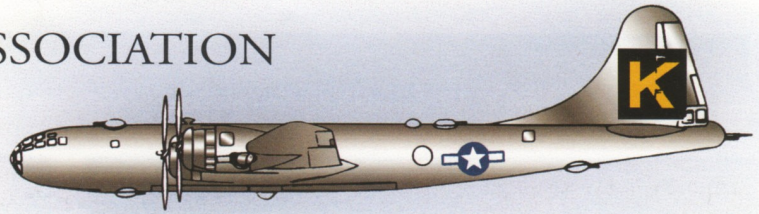


330th BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



Summer 2014



**Captain Jack Bering Schade
Pilot, K-32, "Knipps vs. Nips"**

Volume 24, Issue 2



Letters to the Editor:

From Florence Crowell:

Thanks loads for the Newsletter. What a great trip! I sure did enjoy reading about your travels. I am sure all of the 330th men enjoyed reading about Guam, and Iwo Jima as many of them did stop at Iwo for refueling. Livy's crew went there once but the field was fogged in so they went on to Saipan; they did not have K-12 on that mission and left the B-29 there. The crew was taken back to Guam and all the rest of their missions were in K-12. Perhaps you know that we (the 330th) met with the marines who took Iwo at one of our reunions. Loved all the pictures of Iwo. Florence

From Orley Van Dyke

Great newsletter this month; brought back many memories, The photo of the cliff really hit me. I will never forget looking at that cliff on takeoff. Hoping and praying that none of the engines would fail. If one of them did we would be in the ocean. Thanks again for all you do for the group. Orley Van Dyke

Editors Note: The Holland, MI museum began collecting oral histories from WWII Veterans and spoke with Orley Van Dyke; an excerpt from the interview was posted in *The Holland Sentinel* on Memorial Day.

From Bill Keck:

Just read your account of the Guam/Iwo trip. That must have been a great experience. You have seen considerably more of Guam and Iwo than I ever did. On Guam we were pretty much confined to the base except when we could grab a Jeep, which was not often. I was on Iwo only one time, in Apr or May '45. The runway was still as the Japanese had left it, dirt and very rough. We were sent there from Guam to pick up something.

About 20 years ago I was employed on a project to provide a communications satellite for Indonesia. Upon returning home from Jakarta on one of many trips, I scheduled a stop on Guam just to see it again. From the air, nothing had changed. The green island, the blue ocean, the foamy white surf, the cumulus piled high and the shadows of the clouds on the sea. Just as it was in 1945. On the ground it was as if I had never been there. Hotels, cars, paved roads and many Japanese tourists. I did get to Andersen AFB but the only thing I recognized was the runway. No Quonset huts, no mud, no 8-holers, no DIY laundry machines.

Your story says the Catholic church in Agana was destroyed in the battle for Guam. That's interesting since I remember being curious about why the Catholic church in Apr. '45 was the only building standing in devastated Agana.

More recently, on April 28, I traveled in the Collings Foundation B-17 from Palomar Airport in Carlsbad, CA to Brackett Field in La Verne, CA. It was an interesting experience bringing back memories of several trips from Walker AAB, KS in old B-17s when a B-29 was not available. The last of those trips ended for me with a bail-out over Georgia shortly before we left for Guam.

In May I was treated to an Honor Flight to Washington, DC. It was a three day trip from LA to see the WWII Memorial, all the other memorials and Arlington Cemetery. While there, I stopped by to give Gen. Mayville a few pointers on the current situation. He seemed a bit skeptical (see photo) but then he is still a young man and more experience and time will hopefully make him appreciate the wisdom he got for free. The Honor Flight was truly enjoyable. Our group was met at each airport with flags, good wishes and thanks. I was most impressed by living through three days in an atmosphere of total approval, an experience probably not many of us can remember.

Bill Keck



(continued page 5 ...)

Captain Jack Bering Schade 1921 - 2014

**“How come I’m so lucky?”
By Billy Walker**

The title works for most of us. However, this quote happens to come from a special mentor of mine and my first sponsor in my quest to become a member of a special fraternity of aviators back in the ‘70’s.

Airline pilots looking back on their career would, I imagine, have a favorite captain or two they flew with as fledgling co-pilots. This is the story of my favorite captain. I suspect many other pilots from the old Frontier Airlines, where I spent a couple of glorious decades, would agree with my choice. Likely we too are in agreement that his value system and methods of passing knowledge along, in addition to his unique command style, was a remarkable influence to our own careers.

Captain Schade married his childhood sweetheart, Alene, in 1943. They met when he was 14 and she was 13 in 1935. They raised two lovely daughters, Anne and Jill, and have 2 equally wonderful grandchildren they were not hesitant to dote on.

A pilot’s pilot, Jack Schade began his aviation interests as a youngster. Not long after Lindberg’s memorable 1927 flight, which energized the nation’s interest in aviation, one enthusiastic aviation aficionado was Schade’s grandfather, a Salt Lake City policeman.

Schade’s father always had some home brew chilled in their rented bungalow within walking distance of the jailhouse. When his grandfather, John Sullivan, an Irishman, stopped by it didn’t take much encouragement to get him to imbibe. Young Jack would soon be regaled by his grandfather’s aviation stories.

Schade’s father was an “Archie Bunker-type” and a strict disciplinarian. This made it easy for Schade to bond strongly with his granddad, a more relaxed and patient type, who soon noticed Schade’s budding interest in aviation.

His granddad would buy him balsa models and aviation pulp magazines and let him ride in his Ford Model T police patrol car. They would end up out at the SLC airport talking to pilots and mechanics.

A few years later, Schade was a disgruntled 18 year-old, and not making much money. He was, also, disenchanting with the excessive discipline at home. Schade went to the local Navy recruiter with the idea of becoming a naval aviator. Learning that

he would need at least two years of college, Schade marched himself to the Army Air Corps recruiter who “guaranteed” he would fly, “...just sign here!”

He signed, his parents reluctantly signed, and he was sailing out of San Francisco Bay September 1, 1939 enroute to Albrook Field Panama. There he began his experiences as a P-26 “Pea Shooter” crew chief with the 74th Bombardment Squadron. He was an apprentice mechanic on the B-18 “Bolo” and worked on the Northrop A-17 “Nomad”. His status changed to 1st AM mechanics rating with his pay up from \$20 bucks to \$80 per month. Schade was now getting’ rich quick!

Schade planned on completing his two year enlistment so that he could return to the states and go to the university. WWII interfered with his plans as all enlisted personnel were frozen in place.

With the attack on Pearl Harbor, it was assumed the Panama Canal would be a target. By this time, Albrook Air Base was using early model B-17’s and B-24’s to patrol Central America and the Caribbean. SSgt. Schade became a gunner, radar operator, aerial photographer, and parachute rigger in addition to being crew-chief.

He was able to pass the qualification tests for the Army Air Corps pilot program. Soon, he was on his way back to the States.

His staff sergeant rank would be a plus when he finally got into pilot training beginning at Boise, Idaho. He out-ranked many of the drill sergeants which got him out of a lot of the cadet drudgeries.

On to Santa Ana, CA for his ground school, then to Visalia for primary in the Ryan PT-22 before heading for Chino for his basic training in the B-13 “Vaultee Vibrator.” His advanced training was completed at Pecos, TX flying the Cessna UC-78 Bobcat”.

At Pecos he received his commission and, more importantly, the wings of a military pilot. From Pecos he headed for Hobbs, NM for B-17 training. Schade was familiar with the B-17 from his time in Panama and was delighted to become a Flying Fortress pilot.

However, the Army needed pilots for the new B-29 more than the B-17. After completing training at Hobbs, Schade was off to Walker Army Air Base located at Hays, Kansas for his next assignment. By February 1945, Schade and the rest of the 11 man B-29 crew were operational. They shipped out for Guam, an island in the Mariana’s. The Boeing B-29 was a giant in her day. Pressurized and powered by

Captain Jack Bering Schade 1921 - 2014 continued ...

4 Wright 2,200 horse power 18 cylinder engines, each with two exhaust driven turbo- chargers, the “Superfort” had a maximum speed of 357 mph. It could carry its 12,000 pound bomb load to a service ceiling of 36,000 feet for a distance of 3,250 miles. The gunners fired from remote controlled fire stations. It was a huge step up in technology from the B-17. It was amazing in many ways. If you opened the outboard cowl flaps, the airplane would do a standard rate turn!

In January of 1945, General Curtis LeMay (1906-1990) assumed command, first as the commanding General of the 21st Bomber Command, and later as commanding General of the 20th Air Force. LeMay changed the mission statement for the B-29 which had been designed for high altitude bombing. Discovering the high altitude attacks ineffective, he often used the airplanes for low-level fire bombing attacks on Japan.

Schade flew 25 combat missions fire bombing Japan in the 330th Bomb Group. The 3000 mile flights were exhausting and, at times, harrowing. These missions equated to 14 to 15 hours flying time.

Thankfully, the Marines secured Iwo Jima which saved many a B-29 crew on their way back from a long mission over Japan. Twice, Schade’s B-29 utilized “Iwo” arriving on 3 engines and low on fuel.

Of the 3,960 Boeing Superfortress’ built, some 2,000 battle weary B-29’s limped into Iwo Jima. The Air Corps stationed a maintenance officer to determine the status of these airplanes after their arrival.

If the airplane was salvageable it would be given the signal to taxi to a hard-stand on the beach. If the crew received a thumbs-down it would be relegated to the scrap heap, an ignominious end to a magnificent machine.

On one occasion, he was nearly shot down by one of his own gunners on the B-29 when the gunner mistakenly knocked out the #4 engine. There were other instances of damage from fighters and ack-ack.

During the 26 JUNE 1945 mission to Nagoya, flying K-30, the airplane lost over 7 feet of horizontal stabilizer and elevator to anti-aircraft fire. K-30 was in the first flight position # 3. It was a 15 hour 15 minute flight with some fighters attacking and intense flack as evidenced by the photo. 11,000 pounds of 500 pound bombs were dropped at 22:44

Tokyo time from an altitude of 11,400 feet mean sea level.



Captain Jack Schade, far right

On his 26th mission, he was part of the huge show-of-force over Tokyo and the USS Missouri where the Japanese surrendered to General MacArthur. He was on one of the 462 B-29 Superfortress’ - the largest U.S. bomber of its day – that flew over Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2, 1945, as part of a naval and air show of force that Gen. Douglas MacArthur had engineered for the surrender signing.

The B-29s represented the majority of the nearly 600 planes that flew over after surrender documents were signed 62 years ago by Japanese and allied commanders on the USS Missouri, according to the official Army Air Corps history.

Schade and the rest of the 11 man crew survived the war. One of the B-29’s they flew was “Sentimental Journey” which is now preserved at the Pima Air & Space Museum in Tucson, AZ. Schade

Captain Jack Bering Schade 1921 - 2014 continued ...

continued in the reserves after the war and started his career with the airlines over the next 35 years. He was with Western for 9 months before getting furloughed. He went with Challenger Airlines flying the DC-3 in July of 1947. Challenger merged with Monarch Airlines and Arizona Airways to form Frontier Airlines.

Schade flew the DC-3, Convair 340, Convair 580, and Boeing 737 for Frontier. He retired under the onerous Age 60 Rule in 1981 with some 30,000 hours. He had 13,462 in that Grand Ol' Lady, the DC-3.

Interestingly, Schade's closest friend, Gone West, Captain Bill McChrystal, the highest time DC-3 pilot in the world with 17,111 hours as shown in the Guinness Book of Records. McChrystal was another former Western pilot who went with Challenger and went on to be a much loved and respected chief pilot, a rarity.

Jack flew his farewell flight at Frontier with Captain Ike Issacs as his co-pilot. Following his retirement in 1981, Schade went on to fly with his good friend, former Frontier Captain Tex Searle, in

Majestic Airlines DC-3. They flew memorable flights all over the Rocky Mountains and to Alaska.

Captain Schade became Colonel Schade with the Confederate Air Force flying a number of CAF airplanes including the venerable PT-17 Stearman.

More recently, he kept close to his home base and reflected on a history too few are left to look back on. As he looked at his wall of memories 62 years later, he exclaimed "...how come I'm so lucky!" Those of us who had the great fortune to have shared the flight deck with Captain Schade say the same thing. "...how come I'm so lucky!"

RIP Old Friend, Keep the runway clear we're not far behind...



Billy Walker with Captain Jack Schade, 2012

Letters to the Editor: continued ...

From Don Wilkinson:

May I take this opportunity, Kristine, to congratulate you on the excellent reporting on the Guam-Iwo trip. Brought back memories. Thanks, Don Wilkinson (P) K-33

From Thais Whippy:

What a great trip you had to Guam & Iwo—they sounded a lot different than I remember Charles telling me in the 40s. Thank you for your great description, I have read and re-read it many times. Fondly, Thais Whippy

Captain Jack Bering Schade 1921 - 2014**George and Harvey—The Goats****74th Bomb Squadron 1940—Private Jack B. Schade**

This picture was taken in Rio Hato, Republic of Panama. The Panamanian government allowed an auxiliary field to be used by the Army Air Corps for P-26s and P-36s based at Albrook Field. It was about 500 feet above the Pacific Ocean.

Sgt. Dawson, a TSGT, was in charge of a detachment of 15 men which included a cook, radioman, medic alert crew (I was part of that) and others. We had a small BX, a 15,000 gallon fire truck and a Harley Davidson motorcycle with a side car. We used that to clear cattle that wandered onto the field when aircraft were incoming.

A goat named George moved in to share our food and loved to chew and eat cigarettes. He made his home under the barracks where it was warm and cozy. I would start the motorcycle and George would jump in the side car and away we would go!

Another goat, we named Harvey, moved into George's territory (Harvey is the small goat); George didn't approve. In the picture the cook and I were trying to keep the two goats separated—honest!! We had to relocate Harvey back to the nearby farm where he came from. After all George had a claim on us.

Jack

Captain Jack Bering Schade 1921 - 2014

April 9, 2007

Dear Kristine,

Events leading to the birth of the 330th Bomb Group Reunion Association:

The year is 1945 World War II is over. The active duty troops are waiting to return to the United States. Bob Woliver and I had been friends all through flight training from Cadets to combat. My new bride, and he and his new bride, lived in the same boarding house in Hays, Kansas while doing our training in B-29s as members of the newly formed 330th Bomb Group based at Walker Army Air Force Base.

When I returned home to Salt Lake, I got a job with an airline. We bought a new home and planned to start a family. The Korean War had begun, but seemed so far away. I was working in the yard, when a car stopped at the curb and I heard my name called. The caller was Bob Woliver. He was in uniform, had been called back to active duty and was on his way to the West Coast to ship out to Korea. This didn't seem fair to me after the catastrophic mission he had experienced that earned him the Distinguished Service Cross, the Purple Heart, and distinguished Flying Crosses for the rest of the crew. We agreed to write to each other after he got established on his new base. About a month later I received a letter from Bob and immediately responded. A few weeks later, I received an official looking envelope from his base. My letter to Bob was inside, not opened, and stamped in large letters "DECEASED".

Early in 1985 I was talking with a friend, a retired A.F. Col. Who had been a member of one of the earlier B-29 Wings on Saipan. The subject of reunions came up as he had just returned from his Bomb Group's reunion. He asked if my Bomb Group had a reunion association. When my answer was, "No", he asked, "Why not?" He told me, "It's easy.

Put an ad in the American Legion and VFW magazine and see what response you get."

A while later, I received a check from Col. Jerry Blanchard with a note that said, "Sounds great to me." After a month of no responses, I returned Jerry's check and thought no more about a possible reunion. One night my wife called me to the phone and said, "You're not going to believe this." I said, "Hello" and heard, "Hi, Jack, this is Woliver. I saw the ad about a reunion; let's do it."

I got a copy of my friend's Constitution and Bylaws and anything else that could put us in motion and flew down to Bob's home in Texas and stayed overnight. We roughed our plans for the first reunion in Dayton, OH. Harold Sams, my crew CFC gunner, lived near Dayton and agreed to be our on-site man. He did an outstanding job with this assignment. We became the three men of the planning group: Bob, Harold, and myself.

Bob did a lot of the composing of the Bylaws. I became the Treasurer and the procurer of caps, I.D. tags, and P.X supplies, paid the bills, and worked with the Chamber of Commerce to get the volunteer ladies who helped with manning an information booth.

Harold made the appointment for us to meet at the Marriott with the lady in charge of conventions, and to finalize rooms, menus, entertainment, tours for the ladies, a visit to SCA headquarters, Chapel services, etc.

I called Col. Reynolds, our Group Commander to ask if he would be the Guest Speaker. His response was, "Your damn right I'll speak." He said his mother told him he came into the world talking and never shut up.

As you know Bob became our first President and I was offered a position on the Board. I turned this down, as I was quite involved with a great amount of activity with the airline I worked for.



Final Flight

Howard H. Olver TG OCT 26 2013
 Mitchell B. Schulich RO K-42 MAR 29 2014
 Bob Billings LG K-31 APR 14 2014
 Robert C Woolson P K-29 ARP 18 2014
 Burt W Zimmerman A/C K-8 MAY 10 2014
 Capt. Jack Schade P K-32 JUNE 26 2014





The 330th was activated in 1942 as a training unit for B-24 crews, a role it maintained until early in 1944. On April 1st, 1944, the group was reactivated as the 330th Bomb Group (VH), equipped with B-29s.

We're on the Web!
www.330th.org

If undeliverable, please return to:
354 Alles St #2
Des Plaines, IL 60016

