

Washington Times



Newsletter

Issue 5

Summer 2003



Cover Photos

- Top WF512 (44 Squadron) at dispersal, RAF Coningsby (*Ernest Howlett*)
- Centre WF549 M for Mike, 90 Squadron. See 'letters' for another photo of this B-29. WF549 was normally captained by Flt Lt Douglas who owned a horse and somehow managed to keep it at RAF Marham! (*Don Crossley*)
- Bottom Accepting WF574 (44-62244) at RAF Marham, July 1951. Taking delivery of new B-29s was a popular task as the fortunate crew could often feast on the remains of the US delivery crew's in flight meals – much better than the average RAF meal! After acceptance WF574 was taken on charge by the WCU and coded FB-S. In September 1951 she transferred to 35 Squadron retaining the same codes before being returned to the US on 17 November 1953.
Left to Right: Flt Lt A. Thomas (Captain), Sgt G. Wood (1st Navigator), Sgt V. Avery (Plotter), Flt Sgt A. Lauriston (FE), Sgt D. Crossley (Signaller), Sgt Norman (Gunner), Sgt B. Lucas (Gunner), Flt Lt Don ?? (CFC). (*Don Crossley*)

Introduction

Welcome to the fifth issue of the Washington Times newsletter. This is, unfortunately, the final issue from the first batch and I regret that I have to now ask for a further set of subscriptions to cover the costs of producing future issues. As before, I am asking for subscriptions to cover four more issues, which is nominally a year. However with the rather sporadic production timescale that I have maintained it is likely that the next four issues will be spread out over 18 months or so. Also, to help me break even I need to raise the subscription level to £5 (it was previously £4) as it cost slightly more than £1 per issue to produce them last year! Please send cheques etc to me made out to Chris Howlett and if sufficient people respond I will continue to get the newsletters out. If not I will return any money sent.

Many thanks to those who have supported this with stories, information, photographs or just subscriptions. I have enjoyed producing them and look forward to compiling more if you wish.

In this issue:

The Historical info chapter in this issue covers WF442 or 42-65274 'Bad Penny' of the 40th BG the oldest of the Washingtons and the only Washington that deployed to India. Also included are an article on B-29 gunnery and a modified plan of RAF Marham. Unfortunately, the promised plan of RAF Waddington, the last of the four bases that housed Washingtons and a roster for No 149 Squadron are not included as I have not yet got around to drawing the Waddington plan nor ordering the 149 Squadron Form 540s from the Public Record Office! These are tasks that I do intend to complete and will 'publish' them should the Washington Times continue.

In future issues:

Topics still to be covered are short histories for all the Washingtons detailing their USAAF and RAF service – I have no more detailed accounts (although some may turn up!) but do have a list of those units that each B-29 served with and where it was disposed of. The long promised plan of RAF Waddington and other squadron rosters, information on some of those Washingtons that crashed, information on those Washingtons that ended their days at Shoeburyness plus personal reminiscences and anecdotes as provided by yourselves.

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(note the _ symbol between my names. This has caused endless trouble with most people using the – symbol instead and not getting through!)

Letters

A short while ago Bernard Davenport, a national service air gunner with 90 Squadron, contacted me and, among other things pointed out an error with the caption that accompanied the photo on the cover of Issue 2 (reproduced below). As he wrote:

“Imagine my surprise when I saw the photo captioned 149 Sqdn. This is hanging on my wall and I got it from the photographer who was a WOP on 90 Sqdn. in 1952. Both aircraft are from that Sqdn. On my copy I can clearly see the Sqdn. badge with the leaping gazelle. I am also fairly sure it is WF549. M for Mike.”



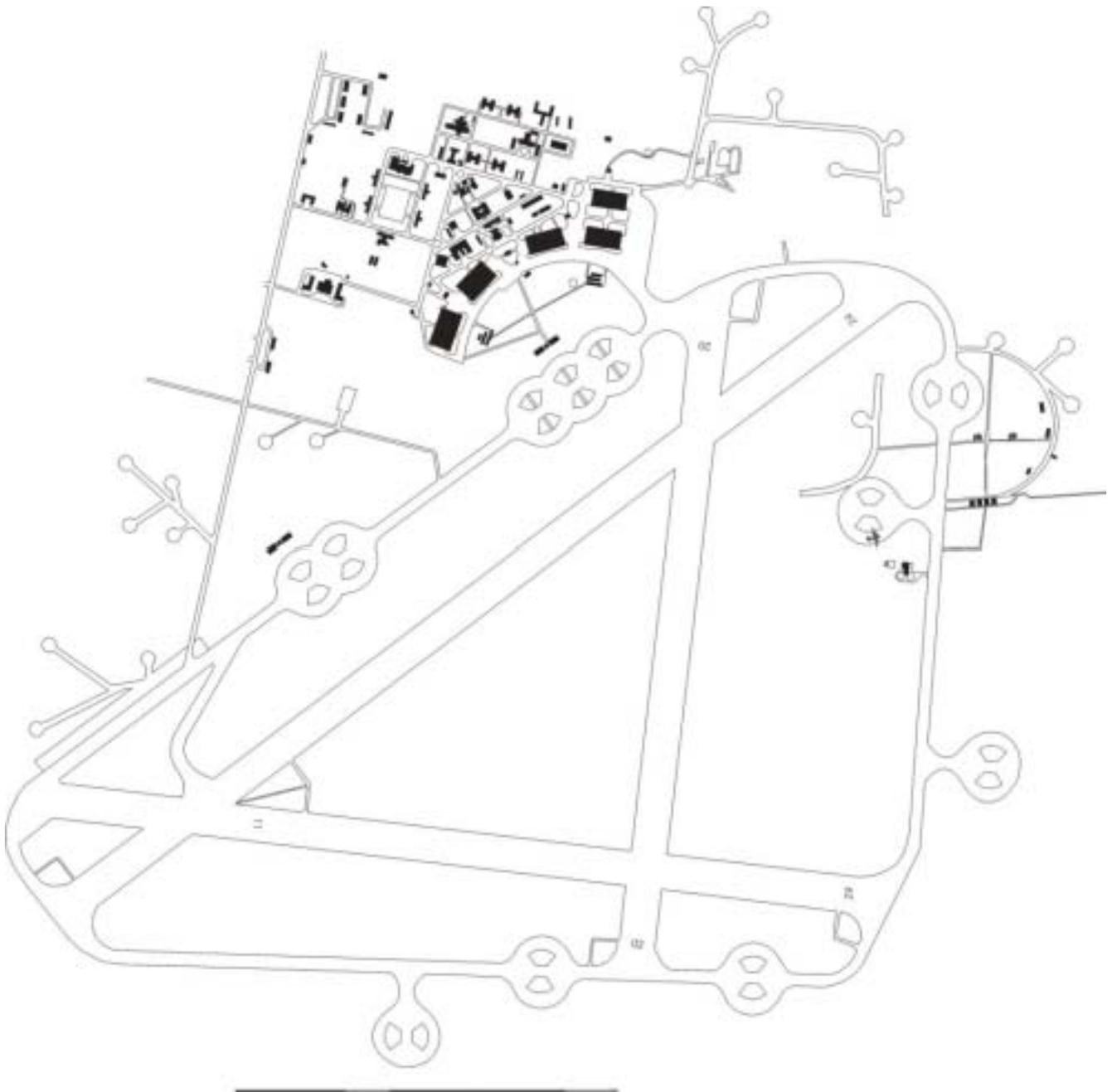
WF549, M for Mike 90 Squadron. (**Jeff Brown**)

Bernard also supplied a fine aerial photo of a Washington parked at dispersal at RAF Marham – see below. This led me to revise the plan I drew of Marham to include additional spectacle type hardstands. The revised plan is on the next page. The aerial photos that I used to draw the plan did not have the hardstands. As they were dated 1948 I had assumed that nothing would have changed between them and when the Washingtons were at RAF Marham – how wrong you can be!! At least now that I have included more hardstands I can see where the Washingtons could have parked. Before there seemed to be too few spaces!

With the plan modified, if anyone can remember which squadron / plane occupied which hardstands – or the function of any of the other buildings it would be great to be able to identify them.



A Washington at dispersal near RAF Marham’s control tower. This hardstand, although on the modern plan of Marham, did not exist on my photos so was not included in my plan of RAF Marham! The two parallel tracks leading off to the left go to the bomb dump. (**Bernard Davenport**).



Plan of RAF Marham with added hardstands!
(The bar at the bottom is 1 km long)

Finally, Bernard also supplied a selection of manuals relating to his time on Washingtons. Coincidentally, I received some from another source and then Jeff Brown lent me some of his collection. So, from having had no manuals, I have suddenly got copies of 12. These I am scanning and, once complete, should anyone want a copy I am happy to supply them on CD for the cost of the CD and postage (about £1.50). The scanned versions are a mixture of PDF (Adobe Acrobat) and JPG. Unfortunately I cannot offer printed versions, as this would be very expensive to do.

If anyone has any other manuals I would most like to receive them to scan and add to the collection. I will return the originals and, if wanted, a scanned version once they have been scanned.

The manuals that I have are:

- 1 Gunners Standing Operating Procedures - for the B-29 & B-50 August 1948 SAC Manual 50-126-7.
- 2 .50 Inch Browning Gun - Weapons Notes For Flying Personnel. Pamphlet G17 October 1945.
- 3 AAFWTTC Flight Engineer Handbook B-29 – July 21, 1944.
- 4 Pilot's Handling Information for B-29 Superfortress – Extracts From SAC Manual 50/1.
- 5 Gunnery in the B-29 – Air Forces Manual No. 27. August 1944.
- 6 Free Gun Sighting – Armament Notes for Air Crews. Pamphlet G2 Reprinted August 1945.
- 7 The B-29 Airplane Commander Training Manual for the Superfortress. AAF Manual 50-9 revised 1 February 1945.
- 8 B-29 Standard Procedures for Bombardiers. 2AF Manual 50-26 Revised Sept 10, 1944.
- 9 Aircraft Inspection and Maintenance Guide for B-29 Model Aircraft. Issue 2 1 February 1945.
- 10 B-29 Mechanic's Field Service Data Book. Boeing Superfortress School. Revised January 1945.
- 11 B-29 Mechanic's Handbook. 2AF Manual 65-36 Revised 1 April 1945.
- 12 Standard Technical Training Notes. Flight mechanics (Engine). Air Publication 3042 March 1944.



Historical Info

42-65274 (WF442)

WF442 was the oldest of the B-29s assigned to the RAF and one of only three that had been ordered in 1942 (the other 1942 planes being 42-93976 / WF440 covered in issue 1 and 42-94052 / WF444 covered in issue 4). The first two digits of US airplane serials denote the year in which money was allocated for the building of the plane (not the year it was built). The remaining digits are simply a sequential number selected from batches allocated to given airplane types.

Martin built 42-65274 at their Omaha, Nebraska plant as part of block B-29-25-MO. The MO suffix denoting Martin and Omaha. 274 was accepted by the USAAF on 18 December 1944 and delivered to Herrington AAF, Kansas the same day. All other B-29s (that I know of) went to modification centres after being accepted by the USAAF, usually spending about one month there having the latest items fitted. Oddly, this does not seem to have happened to 274 and I assume it is because Martin operated their own modification centre at Omaha so these modifications were added before acceptance.

Having been at Herrington for five days 274 deployed to the China Burma India Theatre of Operations (CBI) and the 58th Bomb Wing, 40th Bomb Group, 45th Squadron, probably arriving at Chakulia near Calcutta around New Year. B-29s deploying to India took one of two routes. Which one 274 took is not known but she would either have gone:

Kansas, Gander, Marrakech, Cairo, Karachi, Chakulia or
Kansas, Miami, Puerto Rico, Natal (Brazil), Accra, Khartoum, Karachi and then Chakulia.

Shortly after arriving at Chakulia 274 flew over the Himalayas – the Hump – to the 40th BG's forward operating base at Hsinching near Chengtu where, on January 14, 1945, she flew her first bombing mission. This was XX Bomber Command's (XX BC) Mission No. 28 and 55 of 82 B-29s launched dropped 394 tons of bombs on Kagi airfield in Formosa for the loss of no aircraft.

Three days later on January 17, 1945, 274 participated in XX BC Mission No. 29. This was the last mission flown from the Chinese bases and 77 of the 92 B-29s dropped 553 tons of bombs on Shinchiku in Formosa.

The logistical problems of operating from China had proved to be enormous. With no land or sea routes available, all stores had to be flown into China over the Himalayas, a very laborious process. The Chinese bases were only necessary to allow the B-29s to attack Japan (although, even then, only the very southern islands were within range). Operations from the Marianas allowed much more of Japan to be reached and, perhaps more importantly, these bases could be supplied directly by sea thereby eliminating the logistical nightmare that was dogging operations from China. The B-29s of XXI Bomber Command had begun operations from the Marianas in October 1944 and were now able to mount far larger and more effective missions than would ever be possible from China. With the need to reach Japan removed, after the January 17 mission to Shinchiku, the XX BC abandoned their Chinese bases, flying all their remaining missions from India against targets in and around Malaysia.

After returning to India it is known that 274 flew on at least four more XX BC missions. These were:

Mission 32: 27 January, 1945.	22 of the 25 B-29s launched dropped 65 tons of bombs on the Navy Yard and Arsenal at Saigon.
Mission 33: 1 February, 1945.	83 of the 113 B-29s launched dropped 191 tons of bombs on the Admiralty IX floating dry-dock and dock gates at Singapore.
Mission 35: 7 February, 1945.	58 of the 64 B-29s launched attack the Rama VI rail bridge at Bangkok, Thailand with 354 tons of bombs causing much of the middle span to collapse.
Mission 49: 29/30 March, 1945.	24 of the 29 B-29s launched dropped 68 tons of bombs on oil storage facilities on Bukum Island, Singapore. 274 suffered mechanical problems and aborted this mission before taking off.

Records of what planes flew what mission are sketchy from this period so I have no explanation as to why 274 did not fly between 7 February and 29 March. Whether she was damaged and down for repair, was not allocated to fly, or did fly but this has not been recorded is not known. However the following pages contain an extract from a book **'The War Years – The Experiences of a B-29 Flight Engineer in WWII'** written by Paul Hunter and covers some of his missions in 274. The full book covers Paul's involvement in WWII from hearing of the attack on Pearl Harbour, through training to finally flying B-29s, first from India / China and then from Tinian in the Marianas. Paul does not identify the B-29 that he flew in on the 2 March, 1945 mission and it is quite possible that it was not 274. However, I have reproduced it below as it is a well written story and I think it is possible that it was 274. The damage that the B-29 received on this mission could then have resulted in her not flying operationally until the March 29/30 mission! In any case, the 29/30 March mission (XX BC Mission 49) was the last flown by XX BC and after returning from Bukum the B-29s prepared to redeploy to the Marianas Islands. This is also covered below along with a description of 274s first mission from Tinian:

INDIA

At last I received what was to be my final crew assignment. My new pilot, Raymond S. Elliott, had come to India with the original group, flying as a co-pilot for Major Glass. In June 1945, that crew, with another co-pilot replacing Ray Elliott, was lost over The Hump. Later word came that a graves registration team had located the wreckage. The team listed the names of those bodies that had been "identified, buried, and graves marked." Ray's name was on the list. Presumably identification was made from his name on his parachute or some other item in the plane. I don't know if the grave marker was ever corrected, or if it is still there over someone else's remains.

Ray had later been assigned some men from a replacement crew and sent to another base to fly B-24s, which had been converted to tankers to haul gasoline over The Hump. It had been rough duty. In addition to the usual hazards of Hump flight, the airplanes were not well maintained, and those in charge seemed to care little for the welfare of their personnel.

Shortly after Ray and crew returned from flying these converted B-24s hauling gasoline, I was assigned to their crew as flight engineer. Other crew members were Kenneth Dothage, co-pilot; Ed Adamson, navigator; Walt Roberts, bombardier; George Hipple, radio; Chuck Henning, top gunner; Ike Barnes and Harold Taden, side gunners; Delbert Glover, tail gunner; and Ben Beck, radar.

Our most memorable mission was to Singapore on March 2, 1945. The target was the dock area. We got into a four-plane formation as directed. On the bomb run, we could see flak ahead and right on our level. The flak bounced us around but did not appear to have done us serious damage. We had been told the Japs did not have radar. We were sure they did. Flak could not have been that accurate unless it was radar-controlled and probably came from Jap navy ships in the area. After the bombs were dropped, we were hit by fire from a lone Jap fighter coming in from ahead and above us. We lost power on two engines. Radioman George Hipple was wounded. I could see the hydraulic tank behind the navigator's head was leaking. My efforts to restore power to No. 2 and 3 engines failed. On a hunch or gut feeling, I advised Ray to feather the No. 2 engine but let No. 3 run at reduced power. This proved to have been the right thing to do. The supercharger was out on No. 3. At a lower altitude, we were able to hold cruise power on it. I knew that if we made it back, we would need hydraulic fluid to operate the brakes. I happened to have gum in my mouth and was sure Ray would have. I asked him for it and almost reached into his mouth for it, then worked the gum into the gash in the hydraulic tank. It stopped the leak.

We had made a 180-degree turn away from the target. A glance out the side window showed our bombing had been effective. A huge smoke cloud had risen from the target area and had reached our level. We surmised it was largely from burning crude oil and cotton.

George Hipple had a bullet hole in his left cheek. What damage had been done inside his head we did not know, but he was unconscious. Some of the crew had moved him through the tunnel to the rear crew compartment, got his bleeding stopped, and were giving him plasma and morphine. We knew of nothing else we could do. Charlie Allison was flying with us as radar operator. He had also trained as a radio operator, so he took over our communications.

We were soon down to 10,000 feet altitude, which presented a bad situation. Normally on the return flight we very gradually lost altitude, using long glides to stretch our precious gasoline supply. Our base at Chakulia was about 2,000 miles away. Nearest emergency base was at Akyab Island, maybe an hour closer. A rescue submarine was supposed to be under us in the Bay of Bengal, but if we had to land in the ocean, could it find us? If we did land in the ocean, we knew George's chances were slim to none. The best answer appeared to be to get to Akyab, if possible. In emergencies such as this, it was imperative to reduce weight as much as possible. Eric Buzza was our bombardier in place of Walt Roberts, who had been ill. He took charge of weight reduction.

Also on board as an observer was a man from wing headquarters whose name I do not recall. The empty bomb bay tanks were dropped, and flak vests and anything else that we would no longer need were tossed into the bomb bays. This time one set of bomb bay doors did not open. Buzza was horrified when he saw the man from wing headquarters jumping on the bomb bay doors to try to jar them open. Had he succeeded, the fellow would surely have gone out along with the excess baggage. The problem was soon corrected, the baggage dropped, and everyone back inside the crew compartments.

I was able to transfer the gasoline from the No. 2 tanks to the other tanks. With minimal cruise power on three engines and a very slow loss of altitude, we were able to stretch our gasoline supply to about the limit. It was a long, slow, worrisome ride, but we located Akyab about sundown and touched down at dusk.

The British had taken the island from the Japs less than a month before. To make a runway, they had merely knocked down the ridges between the rice paddies, put up a few markers, and started flying fighter planes from the strip. My concern about the brakes now appeared unnecessary. Dust on the runway was so thick it slowed us enough we really didn't need brakes. We had made it!! We were on the ground with George the only casualty. We had logged 19½ hours since takeoff at Chakulia.

An ambulance was there quickly. That night George was flown to the military hospital in Calcutta, where one of the top eye surgeons from Britain cared for him. The Jap equivalent of a .50-caliber slug had gone through his left cheek, missing his teeth (his mouth must have been wide open), and lodged behind his right eye, severing the optic nerve. The slug must have been almost spent; otherwise it would have gone on through his head and killed him instantly. He had no sight in it, but the eye was not removed. Doctors here marveled at the fact he still had the eye. Apparently the British doctor was one of the few in the world who could have done such a job. We were able to visit George in the hospital a couple of weeks later. He was soon returned to the States and medically discharged. When he died of cancer at age 50, he still had the eye.

Exit from the front cockpit was down a ladder in the nose wheel well beside my engineer's seat. Going down the ladder there at Akyab, I discovered a jagged hole 4 or 5 inches across, about a foot below where I had been sitting. I was sure then that if I had ever been wounded, I knew exactly what part of my anatomy would have taken the hit.

The British treated us like celebrities, supplying us with food, drink and beds. Next morning we were able to take inventory of the parts needed to make the repairs necessary to get us back to Chakulia and sent word for the parts to be sent to us. Primary concern was to have all four engines running. Flak and fighter damage and the ailing supercharger could wait to be repaired at Chakulia. The crew chief and assistant crew chief soon arrived, bringing with them tools and repair parts.

Refueling presented another problem. At Chakulia it was done from a semi hauling several thousand gallons of fuel. The British "petrol" trucks held 350 gallons. We needed about 2,000 gallons, so it took several trips. Our fuel trucks had filters to remove any impurities (especially water). The British didn't have them. They came up with some chamois similar to what I had used at home for polishing the car, and all the fuel was strained through them. It was a slow process, but it worked. The third day after landing at Akyab, repairs were complete, and we flew back to Chakulia. This proved to be our last combat flight from India.

The 73rd Wing had followed us through training at the Kansas B-29 bases, then moved to Saipan Island in the Marianas and started combat operations in November 1944. They could bomb Tokyo and other eastern Japan

targets from there. We could not reach them from China. The Marines had taken the island from the Japanese shortly before, then went on to take Tinian and Guam in the same island chain. As additional B-29 units were trained and equipped, they moved to these islands. It had been rumored for some time that we would move there and join them. Most of our efforts in late March and early April were directed at preparations for such a move. Most of the ground personnel left by ship from Calcutta in late March, going to Tinian Island by way of Australia.

News came of the death of President Roosevelt on April 12. With my conservative upbringing, I had never been an admirer of his. Harry Truman had become president, which caused me to wonder. When I was a boy, my dad had subscribed to the Kansas City Star when he thought he could afford it. I had read in the Star of the Pendergast machine and its control of Kansas City and Missouri politics. Truman, I knew, was in office with the support of that corrupt machine. Could he, with that background, lead the country and the world to victory in the war and in establishing the peace afterward? Those doubts stayed with me.

April 16, 1945, we got the official word. Our next base would be West Field, Tinian. Early on April 20, we were on our way. We flew in 42-65274 and on board were our usual 11-man crew; plus the crew chief and assistant crew chief, squadron commander Major Marvin Goodwin; and three officers from group headquarters for a total of 17 men, plus all our personal baggage and tools for emergency repairs should they be necessary. Major Goodwin rode in the front cockpit. The other extra men were in the rear crew compartment.

A little over five hours later, we landed at Luliang, China, for refueling. The single runway was 11,000 feet long, but the altitude was, to the best of my memory, over 6,000 feet. The thin air at that altitude made takeoff precarious. We knew the first B-29 to make the takeoff had had to dump everything in the bomb bays just off the end of the runway to stay airborne. We had left Chakulia at our usual 134,000 pounds but loaded only enough gasoline to bring us up to 128,000 pounds for the takeoff. Adding to the problems was a rather strong crosswind. Major Goodwin had decided he would pilot the takeoff.

The plane we were flying had become more or less a permanent assignment for our crew. Every plane seemed to have its own oddball characteristics. It helped to know them. On this plane the throttle lock didn't always hold the No. 4 throttle. With the throttles wide open on the takeoff roll, it would sometimes slip back, reducing power on that engine. Ray and I understood that on takeoff I would keep one hand on the throttles and hold No. 4 open if it started to slip. This was a workable solution to the problem, but we forgot to tell Major Goodwin about it. When our turn came, we stopped at the end of the runway, applied full power, and Goodwin released the brakes. Soon after we started rolling, I felt No. 4 throttle ease back. I jammed it open. Soon it eased back again. Again I jammed it open. About that time, I heard Goodwin say something like, "What the h---?" and I felt him hit the right brake. Then I realized he had pulled back the No. 4 throttle to compensate for the crosswind. Because I had jammed it open again, he had to use the right brake to keep us on the runway. If I had seen a hole 2 inches in diameter, I believe I would have tried to crawl through it. Would my goof prevent us from getting off? The next minute or two would tell.

The end of the runway came, and we were airborne. We were able to climb slowly. We made it. Ray Elliott had been sitting beside me during takeoff. He knew exactly what had happened. Once we were safely on our way, he explained the situation to Goodwin, for which I was grateful.

A couple of hours into the flight, Goodwin turned the pilot's seat over to Ray and came back to sit beside me. I apologized to him for what had happened. I had almost ruined his takeoff. His reply was something like, "Don't worry about it now. We made it." Apparently he wasn't worrying about it. He stretched out on the exit hatch beside me and was soon asleep.

The flight over Japanese-held eastern China was in darkness. At dawn, all we could see were a few clouds and the blue Pacific beneath us. About 12 ½ hours after the takeoff from Luliang, there was Tinian dead ahead of us. Navigator Ed Adamson had done his usual excellent job.

TINIAN



West Field on Tinian, the Marianas home of the 58th BW and one of the two B-29 bases on Tinian (the other base, North Field, held the 313th BW and the 509th Composite Group). In front of the twin runways is the partially complete Japanese Kahe Field – abandoned when the Americans took the island. (*Earl Johnson*)

Life on Tinian was quite a contrast to that in India. The weather was pleasant, though it did rain frequently. Most food had stateside origins and did not need to be boiled. Fresh water was in good supply. Mail arrived in a week, not two weeks or more. Housing was in four-man tents. My tent-mates were Ray Elliott, Ned Baugh, and Charlie Allison. Ray, Ned and I became close friends and spent much time together. Allison was OK but something of a misfit. I doubted he would ever amount to much. Instead, he became an architect and designed and supervised construction of luxury hotels all over the world.

We had no houseboys and had to do our own laundry. At least we knew we had used hot water and soap. The island had no beaches. Soon a zig-zag stairway was built down the coral cliff to the water's edge, near our tent area. We could enjoy swimming there frequently. In June enough Quonset huts had been built that we could abandon our tent and move into one.

Tinian Island was 9 miles by 5 miles at its longest and widest points. Living areas and runways were works in progress. When completed, West Field had two parallel runways stretching almost completely across the island. Before construction started, the island was covered with cane field and brush growing from a thin layer of soil over solid coral rock. The coral made an ideal base for the asphalt runways. The world's largest asphalt plant had been built there. Ground coral mixed with heavy oil made excellent asphalt. The runways and parking areas were no doubt the best we had ever used. The island was fairly level and about 75 feet altitude. Takeoff from and landing approach to the runways were over water, which provided highly satisfactory takeoff and landing conditions. Because of these better conditions, our maximum takeoff weight was raised to 137,000 pounds.

We didn't have long to get acquainted with our new surroundings. We were briefed for a mission to the aircraft factory at Kure, Japan, on May 5. Takeoff in early morning was uneventful. Transfer of gasoline from the center wing and bomb bay tanks was always done as soon as possible after takeoff. Our plane was equipped with carbon vane transfer pumps, which were prone to failure. Soon after switching on the pumps, I knew we had a serious problem. We were transferring fuel at only a fraction of the normal rate. I discussed the situation with Ray, telling him if the present rate of transfer continued, we could have it completed before we got to the target. His decision was to continue. The problem didn't appear to be serious enough to abort the mission.

About that time, I began to get the jitters, something that had not happened on any mission before. Perhaps the two-month lapse between the last Singapore mission and this one worsened the situation. Somehow I was sure we would be hit over the target area. I knew I could not do my job unless I could get over the shakes and be calm enough to think clearly. Ten other men in that plane were depending on me to do my job. Their lives depended on me, just as mine depended on them. I prayed as fervently as I had ever prayed in my life — not that we would avoid the danger, but that I would have strength and calmness to do my job properly. Almost immediately it was as though the burden was lifted. I was calm again. Somehow I still felt we were going to be hit, but I was sure we would come through it because God wanted it that way.

I was relieved when gasoline transfer was completed about the time the Japanese coast came into view. As our formation went over the target, we were bounced around considerably by anti-aircraft fire. Before we could take stock of the damage, we were fired on by a fighter. Our No. 2 engine was out. The gunners could see gasoline streaming from the trailing edge of the wing behind that engine. Thankfully no one was hurt. If we were to make the return trip on three engines, we needed the gasoline remaining in the No. 2 tanks transferred to the other three sets of tanks. Now the transfer pumps totally failed, and I soon had to give up the effort. Watching that precious gasoline flow off the wing and being helpless to stop it was almost enough to make a man cry.

All fuel tanks were supposedly self-sealing. A hole made by a .50-caliber slug would seal almost immediately, but a large hole was beyond the self-sealing ability of the tank materials. Inspection on the ground showed one hole big enough that I could put my hand through it and numerous smaller ones.

Ned Baugh and his crew were in our formation and aware of our problems. As we dropped from the formation, they flew with us to offer whatever assistance they could. Because we had lost so much gasoline, it was obvious we could not fly all the way to Tinian. We would need to land at Iwo Jima for refueling and repairs. Ned and his crew would stay with us. As we neared Iwo Jima, we could see nothing but clouds ahead. When the navigators in both planes agreed the island should be below us, we couldn't see it and couldn't pick up any radio signals to guide us. To fly on toward Tinian was pointless. We would probably have to land in the ocean far from any emergency help. Baugh's crew might have made it, but they chose to stay with us. We flew in a search pattern, occasionally out of the clouds but mostly in clouds or rain. I marveled that the other plane could keep us in sight. After an hour, we saw an opening in the clouds and there was Mount Suribachi and the volcanic rock runway. What a relief!

We were fed and put up in tents overnight. Next morning, word came from Tinian that we should leave the plane there and return to Tinian. We all crowded in with Baugh and his crew for the flight. After several days our plane was repaired sufficiently to return it to Tinian. There the decision was made that it should no longer carry bombs. It was fitted with additional radar equipment and would fly radar counter measures (RCM) missions. We flew one such mission on July 7. The target was Chiba, Japan. Our job was not to go over the target but to circle near it. The radar operators on board (I cannot recall how many) constantly searched their screens for signs of Japanese radar. When they located a signal, they tried to jam it. Several times the crew could see searchlights lock onto a plane, then our people could almost immediately locate the signal and jam it. The searchlight would go out. The effort appeared to be fairly successful. Also we had on board several boxes of "window." Window in this case consisted of rolls of aluminum foil designed to unroll when tossed from the plane. The foil was supposed to reflect the Jap radar signals and confuse them to the extent that they were ineffective. I thought it was a novel idea that didn't cost much. Whether or not it worked, I don't know.

Iwo Jima was an 8-square-mile volcanic island halfway between Japan and the Marianas Islands. When the 73rd Wing began operating from Saipan, they soon found planes were being lost because there was no emergency

field between there and their targets. On February 19, 1945, Marines began an invasion of Iwo Jima. After some of the bloodiest fighting of the Pacific, the island was secured in late March. The news photo of the Marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi became one of the best-known photos of the war. It is the basis for the Marine Memorial Statue in Washington, D.C.



Two views of Iwo Jima. **Left:** Mount Suribachi at the southern tip of Iwo Jima and the scene of the famous flag raising photo. The US Marines landed on the narrow isthmus immediately to the right of Mount Suribachi before turning south and capturing it after four days of heavy fighting. Although only four miles long, it took another 32 days before the rest of the island was secured. (*Steve Smisek*)

Right: Central Field on Iwo Jima. This was the B-29 emergency landing field. Beyond and to the left is the fighter airfield from where P-51s operated to escort the B-29s over Japan. Just visible beyond again and further to the left is Mount Suribachi. (*Earl Johnson*)

Suribachi was the one prominent feature of the island, rising sharply at one end. On some missions, as many as 10 percent of the planes involved had to land at Iwo Jima for repairs or refueling. It would be impossible to estimate how many planes and crews were saved because the runway there was available. I shall be eternally grateful to those who were a part of the battle for the island and to the families of those who were lost there. Were it not for their efforts, I probably would not be here writing of these events today.

Again, what missions 274 flew from the Marianas is not totally known although some are recorded on Charles Henning's 'Record of Combat Duty' below. As described above, apart from the first, all were RCM sorties in support of the bombing missions. When returning from the 29/30 July Mission to Tsu, 274, being flown by Lt Ray Elliott, landed at Iwo Jima for fuel where she was photographed along with some 40 or so other B-29s that also stopped off for fuel.



Following the 29/30 July mission to Tsu, 274 – now coded as S-31 (nearest the camera) waits in the refuelling queue on Iwo Jima. The triangle denoted the 58th BW, the S the 40th BG and the 31 places the plane in the 45th BS. Also of note are the remnants of the CBI markings, the coloured fin tip and four horizontal bands still partially visible. These were yellow for the 45th squadron. (*Bill Hess*)

274 returned to the US on 17 October, 1945 after which she was stored at Victorville, California. On 21 April, 1948 she moved to Tinker AFB, a major B-29 maintenance depot where, presumably, she was overhauled as shortly after, on 9 June, 1948, she was assigned to Strategic Air Command and the 2nd Bomb Group at Davis Monthan AFB. While serving with the 2nd BG she deployed to England being stationed at RAF Lakenheath between August and November 1948.



42-65274 'Bad Penny'. It is not clear when 274 was named Bad Penny. Paul Hunter does not remember the name on 274 when he flew in her and it is possible that she was only named after WWII when serving with SAC. This photo is not dated but is believed to be of Bad Penny when serving with the 2nd BG probably taken sometime in 1948. (*Sparky Corradina*)

Soon after returning to the US she was transferred to the 97th BG at Biggs AFB, serving there from 7 January 1949 until 4 January 1950 when she was once more placed into storage, this time at Robins AFB. It was from Robins that she was readied for the RAF, being released from the USAF on 27 May, 1950.

The RAF took her on charge on 8 June 1950 as WF442 assigning her to 115 Squadron at Marham. Here she was coded KO-J before moving again, this time on 1 January 1951 to 90 Squadron also at Marham and becoming WP-P.



WF442, P Peter being readied for a sortie. (*Don Crossley*)

While with 90 Squadron she was allocated to Flt Lt Thomas's crew in which Don Crossley served as the signaller and with assistance from his log book Don has provided the following memories concerning flights in WF442:

On 26 January 1951 we carried out a navigation exercise in WP-P over the Atlantic to find an ocean weather ship. Airborne just short of 8 hours. I communicated with the ship's radio operator by Morse and voice. It was such a novelty for him that he wouldn't stop talking (or key tapping!). As we flew towards the ship I requested their weather conditions and he let me have them, starting at sea level and going right up to about 40,000ft!

When we arrived I remember thinking how small the ship looked, and I believe they were on station for weeks on end. We went down to do a "beat up" – not much use going all that way without making it something special for them. Their wireless op was most reluctant to break off our little tête-à-tête!

Carrying out a fighter affiliation during August 1952 the attacking aircraft was a Gloster meteor and after the exercise we landed at his base that was either Speke or Hooton Park; the fighter pilot was in the auxiliary and was keen to look around our B-29. Having satisfied his curiosity he asked if any of our crew fancied a trip in his Meteor – I was the only one interested. We tore down the runway and almost as soon as we were off the deck he scared the life out of me by doing a double role over Liverpool. A great experience, but had I known what he was going to do before we took off.....

We were quite impressed with the comfort of the Washington, and it was true, there were ash trays fitted. Along with the whole of the crew compartments being quilted, they were of course pressurised cabins, and it was standard practice that, soon after gaining a bit of height, the skipper would call for the aircraft to be pressurised.

There were two main crew compartments, one at the front where the Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator, flight Engineer and Wireless Operator had positions, and one in the rear where the rest of the crew were positioned. The bomb bays were between the two crew cabins. Access between these two crew areas was via a long tunnel through which one had to crawl. As I recall, that was why the B29 was often called 'The Tube'.

The Wireless equipment was positioned at the rear of the front compartment, on the starboard side; I felt like Little Jack Horner sitting in a corner. I had a swivel seat and the radio equipment, if my memory serves me right, was manufactured by Bendix. A novelty with this equipment was the provision of a gas-filled bulb that one could hold close to the transmitter and tune for maximum aerial current by observing the brightness of the bulb. It looked like a bit of magic, lighting up with no wires connected to it!

To my right was a large round door that gave access to the forward bomb bay. This door was circular, like a large porthole, about a yard across with a large hinge on the left, and a latch on the right hand side. Needless to say, the bomb bays were not part of the pressurized system. More often than not, when the aircraft pressurization was activated, pressure would be lost due to leakage around the rubber seal that surrounded the access door to the bomb bay. Situated, as I was, right next to the door this leakage was obvious by the sound of air escaping and the best way of remedying this was to kick the door around its periphery, so as to seat it correctly onto the seal.

I recall quite clearly of one occasion when the order of the boot didn't work. Having heard the tell-tale hissing, I used my persuading right foot at different parts around the door and the Engineer told me that the pressure was now holding steady. Fine. I had just turned my back on it to so as to return to my radio position when there was an almighty bang and I thought I was in a snowstorm as loads of white snowflakes were floating around. My thermos flask, logbook, microphone and every thing else disappeared — and I had gone deaf.

It took a while for me to realize that the bomb bay access door had faulted, and the resulting pressure loss had wrenched it off its fastening. The rapid pressure drop pulled the quilted sound proofing from the aircraft interior (hence the 'snow storm') and had also sent my belongings into the bomb bay. I couldn't communicate with the skipper for two reasons, first my microphone was somewhere in the bomb bay, and second, I was stone deaf! I feared that my eardrums were perforated. George Wood the Navigator was close by and he told the pilot what the problem was. We landed pretty sharpish and a blood wagon soon had me round to the sick quarters. Fortunately no permanent damage was done - to me that is!

Also near to me was the pee tube, to relieve the aircrew bladder. That's if you were lucky, for it had a habit of becoming blocked. On one trip we had the Station Commander with us and being only human, he was obliged to come back stage to do what comes naturally. Being no respecter of rank, the pee tube was blocked even for his highness and as soon as he started (peeing that is) he was 'awash'. Now I don't know if this is anyone else's' experience when flying, but once I started I found it very hard to stop. I was pleased to see that this also applied to Group Captains. He also found it difficult to maintain his dignity and contain himself at the same time.

Was I the only guy who had embarrassing moments?

Another time the Squadron C.O. took our crew up, I think it was for some practice bombing and it was getting dusk. The sun had just set as we got airborne. Please bear this in mind. As we climbed, I took a look through the small round window into the bomb bay, this was standard practice, just part of the routine but, horror of horrors, there were some flames flickering in the rear of the bomb bay!

Quick as a flash I was on the intercom telling the C.O. of the problem. He told me to keep an eye on it and started a rapid return to Marham, at the same time getting the emergency systems in place. As we gradually reduced altitude, the height of the flames diminished until they were out altogether, and that's when I looked for a big hole in which to crawl! There was no fire, never had been. What I had seen were the sun's rays that reappeared from the sunset, as we climbed quicker than the pace at which the sun was going down. The rays were getting into the bomb bay through the small space between the bomb doors in the belly of the B-29. They fell on a piece canvass that was fluttering in the wind and for all the world had looked like a red living flame!

I spent the next few minutes wondering how best to tell the C.O. that no heroics were called for, and that he could forget the prospect of an A.F.C. When I finally plucked up the courage to tell him, I remember how deafening was the silence on the intercom; he still abandoned the flight and I seem to recall the words he used to my usual skipper, something like, "Remind me never to take your crew up again". We have to be grateful for small mercies!

My time at Marham was from 4 October 1950 to 12 November 1952. Serving first on the Washington Conversion Unit and the rest of the time on 90 Squadron. I was then posted to 57 Squadron at Coningsby on 13 November 1952 to 30 April 1953 where I flew with F/Lt Scott; two of the other crewmembers were Sgt Harry Seaton & Sgt Dickie Semper, both Flight Engineers, but one must have doubled as 2nd Pilot.

Other Wireless Operators that I remember there were Sgt's Rankin and Rivkin, (Sounds like a comic duo) the former was a Scotsman and the latter was a madman. He walked about in a bowler hat. Yet another Wireless Op. was a chap called Douglas. He had a stammer so we could hardly nickname him anything other than Diddly-da-di.



90 Squadron Signallers
outside the 90 Squadron
Signals Office, RAF Marham,
1951:

Standing L-R: F/Sgt Johnny
Johnson, F/Sgt J Robinson,
F/Sgt W Kennedy, F/Sgt A
Fishburn

Sitting L-R: M/Sgt A Hutton,
F/Lt A Cairns, Sgt Don
Crossley.

(Don Crossley)

We were privileged to have as Station Commander Willie Tate of Tirpitz fame; during the month of March 1953 he took our crew no less than six times for different exercises in the 'Tube'. The first time we were taxiing round the peri track and we must have been passing his married quarters, and Willie was waving to his family. Not giving his taxiing too much attention he ran off the tarmac and the under-carriage got stuck in the soft ground – mission aborted.

Willie Tait also came along the monthly dances that took place in the Sergeants Mess; Best Blue and gongs were the order of the day, and what a proud display he was able to show. So much so that he had a distinct list to port with the weight of his decorations.

WF442 was finally allocated to the Disposal flight on 30 April, 1953 and returned to the US and Air Material Command at Davis Monthan AFB on 19 July, 1953. Perhaps due to her age, the USAF did not keep her for long and she was 'reclaimed' on 14 September 1953 at Davis Monthan.



Left: Sgt's Mess party, 90 Squadron early 1950. Left to Right: Flt Lt Thomas, Flt Lt Douglas (in background) Sgt Bill Reid (crew Chief of WF 442), (back) unknown, (front) Navigator from Flt Douglas' crew (name not known), Master signaller Hutton (Jock) – Flt Lt Douglas' crew, Sgt Signaller Don Crossley. **Right:** Flt Lt 'Tommy' Thomas at the controls of P-Peter. **(Both, Don Crossley)**

The B-29 Gunnery System (with thanks to J Brown)

The B-29 was equipped with a fully remote control turret (RCT) gunnery system that, at the time the B-29 entered operational service, was the most advanced in the world. Although the original design was intended to incorporate a system designed by Sperry, problems with the development of this system resulted in all production aircraft having a General Electric (GE) system. The Sperry system was eventually installed into one of the prototype XB-29s for testing (see below) but it never managed to perform as well as the GE one.

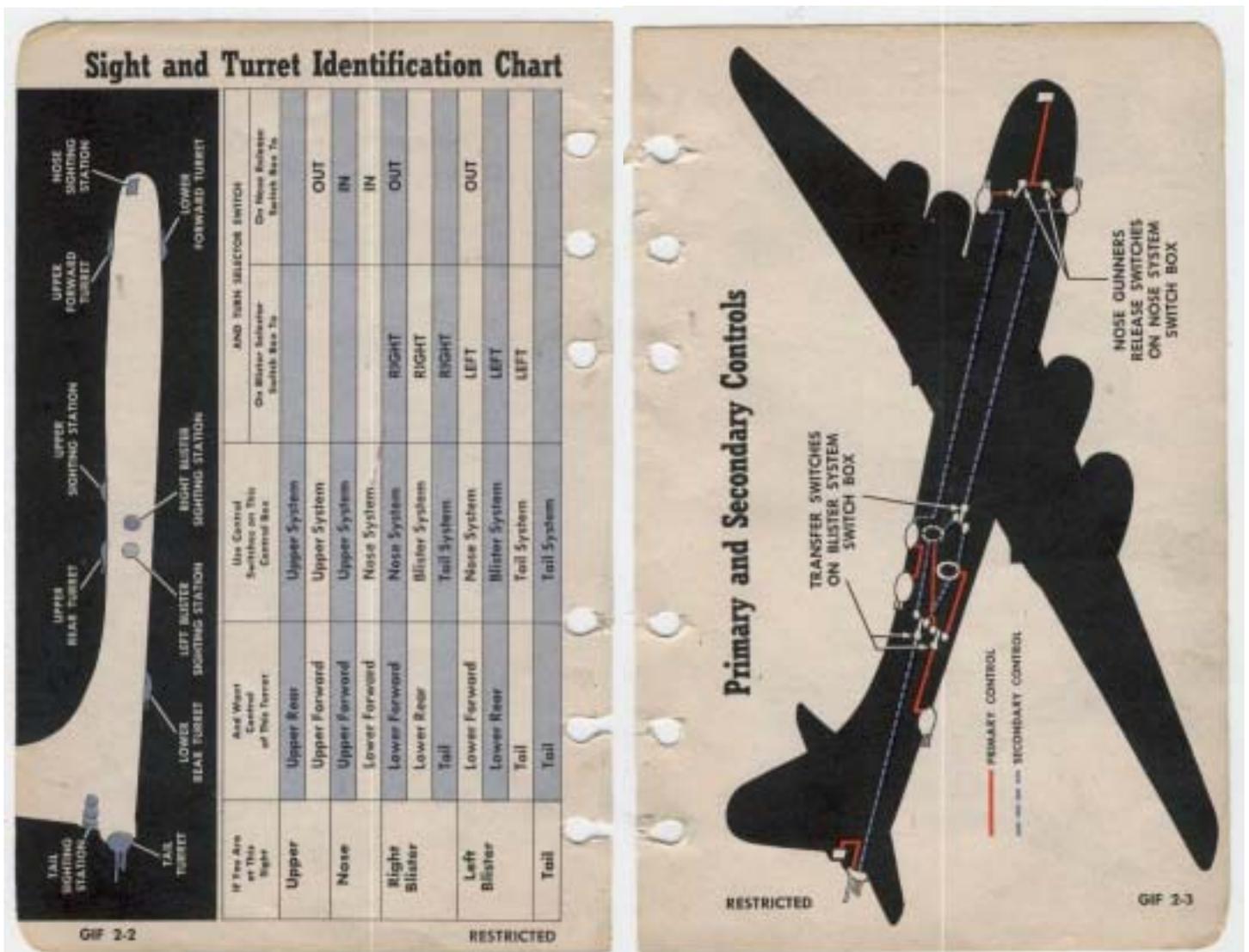
The reason for choosing remote control turrets was to allow the B-29 to be pressurised, something that required the gunners to remain within the pressurised crew compartments while the guns and turrets remained outside. However, a remote control gunnery system had many other advantages when compared with contemporary types of manned gun turrets. Because it did not have to accommodate a gunner, the turret could be made much smaller and therefore created less drag that in turn allowed considerable improvement in the aircraft's performance. Secondly, a gunner could control more than one turret from a single sighting station thus providing a concentration of firepower where it was most needed and the loss of a sighting station or gunner did not necessarily mean the loss of a turret's firepower. The RCT system also permitted the most effective location of the turrets and gunners to give all round protection. Furthermore, because the gunner was not subjected to noise and vibration when firing the guns his sighting accuracy was greatly improved.

When used by the RAF the B-29 was armed with twelve 0.5-inch Colt-Browning machine guns in five turrets. The upper forward turret housed four guns whilst each of the other four turrets housed two guns. This was not always the case and early models of the B-29 had a two gun upper forward turret and a single 20 mm cannon between the two machine guns in the tail turret. The upper forward turret was changed to four guns to allow greater firepower to be directed against frontal attacks. Although the four-gun turret became standard fit on all B-29s, the new turret did not actually result in an improvement of firepower. Tests carried out by the US Army Air Corps showed that the four-gun turret had greater bullet dispersion getting only about 5% hits per gun compared with 9% for the two-gun version. The cost of changing to the four-gun turret (about 1,000 lbs in weight, 3 miles per hour drop in speed and a reduction of 188 miles in range) was only accepted as the additional guns provided increased protection should one gun jam and it also significantly helped crew moral. The 20mm cannon was removed from the tail mount to save weight and also because the trajectory of the 20mm shell was significantly different to the .5-inch bullets and the combination was therefore ineffective.

With the exception of the tail gunner, all gunners could control more than one turret from their sighting station. Each had a primary turret although interchange of turret control between sighting stations was achieved by the flick of a switch, change-over switch boxes being located adjacent to each gunner's position (see diagram on next page).



Gunners did the upper surface check during the pre-flight. Glen-Leary & Bob Bevan part of WF508's crew (44 Squadron) inspect their B-29. Not bad on a nice sunny day but in icy weather not so good! (*John King*)



Above: Extract from a 1943 B-29 gunner's manual showing the primary and secondary turret controls. Note the two gun upper forward turret and 20 mm cannon in the tail. (*Bill Royster*).
Below: Gunners from a 330th BG B-29 at North Field Guam pause for the camera while maintaining the lower rear turret of their B-29. (*Lee Crowder via Jeff Brown*)



The Sperry Remote Control Gun System

On 5 February 1940 the US Army Air Corps (AAC) issued Request for Data R-40B and Specification XC-218 to four airplane manufacturing companies that were considered capable of meeting the advanced requirements; Boeing, Lockheed, Consolidated and Douglas. Boeing responded with their Model 345 – which eventually became the B-29. At this time the B-29 was to be fitted with a remote control gun system designed by Sperry.

The Sperry system included five turrets, forward upper/lower, rear upper/lower and tail. The gunners used teardrop shaped viewing blisters and periscopes to control any of the guns and there was no tail gunner – the tail guns being controlled from the rear crew compartment. Unfortunately (or fortunately considering the comments of Kenneth Eidnes below!), Sperry encountered severe development problems and the system was not ready when the first XB-29 was due to fly. As the problems were not being remedied quick enough the AAC adopted an alternative system produced by General Electric (GE) and this was the one that was eventually used in all production B-29s.

The decision to change gun systems was not made until late on and the first two XB-29s (prototype B-29s) although they carried no armament were configured for the Sperry system with no tail turret and teardrop sighting blisters. The Third (and final) XB-29 although still having no armament or tail gunner position had the production sighting blisters.

Despite having rejected the Sperry system in favour of the GE one, the AAC conducted tests of both systems at their Eglin Air Base during 1943. Kenneth Eidnes was assigned to these tests and remembers both systems:

Lt. Col. Paul Tibbets Jr. was my CO and we used the 2nd YB-29 # 36955 with the GE system and the XB-29 for the Sperry system

On June 26th 1943 I flew on the first YB-29 #36954 on its maiden flight. Shortly after that I was transferred to the 40th Bomb Group, 25th Bomb Sq. at Pratt, Kansas. We had the second YB-29 # 36955 for our tests. The tests were all on the GE System, and I worked with Cliff Woodward a GE Engineer. All firing was done at a bombing range just west of Pratt, Kansas. It had an open range law and many cattle would be on the range. We were not able to see them from altitude and several were killed. As the winter weather in Kansas is not the best for flying we took our YB-29 to Eglin Field, Florida on Oct. 25th 1943.

At Eglin Field, Col Tibbets, along with Bob Caron (tail gunner on the Hiroshima mission) brought the XB-29 that was fitted with the Sperry system to us (*presumably the first XB-29 as the second was lost in an accident on 18 February 1943 – killing Boeing's chief test pilot Eddie Allen, and the third XB-29 was configured for the GE system, Chris Howlett*). These two aircraft are the only ones I worked on for the tests.

The Sperry system was a very odd system indeed. Scanners on either side of the plane would tell the gunner where targets were. The gunner then used a periscope to track the target; this required a lot of teamwork among the crew – better for the gunner to track the target himself. Furthermore, when the target got below the horizontal the sight switched over to a bottom prism that made the target appear upside down – very confusing to say the least! Also, the Sperry system used hydraulic oil to operate. I do not recall the pressure but it was quite high and this caused small leaks making it hard to work on the system without slipping or falling down. In the cold temperature of high altitude flight, the oil became thick which caused the movements to be jerky, not smooth at all – that took care of the accuracy! This, plus the oil leaks caused the downfall of the unit.

Don't recall the percentage of hits with the Sperry but under test conditions with the GE system I could get up to 75% hits very often.

Ground training

In the late 1940s the USAF (as the USAAF had by then become) developed ground-training facilities for the B-29 gunners. These consisted of B-29 turrets mounted on racks with a sighting station located nearby. The gunners under training fired at small remote controlled aircraft.

One such training set up was located in Kansas to train would be USAF B-29 gunners. A similar school was also located in England, at Stiffkey on the East Anglia coast. Mike Davies supplied the following information:

At Stiffkey we shot at radio controlled target planes. We were told that the guns were out of line and if we kept our sights on them we would not hit them so we had to keep spot on. We soon got fed up with this as it was no fun. I know we all tried to hit them. I tried to fire all round the target in bigger and bigger circles, tried to see how much out of line the guns were (this was not easy as the guns were off set and down from the sights). We also tried to line up the 'cook offs' that fired into the mud with the sights but that didn't work either as the guns stowed themselves when the power went off (a 'cook off' is when the gun gets so hot with good long bursts that it fires itself – this is OK out on the ground range but in the air you can shoot your own tail off or even another plane so you keep the power on). Anyway I guess they had got wise to all the tricks as, to my knowledge, they never lost one to the RAF. We think they flew them out of range, used blank ammunition or some other trick – maybe they just fed us too well as they served far better food than our base! Come to think of it I expect that had we hit one we would have to have paid for it or done an extra year in the RAF!



Above: Two photos of the ground gunnery school at Stiffkey. (*Mike Davis*). **Below:** One of the remote control target planes. This example being preserved at the Pima Air and Space Museum, Arizona. Frank Farrell, a B-29 gunner in the USAF during the Korean war sent me details of the similar US gunnery range at either Lowry AFB or Smoky Hill AFB where he trained. He did manage to shoot down one of the target planes – again by shooting off from it – but his 'victim' exerted its revenge by crashing into the mess hall! (*Frank Farrel*)



RP-63s

Pete McLaughlin, former maintenance officer at Pyote AAF, Texas (the wonderfully named Rattlesnake Bomber base) supplied me with much information relating to the storage or 'pickling' of B-29s at Pyote after WWII (including some Washingtons) but also mentioned the rather strange story of the RP-63 B-29 gunnery targets. Although never used by the RAF (as far as I am aware) and something that would probably fall foul of many a health and safety ruling today, the RP-63s were an interesting development and probably gave excellent gunnery training:

Prior to and during WWII, the standard practice for aerial gunnery was the use of a tow aircraft towing at the end of a long steel cable a rectangular cloth target. This system was adequate for light, medium and heavy bomber crews. However, upon receipt of the B-29 Superfortress, the previous system was declared unsuitable for this aircraft.

After a thorough search the Bell RP-63 target aircraft was born. Commonly termed the 'Pinball', the RP-63 was a Bell P-63 King Cobra that had had over a ton of special duraluminium alloy armour plate added. During fighter attacks the 'Pinball' would be fired upon by the B-29 gun turrets using plastic frangible bullets. Upon striking the armour plate the plastic bullet would result in a flash and be recorded as a hit in the pilot's cockpit.

I am unaware of the total 'Pinball' production but we did place 291 RP-63s in the aircraft storage program at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base (from the book *Fighting Aircraft of WWII* comes the total of 332 RP-63s completed or converted from P-63A or C. Where the remaining 72 went I do not know – maybe the bullets were not quite frangible enough?! The RP-63s were the only type of P-63 used by the USAAF, most (2,421) of the production run (3,303) were supplied to Russia where they performed well as a ground attack aircraft with another 300 going to the Free French. *Chris Howlett*).



Left: Some of the 291 RP-63s stored at Pyote. **Right:** Lt Pete McLaughlin 'the Coyote from Pyote' kneeling on an RP-63 at Pyote. *(Both photos Pete McLaughlin)*

Photo Corner

Like many Air Gunners, Roy Arnold, a 44 Squadron Air Gunner, trained at RAF Leconfield and provided the following 2 photos from his time there:



Formal photo taken outside the Gunner Squadron's hut:

Back Row L/R: Bruce Unstead, Roy Arnold, Jimmy Whitelaw, Leo ?, John Mather

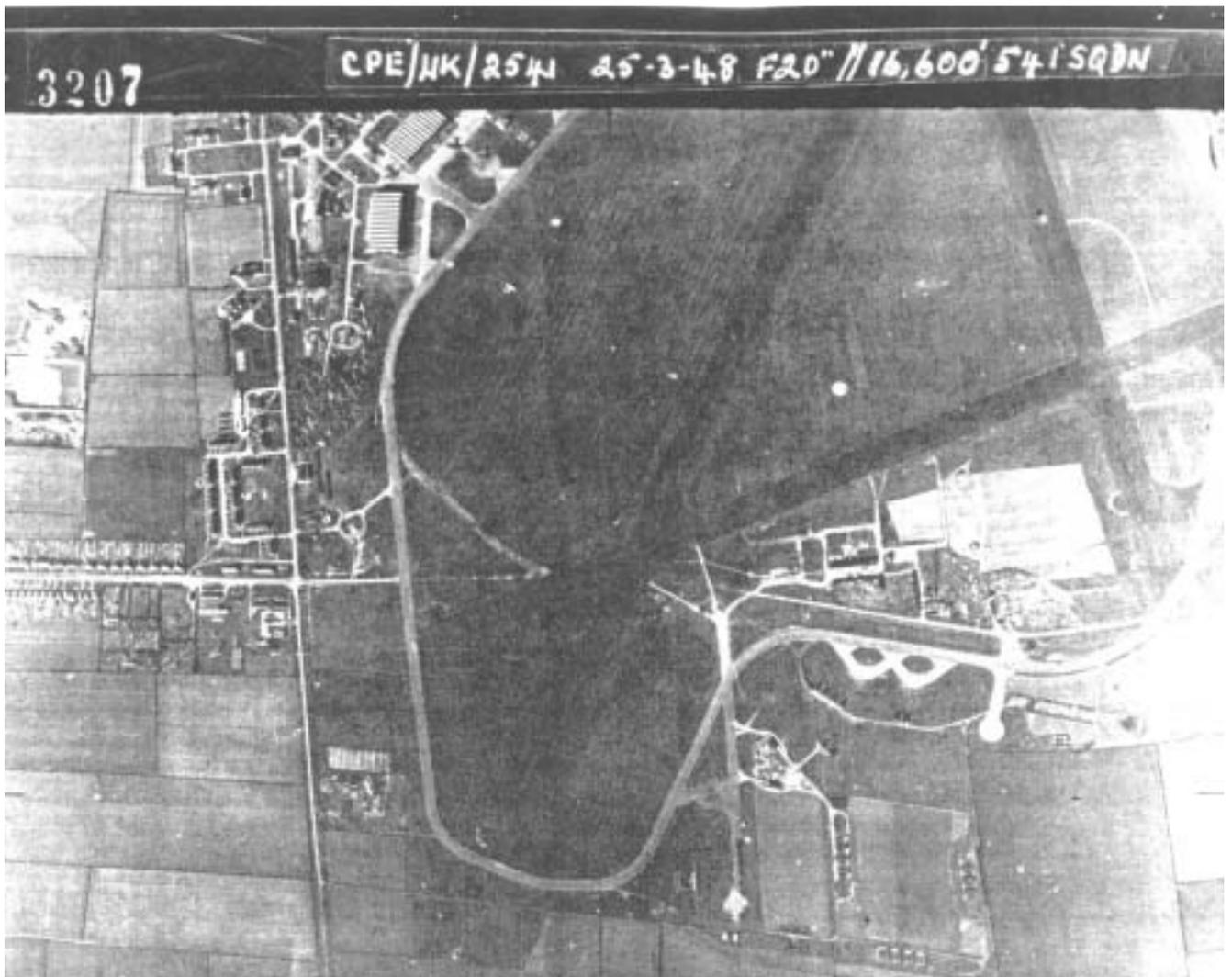
Front Row L/R: Iain Robertson, Sgt Mitchell, Sgt Leonard, Glenn Atkins
(*Roy Arnold*)



Same group ready for a training flight:

Back Row L/R: Roy Arnold, Sgt Mitchell, Sgt Leonard, Jimmy Whitelaw, Bruce Unstead

Front Row L/R: Glenn Atkins, Leo ?, Iain Robertson, John Mather
(*Roy Arnold*)



In lieu of a plan of RAF Waddington here is a copy of one of the photos that will be used to draw it (whenever I manage to do so!). As can be seen from the bar at the top, No 541 Squadron took it on 23 March 1948. I believe that the Washingtons were based on the hardstands around the old 1918 buildings in the lower right part of the picture (just above the bomb dump). If anyone can confirm this or identify individual buildings or which hardstands held which plane it would be most interesting. Note the large number of aircraft parked just south of the hangars to the west of the taxiway. They appear to be mainly Ansons that I presume are awaiting disposal?
(National Monument Record, English Heritage)



To continue with the delivery theme from the cover, a photo showing several B-29s, some still in their US markings, parked at Prestwick. Nearest the camera is 44-61968 (WW349). WW349 was not allocated to any Squadron but was used by Vickers for trials – being destroyed 29 July 1955 in a collision with a Valiant while taxiing at Wisley. *(Jeff Brown)*

Contacts

New Contacts:

Davenport	Bernard	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Hunt	Paul	Flight Engineer 42-65274 with 40 th BG (WF442)
Francis	John	192 Squadron Engine Fitter
Arnold	Roy	44 Squadron Air Gunner

A list of those people who have made contact with me – if you wish to contact any of them, let me know and I will pass on your request:

David	Alexander	ASF Marham
Phil	Batty	44 Squadron Navigator
Gerry	Beauvoisin	57 Squadron Air Gunner
Ray	Belsham	ASF Engine Fitter Marham
Joe	Bridge	Webmaster, RAF Marham Website
Jeff	Brown	149 Squadron Air Gunner
William	Butt	115 Squadron Crew Chief
Katie	Chandler	Widow of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437)
Pat	Chandler	Daughter of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437)
Brian	Channing	149 Squadron Navigator
Bob	Cole	149 Squadron Electrical Fitter (WF498)
Terry	Collins	XV Squadron Engine Fitter
Doug	Cook OBE	44 Squadron Co-Pilot (WF508)
John (Buster)	Crabbe	207 Squadron Crew Chief
Don	Crossley	90 Squadron Signaller
Mike	Davies	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Keith	Dutton	?? Squadron Air Gunner
Ken	Firth	44 Squadron Air Gunner
Charles	Fox	Bombardier 42-94052 (WF444)
Dave	Forster	Researching RAF ELINT Squadrons
John	Forster	207 Squadron / WCU Air Gunner
Ray	Francis	57 Squadron Association
Gordon	Galletly	44 Squadron Navigator / Bombardier
Norman	Galvin	XV Squadron Engine Fitter
Alan	Gamble	90 Squadron Radio Operator
Brian	Gennings	Ground Maintenance Hanger
Bob	Goater	XV Squadron Instrument NCO
Tony	Goodsall	90 Squadron Air Gunner
Ken	Harding	44 Squadron Signaller
Roy	Hild	Pilot 42-94052 (WF444)
Tony	Hill	Archivist P&EEE Shoeburyness
Julian	Horn	RAF Watton Website
Henry	Horscroft	44 Squadron Association
Brian	Howes	115 Squadron
John	Howett	A/C 44-61688 (WF498)
Ernest	Howlett	44 Squadron Engine Fitter (WF512)
Jimmy	James	Engine Fitter

David J. Andrew John	Karr Kendal (Ken) Kerzner King	Nephew of William Karr, XV Squadron Air Gunner 90 Squadron ?? Tail Gunner 44-69680 (WF437) 44 Squadron Flight Engineer
John George Peter Pete	Laing Lane Large Lewis	207 Squadron Air Gunner Navigator 44-69680 (WF437) Brother of Edward Large, Pilot 44 Squadron 149 Squadron Engine Fitter
G. Patrick P. Peter Mo	Maloney McGrath McLaughlin Morrey Mowbrey	44 Squadron Pilot (WF508) 115 Squadron Pilot Engineering Officer, Pyote Texas 90 Squadron Air Gunner 57 Squadron Air Gunner
Ralph Tom	Painting Pawson	57 / 192 Squadron Flight Engineer 35 Squadron Signaller
Harry Harold	Rickwood Roberts	149 Squadron Electrical Fitter Witness to crash of WF502
Ivor William S Joe Derek Jim Bill	Samuel Santavicca Smisek Somerville Stanley Stanley Stevenson	207 Squadron Air Gunner Gunner 'Look Homeward Angel', 6 th Bomb Group Association Son of A/C of City of San Francisco (K-29, 330 th Bomb Group) Engine Fitter Marham 57 Squadron radio Engineer 35 / 635 Squadron Association
Albert	Urquhart	Left Gunner K-39, 330 th Bomb Group
Colin Robert Charlie	Williams Willman Woolford	XV Squadron Navigator / Bombardier A/C 42-93976 (WF440) 90 Squadron