Statement by Captain Robert W. Campbell, O-562676, Squadron Flight Engineer, passenger with Lt. Queen's crew, 882nd Bombardment Squadron, 500th Bombardment Group, concerning the forced landing of B-29 z28 in Korea.

We took off from Saipan at 0310K on 29th August, 1945, to drop supplies to a Prisoner of War Camp located near Hamhung city in Korea. We landed at Iwo Jima at about 0625K, refueled and had breakfast, then took off again at about 0810K. Everything went fine all the way to the target area, but when we got over the target area, we weren't sure which group of buildings was supposed to be the POW camp. As we flew over the target area, a couple of Russian "Yaks" came along side. At first they waved as if to say "hello". One of them motioned us to follow them, and thinking that they were going to lead us to the POW camp, followed, but they led us directly to their airfield. Over the field a couple of more "Yaks" joined the first two. When we were right over the field, one of the "Yaks" peeled off and dropped his wheels, indicating that we should land. Both Lt. Queen and I looked at the field and said that it was too short to landing, for we estimated its length to be about 3500 or 4000 feet. We also thought the Russians were showing us their field in case we had to land. Well, we didn't want to land, for we still had to drop our supplies. We made another large circle looking for the camp. When we were right over the POW camp (we never did come to any definite conclusion as to which group of buildings made up the camp), one of the Russian fighters fired a burst across our nose. When a fighter does this, you have one of three choices to make, land, fight, or get out of the area. We chose to get out of the area and start for the sea. We intended to go out over the water for some distance, drop the supplies in the sea, and head for home. We were out about 10 miles from land; it appeared from the front of the plane that the Russian fighters were leaving us. However, all they did was to pull out and make a pursuit curve on us. One came up from the rear to within 50 yards and then opened fire, according to the tail gunner. Later examination of the damage done indicated to me that the fighter probably opened up first with his 50 calibre guns. His first burst hit the side of the bomb bay and went across the wing to #1 engine. Then when he lined up on the engine he let go with his cannon. The shell hit the oil tank of #1 engine, and exploded. Then #1 caught fire. The flames were at least 10 feet thick and were going back past the tail of the ship. Lt. Queen looked at me and asked what I thought about it and I said we'd better get out of the ship before the engine exploded. He agreed and gave the order to bail out over interphone. Only one man, I later learned in the
rear compartment was on interphone, so he was the only one who heard the bail out order. Lt. Weeks had already seen the fire and had moved back to the door waiting for the word to go. When Cpl. Arthur told him to bail out, he stepped out and Cpl. Arthur followed suit. Cpl. Arthur was the man on the interphone. The rest of the men in the rear didn’t see these men bail out, and they were running around the CFG compartment looking for one man life rafts. In the front of the plane, I pulled up the door and started getting on my chute and snapping on the life raft. Lt. Harwood, navigator, went out first, I went next, and followed by F/O Sherrill and S/Sgt. Owens. I later learned that the radio man was crawling down to jump when Lt. Queen called him back and told him to sit in the engineer’s seat and prepare for a crash landing. The crash landing on the field with wheels down, the field being just about 200 yards in from the bay. Lt. Queen must have made a good landing considering the circumstances. He held the left wing so high that the #4 prop hit the ground and bent the blades back. Also the tail skid was torn off.

When my chute opened it snapped my neck with a pop. The strap across my chest came up and nicked my chin and cut my lip in two places. One reason I was snapped so hard when the chute opened was that we were traveling about 220 indicated when I jumped. I didn’t have any time to delay before pulling the rip cord for we were only 2000 feet high. After the chute opened I started unbuckling it. After finishing that, I reached down and started to fasten the cord or strap of the raft to my May West. I didn’t get that done before I hit the water however. When I hit the water, I through my hands up and slid out of the harness. I didn’t go down very deep and when I came up I inflated my May West and swam to my chute which was about 20 feet away. I started searching for the life raft and found the cover, but it had probably become unsnapped and had sank I guess, I couldn’t find it. I swam away from the chute and settled myself with my head facing the waves, which were very high for the white caps were breaking all around me. I lay on my back all the time, and in about an hour I began to feel the effects of the cold water. Within half an hour I saw a fisherman junk which I was sure had already picked up Sherrill. I thought it was coming for me so I yelled and shouted but after awhile I saw that it was pulling away. That sure was discouraging. Several more fishing boats came fairly close to me, but not close enough for them to hear or see me. Finally, one boat kept coming closer to me and I tried to swim so that I would intersect its course. It kept zigzagging but was heading toward me, so I guess it was just tacking back and forth. I waved and yelled and they did the same so I was sure that this boat would pick me up. I was very grateful for I was sure I couldn’t have lasted out the night in those high waves. I had swallowed a lot of water and had thrown most of it up. When the boat came close, one of the
fishermen held out a pole and I caught hold and was pulled to the boat. I grabbed hold of the gunwale and two of the men started pulling me aboard. The two of them couldn't pull me aboard alone, so they were joined by others. So I was pulled into the boat in a series of "Yo heave ho's". I couldn't stand up very well in the boat so I lay down beside a small burning fire that was in a can. It was then that I saw they had also picked up Lt. Harwood and Cpl. Arthur. As we sailed in, they tried to help rub me down but I was alright except very cold. They treated us very well and seemed to be a happy lot for they sang a little and did a lot smiling. There were six natives in the boat. One was a boy about 18, two were old men of about 70, and three who looked about 40 or 50 years old.

After about 20 minutes I looked at my watch which was still running and it was 1825K. When I had landed and cleared my chute I had looked at my watch and it was 1510K, so I was in the water for close to three hours.

About 1825K, the natives started jabbering again and pointing to something. When I got up and looked I saw a patch of marker dye about a quarter of a mile away. As we approached we saw someone waving and heard him yelling, we waved back. It was S/Sgt. Owens and we took him on board. He was all tired out and all blue from the cold water.

In an effort to thank the natives for what they had done, and since they had shone an interest in my wrist watch without knowing exactly what it was, I gave my watch to the head man on the boat. He didn't want to take it, but I fastened it on his wrist, and he seemed to be very proud of it. I also gave him a fishing kit in my coveralls, and although they didn't know what the flies in it were for, seemed to be very pleased with it.

About 1900K we came into land. At first there were just a few people on the beach, but after the word started to get around, quite a crowd began to gather. After we had been pulled into shore, one native waded out and motioned Lt. Harwood to get on his boat, which he did, and was then carried to shore. The rest of us jumped out and waded to shore by ourselves. On the shore, we were just about mobbed by many young boys about 16 or 17 years old. They motioned us to follow them and we went down the street. They took us into some building that looked like a guard room or a police station just off the main street. Before we entered, they stopped us and started taking our shoes off. Inside, they motioned us to take off our clothes and they would wash them for us. They brought us some water in a bowl and some of them started washing our feet, but I was more
interested in washing my face. They could speak one or two words of English such as "Welcome" and "Hello". We got across to them the fact that we were Americans and that we flew the "big ones". They really beamed then. Then the doctor who was a native came in and could speak little English so we got on pretty well with him as he examined S/Sgt, Owens who was pretty well exhausted. The "Isband" or "No.1 man", comparable to our mayor came in and for a Korean he spoke pretty good English. He asked me if I was a Christian and though surprised I said yes. He asked if I had read the Bible and I said yes with some misgivings. He didn’t quiz me on my knowledge of the Bible, and I feared he would, but simply told me that he too was a Christian and had gone to a school in a Mission. He started asking me where we came from and when I told him we had come from Saipan that morning, he seemed to think I was lying. When he learned that we flew a B-29 he brightened up, and then I tried to tell him what had happened to the plane. I told him that all had bailed out, although I didn’t know how many actually had bailed out. He said that the fishermen would look for them in the morning. I tried to tell him that in the morning would be too late. He hemmed and hawed and changed the subject. He asked if we were hungry, and I told him that we would rather have something to drink. He spoke to some of the natives and they left together. He wanted to know where we came from and what our names were. Since he only knew the names San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York, we had to explain how far each of our hometowns were from these cities. I asked his name and he presented me his calling card, written in Japanese, after writing his name in English on it. I told him we wanted to go to the POW camp and he said we would be taken out there in the morning, since it’s 5 miles away and they didn’t have any vehicles in as much as the Russians had taken them. The doctor came back and it was explained that the doctor was going to inject some vitamins into us that we could rest better that night. I told him that we didn’t want any kind of injection. He seemed very surprised and explained that vitamins were very hard to get and that they used them in beri beri cases. At this point a murmur rose in the crowd of people and the mayor told us the Russians were coming in. Then they came in, a little Russian Lieut walked up to me and in a very hostile manor asked who I was. All he could understand was that we were Americans. So using the mayor as an interpreter by means of Japanese and English, we conversed. A Russian Colonel came in and asked where our clothes were but he didn’t seem to understand why the natives had taken our clothes and left us there with only shorts on. After much effort, I made him understand that our plane had caught fire and that we had to bail out and that we would like to be taken to the POW camp. He said he would get a truck for us. During the hour and a half it took to get the truck, the natives brought some food consisting of rice and fish stew and some sort of meat. I had a hard time with chop sticks much to the delight of
the natives around us. We were still eating when the Russians returned, so we got up and persuaded the natives to return our clothes to us even though they were wet. After a lot of handshaking and goodbyes we rode off. The Russian Colonel, Lieutenant, and driver went ahead of our truck in an American jeep. In the back of our truck had piled a lot of Korean kids carrying rifles. I was somewhat worried for I didn’t know for sure what the Russians knew. Previous to landing on shore, and while in the fishing boat, Sgt Arthur had told that the Russian fighter which had shot us down had come down to where he was in the water and had strafed him. The jeep and truck went up a blind street and both stopped and turned off their lights. The Koreans in the rear of the truck jumped out and so did the Russians with their Tommy guns. I didn’t know what was going to happen and getting ready to run. Then the Russian Lieut came to us and explained that they had taken the wrong road. So we turned around, after the truck had been pushed out of a ditch into which it had backed into, we started again. The Koreans didn’t get in the truck again. After a hectic ride, we reached the POW camp.

In the camp, we went to the orderly room. Previous to this, the English captain in charge of the camp, had gone over to see the Russians about us. Lt. Weeks was the first man to bail out and he had reached the camp almost two hours before us and had given the English Captain Kinlocke the whole story. When we arrived, Captain Kinlocke had gone over to the airfield to see what had happened to the rest of the crew. The Adjutant met us and we started telling the whole story again. I told him that I hadn’t mentioned to the Russians the fact that one of their own fighters had shot us up. So the Adjutant, Lt. Mills was his name, told the Russian Lieut, and the Lieut told the Russian Colonel. The Russian Colonel didn’t seem to believe the story. But the Russians moved Lt. Mills aside and wanted me to tell the them. After awhile, I got it across to them that one of their fighters had shot us up. When they realized this they sounded very sorry and apologized for it. They said they were sure some mistakes had been made, and they would see about it. I then told them that I thought some more of our crew were still in the water and asked them to send out something to try and find them. They assured me that they would go down to all of the fishermen villages and get them right out. Whether they ever did this, I don’t know. After apologizing again, we shook hands and they left. Lt. Mills bedded us down for the night with what meager beds and mattresses he had.

Around 0200K on the 30th August, I heard some firing in the distance and learned from Lt. Mills that "the Wags" (name for the Koreans) had probably cornered a Jap and that they were trying to smoke him out. He told me that the Russians had arrived in the area just two days before and had disarmed all the
Japs, given the arms to the Koreans at the same time so that they could hunt out the remaining Japs who had fled to the hills. He said that the natives would work for whoever was in power, that they were two faced as hell. Also the native guards in the POW camp had treated them much worse than the Jap soldiers.

Next morning, August 30th, Lt. Weeks told me his story which was about the same as mine except that he had landed in another part of the village and had contacted the POW camp by telephone. The natives had brought him to the camp in a car.

About 1000K, the Russians brought in Lt. Queen and the rest of the crew. All now was accounted for except F/O Sherrill. Lt Queen told me his story. Then we went into the POW compound and of course all the POWs were gathered there and had been informed of our story. I was surprised to see them looking as good as they did for they were in better condition than some of the prisoners I had read about. The POWs were starved for news, anything to know about the American movie stars and many other small but home news stories. They said the news they had obtained was through the "woga" they had worked with. They said the work they had been doing was hard and was one of the reasons they didn’t look so bad, for the Japs had to feed them to get a lot of work out of them.
Statement by Captain Robert W. Campbell, O-562676, Squadron Flight Engineer, passenger with Lt. Queen’s crew, 882nd Bombardment Squadron, 500th Bombardment Group, concerning the forced landing of B-29 228 in Korea:

We took off from Sadien at 0210K on the 29th of August, 1945, to drop supplies to a Prisoner of War Camp located near Hamhung City in Korea. We landed at Iwo Jima at about 0627K, refueled and had breakfast, then took again at about 0610K. Everything went fine all the way to the target area, but when we got over the target area, we weren’t sure which group of buildings was supposed to be the POW camp. As we flew over the target area, a couple of Russian “Yaks” came along side. At first they waved as if to say “hello”. One of them motioned us to follow them, and thinking that they were going to lead us to the POW camp, we followed, but they led us directly to their airfield. Over the field a couple of more “Yaks” joined the first two. When we were right over the field, one of the “Yaks” peeled off and dropped his wheels, indicating that we should land. Both Lt. Queen and I looked at the field and said that it was too short to land in, for we estimated its length to be about 3500 or 4000 feet. We also thought that the Russians were showing us where their field was in case we had to land. “Well, we didn’t want to land, for we still had to drop our supplies. We made another large circle looking for the camp. When we were right over the POW camp (we never did come to any definite conclusion as to which group of buildings made up the POW camp), one of the Russians fighters fired a burst across our nose. When a fighter does this, you have one of three choices to make: land, fight, or get out of the area. We chose to get out of the area and started for the sea. We intended to go out over the water for some distance, drop the supplies in the sea, and then head for home. When we were about 10 miles out from land, it appeared from the front end of the plane that the Russian fighters were leaving us. However, all they did was to pull out and make a pursuit curve on us. One came up from the rear to within 50 yards and then opened fire, according to the tail gunner. Later examination of the damage done indicated to me that the fighter probably opened up first with his 50 caliber guns. His first burst hit the side of the bomb bay and went across the wing to #1 engine. Then when he was lined up on the engine he let go with his cannon. The shell hit the oil tank of #1 engine and exploded. Then #1 caught fire. The flames were at least 10 feet thick and were going back past the tail of the ship. Lt. Queen looked at me and asked what I thought about it and I said we’d better get out of the ship before the engine exploded. He agreed and gave the order to bail out over interphone. Only one man, I later learned, in the rear compartment was on interphone, so he was the only one who heard the bail out order. Lt. Wooly had already seen the fire and had moved back to the door waiting for the word to go. When Cpl. Arthur told him to bail out, he stepped out and Cpl. Arthur followed suit. Cpl. Arthur was the man that was on interphone. The rest of the men in the rear didn’t see these two men bail out, and they were running around the 882 compartment looking for one man life rafts. In the front of the plane, I pulled up the door and started getting on my chute and snapping on the life raft. Lt. Herwood, navigator, went out first, I went next, and was followed by F/O Sherrill and S/Sgt. Owens. I later learned that the radio man was crawling down to jump when Lt. Queen called him back and told him to sit in the Engineer’s seat and prepare for a crash landing. The crash landed on the field with wheels down, the field being about 200 yards in front of the bay. Lt. Queen must have made a good landing considering the circumstances. He held the left
so high that my prop hit the ground and bent all the blades back. Also the tail skid was torn off.

When my chute opened it snapped my neck with a pop. The strap across my chest came up and hit my chin and cut my lip in two places. One of the reasons I was snapped so hard when the chute opened was that we were traveling about 220 Indicated when I jumped. I didn't have any time to delay before pulling the rip cord for we were only about 2000 feet high. After the chute opened I started unbuckling it. After finishing that, I reached down and started to fasten the cord or strap of the raft to my line west. I didn't get that done before I hit the water however. When I hit the water, I threw my hands up and slid out of the harness. I didn't go down very deep and when I came up I inflated my line west and swam to my chute which was about 20 feet away. I started searching for the life raft and found the cover, but the raft had probably become unmoored and had sunk I guess, I couldn't find it. I swam away from the chute and settled myself with my head facing the waves, which were very high for the white caps were breaking all around me. I lay on my back all the time, and in about an hour I began to feel the effect of the cold water. Within half an hour I saw a fisherman junk which I was sure had already picked up Sherill. I thought it was coming for me so I yelled and shouted but after awhile I saw that it was pulling away. That sure was discouraging. Several more fishing boats came fairly close to me but not close enough for them to hear or see me. Finally, one boat kept coming closer to me and I tried to swim so that I would intercept its course. It kept zigzagging but was headed toward me, so I guess it was just tacking back and forth. I waved and yelled and they did the same so I was sure that this boat would pick me up. I was very grateful for I knew that I couldn't have lasted out the night in these high waves. I had swallowed a lot of water and had thrown most of it up. When the boat came close, one of the fishermen held out a pole and I caught hold and was pulled to the boat. I grabbed hold of the gunwale and two of the men started pulling me aboard. The two of them couldn't pull me aboard alone, so they were joined by others. So I was pulled into the boat in a series of "Ye have ho's". I couldn't stand up very well in the boat so I lay down beside a small burning fire in a can. It was then that I saw that they had also picked up Lt. Harwood and Opl. Arthur. As we sailed in, they tried to help rub me down but I was alight except very cold. They treated us very well and seemed to be a happy lot for they sang a little and did a lot of smiling. There were six natives in the boat. One was a boy about 18, two were old men of around 70, and three who looked about 40 or 50 years old.

About 20 minutes I looked at my watch which was still running and it was 1915 K. When I had landed and cleared my chute I had looked at my watch and it was 1925K, so I was in the water for close to three hours.

About 1925K, the natives started jabbering again and pointed to something. When I got up and looked I saw a patch of sea marker dye about a quarter of a mile away. As we approached we saw someone waving and held him yelling so we waved back. It was 3/Sgt. Owens and we took him on board. He was all dried out and all blue from the cold water.

In an effort to thank the natives for what they had done, and since they had shown an interest in my wrist watch without knowing exactly what it was, I gave my watch to the head man on the boat. He didn't want to take it, but I fastened it on his wrist, and he seemed to be very proud of it. I also gave him a fishing kit in my overalls, and although they didn't know what the flies in it were for, seemed to be very pleased with it.
About 1900 we came into land. At first there were just a few people on the beach, but as the word started to get around, quite a crowd began to gather. After we had been pulled into shore, one native waded out and motioned Lt. Harwood to get on his back, which he did, and was then carried to shore. The rest of us jumped out and waded to shore by ourselves. On the shore, we were just about mobbed by many young boys around 16 or 17 years old. The motioned us to follow them and we went down the street. They took us into some building that looked like a guard room or a police station just off the main street. Before we entered, they stopped us and started taking our shoes off. Inside, they motioned us to take off our clothes and that they would wash them for us. They then brought us some water in a bowl and some of them started washing our feet, but I was more interested in washing my face. They could speak one or two words of English such as "Welcome" and "Hello". We got across to them the fact that we were Americans and that we flew the "big ones". They really beamed then. Then a doctor who was a native came in and he could speak a little English so we got on pretty well with him as he examined me. Sgt. Owens who was pretty well exhausted. The "Island" or "No. 1 man", comparable to our mayor, then came in and for a Korean who spoke pretty good English. He asked me if I was a Christian and though surprised I said yes. He asked if I had read the Bible and I said yes with some misgivings. He didn't quiz me on my knowledge of the Bible as I had feared he would, but simply told me that he too was a Christian and had gone to a school in a Mission. He started asking me where we came from and when I told him we had come from Saipan that morning, he seemed to think I was lying. When he learned that we flew a P-38 he brightened up, and then I tried to tell him what had happened to the plane. I told him that all had bailed out, although I didn't know how many actually had bailed out. He said that the fishermen would look for them in the morning. I tried to tell him that in the morning would be too late. He hemmed and hawed and changed the subject. He asked if we were hungry, and I told him that we would rather have something to drink. He spoke to some of the natives and they left together without me. He wanted to know where we came from and what our names were. Since he only knew the names San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York, we had to explain how far each of our hometowns were from those cities. I asked his name and he presented me his calling card, written in Japanese, after writing his name in English on it. I told him we wanted to go to the POW camp and he said we would be taken out there in the morning, since it was 5 miles away and they didn't have any vehicles inasmuch as the Russians had taken them. The doctor came back and it was explained that the doctor was going to inject some vitamins into us so that we could rest better that night. I told him that we didn't want any kind of injection. He seemed very surprised and explained that vitamins were very hard to get and that they used them in best cases. At this point, a murmur rose in the crowd of people and the mayor told us the Russians were coming in. When they came in, a little Russian lieutenant walked up to me and in a very hostile manner asked who I was. He could understand that we were Americans. So using the mayor as an interpreter by means of Japanese and English we conversed. A Russian Colonel came in and asked where our clothes were but he didn't seem to understand why the natives had taken our clothes and left us there with only shorts on. After much effort, I made him understand that our plane had caught fire and that we had to bail out and that we would like to be taken to the POW camp. He said he would get a truck for us. During the hour and a half it took to get the truck, the natives brought some food in consisting of rice and fish stew and some sort of meat. I had a hard time with the chop sticks much to the delight of the natives around us. We were still eating when the Russians returned, so we got up and persuaded the natives to return our clothes to us even though they were wet. After a lot of handshaking and goodbyes we rode off. The Russian Colonel, Lieutenant, and driver went ahead of our truck in an American jeep. In the back of our
truck had piled a lot of Korean kids carrying rifles... I was somewhat worried for I didn’t know for sure what all the Russians knew. Previous to landing on the coast, and while in the fishing boat, Sgt. Arthur had told me that the Russian fighter which had shot us down had come down to where he was in the water and had strafed him. The jeep and truck went up a blind street and both stopped and turned of their lights. The Koreans on the rear of the truck jumped out and so did the Russians get out with their heavy guns. I didn’t know what was going to happen and was getting set to run. Then the Russian Lt. came to us and explained that they had taken the wrong road. So we turned around, after the truck had been pushed out of a ditch into which it had backed, we started again. The Koreans didn’t get on the truck again. After a hectic ride, we reached the POW camp. In the camp, we went to the orderly room. Previous to this, the English captain in charge of the camp, had gone over to see the Russians about us. Lt. Weeks was the first man to call out and he had reached the camp about two hours before us and had given Capt. Kinlock, the English Captain, the whole story. When we arrived, Capt. Kinlock had gone over to the airfield to see what had happened to the rest of the crew. The Adjutant met us and we started telling the whole story again. I told him that I hadn’t mentioned to the Russians the fact that one of their own fighters had shot us up. So the Adjutant, Lt. Mills was his name, told the Russian Lt., and the Lieut., told the Russian Colonel. The Russian Colonel didn’t seem to believe the story. Both Russians waved Lt. Mills aside and wanted me to tell them. After awhile, I got it across to them that one of their fighters had shot us up. When they realized this, they seemed very sorry and apologized for it. They said they were sure some mistake had been made, and that they would see about it. Then I told them that I thought some more of our crew were still in the water and asked them to send out something to try and find them. They assured me then that they would go down to all of the fishermen’s villages and get them right out. Whether they ever did this I don’t know. After apologizing again, we shook hands and they left. Lt. Mills bedded us down for the night with our meager beds and mattresses he had.

Around 0200, on the 30th of August, I heard some firing in the distance and learned from Lt. Mills that “the Wogs” (name for the Koreans) had probably cornered a Jap and that they were trying to make him out. He told me that the Russians had arrived in that area just two days before and had disarmed all the Japs, giving the arms to the Koreans at the same time, so that they could hang out the remaining Japs who had fled to the hills. He said that the natives would work for the Japs was in peace, that they were “two faced as hell.” Also that the native guards in the POW camp had treated them much worse than the Jap soldiers.

Next morning, August 30th, Lt. Weeks told me his story which was about the same as mine except that he had landed in another part of the village and had contacted the POW camp by telephone. The natives had brought him to the camp in a car.

About 1000, the Russians brought in Lt. Queen and the rest of the crew. All were now accounted for except F/O Sherrill. Lt. Queen told me his story. Then we went into the POW compound and of course all the POW’s were gathered there and had been informed of our story. I was surprised to see them looking as good as they did for they were in better condition than some of the prisoners I had heard about. The POW’s were starved for news, wanting to know about the ‘American movie stars and many other small but human news items. They said the only news they had obtained was through the “Wogs” they had worked with. They said the work they had been doing was very hard and was one of the reasons they didn’t look too bad for the Japs had to feed them to get a lot of work out of them.