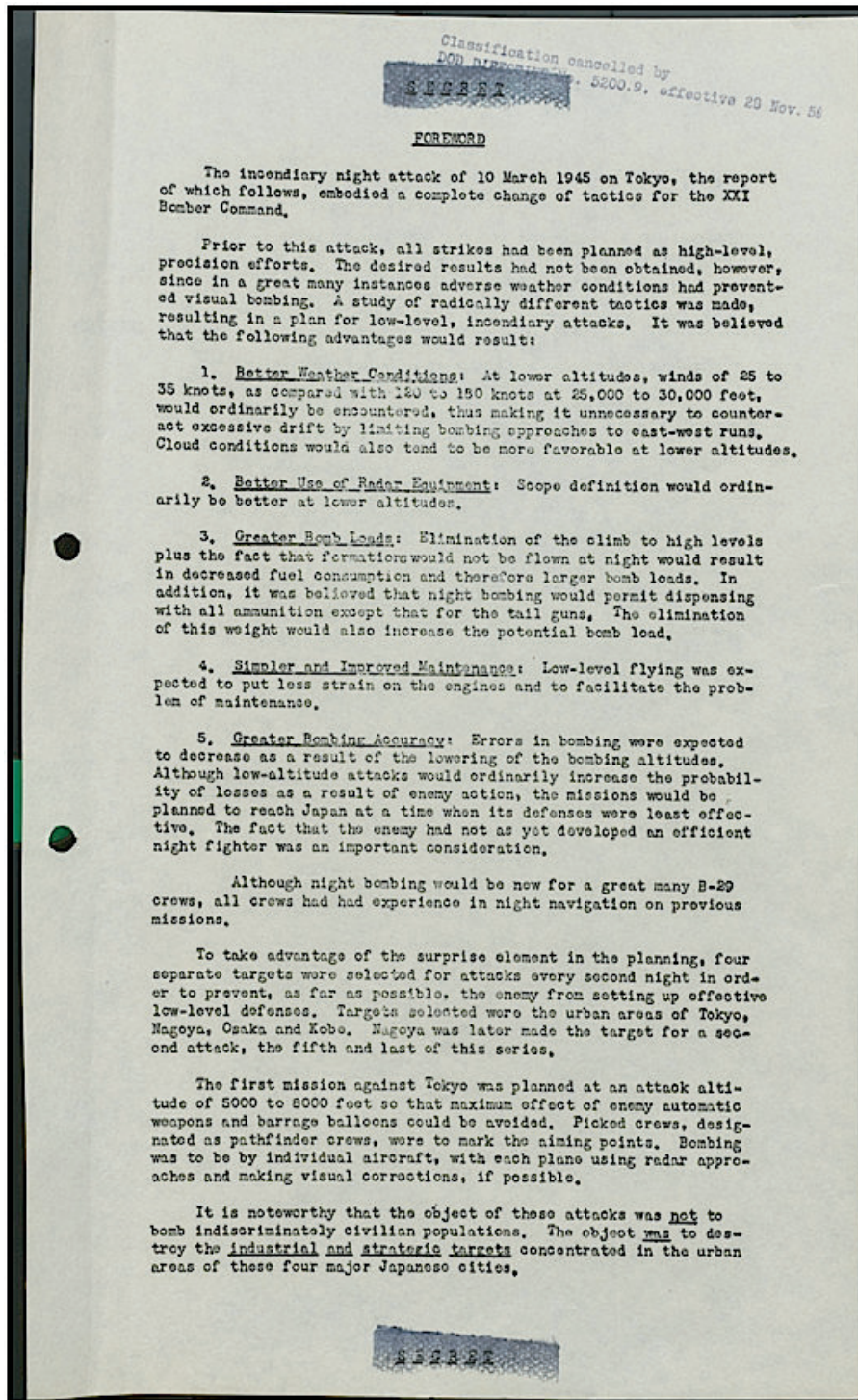


# Defense Evidence Exhibit A

## General Curtis LeMay, Tactical Mission Report for Mission #40, March 10, 1945 (excerpt), p.1

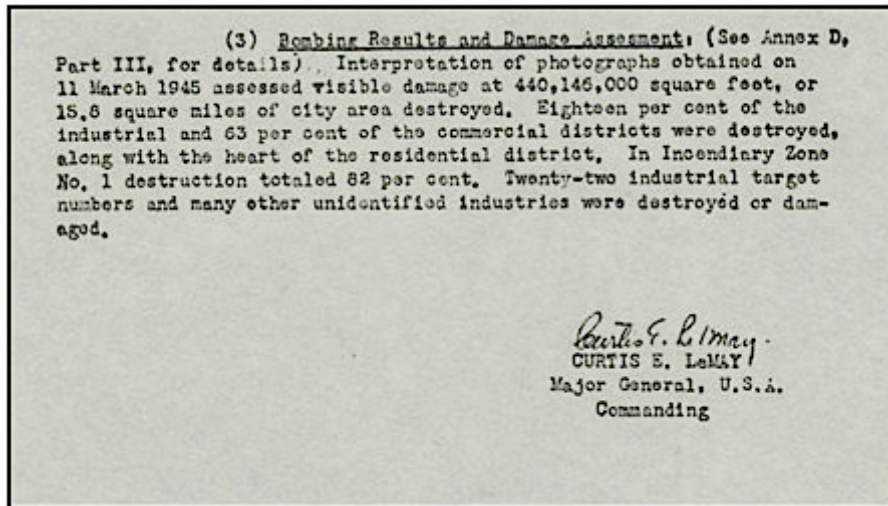
National Archives and Records Administration (Record Group 18, Box 5446)



## Defense Evidence Exhibit A cont.

### General Curtis LeMay, Tactical Mission Report for Mission #40, March 10, 1945 (excerpt), p.2

National Archives and Records Administration (Record Group 18, Box 5446)



# Defense Evidence Exhibit B

## Oral History of Jerome Yellin, May 3, 2014 (excerpt)

Veterans History Project, Library of Congress

And in December of 1944, we flew our airplanes, our P-51s, to Ford Island in the middle of Pearl Harbor. Our planes were put on board, landed, lifted onto the deck of a jeep aircraft carrier called the Sitkoh Bay, and we set out to sea to go to Guam. And about three days out we were called in to a briefing room and we were told that the island of Iwo Jima was going to be invaded by the Marines and when they took the first airstrip that we would fly from Guam or Saipan to Iwo Jima and work with the Marines and then escort B-29s over Japan. So when we got to Guam, we offloaded our airplanes, we flew to Saipan.

The Marines invaded. 67,000 Marines invaded Iwo Jima on February 19<sup>th</sup>, 1945. They secured the first airstrip, and the first group went down on March 6<sup>th</sup>, and then on March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1945, I landed a P-51 on Iwo Jima. And the sights and the sounds and the smells of that day are with me to this day. There are eight - Iwo Jima's eight square miles of land. There were 67,000 Marines fighting against 23,000 Japanese. 21,000 Japanese were killed. Nearly 7,000 Americans were killed. That's 28,000 people killed on eight square miles of land. Body parts were everywhere and the smell of death permeated the air. You couldn't get away from them. And we lived in a foxhole and we underwent mortar attacks.

And for one month we strafed for the Marines, and then on April 7<sup>th</sup>, I was the eighth-ranked pilot in the squadron, and the top 16 guys took off on April 7<sup>th</sup> to Japan to escort B-29s as they dropped bombs on Tokyo. And I remember that day very well. We were flying - my flight of four was flying high cover and I watched the B-29s drop their bombs on Tokyo, and little fires, little fires, little fires became big fires, and square miles of Tokyo were burning. And the smoke and the smell of the smoke came up to 20,000, 25,000 feet. And it never bothered me. I never thought that there were human beings on the ground. They were the Japanese, and they were my enemy.

I flew 19 missions over Japan escorting B-29s. I flew with 16 guys who didn't come back. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of July, Al Sherren called in that he was hit and he couldn't see and he was killed. My tentmate was killed on the 8<sup>th</sup> of July. I had three wingmen that were killed, one of them shot down off my wing. That was on August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1945, the day the war was over. And then two other guys. One guy took my place, Danny Mathis, because I had a toothache and they grounded me, and on June 1<sup>st</sup> he went in my airplane in my place, and an hour after they took off they went into a storm and the B-29 pilot that they were on the wing of led them into a big front and 27 fighter planes went down in a midair collision, including Danny Mathis, who was in my airplane.

And then Dick Schroepel was shot down following me on a strafing mission over Chichi Jima and he was killed. And then on the 13<sup>th</sup> of August, 1945, we saw a bulletin board that we were going to have to go on another mission. We'd already dropped two bombs, one on Nagasaki, one on Hiroshima, and we thought the war was over. And we asked the squadron commander why we were going, and he said, "We have to keep them honest."

And a young guy, Phil Schlamberg from Brooklyn, leaned over to me, he was 19 years old, a second lieutenant, and he said, "If I go, Captain, I'm not coming back." And I says, "What are you talking about?" He says, "The feeling I have." So I went to the CO and told him what Phil Schlamberg told me, and he said if Schlamberg agrees to go to the CO to see Doc Lewis, the flight surgeon, he's the only one that can get him off. So I told that to Phil Schlamberg. He said, "No. I'm going to go." On the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> I briefed him. I said, "Just stay on my wing. We've got Dumbos in the air." There were B-17s and PBYS and then destroyers and then submarines all the way on the 700-mile track that we were going to follow. In case the war was over they were going to broadcast the code word Ohio.

We got to where we had to drop our external tanks. Nobody had heard the code word of Ohio. We dropped our tanks and we were in and we were strafing airfields. We needed 90 gallons of fuel to get back to Japan so the first one in the squadron that called 90 gallons, the whole squadron would fly out to the B-29 that was our escort ship. Somebody called 90 gallons. I looked over, Schlamberg was on my wing. I gave him a thumb's up, he gave me a thumb's up. I led my flight into some clouds. When I came out of the clouds, he was gone. There was no visual of him disappearing, there was no radio contact.

When we got back to Iwo Jima from Japan, we found out that the war had been over for three hours while we were strafing. He literally was the last man killed in World War II on an active mission, and I flew in that last mission of World War II.