

ckmore dropped her husband on for pre-dawn duty on the Navy tug Koonanqua.

"This is the quietest place I've ever seen," she said to the shadows.

Thus Pearl Harbor on the early hours of Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941.

America's "Gibraltar of the Pacific" was sleeping.

Washington was sleeping.

But 220 miles due north of Honolulu, the fliers of kido butai — the six-carrier Japanese "Striking Force" — were wide awake, finishing a ceremonial breakfast of red rice and red snapper before they reached for infamy.

After 50 years of hindsight, the most surprising thing about the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor is that it was a surprise, at all. Americans had been reading Japan's ultrase-

ders that war was only days if not hours away.

But in their overconfidence and amid a blizzard of conflicting signals and code intercepts, few if any Americans thought anything made in Japan — whose products were disdained as synonymous with tin — would be audacious enough to strike at Pearl Harbor.

Actually, the first shots that Sunday in Hawaii were from the U.S. destroyer Ward. Her skipper of but two days, Lt. William Outerbridge, radioed at 0651 that his ship had fired on a submarine in forbidden waters off the mouth of the huge naval base.

At 0700, a plane on patrol around Pearl reported — in code, despite orders to signal in plain text in an emergency — that it had sunk

down, he said, torpeding a submarine with his Army counterpart, Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short.

There had been another epiphany. At Kahuku Point on the northern tip of Oahu, Pys. Joseph L. Lockard and George E. Elliott had been on duty since 4 a.m., familiarizing themselves with a new marvel that could "see" 130 miles to sea — radar. (The National Park Service and Hawaii's governor had vetoed placing the new sets on high ground lest they mar the landscape). At 0702 Elliott saw "something completely out of the ordinary" on the screen, a huge blip, due north, 137 miles out.

Control at Fort Shafter told them it was a flight of B-17 Flying Fortresses due in from California.

disappeared behind Oahu's mountains. The soldiers closed up to get some breakfast.

In Washington military leaders and code breakers waited for the last part of a 14-part message Tokyo began sending to its two negotiators the day before. The last section came in early that Sunday morning. It broke off peace negotiations but did not declare war in so many words.

The intent, however, was clear. War. Imminently.

The message was to be delivered to Secretary of State Cordell Hull by 1300 Washington time, 0730 in Hawaii. But it was delayed over an hour due to an inefficient typist at the Japanese Embassy. (Thus war came from Japan, as it

been sighted elsewhere there would be other strikes against the Philippines, Guam, even Wake and Midway islands. But certainly not Pearl Harbor. Unthinkable.

Nonetheless Short was sent a warning — by commercial telegraph so the Japanese wouldn't suspect their code had been broken. It wasn't even marked "urgent."

Meanwhile, on Battleship Row at Pearl, Seaman Leslie Short clambered up to a foretop machine-gun station on the Maryland to address Christmas cards. At 0755, the battleship Nevada's band watched the "P" for "prep" flag rise over the sub base water tank and got ready for the 0800 rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

bombers. "The Russians must have a carrier visiting us," he said.

Cmdr. Logan Ramsey saw a plane diving at Ford Island in the middle of the harbor. He thought it was some hotshot "flahtating" until he saw a bomb explode. He grabbed a mike: "Air raid Pearl Harbor! This is no drill!"

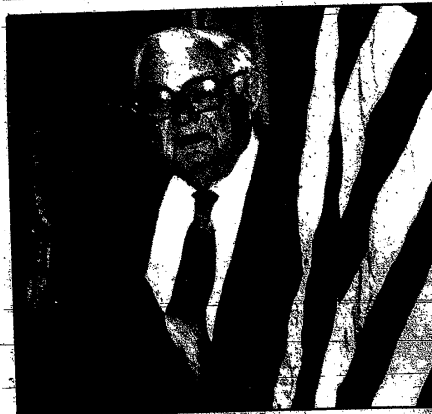
Many thought a first some pilot would catch hell for dropping live ammo all over the place. The truth was not long in dawning. Fireman Charles Leahey was easing himself in the head of the destroyer tender Dobbin when Waterman Samuel Cucuk hollered at him: "You better cut that short, Charley. The Japs are here!"

Continued on B-1

Pearl Harbor attacked

December 7, 1941

'A date which will live in infamy': Pres. Roosevelt



Major General (ret) George Bush, 1991

At least six Gallia County natives were in Hawaii at the time of the Dec. 7, 1941, sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. They were: Major (later Major General) George Bush, his wife Helen, and daughter Jane; Corporal Fred Lawrence; his wife, nurse Dorothy Crockett and the Reverend (then sergeant) W. E. Curfman. Two other Pearl Harbor survivors, Ray Boone and Oren Kyger, moved to Gallia County after the war.

The following, detailing the exploits of three of them, is from material submitted by retired Major General George E. Bush of Gallipolis and will be printed in three installments.

I am retired U.S. Army Major General George E. Bush. I was a 36-year-old major Dec. 7, 1941, commanding the 3d Battalion, 27th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division, in Hawaii, when the Japanese attack came.

The following account tells of my recollections of the Pearl Harbor experience and for a year or so afterward.

This is in response to my daughters' and granddaughters' requests.

Some background.

In July, 1940, I was a captain in the Army assigned to the 27th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division, stationed on the island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, at

"I saw the plane that buzzed us... had a red dot on each wing... My immediate reaction was one of complete disbelief. I refused to realize that we were at war and that the plane was Japanese."

Schofield Barracks (a large Army Post near the center of Oahu, about 20 miles inland from Pearl Harbor). I lived in a set of quarters with my wife, Helen, and nine-year-old daughter, Jane, just a block away from the soldiers' barracks. There was an Army Air Corps fighter base, Wheeler Field, about a thousand yards from where we lived.

For about a year after we arrived in Hawaii, I was a company commander, commanding about 150 men. Several months before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Gen. Short, commanding general of the Hawaiian Department, held frequent alerts at all hours, day and night.

Every unit in the Hawaiian Department had precise instructions as to its combat mission and knew exactly where its battle sta-

tions were. They also knew what supplies and combat gear would be needed. This alert gear was stored in one place in each unit's store rooms.

Trucks were assigned to each unit, and a loading plan was prepared so the supply personnel would know exactly what went on each truck, and where it was loaded. We had alerts a hundred times or more and were very efficient in getting to our battle stations and organizing our defensive positions.

My battalion was assigned to defend a stretch of seacoast about four miles along the Ft. Kamehameha peninsula shoreline between the entrance of Pearl Harbor on the west, and the Honolulu Harbor entrance on the east.

The raid comes

The Japanese air raid attacking Pearl Harbor came at 7:55 a.m. on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941. At the same time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, they also attacked Hickam Field (a large Army Air Corps bomber base), right next to Pearl Harbor, Wheeler Field (mentioned earlier) and Bellows Field, a Marine Corps Air Base a short distance west of Pearl Harbor.

At 7:55 a.m. on Dec. 7, 1941, I was just waking up and wandering what I would have for breakfast, when an airplane, flying at tree-top level, came zooming over our quarters.

I jumped out of bed yelling something like, "Those darn pilots.

If the authorities don't stop them from buzzing us, they are going to kill themselves and a lot of innocent others." I said that because young pilots from Wheeler Field had buzzed us before.

I then looked out the window and saw the plane that buzzed us was turning around and I could see that it had a red dot on each wing, the mark of a Japanese plane.

My immediate reaction was one of complete disbelief. I refused to realize that we were at war and that the plane was Japanese. I even tried to explain to my wife that Gen. Short, our commanding general, was very clever to make things seem more realistic — that he had even had our planes put red dots on their wings to make them appear to be Japanese. That explanation did not last very long, however, because almost immediately we heard the loud thud of exploding bombs at Wheeler Field and I could look toward Wheeler Field from our back door and see the dark dust clouds rising over Wheeler Field.

I came to the certain realization that we were at war.

Strafing bullets

All my combat gear was stored in one spot at our quarters, so I quickly started getting dressed and ready to rush to the barracks area where my battalion was already loading trucks to go to our battle stations.

Continued on B-1

Continued from A-1

One of the Nevada's musicians finished the national anthem under strafing and torpedo attack and then shoved his casket into an ammo hoist in his excitement. On the destroyer Monaghan, Boatswain's Mate Thomas Donahue scanned the uproar quizzically. "Hell, I didn't even know they were mad at us."

Others made a swift transition from a Sabbath day of rest to America's first day of World War II. "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," exhorted Chaplain Howell Forgy on the cruiser New Orleans, helping load antiaircraft guns.

The most murderous hit came at about 0810 when an armor-piercing bomb crashed through the battleship Arizona's deck near No. 2 turret and exploded in a fuel tank. Seven seconds later 1.7 million pounds of gunpowder blew up, killing more than 1,000 of her crew.

"Looks like they've got Oklahoma," said a Navy wife as the Oklahoma turned turtle. "Yes, I see they have," said her stunned neighbor, Adm. Kimmel. (Later a spent bullet hit him in the chest, smudging his white uniform. "It would have been better if it had killed me," he said.)

Scapj Short dropped his Christmas cards and began firing. A deck officer threw potatoes at the planes in frustration. At Schofield Bar-

racks all the mules were let out to give them a fighting chance on their own. In the flaming ruin of Hickam Field a phone rang persistently. The caller wanted to know what all the noise was about.

P-40 pilots George Welsh and Ken Taylor had been up all night playing poker after coming over from the Haleiwa fighter strip for a dance. With Taylor still wearing tuxedo pants, they got their fighters airborne and shot down seven Japanese planes before they were through.

But the eight dreadnaughts on Battleship Row were sitting ducks for the new shallow-diving torpedoes. So were the U.S. planes. Short had unwisely grouped them in clusters without ammo or fuel for fear of sabotage — unwarranted, as it turned out — by Hawaii's 160,000 inhabitants of Japanese descent.

One of them, Daniel Inouye, a senior at McKinley High School, looked skyward as he furiously pedaled his bike to help at an aid station. "You dirty Japs!" exclaimed the future U.S. senator.

The first wave of 183 attack planes ravaged Pearl Harbor for half an hour. Word reached the White House at about the same time as Arizona blew up. Roosevelt told Hull just before the Japanese peace negotiators arrived with their message. The mountaineer diplomat from Tennessee dealt with them with icy fury. "Scoundrels! Pissants!" he muttered as they

bowed out with no one to shake their hands.

News of the attack was an unforgettable thunderclap to millions of Americans. America First isolationists became instant patriots. One of the few Japanese to oppose the attack, Adm. Takijiro Onishi, predicted the ambush raid on Pearl Harbor would make Americans "insanely mad."

Many Americans couldn't believe the first flashes from Oahu. At Pendleton Army Air Base in Oregon, Pfc. Ross Sheldon was a doubter until someone told him civilians downtown were standing servicemen free drinks. "That clinches it," he said.

A second wave struck another body blow from 0915 to 0945. Of the approximately 90 U.S. warships in port — fortuitously, none of the Pacific Fleet's three carriers was there — 18 were sunk or heavily

ships; 188 planes were destroyed, 2,403 military personnel and civilians killed. Among them were victims of trigger-happy sentries who shot at anything that moved in fear of imminent invasion. One civilian was shot dead reaching through a fence to retrieve his hat that had blown off.

The last flir back to the carriers was Cmdr. Mitsuo Fuchida, the attack leader. He and others pleaded with Adm. Chuichi Nagumo, commander of Kido butai, to press further attacks, particularly on the untouched oil depots without which the surviving U.S. warships would have been useless. Nagumo, always lukewarm about the high-risk plan, was adamant and turned homeward.

Back in Japan Adm. Isoroku Yamamoto had been monitoring the progress of his brainchild. An

attack to cripple the U.S. fleet and protect Japan's flank while it seized the oil and rubber of Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

A Harvard graduate who knew America's potential strength firsthand, Yamamoto had no illusions about the outcome of a war with an industrial colossus. But he was a lifelong gambler who also saw more to win in honorable defeat than in survival under the supposed domination of the United States. (His pilots felt the same way. They flew to Pearl Harbor without parachutes, believing more in death in honor of Emperor Hirohito than survival via cords and woven fabric.)

Yamamoto called Nagumo's timidity "second-class thinking." In terms of his passion for bridge, he described the attack results as "a small slam, barely made."

MacArthur's Philippine air force. Ten hours after Pearl Harbor the planes were still spotted as neatly as bowling pins at Clark Field in perfect target formation for Japanese attackers.

"Whatthehell!" roared Air Force Commander Lt. Gen. Henry H. "Hap" Arnold when he learned of this second Pearl Harbor.

The moon rose over the carnage of the real Pearl Harbor after midnight that Sunday. Those still up saw a lunar rainbow through the smoke of the day's battle. By ancient Hawaiian tradition it signalled approaching victory.

It did, indeed, in time. Adm. Onishi had been dead right. Pearl Harbor, as perhaps nothing else could have, made Americans fighting mad.

All of them.

Gallia native recalls surprise attack...

Continued from A-1

While I was dressing and getting into my combat gear, I heard our nine-year-old daughter, Jane, talking excitedly to Aileen, our Japanese-American maid. Aileen was a strictly loyal American citizen and was furious at the Japanese for this sneak attack. They were out in our back yard looking down toward Wheeler Field, not realizing that some of the Japanese strafing bullets were cracking through the tops of the eucalyptus trees nearby.

My wife and I got them to a covered spot where the foundation stones of our quarters were between them and Wheeler Field.

Then I finished dressing and, after a hasty good-bye to my wife and daughter, I proceeded on foot to my battalion's barracks area. On the way, I took cover three times from Japanese strafing bullets. When I got to the barracks, I learned that one of my soldiers had come to a window to see what was going on and had put his arm up on the window casing in the barracks and a strafing bullet pierced the fleshy part of his arm. It wasn't a serious wound. Nevertheless, it entitled him to a Purple Heart.

Loading preparations were going perfectly at the barracks. As soon as his trucks were loaded, each company commander took his company to its battle stations and

started them to settle in and organize their positions.

After my companies had left Schofield Barracks, several of my battalion staff went to my battalion's combat command post and started putting in communications and other requirements needed to make the command post operational.

I couldn't leave Schofield barracks then, however, because I had to visit my regimental headquarters and arrange for one of my rifle companies to be relieved from an anti-sabotage mission they were performing by guarding key bridges between Schofield Barracks and Honolulu. This was an added mission which Gen. Short had instituted many months earlier as a precautionary measure. It was about 10:30 a.m. when my driver and I departed Schofield Barracks in my command car en route to my battle station. At that time, the second and final air raid had already happened so there was no enemy action going on. There was plenty of evidence of destruction, however. My route from Schofield Barracks to Honolulu took me past Wheeler Field, where fires were still burning in hangars and other buildings, as well as burning planes and other vehicles dispersed about the runway. All planes at Wheeler Field had been destroyed. The sight of this destruction was so vivid and deplorable, I felt nauseated and

helpless to do anything.

I knew we would prevail. I heard later of a distressing fact that when the attack came, a large number of airmen were having breakfast in their mess hall when it got hit by a Japanese bomb and a high number of casualties resulted. (I eventually learned that about 35 people had been killed by the blast). Emergency crews were on hand in force, treating the wounded and evacuating them. I felt a very distressing feeling, but far from a hopeless one, because I knew absolutely that we would prevail ultimately.

I also heard later of the heroic exploits of U.S. Army Air Corps Pilot Second Lieutenant George Welsh, whose P-40 aircraft had been deployed a couple of days earlier to an emergency field near the north shore, about 10 miles away. Lt. Welsh and Second Lieutenant Kenneth Taylor, both having just come back from a night on the town, drove to the emergency field and armed their P-40s and engaged enemy planes. Between the both of them, they shot down seven enemy planes with Welsh getting four of them. Welsh later died flying America's first supersonic fighter, the F-100 Super Sabre.

On our way down to our battle stations from Schofield Barracks, my driver and I saw little to alarm

us because enemy activity had disappeared by then, and yet, when a low-flying plane we couldn't identify, came flying low, we stopped the car and sought shelter in a ditch. It was not an enemy plane, but we didn't want to take any chances.

Views destruction

Where the highway came down near the Middle Loch of Pearl Harbor, I had my first glimpse of the devastation of the Pearl Harbor attack. The destruction at Wheeler Field seemed small compared to the huge columns of billowing black smoke over a large area of the harbor, with occasional glimpses of fire-balls from newly reached explosives. Talk about a sick feeling, I had it again, only more so. I can't describe it. I know one thing it did besides making me nauseated. It strengthened my resolve — if it had room for any more strengthening — to settle the score in full measure and many times over. I think that Hawaiian attack on Pearl Harbor, Hickam Wheeler and Bellows Fields, and all the other installations in Hawaii, brought America to an immediate resolve and cemented a bond of the American people for unlimited outstanding support for what was needed to win victories in both Europe and the Pacific.

To be continued



Major George Bush in 1941

Gallia Daily Tribune Dec. 9, 1991 p.1 col. 1-2,3 (top)



HOW TRIBUNE'S PAGE 1 LOOKED 50 YEARS AGO - This is how page one of the Gallia Daily Tribune looked 50 years ago, one day after Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Pearl Harbor: One day after the sneak attack

At least six Gallia County natives were in Hawaii at the time of the Dec. 7, 1941, sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. They were: Major (later Major General) George Bush, his wife Helen, and daughter Jane; Corporal Fred Lawrence Dickey; nurse Dorothy Crockett and the Reverend (then sergeant) W. E. Curfman. Two other Pearl Harbor survivors, Ray Boone and Oren Kyger, moved to Gallia County after the war.

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Part two
We proceeded on and came to the village of Aiea where the highway came close to Pearl Harbor and where a dock had been established years before. One of the most continuing and disturbing recollections which I have of the Pearl Harbor attack comes from seeing stacks of wooden coffins stacked on that dock. Again, I felt helpless at the sight. All I could think of was "God bless Their souls."

Continuing on beyond Aiea, I drove directly to my command post in a sugar-cane field just about two miles back from the center of our battle positions. At the command post everything was in order, so I proceeded to "troop the line." I visited my front units and checked a multitude of defensive needs.

To get to the right or west sector of our frontage, I had to travel

"As much as I hated this sneak attack... I had no feeling of deep hatred for this (dead Japanese pilot). I think that feeling prevailed with me throughout the war."

shot down and had smashed into the brick building housing the ice plant for Fort Kamehameha. Our local commanders had already reported the fact that a Japanese plane was wrecked and located at the ice plant. As I passed it, I decided to investigate it, so I got out and went over to have a look. There, in the cockpit was a Japanese pilot. He was dead. He was killed either by anti-aircraft machine gun fire or by the impact of his plane against the brick walls of the ice plant. Anyhow, there he was. The first Japanese casualty whom I had seen. The ultimate number would grow into the thousands. The dead pilot seemed to be a tall person. His crumpled body showed gangly legs and I am sure that he must have been about six feet tall. My reaction was: "How tall this pilot seems to be. I thought all Japanese were short people." As much as I hated the sneak attack by the Japanese government, I had no feeling of deep hatred for this Japanese person. I think that feeling prevailed with me throughout the war. I gloried in our victories at

that the staff reported numerous instances received of suspected enemy sabotage. A sighting or two also reported seeing parachutists coming in to sabotage a facility or other defense operations. We had responded in each case with a patrol (usually in vehicles) and found no evidence of Japanese sabotage. These reports lasted and continued for several days. We investigated each report. As I recall, we didn't have a single incident of sabotage which was confirmed.

Getting back to my command post, I was tired. I had a bad headache. I hadn't eaten my breakfast yet. I was concerned as to whether the enemy might try an invasion of Oahu. I didn't think they could, but I always gave the enemy the benefit of the doubt until he was proven different.

A "fireworks" display
At about 9 p.m., it was dark and what I learned later was a friendly plane could be heard as it neared Pearl Harbor. Apparently, his IFF (Information Friend or Foe) was not working so our anti-aircraft crews couldn't tell that he was friendly. Everyone was trigger-happy anyway and so when one anti-aircraft gun opened up there were hundreds of other ones which joined in and there were lots of tracer ammunition fired. I never have seen such a display of fireworks. That poor American pilot didn't stand a chance. He was shot down.

At the same time I was watching the fireworks display from my command post, my wife and Jane and Aileen and a bus full of dependents were watching the same display from Aiea. The bus driver was

No smoking in area hospital

The three hospitals in Gallia, Meigs and Mason Counties have joined together in a united effort to preserve and maintain a healthy, safe and smoke-free environment for their patients, employees, medical staff members, volunteers and the public, according to a collective announcement made today by their chief executives.

Charles L. Adkins, Jr., chief executive officer of the Holzer Medical Center in Gallipolis; W. Scott Lucas, administrator of Veterans Memorial Hospital in Pomeroy; and Michael G. Sellards, executive director of Pleasant Valley Hospital in Point Pleasant, W. Va., have jointly assumed a leadership role in the tri-county area, consistent with each hospital's responsibility to safeguard the health of those they serve.

In making this three-way announcement concerning each individual hospital becoming smoke-free as of Jan. 1, 1992, they pointed out that according to the U.S. Surgeon General and the Secretary of Health and Human Services, smoking is considered to be the single most preventable, environmental factor contributing to illness, disability and death in the United States.

Acknowledging that the use of tobacco products is both a health and safety hazard, the three hospitals have consolidated their effort to provide a smoke-free environment within each of the institutions.

All three administrators recognize that becoming smoke-free may create a difficulty for patients, employees, medical staff, volunteers and visitors who are long-term tobacco users.

As has been pointed out nationwide, smoke-free policies are sweeping the country. Healthcare institutions are natural leaders in this movement, because smoking—the nation's leading preventable cause of death—is inherently at



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Continuing on beyond Aiea, I drove directly to my command post in a sugar-cane field just about two miles back from the center of our battle positions. At the command post everything was in order, so I proceeded to "drop the line." I visited my front units and checked a multitude of defensive needs.

To get to the right or west sector of our frontage, I had to travel through Hickam Field and enter Ft. Kam (we usually called it Ft. Kam instead of Ft. Kamehameha). As we entered the Hickam Field area, we knew its hangars and planes had been destroyed, but where we drove, there were mostly quarters where destruction had been slight. I did see, however, the results of a direct hit on their base exchange with all sorts of clothing, food, toys, household supplies and accessories scattered over a large area. I didn't see the devastation at Hickam Field such as we saw at Wheeler Field and Pearl Harbor, but I know it was there just the same. We just didn't drive near it. We entered Ft. Kamehameha near the entrance to Pearl Harbor and worked eastward along the peninsula toward the entrance to Honolulu Harbor inspecting the beach positions which the units of my battalion had prepared. We checked such things as communications, fields of fire, crossfires, ammunition supply, water supply, rations, fuel, and camouflage at each position. As I finished at one position, I would move on to the next. It was a slow process.

A downed 'Zero'

While checking the battle stations along the line, I had a very unusual experience. A Japanese fighter aircraft, a Zero, had been

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shot down and had smashed into the brick building housing the ice plant for Fort Kamehameha. Our local commanders had already reported the fact that a Japanese plane was wrecked and located at the ice plant. As I passed it, I decided to investigate it, so I got out and went over to have a look.

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Anyhow, I knew this crashed pilot had been reported and I knew those who deal in such matters had been informed, so I proceeded on my way along the beach positions. It went slowly.

Sabotage reports

By dusk, I had finished and returned to my command post. I found things fairly normal except

that the staff reported numerous instances received of suspected enemy sabotage. A sighting or two also reported seeing parachutists coming in to sabotage a facility or other defense operations. We had responded in each case with a patrol (usually in vehicles) and found no evidence of Japanese sabotage. These reports lasted and continued for several days. We investigated each report. As I recall, we didn't have a single incident of sabotage which was confirmed.

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At the same time I was watching the fireworks display from my command post, my wife and Jane and Aileen and a bus full of dependents were watching the same display from Aiea. The bus driver was bringing the dependents from Schofield Barracks down to Honolulu, but during the intense firing of the anti-aircraft display, he stopped the bus. My wife told me later about her day. She had been at our quarters when I told her and Jane good-bye. That was about 8:10 a.m. I told her she would be getting instructions soon and to do whatever they told her to do. She told me later that she, Jane and Aileen stayed in our quarters for an hour or more before a soldier came by and directed them to go to the 27th Inf. barracks area and await instructions. Those who wanted food were fed at the restaurant. In the early afternoon they were told they could return to their quarters and await further instructions. They went back and Helen packed up a small case with toilet articles and emergency supplies and they got out some warm clothing.

At about 8 p.m. they were told to go to the barracks again. There were three busses there for them to ride in to Honolulu. This was a change in the plan because the original plan was for the dependents to be evacuated over Koloa Pass to the north shore. Instead, they were told that they would go to a schoolhouse in Honolulu. They were on their way there when they came to Aiea just as the

Continued on A-6

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JOLLY OLE FELLOW - Last, but certainly not least, Santa brought up the rear Saturday night during the annual Gallipolis Retail Merchants Association Christmas parade. St. N waved and wished everyone a Merry Christm

Christmas parade winners named

The following were award winners during the annual Gallipolis Retail Merchants Christmas Parade Saturday night:

Best Decorated Bike: Ernie McKinney

Best Baton Group: Super Strutters

Best Old Car: 1964 Pontiac, Joe Hively

Best Theme Pick-up Truck: Kyger Creek High School FHA

Best Overall Float: Whiz Kids

Most Original Float: SADD

Merchants Award: Space Age Pioneers

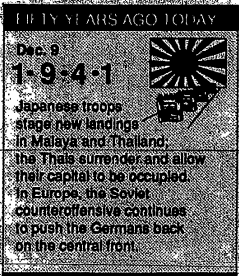
Most Religious: Good News Baptist Church

Best Walking Unit: Kyger Creek High School Marching Band

Judge's Special Award: Gallia Academy High School Marching Band



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Dec 9, 1991

Gallipolis, Ohio

Pearl Harbor... Continued from A-1

was plenty of floor space to sleep on, but no cots. The Red Cross, however, handed out blankets to each person. The blankets were provided by the Liberty House Department Store and other stores.

Looking for ships

Back at my Command Post, things quieted down and I laid on my bedding roll in the open, but couldn't sleep. About 4 a.m., I took my telescope and drove to the shore positions and set up my telescope to see, if I could detect any ships on the horizon. It was still too dark.

After waiting what seemed like ages, the dawning light appeared which revealed no transport ships on the horizon. Praises be! I breathed a sigh of relief.

The period after Dec. 7, we were busy for several days improving beach positions and chasing down sabotage reports. On Monday, 8 December, I received word from Regimental Command Post that my wife and Jane had been brought to a school building in Honolulu for the night of the 7th and were offered the opportunity to spend the next days and nights with friends in Honolulu. Helen called Mary Moore, a close friend, whose husband was a colonel, and it was arranged for Helen and Jane to stay with them in Honolulu. I knew then that Helen and Jane were being taken care of.

I didn't know, though, that that Monday evening, Col. Moore arranged for the dependents in his area to be housed in the storage rooms dug into the inside of Diamond Head. That is where they were placed on cots for the night of Dec. 8. The next day, Helen and Mrs. Moore went grocery shopping and again spent the night in Diamond Head.

The next night, they all decided to stay in Honolulu with the

Moore's. On Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1941, the family of Ben Evans, a friend of ours, moved in with the Moores, and on Thursday, the 11th of December, Ben and I had a chance to visit them briefly. I hadn't seen Helen and Jane since about 8:15 a.m. on Sunday the 7th. Anyhow, after a brief visit, we went back to our command posts and they stayed on in Honolulu until Saturday the 13th when they returned to Schofield Barracks.

Jane was glad to get back to Schofield barracks, because she had had to leave her cat, Kitty, behind. Pets were supposed to be fed by the guards, but that was unlikely because Helen noted that Kitty had been eating raw potatoes.

At Schofield Barracks, Helen was able to buy food and shop at the post exchange. A foxhole had been dug in our front yard. At night, neighbors of ours, Site Mitchell and her children (a boy and a girl), and Mrs. Johnson with her twin daughters, joined Helen and Jane at our quarters, and spent the night. I, of course, was down at the command post. Our quarters at Schofield barracks were blessed out. There was no enemy activity then, although down at my command post we were still getting sabotage reports, but they were starting to taper off.

A short Christmas dinner

I was able to have Christmas dinner with Helen and Jane on Christmas, but had to return to my battalion within about three hours. Later on, as time went on, we were able to have short visits every one or two weeks. In February, my battalion was assigned a new sector extending from the entrance to Honolulu Harbor on the west almost to Diamond Head on the east. My command post was set up in the Jo Do Mission, a Buddhist mission in Honolulu. We started

getting replacements, so we had a training program for them, every man in my battalion was required to swim the length of the public pool located near Waikiki. Those who couldn't qualify were given lessons by our regimental Red Cross agent until he could. We continued to improve our seacoast defenses.

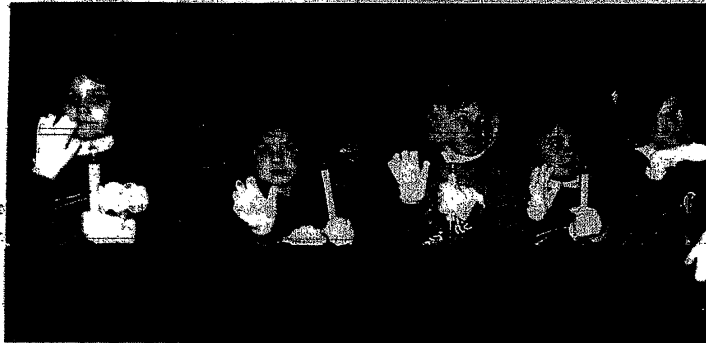
Soon after Pearl Harbor, I applied for Helen and Jane to be evacuated to the mainland. The only air flights available at that time were by 'clipper' aircraft, which were seaplanes. If we used clipper aircraft, it would be at our expense. Evacuation by ship would be at government expense. As time went on and Helen and Jane did not get a sailing reservation, we thought seriously of Helen and Jane flying home, but didn't apply right away and finally their evacuation orders by ship came in early March 1942.

In the meantime, Helen and Jane and all the other dependents in quarters went out, just visited among themselves and did what chores had to be done. For awhile Helen and Jane took the Japanese soldiers to the hospital. In February, Helen stepped on a nail and the hospital gave her a tetanus shot which reacted by having her face swell up to unbelievable proportions. I could hardly recognize her. After awhile, she got over it and back to normal.

Meets a Gallia Countian

Once, while Helen was shopping in the PX in early 1942, a soldier came and asked if she were Mrs. George Bush. She said yes, and then he introduced himself as Lawrence Dickey from Gallipolis. I didn't get to meet him while in Hawaii, but since retiring, I have seen and visited with him several times here in Gallipolis.

To be continued...



LIGHTING THE WAY - These young ladies have the "wave" down pat as they are pictured traveling down Second Avenue during Saturday night's Christmas parade. With holiday lights in

hand the youngsters wished everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. (Tribune photo by Kris Cochran)

Public Notice

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate
The State of Ohio, Gallia County
The People's Bank of
Pittsboro
Plaintiff
vs
Howard L. Yeager, Jr., et al
Defendant

Case No. 91 CV 185
In pursuance to an Order of Sale directed to me in the above entitled action, I will offer for sale at public auction, at the front door of the Court House in Gallipolis, Ohio, in the above named county, on Saturday, January 4, 1992 at 10:00 A.M., the following described real estate, situated in the County of Gallia and the State of Ohio and in Township of Clay will:

State of Ohio, County of Gallia and Township of Clay. The following described real estate situated in Section 2 Township 14, Range 14, Oh Company Purchase as being more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a point in said Section 2 where the north line of 11 acres lot number 549 intersects the corner of Oh State Route #7, as now established; thence in a southerly direction with the corner line of Ohio State Route 1

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Public Notice

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HOST COMMUNITY - AmeriFlora '92 ambassador Kelli Newman recently presented Keep Gallipolis Beautiful Committee (KGBC) members and city officials with a certificate and beautification site sign declaring Gallipolis an official host city for AmeriFlora '92. As part of the host community program, the KGBC along with city parks and recreation department initiated a landscaping plan with the planting of

more than 30 native Ohio trees in the city park to improve and beautify Gallipolis, as well as to raise the awareness of the benefits of landscape improvements. Pictured from left, are: Bruce Davison of Davison's Landscaping; Lance Clifford, Paula Thacker, Beth Cherrington, Gisela Alonzo, Newman; Glenn Smith, and Tom Hopkins, KGBC president.

Bush's family evacuated from Hawaii on March 5, 1942

At least six Gallia County natives were in Hawaii at the time of the Dec. 7, 1941, sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. They were: Major (later Major General) George Bush, his wife Helen, and daughter Jane; Corporal Fred Lawrence Dickey; nurse Dorothy Crockett and the Reverend (then sergeant) W. E. Curfman. Two other Pearl Harbor survivors, Ray Boone and Oren Kyger, moved to Gallia County after the war.

The following, detailing the exploits of three of them, is from material submitted by retired Major General George E. Bush of Gallipolis and was printed in three installments. This, the third segment, begins with the evacuation of Bush's wife and daughter.

Family evacuated

Helen and Jane's evacuation orders finally came directing them to sail on a presidential liner March 5, 1942. Just prior to that date, boxes and barrels were delivered to our quarters at Schofield Barracks and Helen packed our dishes, kitchenware, silverware and small items. After Helen and Jane left, the Army packers came and packed the rest of our household goods and they were placed in storage pending delivery to Gallipolis, where we had decided that Helen and Jane would live for the duration. As it happened, it was September 1942 before the household goods arrived in Gallipolis.

We decided to sell our 1940 Chevrolet in Hawaii. After Helen and Jane left, I sold it to a civilian for \$675 in May 1942 and sent the money to Helen. She bought a used Chevrolet in Gallipolis for about the same price.

Helen and Jane departed Honolulu March 5, 1942, along with a shipload of other dependents. It was a very emotional farewell. We

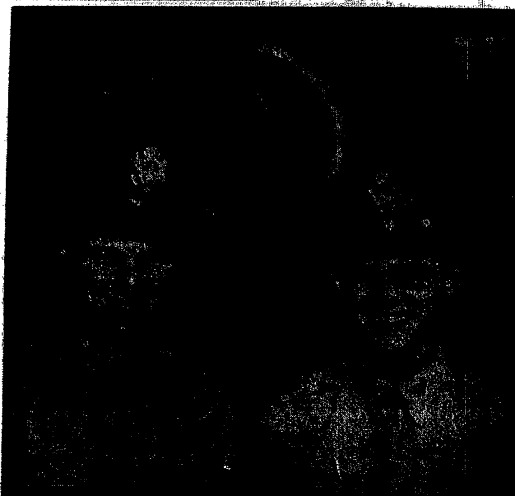
knew that their trip to the mainland would be dangerous if Japanese

"Helen and Jane departed Honolulu March 2... It was an emotional farewell. We knew their trip to the mainland would be dangerous if Japanese submarines were lurking..."

submarines were lurking in those waters. We also knew that sooner or later, I would be shipping out with my unit and would be engaged in combat somewhere in the South Pacific. We did not know if we would see each other again or, if we did, how long it would be. As it turned out, we did not see each other for three years, four months and eight days.

After we told our families goodbye at the dock, Herb Mitchell, who commanded the 2nd Battalion, 27th Infantry, and I went to a beach area near Honolulu Harbor and saw

Continued on A-3



FLYING HEROES - Second Lieutenants Kenneth Taylor, left and George Welch, were among the first pilots in the air after Japan's attack on Dec. 7, 1941. The two pilots took off from the U. S. Army base at Honolulu and shot down seven Jap planes between them. Both were later awarded Distinguished Service medals for their quick response. (AP)

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- Bush's family evacuated in 1942... Continued from A-1

our dependents' ship leave the area. We felt so good because she was escorted by a destroyer and a cruiser. After the war, Helen told me that the destroyer turned back after about 100 miles and the cruiser, it turned out, had been damaged and was going back to a naval yard in the U.S. for repairs.

The damaged cruiser may have slowed down their trip some, but not much, and it provided a considerable advantage because it had a seaplane which it could launch from the deck and recover from the ocean. So, each evening, while it was still daylight, the seaplane would be launched and patrol an area perhaps 100 to 200 miles out to search for enemy submarines.

Arrives in San Francisco

It was a frightening trip for the mothers on the ship, and for the fathers back in Hawaii waiting for word of their safe arrival. Helen said she remembers on the morning of the 6th day from Honolulu, that she was at breakfast when the announcement came that they had just cleared the submarine net at the entrance to San Francisco Harbor and were now safe from enemy submarines. Everybody cheered.

Helen's first act in San Francisco was to send a cable to me in Hawaii telling of their safe arrival. Then she sent a telegram to her parents in Ohio and then the Red

Cross took them to a hotel where they could turn in those gas masks they had been required to carry ever since Pearl Harbor. They had a chance to rest and refresh themselves and, when they were ready, Red Cross Volunteers were available to take them shopping. After about two days in San Francisco, Helen and Jane departed by train for Ohio and were met in Columbus by Helen's father and my brother, Gilbert. Initially, Helen and Jane lived with her parents in Kanauga where her mother was recovering from a stroke.

Training

Back in Hawaii, we were active in training exercises. We had extensive drills and continued improving our defensive positions. The new defensive sector, assigned to my battalion at that time included the waterfront of Honolulu from Honolulu Harbor almost to Diamond Head. Among other things, we installed barbed wire along every beach or other potential invasion area in our sector. This included Waikiki Beach. Years later, they must have had an awful job getting that barbed wire out. Later on, we put tons of barbed wire all around the slopes of the Punchbowl. It must have been an even tougher job getting it out.

I received my promotion to Lt.

Colonel on my birthday, 3 June, 1942. I was 37 then. I wanted to call Helen and tell her the good news, so I put in my application — as we had to do in those days — to call the mainland. It was disappointed. I tried the next day with the same results. Then, I tried each day for the next several days with the same results. Finally, about a week later, I was able to get through and tell Helen the good news. Later, I found out that the reason I hadn't been able to get through was because the Battle of Midway had been in progress and all personal phone calls to the mainland had been canceled during the progress of the battle.

...and more training

During the summer, we continued training the increasing flow of newly assigned soldiers to fill us up to full authorized strength and we also received our full complement of authorized equipment. Some of this was new to us and required special training until we knew how to function with it. We conducted small unit training exercises while we were still deployed in our Honolulu sector positions.

In late summer, we were relieved from the Honolulu sector and assigned to training areas at Schofield Barracks. With our full complement of men and equipment, we conducted intensive train-

ing exercises so that our leaders and men got to know each other and their jobs, and functioned as a unit. I could see the progress being made every day in these matters. In the fall, we held regimental exercises and division maneuvers. Morale was high and we knew we were being readied to be sent to a combat zone. We knew we were combat-ready. We felt equal to any task in combat which we would be asked to perform.

Shipped to Guadalcanal

We shipped out from Honolulu on Dec. 7, 1942; exactly one year after the "day of infamy." The rumor was that we were headed for Australia (and that is where an advance party had been sent we learned later). But changes came about and we were shunted into Guadalcanal, arriving there on New Year's Eve 1942. By Jan. 10, 1943, we were in heavy combat with the Japanese on Guadalcanal, and we ultimately won the victory there by driving all the Japanese off of the island and securing Henderson Field on Guadalcanal as a major air base to secure further allied victories in winning the Solomon Islands.

Much more remains to be told of my combat experiences in the South Pacific, but that will have to be told later.

Local briefs...

Continued from A-1

Linda R. Warner, a condition of the defendants' probation is the successful completion of SEPTA Center's structured probationary program, and Russell and Cochran were transported to the SEPTA Center in Nelsonville immediately following their sentencing hearing.

Cochran and Russell were also ordered to pay restitution in the amount of \$3,000 and court costs relating to their cases.

Deer-vehicle accident probed

A Gallia County Emergency Medical Service ambulance struck and killed a deer on S.R. 160 in Gallipolis Township Sunday morning.

According to a report from the Gallia-Meigs Post of the State Highway patrol, Anthony M. Peric, 23, of Gallipolis was northbound on S.R. 160 and struck and killed a deer that was crossing the road.

Damage to the 1986 Ford ambulance was listed as light. The deer was released to a passenger, Roy L. Jones of Crown City.

Special request for blood made

A special request for blood for Kenneth Johnson, Gallipolis, has been made by the Huntington Red Cross Bloodmobile when the unit visits Grace United Methodist Church Thursday.

Johnson underwent surgery recently.

A bloodmobile spokesperson said Thursday's activities will take place in the basement of Grace United Methodist Church because of previous commitments in the dining room area. The bloodmobile will be here from 12 noon until 6 p.m.

WCTD to announce snow closings

Lottery numbers

CLEVELAND (AP) — Here are Monday night's Ohio Lottery selections:

Pick 3 Numbers

3-0-3

(three, zero, three)

Pick 4 Numbers

5-2-8-0

(five, two, eight, zero)

Cards

10 (ten) of Hearts

5 (five) of Clubs

9 (nine) of Diamonds

3 (three) of Spades

Meeting date changed

The December meeting date of the Gallia County Board of Mental Retardation and Developmental Disabilities has been moved to Dec. 17, 7:30 p.m. at the Our House museum.

Name omitted

The name of Connie Howard, a

Hospital news

HOLZER MEDICAL CENTER

Discharges, Dec. 6 - Mrs. John Bishop and son, James Broderick, Carly Crow, Susan Greer, Barbara McKee, Ralph Robinson, Ira Syck, Pamela White.

Births, Dec. 6 - Mr. and Mrs. William Hower, a daughter, Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saunders, a son, Gallipolis.

Discharges, Dec. 7 - Sandra Belt, Lee Russell, Vineta Shope.

Births, Dec. 7 - Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dangerfield, a son, West Columbia, W. Va.

Discharges, Dec. 8 - Bernice Calloway, Alisha Compson, Mrs. Wilford Gillem and daughter, Mrs. William Hower and daughter, Mrs. Robert Saunders and son.

Discharges, Dec. 9 - Delma Arnold, Charles Clark, Mrs. Charles Dangerfield and son, Louwanna Grubb, Opal Hupp, Terresa Jeffers, Velma Luckeydoo, Crystal Reed, Emily Spires, Victoria Wilcox.

Births, Dec. 9 - Mr. and Mrs. Brinton Brown, a son, Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Timmy Wilbur, a son