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I took Civilian Pilot Training while a student at Michigan State College in 1941. I enlisted in the Navy Air Corps in 1942 and was on 24-hour call. Betty and I were married in Sept., 1942. Next time I checked in with the Navy they said they didn't want any married men, so I wound up in the Army Air Corps on Jan. 22, 1943. I was in Wacon and Valdosta after Douglas, then in Sebring, Fla. Expected to go to Europe on a B-17, but was ordered to Lincoln and then Fairmont, Nebraska to train on B-29s with the 393rd Bomb Squadron which was moved to Wendover, Utah in Sept., 1944. There the Squadron was taken over by Col. Paul Tibbets to fly under the 509th Bomb Group. Trained at Wendover till June of '45 when we flew to Tinian. Flew five missions dropping "punkin" bombs — regular 12,000 pound bombs. When Col Tibbets dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima my plane was standby on Iwo Jima in case anything went wrong on the Enola Gay. My plane was weather plane when Maj. Charles Sweeney made the Nagasaki drop. Both times when we got back to Tinian the parties were all over. Everyone half expected the planes to blow in the blasts.

I got mail from Betty the whole time but she never got a single letter after we took off from Wendover until weeks after the war ended, then got all her letters at once. I even censored mail some of the time. I flew my last WWII mission on Aug. 14, 1945 — possibly dropped the last bomb on Japan. Got home for Thanksgiving then went to Roswell, N.M., where I checked out on c-54s for the Bikini tests. Made two trips over there with the 320th Troop Carrier Squadron, then I decided i didn't want to be stuck over there for the summer, so got my discharge in May, 1946. Came home to Michigan and went to farming.

On July 2, 1951, two days before my time in the Reserves expired I was re-called for Korea. My orders were cut straight through to Japan. Went to Randolph Field, San Antonio for retraining. Somehow my orders were changed and I didn't go to Japan. Went to McClellan Field, Sacramento and flew weather missions — best duty in the Air Force — for a year. Got out again in April of 1953 and that time I didn't stay in the Reserve. I figured I'd probably get tapped again and you can't run a farm when you take off a few years every now and then. We had been lucky enough to hire a remarkable High School boy to hold things together for eighteen months, so we came back to our farm and have been here ever since. We have a son and grandson who are in business with us, and two daughters, both of whom are nurses.

We are now parents again. Great-Grand-Parents!!

*P.S. Instructor at Douglas was P.T. Harris.*