

MOS 055 – Clerk: SGT. Dandy Iozzi

While living in Newcastle, PA. I met someone going to the VFW to sign up for the Air Force; I decided I would enlist, as well. Our induction center was in Pittsburgh, I took a test over the course of two days; two weeks later I received a telegram instructing me to go back to Pittsburgh where I was sworn in. I took a train to Mississippi and went to Kessler Air Base in Biloxi for Basic Training. That summer was spent at Marietta College in Marietta, OH for book learning and an Aeronautical course. My next stop was Santa Ana, CA for pre-flight training, airplane recognition, Morse Code, Geography, and Math, among other courses. Then I went to Cal-Aero Academy—an independent flying school at Chino Airport. The U.S. Army Air Forces contracted with the school to provide primary flight training for Army Air Cadets. During the war, Cal-Aero operated the training base with Stearmans and BT-13s. As I was practicing landing a Stearman, I snapped the landing gear; a week later, an Army Officer on a Review Board suggested I stay on the ground. Radio school was full, and I bounced from base to base. I was sent to Amarillo Air Field in Texas for Mechanic School, but when I arrived the last class to focus on B-17s finished and they were switching over to B-29s so I didn't go. Instead, I attended Clerk and Instructional school at Pyote Army Air Field where I was typing 45/50 word per minute. I was assigned to the 330th BG (VH) at Dalhart AAF before going to Walker for six months. My time at Walker was followed by one week in Seattle; then on to Hawaii, Kwajalein, and Guam.

I was trucked to the North end of Guam upon my arrival and I recall seeing bull-dozers just pulling out of an area. There were two-men tents (pup tents), rats, and huge mosquitoes. My office was on the flight line. Every morning I would type work orders, pre-flight orders, orders associated with ground crews, and take calls from headquarters.

One day K-14 came in for a landing and crashed near armament - I was asked to hold the fire hose on the gas tanks...I kept spraying the gas tanks with foam until the foam ran out; I couldn't eat supper that night.

I had lots of free time. Sometimes I helped out on the flight line, loading bombs, etc. Otherwise, the Day room/PX had ping pong; we would watch movies; and go to the beach. I wrote home to my parents.

One day, my friend, Frank Malizia assigned to the 19th BG, came by and picked me up in a Mess Tent truck. He knew the Marines were shipping out so we collected three steel beds (folding beds with springs); I had another buddy in the Navy and he gave me air mattresses and a couple gallons of ice cream. The same day the Marines shipped out, we borrowed the jeep they left behind—ran it around the area for 2 weeks before we were found out...we would hide it in the jungle. We really were just following orders, as I recall one General telling us, if there is ever anything we needed we could go on a midnight requisition— just be sure we weren't stealing from our own men!

When the war was over, I was transferred to the 19th Bomb Group and worked in payroll for two months; it was then I became a SGT. Later, I was transferred to Tinian and saw where they assembled the A-Bombs. I was then transferred to Saipan and from there took a boat (January 1946) to San Pedro, CA; on to Camp Atterbury in Indiana where I was discharged and then took a train home to Pennsylvania. I was an apprentice printer before the war and was able to get my old job back; I worked as a printer for 40 years. I attended two of the 330th BG (VH) reunions, the first and the last. At one of the reunions, Armament Officer, Lt. Restel quipped, "Dandy, I could never figure out what your job was on Guam". I just smiled.

