

# Rising Sun

*Kido Butai* was racing full steam at 24 knots toward the launching point, two hundred miles north of Pearl Harbor. The men were at general quarters; the gun crews ready to fire at anything in sight. The pilots and crews had been routed from their bunks at 3:30 A.M., December 7, Hawaiian time. They had already written last letters and left in their lockers fingernail clippings and snips of hair for their families. They put on clean *mawashi* (loincloths) and "thousand-stitch" belts.\* For breakfast they were served an extra treat, red rice and *tai*, a red snapper eaten at times of celebration.

The ships were rolling so badly that some waves swept onto the decks of the carriers. Because of this, the torpedo pilots were told they could not go in the first attack but must wait for the second, when it would be completely light. To no avail the pilots grumbled that after all their hard training they could take off in the predawn murk, no matter how rough the seas were.

At the first shot of war the carriers of *Kido Butai* had just slipped across the launching point and were not quite two hundred miles north of Pearl Harbor. The first faint light of day glimmered in the east. Pilots and flight crews strapped themselves into their planes; motors roared. In the sky were patches of clouds. Long heavy swells rolled the ships from 12 to 15 degrees. Maneuvers were usually canceled when swells exceeded 5 degrees, but today there could be no postponement.

On the decks of the six carriers, the planes of the first wave were lined up, with forty-three fighter planes in the van, followed by forty-nine high-level and fifty-one dive bombers, and forty torpedo planes in the rear—at the last moment it was decided to let them risk takeoff in the predawn gloom.

At the head of *Kaga's* fighters was Lieutenant (s.g.) Yoshio Shiga, the amateur painter. He was champing, hoping to be the first to take off. He beckoned to one of his ground-crew men and told him to yank out the chocks at his own command—not to wait, as usual, for the flagman's signal.



## 加賀 Revamp Works





Lieutenant Shiga was not watching his own carrier's flag. He had his eyes glued on *Akagi's*. It dropped. He shouted, "Remove chocks!" and roared down the runway. *Kaga's* captain was leaning out a window, expecting to see the usual courtesy salute, but Shiga was too intent on getting into the air before anyone else. His Type Zero\* plunged off the deck, dropped precipitously to within 15 feet of the sea. He turned left and climbed, noticing with dismay that the first fighter pilot on *Akagi*, Lieutenant Commander Shigeru Itaya, had beaten him by a few seconds. He had not waited for his flagman either. Shiga took his time in the turn so that his squadron could catch up, then joined Itaya, who was commanding all the fighters. They streaked south in loose formation like a flock of swallows.

Behind them the high-level medium bombers were taking off. Squadron leader Heijiro Abe was in the first Mitsubishi to leave *Soryu*. Contrary to American practice, he was not the pilot but the navigator-bombardier. Concerned about the roll and pitch of the carrier, he looked back anxiously into the dimness as the others followed. To his relief all his planes were soon in a precise V formation behind the fighters. Next the Aichi Type 99 dive bombers got off the runway and joined up.

The takeoff of the Nakajima Type 97 torpedo bombers was the most hazardous, and putting them in the initial wave while it was still partially dark was a gamble. The first off *Hiryu* was squadron leader Hirata Matsumura. When he plunged from the deck it was like being sucked into a dark pit. He fought his way up to 500 feet and was immediately engulfed in dense clouds. He broke through into the open, then veered left. Once his men had collected, he met the *Soryu* torpedo planes, and together they tagged after the *Akagi* and *Kaga* planes at 13,000 feet. The entire launching had taken no more than fifteen minutes—a record—and a single aircraft, a Zero fighter, had crashed.

Up ahead, Shiga looked back upon a great straggling formation. Never before had he seen so many planes. Half an hour after the takeoff a huge, brilliant sun rose to the left. It was the first time Juzo Mori, a young torpedo pilot—son of a farmer—had ever seen a sunrise from the air. The planes ahead were etched in black silhouette against the red, and it was such a romantic, incongruous sight that he could not believe he was heading for Japan's most important battle. To Lieutenant Matsumura, the sunrise was a sacred sight; it marked the dawn of a new century.





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## PART THREE

万歳

*Banzai!*

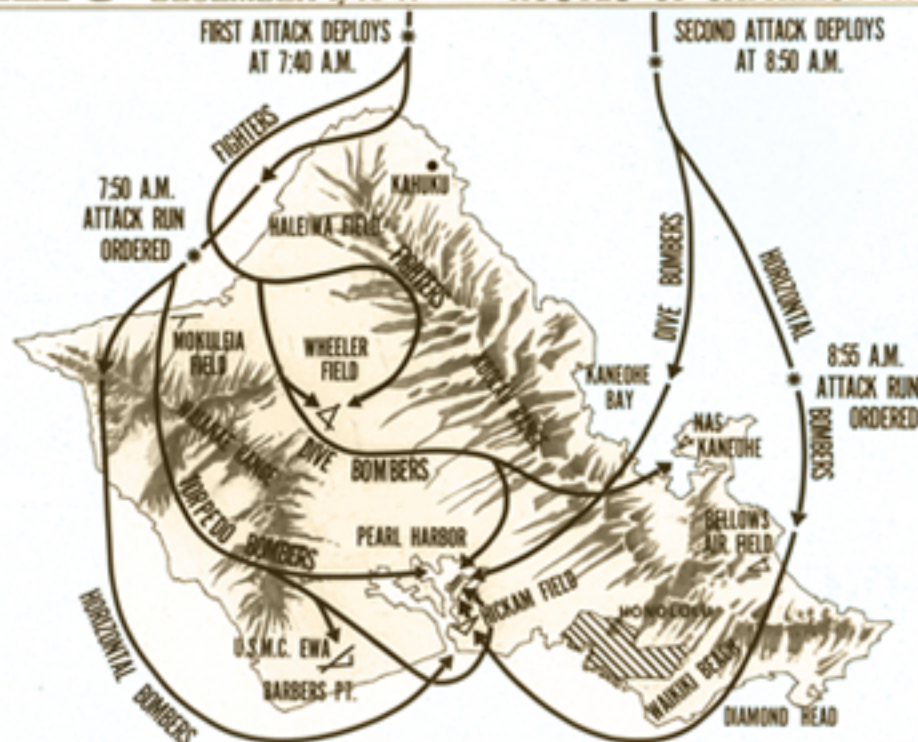
### 1.

The first Zeros approached the northern tip of Oahu, Kahuku Point, at 7:48 A.M. Through clouds below him Lieutenant Yoshio Shiga, leader of the *Kaga* fighters, could barely make out a jut of land and a rim of white surf. A moment later he saw Fuchida's high-level command bomber and awaited a blue flare, the attack signal for the fighter planes, which were without radios. Those in the bombers were tuned in to a local Honolulu station. They heard the haunting strains of a Japanese song.

Banks of cumulus clouds clung to the peaks of the mountain ranges east and west of Pearl Harbor, but over the great naval base, lying in a valley between, the clouds were scattered. The sun shone brightly, its slanting rays giving the cane fields a deep-green hue. The waters of Pearl Harbor—originally named Wai Momi, "water of pearl"—glimmered a brilliant blue. Several civilian planes were lazily circling over the area, but of all the Oahu-based Army planes, not one was airborne. They were tightly bunched together, wing to wing, for security against saboteurs at Hickam, Bellows and Wheeler fields. So were the Marine planes at Ewa Field. The only American military planes in the air were seven Navy PBV's on patrol many miles to the southwest.

OAHU DECEMBER 7, 1941

ROUTES OF JAPANESE ATTACK



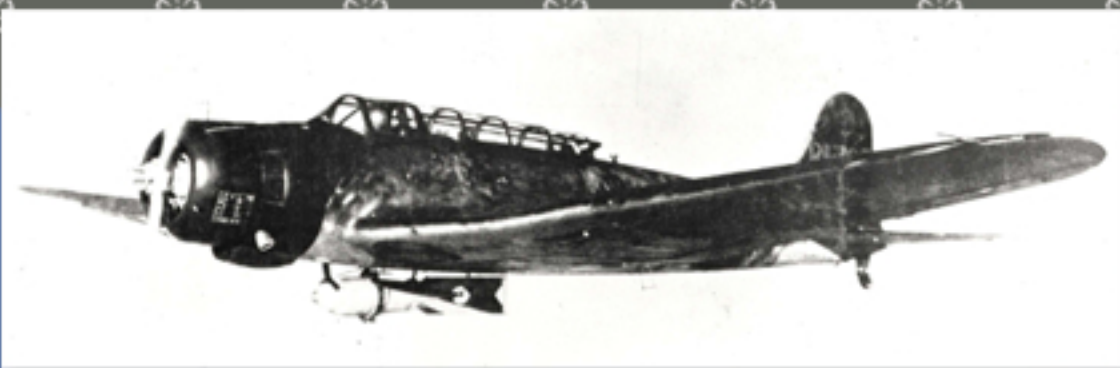


Upon reaching Kahuku Point, Fuchida's plane—he was the observer—began circling around the west coast of Oahu to approach Pearl Harbor. At exactly 7:49 A.M. Fuchida radioed back to *Kido Butai* in Morse code: TO . . . TO . . . TO . . . This represented the first syllable of *Totsugeki!* (Charge!) and meant: "First wave attacking."



At 7:53 A.M. he radioed to Nagumo TORA, TORA, TORA! The repeated code word, meaning "tiger," stood for "We have succeeded in surprise attack." He set off one blue flare to signal that surprise had been achieved. The nearest fighter squadron leader failed to waggle his wings in acknowledgment and Fuchida fired a second flare. Shiga, who was some distance to the rear, thought this was the two-flare signal indicating that surprise had *not* been achieved and that he was to head directly for Hickam Field to clear the skies there of enemy interceptors. He shot through Kola Kola Pass, signaling the others with his right hand to get into attack formation. The leader of the fifty-one dive bombers, Lieutenant Commander Kakuichi Takahashi, also misinterpreted the second flare and veered off to knock out the AA guns protecting Pearl Harbor.

But the torpedo bombers were heading straight for their targets. Lieutenant Commander Shigeharu Murata, had not been confused by the second flare, and radioed his forty bombers to proceed as planned. By the time he saw the mix-up, so many torpedo planes were in attack formation that he decided to go ahead with the strike on Battleship Row.



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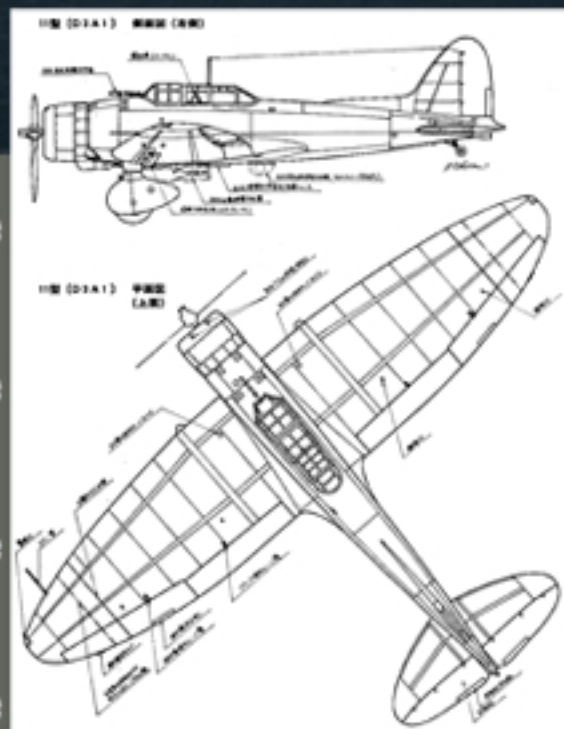


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The torpedo planes from *Soryu* were cutting directly across the island through Kola Kola Pass behind Shiga's fighters, and Lieutenant Mori could make out slit trenches in the mountain slopes. They're ready for us! he thought with a start. As he emerged from the pass he swooped down at 130 knots, just clearing the barracks and hangars of Wheeler Field. Scanning the runway, he guessed there were two hundred fighters packed in neat rows. He was stunned. He hastily calculated that with at least five airfields on Oahu, there would be a thousand enemy fighters.\* His machine-gunner began strafing the parked planes—probably the first shots fired that morning—and then Mori made for Pearl Harbor.

Royal Vitousek, a Honolulu lawyer, and his seventeen-year-old son Martin were circling the island in the family Aeronca when they saw two Japanese fighter planes—undoubtedly Shiga's—approaching. Vitousek dived under the raiders and headed for his home field to make a report. He prayed the Japanese would ignore his little plane. Shiga kept zigzagging toward Pearl Harbor. It reminded him of a Japanese box garden. The American ships looked bluish white, unlike the gloomy gray of Japanese warships. How beautiful, he thought, like peace itself. In seconds he was past Pearl Harbor and over his target, Hickam Field. There wasn't a single enemy fighter in the air or taking off. The attack was a surprise! He looked around. Where were the torpedo bombers? Now was the time to strike.

Just then a dive bomber roared down on Ford Island, loosed a bomb and zoomed up. A cloud of heavy black smoke billowed out of a hangar. It would obscure nearby Battleship Row by the time the torpedo bombers got there, and Shiga thought angrily. What is that crazy helldiver doing? \*\* To the west he saw a lazy line of torpedo planes. Why were they coming in so slowly? Like children trotting to school. They approached the big battleships moored along the southeast side of Ford Island. This was Battleship Row, seven warships anchored together in two rows—five on the inside, two on the outside. The line of planes dumped their torpedoes like "dragonflies dropping their eggs" and arced away. There was a pause. Then a jarring explosion. The battleship *Oklahoma* shuddered. In seconds two more torpedoes tore into her side and she took a list of about 30 degrees.





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The next group of torpedo planes was Lieutenant Matsumura's, from *Hiryu*. His first view of Pearl Harbor was a forest of masts against the garish rising sun. They'd made it! "Look for carriers!" he called through the voice tube to his observer. He dropped to 150 feet over a field of waving sugar cane. Helldivers were plunging down on Ford Island through clouds of smoke. "*Bakayaro!*" he muttered. How could they make such a mistake and obscure the main targets! Half a dozen planes converged on a big ship that looked like a carrier on the northwest side of Ford Island. "Damn fools," he repeated. "Who can they be?" Before takeoff he had warned his men to leave this one alone. It was merely the thirty-three-year-old target ship *Utah*, her stripped decks covered with planks.

He circled out above the sea and turned back over Hickam at 500 feet so he could come in on Battleship Row. His path cut across a long line of torpedo planes from *Kaga* and *Akagi*—several were ablaze from enemy fire but continued on to ram their targets. He'd have done the same thing, he thought, as he skimmed through towering fountains of water. He went down to less than 100 feet and started a run on one of the ships in the outside row—it was *West Virginia*. Usually the pilot alone released the torpedo, but today, to make doubly sure, most navigator-bombardiers were also pushing their release buttons. "*Yoi* [Ready]," he called over the tube. Then: "*Te!*" (Fire!) As the torpedo was launched, he pulled the stick back sharply. "Is the torpedo running straight?" he called to the navigator. He was afraid it might dig into the mud.

Matsumura pushed in the throttle, but instead of making the standard left turn, climbed to the right. He kept looking back to keep his torpedo in view. In the oily water he saw American sailors; they seemed to be crawling in glue. He banked further and saw a column of water geyser from *West Virginia*.



This one moment was worth all the hard months of training. "Take a picture!" he shouted to the navigator, who thought he said "Fire!" and ordered the machine-gunner to open up. "Did you get the picture?" asked Matsumura. Without comment the navigator took a picture—of someone else's column of water.





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Lieutenant Mori, who had swept directly across Oahu, was still looking for a target. He hedgehopped over Ford Island, but finding only a cruiser on the other side, made a semicircle and came back just above the waves toward *California* at the southern end of Battleship Row. At the last moment a breakwater loomed between him and the target. He climbed, circling over *Utah*, which looked as if it had been twisted in two, again went down to 15 feet and came at *California* from a different angle. His radioman-gunner took a picture of the torpedo explosion as Mori prepared to make his left circle to the assembly point. But his path was barred by a heavy pillar of smoke at the end of Ford Island and he was forced to bank right directly into the oncoming torpedo planes from *Akagi* and *Kaga*; he narrowly missed collision and his plane rocked from the turbulence. Bullets ripped through Mori's plane "like hornets." One set the navigator's cushion on fire, another grazed the hand of the machine-gunner, but none hit the fuel tanks.



White geysers erupted where the torpedoes splashed into the harbor, and their black shapes cut wakes straight toward Battleship Row. New geysers rocketed skyward alongside the hulls of the great ships as the carefully aimed torpedoes found their marks. Too late, the battleships began to throw up antiaircraft fire.

Chief Flight Petty Officer Juzo Mori from the *Soryu* chose not to send his torpedo at the cruiser in front of him on his first pass. "If I were going to die," he remembered thinking as he brought his torpedo bomber around for a second try, "I wanted to know that I had torpedoed at least an American battleship." Swinging into position, he braved the storm of fire to go in low against his new target. "By this time I was hardly conscious of what I was doing," he said. "I was reacting from habit instilled by long training, moving like an automaton. Suddenly the battleship appeared to have leaped forward directly in front of my speeding plane; it towered ahead like a great mountain peak."

As Mori released his torpedo, the plane lurched and faltered as anti-aircraft fire struck the wings and fuselage. "My head snapped back," he wrote later, "and I felt as though a heavy beam had struck against my head. But I've got it! A perfect release! And the plane is still flying!" Mori flew directly over the battleship and turned south in order to deceive the Americans into believing the Japanese carriers lay in that direction.





The high-level bombers were going after the inner row of battleships and anything else that looked tempting. The battleships were obscured by smoke at first, but on the second pass the first five *Soryu* planes were able to unload their 1,760-lb. bombs on the badly listing *Oklahoma*. Squadron leader Heijiro Abe snapped a picture as his bomb smashed between two gun turrets, penetrated into an ammunition room and exploded. Great tongues of flame blasted out of half a dozen holes in the ship. A flood of tears obscured Abe's vision. He was ready to die.

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and yelled, "The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor!" His shipmates looked at him as if he were joking as usual, and when he said, "No fooling," someone gave a Bronx cheer. "No crap. Get your asses up on deck!" Yeoman C. O. Lines clambered topside to the fantail just in time to hear a dull explosion and see a plane dive toward *California*, the first of the seven big vessels in Battleship Row.

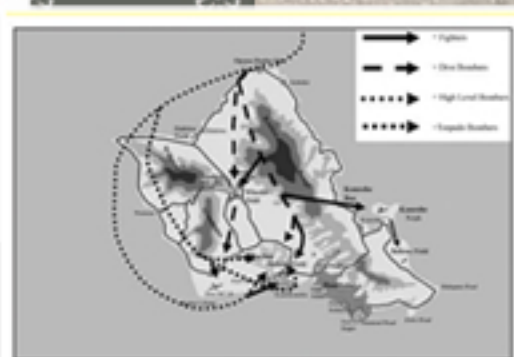
Above her, in tandem formation, were *Maryland* and *Oklahoma*. A torpedo couldn't hit *Maryland* because she was berthed inboard, next to Ford Island. But the outboard ship, *Oklahoma*, was hit by four torpedoes within a minute. As she listed to port, Commander Jesse Kenworthy, senior officer aboard, ordered the ship abandoned over the starboard side. Inexorably the ship settled, its starboard propeller out of the water. Below, more than four hundred officers and men were trapped alive in the rapidly filling compartments. Next in Battleship Row came *Tennessee* and *West Virginia*. Like *Maryland*, *Tennessee* was inboard and protected from torpedo attack. On *West Virginia's* battle conning tower, Captain Mervyn Bennion doubled up. A fragment, probably from an armor-piercing bomb that had just hit the nearby *Tennessee*, had torn into his stomach. Lieutenant Commander T. T. Beattie, the ship's navigator, loosened the skipper's collar and sent for a pharmacist's mate. Bennion knew he was dying, but his concern was how the ship was being fought. Fires swept toward the bridge.

Next in line came *Arizona* and the repair ship *Vestal*. The torpedo planes had missed *Arizona*, but a few minutes later high-level bombers found her with five bombs. One of these plunged through the forecastle into the fuel-storage areas, starting a fire. About sixteen hundred pounds of black powder, the most dangerous of all explosives, were stored here, against regulations. Suddenly the volatile stuff exploded, igniting hundreds of tons of smokeless powder in the forward magazines.

*Arizona* erupted like a volcano. Those on nearby ships saw her leap halfway out of the water and break in two. Within nine minutes the two fragments of the great 32,600-ton ship settled in the mud as sheets of flame and clouds of black smoke boiled above her wreckage. It didn't seem possible that a single one of the more than fifteen hundred men aboard could have survived. Ahead was the last ship in Battleship Row, *Nevada*. She was down several feet by the head from a torpedo in her port bow and a bomb in the quarterdeck.



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Fighter pilot Shiga and his squadron of Zeros were lagging 8,000 feet above Hickam, waiting for enemy fighters to come up, but the only American plane in sight was a little yellow ship flying over the sea just east of the field. Shiga ignored it. Moments later he saw six huge four-engine planes coming in for a landing at Hickam.

They were the first of the dozen Flying Fortresses from California. At the sight of the high-flying Zeroes, Major Truman Landon, the squadron commander, thought, Here comes the U. S. Air Corps out to greet us. Then came the distant blinking of machine guns, and a voice shouted over the intercom, "Damn it, those are Japs!" Landon's planes scattered. One started north for Bellows while the rest hastily made for Hickam. Four of them landed safely, but one was shot in half by ground troops as it touched down.

Shiga and his men strafed Hickam in single file, raking a long line of parked planes, then hedgehopped for the sea to avoid AA fire. They turned and swept back. To Shiga's surprise, not one of the planes just strafed was burning. If they had been Japanese they would all be on fire. After three passes at Hickam, Shiga decided to hit Ford Island, but since it was covered with smoke, he led his men to the Marine field near Barbers Point, to the southwest. They left most of the parked fighters in flames.



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One plane alone circled above Pearl Harbor. It was Fuchida assessing the damage. Battleship Row was a holocaust; every battleship still afloat was burning.

Now from the east a second wave of raiders—eighty dive bombers, fifty-four high-level bombers and thirty-six fighters—approached Oahu. At 8:55 A.M. Lieutenant Commander Shigekazu Shimazaki gave the signal for attack and the 170 planes shot over the mountains east of Honolulu and headed for Battleship Row and Drydock No. 1, where the eighth battleship, *Pennsylvania*, was berthed.

A principal target was *Nevada*, moving slowly past *Arizona*, which still belched huge tongues of flame. Gun crews shielded ammo from the intense heat with their own bodies. Already suffering from one torpedo hit, *Nevada* drew up to the toppled *Oklahoma*. Several men stood up on the sides of that ship and cheered as *Nevada* made for open water. But the attackers were finding the range, and six bombs hit within a few minutes. The bridge and forestructure of the battleship erupted in flames. *Nevada* turned to port, and with the help of two tugs, was beached not far from *Pennsylvania*'s drydock.





In the first few minutes the Navy bases at Kaneohe and Ford Island, and the Army bases at Wheeler, Bellows and Hickam, as well as the lone Marine base, Ewa, were crippled. Not a single Navy fighter and only some thirty Army Air Corps fighters managed to get into the air.

"We've got to get down to the line and tag some of those bastards," Lieutenant Harry Brown shouted. But the closely grouped planes on the ramp were already on fire. "Let's go to Haleiwa," he said. This was an auxiliary sod field on the north coast, where a few P-40's and P-36's were kept. Brown and several other fighter pilots piled into his new Ford convertible and careened off. Lieutenants George Welch and Kenneth Taylor were right behind in another car.

The Army fighter pilots had some success; they shot down eleven Japanese. The two lieutenants from Wheeler—Kenneth Taylor and George Welch—accounted for seven of these.

That Sunday morning Welch and Taylor were just leaving an all-night party at Wheeler Field, Hawaii. As they stood outside an army barracks watching the tropical dawn grow brighter, neither had any idea of the momentous event which was about to change their lives. Welch was saying that instead of going to sleep, he wanted to drive back to their own base at nearby Haleiwa Field for a nice Sunday morning swim.

Suddenly the Japanese swooped down on Wheeler Field, which was a center for fighter operations in Hawaii. Dive bombers seemed to appear out of nowhere. Violent explosions upended the parked planes, and buildings began to burn. Welch ran for a telephone and called Haleiwa as bullets sprayed around him.

"Get two P-40s ready!" he yelled. "It's not a gag--the Japs are here."

The drive up to Haleiwa was a wild one. Japanese Zeros strafed Welch and Taylor three times. When the two fliers careened onto their field nine minutes later, their fighter planes were already armed and the propellers were turning over. Without waiting for orders they took off.

As they climbed for altitude they ran into twelve Japanese Val dive bombers over the Marine air base at Ewa. Welch and Taylor began their attack immediately, on their first pass, machine guns blazing, each shot down a bomber. As Taylor zoomed up and over in his Tomahawk, he saw an enemy bomber heading out to sea. He gave his P-40 full throttle and roared after it. Again his aim was good and the Val broke up before his eyes. In the meantime Welch's plane had been hit and he dived into a protective cloud bank. The damage didn't seem too serious so he flew out again--only to find himself on the tail of another Val. With only one gun now working he nevertheless managed to send the bomber flaming into the sea.

Both pilots now vectored toward burning Wheeler Field for more ammunition and gas. Unfortunately the extra cartridge belts for the P-40s were in a hangar which was on fire. Two mechanics ran bravely into the dangerous inferno and returned with the ammunition.

The Japanese were just beginning a second strafing of the field as Welch and Taylor hauled their P-40s into the air again. They headed directly into the enemy planes, all guns firing. This time Ken Taylor was hit in the arm, and then a Val closed in behind him. Welch kicked his rudder and the Tomahawk whipped around and blasted the Val, though his own plane had been hit once more. Taylor had to land, but George Welch shot down still another bomber near Ewa before he returned.





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On the morning of December 7, Lt. Rasmussen had awakened in his barracks, when, looking out a window, he saw a group of Japanese airplanes dropping bombs on the field. He strapped his .45 caliber pistol to the outside of his pajamas and ran to get an airplane.

Most of the planes were destroyed, but Lt. Rasmussen found an unscathed P-36 Hawk and taxied it to a revetment where he had it loaded with ammunition. During a lull in the bombing, he took off with three other pilots. They received orders by radio to fly to Kaneohe Bay on the north-east side of the island.

The American pilots subsequently engaged 11 Japanese aircraft. Despite having a jammed .30 caliber gun and only limited capability with his .50 caliber gun, Lt. Rasmussen managed to shoot down a Mitsubishi A6M Zero. Several other Japanese pilots attacked, including one who apparently tried to ram him. (The Japanese pilot, Iyozo Fujita, returned to the aircraft carrier, Soryu, and survived the war.)

Rasmussen's plane was badly damaged, so he dove into a cloud to escape—a dangerous maneuver considering the mountainous terrain. He returned to Wheeler Field, where he landed with no brakes, rudder, or tailwheel. Oral accounts of the number of bullet holes in the plane vary, but most give a figure of about 500.

Fujita fled north with Iida's two wingmen, PO1c Takeshi Atsumi and PO2c Saburo Ishii. His aircraft damaged by Sanders' bullets, Fujita could not follow them as they swung west toward the rendezvous northwest of Kaena Point. He watched helplessly as the two Soryu Zeros were attacked by more P-36s along the north shore.

Second Lt. Harry W. Brown, 47th PS from Haleiwa Field, and 2nd Lt. Malcolm "Mike" Moore, 46th PS from Wheeler, were flying the aircraft that attacked these Soryu Zeros. Moore attacked Ishii but was chased by Atsumi. Brown hit Atsumi and, years later, both Fujita and Brown wrote that they saw Atsumi's plane with a "big fire." Brown last saw it headed west of Kaena Point. Mike Moore only considered Ishii a "probable," yet Ishii never returned to the Soryu. Both Zeros were recently found where they crashed, in the channel between Kauai and Niihau islands





The first planes found their way back to the carriers at 10 A.M. The weather worsened and a number of planes crashed on the pitching decks. As Matsumura's tail hook caught the landing wire on *Hiryu* he felt a surge of joy. He'd never expected to come back and there he was, alive!

Fuchida returned about an hour later and was greeted by an exultant Genda; then he went to the bridge and reported to Nagumo and Kusaka that at least two battleships had been sunk and four seriously damaged. He begged the admirals to launch another attack at once and this time concentrate on the oil tanks. American air power had been smashed, he assured them, and the second attack would just have antiaircraft fire to contend with.

Kusaka considered Fuchida's suggestion. His volatile friend Admiral Yamaguchi had already signaled that *Soryu* and *Hiryu* were prepared to launch another attack, and *Kaga's* captain, at the urging of Commander Sata, also recommended a strike against installations and fuel tanks. The oil was an alluring target, but Kusaka believed a commander should not be obsessed by such temptations. The second attack would surely be no surprise; and no matter what Fuchida thought, the bulk of their planes would probably be shot down by AA fire. More important, the task force itself would be placed in jeopardy. *Kido Butai* was the heart of the Japanese Navy and should not be risked. From the beginning he had wanted to deliver a swift thrust and return like the wind.

"We should retire as planned," Kusaka advised Nagumo, who nodded.

A staff officer suggested that they try to locate and sink the American carriers. Opinion on the bridge was divided. "There will be no more attacks of any kind," said Kusaka. "We will withdraw."<sup>9</sup>



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Mission 411207 Yoshio Shiga

AircraftType=A6M2

Name=Lion

Unit=Kaga

StartTime=07:48

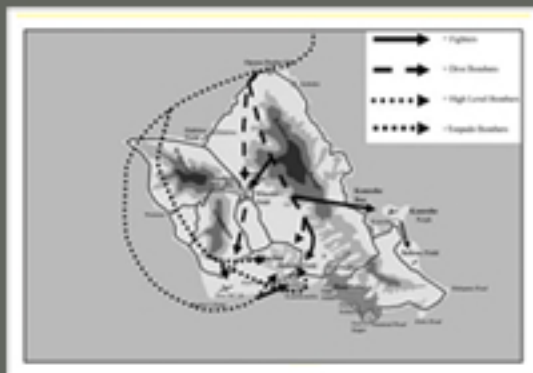
Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 6 Zeroes to Pearl Harbor following Akagi Zeroes. Proceed to Hickam. If Akagi Zeroes are strafing, proceed to Ewa and strafe aircraft.

Return to Kaga to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is the Kaga. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

All pilot canopies controlled by flaps.

Wing fold CTRL-2





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Akira Sakamoto

AircraftType=D3A1

Name=Oyster

Unit=Zuikaku

StartTime=07:48

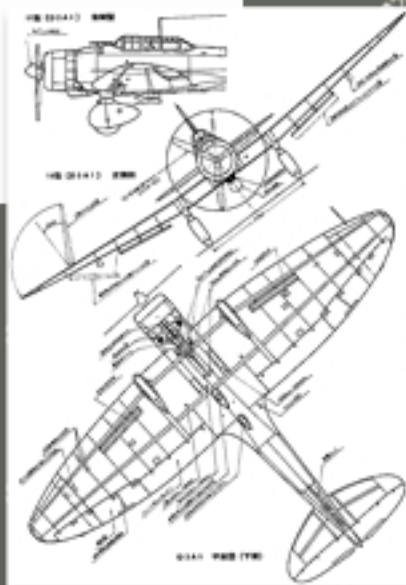
Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 6 D3A1's to Wheeler and strike the aircraft and hangars. Direct wingmen also. Be certain to hit the northernmost hangar.

Return to Zuikaku to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy Rear CTRL-4

Wing fold CTRL-6





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Mission 411207 Kakuichi Takahashi

AircraftType=D3A1

Name=Tuna

Unit=Shokaku

StartTime=07:48

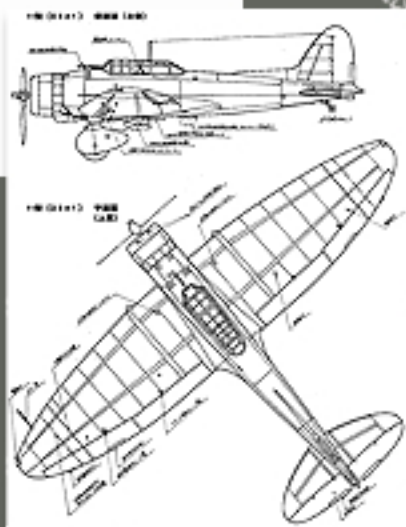
Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 6 D3A1's to Pearl Harbor and strike the patrol aircraft on the south end of Ford Island. Direct wingmen also.

Return to Shokaku to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy Rear CTRL-4

Wing fold CTRL-6





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Juzo Mori

AircraftType=B5N2

Name=Cobra

Unit=Soryu

StartTime=07:48

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

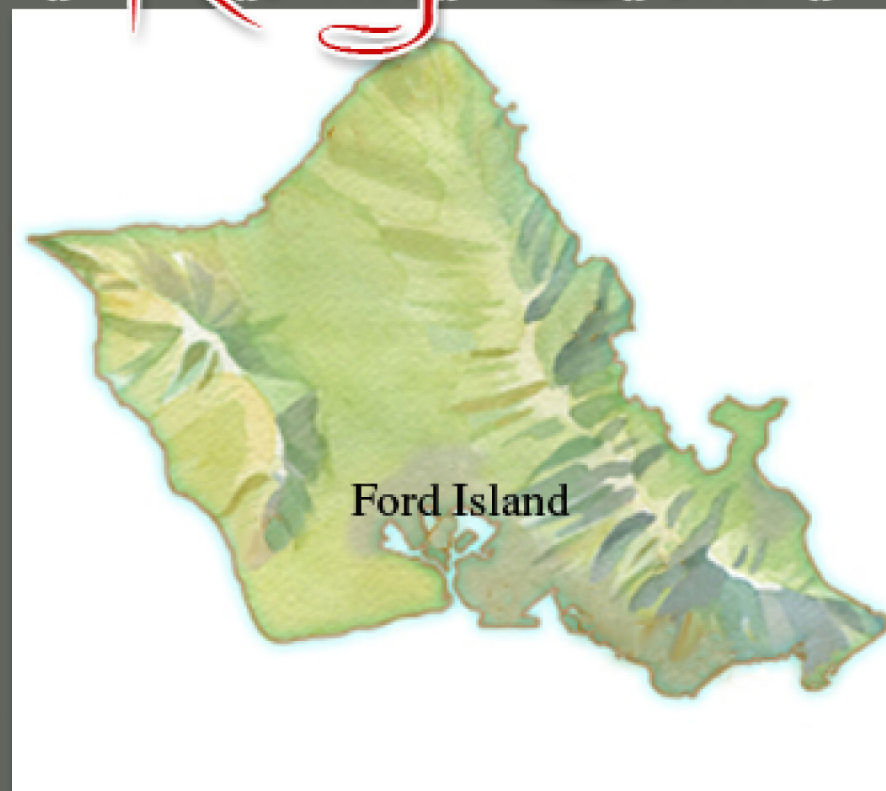
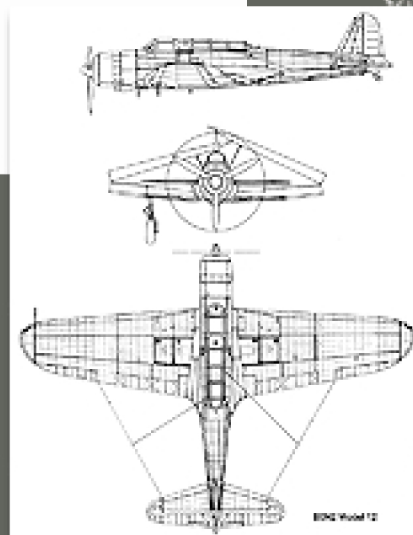
Fly as #1 in a B5N2 to Pearl Harbor and attack USS California on Battleship Row.

Return to Soryu to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy, nav CTRL-4

Canopy rear CTRL-5

Wing fold CTRL-8





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Shigekazu Shimazaki

AircraftType=D3A1

Name=Python

Unit=Zuikaku

StartTime=07:48

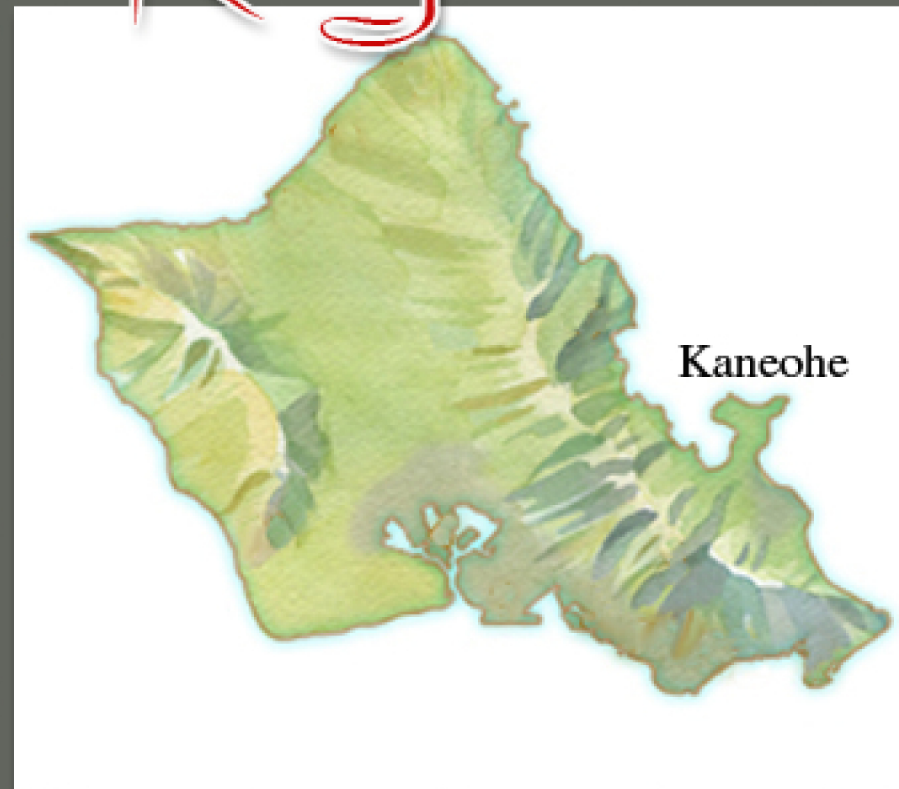
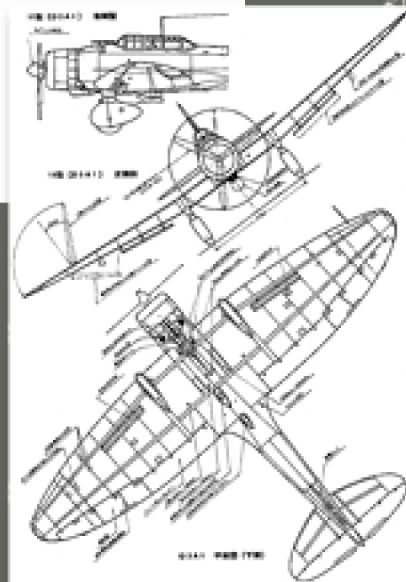
Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 6 D3A1's to Kaneohe.  
Approach and strike the patrol aircraft.  
Direct wingmen also. Strafe personnel.

Return to Zuikaku to trap. When nearing  
the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find  
**RECOVERY**. That is your carrier. You  
can lock your view onto it during  
approach and landing.

Canopy Rear CTRL-4

Wing fold CTRL-6





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Tadashi Kusumi

AircraftType=B5N2

Name=Mamba

Unit=Soryu

StartTime=08:38

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

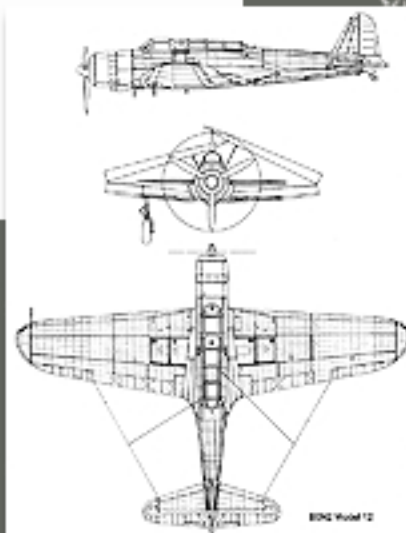
Lead flight of B5N2's from Soryu to Pearl Harbor. Bomb battleships closest to Ford Island. Your target is the USS Arizona.

Return to Soryu to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy, nav CTRL-4

Canopy rear CTRL-5

Wing fold CTRL-8





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Takehiko Chihaya

AircraftType=D3A1

Name=Trout

Unit=Akagi

StartTime=08:38

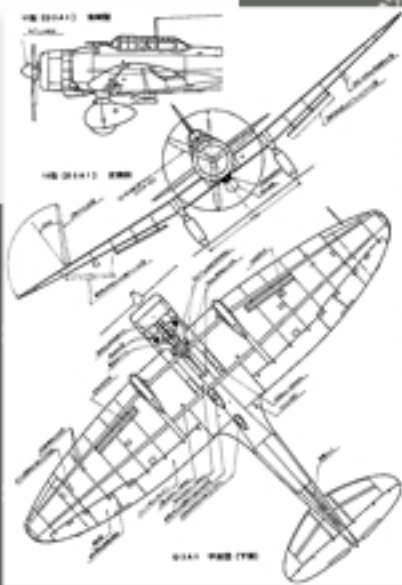
Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 6 D3A1's to Pearl Harbor and strike the Nevada and Pennsylvania. Direct wingmen also.

Return to Akagi to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy, gun CTRL-4

Wing fold CTRL-6





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Tadayushi Kawada

AircraftType=B5N2

Name=Viper

Unit=Zuikaky

StartTime=08:3

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

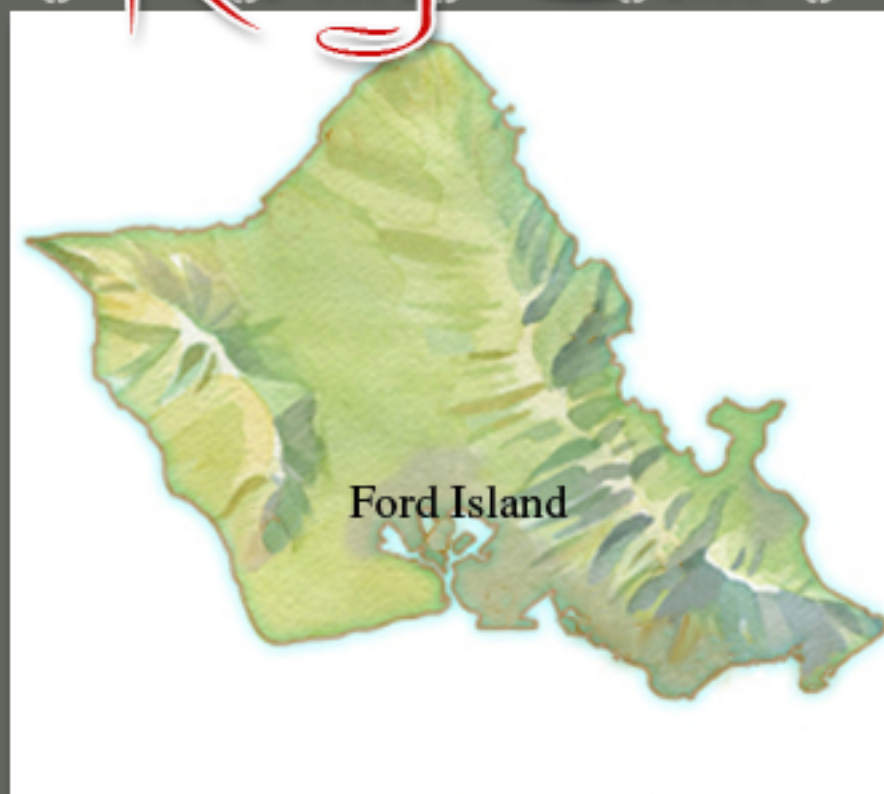
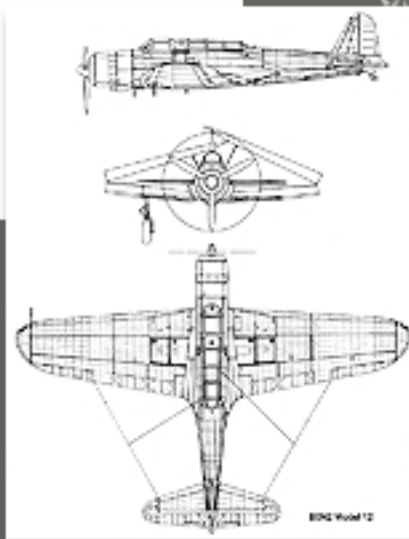
Lead flight of B5N2's from Zuikaku to Hickam Air Field. Bomb Hickam Barracks. Direct wingmen to bomb also.

Return to Zuikaku to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Canopy, nav CTRL-4

Canopy rear CTRL-5

Wing fold CTRL-8





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Tsuguo Matsuyama

AircraftType=A6M2

Name=Dagger

Unit=Hiryu

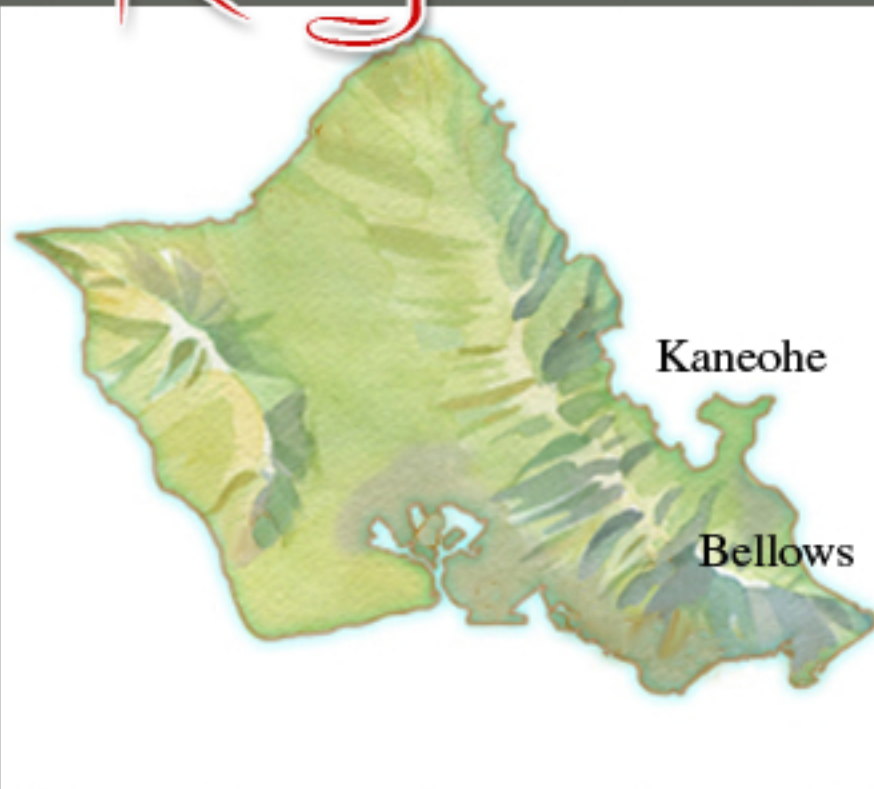
StartTime=08:38

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Lead flight of 3 Zeroes to Kaneohe and then proceed to Bellows. Destroy any flying or parked aircraft and direct wingmen to do same.

Return to Hiryu to trap. When nearing the fleet, cycle through aircraft to find RECOVERY. That is your carrier. You can lock your view onto it during approach and landing.

Wing fold CTRL-2





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 George Welch

AircraftType=P-40B

Name=Tiger 2

Unit=15th Pursuit Group

StartTime=09:00

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Join on Ken Taylor's P-40B and fly towards Ewa. Engage enemy aircraft. Pay attention to your leader's position and situation. You may need to shoot someone off his tail.

Land at Hickam.





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Phil Rasmussen

AircraftType=P-36A

Name=Ramrod 14

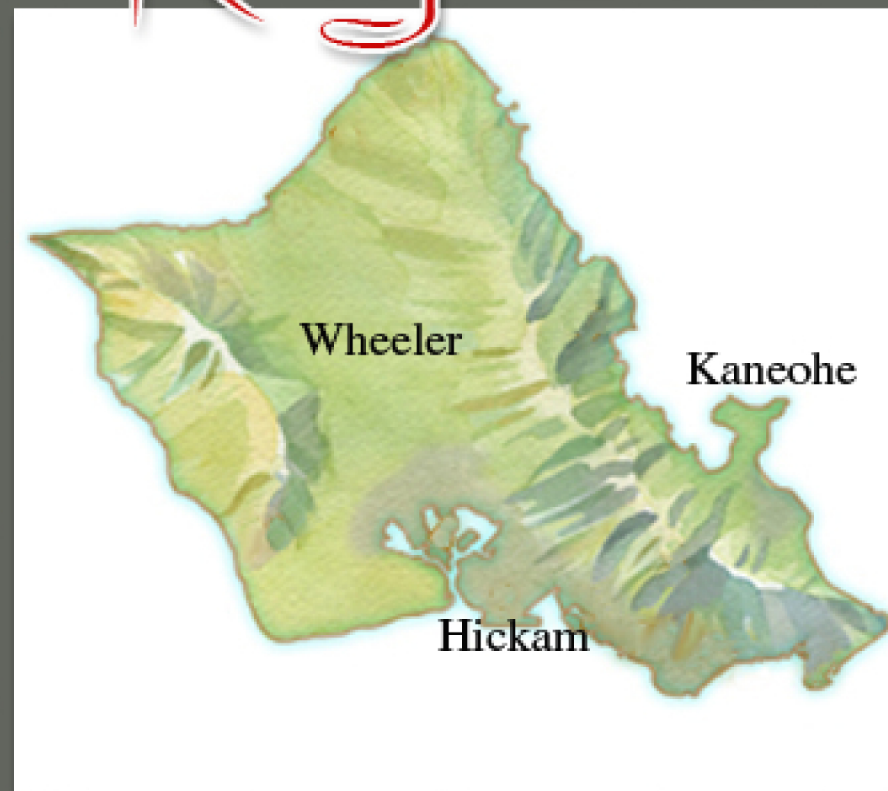
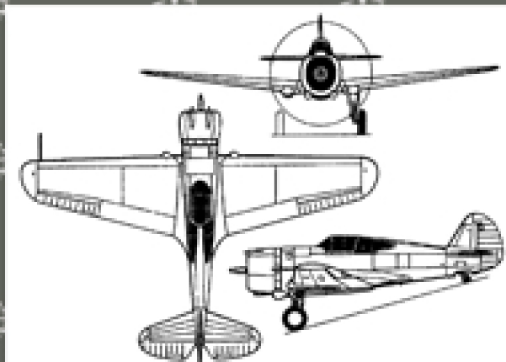
Unit=15th Pursuit Group

StartTime=09:00

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Take off as #4 from Wheeler and fly to Kaneohe. Engage enemy aircraft attacking the base. Your targets are the D3A1 dive bombers. You will be the target of the Zeroes that are their escorts.

Land at Wheeler.





# Rising Sun

Mission 411207 Harry Brown

AircraftType=P-36A

Name=Dodge 2

Unit=45th Pursuit Group

StartTime=09:45

Weather=SCATTERED 4000 m

Take off from Haliewa and join on Dodge Lead. Follow him to the northeast where you can intercept Zeroes returning to their carrier.

They can out-turn you but if you jump them, your guns will make the difference.

Return to Haliewa to land.

