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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of history and archaeology of Cochise County and adjacent portions of Hidalgo County, N.M., and Sonora and Chihuahua states in Mexico, contains articles by qualified authors as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in the area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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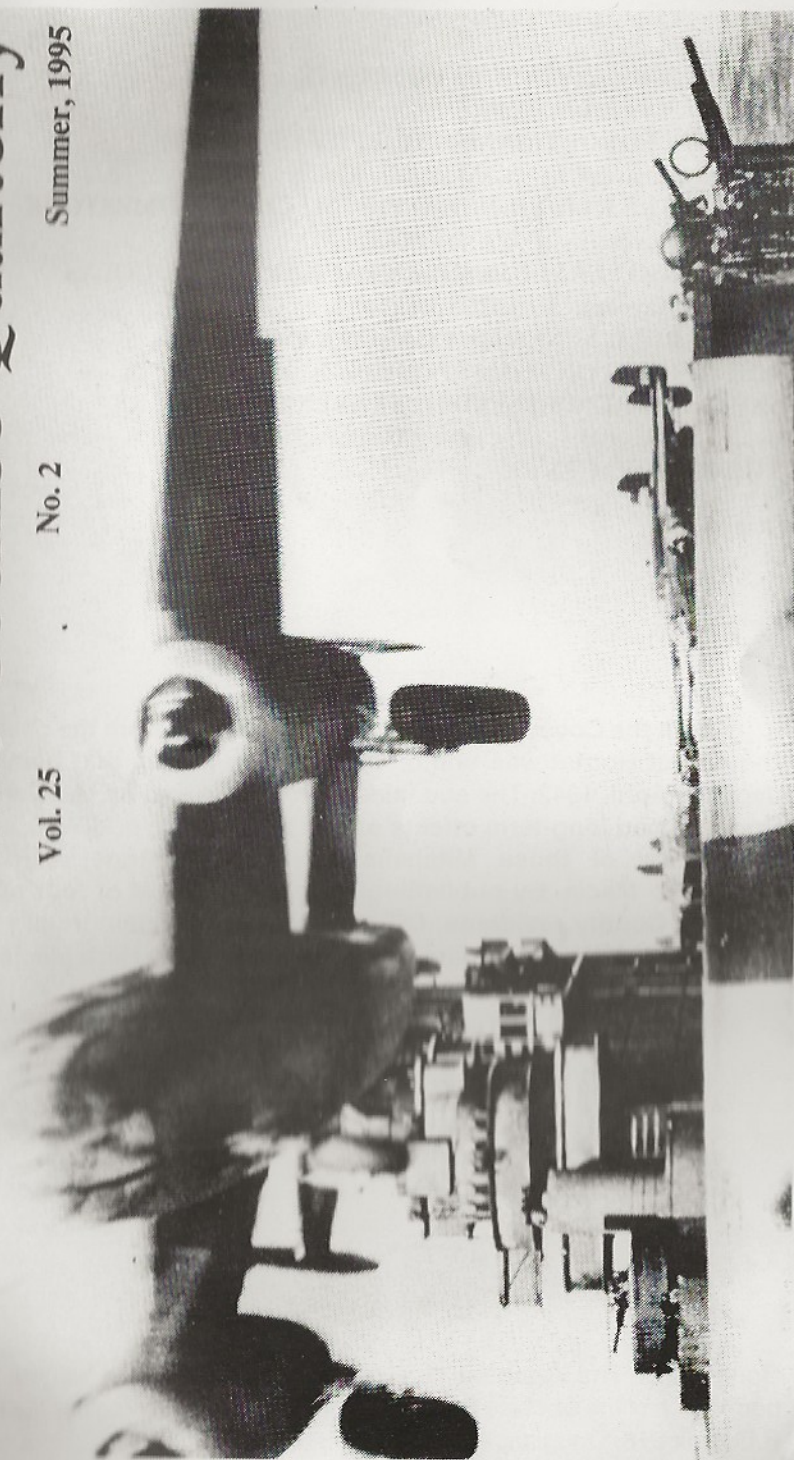
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About the Cover: This B-25 Mitchell taking off from the deck of the carrier Hornet was one of 16 American planes that bombed Japan in April, 1942. The audacious raid, conceived by Maj. James Doolittle, had long-term effects on the course of World War II. On board one of those Mitchells was a Tombstone resident, "Chappie" Macia. By publishing his story and that of four other Cochise County residents, CCHAS joins in commemorating the end of World War II 50 years ago. (Photo courtesy Herb Macia)

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LEST WE FORGET: JAMES MURPHY OF BISBEE

By Cindy Hayostek

A sailor from Bisbee, James Murphy, is the only Cochise County resident killed when the USS Arizona sank during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. His death during the Dec. 7, 1941 raid that propelled the United States into World War II made Murphy the first casualty from Cochise County in the conflict.

James Murphy's story is similar to many others — an emigrant family's son serves his adopted country and the effects echo for years. Murphy's family, especially his mother, worked to insure that no one ever forgot Pearl Harbor, the people who died there nor the need to make sure a similar incident never happened again.

James Murphy's roots were English. His father, Richard Murphy, was born March 31, 1897 in Cleator Moor, Cumberland, to James and Katherine (Duffy) Murphy. James' mother, Mary Jackson, was born Jan. 26, 1897 in Fritzington, Cumberland, to Thomas and Betsy (Stainton) Jackson. Thomas Jackson was a railroad signalman.

Richard Murphy and Mary Jackson married Oct. 15, 1919 in St. Mary's Church. The next year on Aug. 18, twins were born to them. They were baptized James and Mary Murphy, although the family called the daughter Marie to avoid confusing her with her mother.

In 1923, the family emigrated to the United States. They went to Bisbee where Richard found work with Phelps Dodge's Copper Queen branch. On May 8, 1936, Richard and Mary became U.S. citizens in Bisbee.

The family was Roman Catholic and attended St. Patrick's Church. James and Marie went to St. Patrick's Loretto Academy. After high school, he worked in the mines, the Copper Queen boiler shop and for the Bisbee Review.

James joined the U.S. Navy on Jan. 31, 1941 and went through boot camp in San Diego. He was assigned to the USS Enterprise. He served briefly on the aircraft carrier and then was transferred to the Arizona.

On Aug. 9, 1941 a few days before his 21st birthday, he wrote a cheerful letter to Marie. It began: "Can you imagine me an office worker? No! Well I am. Yes, a notice appeared in the day's order that they wanted a man to strike for yeoman. That's the navy term for office

workers. I don't mean that I'm in here as an office boy, not in the least. I'm working as a secretary or stenographer or whatever you wish to call it. My typing ability got me the job."

There are numerous typographical errors and erasures throughout the letter. Also evident throughout the letter is James' feeling that it was funny the Navy



After James and Marie Murphy's confirmation in the 1930s. They're standing with an unknown sister in the yard of St. Patrick's Church. (CCHAS photo)

would think he was comfortable with typewriters. "The trouble with a typewriter is," he wrote, "one can say so much in a little space."

The same as other sailors, he hit the night spots with his buddies and took snapshots to send to his family back home. He seemed happy with his duty on board one of the premier American battleships.

The USS Arizona's keel was laid in March, 1913. She was commissioned in October, 1916, six months before the United States entered World War I. During her christening, two bottles were broken on her bow; one contained champagne and the other water from Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River.

The Arizona underwent modernization in 1929. Principal changes were gun improvements and conversion from coal to oil fuel. President Herbert Hoover embarked on the Arizona in 1931 for a Caribbean tour. After the tour, the ship joined the Pacific fleet, where it stayed until Dec. 7, 1941.

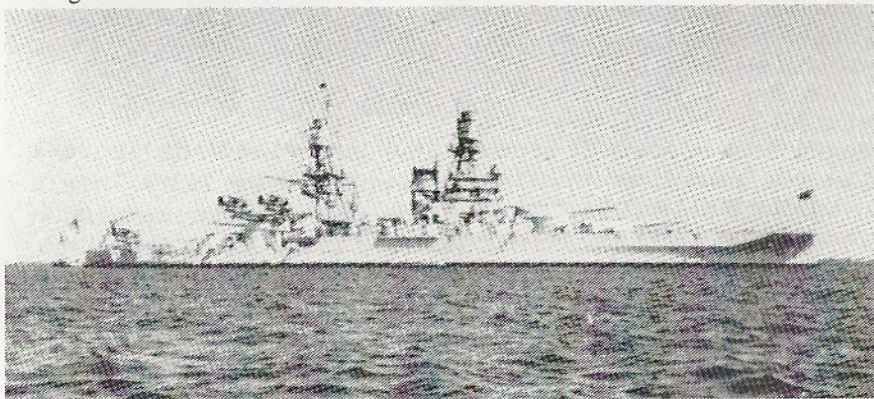
On board the Arizona in the early morning hours of that day were 1,553 officers and men. One and perhaps two Japanese torpedos hit the Arizona before Lt. Cmdr. Samuel G. Fuqua, the damage control officer, could sound general quarters.

As he did so, a large bomb exploded, penetrating several decks and starting a fire. When Fuqua regained consciousness, he began directing the fire fighting and rescue of wounded.

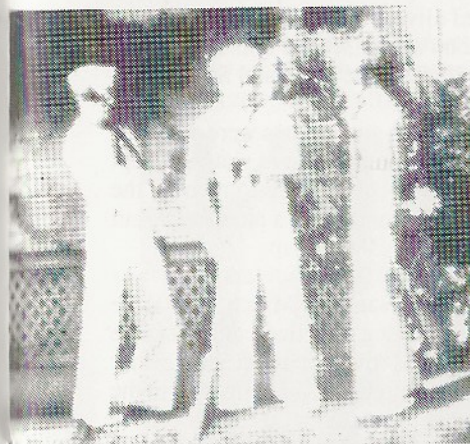
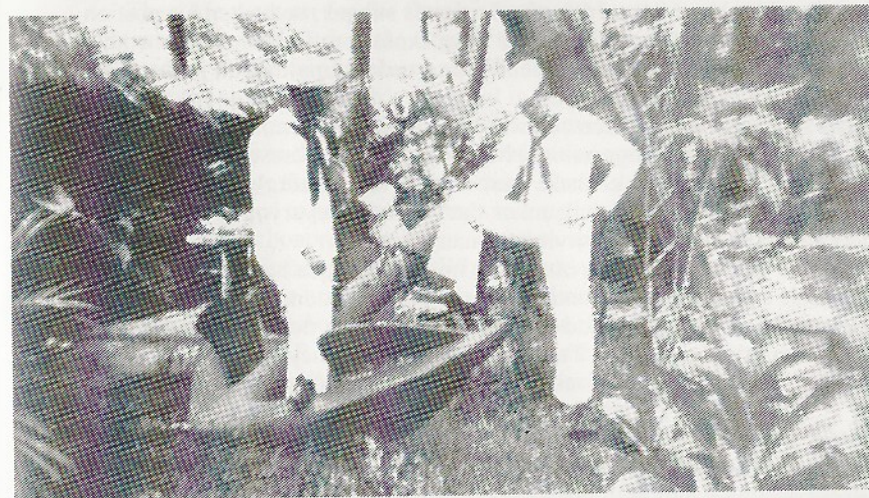
The bomb that knocked Fuqua out was one of seven that hit the ship. The most damage was caused by an armor-piercing bomb that penetrated the deck near the second turret. Below the deck were shells for the Arizona's 14-inch guns and cordite charges in silk bags. Before the magazines could be flooded, the bomb fell in and exploded.

Flames and men rose hundreds of feet in the air. As men's bodies fell back down, the ship shuddered and rapidly sank by the bow. Oil spurted out and caught fire. Wounded men poured out onto the quarterdeck.

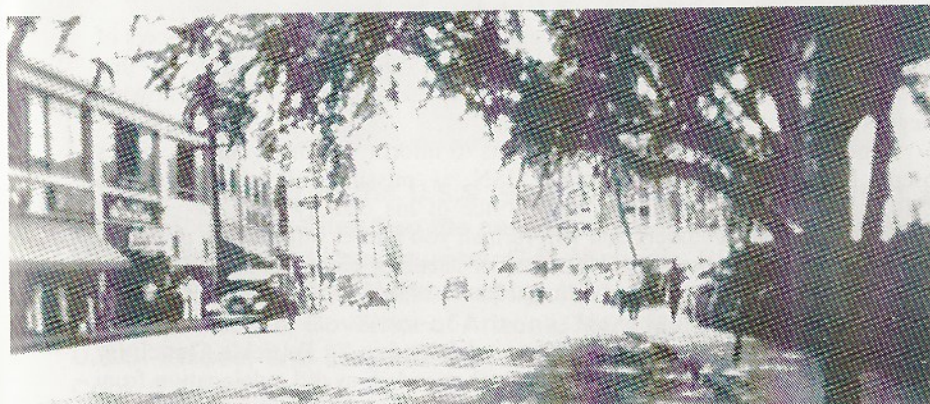
When the attack began, Rear Adm. Isaac C. Kidd, commander of battleship division one, headed for the signal bridge. He stopped to serve a machine gun not fully manned. That was the last time any survivors saw him. When the magazines exploded right under the signal bridge, Kidd became the first U.S. Naval officer of flag rank to be killed in action.



U.S.S. Arizona from late 1930s postcard. (CCHAS photo)



James Murphy and his buddy, Scudder, inspected an anchor at the famous nightspot, Trader Vic's, in the top photo. Scudder, Murphy, and another friend, Westbrook, clowned around at some friends' house in Hawaii in the center photo. Murphy took the bottom photo of a Honolulu street and noted on the back that the Hotel Honolulu was on the left and the YMCA on the right. (CCHAS photos)



Capt. Franklin Van Valkenburg, the Arizona's skipper, had taken his post on the navigation bridge and was killed in the same explosion. The ship's 20-member band went to its battle station where members served as ammunition passers. All were killed in the explosion.

Fuqua survived the explosion and was still on board, directing evacuation of wounded. He earned the Congressional Medal of Honor because he, the citation said, "supervised the rescue of these men in such an amazingly calm and cool manner and with such excellent judgement that it inspired everyone who saw him and undoubtedly resulted in the saving of many lives."

There was no water pressure in the fire hoses, so Fuqua had firefighters use carbon dioxide extinguishers to control flames while the wounded were picked up. He sent two ensigns to find Kidd and Van Valkenburg but when the ensigns returned without their superiors, Fuqua rightly assumed they were dead.

It was 9 a.m. Arizona's anti-aircraft guns were out of action. The ship was burning at the No. 3 turret and also settling into 40-foot deep Pearl Harbor. As senior officer, Fuqua ordered "Abandon ship."

Men leaped overboard and swam to nearby Ford Island. A Marine major, one of 37 corps members on board, saved a Marine corporal about to drown in the oily water. They were two of just 13 Marines who survived and part of only 289 men who'd been aboard Arizona who remained alive.

Fuqua was the last off the ship. The Arizona's keel settled into the mud of Pearl Harbor but smoke still billowed from her decks. The Stars and Stripes still flew from her stern.

During salvage efforts that followed, the Arizona's gun mounts were removed to a hill on Oahu for defensive use. The superstructure still above water, except the midship deck house, was cut away for scrap metal. Divers tried to recover the bodies of the 1,102 still aboard, such as Murphy, but one diver's airline was cut on jagged metal and he drown. The recovery effort was given up.

The cost of raising the Arizona was estimated at \$2 million and so it was decided to let the battleship remain in the place she sank. In March, 1950, the U.S. flag was again raised on the Arizona, marking the dedication of the battleship's remains as a memorial. Since then, the same as any other commissioned Navy ship, every morning the flag is raised and then lowered in the afternoon. When ships enter Pearl Harbor and pass the Arizona, the deck officer calls the crew to attention and all hands salute the Arizona's dead.

But in the first weeks of December, 1941, the three remaining members of James Murphy's family did not know any of this. It wasn't until Dec. 20 that Richard Murphy received confirmation of his son's death in the following telegram:

"The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your son James Joseph Murphy, seaman first class USN, is missing following action in performance of his duty and in the service of his country. The Department appreciates your great anxiety and will furnish you further information promptly when received. To prevent possible aid to our enemies, please do not divulge the name of his ship or station. Rear Admiral Randal Jacobs, Chief of the Bureau of Navy Information."

The next week, a requiem mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church for Murphy. Children from St. Patrick's School attended, as did a delegation from Bisbee's American Legion post.

Then life went on for the family. Richard Murphy went back to his job as night watchman and clerk at the Copper Queen Hotel. Mary placed a gold star in the window of the family house at 207 Tombstone Canyon. Marie continued nurses' training at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix.

Her instruction finished Sept. 2, 1943, a week before the USS Bisbee was dedicated. Earlier in the year, her mother received notification she was appointed sponsor of a frigate then under construction. The Bisbee city council selected Mrs. Murphy and agreed to pay her expenses to travel to California to christen the ship.

"I feel highly honored at being selected as sponsor of the USS Bisbee," Mary Murphy told the Bisbee Review. "While the death of our son was a tragic loss, I am glad that he gave his life for such a grand country."

More than 50 Bisbee residents attended the christening in Wilmington, Calif., near Long Beach. G.R. Michaels, Bisbee Chamber of Commerce president, was master of ceremonies. Also on hand were Bisbee Mayor Joe Mauzy and Arizona Governor Sidney P. Osborn.

"Citizens of Arizona," said the governor, "cannot forget that the ship named for our state was among the first to be attacked at Pearl Harbor."

The Review noted that Bisbee's mines supplied much copper for the war effort and perhaps even some used in the USS Bisbee.

Basically an enlarged corvette, the Bisbee was in the Tacoma class and designed to accompany destroyers on patrol. Commissioned Feb. 15, 1944, the ship had a crew of 180 officers and men.



The christening of the U.S.S. Bisbee was held Sept. 7, 1943 at Wilmington, Calif. Attending the ceremony were, left to right, Richard Murphy, father of James Murphy; G.R. Michaels, Bisbee Chamber of Commerce secretary; Marie Murphy, twin sister of James Murphy; Sidney P. Osborn, Governor of Arizona; Mary Murphy, sponsor of the U.S.S. Bisbee; and Lloyd Earl, vice-president of Consolidated Steel Corp. (CCHAS photo)

It joined the Seventh Fleet off New Caledonia in the South Pacific in June of that year, took part in a landing operation and then patrolled off New Guinea. During the Philippines invasion, the Bisbee served on patrol and as a harbor control vessel.

Next the ship was sent to Alaska for escort and guardian duty. After repairs and conversion, the Bisbee was taken out of commission in August, 1945 and loaned to the Soviet Union's Navy. The ship was returned in 1949 and recommissioned just in time for the Korean conflict.

During 1950 and 1951, the Bisbee served on patrol, as an escort and on bombardment duty. The ship received two battle stars for World War II service and three for Korea.

In February, 1952, the Bisbee went to South America, transferred to Columbia under the Mutual Defense Assistance Program. The ship was renamed the Captain Tono. It was scrapped in 1963.

* * * * *

During the time the Bisbee was in Phillipine waters during World War II, Richard and Mary Murphy moved to California. Richard became a member of the Railroad Clerks Union and worked for Southern Pacific. Marie joined the Army Nurse Corps.

In 1950, Marie received a commendation for her work at the Army & Navy General Hospital in Arkansas. Soon after, she married and had a daughter, Claudia Chamberlain. The Chamberlains lived in Long Beach and shortly after graduating from high school there in 1970, Claudia married and had a daughter, Heather McDonald.

Richard and Mary lived to see their great grandchild. By that time, Richard was retired and the couple had traveled to Washington, D.C. and to England to see relatives and to Hawaii. Some of this travel was in connection with the Gold Star Mothers Association. Mary Murphy served as president of the group's Long Beach chapter in 1966.

In 1971, Richard and Mary Murphy returned to Arizona. They went to the University of Arizona for the 18th annual USS Arizona Memorial Service organized by the Fleet Reserve Association. The Murphys joined family members of the other six Arizona residents entombed aboard the ship named for the state.

Then the Murphys moved into the Gold Star home maintained in Long Beach for association members. Richard died there in 1978. Before she died a few years later, Mary Murphy made several donations.

To the Naval Historical Center in Washington, D.C., she gave James' medals, a bottle used during the christening of the USS Bisbee and a silver dish given to

her that day by the Todd Ship Building Co. In James' memory, she donated marble candlesticks that were placed on the altar of the Roman Catholic church in Redwood City, Calif.

Mary Murphy never forgot the price her son, and 1,101 others aboard the USS Arizona, paid on Dec. 7, 1941 at Pearl Harbor. And she worked to make sure other people never forgot either.

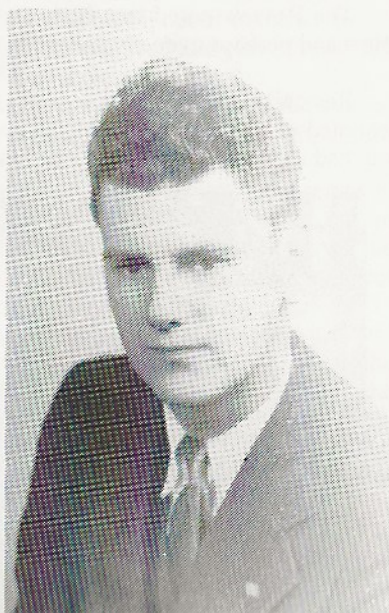
SOURCES

Richard and Mary Murphy file, Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society library. Material donated by Lee Anne Pinkerton, Turlock, Calif.

Arizona Daily Star, Dec. 1, 1991.

"Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships, Vol. I," U.S. Navy Department, 1959.

Daily Dispatch, Douglas, Sept. 15, 1943.



DOOLITTLE RAIDER: "CHAPPIE" MACIA OF TOMBSTONE

By Cindy Hayostek

In the six months after Pearl Harbor, there was little good news for the Allies in the Pacific. The British-controlled Malay Peninsula and Singapore and then the Philippine Islands fell into Japanese hands.

One bright spot was an air strike on Japan led by Lt. Col. James H. Doolittle. Serving as navigator-bombardier on one of the 16 B-25 Mitchells that bombed Japan was a Tombstone native, James H. Macia, Jr.

"Chappie" Macia was born in Tombstone in 1916. His mother's family moved in 1880 from Leadville, Col., to Tombstone. Ethel Robertson was born in the mining camp in 1881. She briefly attended a preparatory school at the University of Arizona before marrying James H. Macia.

Macia, Sr. was the melding of two New World pioneering families. The Rudds arrived in New England in 1642 and the Messiers in Canada in 1670. When the Messiers moved to the United States, the name was changed to Macia (pronounced May-see). Macia, Sr. arrived in Tombstone in 1902 to work for the Tombstone Consolidated Mines Co.

"The mines were fabulously rich when they were first discovered back in 1879," said Macia, "But they were pretty well worked out in about five years. The problem was they ran into water. The new company bought them all up with the idea of sinking a pump shaft and trying to drain the whole district and then open up the mines.

"My father came with this company. He was an expert on shaft work. When the mines finally closed in 1912, he had become the superintendent. Then for several years, my parents lived on the Spear Y Ranch in the Swisshelm Mountains. When they sold it in 1915, they moved back to Tombstone."

Macia attended Tombstone High School, participating in sports and graduating as valedictorian. It was, he noted, not very hard to gain that honor since there were only 16 in the class. He then went to the University of Arizona to study mining engineering.

"I started in 1934. I was on a football scholarship and played on the varsity my sophomore year; not a star by any means. And then in the middle of my sophomore year, I decided to drop out of school and earn some money because things were pretty tight for my family.

"Always in the back of my mind was the opportunity to go and mine. My father was working a little mine at the time and there was a place for me to work in it. I dropped out for a year and worked on that and got a few dollars ahead.

"I went back to the UA in 1937. I actually ended up going a full four years. Each summer I would work in the mines. One year I worked in Bisbee in the Junction Mine. Another year I worked down in the Patagonia Mountains at the Trench Mine for the American Smelting and Refining Co."

In the spring of 1939, Army recruiters visited the university and many of Macia's Kappa Sigma fraternity brothers became enthused about joining the Army Air Corps. As they headed for the dispensary to take the physical, Macia walked with them. Almost on a whim, he decided to take the physical too.

Much to his amazement, Macia was one of four men out of 15 who passed the then-stringent physical. Slated to be called up in June, 1939, he asked for a delay so he could work a mine he obtained a lease on.

"It was the American mine in the Patagonia Mountains," Macia recalled. "My family owned a half interest. The other half belonged to the Hereford family of

Los Angeles. My father and I took in another fellow who had some mining equipment that would be needed.

"We always felt that this mine was the one where our fortune would be found. It turned out that the mine, although we did make some money, didn't work out as we had all dreamed. One of the worst mistakes I ever made was destroying that dream because once you find that it is not going to be, then that dream is gone."

* * * * *

In June, 1940, Macia became part of Class 41-A and went to San Diego for primary training at Ryan School of Aeronautics. This was to be followed by advanced training at Randolph AAF (Army Air Field) in Texas. Macia soloed in about 11 hours but then, the same as several others, had difficulty getting more hours because of poor weather.

"The word was there hadn't been enough washouts so there must be something wrong," Macia said. "The commander, Capt. John Horton, said 'I'm going to see that everybody gets a ride within the next few days and determine what has to be done.'"

After his ride, Macia was told by Horton that he'd not be going on to Randolph.

"This was quite a blow," said Macia. "It was softened somewhat by the fact that six or seven other fellows that I thought were pretty good flyers were washed out too. Oddly enough, there were three or four notoriously poor flyers — in our view — that didn't get washed out. They released us from further flight training but kept us on cadet status.

"The navigation program was just starting and they announced that we were eligible to qualify as navigators. They needed people with mathematics backgrounds. In my case, they immediately said, 'You qualify. If you want to do it, it is open to you.'"

Macia attended Pan American Airways' school at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Fla. The class began in October, 1940 and placed great emphasis on celestial navigation.

"I ended up academically the top guy in the class," said Macia. "It just happened to be a thing that was easy for me and something I enjoyed doing."

In the summer of 1941, Macia went to Pendleton, Ore., assigned to the 89th Reconnaissance Squadron, which was attached to the 17th Bomber Group. During time spent on maneuvers near Spokane, Wash., Macia and his college sweetheart, Mary Alice Murrell, married in July, 1941. In December in their Pendleton home, the couple learned about Pearl Harbor.

"We were at home," Macia recalled. "We lived in a private home where about five couples lived, each of us in one room. We were playing records so we weren't listening to the radio. Then one of the guys called to tell us that Pearl Harbor had been hit. Then we turned on the radio and started listening. It was unbelievable. Later I received a call to report to the base."

* * * * *

At the time, the 17th Bombardment Group was receiving new planes. They were the North American B-25B Mitchell, a medium bomber that was well armed, had adequate armor and self-sealing fuel tanks. A crew of five flew the plane, which carried a 2,400-pound bomb load with a range of 1,200 miles.

The 17th's first wartime mission was patrolling the Pacific coast but in February, 1942, it was transferred to Columbia, S.C.

"It was only a day or so after we arrived when we heard that they were



Crew members of Plane No. 14 were, left to right, Lt. James H. Macia, Jr., navigator/bombardier; Maj. John A. Hilger, pilot; Staff Sgt. Jacob Eierman, engineer; Lt. Jack A. Sims, copilot; and Staff Sgt. Edwin V. Bain, gunner. (Photo courtesy Herb Macia)

looking for volunteers for an extremely hazardous operation," Macia said. "Of course we didn't know it as the Doolittle mission but one that would require only about one-fourth of the available crews for a period of three or four months.

"Most of us volunteered so then it was up to the squadron commanders to select the people they felt best qualified. In my case, I went to my commanding officer, Maj. Jack Hilger, to tell him I was volunteering. His comment was, 'Good, I already have you down as my navigator/bombardier.' "

Shortly after that, the volunteers moved to Elgin AAF (Army Air Field) where they picked up their aircraft and began training. At the Florida field, Macia met James H. Doolittle, a man Macia does not hesitate to call "America's greatest aviator."

After service during World War I, Doolittle became famous in 1922 for making the first transcontinental cross country flight in less than 24 hours. Later he did it in 12 hours. He also won the "Big Three" aviation racing trophies and in 1929 made the first flight completely dependent on instruments. Doolittle earned a Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering from MIT. He resigned from the Army Air Corps in 1930 but stayed in the reserve and so that when he returned to active duty in 1940 it was as a major.

"Of course he was a legend," said Macia. "We still looked upon ourselves as neophytes even though we were considered one of the most experienced medium bomber groups in the air force and were combat ready. And here was a true expert; a man who had a legendary flying reputation. One thing was clear; this mission was very important if he was involved in it."

* * * * *

Macia remembers that from the very beginning he felt the group was going to take off from a carrier, bomb Japanese targets and land in China.

"We were going through short takeoff exercises and all the crews had to make long, low-level flights across the Gulf of Mexico while training at Elgin," Macia explained. "Before delivery to Elgin, our planes received new bullet-proof gas tanks that almost doubled our range. Also we were experiencing serious problems with our .50 caliber guns and our gun turrets. We finally had to drop our lower turrets and add another fuel tank."

On March 25, 1942, the volunteers left Florida and headed for March AAF in Riverside, Calif.

"I remember crossing southern Arizona," said Macia. "As we went over Texas Canyon in the Dragoon Mountains, I said to Jack Hilger, 'Can you see that little spot over there of a town?' It was probably 20 miles away. I said, 'That is where I was raised.' He asked, 'What in the hell is the name of that place?' I told him and he got a big kick out of it."

After leaving March, the planes stopped at Sacramento Air Depot where the crews picked up a few items of equipment before going to Alameda Naval Air Station in San Francisco. There the planes were loaded onto the carrier Hornet. It was March 31.

Leaving the next day, the Hornet became the flag ship of one of two elements that made up a task force. The other task force element was led by the carrier Enterprise, whose planes provided air cover since the Hornet's planes were under the flight deck covered by the B-25s. The two elements met April 13 about 1,000 miles northwest of Hawaii to form Task Force 16 with Adm. William Halsey on the Enterprise as commander.

In the early morning hours of April 18, 1942 while still about 700 miles away

from Japan, Task Force 16 began encountering Japanese vessels. Just after daybreak, a Japanese trawler was sunk but not before it sent out a radio message. This triggered the launching of the B-25s.

"We were ready," said Macia. "The night before we pretty well understood that it was going to be tomorrow, but it was supposed to be a late afternoon takeoff. The sudden announcement the next morning when they called us to battle stations was a shock in one sense — it's going to be sooner rather than later.

"I assumed quite early in the game that we would not survive the mission. First of all, if they had been tipped off we were coming, and if they have the defenses they are supposed to, and if we are going to strike right in the middle of the day, then we are going to encounter a swarm of fighters coming out after us, so we are going to have to fight our way in.

"Secondly, if we get to the targets and get out, we can't make it past midpoint in the China Sea, so we are going to have to ditch our planes in a Japanese-controlled area. I thought the only thing short of being destroyed over the target area would be to end up as a prisoner of war.

"Oddly enough, that is not as uncomfortable a feeling as you might imagine. You conclude, 'This couldn't have happened to me but it's happening to me, so I'm going to go in and really do it right, and that's all I care about!' I had a sort of nostalgic feeling. I just wished I had said this or that to my dad, my mother and Mary Alice and that I had seen my little boy. Mary Alice was expecting; I assumed it would be a boy."

Macia watched Doolittle take off into a stiff wind. Macia's plane, piloted by Hilger, was 14th of the 16 planes to take off. About 3½ hours later, Japan was sighted.

"It came out just about as I had plotted it," said Macia. "We made a landfall just to the east of Tokyo. Once we clearly identified where we were, we turned and started down the coast towards our objective, Nagoya.

"Of course at this time you're starting to realize, 'Where are those fighters? They are not here.' and 'Thank God, we are not going to be shot down.' I was thankful because we were going to be able to do a good job."

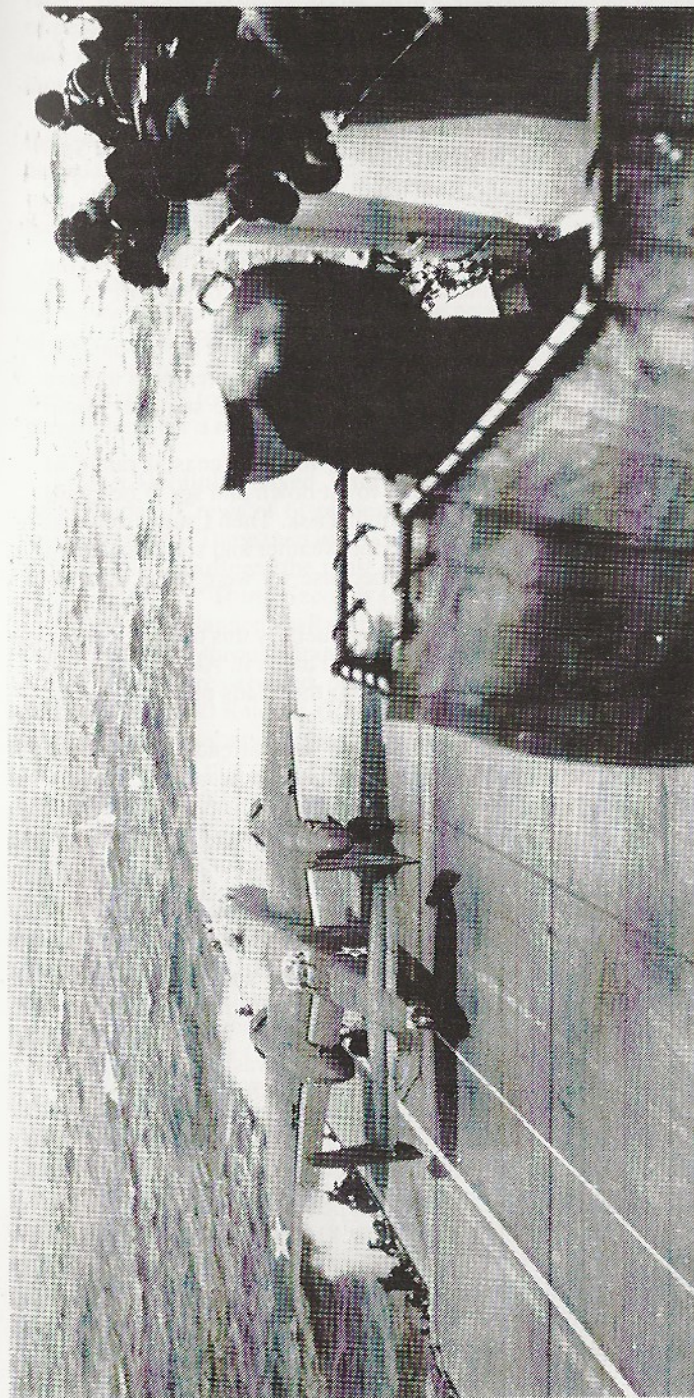
Hilger flew the plane down the coastline about an hour and then turned inland. Macia noted extensively cultivated country around Nagoya and the compactness of the city. As the plane climbed to 1,500 feet, it drew flak but didn't suffer any damage.

"We dropped two demolition bombs, one on an oil storage facility and the other on a military barracks," said Macia. "We then dropped two incendiary bombs on the Atsuta and Mitsubishi aircraft factories. As we flew away, Ed Bain, our gunner, saw smoke rising from the Mitsubishi works, which was one of Japan's most important aircraft plants."

The plane Macia was in was one of 11 B-25s that hit their primary targets. Four planes hit secondary targets and one was forced to jettison its bombs. But just how much physical damage did the bombs actually create? Relatively little but the raid's effects went beyond physical damage.

"That has all been written about," Macia said of the psychological effect. "And I'm sure there is no question but that they had to think of their defenses. If there was a threat of this kind of attack again, they had to do something about it. So I think it accomplished its purpose in that respect."

Later it was learned that the Doolittle Raid convinced Japanese military leaders that American carriers had to be destroyed. This led to the Battle of



Flaps down, a B-25 heads into the wind to fly off from the carrier Hornet. All the sailors watching the takeoff probably didn't care Doolittle's raid was later touted as a prime example of cooperation between the Navy and Army Air Force; a plane as big as the Mitchell successfully taking off a carrier was an event in and of itself. The 16 planes bombed military targets in Tokyo, Yokohama, Yokosuka, Nagoya and Kobe. (Photo courtesy Herb Macia)

Midway in June, 1942. The Japanese defeat there is considered the turning point of the war in the Pacific.

* * * * *

But that was in the future for Doolittle's Raiders. As they flew away from Japan, they faced other hazards.

Hilger took his plane low to avoid bad weather as it entered the China Sea. Macia recalls flying a wind pattern and picking up a strong tail wind. The destination was Chuchow, a Chinese-held city about 100 miles inland and southwest of Shanghai.

"My concern from the navigation point of view," said Macia, "was to do the best I could in getting us to our destination. We wanted to avoid a drift to the north, which was Japanese-held territory.

"Another concern was when to start pulling up to get over the mountains, since we had been flying down on the deck. I realized that we were going to have offshore islands to consider, so recommended to Jack that we start our climb early, which he did.

"It was starting to get dark and we were well into the coastal range of mountains. Jack did toy with the idea of trying to let down and see if he could break out of the weather but gave that up as too high a risk. Then I suggested that we try to climb out of the clouds and get above the weather and see if we could take a celestial fix but we finally gave that up because we were using up a lot more fuel.

"As we went on, we realized that we had enough fuel. By this time, of course, my earlier doubts had been completely erased; we had made it. All we had to do now was get down. I felt if we could avoid falling into the hands of the Japanese, we were home safe."

Macia recommended a course, assuming they had already flown over Chuchow. Although they never broke out of the poor weather, Macia's recommendation worked out well. The men bailed out of their plane about 100 miles east of Chuchow.

"I went third," he said. "The first thing that happened was somehow just after clearing the airplane, I pulled the rip cord, which was far too soon and I got caught in the prop wash.

"This is like the wind catching you as the airplane is flying away from you. That's another thing you don't expect — to hear an airplane that you've been in, listening to the motors for hours and hours, suddenly fly off into the distance. There is a complete silence and you are all alone.

"Anyway, when I went out, the chute caught this prop wash which caused it to be forced up, then I swung back through. When I came to the end of the swing, it was like hitting a wall. I got a tremendous jolt. Then I was swinging back and forth in a long arc.

"It was dark. I was in the clouds. It was raining. The swinging slowed and then I started spinning around. I finally got this stopped but felt I wasn't falling. It seemed as though I was suspended in a white mass. I looked down and it looked like a black hole was coming up around me.

"I was trying to react to that when I suddenly hit the ground. I started tumbling down the side of this hill. Finally the chute caught up in some small pine trees on the side of the hill and that stopped me. I was not injured. The ground was soft and very wet."

Macia spent the night on the hill trying unsuccessfully to sleep in the

intermittent rain. In the morning, he walked into a village and became the focus of people who had never seen a non-Oriental before. Eventually he came across Jake Eierman, Plane No. 14's engineer. As they walked through the countryside, they were passed from person to person and began to feel as if they were captives.

"Others have told me they had the same experience of feeling at times that they were possibly prisoners of war," said Macia. "I think it was sort of an attitude, a sense of proprietorship, that each would take of assuming the authority over the previous person to take over these people who had fallen into their hands."

After receiving a scare from some soldiers they thought might be Japanese, Macia and Eierman found Hilger and then Jack Sims, the co-pilot, as well as a town where there were English-speaking people. Late that night, the fifth member of the crew, Ed Bain, the gunner, turned up.

"They took us up to Chuhsien," said Macia. "When we came in there, we were maybe the fourth or fifth crew to appear. Doolittle had not arrived yet. We stayed there for a number of days and Doolittle finally came in."

* * * * *

After Doolittle arrived, information began filtering in about the fate of the other Raiders. Crews of 11 planes bailed out over China but four planes ditched or crash landed. Three men were killed and eight were injured. Ted Lawson, pilot of Plane No. 7, suffered the most serious injury; his leg was amputated. He later wrote the book, "Thirty Seconds Over Toyko."

One plane landed in Russia, where the crew was interned for 13 months before escaping through Iran. Eight crewmen were captured by the Japanese in China. Three were executed, one died a prisoner of war and the rest were liberated in 1945. Of the 80 Raiders, 67 received Chinese help and returned to the United States. Macia was among this group.

"The little place where we were staying was an air base designed to accommodate some American or Western air force people," said Macia. "Almost every day, the Japanese would send over a bombing mission; they knew we were at this place. The Chinese had dug a shelter into a limestone bluff and they insisted that we go up there.

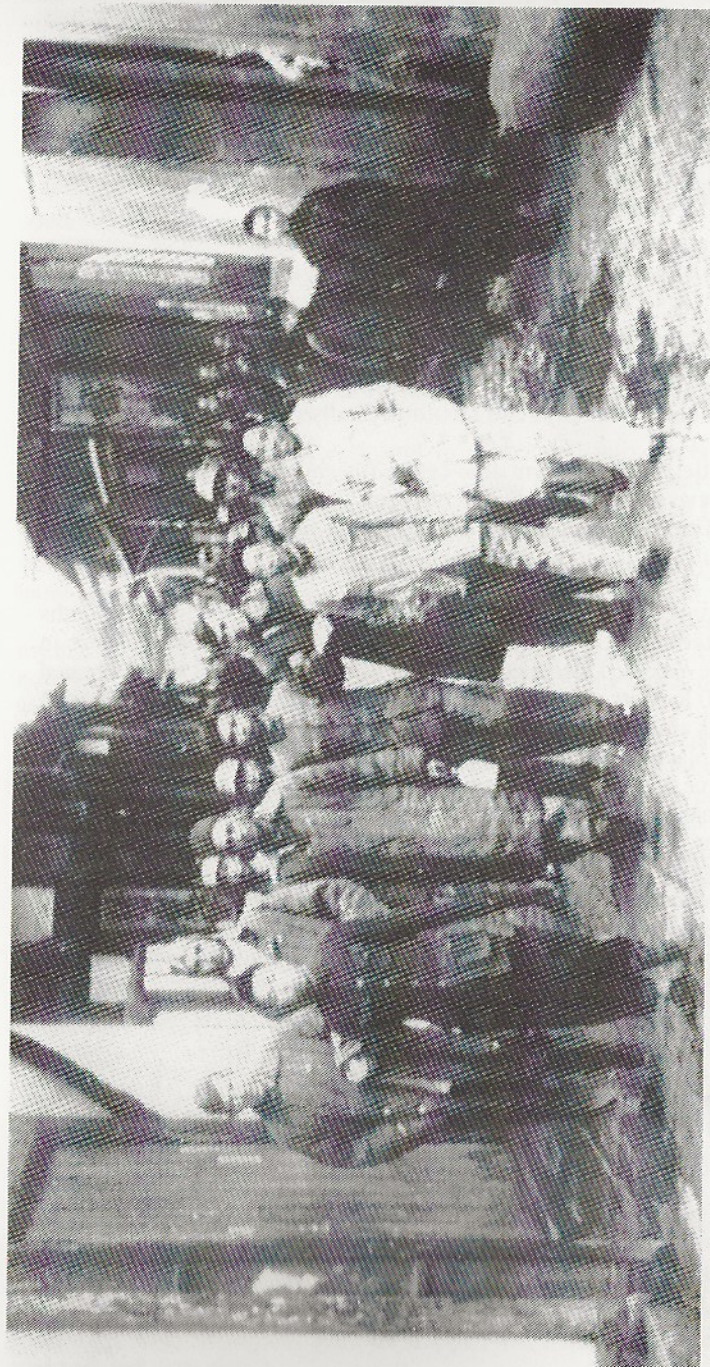
"The intelligence they had was fantastic because they would come in at 9 and say, 'At 10:30 there will be four Japanese aircraft over here dropping bombs; they have just taken off.' This obviously had been passed by some Chinese working right at the airfield where the Japanese airplanes were operating. How their communications worked, I never knew but the word would come through. At a quarter after 10, the Chinese would insist we go up to the shelter.

"We would all wander up to the shelter, which was about a mile away and looked down over the air field. Pretty soon four aircraft would come, just exactly as reported. They would come over, look around, circle, come back, maybe drop one bomb, circle a few more times. The Chinese had no air defenses.

"If we went out in front of the shelter to get a better view, our hosts would have all kinds of problems. I imagine they were told that they were in charge of our safety and nothing had better happen to us. This went on for several days. Finally it was announced that we would be departing in groups.

"I happened to be in the group with Gen. Doolittle and Maj. Hilger. We left by train. Our destination was Hengyang. It seemed we traveled three or four days."

On the way, the Americans stopped at a mission run by Father William



The crew of Plane No. 14, after bailing out over China, was reunited in the town of Kuangfeng. Copilot Jack Sims had kept a camera and it was used to take this photo. The Americans are, left to right, Herb Macia, Jack Sims, Jake Eierman and Jack Hilger, who is being helped because he was slightly injured. The fifth member of the crew, Ed Bain, reached the town after the photo was taken. (Photo courtesy Stan Cohen)

Glynn. Macia later learned that the Japanese, in an effort to punish people who'd helped the Americans, overran the mission. Glynn, through fortunate circumstance, escaped and went on to become auxiliary chaplain with the U.S. Air Force in China until 1948.

Doolittle, Macia and the others eventually reached Chungking. There they met Generalissimo and Madam Chiang Kai-shek, who led the Chinese Nationalist government. Madam Chiang presented decorations to each Raider there.

Later Doolittle received promotion to brigadier general and the Congressional Medal of Honor. Members of his command received Distinguished Flying Crosses.

* * * * *

About half of the Raiders stayed in the CBI (China-Burma-India) Theater. Others such as Macia went home. Macia's journey to Tucson took about a month. After that he plunged into selling war bonds. One of his first visits was to Douglas.

On July 11, 1942 he was in the smelter town to speak at a rally in 10th Street Park. Several hundred people watched as Macia received the key to the city from Mayor George B. Pray. Mary Alice couldn't attend because the baby was due soon but Macia's parents were introduced. They heard P.G. Beckett, Phelps Dodge vice-president, talk about another benefit of Doolittle's raid.

The flight, said Beckett, "captured the imagination of the American people as no other incident since the war began." It was a morale booster of enormous proportions to the Allies.

Macia spoke of his experiences and concluded his talk by saying, "I deeply appreciate the honor which you have bestowed upon me by asking me to be present on this occasion. But I feel that I am merely receiving this honor by proxy in behalf of other Cochise County men in the air service who have done as much or more than I have but who have not received the breaks or the recognition."

In August, 1942, Macia reported to the 320th Bombardment Group, along with Jack Hilger and Jack Sims, his pilot and co-pilot on the Doolittle Raid. The three men were among six Raiders in the 320th.

The 320th flew Martin B-26 Marauders. A medium bomber initially dubbed "the widow maker," the B-26 later became a highly respected aircraft. The crew of Macia's plane named it "Herbie the Third" for Macia's son.

The 320th arrived in North Africa in December, 1942. They flew tactical support, bombing bridges, munition dumps, small marshalling yards and other targets requiring pinpoint accuracy. Bombing from 10,000 feet to achieve accuracy, they were always exposed to heavy anti-aircraft fire from German 90mm weapons.

Despite this, Macia and Sims became the first men of the 320th to complete a tour by flying 40 missions. By the time they finished their 40th mission, the 320th was in Italy. Macia had taken on the duties of group intelligence officer and was promoted to major. After a leave, he returned to the Mediterranean area in January, 1944.

"We moved from North Africa to Sardinia and supported the operation in northern Italy," said Macia. "While we were in Sardinia, we supported the landings in southern France. We were the lead attack force. As a matter of fact, I was the flight commander on the lead aircraft that dropped the first bombs.

"Then we moved to Corsica and supported the Po Valley operation. After the Italian campaign wound down, they moved us up to Dijon, France and we

operated from there. We supported the Battle of the Bulge and clean-up operations that followed.

"We had just moved over to a place called Dol-de-Bretagne before I left in April, 1945. By this time, I had become the group executive officer and been promoted to lieutenant colonel."

Macia stopped flying in France after more than 70 missions. He returned to Tucson and left the service in 1946. He tried banking, developed the Coronado Heights subdivision in Tombstone and was in automobile financing when the Korean conflict began.

Recalled in 1951, he went to Europe, where there was a large buildup. He served in the U.S. Air Force's European headquarters as Director of Plans and Policy in the Directorate of Intelligence. Promoted to colonel, he became involved with the U-2 and early satellite reconnaissance programs.

After serving with the Strategic Air Command's (SAC) intelligence unit, Macia completed his Air Force career as DSC Operations, Commander, European SAC region and Chief of Staff, USAF Security Service. He was the last Doolittle Raider to remain on active duty, retiring in 1973 after 21 years active duty.

Upon retirement, Macia settled in San Antonio, Texas and began working for that town's Roman Catholic Diocese. Macia handles the diocese's finances and has worked for the Mexican-American Cultural Center.

It was through this position that Macia renewed acquaintance with Father William Glynn, whom he first met in China. Macia saw to it that Glynn attended one of the Raiders' yearly reunions.

Macia was partially responsible for a reunion tradition. In 1959 the reunion was held in Tucson. Macia's friend, Chuck Arnold, director of the Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, was in charge of preparations. He and Macia got together to talk about the arrangements.

"Chuck was speculating on what they might do that would be unusual and lasting," said Macia. "Suddenly the idea of the City of Tucson giving a set of silver goblets occurred to him.

"They were presented to us at our reunion in Tucson. Then in October, Chuck brought them to the football game between the Air Force Academy and the University of Colorado. At halftime they had a ceremony where Doolittle presented the case and goblets to the superintendent of the Air Force Academy for safe keeping."

Each year the goblets, escorted by cadets, appear at the reunion of Doolittle's Raiders and are used to toast departed comrades. The goblet of any Raider who's died is turned upside down in the case. The last two men will open a bottle of cognac (vintage 1896, the year of Doolittle's birth) and once again toast departed comrades.

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THEY ALSO SERVED: ASHLEY PACKARD OF DOUGLAS

By Cindy Hayostek

For every Cochise County resident who participated in overseas events of World War II, there were many who served their country in other ways stateside. Such is the case of Ashley Packard.

He was the son of Ashley B. and Rachel (Williams) Packard, Sr. born on Aug. 21, 1916 in Douglas. His grandfather was B.A. Packard, a New Yorker who'd arrived in Tombstone in 1880.

B.A. first developed some area mines but switched to cattle ranching, with holdings in the United States and Mexico. About 1907, B.A. purchased the First National Bank of Douglas. Ashley Sr. was part of the bank's management team.

Ashley, Jr. grew up in Douglas, enjoying Boy Scouts, riding horses his grandfather provided and playing with friends in the 1100 block of 10th Street. The neighborhood and its activities were typical of those happy times.

In 1929, Ashley, Sr. became seriously ill and died in 1930 at age 44. Despite this, plans continued for Ashley, Jr. to go to the school his father had attended, Shattuck Military School in Fairbault, Minn. The next year, Jack Davis, one of Ashley's neighborhood friends went to Shattuck with him.

At Shattuck, Ashley successfully measured up to his father's previous performance at the school. Ashley, Jr. earned the highest cadet officer rank, was a member of the "crack squad" and graduated cum laude. These and other activities brought him to the attention of Capt. (later Gen.) Lewis Beebe, who saw to it that Packard received Shattuck's honor appointment to the U.S. Military Academy (USMA).

At West Point, Packard's self discipline enabled him to keep up with his studies. He also adhered to the academy's code of honor and understood the reason for it. More than 10 years after graduation, he told a newspaper reporter the code was necessary "because of military considerations. In warfare, any overlooking of infraction of rules may have disastrous results. Cadets are taught to look at such things from a cold-blooded military point of view."

Far from cold blooded was Packard's enjoyment of dancing. A USMA classmate, Hugh D. Wallace, recalls Packard had troubles finding girls who could keep pace with him for an entire weekend of dancing until he met a pair of twins.

Upon graduation and commission as a lieutenant in 1938, Packard applied for Army Air Corps training. After time at Randolph and Kelly Airfields, he earned his wings in 1939 and received assignment to Texas' Randolph field as a flight instructor.

While at Randolph, Packard's love of dancing led him to Francesca "Frenchie" Hagood, daughter of Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood. As Wallace put it, they "shagged, big appled, Charlestoned and occasionally sedately waltzed and foxtrotted into marriage in December, 1938."

The United States entry into World War II saw rapid expansion of its pilot training program. Packard became involved in the opening of Moffett Field near San Jose, Calif., and later with similar bases at Chico and Bakersville, Calif.

While Packard was in California establishing Army Air Corps training fields, the same process occurred in his hometown. With astonishing rapidity, Douglas Army Air Field came into being.

War-related construction was hurried; Douglas AAF was built in less than six months. But some of the speed was because efforts to establish an airfield started

in 1939.

Douglas International Airport at the foot of D Hill ranked as one of the 10 best airports in the country in 1933. But by the end of 1939, advances in plane size and increasingly stringent federal safety regulations meant the municipal airport lost some scheduled passenger and airmail flights.

Local aviation promoters scanned the Sulphur Springs Valley for a spacious new airport site and eventually settled upon a spot 10 miles north of town. Sen. Carl Hayden and other members of the area's congressional delegation determined that an airport could be built with federal funds if the land was purchased by the city.

Douglas, however, had not yet emerged from the financial difficulties of the Depression. So in July, 1941, a group of Douglas men appeared before the Cochise County Board of Supervisors asking \$20,000 be budgeted from the county coffers toward purchase of the airport site.

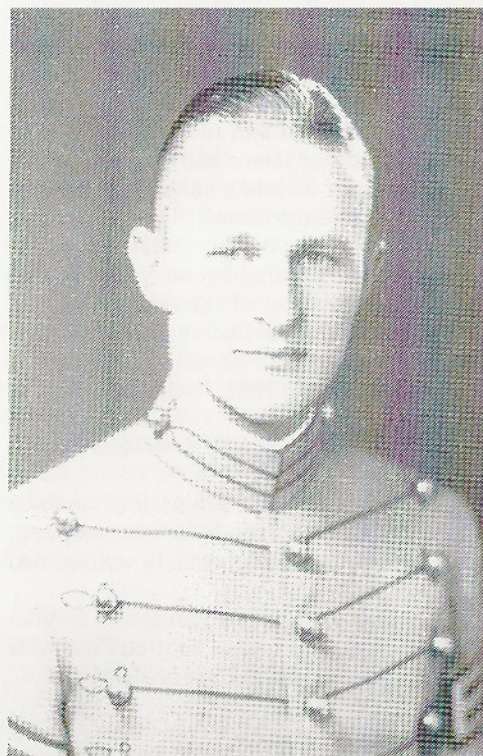
The supervisors appropriated only \$10,000. But after Hayden announced the Civil Aeronautics Authority had allotted \$360,000 for construction, the board did say the county would undertake maintenance of the airport once it was built.

The City of Douglas came up with over \$11,000 and the Douglas Chamber of Commerce and Mines contributed almost \$2,000. It was enough to secure the site and so the Works Project Administration (WPA) received a construction contract and an additional \$170,000 federal appropriation.

As WPA workers completed engineering work and built accommodations at the site for 300 construction workers, building the airport took on urgency. The United States entered World War II.

Construction began in January, 1942. During March and April various Army officers inspected the site and on April 8, an officers' board offered the Douglas City Council a lease on the airport. In May, Col. John F. Wadman, a 1924 USMA grad, arrived in Douglas to command the Army Air Corps Advanced Flying School at Douglas. On June 22, 1942, at noon, the first plane landed at the new airport.

In California, Packard's rise through the ranks went as rapidly



Ashley B. Packard
USMA Class of 1938

(Photo courtesy USMA Archives)

as the construction of his hometown's air field. In October, 1941 his promotion to captain came through, followed by a March, 1942 promotion to major and then lieutenant colonel on the same day.

Of this two-in-one day promotion, Packard later merely said, "It was an administrative error, I guess."

It was hardly an error for at the time he was chief of the pilot training section for the Army Air Forces Western Flying Training Command. Although an administrator, Packard still flew.

Gordon Newman remembers being at home in Douglas just before he went overseas as an aviator. One day during his leave, an AT-6 flew over and Newman went to see who the pilot was. He was surprised to discover it was a former member of his Boy Scout troop, Ash Packard. "The finest gentleman I ever met," said Newman, was home to visit his mother.

About a year later, the first class of cadets assigned to train in Douglas arrived. Some of them perhaps trained at the California fields Packard helped establish.

This first class of approximately 350 cadets entered the second phase of training at Douglas AAF. They had some hours in single engine craft and came to the smelter city for multi-engine school.

As the premier class, the cadets were the first to use the day rooms furnished with blue and green chairs provided by Douglas womens clubs. They saw the first movie, "The Flying Tigers," shown in the post theater. And they, along with 4,000 civilians, enjoyed a performance by Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarty along with Dale Evans on Dec. 8, 1942, a year and a day after Pearl Harbor.

The people of Douglas took the cadets, base personnel and their dependents into their homes as well as their hearts. A housing shortage found Douglas residents renting rooms; any room would do. One man remembers living in a woman's dining room; the table and chairs replaced by a bed. There was a constant round of dances, parties, USO functions and, not surprisingly, marriages.

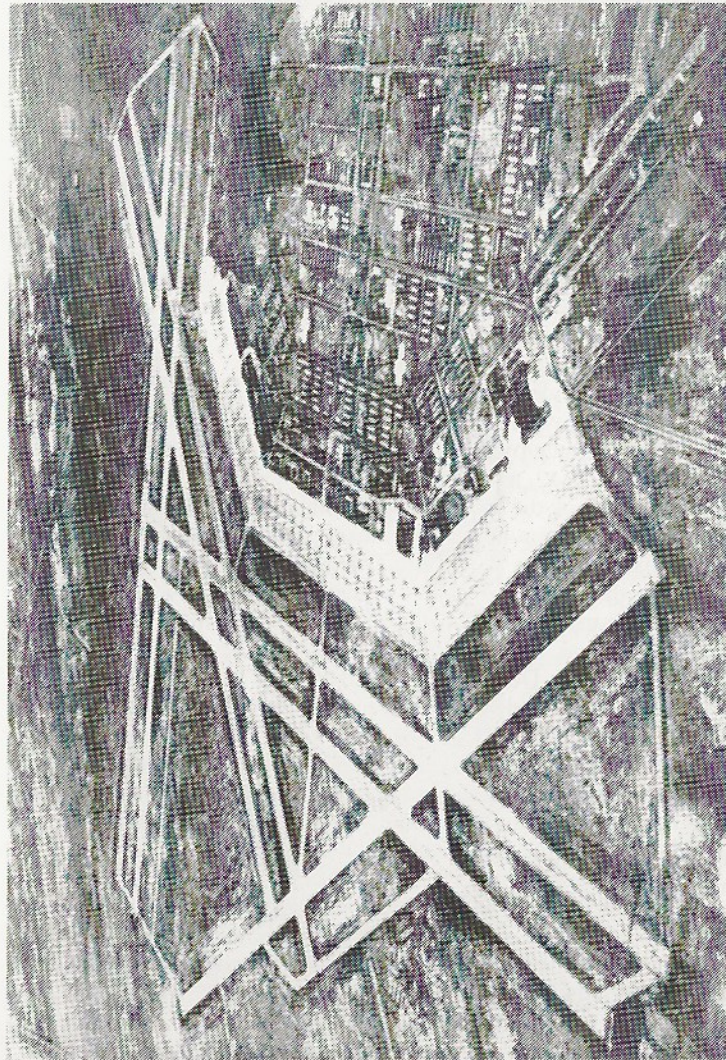
The first class, 43A, was followed by 10 more. By the time Class 43K graduated in November, 1943, Douglas AAF had trained and sent to various postings almost 4,000 pilots. Training each pilot took seven months from start to finish and cost approximately \$15,000.

Cadets practiced in Link trainers, a primitive simulator, and flew AT-17s. Nicknamed the Bamboo Bomber because of its partial wood construction, the AT-17 was the first twin-engine plane cadets flew. They also mastered flying on instruments, using radio aids to navigate and flying at night.

When not flying, cadets stayed on the 3,200-acre base. Housed in wooden barracks, they could patronize two service clubs, a bowling alley, two swimming pools, a gym, two chapels, a PX and commissary. The base had its own post office, library, a newspaper called the "Flight Pattern" and a weekly radio program, "Twin Engine Parade."

For Packard, 1943 was a difficult year. His wife, soon after marriage, contracted a serious disease and so was in a hospital much of the time. In addition, he was unable to get overseas, something a career officer needs to do to keep his promotions coming.

Jack Davis, another boyhood friend, remembers while stationed in Texas as a field artillery officer getting a battalion ready for transport to Europe, Packard flew in for a visit. Although Packard never directly said so, Davis could tell "Ash



The runways and buildings at Douglas Army Air Field show clearly in this aerial photo taken about 1944. Note the planes lined up in rows of four on the apron. Buildings included a service club and gym, theater, post exchange and post office, officers' club, hospital and two chapels, one Protestant and the other Catholic. (CCHAS photo)

would have given anything if we could have traded orders."

The year had not been entirely easy either for those at Douglas AAF. At the end of 1943, the base's first commander, Col. Wadman, went overseas and everyone adjusted to a new CO, Col. Harvey F. Dyer. One of Wadman's last duties at Douglas was overseeing the graduation ceremony of the first class of cadets from Nationalist China.

Attending the ceremony was Gen. Ralph P. Cousins, commander of the Army's Western Flying Training Command, which oversaw programs such as those at Douglas. In June, 1944, Packard became a full colonel, a month after he joined Cousins' staff.

The Chinese pilots were just part of the diversification at Douglas. Men trained as post mechanics at Douglas and their classes graduated with the same regularity as the pilots'. Also training at Douglas were members of the Air Transport Command, whose pilots ferried replacement planes around the world.

The mechanics worked on the Bamboo Bombers and also on AT-9s, a twin-engined metal body craft. Originally built for a Scandinavian country, the last 40 or so of the craft in existence were used at Douglas AAF. In August, 1944, B-25s, a medium bomber that'd seen extensive service during the war, arrived in Douglas replacing the AT-17s and AT-9s.

Among those training in the B-25s was a group of African-American pilots. Originally members of the 332nd and 99th fighter groups that flew in Italy, they were stationed at Douglas during the first months of 1945 to learn to fly bombers.

Just as 1945 was a year of transition for these pilots, so it was for Packard. His wife died in 1945 and finally he felt free to obtain an overseas assignment. He went to Guam, where he stayed until 1946. He flew no combat missions out of Guam but did fly a drop of food and supplies to a POW camp in Korea.

From Guam, Packard went to the Philippine Islands' Fort McKinley, location of the Pacific Air Command headquarters. In the spring of 1946, he was sent to Toyko as deputy to Gen. Frank Armstrong, commanding officer of the Far East Air Force Operations and Command.

"That made four years of staff work," Packard later said. "I'd had enough. I gave up and went to Kimpo, Korea and took command of the 475th Fighter Group in July, 1946."

* * * * *

The year 1946 was also a year of change for Douglas AAF. Just as rapidly it had become an air base, it now just as rapidly lost that status. Two men, Lt. Col. Andrew McDavid and then Col. Neal E. Ausman, oversaw the deactivation.

Shutdown had started as early as November, 1945. The air field was placed under the jurisdiction of the War Assets Administration. The Cochise County Supervisors requested that the buildings and land be given to the county and this was eventually done.

Some of the buildings were dismantled, moved and erected in other locations. An example is the church at 13th Street and Dolores Avenue in Douglas.

For Packard, the changes of 1946 included marriage. In October in Korea, he married an Army nurse, Lt. Eve Medwid. The next year, Packard returned to the United States to command the 27th Fighter Escort Wing of the Strategic Air Command in Kearney, Neb.

In 1949, the 27th moved to Bergstrom Field near Austin, Texas. Packard became commander of the base and displayed considerable pride in his service branch, the U.S. Air Force recently split off from the Army.

"The Army isn't going to like this," Packard told an Austin newspaper reporter. The colonel said he felt the Air Force had higher caliber men than its parent service branch in terms of intelligence and discipline. "I believe our standards of discipline are as high as any other service," Packard said.

At the time, the 27th flew F82s, a long range fighter escort derived from the famous P51 Mustang of World War II. Packard characterized the plane as the best of any conventional (propeller) plane. Then within weeks of making that statement, he was sent to Williams Air Force Base in Arizona to attend jet school.

In November, 1950, the 27th left Bergstrom for the Far East. The Korean War had begun in June of that year and the 27th flew numerous missions. In fact, the unit received a citation for flying 10,000 combat hours in just 90 days.

By April, 1951, the 27th was nearing the end of its rotational tour and Packard flew to Japan to arrange for his wing's return to Bergstrom. Shortly after taking off from Japan to go back to Korea, the T-33 jet in which Packard was a passenger, developed mechanical trouble and slammed into a mountain near Itasuki, Japan. Both the pilot, Maj. Maurice H. Smith, and Packard were killed on May 1, 1951.

Only Packard's mother, his wife, his old friend Davis and Davis' mother were at the private burial service in Cavalry Cemetery. There was a military detail with a bugler and fly-by. It was a fitting tribute to a man who had served his country well during World War II, even though his service then was all stateside.

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KHAKI DOLL BENEATH A GREEN LAMPSHADE: JOE PEROTTI OF TOMBSTONE

By Cindy Hayostek

Edward Murrow, the CBS newscaster who became famous during World War II for his eyewitness accounts, once watched paratroopers as they jumped out of planes toward combat. As each man and his parachute grew smaller in the distance, Murrow likened him to "a khaki doll beneath a green lamp shade."

One of those khaki dolls was Tombstone resident Joe Perotti, a member of the 82nd Airborne Division, nicknamed the All Americans.

The 82nd participated in actions designed to free Europe from German domination. This focus of action had been agreed upon by the United States and Great Britain during the early days of World War II.

Freeing Europe required a series of invasions: first of North Africa, then of Sicily and Italy, and finally of France. Taking part in these invasions (except North Africa) and later in other important European campaigns were U.S. airborne divisions.

In 1942, the 82nd became the first U.S. airborne division and took part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy in 1943. Joining the unit late that year was Perotti.

He was born in 1925 in Courtland, the son of Dominic and Rosa Perotti. Dominic, an Italian emigrant, and Rosa, a girl from New Mexico, had met in Pearce where Dominic, at age 19, was running a saloon.

Moving to Courtland, Dominic developed a mine. He worked his property until ore prices dropped. In 1929, the family moved to Tombstone. There Dominic got a mining job and later bought another saloon. Shortly afterward, he died at age 47 in 1935.

One of Joe's two older brothers took over the saloon and supported the family. Joe went to school in Tombstone but began to get into trouble as he grew older. Perotti thinks the local draft board decided to rid Tombstone of his troublemaking presence because the day after his 18th birthday, he was drafted and sent to Camp Roberts, Calif.

"Four guys from Douglas and me joined the paratroopers. We forgot all about it, you know, because we were taking basic training," said Perotti. "After 13 weeks of basic, they gave you furloughs to go home for 10 days. So we were in line getting our furloughs and they come and pick out me and the kids from Douglas. 'You're going to Fort Benning, Ga.' And then we remembered that we had signed up. Not because we were brave or anything; it was \$50 more per month in pay."

Arriving at Fort Benning at 2 a.m. after an eight-day train trip, the trainees were rousted out of bed at 5 a.m. for a six-mile run. That was the start of their rigorous 11-week training stint.

Training included jumping off a 200-foot tower strapped to a working parachute to give the sensation they'd experience exiting a plane. Before going overseas, the trainees made four jumps out of a plane.

"The first one, I wanted to jump," said Perotti. "And then the second one, I was a little hesitant. But no matter if you're hesitant,

you're going out. They'd push you out."

* * * * *

From plane to ship, the men boarded a vessel in New York bound for Europe. The ship was manned by a crew from India and the food served most often was curried mutton stew.

"I never was seasick but a lot of guys were," Perotti recalls. "We had tags around our necks to tell when we were supposed to go eat. At the time, I was a chow hound and I'd go down and eat and you didn't get enough. So all the guys that were so sick that they looked dead, I'd just jerk their tags off and go eat again."

The ship arrived in Liverpool as the city was being bombed.

"During that time, when you were a kid, you'd go to the movies and see war pictures," said Perotti. "And I said to myself, I want to be there. Well, there I was, scared. The bombing was the real thing. It wasn't the movies."

Perotti became a pathfinder assigned to the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment. He and his unit trained in the English midlands near Leicester during the first months of 1944. They were preparing for the invasion of France.

Pathfinders jumped ahead of their units with a mission to mark landing zones for gliders or drop zones for paratroopers. Perotti remembers folding panels made of red silk that the pathfinders were to open up and place on the ground in glider landing zones.

But because of rainy weather, D-Day was postponed three days in a row. The men endured the tension of boarding their C-47 planes, waiting and then having the whole thing canceled. They'd go back to their pup tents and play cards or craps to pass the time.

"I don't know what made me do this," Perotti said, "but I got a hand grenade. I undid it, took out all the powder and put it back together again. I went by this tent, and they were shooting craps, and I pulled the pin on the hand grenade and threw it in there."

"I mean that tent went like," and he whistled and used his hands to show the wild scramble of men out of the tent. "It was no laughing matter. It was for me but then they got me down and beat on me a bit. Then they got the company barber and shaved all my hair off."

In the darkness of the first hours of June 6, 1944, the pathfinders boarded C-47s for a two-hour flight to the Cotentin Peninsula. A cloudbank and antiaircraft fire caused the Dakotas' pilots to deviate from their planned course. The result was that of the 18 pathfinder teams, only one landed where it was supposed to.

For Perotti and other pathfinders, the antiaircraft fire eliminated any hesitancy about jumping.

"You want to jump," Perotti explained. "You're sitting there and there's all this flak. You want to get up but you're not where you're supposed to jump. When the green light comes on, there's nothing that's going to keep you from not jumping."

Perotti landed near the village of Ste. Mère Eglise in a field bound by towering hedgerows. Others were not so lucky. Perotti mentioned paratroopers who drown in marshlands flooded by the Germans.

The same as most other pathfinders, Perotti was totally disoriented and alone. He stayed next to a hedgerow until it began just to get light.

"I started using my cricket," he said about the children's hand toy the paratroopers used to signal other paratroopers. "I heard one way up in the sky. It seemed like the sky but it was on top of a hedgerow. It was a paratrooper, hanging upside down."

Perotti climbed the hedgerow and cut the paratrooper free of his parachute. Ervin Smith fell, landing on his back, but the Texan was unharmed.

After a while, Perotti and Smith heard two other crickets. The four men to their great relief got together and then walked down a trail between hedgerows. At a T-shaped junction, they surprised three German soldiers.

"They turned around and ran back," said Perotti, "and instead of shooting or anything like that, we did the same thing back this way. So we ran, I don't know how far; seemed like miles but it wasn't."

"Then we heard a big group of Americans shooting. And we all got together and started attacking and counter attacking. Every day, every day, every day. We were getting slaughtered pretty bad."

* * * * *

The main portion of the 82nd's mission was to take and hold Ste. Mère Eglise, a town about five miles from the beach designated Utah to the arriving Fourth Infantry Division. Ste. Mère Eglise was important because it guarded causeway (raised road) exits from Utah Beach, straddled two road junctions and was a communications cable point.

The pathfinders were soon followed by gliders carrying troops, jeeps, antitank guns and even small bulldozers. Between German defensive firing and the hedgerows forcing crash landings, casualties were high. The 82nd had a 16 percent casualty rate before it even got into action.

But once it did get into action, the 82nd performed admirably. The All Americans took just one day to occupy Ste. Mère Eglise and the crucial exits from Utah Beach. Then it had to hold its positions against the counterattacking German Sixth Parachute Regiment.

This was not easy because of the chaotic situation and because a portion of the 82nd, including the 325th, was on the opposite side of the flood-broadened Merderet River, slightly more than a mile west of Ste. Mère Eglise. There the object was to gain control of two bridges and causeways across the Merderet.

This was difficult because many units were isolated. Some remained surrounded for four days and fought off German tank and artillery attacks with just hand-held weapons until relieved by troops streaming in from Utah Beach.

"Attacking, attacking and then they'd drive us back and then we'd go forward," said Perotti. "We'd gain a few hundred yards and then they'd counterattack. We just held our ground in other words."

Perotti vividly remembers an incident in the La Fiere-Cauquingy area. It typifies the esprit de corps that makes airborne divisions famous.

"Here's this colonel," said Perotti. "He's getting peppered and he was wounded already, but he's hollering, 'You're All American! You're All American! Let's go!' Boy, that pumped your blood up. For a moment you didn't care whether you got shot or not."

Perotti believes his group fought for three days before it was relieved by a tank battalion. During that time the men learned not to trust French civilians they encountered.

"They were all pro-Nazis," Perotti maintains. "They even poisoned the wine and that Calvados and schnapps. See, the Germans never bothered them; they had it made."

Perotti particularly remembers a young French woman who shot at him with a machine pistol from up in a tree in an apple orchard.

"Even the underground shot at us," said Perotti. "They knew we were Americans. They were playing both sides, you know; let's face it."

After fighting to secure the bridge at La Fiere-Cauquigny, the 325th became part of the effort to cut off the Cotentin Peninsula and thus hold the port of Cherbourg so the invading Allies could be easily resupplied. To this end the regiment moved west and engaged in a night operation to cross the Douve River.

The 325th kept moving west until on July 7, the entire regiment became a reserve force. Then on July 12 and 13, the men boarded LSTs for a trip back to England.

While in France, 200 men from the regiment were killed and there were more than 650 other casualties. The 325th earned a Presidential Unit Citation and one member, Charles N. DeGlopper, a posthumous Medal of Honor.

The 325th received no replacements during the Normandy campaign but after arriving in England began absorbing new men. Training resumed until the first part of September, 1944 when Operation Market Garden, an audacious scheme to rush into Germany through the Netherlands, began.

The Allied drive through Europe had slowed by then, hampered by long supply lines. British General Bernard Montgomery proposed dropping one British and two American airborne divisions behind enemy lines to seize bridges from Eindhoven to Arnhem and open a path for his Second Army to dash into Germany as well as gain Dutch ports. So on Sept. 17, the British 1st Airborne Division and 1st Polish Parachute Brigade jumped into Arnhem, the U.S. 82nd around Grave and Nijmegen, and the 101st Airborne near Eindhoven.

Once again, Perotti was a pathfinder for the 325th Glider Infantry.

"It was Sept. 17," said Perotti. "We were in planes headed for Holland. We'd come to beautiful fields, full of poppies and stuff you could see from the air. Gravy run, we thought. But pretty soon here it comes, boom! Shooting at you and even fighter planes coming.

"But the flak was worse than anything else. You can't hardly hear it until it explodes in front of you. You're sitting there. You don't know if you're going to get it in the head or the butt. You just want to get out of there."

Because Market Garden was such a large undertaking, there weren't enough planes to drop all the men and equipment at once. The 325th wasn't scheduled to arrive in Holland until Sept. 19, two days after the paratroopers jumped. In those two days, poor weather intervened and those still in England were fogged in until Sept. 23.

"The Germans knew we were coming but they weren't prepared for us that particular day," said Perotti of his Sept. 17 jump. "We were through them like nothing. We got the bridges and all we were supposed to.

"Then the Germans regrouped and came back down. Sort of drove us out, you know. In fact, at one point, they surrounded us. We couldn't get supplies. Finally I think part of the 101st broke through."

The 101st drove north toward the 82nd with help from British tanks headed for Arnhem. About this time, the 325th attempted to improve its position. Much action centered on the German-held Kiekber Woods. Then the 325th was asked to expand its perimeter so the British could build a bridge over the Maas-Waal Canal at Mook.

"We were always under British command," recalled Perotti of Operation Market Garden. "They're good people but strange. They come on with their tanks and even during an attack, if it was tea time, they'd stop.

"They weren't afraid; it was just their way of doing it. We couldn't get used to that kind of stuff. When we'd ask them to support us to take this little village, they'd say, well, not now."

The 325th fought in the Netherlands through October, repulsing German counterattacks for seven weeks. Then on Nov. 13, the unit



marched 18 miles through rain to trucks and then a train that took it to Sissone, a suburb of Reims, France.

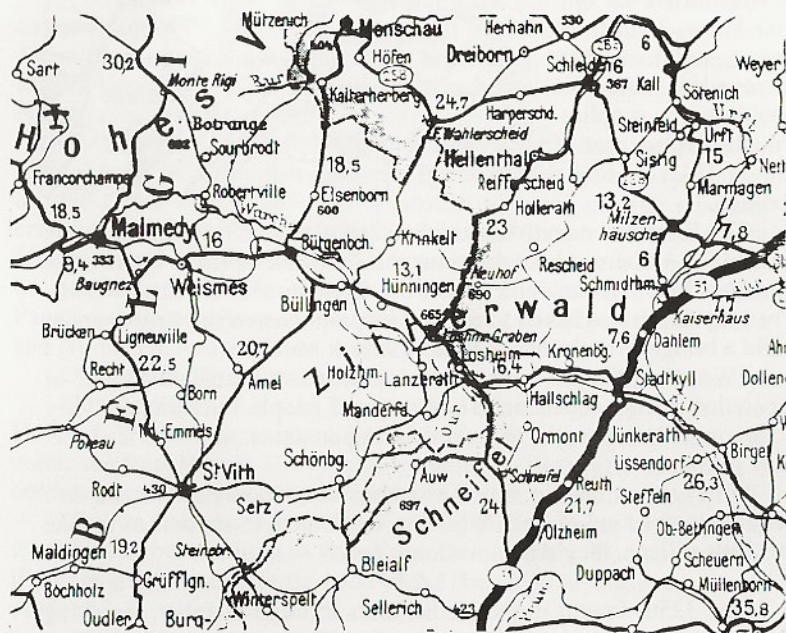
Once again the 82nd went on the reserve list to receive replacements and supplies. Many men went on leaves but this didn't prevent trouble between the 82nd and 101st, which also was resting up near Reims. The night of Dec. 16-17 saw many fights break out, but the Germans had already begun a last gasp offensive that made divisional brawls seem small.

On Dec. 16, German forces attacked through the Ardennes Forest into Belgium. As the American reserve, the 82nd and 101st were sent by truck to the region on Dec. 17-18. The 101st ended up in Bastogne, while the 82nd deployed along the northern portion of the bulge the German offensive had created in the American line.

"The MPs came in big semi-trucks and picked us up out of Reims," Perotti said. "We went to the camp, got all our gear and then they drove us through the snow. When we got there, they turned us loose up in the mountains. Where were the Germans? Nobody knew."

Even today, Perotti has no clear recollection of exactly where he was but 325th records proclaim its battalions were near Werbomont, about 20 miles south of Liege, Belgium. In 48 hours the 82nd had marshalled, moved 150 miles and established positions that allowed American units to escape the onrushing Germans in the St. Vith area.

But the 325th Regiment was stretched dangerously thin; its front was 10,000 feet long. Between Dec. 22-27, the German forces attacked this line, which undulated as attacks and counterattacks went over the same ground. The town of Joubieval exchanged hands several times.



"I had gone into this bar," recalled Perotti. "They had the American flag and even a couple of model American airplanes behind the bar. A little while later, the Germans drove us beyond that point. But then the following day, we counter attacked and took the place back. I went back to the bar and found those people didn't have time to change things. They had a German flag and German model planes behind the bar."

Just before Christmas Day, British General Montgomery received command of the northern portion of the bulge. He wanted consolidation of positions and so the 325th was ordered to begin its first-ever retreat. This accomplished, the unit regrouped in bitter cold weather and in the first days of 1945 took part in an offensive to clear the Germans out of the Salm River area. After fierce fighting, the 325th got back on Jan. 7 to the area it abandoned Christmas Eve.

Relieved three days later, the regiment moved to Pepinster, Belgium, for resupply and training that emphasized coordination with tanks. At the end of January, they returned to combat, attacking the Siegfried Line at the villages of Udenbreth and Neuhoof, near Losheim.

The training with tanks proved valuable, as armor played a vital role in the fighting that lasted into February. The 82nd Airborne's commander, Gen. James Gavin, in a commendation to the 325th characterized the Udenbreth fight as "one of the most difficult battles" the regiment fought. Fifty men of the 325th were killed and 175 wounded at Udenbreth.

On May 1, the 325th crossed the Elbe River. Here Perotti encountered surrendering Germans, learned first-hand why he was fighting and met Russian soldiers.

"We had a replacement captain and he didn't like me and I didn't like him," said Perotti. "So he ordered me and this other guy, Stanley Viaria, an Italian from the Bronx, to take this jeep with a 50-caliber gun. He says, 'You guys go up there and see if you can spot anything.'"

"We drove on these little lanes and got to a place where we looked down into this town. And these people had big fish on their shoulders and bolts of cloth. They were just looting. We couldn't spot any soldiers."

"We asked these people where the boss was. They said, 'He left 5-6 hours ago.' We kept going and came to this big field. Sure enough, there were thousands of soldiers, and they were ready to give up to us."

Soon after, the 325th occupied the town of Ludwigslust and learned why it was fighting a war. The Woebblin concentration camp was nearby.

"There were train loads, box cars, filled with bodies," said Perotti. "Big ditches dug with people already in them. What really hurt me was the little kids. These little kids had sores and you could see maggots in them. This was only a half mile from this town but these people said they didn't know this existed."

During this time, a meeting with Russian troops was anticipated. Perotti remembers guarding a bridge with a machine gun through the night.

"About four o'clock, we hear this thump coming across the bridge."

I cocked my machine gun and hollered 'Halt!' until I was blue in the face but they just kept coming.

"You could see pretty good and I knew they were Russians because that's what we were waiting for. But they were Siberians. They looked like Japanese. I was ready to start shooting.

"We couldn't understand them so we just waited there. And when daylight come, we all had three or four hand grenades hanging on. One of them reached for one of mine. No way, boy. So I pulled the pin on one and threw it into the river. A bunch of dead fish came up. All those Russians went down there, grabbed those fish and started chewing on them, raw fish.

"And then one offered me what was in his canteen — vodka. I'll tell you, they were maniacs.

"We let them take that country. We shouldn't of, because when they took Berlin, they took the kitchen sink too. By the time we got there, they were removing even the railroad tracks and taking that stuff back to Russia."

The 325th went to Berlin in July as occupation troops and participated in a victory parade.

"I'll give them credit," Perotti said of the defeated Germans. "Berlin was bombed out but they were cleaning everything up with picks and shovels. In fact at the end of the run, I liked them more than the French. You admired them because they held their heads high."

The 325th remained in Berlin until November and then departed for England and the United States. Perotti stayed with Viaria for a while but then returned to Tombstone where he got into trouble again.

"I got into a fight at the Crystal Palace with the orchestra, the whole orchestra," he admitted.

The fight turned into a brawl and Perotti ended up handcuffed to a post on Allen Street. Told to leave the county, he went to Phoenix, got a job and straightened out his life.

After a time, he went back to Tombstone and worked as a mine foreman and with local development companies. He worked for the City of Tombstone for 27 years as a policeman and as superintendent of public works. Now he's serving on the city council.

In 1989, Perotti and his wife went to England to visit a son stationed there and tour the country. Perotti visited three military cemeteries and realized the role he and others played during World War II is remembered.

"The upkeep is great and the good ole American flag is flying. Really enjoyed seeing that was done," he said. "The remembrance — it's shining. It's beautiful."

SOURCES

Oral history conducted March, 1995 with Joe Perotti. Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society library.

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JAPAN SURRENDERS: ED HUXTABLE OF DOUGLAS

By Cindy Hayostek

Many boys in early-day Douglas were car crazy but as the 1920s wore on, especially after "Lucky Lindy" flew across the Atlantic Ocean solo, their allegiance switched to airplanes.

Adults were not immune either. A group of community leaders actively promoted aviation in Douglas, giving the town many aerial firsts. As a result, many area boys grew into adults who performed aviation service during World War II. Among this group was Douglas resident Ed Huxtable.

He was the son of Edward J. Huxtable Sr., who'd been born in Hornings Mills, Toronto, Canada, on Dec. 3, 1870 to James E. and Mary (Russell) Huxtable. Huxtable, Sr. graduated from the Ontario College of Pharmacy and moved to the western United States in an attempt to control his asthma. Arriving in Douglas in 1905, he became involved in the Douglas Drug Co. and then the Owl Drug Co.

In 1910, he married Adaline White, the daughter of William C. and Martha Ann (Trotter) White. She was born and grew up in West Point, Miss., and was visiting an aunt, Mrs. Rufe Scott, near Douglas when she met Huxtable.

The couple's first child was Edward Jr. born Jan. 13, 1913 in Douglas. He grew up interested in aviation matters; a not surprising fact considering his father helped develop Douglas Airport and was an organizer of the state's first American Aeronautical Association chapter. Douglas had the first international airport in the Americas. When Huxtable, Sr. became Douglas postmaster, he was instrumental in placing Douglas on the first regularly scheduled federal airmail route.

Huxtable, Jr. was an excellent marksman and represented Arizona as part of the state's civilian high power rifle team at the National Matches held at Camp Perry, Ohio, each year.

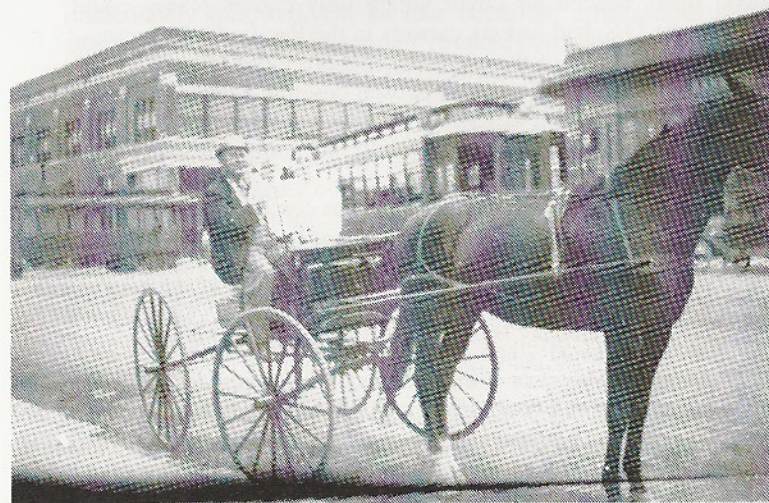
He graduated from Douglas High School in 1931 and the next year entered the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. There he was on the football and outdoor rifle teams every year until his graduation in 1936.

His first assignment was assistant navigator aboard the cruiser USS Quincy. He served a short period on the destroyer USS Truxton as torpedo officer before beginning flight training in February, 1939 in Florida.

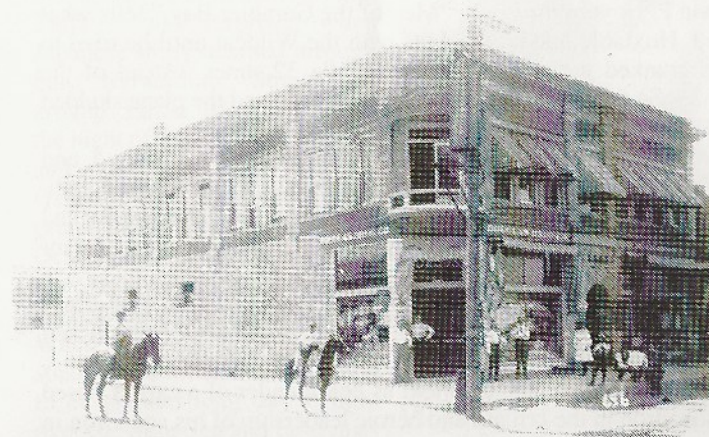
In January, 1940, he became part of the scouting squadron serving the carrier USS Ranger. This was followed by time with the USS Yorktown's anti-submarine squadron in 1941 as that carrier escorted British troop ships across the Atlantic.

Huxtable spent the next two years of World War II in Florida as an instructor with the advanced carrier training command. Then he transferred to California and assumed command of a composite squadron of planes assigned to the USS Gambier Bay.

The Gambier Bay had the designation CVE, a classification that was the result of the U.S.'s pre-war insistence on making battleships the stars of its fleets. In the early days of World War II, it was soon learned



Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Huxtable, Sr. posed with their six-month-old son, Edward Jr., in their buggy on 10th Street. The buildings behind the passing streetcars are the Bank of Douglas, right, and Phelps Dodge Mercantile. Huxtable's business, the Douglas Drug store, was to his right. (CCHAS photo)



The Douglas Drug Company building on the southeast corner of 10th Street and G Avenue housed the drug store and the Douglas Hardware Company, and on the second floor, physician J.J.P. Armstrong and dentist C.E. Rhone. E.G. Huxtable, Sr. is the man on the left hand side of the doorway. (CCHAS photo)

that naval fleets needed air cover which only carrier planes could provide. But the U.S. had just six carriers in the Pacific Ocean.

Henry Kaiser, head of the company that produced "liberty ships" at the incredible rate of one week, proposed building a small carrier to take up the slack. The first of these ships was commissioned in early 1943. During the summer of 1943, the hull of 19th escort carrier was laid.

In November this hull, built into a ship, was commissioned the USS Gambier Bay. Named after an Alaskan bay that had been named for a British naval officer, the carrier was small (the flight deck was only 480 feet long). It also was slow because of tempermental engines and lightly armed. The ship's real weapons were the 30 planes it carried.

The shortcomings of "jeep carriers" were pointed out the same month the Gambier Bay was commissioned. In November, 1943, the Liscome Bay, the second "baby flattop" built, was hit by a Japanese torpedo and sank in 15 minutes. This prompted the more cynical to come up with nicknames such as "Kaiser koffin." Veterans asked newcomers what does CVE stand for? The answer: Combustible, Vulnerable, Expendable.

VC-10, Huxtable's composite squadron (fighter and bomber planes), boarded the Gambier Bay on April 5, 1944. By the end of May, the ship was in Pearl Harbor and on June 15 saw its first action during the invasion of Saipan in the Mariana Islands.

Huxtable, then a lieutenant commander, flew the Grumman Avenger, a compact torpedo bomber. He had tried flying Grumman's Wildcat, a fighter, while still stateside but soon gave it up.

Edwin P. Hoyt in the book, "Men of the Gambier Bay," tells what happened. Huxtable had no troubles with the Wildcat until he tried to land. He cranked the wheel locking handle 32 times instead of the required 33. So the wheels retracted upon landing and the plane skidded down the runway.

Hoyt wrote, "Gasoline began spilling out of the tanks, ignited, and flames began to chase the plane. The Wildcat came to a screeching halt, with the firemen spraying furiously, and "Skipper" Huxtable got out and walked away disdainfully. 'It takes a dammed athlete to fly one of those,' he muttered as he went."

But Huxtable soon proved a torpedo bomber could perform a fighter plane's work. The citation that accompanied his Distinguished Flying Cross says:

"For extraordinary achievement as commander of a carrier based aircraft squadron in the brilliant and heroic leadership of his squadron in many attacks against ground installations and personnel in the battles for the occupation of Saipan and Tinian Islands from 15 June to 30 July 1944. In air-support of ground troops, work of a most exacting, important and dangerous nature, he demonstrated remarkable ability for cool and intelligent attack leadership.

"On one occasion his flight, against determined anti-aircraft opposition, attacked enemy guns that were severely harassing our

troops, knocking them out, and contributing directly to the advance that immediately followed. On another occasion, a hazardous low-level attack on enemy troops in a gulley resulted in particularly heavy enemy casualties. In addition to these and many other successful attacks, he, as air coordinator, directed an extremely accurate bombing attack on the Tinian landing beach which materially reduced opposition of the first invading troops, and later sent an attack against coastal guns that were firing on and damaging our naval warships and landing craft. His work at all times was conspicuously and consistently brilliant, fearless and intelligent, and contributed directly to the success of the our forces in these important operations. His actions were at all times in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."

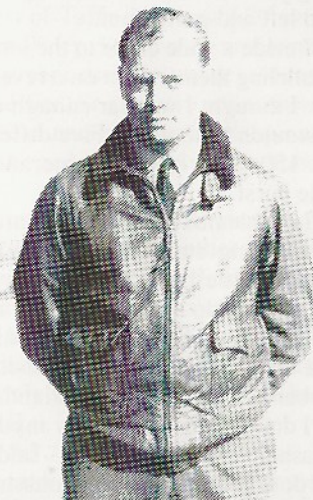
The Gambier Bay and its planes next supported the occupation of Guam and the invasion of the Palau Islands. In September, Huxtable scouted the Palalus' Ulithi Atoll alone before the Gambier Bay became the first U.S. vessel to anchor there since the war began. In mid-October, the Gambier Bay headed for the Philippines and its fate in the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

The Gambier Bay became part of Taffy 3, a 12-ship task force assigned to provide air cover for troops invading Leyte. On Oct. 24, 1944, the Gambier Bay's planes did just that in day-long missions.

That night there were indications a Japanese fleet sent to halt the Leyte landing was in the vicinity. But in the morning, Taffy 3 was surprised when Japanese ships steamed through San Bernardino Strait and around Samar Island. Mishaps the night of Oct. 24 in the hangar and on the flight deck meant the Gambier Bay's planes weren't prepared for a quick launch on Oct. 25.

At 6:30 that morning, Huxtable was in the wardroom. When "general quarters" sounded, he thought it was going to be another long day's flight over the Sulu Sea and he'd miss lunch. Determined to get at least toast and juice, he stayed in the wardroom as all the other men ran out.

The ship's personnel officer fetched him from the wardroom, Huxtable later related in an article he wrote for a 1985 issue of Shipmate, the Naval Academy Alumni Association's magazine. They ran for the flight deck and Huxtable got into his Avenger.



Lt. Cmdr. Edward J. Huxtable
(Courtesy Martha Huxtable Vickers)

"I asked Gutzwiller, my plane captain, if I had a bomb load," Huxtable wrote. "When he said no, I told him to call Borries, the air officer, over the voice tube about a load. We hadn't turned up the engines yet, and I couldn't see any use of going off without a bomb load. I saw Borries move forward to talk to Capt. [Walter] Vieweg [the ship's commander] and the captain made a sweeping motion with his arm as though to say 'Get 'em off!'"

"About this time, I heard what seemed like a big bore rifle shot next to my left ear. I looked and saw a salvo of heavy calibre stuff splashing alongside USS White Plains [another jeep carrier]. Until that instant, I had no idea the enemy was so near! I was more than ready to get on the catapult."

Moving above the overcast that had helped camouflage the Japanese approach, Huxtable decided to attack the enemy cruisers. His only weapon was less than 100 rounds in his machine guns.

"Suddenly, we broke into the clear again on the starboard side of the cruisers," said Huxtable. "They were in line and directly ahead of us. The red balls of anti-aircraft fire were coming at us in what seemed like torrents; they were passing just below us. I broke to the left and started for the after cruiser in a shallow dive doing about 190 knots. ...

"When I got within 2,000 to 3,000 yards, the anti-aircraft fire was getting just too hot. I couldn't see being a hero without a load, so I turned left and pulled out.

"I made a wide circle to the left and came in on their starboard side ... paralleling them except on a reverse course; I was watching their next move. I thought I was far enough out at about 3,000 to 4,000 yards so they wouldn't shoot me. Five different colored 5-inch bursts appeared about 150 yards ahead of me and I flew through the smoke of the middle burst."

Huxtable had survived the anti-aircraft fire of eight heavy cruisers, despite flying straight down their line. He'd then flown past four Japanese battleships, trying to give the impression he might drop a bomb or torpedo although he had none.

He radioed a course proposal to Taffy 3's commander and then called the Gambier Bay. The assistant air officer suggested he arm at Tacloban Airfield on Leyte Island.

"I doubted that there was anything at Tacloban since they had just gone ashore two days before," said Huxtable, "and thought instead we could do a good job of just harassing the Japs by making dummy runs, and this all planes did from then on, mostly on an individual basis."

Some of the other Gambier Bay bomber pilots were armed and made hits on some of the 18 Japanese ships. A Navy Department release noted several pilots didn't drop bombs on their first runs. Some made two and three runs through anti-aircraft fire to get sure shots. Afterwards they joined Huxtable in "dry" runs.

"I made a dummy run on the lead cruiser from ahead," said Huxtable. "After a while, I made another run on the starboard bow. I made pullouts with the bomb bay doors open to feign a torpedo drop.

"I flew back to our carriers and noted one of them was listing to

port and slowed. ... I thought it was White Plains ... but it was Gambier Bay"

* * * * *

The Gambier Bay was in serious trouble. With another baby flattop, the Kalinin Bay, it had been left exposed to salvos from the Japanese ships as Taffy 3 turned southeast toward Samar. At first Capt. Vieweg had been able to forecast the shooting pattern of the pursuing Japanese cruisers and battleships. But after about a half hour, the tempo increased.

Huxtable, continuing to make dummy torpedo runs at the Japanese cruisers, could only fire his .50-caliber wing guns. He watched as the American destroyers and destroyer escorts attacked the Japanese fleet pursuing the baby flattops.

"Our destroyers were taking a beating and some were afire," he noted. "They were magnificent in their actions from the very first attack and throughout the battle. Being an old destroyer man myself, I really felt for them when I saw them turn to go in on their first attack."

The destroyers Johnston and Hoel were sunk as was the destroyer escort Samuel B. Roberts. The Gambier Bay soon would share that fate.

A salvo from the battleship Yamato dropped very near the Gambier Bay. It didn't hit the ship but did smash a hole in the hull near the forward engine room. The Gambier Bay's speed dropped from 17 to 11 knots and the ship fell behind the rest of Taffy 3. It was 8:20 a.m.

Despite the harassing actions of Taffy 3's aircraft and torpedoes launched by the task force's destroyers and destroyer escorts, the Japanese ships increased their rate of fire. Soon every other salvo was damaging the Gambier Bay. A bulkhead near the forward engine room split, flooding the forward machine shop. Another salvo penetrated the starboard magazine, blowing it up.

As the shells rained down, the power failed. The helm switched to manual steering but then the pilothouse was hit. Another shell hit the engine room, sealing the Gambier Bay's fate. She was dead in the water and the Japanese ships were a mile away.

Every few seconds another shell hit the Gambier Bay. Capt. Vieweg ordered abandon ship at 8:50. Just over 20 minutes later, the Gambier Bay slid downward and became the only U.S. aircraft carrier to be sunk by naval gunfire during World War II.

* * * * *

Shortly before the Gambier Bay sank, Huxtable decided to see if he could get a bomb load at Tacloban Airport. Fighter planes low on fuel were being given priority at the Philippine base, so Huxtable led a group of torpedo planes back out to sea. About 60 miles offshore, they found their carriers but none could land planes because of extensive damage. So the planes again turned toward land.

Soon after they left the second time, a bomb-laden kamikaze that had taken off from Japanese-held Philippines territory, slammed into the St. Lo. The baby flattop shook with explosions and sank. But as the day wore on, five Japanese cruisers and the fleet's flagship were also damaged. Worried because he knew another American fleet was nearby

and harried by the destroyers and escort carrier planes, the Japanese fleet commander ordered retirement.

For American sailors now in life rafts or clinging to flotsam, the sight of their airplanes harassing the Japanese fleet was heartening. It was the only heartening thing some would see for the next three days. The sailors fought sharks, thirst and exhaustion before a rescue team found them. Some of Gambier Bay's crew were rescued after 40 hours in the water; others not until 72 hours had passed.

The men were taken to the Philippines and then placed on ships to go back to the United States. Of the 950 men on board the Gambier Bay after its planes took off, only about 700 were rescued.

Huxtable didn't know the Gambier Bay had sunk until late that day. He finally landed at an airstrip called Dulag. No bombs were available but there was fuel. Around 3 p.m., he led his planes back to the Leyte Gulf and found only four carriers. As before, none could land planes and so Huxtable and his squadron went back to Dulag where the fate of the Gambier Bay was confirmed.

The next day, Huxtable said, "we took off with orders to go back to our fleet We broke up into groups; three of us landed aboard Kalinin Bay. From there, we went on back to Eniwetok [Island], where we gathered again. All of our squadron personnel were in clothes that we left the ship in, so we were sort of a sorry looking outfit."

After a few days at Eniwetok, Huxtable's men were assigned to go back to the United States on the carrier Belleau Woods. During that time, the first steps were taken for the Philippine government to give the Gambier Bay a unit citation and for the U.S. government to award Huxtable a Silver Star.



VC-10 Commander, Ed Huxtable
(Courtesy Martha Huxtable Vickers)

Huxtable's citation says: "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as squadron commander of Composite Squadron 10, attached to the USS Gambier Bay in action against enemy Japanese forces in the Battle off Samar, Philippine Islands, on Oct. 25, 1944. Organizing and leading the early morning attack against enemy surface units which were shelling our escort carriers, Cmdr. (then Lt. Cmdr.) Huxtable pressed home repeated attacks against heavy cruisers and, although he had been launched without bombs, flew at extremely low altitude to divert intense antiaircraft fire from the planes he was directing. His leadership, courage and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Early the next year, Adm. C.A.F. Sprague, commander of Taffy 3, wrote about the battle for American magazine. He said, "For two hours, without so much as a machine gun bullet to fight with. Lt. Cmdr. Edward J. Huxtable, USN, glided his Avenger through the flak to make dry runs on enemy capital ships, once flying down a line of eight enemy cruisers to divert their course and throw off their firing for a few precious minutes."

In Oxnard, Calif., Huxtable reformed VC-10, which was assigned to the USS Fanshaw Bay. Then Huxtable and his squadron went out into the Pacific for another tour of duty.

On Aug. 31, 1945, the Fanshaw Bay became the first aircraft carrier to drop anchor in Japanese homeland waters. On Sept. 10, Huxtable and his wingman flew to Tokyo to deliver surrender papers to the Japanese Northern Army. This was the final military action of Fanshaw Bay and VC-10 in World War II.

On Sept. 30, 1945 in Alameda, Calif., VC-10 was decommissioned. Huxtable's tenure as its commander was the longest of any CVE unit in U.S. Naval history.

In January, 1946, Huxtable reported to Virginia's Norfolk Naval Station. He was promoted to captain before retiring from active service in 1949 and returning to Arizona.

There he worked in the Phelps Dodge smelter in the assay office, was a crop duster and later taught algebra and geometry at Douglas High School. He also was a flight instructor at Douglas Municipal Airport, which his father helped found two decades before.

Huxtable died Oct. 31, 1985 at his Douglas home. The next year the surviving members of VC-10 decided upon a memorial for their captain. An elaborate plaque was placed on board the USS Yorktown, moored at Patriot's Point in Charleston, S.C.

A number of Huxtable's men contributed memories of him then. Here are two.

Jesse Holleman wrote: "As you all know, I was severely burned when my plane was shot down in Saipan and burst into flames as it hit the water. I was sent back to the naval hospital in San Diego. ...

"I was in pretty bad shape and was sitting on the edge of my

hospital bed with the nurse massaging my legs trying to get the blood to circulate, when the door opened and there was Hux smiling at me. I hadn't walked a step up to this time, but I got up and walked halfway across that room to him. After all he and the squadron had gone through in the Battle of Leyte, the first thing he did upon reaching the U.S. was to come to the hospital to see me. I never forgot that. I know a part of Hux will always be with each one of us."

John G. Holland wrote: "I was Hux's personnel officer. There were just two of us non-flying officers in the squadron — myself and Vereen Bell, the air combat intelligence officer, who was an author in his own right having written several books. ...

"Ours was a unique friendship for we were older than those pilots who were 19, 20, 21 years of age. We were almost the same age and in our early 30s. ...

"There was an amazing quality in Hux that was not to be found in other officers, particularly Annapolis grads. ... He was unique in his relationship with his men. They came to respect, admire and love him then and they continue to do so now."

Holland remembered clinging to a floating plank with Bell after the Gambier Bay sank.

"I had sighted some of our men and swam over to where they were to see how they were," said Holland. "When I returned, Bell had let go and was gone. He had been close to Hux and Hux never got over losing Bell or others of his men. He truly loved those men like sons."

● Holland quoted Huxtable at the dedication ceremony. He shared the last pages of Huxtable's autobiography. Huxtable wrote:

"It was an honor and a privilege to have the command of such a wonderful group of men as these, both officers and enlisted, men.

"The proudest satisfaction of both cruises that I could feel was that in the second squadron we did not lose a man.

"To those that we did lose in the first squadron, I would like to quote from James Whitcomb Riley --

'I cannot say, and I will not say, that he is dead,

'He is just away, with a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,

'He wandered into an unknown land.'

"I feel very deeply," Huxtable wrote, "the loss of all my men and I feel sometime, somewhere, we will meet again. My feeling is that God will let us be together again."

SOURCES

Tribute speech given by John G. Holland and other material provided by Martha Huxtable Vickers.

"A Day at the Races" by Edward J. Huxtable, Jr., Shipmate, October, 1985.

"The Men of the Gambier Bay" by Edwin P. Hoyt, Paul S. Eriksson, publisher, 1979.

War record of Composite Squadron 10 and other material provided

by U.S. Naval Academy, William W. Jeffries Memorial Archives.

Daily Dispatch, Douglas, May 9, 1937; March 9, 1945; Aug. 30, 1945.

Letters

Dear Editor:

Recently I have read and re-read some Cochise Quarterlies as well as other publications which I saved during the past several years. There are two points which may be of interest. For the record:

1. "Historic Douglas — Its First 75 Years and a Few Before" by Ervin Bond talks about librarians. Mrs. R.L. (Mary L.) Gibson, my mother, was the first librarian of the Copper Queen Library. Later it was moved from the site of the present post office to its present site and renamed Douglas Public Library.

2. The longest telegram transmitted by Western Union up until 1926 was received in the Douglas office for Aimee Semple McPherson the last week of June, 1926. This supplements information in the Autumn, 1994 Cochise Quarterly.

Western Union telegrams for Aimee from well wishers when she was hospitalized in Douglas after her reappearance monopolized the Western Union equipment.

In May, 1926, I was hired as a messenger boy by the Douglas office of Western Union. I had graduated from eighth grade at Grammar School that same month. My job was delivering telegrams for Western Union on my bicycle.

The Western Union office at that time was located on 10th Street, west of First National Bank, between G and H avenues facing north, as I recall.

Charles K. Gibson
Sun City

Reviews

By Cindy Hayostek

The Story of Dos Cabezas by Phyllis de la Garza, Westernlore Press, PO Box 35305, Tucson, AZ 85740; 202 pages, numerous photographs, map, \$26.95.

The distinctive twin peaks of Dos Cabezas can be seen from most locations in northern Cochise County. The town of Dos Cabezas, at the foot of the twin peaks, is the subject of this interesting book.

First known as Ewell Springs when it was a stop on transportation routes in the mid-1800s, Dos Cabezas became a boom town about 1880 after gold was discovered. In addition to miners, the area attracted ranchers and Dos Cabezas became home to ordinary folk and some not-so-ordinary people.

One of the latter was a woman known to area residents as Mrs. Cummings, housekeeper for miner Jack Howard. Mrs. Cummings didn't talk much about herself but if she had, she would have caused quite a stir because she'd previously been known as Big Nose Kate, companion to Doc Halliday of Tombstone fame. She lived in Dos Cabezas from 1900 until 1930.

Another out-of-the-ordinary person to live in Dos Cabezas was T.N. McCauley. In the early 1900s, he organized the Mascot Copper Co. Mining equipment was hauled in and a railroad built. Over 4,000 people called Dos Cabezas home shortly after World War I.

But the foundation of the Mascot Copper Co. was almost nonexistent. The Mascot was a stock swindle of enormous proportions. Relatively little ore left the mine and McCauley reorganized the Mascot into the Central Copper Co. By the late

1920s, this company was in deep financial trouble and Dos Cabezas was on its way toward becoming a ghost town.

During the late 1950s, there were only a dozen families living in the town. But another 25 years later, they were still enough people around for de la Garza and the book's photographer, Carol Wien, to interview about the place. These interviews provide the book's core, amply supplemented by printed sources.

Mention must be made of the appendices. One listing cemetery records is valuable to genealogists. It is a thoughtful touch for which Willcox resident de la Garza and Dos Cabezas native Wien deserve praise.

— Cindy Hayostek