewed to the Gills. We asked him where he'd been: "How can I

tell you when I don't even know myself!"

We began to go through the routine of physical examinations, clothing checks, etc. Quartered in some small plywood huts 12 x 12 feet with window screens 4 feet up all the way around and a plywood "shutter" that dropped over the screen to keep out the wind and sand.

June 30
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Saw first jet plane--P-30, also saw Northrop "Flying Wing" both being tested at Edwards.

"This is sure a desolate place. Nothing but desert in any direction except for a few cactus trees and sagebrush. The wind always blows and sand sifts through the cracks. We'll start flying in a couple of days and then we'll be too busy to notice it . . ."

July 1
~~Scott Field~~, (Muroc) "Somewhere in California"
1945

"So hot the rattlesnakes carry umbrellas." . . . At night the wind blows and the sand flies. All you have to do to clean your teeth clean is to roll back your lips and your teeth get "sand-blasted."

Had first day of school. More code checks and theory examinations. One thing we were sure of--they wouldn't wash us out and make us stay here. One test on radio equipment was 85 questions long. My answer to one was "Are you kidding?" We knew we'd be shipping out at the end of the month regardless. School for the crew was just to occupy our time while the navigator and radar men learned to operate the Radar Bomb Sight. We would be flying "missions" over most of the large cities in the Western part of the US while they practiced a new technique in bombing--bombing by radar. Weather over Japan was most nearly always bad, and we were one of a few select crews that were to lead mass bombing raids over Japan in any kind of weather. Our training was to last about a month.

July 2
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Tests on First Aid. We are all a little disgusted as we had been overseas and yet out-ranked by every crew on the base. Complaints were made and protests written and reports forwarded but none of us thought it would do any good. I was a "Buck" sergeant (three stripes) and all other radar men were Tech or Staff Sergeants.

Mail coming in from Tinian--forwarded to us from US.

July 3
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Tempers sharpened by the constantly blowing wind and sand.

Against conscription bill then before Congress.

Greatly disappointed in not getting married while on leave, but felt it was the right thing to do.

July 4
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Flew first training mission today. San Francisco and Sacramento. Only few 7 hours. Had nothing to do but send a few position reports while the navigator and bombardier practiced radar bombing--pass after pass after pass. Spent most of my time with my shoes off just relaxing. Gunners shot a few feet of film at some P-51's who were playful.

When we returned to base we had to shake the dust and sand from the blankets and shovel the sand from the floor which had drifted into the huts during a sand storm.

". . . I hate the thoughts of going back over there. I wonder sometimes where I'll get the strength to go, but it's a job that has to be done. Thousands of others have gone--many won't return--but as long as you have faith in me, and we both have faith in the Lord and the blessings He promises, I'm sure we shall yet live our normal lives. I know our prayers are answered dear, as long as we live in a way to be deserving of all those many blessings. I pray every night that I might have the strength to overcome temptations and can live to return to you--that we might yet be able to rear a family as a tribute to the Lord's goodness. . ."

July 5
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Spent the day at the hospital checking on what I thought might be ulcers. Everything checked out alright. Also added three new fillings to my collection of silver.

July 6
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

"Over 25 Giant Superfortresses blasted San Francisco and adjoining areas today from their Muroc Dry Lake Bases. With their target the industrial areas and aircraft plants as well as oil wells in the vicinity, the B-29's literally wiped out 1/3 of the cities war effort. With no opposition the big planes slid majestically over the target without suffering any losses. A few P-51's attacked, but were driven off. Flack was negligible. Returning fliers, wiping sand from their eyes and enjoying a lovely fish dinner said simply: "There was nothing to it, just another milk run."

"I suppose by the middle of August we'll be back in the old groove again. I didn't realize how much I disliked flying. It's just the thoughts of going back over there I guess that gets me. I sure wish I didn't have to, but it will take more than wishing."

It gets over 100 degrees F. during the day here then the wind and sand blows at night.

We are graded on a five-point scale with 5 being excellent. I've received four fives and one four so far and didn't work hard either. These missions are snaps compared to actual combat.

July 7
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Flew 12 hours mission to Seattle. Mission began at 6:30 p. m.

". . . I'd rather do most anything than go back. If it weren't for my patriarchal blessing, I'm afraid I'd either crack or desert before I'd go back; and I'm no coward either. The rest of the crew erases their fears with whisky every night, but I'm left alone to think about it all"

July 9

~~Scott Field~~, Muroc

1945

Dissention in the crew. Regan (co-pilot) and navigator (Stocking) were advnaced in rank to First Lt. Adams (Bombardier) and Hyde (Radar) are angry. Hyde has promised not to do his best anymore. He said he didn't like the crew anyway. We feel the same about him. He's only 20 and has more rank now than he deserves. Other men doing the same job he's doing are only corporals.

One of our intelligence officers from the Marianas Islands dropped by to see us. He claims the war will be over by September 20.

July 10

~~Scott Field~~, Muroc

1945

"Bombed" Los Angeles, Got two-day passes for the weekend.

July 11

~~Scott Field~~, Los Angeles (Hotel Biltmore)

1945

With very little gardening skill, whole crew is raising hell and have a "wonderful" time. I got a ticket to "Rose Marie" through the USO.

Pop's sister-in-law took us all over Hollywood. Left L. A. at 4:15 a.m. to make it back to the base.

Met a Major in the Lobby from our outfit. He confirmed that we had been given the Presidential Unit Citation.

July 12

~~Scott Field~~, Muroc

1945

Got on base in time to go straight to the flight line and fly. Bombed "San Francisco" again. Really ready for bed by night-fall. Heat and sand no problem.

July 13

~~Scott Field~~, Muroc

1945

Now all the officers wives are mad at each other because their husbands are not speaking.

Confirmed the flight over Singapore in which Adams in a moment of frustration cut off all the power to the guns just as the Japs were making a pass at us. We couldn't shoot so they really plastered us. This incident was brought to light again in the battle

the officers were having over rank. Hyde has requested a Major on Tinian to review the whole case. We feel the enlisted men won't get a thing out of the whole deal. Hyde wants McCulley taken from the crew. Adams does too.

July 14
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Bombed Los Angeles. Flew over Santa Ana. Many memories--wonder if there are still aviation cadets there.

Crew won't clean up. Won't even sweep under their beds. Pop and I usually end up doing it. Pop mad at Baker because he degrades the ground crews.

Studying catalogs from the BYU and the U. Still don't know what to study on my discharge.

July 15
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Mother inquired about coming to Muroc to visit. Maxine has expressed interest also. Travel difficult. Buss is best bet.

Use the Post swimming pool every day--it's half sand.

Weigh 186 lbs.

July 16
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Bombed Fresno and San Jose. Six hour mission. Had Radio Instructor along with me. Checked out all right. McCulley had a Major checking him out.

July 17
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Hyde in trouble. Screwed up a radar set. Pop says deliberately and now has to justify it to a Major. We hope he gets it in the neck. We can't loose him. We're stuck with him. He took a screwdriver and busted a tube then made scratches all over the faceplate. Pop saw him and ask him what he was trying to do. He said, "Get it to go!" Pop handed him a fire ax and said, "Here, try this!"

July 19
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Our day off. Waited for three hours for a bus into LA. I went into church. While there the bus came and left so I spent my day on the post.

Bebout and Benier went out with a girl who claimed to be an "upright Mormon" They both "used" her in the airplane--according to their boasting. Said she was Iris Christensen from Salina, Utah. Hope they were just boasting. She wouldn't touch

alcohol and tobacco--said it was against her religion. I sure hope they were not telling the truth.

Called Maxine on the phone--extremely homesick.

Question raised about her visiting me. Tentitive plans made. She will decide.

July 20
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Bombed San Francisco again. Other members of crew hitch hiked to LA. Got back just in time to fly. All looked dead.

July 21
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

No more radio code school. Passed the required code speed so have that hour off now. Nothing to do.

July 25
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Flew to San Francisco again.

August 2
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Maxine left home on the train. Sad parting, Left from LA.

I had her in the Guest house on base for three days. I had an unexpected 3-day pass which we spent in LA. Two separate rooms. We went to the Paladium to dance. We went to the beach to swim. We ate at "Cliftons." Visited with Mrs. Thomas (wife of Dad's missionary companion) Got back to Hotel at 12:30. Left at 4:00 on the bus for Muroc.

August 4
~~Scott Field~~, Muroc
1945

Left Muroc and traveled to Hamilton Air Force Base just outside of San Francisco, 400 miles away. Trip took 21½ hours.

Spent the morning in Muroc getting clearance forms signed. Then lost them. Had to start over again. Shipped out in the afternoon to Hamilton AFB.

August 5
~~Scott Field~~, Hamilton Air Base
1945

Awaiting shipment overseas. Very despondent. Being sent via C-54 Globmaster (military Counterpart to a DC-4) flown by the Air Transport Command.

Quite impressed with the base. Reminded me of Ft. Douglas.

Felt I would be back.

August 6

~~Scott Field~~, Hamilton Air Force Base

1945

Sent letters off the base with Pop, who took advantage of every leave opportunity. Avoided Censors that way.

We left Muroc at 10:00 p.m. after waiting for the train for 9 hours. Took us 21½ hours to make a 400 mile trip.

Took size 73/8th cap.

Knew I was returning to the 462nd Bomb Group, 708th Squadron.

August 7

~~Scott Field~~, Hamilton Air Force Base

1945

Still sitting around waiting travel orders. Expected them any minute. Expect to go now or tomorrow morning. Believe it possible to be home again by Christmas.

Called Mother and Dad on the phone. Called Maxine on the phone.

Sent home a picture of a fellow in our barracks at clovis who had been on so many missions, was shot down over Japan.

Mentioned the "Atomic bomb" sailors about ran San Francisco. "Little White Hats" all over the place.

Had pillow packed in my B-4 bag, "borrowed" from Muroc.

Watching ticker tape in the news room. Hope the Japs are about ready to surrender.

August 9

~~Scott Field~~, Hawaii

1945

Played chess on the way over. Taught Baker, got beat by Hyde and trimmed Regan.

Hawaii not as romantic as pictures indicate. Felt strange about seeing the US Coast-line slip away, but had faith that I would be back. Thrilled about the Russians finally taking action against the Japanese. War must be about over.

Ate so much fresh pineapple and juice that I thought I'd burst. Got it from the Red Cross Hospitality stands.

August 10

~~Scott Field~~, Hawaii

1945

At 3:00 a.m. bedlam. Everything that could make noise did, or was made to do so. "The war is over" everybody was shouting. A couple of brass bands went by the barracks. We are at Kichham field where it all started.

Everybody nervous and high strung. We are afraid we'll be left in Tinian by our outfit to fly patrol duty when they are sent home because of our trip to the US. Everybody is happy. Officially the war was still on, but practically it was over. Why did we have to return? Oh, just to turn around and head for home. We feel we'll never have to fly another combat mission. Hurray!

August 13
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Back "home" again. The tents are gone, and we have Quanset huts instead. Moved in with new fellows who seemed strangers.

Saw Brems, seemed lonely--wife is expecting.

Arrived in Tinian on the 12th at night. Lights at Sipan could not be turned on. Next morning we flew to Saipan, then caught a C-47 back to Tinian. Tire blew out. Almost crashed. Finally reached our squadron area. Quanset hut almost in exact spot where the tent was.

Adams and Hyde are 1st Lts. Baker and Bernier are Sgts. Pop still Corporal, and I'm Sgt. Expecting change.

August 14
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Flew combat mission today. Wierd one. Last one of the war probably. Rumors of official peace offer, but nothing definite. Mission was scheduled just as a persauder. No one wanted to go and everybody who did was extra cautious. Highly successful. We were lead ship. Didn't even use the Radar Bombing training.

August 15
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Heard today at 8:00 a.m. that the war was over! What a happy day! Commanding officer gave us a talk. No one knew the answer to the big question: "When will we go home?" It started to rain. The Chaplin said: "Even the heavens are shedding their tears of thanksgiving."

Lots of mail including packages of most everything. Great feast.

August 16
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Tornado forming off the southern coast, gave us all some concern. It missed us. Whiskey is \$30.00 per quart, and there is some available but not much at that price.

Pop tries out a motorcycle and just about breaks his fool neck. He knocked one tent down in the maintenance section.

On the last mission, I heard a broadcast from Tokyo. Wrote down the names of two soldiers who were P. O. W.'s and wrote their folks. One from Texas, and one from Mississippi.

August 17
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Just sitting. Not doing a thing. Wondering when we'll get out and counting up the discharge points over and over again--I have 59.

Quanset huts are about 50 ft. long and look like a culvert cut in half. Has a plywood floor. What a difference from the tents we had in April. We are actually an "old" crew in the squadron, having been with the outfit in India. Stand about 5th or 6th in line.

August 18
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian

Command is getting ready to have us fly somewhere. We don't know what it is, but a flight is in the making. It wouldn't be combat. Perhaps evacuating POW's from Japan. Attended Radio School. Will passing grades determine our trip back home?

August 19
Scott Field, Tinian
1945

First peace time Sunday in years. What a wonderful day. Went to church and rested of the day.

Rumors flying by the dozen about demobilization.

August 20
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

A training mission. What a laugh! For what? An accident to kill ourselves? We actually enjoyed it though. No one to shoot at us except the die-hard Japs on the island just off our southern tip.

Saw the Charles Ruggles touring group. Jokes a little on the dirty side.

Looks like I'll be home in less than four months if rumors and our calculations are correct.

August 22
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

More mail from home. Nothing to do except sife and digest rumors.

Letters from home asking "When will you be home?" We feel now we will be among the first if our outfit goes home as a unit. If so, it should be in October.

Pop's brother, a navigator from Guam, came to visit him.

Nothing to do especially. Plant seeds, putter around in my little "garden."

August 23
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

On guard duty at the airplane. Disgusted with the lowering of the discharge points for the officers. They have the easy life and get out first. Looks like I'll be flying as a substitute radio operator on another crew tomorrow. For what? What kind of a crew will it be? Are they any good? Will they get me back? /Am I training some greenhorns?

August 24
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Decoration day for our outfit. A moral booster I suppose. About 200 of us were decorated for something or other. We sat in the hot sun for two hours dripping with sweat--in open air theatre. General Ramey presented the awards. Our crew was given air medals. We used to get them at the supply. Most of the EM men mad over the officers getting tent. Our first and getting first chance at available jobs.

We fly training missions about every day now. Battle stars for our outfit are still coming through for which we get extra "discharge" points. Lots of rain--lots of mud.

August 25
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Brems just had a "12 point" girl. Flew to Guam. Regulations are knee deep. We had to salute everything that walked with brass. We had mixed uniforms. (Navy blue jeans and "T" shirts) They thought we were a rough looking outfit. We had to roll down our sleeves--on "T" shirts?

We picked up a load of supplies to be flown to POW camps.

Spending a lot of time reviewing math. Just finishing trigonometry.

August 26
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Went to church. Our crew commandiered a truck and went on a cruise of the island. Visited the old town and some of the vacated homes. Whole area had a "G. I. Facelifting."

August 27
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Snow made Staff Sgt. today. Bebout made Master Sgt. My flowers are growing.

August 28
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Nothing much going on. Very heavy rains everyday. Nothing but mud over ankles. Some of the men who have 85 points or better are being pulled out of group to a staging area for shipment home. Officers get out with around 58 and as few as 38. Our navigator, Stocking, is going home tomorrow. He came into the service the same time as I did. (He was killed when his aircraft crashed on take-off at Kawajalain Island a couple of days later on his way home.)

Finally found an air mattress. Been sleeping on canvas cot since my return.

August 29
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Discharge points lowered to 80 for discharge. Won't help me much. A recount as of Sept. 1, would give me 71. I'm hoping for a recount.

Quanset Hut is last one on the row. At the bottom of hill and all drainage runs to us. I've had to dig a trench around us to keep from getting flooded out.

August 31
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian

1945

Pilot made Captain a few days ago. Flew to Guam to cook up a deal to get on General Spaatz's staff. Wants to stay in the service after the war. More rain. Hauled more coral to fill in the mud holes around the quanset hut. 16 men to a hut, about two crews.

We spent some time at the airplane on guard duty. A lot of griping among the crew, intolerant of each other. Sharp tempers.

We're planning to fly POW supplies to Japan in the morning. Heard mission was scrubbed. Brems is back with us as navigator. Stocking is going home on points (58).

September 2
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Flew as "lead" crew in a "flyover" of the Battleship Missouri as the surrender was signed. Had much stormy weather to fly through. Weather clear over Tokyo. Was over Missouri when the surrender document was signed. A Lt. went home who had been over for two weeks and had 45 points. What a deal.

Brems was our navigator again.

September 4
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Mud again. Working in the Squadron Personnel Office checking service records to make sure they were up to date.

Runor has it that our wing will be going home soon. I think we'll be home before Christmas.

No more advancements in rank. We all want to make "Mr." as soon as possible.

September 5
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Got word that Stocking was killed on the way home. All men aboard were killed. Radio operator was a good friend. Snow had sent his camera and all his undeveloped film home with them. Aircraft was one of ours. Were all "brass" getting an early jump home. The aircraft was one we had been flying. We flew it on at least one mission and a dozen training flights. It backfired constantly and we feared it. They thought we just didn't want to fly (we didn't very much). Now it's gone and so are some good men. Stockings Distinguished Flying Cross came through today.

Pop and I working in Personnel again... Volunteers. The others drew guard duty.

Counting all our battle stars, decorations, etc., I have 68 points as of May 12. Pop is calculating points.

September 6
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Letter censorship is off.

We have \$320 in bonds and \$250.00 in the bank. Still working in the Squadron office. Pop and I volunteered. Starting in the morning, the whole squadron goes on detail. We've got the best job. Seldom volunteered for anything, but it paid off this time.

September 9
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Usual day. Awoke at 5:30 and got up at 5:50 went to the bathroom, showered, and then went to breakfast. Went to school for a while then Pop and I went to the office to work--real "office" boys. Pop checked all the service records for the "Good Conduct" medal. Discovered that he hadn't been recommended for it. He took care of that himself. Gave himself a good recommendation too. Haven't flown since September 2. We are scheduled to "slow Joe" a ship in the morning. Break in a ship with a new engine.

Heard the points for discharge for officers were being raised.

September 10
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Instructions were received to send home as follows: "Please don't send me any Christmas Packages as I expect to be on my way home by them." First concrete news of our possible trip home. Well received.

Our ride home will be by boat and I dread the ride. Our pilot got the staff job at Guam and now he wants to get out of it. We have no pilot to fly us home so we will no doubt go by boat. He could decline the appointment and be busted to a 2nd Lt. He's unhappy. Pop and I spent another "hard" day at the office.

September 12
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

McCulley visited us last night with a quart of "fire water." They all got stinking drunk. Benoit passed out. McCulley took off his Captains bars and had a good time with the crew. Feels bad about his new assignment. Wants to stay with us as he figures we will be going home soon and he wants to get home to straighten out his home life. The Air Inspector, Lt. Colonel has been assigned to our crew as a pilot. He is real cautious and a strict disciplinarian. McCulley leaves for Guam at 6:30 in the morning.

Pop and I spent the day at the "office." This time it was serious business. We had orders to "re-count the points." We did it for the squadron. I have exactly 63. If the other battle star comes through, I'll have 68. Officers were raised to ours for getting out. Everybody is happy except you know who?

I didn't join the drinking party. Was referred to as that "G--D-- Mormon" McCulley stuck up for me. Said he believed the reason I lived my religion was that I understood it. He didn't live his because he didn't understand it.

September 14
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Real excitement today. A 35-mission man with 107 points was logging a little "sac time" when a bullet came through the wall and struck him in the leg. It caused no serious damage, but generated considerable excitement. No one knows its origin. It was his first scratch of the war.

Battle stars helped us in the points. Pop has 79, Benoit 95.

September 15
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Got restless last and got up to go to the latrine. Forgot about the epidemic of wallet stealing and was tackled by a big bruiser who thought he'd captured the culprit for sure. Spent the day scrubbing the airplane from one end to the other with soap and water. Looks like a new silver dollar tonight.

Worried about school after being discharged. Thinking about transferring to the "U."

September 16
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

"Another hard day at the office." A little boring but much better than guard duty or K.P. Rumor that lapel pins which are replicas of our army rank will be issued on discharge. That will really go over big! A lot of officers will have to be prize fighters to keep from wearing black eyes with them. Another rumor has it that we'll be traveling the US as an original B-29 group giving air shows etc. upon our return.

Crew members still super-critical of each other.

September 18
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Official word that no one leaves the outfit here until he has 80 points. We'll be home by Christmas anyway.

September 20
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Advanced in rank to Staff Sgt. Pay now is \$98.00 per month plus 50% for flying plus 20% for being overseas plus 5% for being in the service more than 3 years making a total of around \$170.00

Typed rosters of all the men. Missed the deadline by 3 hours. Signed waivers promising to stay in the outfit for 60 days after reaching the States if we went back as a group. Still plan to be home by Christmas.

September 21
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Worked in the "office" until 9:30 p.m. on a rush job. Don't know what the rush is. Pop and I stayed a little longer to write letters. He learned today that he will finally make Sgt. tomorrow.

Latest rumor is that we will go home around October 15 and be given 15 day furloughs then report back to camp for further duty or discharge. I should be eligible for discharge by November 1. Rumors change so rapidly, I don't want to place too much faith in this one.

Published a roster of the men with their points as we had calculated them. Quite a few disagreements. Had the chance to recalculate quite a number. Men are quite sensitive on this matter.

Agreed with the Teamsters Union threatening an investigation of the discharge program.

Read an article in the August 25, issue of Saturday Evening Post describing the B-29. Quite accurate.

September 22
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Other LDS boys seem to know so much more about our religion than I do.

Pop taken from our crew and put on another one to go back home. He caused a little trouble over it and might now go by boat.

Crew members criticize him. I defend him. Tempers short these days.

September 25
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

It is not good that we have such contempt for the officers. Probably jealousy more than anything else. Officers and the Nurses cause quite a few scandals here. Commanding officer with a wife at home has constant company with nurses here.

Spending some time in the "office" each night typing up accounts of my experiences.

September 26
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Mailed my Air Medal home. Looks like we might be here a while yet. Looking forward to meeting our new pilot. Understand we'll be doing some flying soon to get the crew back in shape.

September 29
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

I believe I'll be going home soon. Radio operators are needed on return trips to the States and we are short.

Pilot's name is Lt. Col. Laidler B. Makall, of Roanoke, Virginia. He's the Air Inspector of our Bomb Group (462nd). The best in the Group.

Really excited about the possibilities of going home. It looks like I could get a 45 day furlough upon arrival and before discharge.

I have my B-4 bag all packed. I really believe this rumor this time. My marriage looks real close now.

September 30
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

Spent another day at the office, what a beautiful day. We worked overtime on shipping records. My orders came through today. I'm to report to Ft. Douglas, Utah, so is Brems, our navigator. Brems and I are on the same order. There is no date on it, but we could be home by the end of the month. I go on furlough. Pop's came through, too. He'll be discharged.

October 2
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We are all ready to go. All we need is the word to go. Brems, Bebout, Regan, Hyde, Adams and I are the only ones programmed to return as members of a flying crew. The other vacancies are filled with high brass and high point men. Bebout and I are the only enlisted men. He's the engineer and I am the radio operator--both essential for the flight home. The gunners may be sent home by boat. It rains every day. We look like mud hens in this deep mud, but we are happy! I'll have enough points for discharge by December 1.

October 5
~~Scott Field~~, Tinian
1945

We should have departed for home today but were delayed by a typhoon which hit us at 4:00 a.m. and did considerable damage. Winds up to 55 miles per hour and laden with salt water. Everything is wet, including our blankets, but it would take more than this to dampen our spirits. Tents were uprooted. The officers area is a mess. Looks like a giant egg beater had worked it over. Pieces of corrugated tin from Quanset huts were sailing through the air. On sliced right through the top of a tent.

October 9

~~Scott Field~~, USA (California)
1945

Arrived in the US. Sent to Pittsburgh, California for staging until transportation could be arranged.

October 11

~~Scott Field~~, Pittsburgh, California
1945

40,000 soldiers with unpressed clothes and three cleaning establishments. Railroads can't get us out of camp on schedule. More troops arrive everyday. We came through in 4 days and nights. Benoit and Bernier are still at Tinian. Pop and Brems are on their way home and a discharge. My destination is Ft. Douglas and a 45-day furlough then perhaps a discharge. I called the folks and Maxine as soon as I arrived. All I'm waiting for now is transportation to Salt Lake City.

Life certainly is wonderful again!

Middle of October

~~Scott Field~~, Utah
1945

The date of my arrival in Salt Lake City was not recorded in my notes. I was too happy to get home. I did arrive there on a troop train early in the morning and was sent to Ft. Douglas by truck where I was given a 45 day furlough. Maxine visited with me a few times while being processed for a furlough.

October 27

~~Scott Field~~, Salt Lake City
1945

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple. What a glorious climax to a wonderful romance--carried on mostly via correspondance. We moved to Provo and found a small apartment and made plans to begin school in January, 1946 at the BYU.

December 4

~~Scott Field~~, Salt Lake City
1945

Honorably discharged from the service after spending 2 years 9 months and 23 days in the USA and 7 months and 27 days overseas. I had no injuries. I had two theatre service ribbons, four battle stars, a presidential Unit Citation, the Air Medal, good conduct medal and, of course, the Victory medal. I was a Staff Sergeant, but I eagerly traded this for the title of just plain "MR." My most prized possession--my new wife.