

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

Center for Pacific War Studies

Fredericksburg, Texas

An Interview with

Frederick A. Moore

Clifton, Virginia

October 16, 2007

9th Combat Cargo Squadron, 3rd Group

C-47 C.B.I.

Dropped Supplies at Treetop Level in Burma

Merrill's Marauders, Myitkyina, Imphal

Mars Task Force

285 Missions, 840 Combat Hours

3 D.F.C, 5 Air Medals, 1 Battle Star

My name is Richard Misenhimer and today is October 16, 2007. I am interviewing Mr. Frederick A. "Fred" Moore by telephone. His address is 14015 Marleigh Lane, Clifton, Virginia, 20124. His telephone number is area code 703-222-0060. This interview is in support of the National Museum of Pacific War, Center for Pacific War Studies, for the preservation of historical information related to World War II.

Mr. Misenhimer

Fred, I want to thank you for taking time to do this interview today and I want to thank you for your service to our country during World War II. Let me ask you first, what is your birth date?

Mr. Moore

December 31, 1924.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now the next thing I would like to do is get an alternative contact. We have found out that sometimes in two or three years we try to contact somebody and he has moved or something has happened. Do you have a son or daughter or someone that you might give us a name and phone number in case we can't reach you?

Mr. Moore

My daughter. Leanne Moore. Her phone number is 703-719-9488. Her address is 6506 Kelsey Point Circle, Alexandria, Virginia 22315.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now the next thing I need to do is read to you this agreement with the Nimitz Museum. When I do these in person I give them to the man to read and sign but since this is by phone, let me read it to you to make sure it is okay. "Agreement Read." Is that okay?

Mr. Moore

Yes that's okay.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where were you born?

Mr. Moore

I was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have brothers and sisters?

Mr. Moore

No.

Mr. Misenhimer

You grew up during the Depression. How did the Depression affect you and your family?

Mr. Moore

My father was a carpenter. Both of my parents came to this country after World War I from Newfoundland. My father and grandfather were fishermen. They all immigrated to the United States after World War I when the price of codfish collapsed. They settled in the greater Boston area and became carpenters and painters and electricians and things like that because that's what they were able to do back home. So my dad, as I remember the Depression, was somehow always able to put food on the table. My mother never worked. She was a homemaker. My father, I remember one story, at one time had reached the point that he had to go down to the Town Hall and ask for a peck of potatoes, which was 15 pounds of potatoes. He didn't want to do this. He hated to "be put on the dole" as he called it. He went down to the Town Hall and filled out the forms to get some

potatoes. In doing so, they observed that he owned a 1920-something Chevrolet and they said, "Well, Mr. Moore, we can't give you any potatoes because you own an automobile. You will have to sell that first." He said, "I need my automobile to do my work because I can't carry tools and stuff on my back." They said, "Well, we're sorry but we can't give you any potatoes." I think the way he said it, as I remember it, he told them where to put the potatoes. And that was the only experience he had with what he termed "the dole." The Depression point of view for me, I guess looking back on it, I got my own bicycle by selling magazines. We always had food. I had to be in corduroy knickers longer than I wanted to be. I wanted to be in long pants but I had to wear knickers . I guess the Depression didn't affect me that badly. Everybody was in the same boat and we enjoyed ourselves. We played outdoors and we kept ourselves busy. We did not get in any trouble. The Depression, the only thing I remember is that story my dad told me. That's about all I remember.

One other thing I do remember about that time period. It's not Depression related, but my mother died when I was 11, in 1936. Which would be almost in the midst of the Depression. It was kind of a rough period in the sense that I moved to three different schools in three different years. By the time I got to high school, I knew everybody in the high school, but nobody real well because of my transfers from year to year. That was really the only thing that I remember from the Depression period. We still had enough money to get firecrackers on the 4th of July though.

Mr. Misenhimer

Why did you have to move so many times?

Mr. Moore

My dad sold the house that we had lived in. I think he sold it for \$3,500, if my memory is correct. Then we went to a private home that took on boarders. Then we just, for some reason, went from house to house every year.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where did you go to high school?

Mr. Moore

Arlington, Massachusetts.

Mr. Misenhimer

What year did you finish there?

Mr. Moore

1942. That was a great movie, "The Summer of 1942."

Mr. Misenhimer

Now on December 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. Do you recall hearing about that?

Mr. Moore

Yes, on that Sunday morning. We had come home from church and my dad was washing the car. I went upstairs to change my clothes. For some reason I turned the radio on and they were talking about Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Misenhimer

What was your reaction to that? How did you feel that it would affect you?

Mr. Moore

I really don't recall having that much feeling about how it was going to affect me

personally. I just felt that, "Now we're in a war." Beyond that, I really didn't have too much reaction to it.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you were 16, almost 17; is that right?

Mr. Moore

That's right.

Mr. Misenhimer

When did you go into the service?

Mr. Moore

I went in March of 1943. I wanted to be an Aviation Cadet all my life. When I was a little boy about 6 years old airplanes were my life. I had my first airplane ride in something they called a Curtis Robin. My father paid somebody \$5 to fly me around in an airplane. I always wanted to be an Aviation Cadet. At that time you had to be a college graduate. War came along and I now knew that I would be going into the service. I still wanted to enlist as an Aviation Cadet, so I tried to get into the Navy. I was only 17 at the time and they wouldn't look at me. Then I tried the Air Force and they wouldn't look at me. When I turned 18 on December 31st I started the process of being physically examined and mentally examined to see if I could qualify as an Aviation Cadet. I passed the mental okay but I had flunked the blood pressure test. Every time they put the cuff on my arm, I was so anxious to get in that my blood pressure would go up. You had to pass three re-checks in order to say that it was normal. I had passed two of these re-checks when I received a notice in the mail that said, "Greeting. You have been selected by your peers and local board #5 of Arlington, Massachusetts to be drafted in the U.S. Military." Well,

myself and some of my friends from Arlington went into Boston on a chartered street car. We went into the same building where I had been going trying to enlist as an Aviation Cadet. As soon as we went into the building, I left my group and I immediately went to the flight surgeon and told him my problem and he said, "Go upstairs and lay down." I went up to this place that looked like a ward in the hospital. He eventually came in and tried my blood pressure and he said, "Now go upstairs and sit down with your draft board." I said, "Did I pass?" He said, "Go upstairs and sit down with your draft board." I was just crushed. I went up to this big hall and they kept calling out draft boards from various localities around the greater Boston area. We had kind of an agenda they printed out, a schedule of events. After they called out Chelsea, Massachusetts, Arlington, Massachusetts was going to be next. Just before they called Arlington, they called out five names. Mine was one of them and we were sworn in as Aviation Cadets. I was not drafted. That was in March of 1943.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you went into the Air Corps then?

Mr. Moore

Yes. The Army Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer

It was changed to the Air Force by then?

Mr. Moore

You could win money on this. The Army Air Corps stayed in place until 1947 but it was the administrative arm of the Army Air Force. I've got papers that have Army Air Force at the top of the page but are signed by a Major in the United States Army Air Corps.

Mr. Misenhimer

I've learned something today.

Mr. Moore

You could win money on that one. (Laugh)

Mr. Misenhimer

Okay, and then what happened?

Mr. Moore

In April of 1943 I received a message to report to the same place, 65 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, with a change of underwear and toilet articles. We were going to be leaving home. I got on a train with a bunch of young men and we went to Nashville, Tennessee by way of Toledo, Ohio. This was for classification and to get uniforms. We were quarantined there for two weeks. We had to go to the PX for supplies we needed. We went through a series of physical examinations and mental examinations. They asked you all sorts of things like, "do you like girls?" "Are you able to rub your stomach and the top of your head at the same time?" They had machines to do this to see if you were coordinated. This was where you categorized as either a pilot, a navigator or a bombardier. We were there at Nashville for about six weeks. I saw my name come up on a list that said I was selected for pilot training.

From Nashville, which was called classification, the next step along this training program was pre-flight. Historically, everyone from Nashville all went to Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama for pre-flight. When we went down to the train station one evening, supposedly going to Maxwell Field, we woke up the next morning in Evansville, Indiana heading west. So they shipped us to Santa Ana, California for pre-

flight. In pre-flight you went through mostly physical training, calisthenics, marching. We had a lot of ground school too. We were there for nine weeks at pre-flight in Santa Ana. We were given leave every weekend from Friday night until Sunday noon. I remember we used to get on the Pacific Electric train to go up into Los Angeles. We would go to the Hollywood Canteen. At that point I was only 18 years old. I didn't drink. Girls were still kind of an unknown entity to me. I was still kind of naive. We had to be back by Sunday noontime for a big parade for all the various squadrons. We had to march in review. You were graded. If your squadron received a high enough standing you were given the ability to kind of choose your primary flying school. I guess my squadron came in about third and we agreed to go to place called Tulare, California for primary flight training. Again each one of these training phases lasted nine weeks. In Tulare we flew in airplanes for the first time. These were Stearman bi-planes. The instructors were all civilians. We went through a lot of ground school for navigation, aeronautics and instrument flying on a Link trainer. There was still a lot of calisthenics and physical training. I can remember after dual flight training, which lasted about nine hours, the flight instructor said, Okay, Mr. (they always called us Mister), take it around by yourself." So I soloed. The next step, you had to pass your Army check ride. The civilians were instructors and after 40 hours you were given a check ride by an Army Lieutenant. This was to decide whether or not you had progressed satisfactorily enough to move to the next phase of training. The next phase of training was called Basic flight training. That took place for me in Chico, California, where we saw a lot of different airplanes. An all metal airplane. A low-wing monoplane with a radial engine, called a Vultee Vibrator. We were there for nine weeks for more flying. Now we had instrument

training and formation training and for the first time, night flying.

Mr. Misenhimer

Let me go back and ask you a couple of questions. In your primary flying, what did it feel like to solo?

Mr. Moore

After take off we had to fly a rectangular pattern. I guess I got about halfway through it when I kind of said to myself, "You're by yourself." I was thinking more about what I had to do to get it back on the ground to really think too much about what had happened. I knew I was by myself. I wasn't frightened at all. I guess I was concentrating on trying to make a decent landing.

Mr. Misenhimer

In primary and basic, were people washed out?

Mr. Moore

As far as wash out was concerned, let me back up a little. There were quite a few washed out in classification. In pre-flight, very, very few washed out. In primary fewer. As time progressed the washout rate seemed to get smaller the farther into this process you went. Once you got to advanced flight training they did everything they could to keep you in. If you had a physical problem, maybe had been in the hospital or something, they would drop you back a class rather than wash you out. The wash out rates diminished the farther into training that you went.

Mr. Misenhimer

Were there many crashes and fatalities and that sort of thing when you were in primary or basic?

Mr. Moore

We only lost one person and that was in basic flight training. It happened at night in night flying. That's the only one I remember and I did not know the person.

Mr. Misenhimer

What did you think of the Vultee Vibrator?

Mr. Moore

The Vultee Vibrator (laugh), a couple of things. My instructor, I guess you would call him a Hispanic today. He was a relatively small man. I had to carry three or four yellow cushions every time I went in the air with him and he had to sit on them. The name of the Vibrator came from when you were in a spin; one half of the spin was nice and smooth but the second half of the spin, the nose came up and it started to shake. This was in a spin. For spin recovery, I had the instructor tell me, "I am having trouble putting full rudder in to get out of a spin, so you've got to put it in full rudder for me." His legs were too short to do it himself. I would be saying to myself, "He's going to teach me how to get out of the spin, but he can't do it himself?" (Laugh) The Stearman I think was more enjoyable than the Vultee.

Mr. Misenhimer

They used the Stearman for quite a few of the acrobatics after the war.

Mr. Moore

Stearman's are still flying.

Mr. Misenhimer

They've even got them for crop dusters down here.

Mr. Moore

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

Is there anything else that you recall from primary or basic?

Mr. Moore

In primary I had trouble with my log book entries, adding time. It's a little different than just adding decimal digits. I was making mistakes sometimes in my log book entries. This would be picked up by the women who would go through and transcribe them and I would get demerits for these mistakes. The only time I ended up with enough demerits to walk "tours" was because I had those log book errors. A "tour" was one hour of walking the quadrangle with a seatpack parachute on. You got one tour for so many demerits. You had to complete their tours before you were allowed to go on leave. I only remember having to walk the tours once. Then I didn't complete it all because we had a Lieutenant who was also a student pilot who was kind of watching over these people walking these tours and after a couple of hours he said, "Okay, you people have completed it" and he let us go on leave.

Mr. Misenhimer

What kind of uniform did you wear as a Cadet?

Mr. Moore

We wore an officer's tunic which was the olive drab tunic. We had a hat with fairly large Air Force wings and propeller insignia on it and on our sleeve near the wrist we wore a circular badge that was basically blue in color with the gold wing and propeller. We wore this on the left sleeve. I don't recall wearing the pink pants. We wore the khaki pants.

You could tell by looking at us that we were Aviation Cadets.

Mr. Misenhimer

What was your pay as a Cadet?

Mr. Moore

I'm not sure, maybe \$121 per month.

Mr. Misenhimer

That sounds about right from what I've heard from other people. Somewhere in that range. Okay, so then you went from basic to advanced, right?

Mr. Moore

Yes. For advanced we moved from Chico, California which was up in northern California and went down to Stockton, California, which is near Sacramento. There we were introduced to an airplane called a UC-78. It was a Cessna and was fabric covered, a tail dragger, twin engine, light transport. We called it a Bamboo Bomber. It was basically a wood and fabric construction. There we had twin engine training. We were in the Central Valley and it was January. The valley fog in Central Valley of California in the winter time made flying almost impossible. So they gave us the full 9 weeks of ground school in four weeks. Then we were flown with our aircraft down to Yuma, Arizona where we stayed in tents. We flew night and day in two shifts. My shift was from midnight until noon. From midnight until breakfast time my group would fly night cross country and night formation and then we would go for instrument training after breakfast. I was told afterwards that my group flew the best day formation that they had ever seen. Probably, because we flew night formation before we flew day formation. We had the full nine weeks of flying training compressed into four weeks. The we went back to

Stockton where I became an “Officer and a Gentleman”.

Mr. Misenhimer

What was it like to transition to the twin engine?

Mr. Moore

The biggest trick, I guess, that we had to learn was how to accommodate the loss of an engine and the effect it would have on the flight characteristics. It was not as flashy an airplane as the single engine. It was a light transport. It was an excellent trainer, I think, for instrument flying. It was not a glamorous aircraft at all.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you ever lose an engine?

Mr. Moore

I only lost an engine twice but in a different airplane and a different place.

Mr. Misenhimer

But not in the Bamboo Bomber?

Mr. Moore

No. We shut down an engine on purpose, but never lost one for real.

Mr. Misenhimer

Is there anything else that you recall from your advanced there?

Mr. Moore

Backing up, I think the closest I came to getting killed was back in basic. For night flying they would install on the ground a series of lights in the shape of a cross. This cross of lights would be maybe 100 yards long, off the end of a runway. We were told to visualize that those lights continued out indefinitely and carved the sky into four quadrants. Each

quadrant was given a number, 1, 2, 3, 4. In each quadrant there were three levels, low, middle and upper. So when we were practicing night landings, you would be assigned to, let's say upper zone 3, which meant zone 3 and at the highest altitude. You would be progressively moved around from zone 4 to 3 to 2 to 1. Then lower zone 1 would be the point where you would make a landing. Then you would go back to zone 4 again. I can remember working my way around and got to lower zone 1. So I knew I was going to be next to land. I was cleared to land and as I turned onto my final approach. It was night time and I just heard something and I looked up through my canopy and all I could see was the belly of another basic trainer. He was close enough that I heard him. We just separated and I went in on my landing. I did my touch and go landing. To this day, I don't have the foggiest who that other person was. But he was no more than ten feet above me.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was there anything funny or humorous that happened up until this point?

Mr. Moore

No, the humorous things came later.

Mr. Misenhimer

When were you commissioned? What date?

Mr. Moore

February 8, 1944.

Mr. Misenhimer

That was where?

Mr. Moore

Stockton, California.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have quite a ceremony?

Mr. Moore

Not really. My graduating class was called up to the podium one at a time and given a set of wings and a handshake. Then we met a bunch of enlisted men who seemed to be in line to give us our first salutes and get a dollar bill from us.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was any of your family there for that?

Mr. Moore

No. I was in California and my home was in Boston.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then what happened?

Mr. Moore

Now you had a choice. You could put down your choice but that didn't mean that they were going to fulfil it. You could put in a choice of the type of aircraft that you wanted to fly. I put in for medium bomber. I thought I was too tall for fighters. My name came up on a list of people saying that I'd been selected for B-25 training at Mather Field in Sacramento, California. I was given a ten day delay en route to go from Stockton to Sacramento, which was probably only about 30 miles. I was given 10 days to travel those 30 miles. Well, my home was back in Boston, so what to do? At that time you couldn't get on an airline unless you had a priority. You could hitch a ride on a military aircraft if

you were lucky enough to find one going your way. Rather than taking a chance, myself and a couple of other friends got on the Overland Limited, on the third section of the Overland Limited and went from Sacramento to Chicago and took another train from Chicago to Boston. Four days in a day coach. I got home and spent two days at home. Then got on a day coach and spent four days back to Sacramento. So 8 out of 10 days in a day coach, not a fun trip. I'll never forget passing through a place called North Platte, Nebraska. There have been books written about it. How the ladies in North Platte met every troop train going through and gave us cookies and coffee and donuts. I happened to be lucky enough one time to go through North Platte. When I got back to Sacramento, I was introduced to the B-25. For the first time I guess I felt that I was now in a war situation because this was an airplane that had been used as training airplanes for the Doolittle Raid. We had Jimmy Doolittle's copilot out at the Smithsonian Museum here in Washington about a month ago. He told us that of the 24 aircraft they had used down in Florida, only 16 actually got onboard the *Hornet*. The 8 aircraft that were left behind were at Mather Field and we actually trained on them. So this was another 9 week stop. It was called transition training. We were learning to fly an operational aircraft. Here we had a big powerful aircraft and we were given 10 hours of dual instruction. Then the rest of our time was basically spent in formation flying, night flying, cross country and instrument flying. We were turned loose after 10 hours of dual instruction.

Mr. Misenhimer

How long were you there doing that?

Mr. Moore

These were all 9 week training periods. This is where I met two of the people that

subsequently went overseas with me. We became good friends. We pulled the worst practical trick that I heard of for a long time. We were in night formation, two aircraft, going from Sacramento down to San Diego and back home. It was a beautiful night over the Central Valley. We were at 10,000 feet and we were not under any air traffic control. We were kind of flying a loose formation. We looked up ahead and we saw another airplane with blinking lights. Our lights were steady. We knew that the blinking lights was an airliner. It happened to be a Western Airlines DC-3 apparently going from San Francisco down to Los Angeles. We turned off our lights and I came up off his the left wing and my buddy came up off the right wing with our lights out. Now were lined abreast, three aircraft. We could see the people inside the windows. We said, "Now" and we turned on our landing lights. (Laugh) The landing lights were not retractable. They just went on. Then we peeled away from them. We could just picture these two pilots up in the front of this DC-3, probably listening to music as they went down to L.A. and all of a sudden have our landing lights shining alongside their plane.

Mr. Misenhimer

But you don't know what their reaction was though?

Mr. Moore

Never heard a word. Another time I was flying with a young man named Emory Molnar from Pennsylvania. Again it was a beautiful day in Northern California. I was in the left seat but in between us was an autopilot on and off hydraulic control. We had never seen an autopilot in our lives before. We didn't realize that you had to make adjustments in the autopilot console to the ailerons, the elevator and the rudder so that indices matched up. We just looked down at the control that said autopilot "on" and "off". It was safetied in

the "off" position. We said, "Why not?" So we broke the safety wire and we turned the autopilot on. The airplane did almost a half roll. So we turned it off and said, "Hey, I wonder if we can roll it." The two of us dove the airplane, built up a little speed, pulled the nose up and we half rolled again. Now we were upside down with dirt and dust dropping down on to us. Then we just did a "Split S" and came out of it. We were very pleased with the B-25.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you get into trouble for that, either, huh?

Mr. Moore

No.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was there anybody else in the plane, or just the two of you?

Mr. Moore

Just the two of us. In the transition phase you learned to fly the airplane. The next phase was going to be OT or operational training. This phase normally took place at Columbia, South Carolina. Every class ahead of us had been transferred from Sacramento to Columbia. Well, four of us were kind of thinking ahead. We recognized that if we had owned an automobile we would be allowed about 20 days to travel from Sacramento down to Columbia. So we went out and the four of us pitched in and we bought a 1935 Plymouth. It happened to have four General tires attached to it. We were looking at the tires more than the automobile. We pitched in and bought this car for \$550. We had it tuned up. It had a broken window and we had that fixed. So now we're all set and when we're transferred to Columbia we are going to have some time at home. We were just

going to drive nonstop. We were going to drive in shifts. Well, we did fine except there were usually big arguments over whose turn it was to have the automobile. One Saturday morning we were called over to the auditorium. It was pouring rain. Our names were read out. It turned out later that all of us had received our instrument ratings and we were told that we were leaving that night at midnight on a troop train for Louisville, Kentucky. No private transportation. No families. This was at 10:30 in the morning and we were leaving at midnight. We took the car back to the dealer trying to get our money back. He offered us something like \$300. So we felt like driving it off the cliff someplace. We got our money back and at midnight we left Sacramento on a troop train. That was about all we knew at that point. One of us had been assigned as the train commander. He was able to somehow con the railroad people into keeping us in Chicago for an extra 7 or 8 hours. I remember two of us went downtown and saw the musical "Oklahoma" for the first time. We got back on the train and we ended up in Louisville, Kentucky and then were told to "get out of here" and not even come back for 2 or 3 days, no leave papers or anything else. Two of us were able to get authorization for Priority on an aircraft. We were able to get home for a couple of days. We were now told that we were being assigned to a C-47 aircraft. Again we don't know what was happening but I remember I was flown to a field called Camp Atterbury, Indiana where I was shown how to operate the C-47 aircraft. I was given the opportunity to land it 2 or 3 times. Then we were flown to Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida. Here we found about 90 C-47's; they smelled like brand new automobiles, all right from the Long Beach factory. Here we were assigned copilots, a radioman, a crew chief, a navigator and were issued tropical gear, suntans and a .45. We were issued sealed orders. I had been given a crew and my copilot was right out of flying

school. My radioman is out of radio school. My crew chief is out of B-25's, like me. The navigator is based in Wilmington, Delaware and we have sealed orders. We were told we were going from Morrison Field to *(tape side ended)*.

Mr. Misenhimer

Okay, you were leaving Kentucky, going where?

Mr. Moore

We left Louisville and went to West Palm Beach. We had been issued an aircraft. I've got a crew. I've got spare tires and aircraft parts in the cabin. I had been given six inoculations, three in each arm. We were told we were going overseas but told not to tell anybody that we were leaving. We were not allowed off the base. We had no more flying. I now had four flying hours in the aircraft. We were given two carrier pigeons in a wooden box. On the top of the box was a sign that said, "Based in Miami. Do not feed the Pigeons." We took off from West Palm Beach heading for Puerto Rico, after being briefed on the weather and everything, with a sealed envelope that we were not supposed to open until we were airborne. When we do open it, we are told that we are going to India. It took two weeks to get there. Ninety aircraft with a group of people, some of whom had C-47 training and some had very limited training like me. I had hardly any training in the aircraft. The navigator's main job was to get us from Natal, Brazil, which is on the hump of South America to Ascension Island, in the middle of the South Atlantic. At Natal we had installed inside the fuselage, black plastic gasoline tanks in the cabin. That was because we couldn't carry enough fuel in the wing tanks to get us to Ascension. We went from Florida to Puerto Rico to British Guiana to Belem in Brazil to Natal. We spent 5 days getting ready in Natal, making sure everything was working

correctly. Then the next stop was Ascension Island. I can remember our navigator hit the island right on the nose and all he had to use was a sun shot. We were told not to use the radio beacon on Ascension Island because the Germans were coming up in submarines and broadcasting a beacon on the same frequency as ours, but much more powerful, to lead you off to the wrong location. So it was a sun line of position navigation. Then going in to Africa he missed his landfall by about 70 miles. He said that evening, "Who cares? How can we miss Africa?" (Laugh)

Mr. Misenhimer

Now I understand that Ascension Island was pretty small, is that right?

Mr. Moore

On Ascension Island, the runway ran right through it, from one end to the other. There was a cliff on both ends and there was a hump in the middle of the runway. When you did a landing you couldn't see the whole length of the runway.

Mr. Misenhimer

So it took a good navigator to find that.

Mr. Moore

He did a good job and all he had was the sun to work with.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now your 90 airplanes, were you in a string or a formation? How were you flying?

Mr. Moore

We were flying individually.

Mr. Misenhimer

You were strung out?

Mr. Moore

We all flew at 9,000 feet. The first time I had the airplane up at night was off Natal. We were in a rainstorm. We broke out of the front sometime in mid-morning. By the time we got to Ascension the weather was good.

Mr. Misenhimer

It was kind of a hard job taking a sun shot in that storm.

Mr. Moore

All night long he just kept telling me, just keep that steady compass heading. He had no corrections to make all night long. No stars at all. So just keep the same compass heading all night long.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did all 90 planes make it?

Mr. Moore

No. We lost two. From Ascension we flew to Accra in Ghana; from Ghana we went to Kano. From Kano to El Fasher, now in Darfur. From El Fasher to Khartoum. From Khartoum to Aden. From Aden to Masaria Island which is off the southeast coast of Saudi Arabia. From there to Karachi. From Karachi to Agra, where the Taj Mahal is located. From Agra to Sylhet in eastern India. On the way, some things of interest. We hit Ascension Island on the nose. We missed landfall in Accra by 70 miles. We lost one of our aircraft in Kano. An Air Transport Command aircraft lost control on takeoff and took a wingtip through the cockpit of one of our C-47's on the ground. Nobody was hurt but it wiped the aircraft out. When we got to Khartoum, in the process of landing ran we into a swarm of locusts, big grasshoppers. You can't imagine what the leading edges of that

aircraft looked like when we landed. We had a little difficulty because when they hit the windshield they would make a splat about three inches in diameter so we had a little trouble seeing during the landing. At Agra we saw the Taj Mahal and then we got to Sylhet. The reason for all this. We were picked out of B-25 training, thrown into C-47's in a hurry-up rush job. Given no training in the aircraft. We end up in Sylhet and then we discover what's going on. The Japanese had invaded India. At that time, without going into the history too much, the only way that China was getting supplies at this time was going into the Port of Calcutta, up a narrow gauge railroad, up into Assam, which is northeast India and from there being flown over the Himalayas over the so called Hump into China. The Japanese had invaded India at a place called Imphal and Kohima and their objective was to cut this narrow gauge railroad that went from Calcutta up to the air bases. If they could cut the railroad then they would effectively cut off supplies into China. The British at this time were surrounded by Japanese at Imphal and Kohima. At that point, Churchill had asked for help from Roosevelt. He needed transport aircraft desperately to support the ground people. Well they looked around and saw our class graduating from Mather Field in a reasonably medium weight aircraft and just arbitrarily shoved us into C-47's and said, "Go to India." So we ended up in this place called Sylhet. Two days after we get there, we were now flying from Sylhet over in to Imphal and dropping stuff out the back end of the aircraft in to the English who were surrounded, including landing at Imphal at a dirt strip. We were, without any training per se', thrown into the midst of this two days after we got to our overseas base. We were there at Sylhet for probably a month. Then the English were able to win the battle. The Battle of Imphal, by the way, was a very bloody battle. The Japanese had, I heard stories of, 50,000

casualties at Imphal. But you don't see too much reading about it. From there we were transferred up to Assam, a place called Moran. From there, we were months later transferred down into Northern Burma. Instead of flying the Hump, flying supplies from India to China, our job, which was called combat cargo, not troop carriers, but combat cargo, our job was to basically supply the English, Chinese and eventually American Infantry right where the fighting was going on. This was over in northern Burma. I got involved in the taking of Myitkyina where we held the airstrip and the Japanese held the town. There was about a half mile distance between the two. Our job was basically to supply the Infantry, again right where the fighting zone was. We did that by either parachute drop or free drop. Basically they knocked down the Dike's in the rice paddies so we could land on them. Okay, now ask me some questions.

Mr. Misenhimer

There at Myitkyina, were these Merrill's Marauders?

Mr. Moore

Yes, the Marauders come into the picture during the time of the Imphal and Kohima battles. The United States was trying to push a road from Assam down to a place called Bhamo where it would hook up with the old Burma Road that came up from Rangoon up through Lashio and over into China. This road has been called the Ledo Road because of a town in India called Ledo, which is where it started. Subsequently it was called the Stillwell Road, named after General Stillwell. The U.S. Infantry that was pushing the Japanese southward in northern Burma so that the road could be built, were either Chinese Infantry or a very small group of Americans called Merrill's Marauders. Merrill's Marauders were a group of almost misfits in a way. A lot of them came from

New Guinea. There wasn't that many of them. I think there were about 3,500 of them. Their job was to push the Japanese down so this engineering outfit, that was a Black African-American outfit that was building Ledo Road. So Merrill's Marauders got almost everything they needed: food, ammunition, medical supplies, what have you by ourselves dropping stuff into them. We were also supported by a troop carrier outfit and there was another outfit there called the Air Commandos, which were doing basically the same thing.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did your outfit, combat troop, have a number or something like that?

Mr. Moore

I was in the 9th Combat Cargo Squadron, 3rd Group. We were in the 1st Group back in Louisville, Kentucky. But when this hurry-up call came through, for some reason they renamed us the 3rd Group. So the 3rd Group went over first and supposedly after we helped relieve the English at Kohima and Imphal they were going to bring us back home for training. Somebody said, "Why are we going to bring them back home for training when they've already been doing it?" So actually the 3rd Group was the first overseas and the 1st Group came in later. The C-46's in the first group ended up more in Southern Burma.

Mr. Misenhimer

I understand Stillwell was run out of Burma by the Japanese.

Mr. Moore

That's the way he described it. He was run out of Burma. They walked out of Burma and that's a story within itself.

Mr. Misenhimer

The big Battle of Imphal, I've read quite a bit about that and also Myitkyina .

Mr. Moore

Kohima was also one of the significant battle areas. It took place around a tennis court.

They lost a lot of Japanese there.

Mr. Misenhimer

What else happened?

Mr. Moore

We moved from northeast India to a place called Warazup, Burma which was on this new road that they were building. It was a couple of hundred of miles down into Northern Burma. I stayed there until I was told I was going home. We supported Merrill's Marauders and also a subsequent outfit that was called the Mars Task Force. After Myitkyina was taken by the Chinese and Merrill's Marauders the Marauders were decommissioned, if you will. They were sick and they were no longer fit for combat. Later on they told us there was an outfit called the Mars Task Force which was essentially trying to do the same thing. We supported them and we supported the Chinese and we supported the English, I guess the 14th Army, which was under General Slim. The farthest south we got was just north of Mandalay. The farthest southeast we got was a place called Loiwing, which is at the extreme southwest corner of China, in fact there was an old aircraft factory at Lashio, which you might have heard about, was also known as the Flying Tiger Base.

Mr. Misenhimer

On any of your missions were you ever attacked by Japanese fighter aircraft?

Mr. Moore

Yes. We flew individually and since we had a green airplane and were flying very low close to the green jungle it was hard to see us. plus we had two flying weather patterns. We had the dry monsoon and the wet monsoon. A lot of people think of a monsoon as a storm. A monsoon means wind. A wet monsoon and wind comes in off the Indian Ocean and picks up a lot of moisture and then is lifted up by the high country and it rains for six months. In fact, just north of Sylhet, where we were based, a place called Cherrapunji has the highest rainfall in the world. For six months, the dry season, the wind comes in off the Tibetan Plateau. So that's the dry monsoon.

During the wet monsoon it was almost entirely instrument flying. Our take off minimums were two runway lights. We had no air traffic controllers. We flew individually. You got to know the country very intimately. You knew the bends of the river, you knew where the road was, you knew the hill country. It was basically getting up over the hill into the valley and then getting yourself right down on top of the trees and flying visually the best you could, the windshield wipers were going. The one time that I ran into a Japanese fighter we were dropping supplies east of Bahmo. I can remember going along at a very low level, maybe 200 feet and looking up at the drop zone and seeing some of our own aircraft and then seeing this silver reflection coming through there, glistening, and finding that we were being attacked by six Japanese fighters. Discretion is the better part of valor, and when all you have is a .45 automatic, we got a down a little lower to the trees and we turned around and got the heck out of there. So I never actually had bullets thrown at me in anger from a Japanese fighter. The only bullets that they had thrown at me in anger, from the Japanese, and I'm not sure if

they were Japanese or American but we were dropping on top of a 7,000 foot ridge. The fighting was going on for the ridge, in this case between the Mars Task Force and the Japanese. There were seven aircraft in a daisy chain circle going round and round, dropping supplies and ammo. You had to be careful and watch it so that you didn't drop things too close to the combat line itself because the Japanese would go after it. I can still close my eyes and see this airplane that was two ahead of me. As it came across the fighting zone, its left wing came off like you took a knife blade to it. It rolled over and went up in a big fireball. We found out afterward that the two sides were lobbing mortar shells at each other. We had flown through mortar fire. Instead of antiaircraft weapons like the Germans had in Europe, the antiaircraft we ran into was mortar fire. One other time I had shots thrown at us, I don't think it was in anger. This one, I still to this day ask myself if I did it correctly, we were dropping rice to Chinese Infantry. The rice was free dropped. There was no parachute. The technique was 50 pounds of rice in a burlap sack and that burlap sack was placed in another burlap sack. These things would be hauled up to the open door in the aircraft and then we would drop it from about 300 feet. You would activate the bail-out bell in the back of the aircraft and that means for the kickers to push this stuff out. One of the kickers came up and said, "Lieutenant, we're getting ground fire from the Chinese that we're dropping to." So we looked down, and sure enough these people from the ground were shooting at us with rifles, small arms fire. That made us a little bit angry. Here we are dropping food to them and they are shooting at us and laughing while they're doing it. We didn't think it was funny. We compared notes that night and all of us agreed that we had been getting this fire. Two weeks later while dropping gasoline to them, 50 gallon drums, two parachutes per drum. The Chinese

had used the parachutes to make tents out of them. If my memory is right, red was ammunition, green was medical, blue was food and white was, I forget. I yelled back to my kicker to free drop the last drum. He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "No parachute on the last drum." I put the drum down in tent city and it went off and we didn't get any more ground fire. I sometimes wonder whether I did that correctly or not, but it was a question of me or them.

Mr. Misenhimer

Were you ever escorted by our own fighters?

Mr. Moore

No but they were sometimes close to us. We had VHF radio. Until about halfway through our tour overseas, we had been using low-frequency radios for communications. Then we got VHF sets and we had four channels, A, B, C, and D. We were told that anytime we needed fighter help to use D channel. I never had to do that. We weren't escorted per se', our protection was our green airplane flying low over the green jungle.

Mr. Misenhimer

What else?

Mr. Moore

I lived and flew with four friends. We had all met back at Mather Field in B-25's. We lived in the same tent, all four of us. We fixed our tent up. We got very friendly with some of the Sergeants down in the motor pool and we traded them a six pack of beer and cigarettes, candy etc. for a canvas tarp that we sued for a floor and we had a 50 gallon drum with water to wash in. The four of us lived together, and we still get together 64 years later, two of us live in California, me in Virginia and one in Florida. We got

together in Orlando two years ago. We're still hanging in there. We've slowed down a little bit but we're still doing okay.

Mr. Misenhimer

How long were you over there?

Mr. Moore

Thirteen months. I had 840 combat hours. In my theater, you weren't statistically dead after 25 or 30 missions, you were statistically dead after 800 combat hours. Again, I think it was about 840. That was kind of the norm. Out of our squadron we lost 12 aircraft. We had a pretty heavy loss rate. We only knew the whereabouts of two, the others just never returned; 200 ft trees, no civilization, no roads, they're still finding airplanes over there.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did anything else happen over there that you recall?

Mr. Moore

I think you've talked me out. I do have a humorous story. On Christmas Day 1944, I had a load of live pigs. Thirty pound pigs, one each in a bamboo basket with a cotton parachute. The whole back end of the airplane is filled up with pigs. The parachute drop was going to be Christmas dinner for the English Infantry. I knew we had been landing at this place for the last 2 or 3 days on the rice paddy. So I got with my operations officer and I said, "Andy, I've got a drop load here for Monyhin, but we've been landing there." "So what does it say, Lieutenant?" "Drop load" "Yes, sir." So we went and we were going around and around and around and the kickers kicked the pigs out the back of the airplane. Later on that day we took a second load, 6,500 pounds of small arms ammunition, in wooden boxes to land load in the same place we dropped the pigs. So we

went in and landed. They were fighting only 2 or 3 miles away from us over a little ridge. We could hear them, see them and smell the smoke. But all around us in the jungle were the sounds of M-1's and tommy guns and Enfield rifles. I said, "Get this stuff out of here, I want out. What's going on?" They said, "Some nut came over this morning and dropped a load of pigs on us. The baskets broke open, the pigs got out and ran into the jungle and the English are all hunting pigs." (Laugh) It was the way he said it, "Some nut came over here this morning and dropped a load of pigs on us."

Mr. Misenhimer

You didn't confess did you?

Mr. Moore

I didn't admit to anything.

Mr. Misenhimer

(laugh) How many total different missions did you fly? Do you have any idea?

Mr. Moore

285. You have to put it in context. Certainly our missions were not to be compared to a mission flown by the 8th Air Force. You have to know that.

Mr. Misenhimer

How long was your average mission?

Mr. Moore

The average length I suppose would be 3 hours, 3 ½ hours. The worst ones that I had, the busiest month, one month, it was probably April of 1944. I had 170 hours flying time in one month. Which was a lot of flying time in one month. Later on when I got out of the service, the airline pilots after World War II were flying a maximum of 85 hours a

month. These were almost double that.

Mr. Misenhimer

What else do you recall from your time over there?

Mr. Moore

It made you grow up in a hurry. I went over at age 18, or 19 and was back home by 20. I saw a lot of people from different cultures, different languages, different religions. Different ways of speaking. Different people. I think it was a very, very growing up experience. It's a shame that young people today don't have the same opportunities.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have any contact with the natives over there in different places?

Mr. Moore

No because in Burma where we were living there were no natives. There were a few up in the high country, but for the most part, no we had very little contact with the natives.

Mr. Misenhimer

How about in India or somewhere else?

Mr. Moore

India there was more because India was much more civilized. We lived in a tea garden. We were able to get up in to the towns occasionally and did a little shopping. English in India is kind of the national language. The only thing we were told, if for some reason you were shot down or had to make a crash landing in Burma, we used to just discuss it amongst ourselves what we would have to do to get out of the airplane. Most of us felt that if we had to we couldn't parachute out because we were flying at the tops of the trees, that we would stay together. We were told if you can take off for the hill country,

the people that lived up in the high country were much more reliable than the lowlanders, like hillbillies. I guess I heard it in Viet Nam, the Montanard's were more like the hill people compared to some of the valley people. We were told, basically the same thing. "If you can, get up into the village in the high country. Never, never cross a road or track in the daytime. If you did get captured, make sure they knew you were not a fighter pilot." The Japanese did not like fighter pilots. If you could, pretend you were sick because the Japanese guards in the hospitals were generally untrained people.

Mr. Misenhimer

I think there was a group called the Kachins or something like that?

Mr. Moore

Kachins. Up in the high country, in the northern part, there was basically Kachins. They were actually a lot of Rangers. Rangers with the Marauders.

Mr. Misenhimer

The Kachins, I think, really did side with us over there.

Mr. Moore

Yes, they did.

Mr. Misenhimer

When did you finally come home?

Mr. Moore

I received orders to come home in May of 1945. Two of us came home together. One of the fellows in my tent and myself received orders to come home. We came home, not as a group, but individually. We came home as passengers. I can remember on that trip home, we landed in Miami, Florida. We had been on the road for maybe ten days. You

had to wait your turn from airport to airport. When we got to the International Airport at Miami, we walked in one end of this long narrow building . We had flight jackets and stuff on. As we were approaching the other end of the building, there was a soda fountain and refreshment stand at the other end. Before we got there, the young woman behind the counter set up two quarts of milk on the counter. That was the first thing we would ask for. Apparently we weren't alone. So many people that was the first thing they asked for, was fresh milk. Then in Miami we were given a T.R, transportation request, for a train to Washington. On the way we were given a 30 day leave. After that 30 days I traveled to Atlantic City, New Jersey which was our new destination. I was told there that I had a couple of weeks to get out. They were releasing people with decorations and time overseas or I could go up to Utica, New York and instruct in C-46's. I asked the Captain, "Would you say that again sir?" I told them, "I want out." So I was out in June of 1945 while the war was still going on. I had been out of high school now for two years. I thought, I'm going to go back to school. I also wanted to fly airplanes. I want to fly for airlines but I was only 20 years old and you had to be 21 to fly airliners. To make a long story short, I never did go fly for the airlines. I got into the CAA as an air traffic controller. I spent the next 34 years in the Federal Aviation Administration. In that period, a couple of things. One was while I was sitting down at a Subway in the Boston Park Street Station. An elderly woman comes up, looked at me and she said, "Young man why aren't you in the service?" (Laugh) I just ignored her. Then of course the war ended in August. I put the uniform back on to go downtown Boston like everybody else. After that I did 34 years of air traffic control.

Mr. Misenhimer

How was the food while you were there in Burma and overseas?

Mr. Moore

Did you ever hear of C-rations?

Mr. Misenhimer

Yes sir.

Mr. Moore

C-rations were wonderful. Spam was good stuff. Stewed tomatoes. Occasionally we would get a trip over into China and we would get eggs. We would bring fresh eggs back over. Chinese restaurants in India would serve chicken occasionally. I never want to see Australian mutton again. (Laugh) We had five enlisted men down in Burma who went out in the jungle hunting for young water buffalo for meat occasionally. No fresh fruit. No fresh vegetables. The water you couldn't drink. It had to be so chlorinated that it was all but impossible. Lunches were K-rations. Atabrine tablets in the chow line. One thing that was nice about the Air Force is we didn't have an enlisted men's chow line and an officer's chow line. We all ate the same thing out of a mess kit. The butter was in gallon cans like a paint can, olive drab color. I don't think the butter would melt at 400 degrees. I think our cooks made fresh bread. The food was not really anything that you would want to eat.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you lose quite a bit of weight?

Mr. Moore

I didn't have very much to lose. I think I only weighed 150 pounds going in and I think I

weighed 150 pounds coming out.

Mr. Misenhimer

And you are how tall?

Mr. Moore

6'3" and nowadays I'm up to 200.

Mr. Misenhimer

150 at 6'3" is pretty skinny.

Mr. Moore

I was skinny.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now on April 12, 1945 President Roosevelt died. Did you all hear about that?

Mr. Moore

I was in Karachi, India on my way home.

Mr. Misenhimer

What kind of reaction did you have to that?

Mr. Moore

Not much. It was just news It was kind of like of little interest. It was like D Day, June 6, 1944. We had heard that they had landed in France. Our attitude was, I hope to not sound nasty, but the equivalent of a so what. It didn't affect us. We had no newspapers and no media to speak of. I guess the name of the newspaper was The Stars and Stripes. But we would only see that maybe after it was a couple of weeks old. They were more into the European war. We really didn't feel anything. It didn't affect us.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then on May 8, 1945 the war ended in Europe.

Mr. Moore

I was just about ready to come home. It didn't affect us.

Mr. Misenhimer

Of course you were out of the service when the war ended.

Mr. Moore

When the war ended in August I was out of the service.

Mr. Misenhimer

You had quite a celebration then, didn't you?

Mr. Moore

Oh yes. Like I say, I put my uniform back on and I went downtown Boston along with everybody else.

Mr. Misenhimer

What medals and ribbons did you get?

Mr. Moore

I got three DFC's. Five Air Medals. One Battle Star. Some sort of medal from the government of China.

Mr. Misenhimer

You got the three DFC's for what?

Mr. Moore

These things were awarded based on combat hours. The first 100 combat hours was Air Medal. The second hundred were DFC's and the third were Air medals. So it was that

type of distribution. So it was nothing associated with any particular mission.

Mr. Misenhimer

What did you think of the officers that you had over you?

Mr. Moore

The squadron commander's name was Donald King. Everybody in the squadron despised him. He was a martinet. He was chicken. I won't use the second word. He didn't do any flying with us. He was not a leader and to make it worse, he had a girlfriend that was a nurse. He would take his private airplane up to India on the weekend and pick her up and fly her down into Burma to spend the weekend with him. So we didn't appreciate that very much. His name was Donald King. Now, as far as my flight leader was concerned. His name was Vander Lee Smith, from Columbia, South Carolina. He was a southern gentleman. His name was Smitty and he just died about 3 years ago. Smitty was wonderful. The ops officer's name was Carl Anderson. A wonderful guy. The people that I had personal contact with were good people, good leaders. The fellows that I flew with at my own level were good people. Donald King, we hated him. Our theater commander was a fellow named Mountbatten. He showed up one time after the Imphal Operation to thank us all. He seemed like a very personable gentleman. As far as Stillwell. I saw Stillwell individually once but I had no contact with him at Myitkyina.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you get home with any souvenirs?

Mr. Moore

A piece of my airplane. We would fly normally about five days and then we would have a day off. Of course when you had the off, somebody else had your airplane. I can

remember I was laying on my, I won't say bunk, it was a cot, in Moran on my day off. The fellow that had my airplane that day drove up in a jeep and came into the tent and threw a piece of metal on my chest. He said, "Here's your airplane." I said, "What happened?" They had a load of nineteen 250 pound bombs to land at a place called Ting Kawksakan in Burma, which would be for a P-51 fighter outfit. Now the bombs when we carried them were inert. They weren't a problem. But the fuses were the tricky things. The fuses would be in a little black enameled box, almost like a little egg crate. You carry those on your lap. If you had a problem, you opened the window and you dumped them because the fuses were pretty sensitive. So anyway, he lands in this place with the bombs on board and blows a tire. The gear collapses. The airplane slides to a stop and start to burn. The only person that got hurt a little bit was the crew chief that was standing behind the two pilots. He kind of wrenched his shoulder when the thing came to a halt. They jumped out of the airplane while its burning. One bomb went off and then another went off and then the whole thing went off. The biggest pieces they found were the two engines. They just bulldozed all the things back into a hole in this dirt strip and just kept flying. So I've got a piece of my airplane as one souvenir. I've got a Japanese bayonet. We were coming out of Myitkyina one night. We would normally bring wounded back with us. We had, I forget now but probably six wounded Infantry soldiers in the back end of the airplane on litters and a flight nurse, which was kind of unusual. We had a nurse back there. Now remember, we flew with a big hole in the back of the airplane and the door was always open. I was, for some reason, a little tired and was flying with a fellow by the name of Paul Ross. We were both rated Aircraft Commanders and we were flying together. I said, "Paul, I'm tired tonight, why don't you take it back."

He said, "Okay." Paul looked like Clark Gable. He was sitting up front with nothing above his waist. He didn't even have on a t-shirt, I don't think. We take off and we were climbing up. We had to get up to about 12,000 feet to get back over the hill into India. As we did it started to get very cold. I said, "Paul, I'm going to go back and put the door in for those guys." The door was strapped up inside the airplane. So I went back and I've got this black hole that I have to maneuver this door into. The airplane is moving around I had to get the door in place and latch it down, which I did. Then I came back to my seat. A few minutes later the nurse comes up. She looks over at Paul and says, "Lieutenant, I want to thank you very much for sending your copilot back there to put the door in. The fellows back there really appreciate it. In fact, one of them wants to give you this." She handed him a Japanese bayonet. I finally talked him out of it since it was my idea to go back and do it. So, I've got a Japanese bayonet. I have one other. I liberated a wooden statue of Buddha, maybe 16 inches tall, covered with gold leaf from a Buddhist temple. I liberated that. Those are my souvenirs.

Mr. Misenhimer

You mentioned this King that flew his private plane up to get his girlfriend. What kind of plane was his private plane?

Mr. Moore

His private plane was actually a BT-13, a Vultee Vibrator that had been shipped over and assigned to us as a squadron just to do our little short trips, a taxi sort of thing.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you ever see any USO shows?

Mr. Moore

Pat O'Brien, the movie actor, Jinx Falkenburg, Ann Sheridan and a fellow who subsequently reappeared year later on the mouseketeers. They were the only ones that we ever saw. It was Ann Sheridan who said, "I can't take the heat over here any longer. I have to go back home." Which didn't make us feel very nice. (Laugh)

Mr. Misenhimer

And you saw them over in India, or where?

Mr. Moore

This was in Burma.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have any experience with the Red Cross?

Mr. Moore

Never saw a Red Cross person.

Mr. Misenhimer

How about the Salvation Army?

Mr. Moore

Never saw the Salvation Army.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you were overseas, could you get your mail with any regularity?

Mr. Moore

Yes. I wasn't that much of a correspondent. I had no girlfriend. I guess the only correspondence I really had was with my stepmother. I guess the mail would come through, it seems like 3 weeks to a month late and fairly regularly. As far as PX supplies

were concerned, it was kind of the same thing. We got no liquor ration as officers. As a combat ration, we had the opportunity, if you wished, to have a shot of whiskey after a day's flying. We had six cans of beer per month, which I always traded away for candy bars. Cigarettes, we kind of all smoked. I think it was a carton a month. A few candy bars. Very, very little PX. We were on the tail end of the supply line. As I told you, in his TV documentary, Ken Burns only mentioned the word Burma once. They didn't even mention the hump, which was another operation. I guess they didn't talk about that at all. There were three times in the spring time of 1945 where we actually carried Chinese Infantry back into China. Those were my three trips into China. The reason they were carrying Chinese Infantry that had been trained in India to go back into China was to try to slowdown the Japanese advance. They took over a few U.S. airbases a little bit later on.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you were overseas did you get paid with any regularity?

Mr. Moore

Yes. The pay was every month.

Mr. Misenhimer

What currency did you get paid in?

Mr. Moore

Indian rupees. We had no place to spend money. So what most of us did was have maybe 3/4ths of our pay was taken out and sent back home.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you ever hear Tokyo Rose?

Mr. Moore

I think I heard her a couple of times, nothing that affected us.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now you crossed the equator, right?

Mr. Moore

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was there any kind of a ceremony when you did that?

Mr. Moore

Yes. I had a cup of water poured on me by my navigator.

Mr. Misenhimer

That was it, huh?

Mr. Moore

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you got out, did you have any trouble adjusting to civilian life?

Mr. Moore

Not at all. I was only in it for two years. The only thing was that woman saying, "Why aren't you in the service?"

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have your ruptured duck? The medal they called the ruptured duck?

Mr. Moore

Yes, but nobody knew what it was.

Mr. Misenhimer

Yes, that indicated that you had been in the service.

Mr. Moore

Right.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you use your GI Bill for anything?

Mr. Moore

Yes. I was going to go back to school. I had been accepted at MIT and Tufts. I was going to try for aeronautical engineering. My dad, again who I told you was a fisherman, really didn't appreciate, I don't think, the value of a college education. That coupled with the fact that I wanted to fly desperately for an airline. So yes, when I first got out I started refresher training at a place called Northeastern Prep and I was just loading up on the math and stuff, getting ready for college. I wasn't sure if it was going to be Tufts or MIT. It looked like it was going to be Tufts because at MIT you had to have a mechanical engineering degree before you could get into aeronautical. So I was going to go to Tufts and then I got a telegram from American Airlines saying, "If you'll come and work for us in flight operations at Logan Airport in Boston, we'll think about putting you on the line after you turn 21." So I thought about it, and my dad really didn't push me to go to college, and I ended up working for American Airlines for a couple of years in flight operations in Boston. Then I transferred to Air Traffic Control.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you were back over in Burma and India, you mentioned Atabrine; was there much malaria?

Mr. Moore

Everybody had malaria. Everybody. The Atabrine was a yellow, aspirin sized tablet. One a day. You had to show you swallowed it before you went through the chow line at night. It would turn you yellow. It would suppress the malaria symptoms but did not cure anything. We got back home, Paul Ross and myself, and we got on a train to Boston. We were very dark anyway from the sun, we were tanned; coupled with this yellow tone to our skin. I can remember while we were in a men's room of this Pullman coming north, a Navy Commander there with us, looked at both of us and said, "My goodness, you guys have got a liver problem." (Laugh) Of course it was the Atabrine that had dyed our skin.

Mr. Misenhimer

What about Dengue Fever and those sort of things?

Mr. Moore

I never had any problem. Paul Ross, that I've talked about, my buddy, when we got back to Atlantic City, he found that he had contracted Dengue and TB. He was shipped off to Denver to the hospital.

Mr. Misenhimer

I understand in that part of the world there were a lot of diseases in there.

Mr. Moore

Cholera, Dengue, Typhus, Typhoid, Malaria.

Mr. Misenhimer

The sanitary conditions were not good and there were a lot of diseases over there.

Mr. Moore

Yes, but we were fortunate in that we had very little contact with the natives.

Mr. Misenhimer

Have you had any reunions of your outfit?

Mr. Moore

Yes. I belong to an outfit called the Hump Pilot's Association. I guess I attended three or four reunions in the last ten years or so. The outfit held its last reunion two years ago. It was decided that that was enough; there were not enough left. There are some informal meetings that continue. There was one this past September in San Diego. I did not go to it. The only reunions I have gone to are with fellows that I served with overseas.

Mr. Misenhimer

What would you consider your most frightening time?

Mr. Moore

One morning we had taken off on instruments from India. We came over the hill, as we called it, into Burma. We found a hole in the clouds and had spiraled down onto the deck and started down in a southeasterly direction down over the tree tops, just under the clouds. Then the trees, instead of staying level, just disappeared up into the clouds ahead of us. So we actually had come down into a wrong valley that went into the side of a hill. We went up the side of the hill and turned 180 degrees and came back down. I think we were within seconds of going into the side of the hill.

I had one other interesting thing happen to me. In the FAA I was involved in the international part of air traffic control and I had many meetings in Europe. At one of my meetings in London, I was in civilian clothes as part of the FAA. I was walking back from my meeting office to hotel which was in The Strand in London. It was 5:00 in the afternoon. I normally wear a very small, miniature size pilot wings in my lapel as a pilot.

I was walking along and it was rush hour. A fellow that was coming towards me, stops me and I kind of shy away from him but he's well dressed and was about my age. He said, "Are you American?" I said, "Yes." He said, "The Air Force?" I said, "Yes." He said, because he saw the wings and that's what made him stop me, he said, "Can I buy you a beer?" I kind of looked him and he said, "I just want to thank you. You helped me out." I said, "Okay." So we ended up in a pub and we started talking. It turns out that he was in the English 14th Army in Burma and the more we talked, I asked him some questions that he could answer only if he had been there. As it turns out, I had been dropping supplies to him while he was on a railroad up near Myitkyina . I was probably within 300 feet of this man and I meet him on a street in London.

Mr. Misenhimer

(laugh) Small world, isn't it?

Mr. Moore

It is indeed a small world.

Mr. Misenhimer

You were saying something about the Concorde.

Mr. Moore

In the FAA one of my jobs was to work with the British Airways and Air France pilots to make sure that we had the right procedures for them to fly into and out of Kennedy Airport and Dulles Airport and also the acceleration and deceleration procedures for the Concorde from the air control point of view. I was fortunate enough to be able to fly jump seat in the Concorde from Dulles to Paris and from Paris back to Dulles in the same airplane that we have in our museum. That's another small world.

Mr. Misenhimer

How was it flying the Concord?

Mr. Moore

An airplane. It was quiet. I said, "What's going to happen when we go through the sound barrier?" He said, "Just watch the rate of climb indicator and you will see a little buffeting and you will hear a little deeper roar we put on the afterburners." Other than that, it was a normal flight. You don't know you are traveling that fast because you are up very high.

Mr. Misenhimer

I understand it was rather crowded back in the passenger part.

Mr. Moore

It handled 100 people. It was kind of in-between first and business class. They had leather seats but they weren't that spectacular. They certainly weren't first class. When I stand up in there, my head hits the ceiling.

After we were released from active duty, Army Air Force and I guess the Navy was the same, if you had been a qualified pilot in the Air Force or the Navy or Marine Corps, and had an instrument rating, you were given a commercial pilot's license and in my case it was a multi-engine land with an instrument rating. You asked me a long time ago if I had ever lost an engine. The one time that I remember, I lost one twice, but the one I remember vividly, we had the back wheel of a steamroller onboard. When they wanted to build a strip for fighters, for P-47's or for P-51's down in Burma, the powers-to-be decided where it was they wanted to put the strip. Then they would carve up the grading equipment, the construction stuff into pieces small enough to fit into a C-47. We

would then fly these pieces in to the place where they wanted to build the strip and land it in just a pasture or rice paddy or whatever. Then they would take these pieces off, roll them together and build a strip for the fighters. Well, I've got the back wheel of a steamroller onboard and we lose the left engine. We were at 11,000 feet. I put full power on the right engine. We would only be guaranteed full power for something like two minutes. We had full power on the right engine for 40 minutes and it didn't hiccup and we were able to land successfully. There was no way that we could get the back wheel of a steamroller off of there. It took them about three hours to load it. Then the other time, I lost an engine on takeoff and just as we were coming off the ground, I had a load of rice onboard, and so I just yelled back to the kickers, "Dump it." They started throwing stuff and the fellows on the ground told us that it was very unusual to see this airplane go into a traffic pattern with these bags of rice coming out of it all the way around. (Laugh) They did a good job. They got rid of it all in one traffic pattern.

Mr. Misenhimer

Would they C-47 maintain altitude with just one engine, or would it lose altitude?

Mr. Moore

Empty you could climb with just one engine. With a load it would depend on how much you had. We would normally carry 6,500 pounds. With that load, with more power than you were supposed to use, you would just start to barely lose altitude. So the best way I can say, is we could not maintain altitude with just one engine with the loads that we would carry. Once you got it down to about 3,000 pounds, yes you could maintain altitude.

Mr. Misenhimer

Is there anything else that you can recall?

Mr. Moore

You have talked me out.

Mr. Misenhimer

(laugh) Well, unless you think of something else, that is all the questions that I have.

Thanks again Fred for your time today and thanks again for your service to our country.

(end of interview)

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