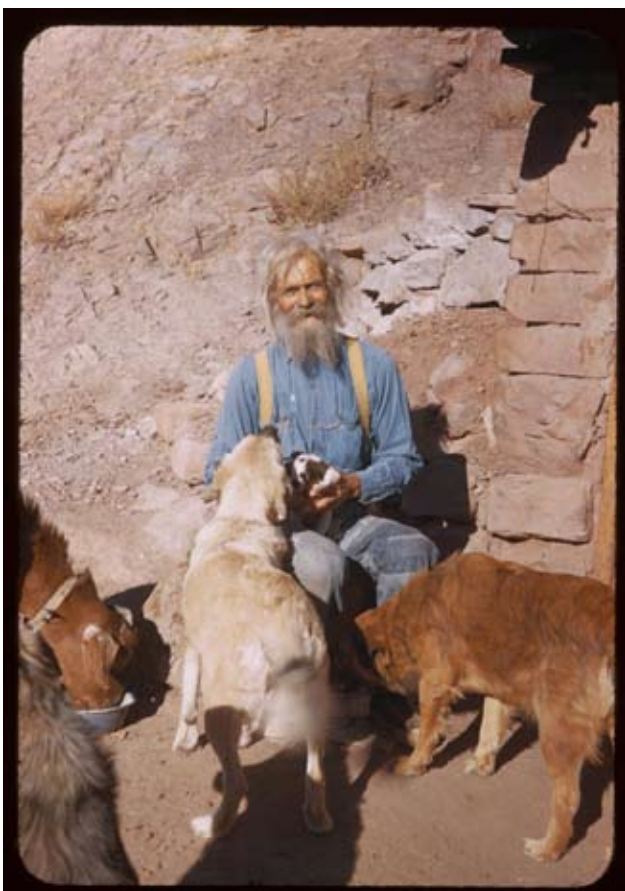
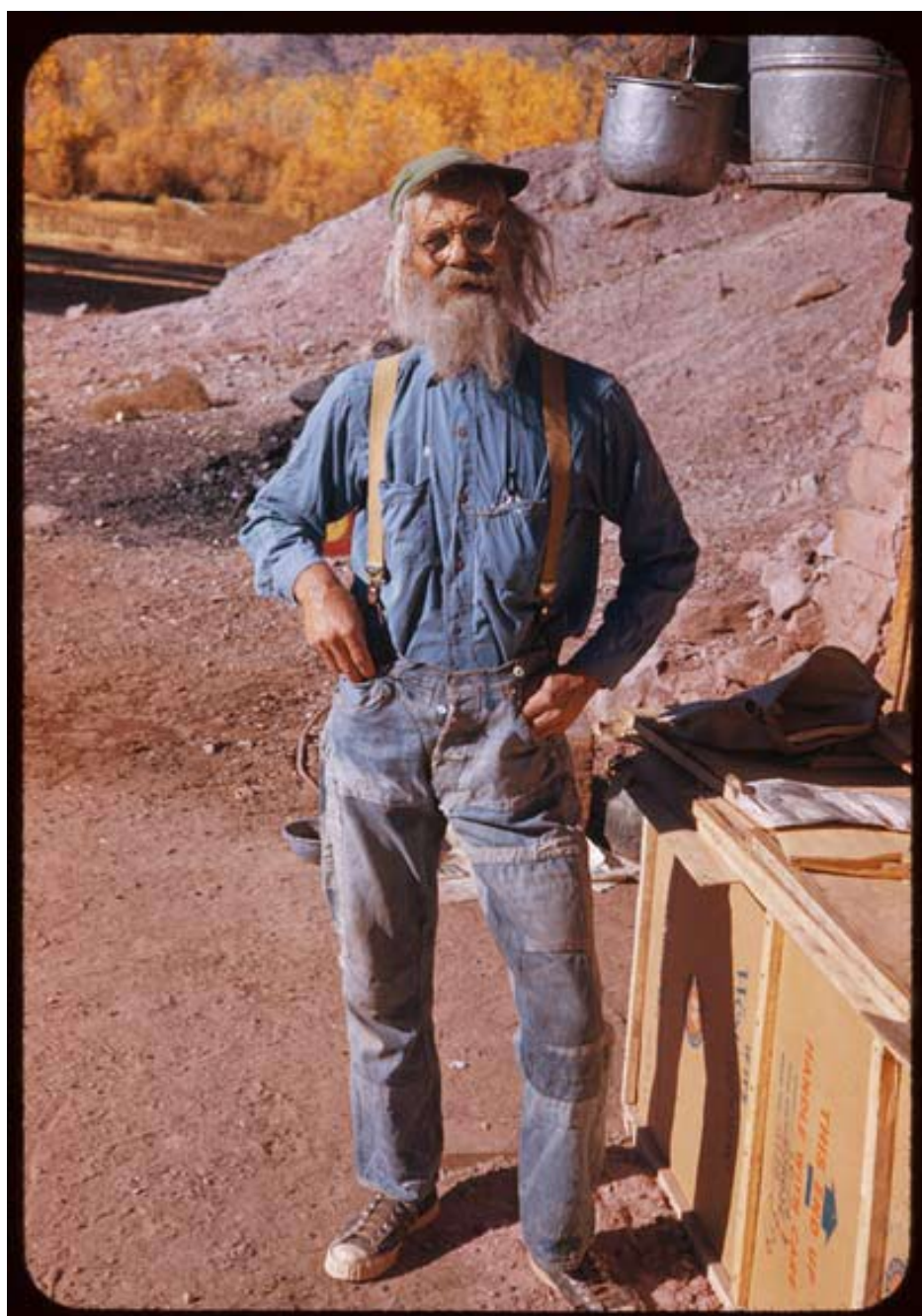
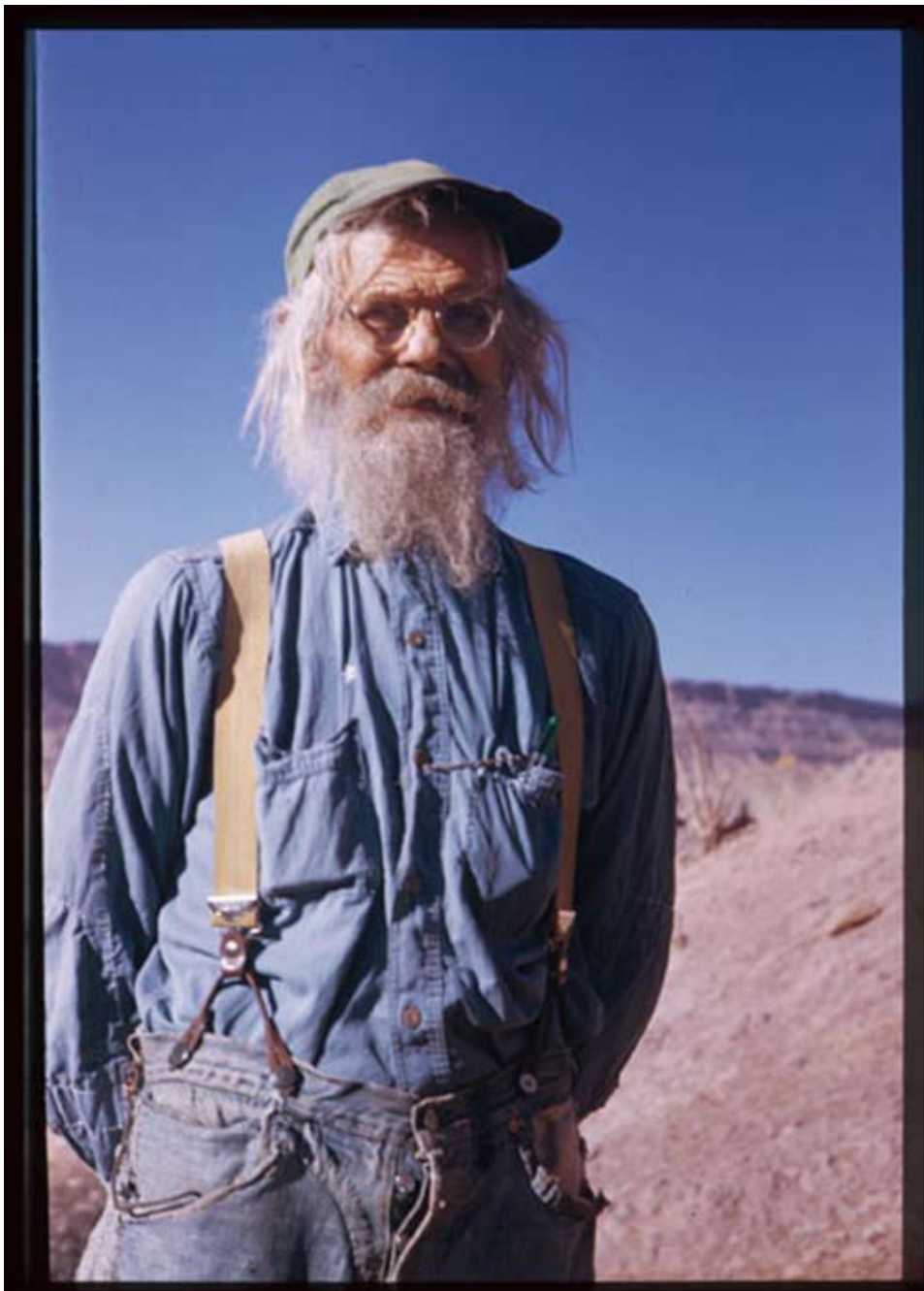
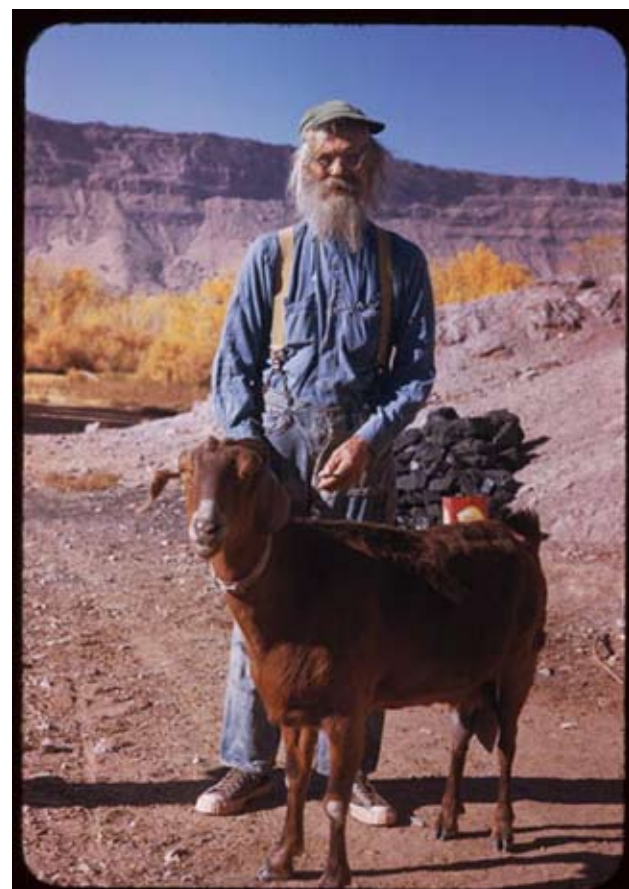
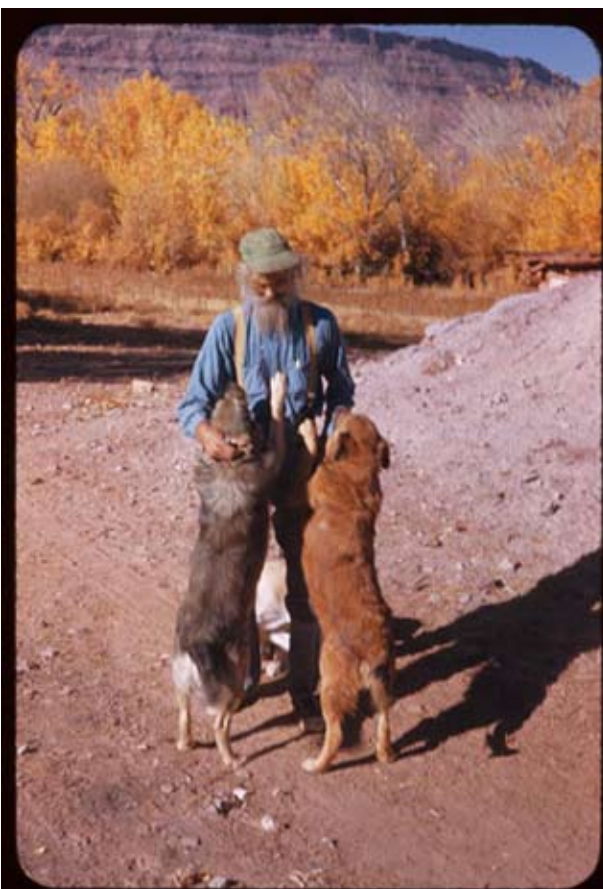


From the Charles Weever Cushman Collection: Indiana University Archives
JACK HOLLEY---'THE GOAT MAN of MOAB'



On November 4, 1952, while traveling through southeast Utah, Charles Cushman encountered Jack Holley and his many critters. Cushman paused long enough to chat with 'The Goat Man' and took these remarkable color images. It's interesting to note the date---on this day Dwight Eisenhower was elected President of the United States. Here in Moab, Utah, with Jack Holley, politics and the 20th Century must have seemed very far away...JS



Charles Weever Cushman, amateur photographer and Indiana University alumnus, bequeathed approximately 14,500 Kodachrome color slides to his alma mater. The photographs in this collection bridge a thirty-two year span from 1938 to 1969, during which time he extensively documented the United States as well as other countries.

<https://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/cushman/overview/urbanHistory.jsp>

A DATE WITH THE LONESOME LADY

Continued from page 17

take pictures. The plaque, all in English, listed the names of all of the American fliers killed by the atomic bomb. Later we returned unaccompanied to quietly in our own way pay homage to our comrades.

Next we visited the crash site of the Taloa where we talked with an eyewitness. Then we walked to the point under the hypocenter of the bomb, and on to Aioi Bridge which was the sighting point of Bombardier Maj. Ferebee of the Enola Gay. This bridge was also the place where one of my crew had been tied to a lamppost after surviving the fire of the bomb and beaten to death and after death. We were invited to the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum---the place that repulsed me in 1985. The Director greeted us and invited me to make a statement at a press conference. I read An Open Letter to the People of Hiroshima that I had prepared.

I have come to Hiroshima to pay homage particularly to our friends and comrades who died here in August, 1945. These included six of my bomber crew; I was spared by being transferred to Tokyo. We come to thank and pay respect to those of you who have recognized these comrades and erected memorials to them.

At the same time we recognize that our comrades are a few among many who died here in August 1945 and pay respect to the memory of their souls. Everyone in Hiroshima at that time was directly affected themselves or through the loss and injury of family and friends, as did many other Japanese. I am one of relatively few Americans who lost personal friends and comrades in the atomic holocaust. Perhaps this closeness aligns me more with the feelings of you, the citizens of Hiroshima. No one can know what the fate of each of us might have been if the fury of atomic fission had not been unleashed on Hiroshima. What we do know is that this force, which is so powerful that it powers the sun, and has an array of effects that even transgresses generations, should never be used to again to vaporize human life in wholesale and then to seep into survivors to kill or maim them, some quickly some slowly, and still affect generations yet to be conceived. I know only the heartache---you know the heartache but also the nightmare memory and insidious residual effects.

We appreciate the reception and hospitality that has been extended to our small group---the memory of which we hope will be passed to the next generation. All of us should certainly desire to keep our family and national pride and loyalty; these are core to our human dignity and instinct. At the same time we must continue to learn how to embrace and enhance our common well being, happiness, and understanding. Whatever the results of this trip might bring I hope that it will contribute, even in an ever so small way, to continued peace and friendship.

We have learned that war brings hatred, suffering, destruction, and waste and that peace can bring happiness and prosperity. Let us each teach this to our sons and daughters.

*Respectfully,
Thomas C. Cartwright*

The next day we went to Etajima Island by ferry. On the way we spotted the point where the Haruna was sunk (now cleaned up for scrap metal). On Etajima Island a monument had been placed by the survivors of the Haruna honoring their ship mates who had been killed while on duty. There we met two of the former crew who had shot at us as we bombed them. We had a very compatible meeting congratulating each other on the accuracy of their anti-aircraft and then on our bombing accuracy. One of the men told us that the Haruna had transferred all of its fuel to an aircraft carrier months before we bombed it and had been harbor bound for months.

We left Hiroshima by train and then transferred to a van headed to the village of Ikachi, the place where the Lonesome Lady flew herself into a rice paddy. On the way we stopped at the Iwakuni U.S. Marine base to speak to Major Keefe. He was every inch a model Marine and we were all proud to be represented by him. He hosted us to coffee and told us that our trip was very helpful to Japan/U.S. relations.

The next stops were along the path that my crew bailed out. The first was a farm house overlooking a small cultivated valley. Mrs. Mika Marumo, about our age, lived there alone. She was a bit overwhelmed by all of the visitors and a TV crew. She sunk back on her heels and could hardly talk to us at first. As she opened up, she told the story of living there with her father during the war. Her husband was in the army and her brother had been killed as a kamikaze pilot. She related seeing one of my crew parachute into the field in front of her house. Her father grabbed his rifle and proceeded toward the “soldier” as did other farmers. He was bitter about his son having been killed by the Americans and intended to shoot the “soldier.” Instead the “soldier” shot her father and killed him. I had never heard this story.

I was incredulous so I asked Atsuko, a young lady with us who spoke perfect English, if I had heard this story correctly and she confirmed it. I do not know which of my crew this “soldier” was but he shot in self defense. He was captured and later joined with other crew members and taken to a police station. This humble lady was not hostile and invited us into her house and showed us her Buddhist shrine. I later wrote Mrs. Marumo thanking her for her hospitality. She wrote back saying in part “I didn’t bear a grudge against the Americans. It was my honest feeling.” Your letter “was guided to the tomb of father. I don’t hate American. Father should have run away early from enemy who had a pistol.”

The next stop was to see a farmer who related that when he was a boy he saw our smoking plane flying in an arc and four parachutes coming out. We interviewed other people and learned of some serious hostility but none of my crew was killed by civilians or local police. The next stop was close to where I came down. I talked to a woman who saw my “captor” (I turned my self in to him) coming out of the woods followed by me.

Just as we were trying to digest all of this information about my crew and myself our van pulled up by a small community center at the Village of Ikachi. There was a small crowd of local people there who very politely greeted us. I turned to look at the monument that they had erected honoring my crew and saw a sign in large red letters:

“Dr. T. C. Cartwright Welcome to Ikachi.”

After shaking hands around we were escorted a short walking distance to the site where the Lonesome Lady crashed. A number of men wanted to tell me all of the details such as where the engine came loose and crashed through a shack, where a wing cata-

pulted to the next field, etc. All of this was very interesting to me. After this short excursion we all sat in front of the Center for a few sort speeches, and traditional tea. I then read my Open Letter to the People of Ikachi.

My name is Tom Cartwright and I was the pilot of the Lonesome Lady, a U.S. B-24 Bomber that crashed at your village on July 28, 1945. Having parachuted before the crash, my copilot, Lt. Durden Looper, and I were taken prisoners here. I am privileged to be welcomed back to your village. Could anyone have imagined in 1945 my returning here, welcomed in peace?

You may not be aware that, in retrospect, I feel fortunate that our fateful mission, after our plane was damaged beyond continued flight, it brought us to your community. We were at war with one another and we represented the enemy. Except for our Navigator, Lt. Roy Pedersen, whose parachute failed to open, our entire crew survived heavy anti-aircraft fire, parachuting out of a burning plane, and being captured in enemy territory. None of us was seriously maltreated. I am fortunate that the Lonesome Lady, damaged and uncontrollable, flew toward this area and maintained sufficient altitude for me to bail out in your community. After I retired the one thing that I most wanted to do was to return to this village.

I wanted to return because of a longing in my heart to see the crash site and where I was captured. I was overwhelmed to learn that you erected a monument as a memorial to those killed in the war and specifically recognized “the Dreadful Accident” of the Lonesome Lady listing the seven airmen of her crew who died and stating that, “These soldiers gave their lives for their country.” The character of this community is embodied, I believe, in the above and in the following inscription on the monument:

Appreciating today’s peace we erect this monument.

We heartily hope that happiness will continue forever, from father to son, from son to son.

I am pleased that my son joined us so that, as the inscription admonishes, the next generation will take notice and remember. We are honored to be your guests, have a chance to meet you, thank you in person, and to pay homage to our fallen comrades at this most appropriate place by your historic monument.

*Respectively,
Thomas C. Cartwright*

After the ceremonies a lady came up to me and gave me a piece of paper on which she had written the following:

“It was hot in Summer vacation afternoon. I felt like war was coming to an end even ones child heart. Suddenly one bomber crashing under fire and disappeared western over the hill. What happened! cried my mother. I saw that moment when I was 6 years old. I never forget that moment, but you still alive in front of me I cant believe. In those days we ate grass and leaves of trees. After a while Japan was defeated by the United States. There was a lot of different cind of sacrifice each other [both sides]. I am thinking that if we had been defeated by the U.S.S.R. we would not live. Thank you United States finally. We pray the partnership between the U.S. and Japan will last forever.”

REFLECTIONS

After this trip I felt comfortable about coping with memories confronted at Hiroshima. Our itinerary included only Japanese who were friendly. The fact that the documentary of our visit made by NHK was shown twice in the Hiroshima area and once nationally was an indication of general interest in Japan.

My return to memories in Japan also reinforced two old resentments. One was the failure of our highest officials, even up to the Commander in Chief, for not reporting, recognizing or admitting that American POWs were killed by our atomic bomb in Hiroshima. This negligence, or cover-up for whatever reasons, was a great disservice to the families of the POWs and to the American people.

Another event that I resent is that the highest military officials in the Pacific theatre ordered Air Force and Naval air strikes to bomb the Japanese Naval fleet anchored and stuck inoperative in the Japanese Inland Sea, especially knowing about the extremely heavy anti-aircraft firepower from both anchored ships and shore installations. The incentive for ordering missions to attack these targets, which were known to be costly of lives, appears, from the evidence, to have been based more on the egos of commanding officers than on strategically important purposes.

Our crew was always loyal and carried out orders without question. We were proud to be Americans in the Air Force and probably had the best, most considerate officers of any armed force. I just feel that mistakes were made and that it is appropriate to record them.

Although we did not meet any Japanese who were openly hostile to us as visitors coming to Japan to open old wartime memories, there are no doubt Japanese who hold hostile feelings. Also, even though our small group came in peace with an open mind, there are Americans, especially those who were badly mistreated and brutalized, and the families of POWs who were executed, who will never forgive the Japanese for their atrocities.

I do not presume to suggest that these people should be forgiving or attempt to convert them. I only wish to convey that we met Japanese who have given a great deal of effort to finding and recording the correct history of WWII and, more importantly, having it taught to the current and future generations of Japanese.

During my return trip to Japan reporters would ask me, often while standing beside a memorial dedicated to my comrades just after seeing it for the first time. “What are your feelings now?” There was no way that I could express feelings of gratitude while mixed with memories hoarded for fifty-five years. I would try to say something appropriate, but always felt that it was inadequate. Now trying to summarize “how I feel now,” I still feel inadequate. I had never thought that I would be invited to a guided tour of places in Hiroshima and Ikachi of historical interest to me plus new monuments created as memorials to my comrades. Also I had never thought that I would have Japanese friends with whom I would correspond and share thoughts. Even though my visit to Japan did not result in total “closure” of my feelings about the fate of my crew, I did feel more comfortable about many things including making new friends in Japan.