JOSEPH NIEBERT CARPENTER, III
1939

Joseph Carpenter volunteered for service in the Air Force, the day after Pearl Harbor. Leaving Yale, he was inducted as an air cadet in January, 1942. The following November, he received his bombardier wings. He was then selected for a five months’ course in navigation, upon his graduation from which in August, 1943, he was appointed instructor at the Air Base at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

After serving two months as instructor, Carpenter volunteered for immediate combat service in the Pacific. At his request, he was transferred to the Greenville Air Base, in South Carolina. There he was completing his training as navigator-bombardier of a B-25, and expecting shortly to go overseas on combat duty. On February 25, 1944, in the course of a routine flight, his plane crashed. Carpenter and all the other members of the crew but one were killed.

In 1934, only eight years before he became an officer in the Air Force, Carpenter had entered St. Paul’s as a boy of twelve, one of the smallest and youngest members of his Form. Taking part in athletics despite his lack of weight, he played football and hockey on club teams. His attitude toward life was sportmanlike. His good-nature and his courage won him liking and respect at the School, and, in the Air Corps, his work and his character were warmly commended by his superior officers. His brief life, ended at twenty-two, was one of rapid progress.

FRANK CAZENOVE JONES, JR.
1939

Frank Jones was captain of the Isthmian football and hockey teams in 1938–39. The previous spring he had rowed No. 4 on the Shattuck crew, which won its race by two feet in a magnificent last-minute sprint. He played defense on two very good S.P.S. hockey teams, which together lost but one game and won seven. Chosen also for the S.P.S. football team, he is described in the Horae by the coaches as “very rugged and dependable under pressure with a great amount of fortitude.”

In May, 1941, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps, but finished his Sophomore year at Trinity College, Hartford, before he was called for training. He received his wings and commission as Second Lieutenant at Kelly Field, Texas, was assigned as pilot to the 50th Fighter Squadron, flying P–38’s, and went overseas in August, 1942.

The next eighteen months Jones and his squadron were stationed at an airfield near Reykjavik. Then, in February, 1944, they were transferred to England, leaving their P–38’s in Iceland. While waiting for new planes to arrive, Jones happened to meet J. A. Clark, Jr., ’39, then at 4th Fighter Group Headquarters. With Clark’s assistance, Jones succeeded in transferring to one of the Group’s three squadrons, the 335th, flying P–51’s.

On his first combat mission with his new outfit, Jones, according to American newspaper reports, dove five miles through the air to shoot down his first German plane. This was the beginning of a brilliant career as fighter pilot. The 335th Fighter Squadron’s records credit him with destroying seven and a half enemy aircraft in the
air, six and a half enemy aircraft on the ground, with the probable
destruction of one enemy aircraft in the air and with damaging three
in the air and three on the ground: all in the space of two months.
He was promoted Captain and made Deputy Squadron Commander.
In July, he participated in the first shuttle bombing of Germany, from
England to Russia to Italy to England—with a mission from Italy
over Roumania, where he shot down two German planes.

Jones' nickname in his squadron was Biff. His last mission, Au-
gust 8, 1944, was described afterwards in a letter by one of his wing
men:

"I was . . . on the show and saw most of what happened. Biff
had only about 3 hrs. left in his tour and didn't have to fly that Nor-
way show (it was briefed for 7 plus hrs.). But, being the swell guy
that he was, he wouldn't send his flight on a rough show without him.
. . . The show was to take the R.A.F. on a shipping raid and the 4th
to go on inland to strafe airfields. '35' caught the G.A.F. Headquar-
ters field at Stavanger. The Jerry's had evidently been warned, be-
cause the flak was very heavy and accurate. There was only one plane,
a 210, on the field; Biff got it.

"When we started back and were 100–150 miles out from the
coast of Norway, Biff's kite started smoking. I tried to get him on the
radio, but he didn't answer. He jettisoned his canopy and waved at
us just before his plane fell off on a wing and went in. We circled the
spot and tried to contact Air-Sea as long as gas held out. His unopened
'chute came to the surface after two minutes. We stayed . . . for
about ten minutes but nothing else came up. The R.A.F. had some
Wellingtons out in the area later, but nothing more was reported."