March 2017 Newsletter

March 19, 2017

Dear Thirsty 13th members, relatives, and friends,

The 13th Troop Carrier Squadron history advanced yet again as many treasured items were shared with us. The daughter of radio operator Roy Wicks shared several items, including a scan of her dad’s short snorter which had a surprise. The daughter of navigator Donald L. Pyke emailed me his write-up “The War Years,” with six pages of stories from the Thirsty 13th. The daughter of 1944-45 radio operator Carl Cook shared her dad’s photos, and discharge paper.

I devoted almost every moment since the February 4, 2017, newsletter to a full-bore effort to find relatives of members, and it was amazing. I even found and visited a still-living member. I have done all I can for a while, and so devote many pages to summarizing where we are.

This month’s letter does not have the usual second section of “History-Related Activities.”

Thank you for your interest in The Thirsty 13th.

Seth P. Washburne, Squadron Historian

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This is the newsletter for the U.S. Army Air Corps 13th Troop Carrier Squadron, 1940-1946, nicknamed “The Thirsty 13th.” This is prepared by Seth P. Washburne, the son of John C. Washburne, navigator 11/42-7/43. Please direct any comments to him at: (212) 289-1506, sethpw1@gmail.com, or 5200 Meadowcreek Drive, Apt. 2060, Dallas, TX 75248.

Page numbers referred to are in the book “The Thirsty 13th” unless otherwise stated.

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Please click the hand symbol to make it easier to scroll down.
1. Additional History


I recently found the daughter of radio operator Roy Wicks. He joined the squadron before it went overseas, making him part of that special first group. She identified him in the photo on page 210 of the New Caledonia Communications Section, including the early Radio Operators, as pictured above left.

On February 10, 2016, she emailed me several scans, including the photo above center of Roy, estimated on rest leave in Sydney in August 1944.

One surprising item was his Honorable Discharge, with the dates of his return to the U.S., above, leaving September 1, 1944, and arriving back September 3. She also shared a scan of a “short snorter,” at right, for this flight, on a four shilling note from Tonga.

I soon learned the reason for this quick return trip. The 13th TCS members were passengers, but are indicated below with their squadron roles. First are Jack Hamilton (p) and Richard Cover (n). Next are entertainers Jerry Colonna and Tony Romano. Then the 13th TCS’s Arnold L. Miller (p), G A. Dalmann (p), John W. Watkins (cc), and Chas C. Woodall (p). Next are none other than Patty Thomas, Frances Langford, and Bob Hope – his signature also below.

Bob Hope’s schedule on page 457 has his last show August 31, so apparently he was flying home. If they departed American Samoa, time zone 1 in ’44, the flight was 3 days long; if from any point west of the date line, the flight covered just two days, perhaps on an LB-30. The last signatures are not 13th TCS. It was great of Bob Hope to take seven of us with him.
b. **1943-1945: War Stories of Donald L. Pyke, Navigator, 12/43-5/45**

The daughter, Susan, of navigator Pyke emailed me a write-up her dad made, titled “The War Years,” with 20-pages, single-spaced, of stories. These cover his time in ROTC, and navigator school, and flights on temporary duty with other units after the 13th TCS, but 6 pages were from his time in the squadron. Squadron stories are the meat on the bones; below are some highlights. He also provided helpful background on the 16 navigators who were transferred to the Fifth AF October 24, 1944 (as described on page 482), and on the 11 of these to 2nd Combat Cargo in 1945.

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**Pyke (Navigator, 12/43-5/45, from his write-up “War Years”):** “My orders were to report to Baer Field in Fort Wayne, Indiana (p. 430). I was pleased to be assigned to a troop carrier squadron in the Thirteenth Air Force in the South Pacific. I met my crew: a pilot, Buford Blount, a co-pilot, crew-chief Charles Wentworth, and a radio operator, and we were given a brand new C-47 (p. 406). On November 13, 1943, we took off to Hamilton Field.

“On the evening of November 18, 1943, we were ready to join a flight of six airplanes en route to Hickam Field, Honolulu, but it was not to be. A minor electrical problem bothered Sgt. Wentworth, and the other five took off without us. We followed alone a couple of hours later, shortly after midnight, after our problem had been corrected.

“The plan was to fly south [from the red peg at right, by the yellow line] following the San Francisco Bay to the Golden Gate Bridge, which I would use as a point of departure for our fifteen hour flight to Hawaii. I kept looking down [through the drift meter] to check the time as we crossed the bridge. Finally, I went forward and I asked the pilot [Blount] when he expected to reach the bridge, and was told ‘Oh, we flew under it about ten minutes ago.’

“The next day we went into Honolulu and spent a good part of the day on the beach at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I tried surfboarding but was never able to get to my feet on the board. We did enjoy an afternoon of ‘tea-time’ entertainment by Don Ho and his Royal Hawaiians.

**The Thirsty Thirteenth**

“When I got to my hut and found my cot, there was a black cat asleep on it. We began our trip on the 13th of November, to join the 13th Air Force, the 13th Troop Carrier Squadron, and found a black cat asleep on my cot. These omens made the future look bleak, but since I returned unscathed I consider 13 and black cats my good luck symbols.

“The weeks settled into a general pattern of four-day missions followed by three days off. At first [early 1944, from Espiritu Santo] we would fly to Guadalcanal, and spend three nights in transient quarters. During the day we would fly ‘up the slot’ to the Russell Islands, Munda, Treasury Island, and Bougainville (p. 362), at which a beachhead had just been established. The airstrip was still under occasional artillery fire, but Army Engineers and/or Navy CBs would immediately repair any damage to the runways.

“We usually wore a flight suit, baseball cap, and moccasins on these missions, and carried a poncho, some clean underwear, and shaving kit in a backpack. Around our waist we wore a web belt with a canteen, mess kit and holstered .45 caliber automatic pistol. We were never without our aviator’s dark glasses, and sometimes carried our leather flight jacket in the rare case of cool weather.

“When wounded were to be evacuated by air from a combat zone, one or two (depending on the anticipated numbers of wounded involved) nurses would join our crew. Tiers of three stretchers were slung on either side of the cabin – three tiers to the left, forward of the door, and four on the right. This enabled us to transport a maximum of twenty-one stretcher cases.
“About once every three months each crew would be assigned to ferry a group of fighter pilots to Auckland or Sydney. We were always able to find sufficient reason to stay over a day or two before we picked up a load of pilots returning to their squadrons. We stayed in the best hotel. Auckland in many ways seemed like an American city from the late 1800s. Sydney was much larger, but still lacked many of the amenities of modern American cities. In both cities the bars were open only from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and for only a few hours in the evening. This was probably good, for it kept us visitors sober for much of the day.

“The plane we flew from the States was the first to be equipped with an automatic pilot, and a favorite trick when this plane was used on such a ‘milk-run’ was for the navigator, radio operator, and crew chief to emerge from the flight deck and start a game of cards on the floor of the passenger cabin. A short time later we would be joined by the co-pilot, and ultimately by the pilot, leaving the plane under control of the automatic pilot.

“Fighter pilots were the most nervous passengers of any we ever carried, for they never trusted any aircraft not under their control. Also they knew how many members constituted our crew, and when all five of us emerged from the flight deck, leaving the door ajar, we could see them nervously craning their necks to see who, if anyone, was at the controls.

“Another trick involved clouds. Fighter pilots never trusted clouds unless they were using them to evade an enemy plane. Clouds would occasionally turn out to be thunderheads containing violent up and down drafts which could tear the wings off most planes.

“When the pilot spotted an area covered with alto-stratus clouds (which are relatively harmless) he would descend into them and begin to jerk the ‘stick’ (which in our case looked like a steering wheel) to simulate increasing turbulence. After a few minutes the crew chief would emerge from the flight deck and quietly pick up five parachutes and Mae Wests, and return to the flight deck and close the door. A short time later we would open the door and look back into the cabin to see all our passengers donning this emergency gear. The pilot would ascend out of the cloud cover into the sunlight to the cheers of the anxious passengers.

“The war moved on. We moved with it to a new base on Manus Island. During our short sojourn there we took a Jeep and went exploring - driving on the ‘road’ which followed the shore line around the island. On the far side we came upon a native village where the people lived as they had for centuries. I was reminded of that scene when we visited the Indian village at Disneyland years later.

“Our stay on Manus was only temporary, as was its successor on Wakde. Our hovel, a poorly erected sixteen foot tent (G. I. issue) with the ground as a floor, was at the end of the airstrip, and the noise level from planes taking off and landing was high.

“I was a great admirer of Admiral Halsey, who hop-scotched up the ‘slot,’ taking strategic points and bypassing many Japanese forces. I must admit, however, that he did bypass Lae, which still had an operable Japanese airbase. I mention that because it played a role in one of our flights from Wakde to Finschhafen.

“We usually followed a route well off the coast on this route, but one time we decided to take a shortcut over land. We had just passed Hollandia on our way down through the center of New Guinea when a Japanese Zero flew up beside us. We were defenseless with only our sidearms, the bullets of which wouldn’t get past our slipstream if we tried to shoot at him.

“He flew in tight on our wing for what seemed like hours, but was probably less than one. We were convinced that he was toying with us and would soon peel off, circle around, and, with a short burst, shoot us down like the sitting ducks we were. Finally the time came. He saluted us, peeled off, circled around and headed for his base. We could only guess that he had been on a strafing run and had used up all his ammunition, for we couldn’t imagine that one of our own pilots would have given up a chance for such an easy kill.”
c. 1944-1945: Items of Carl A. Cook, Radio Operator, 1/44-7/45

On January 30, 2017, I found the daughter, Carla, of 1944 radio operator Carl A. Cook. She was great to scan and email me her dad’s photos. Cook is shown above left.

Cook joined the squadron in January 1944. Above center is Harp in the Espiritu Santo camp, by the tree on the top left of page 392. Harp’s father was nicknamed Honey, and Harp all his life went by Honeyboy, and Carla told me her dad called her son (his grandson) Honeyboy, and now learned the source of this nickname. Above right are Patty Thomas, Jerry Colona, and Bob Hope, climbing out of a PBY at Espiritu Santo, perhaps for the shows August 10-11, 1944.

Below left are Meadows and Harp at the spot in front of the chapel door at Biak on page 544.

Below right is radio station WVTG at Biak. WVTG was initially a 50 watt radio station in Hollandia, New Guinea, then moved to Biak. It was part of the Armed Forces Radio Service (AFRS), playing records of music and programs as a morale booster, and as an alternative to Tokyo Rose. Radio operators such as Carl Cook may have homed in on their signals.

Cook had the C-47 “V”-formation photo below, perhaps from his flight to the South Pacific.
2. Members and Relatives

a. **Identifying our Members by Birth Date**

**Donald E. Johnson, 47 Cherokee St., La Fayette, GA**

Johnson, at right, as pictured on page 375, was a mess cook, and should have been easy to find, with a middle initial and 1945 street address. Instead, this on February 8, 2016 took from 7 p.m. until after midnight, and then some.

When one searches on Ancestry.com, there are no Donald Johnsons from La Fayette, #1 at right, or its Walker County, born 1905-1925. When one expands the search to all of Georgia, and adds the middle initial, there are five, born in 1909, 1915, 1920, 1922, and 1923.

I typed his name in the ww2enlistment.org site and looked at men whose serial number has a second digit of “4,” from NC, SC, GA, FL, AL, MS and TN, per the book’s page 83, and there are four. Three are from Tennessee, and only one is from Georgia, born in 1923, but from De Kalb County, which is Atlanta, #2 at right. He is noted as married when he enlisted March 25, 1943. Many records were destroyed in a fire in St. Louis in 1973, so there could be more DEJs, so this one from De Kalb was not necessarily ours, and in any case I had to connect him in Atlanta with ours from La Fayette.

Back on Ancestry, they have only one DEJ from De Kalb County, the one born in 1915.

The DEJ born in 1923 was from Lawrence, Ga., #3., and died in Ringgold, #4. His father was named Oady, and was still in Gwinnett County, #3, through the 1940 census.

In the northwest, I Googled “Donald E. Johnson Ringgold” with no quote marks, and went to sequential pages of Google results, and found an obit from 2004 for a wife “preceded in death by her husband, Donald E. Johnson.” Her name was Sarah Pauline Williams Johnson, 1916-2004, so this was the wife of #4.

After going to bed at 12:15 a.m., I thought “I wonder if the father of #3 ever moved to Atlanta? I went back to the computer and searched. Sure enough, the father of #3 moved to De Kalb County, #2 around the time #3 enlisted, so #3, who later in life was at #4, was the same as #2. But I still needed to connect him to our #1.

I noted that ours was married before he went overseas, and so considered perhaps this was his wife’s home address. I searched on his wife’s name and birth year, and sure enough she was from La Fayette. Ancestry did not have her at the 47 Cherokee Street address, but at least she was from this town, providing an explanation of why ours from #3 and #2 used an address at #1.

I found names for descendants, and eventually a grandson. I sent the above photo with a question: “Is this your grandfather?” Moments later I received a reply: “It is.”

Johnson was one of the then 27 members not yet identified with a birth date, so it was great to get him identified. Finding his grandson was icing on the cake.
John J. Riordan, 5713 Harper Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

For navigator John J. Riordan I had his first name on an order, and two addresses in Chicago on a 1957 reunion list, above, one a residence in Hyde Park, and the other an office building.

I searched Ancestry for John J. Riordan’s who ever lived in Illinois, born 1920 +/- 5 years – the age range for our navigators, and found three, born 8/2/17 – but he had a FindaGrave page saying nothing about WWII, 4/9/18, and 4/16/18, and had nothing else to go on.

The website ww2enlistment.org has eleven John J. Riordan’s in WWII, but only one from Illinois. He is from Cook County (Chicago), but born in 1909 – older than most of our navigators, and only completed grammar school, so was unlikely to be our navigator. Google searches could not connect any JJeRs to the address above, the Air Corps, or South Pacific.

On February 20, 2017, I found a reference in the squadron monthly reports that he was awarded the Air Medal, and that it was per “HQ Far East Air Forces General Order #36.”

At 3:01 p.m. I emailed George Cully, a retired USAF historian, who lives in Montgomery, Ala., who I met in 2011 in the library at Maxwell AFB. George does research-for-hire at the Air Force Historical Research Library for people who cannot travel there on their own (his email is warty@knology.net), and has been the source of countless Thirsty 13th documents, initially for aircraft record cards, and recently for military orders. I asked if he could find that order.

On February 21 at 6:50 p.m., barely 24 hours after I contacted him, George emailed me a scan of this order 36. I laugh out loud when I think about how lucky I am to have found George.

This order is shown in part below. It has our John J. Riordan’s mother’s name – and thankfully it is an unusual one, Mayme, and from a town different from Chicago, being Ottawa, Ill, dangling out in front of me the possibility that our John J. Riordan could finally be identified. I agonized over identifying ours for years, variously estimating he was one of those noted above.

Searching on Ancestry, now with his mother’s name, and a different town, I determined he was not born in Illinois at all, but in Nebraska! In 1920. He is not on ww2enlistment.org. I could not find his relatives, but at least he is now separated from others with the same name.

For 24 of the 676 men I was only able to find a best-estimate person, with a birth date, and had him estimated wrongly, but now have the correct John J. Riordan.
Juventino Campos

While writing the book I tried to find him twice, but found no one named Juentino, above, at the top, on the May 1945 roster. I tried to find him four more times: October 10, 2015, October 26, 2015, November 26, 2015, on Ancestry, and October 29, 2016, but found no family trees.

On March 3 I tried Newspapers.com and found no mention. On the Internet I searched San Antonio for Sanivaros Street, and it does not exist. I wondered if it was short for Saint Ivaros, but no. This word Sanivaros does not even appear on the Internet, so is not even a real word.

Searching on Juentino, I found a few people with this first name, but when I put it with Campos found a Juventino, with a “v.” Back on Ancestry, they list a Juventino born May 19, 1922, and one born July 5, 1922, both in San Antonio. Searching again with a “v” I found one “94 years old.” I thought “Could ours still be alive?” I called, and was passed to him.

This Juventino had not heard of Sanivaros Street, or an address starting with 713. He took a ship to New Caledonia, but enlisted after our ship sailed, so was not on our ship. He did not recall his unit name, or the “the Thirsty 13th.” He did say he was in the 13th AF, at Biak and Morotai, but we were never stationed in Morotai. He guarded POWs, but I never heard of us doing this. He remembered B-24s and B-25s – which we did not have, but also mentioned C-46s and C-47s. He remembered two names, but we had no one by either name. He had his Honorable Discharge if I wanted to visit and scan it. He lives in San Antonio, a 4.5 hour drive from me in Dallas.

On Saturday, March 18, I decided I didn’t want to wonder about Juventino the rest of my life, so left home at 7:45 a.m., drove 9:05 hours on the day, 595 miles, returning at 9:15 p.m., visiting with him for 2.5 hours. The discharge paper, above, said 833rd Signal Company Depot Division. I read names of other privates and Pfc’s on the roster, and none were familiar to him. It is important to ask the right question, and I asked many, but just could not make any connection.

Finally I recalled there was at Biak a squadron member named Carrasco, from San Antonio. I asked “Do you remember Carrasco?” In a moment on par with Odysseus drawing the bow string, and King Arthur removing the sword from the stone, Juventino looked down, and said “I do remember a Gilbert Carrasco, he was my tent mate.” Suddenly a Thirsty 13th member was revealed! It was amazing to realize I had found and was with a true Thirsty 13th member.

He joined in July 1944, and left in December 1945, so was there 17 months. When he referred to the bombers he meant in the 13th Air Force. The names I did not recognize were friends in a next-door squadron who visited often. Morotai was a stopover on the flight to Dulag. I recorded an hour of our conversation, but want to follow-up, so will share what I learned at a later time.
b. Searching for Relatives

For the six weeks from the last newsletter February 4 until now I worked 7 days a week, from roughly 9 a.m. until 11 p.m., but less time to go to the store, etc., so an estimated 12 hours a day, to find relatives of the 270 squadron members for whom I still had never made contact. I had previously identified 91% of these men by birth and death dates, and towns where they were born and passed away. I had tried to find relatives of each of these men at least twice while writing the book, and at least four times since then, so these were the hardest ones.

The goal this time was an all-out, explore-every-possible-means effort to find a relative, and conclude either: a) I had reached out to someone – indicated by the green bar above, b) it was impossible at this time to find a relative – indicated by the dark blue bar, or c) I could stop looking, e.g. if the man was an only child and had no children of his own – the black bar. The blue and red bars on the left I use to indicate I need to find the final resting place and a contact.

This time I: a) used Newspapers.com in addition to Ancestry.com, b) also searched for the men’s brothers’ and sisters’ descendants, and their wives’ brothers and sisters, to find their nephews and nieces, c) spent even more time on Internet searches, and d) wrote many letters.

In one example, for a man who died in the squadron, I found on Newspapers.com an article that before going overseas he arrived home on rest leave, “visiting his wife the former” so-and-so, “and baby daughter,” so-and-so. I had no idea he had a daughter, and was excited to try and find her, to let her know about her dad. Next I searched Ancestry on the wife’s maiden name and found her birth date, and searching on this determined the name of her second husband. I then searched for his obituary to learn where she lived later in life, and the married name of her daughter, our member’s daughter, and found these, plus our member’s grandson’s name. I found someone with this name, left messages, and even sent an email. I have not heard back, but feel I am close, and marked the search for this member’s relatives as “pending.”

My goal was to analyze 10 men per day, which might not sound like many, but this is only 1.2 hours each, and many took 3-4 hours. Also when I find someone I might speak to a relative on the phone for half an hour, and follow-up with an email which can take an hour to write, including searching for photos and documents, and renumbering them for an email. Almost every day I got through my 10, and in 28 days covered all 270 men. I spent the next 14 days revisiting the “pending” cases, to follow-up, or find a second relative.

The latest “dashboard” is below. For birth dates, I removed four - Gonalez, Harpster, H.A. Johnson, and Mariani, who were too uncertain, but found D. E. Johnson, for a net loss of 3. In San Antonio I visited where Gonzalez lived in 1945, but the current resident did know of him. The February 4 total 646 included 24 who had been estimated, and I confirmed 11 of these: Campos, Delaney, Kane, Lowell, McClendon, E. Miller, J. Moore, Oliva, H. Shearer, Sterling, and Sutton, so now only 13 are estimated, so this was still a good month for identifying men.

For death dates I removed the same net 3 as for birth dates, plus one for Sandler, for a net loss of 4. The number of men with estimated death dates dropped from 20 to 10, as I confirmed 10, so this was also a good month for confirming death dates.
For Final resting places I added 14: D.E. Johnson, Kulikoff, Lund, MacDonald, Mehn, G.J. Miller, Norris, Oliveros, St. Pierre, Sinclair, D.Thompson, J. Walsh, Wicks, and one other I don’t recall, and removed 5: Gonzalez, Harpster, J.R. Moore, Sandler; one other, for a net gain of 9.

FindaGrave links were a net no-change, but I was particularly happy to find a FindaGrave page for Roger L. St. Pierre. He is pictured on pages 539 and 669, but later in life lived on Saipan, north of Guam, making him seem impossible to find. But I recently discovered that on September 12, 2016, a “graver” in the Mariana Islands created a FindaGrave page for him. I could not find his relatives, and will try again someday, but at least finally have his resting place.

The most amazing thing during this time was on the “Contacts” line above, showing I found relatives of an incredibly high number of squadron members: 65. These are:

- Alexander, J.D.
- Allen, J.E.
- Anacker, V.
- Anderson, L.A.
- Ayers, A.O.
- Block, J.H.L.
- Boss, K.L.
- Bridges, W.K.
- Byrd, W.W.
- Cade, R.C.
- Cameron, R.J.
- Campos, J.
- Carlson, J.
- Carruthers, W.E.
- Casdia, C.V.
- Cirinicion, M.E.
- Copeland, C.F.
- Coyle, T.J.
- Cummins, J.
- DeCourcey, P.B.
- Eatmon, J.
- Eddins, W.H.
- Gee, W.W.
- Grant, N.L.
- Gunderson, N.A.
- Hamilton, J.
- Hendricks, J.O.
- Howard, E.J.
- Johnson, D.E.
- Kopycinski, W.
- Lange, D.L.
- Lawrence, E.F.
- Lawyer, R.P.
- Leibundguth, H.
- Lund, W.J.
- Lyle, J.R.
- MacDonald, H.J.
- Mazzone, G.
- McNulty, J.P.
- Mehn, H.J.
- Merriott, G.C.
- Miller, G.J. Jr.
- Morin, R.A.
- Muffoletto, N.V.
- Norris, S.G.
- O’Shea, J.C.
- Price, W.L.
- Richards, E.H.
- Rogers, R.H.
- Schertz, C.W.
- Sidelko, S.W.
- Sinclair, R.D.
- Smalldridge, R.
- Sterling, R.C.
- Steverson, A.E.
- Sturgis, B.N.
- Sugg, J.M.
- Taylor, J.D.
- Ulrsrud, S.P.
- Vaughan, J.T.
- Walsh, J. Jr.
- Weekley, R.B.
- White, W.
- Wright, T.M.

Since May 2008, for nine years, I have known each of these 65 names, and looked at many of their faces in photos, so it was a thrill to finally connect with relatives for each man. For several it was particularly gratifying to reach their relatives. These are noted alphabetically and are:

- Alexander – one of the 10 S/Sgt pilots from 1942, who flew with my dad on page 165.
- John E. Allen – the co-pilot flying Eleanor Roosevelt on page 354.
- Block – one of the 13 navigators who went over with my dad on page 124.
- Copeland – a navigator who transferred to another unit and died in a crash Jan 9, 1945.
- Lyle – one of the 8 core ground officers on page 57, listed right after Duffy.
- Norris – one of the additional ground officers.
- Sherrill – one of only three non-flight crews assigned to fly over on the first planes.
- Sturgis – the squadron barber the entire time.
- Vaughan – I spent a lot of time from 2009-11 finding the location of his photo on page 134.
- White – another of the core ground officers, who helped form the squadron personality.

Some of these 65 new contacts have photo albums, letters, documents, flight logs, or other items. I hope to visit them this year to learn more about our squadron member, and bring my laptop and scanner and hope to scan some of these items to add to the squadron history.
Summary of Relatives Found

At right is a summary for the 676 squadron members, in the order of the rosters on pages 57-78, showing for how many the relatives were found.

The columns on the right show the classification of those whose relatives were not found, as either: a) pending, b) to try in a few years, or c) to skip. The last column notes men who have not yet been identified by a birth date.

Numbers in red boxes go with the notes below, that I found relatives of:

1. 4 of 5 of the commanding officers; Park at Biak cannot be found, and appears to have had no children.
2. 7 of 8 of the core ground officers; I cannot find Duffy’s relatives.
3. 10 of 11 other ground officers.
4. Both of the medical officers.
5. 5 of the 6 enlisted men in the Orderly Room – but not Enfield. For Personnel, Mail, and Utilities, I am missing 1 each.
6. 17 of 22 mess cooks.
7. 12 of 15 original 1942 pilots; and 8 of the 10 staff-sergeant pilots.
8. 12 of 13 original navigators.
9. 12 of 13 original crew chiefs and 9 of 13 original radio operators. It was a priority to find these relatives.
10. 20 of the 25 men who have not been identified by birth dates are pilots and navigators. These appear in the “Flight” photos in “Two Years,” and I have no address or middle initial for most of these, making them very hard to identify. Only 5 other men from the squadron have not been identified by a birth date. Of the 205 men with relatives not found, 49 are pilots, 38 mechanics, 25 radio operators, 24 unspecified enlisted, 16 navigators, 9 motor pool, 44 others.
11. Of the 205 members for whom relatives have not been found, 25 have not yet identified by a birth date, 46 may never have relatives found and can be skipped, 93 have nothing more to go on, and 41 are pending. As shown below, most of the pending are Ancestry contacts. Almost all of these are direct children or grandchildren of members, but not yet responsive, and so may represent additional contacts, pushing our actual total member contacts over 500.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Found</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>%</th>
<th>Nd</th>
<th>Pend</th>
<th>Later</th>
<th>Skip</th>
<th>Birth</th>
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<tr>
<td>1 commanding officers</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>80%</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>2 core ground officers</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>88%</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 other ground officers</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>91%</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 medical officers</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>100%</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 orderly room</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>83%</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 personnel</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>75%</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 mail</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>80%</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 utilities</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
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<td>3</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 mess cooks</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>22</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>11</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>69%</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>7</td>
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<td>78%</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>15 radio repair</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>75%</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>16 engineering</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>17 ordnance</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>50%</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>54%</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>44%</td>
<td>24</td>
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<td>77</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 pilots - original</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>80%</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
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<td>96</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>69%</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>7</td>
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</tr>
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<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>92%</td>
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<td>31 navigators - others</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>69%</td>
<td>15</td>
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<td>32 crew chiefs - original</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>69%</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>33 mechanics - 2nd over</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>65%</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>34 other mechanics</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>71%</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>35 radio operators - orig</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>69%</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>36 radio operators - 2nd</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>100%</td>
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<tr>
<td>37 radio operators</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>70%</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td>71%</td>
<td>120</td>
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<td>471</td>
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<td>41</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The next page lists the 25 men not identified by a birth date, those 8 more without death dates (other than known living), the 13 who are probably ours but not yet confirmed, and men for whom we know a year, not a date.
1. These are the 25 not yet identified by a birth date.

2. Next are the 8 more, 33 total, with no death date.

3. These 10, and 3 above, are estimates of the correct person, but not confirmed.

4. Year confirmed; need date in year.
c. **Visit to the Grave of the Third Overseas C.O., Harold Wilson**

On January 30 I visited the grave of the third overseas C.O., Harold Wilson. This is at a national cemetery for veterans called Punchbowl, in the crater of an old volcano in Honolulu. Wilson is in a prominent area, to the right of the distant monument above left. Soldiers of lower rank were also buried nearby, so the cemetery did not separate men by rank. I showed him the book, said a prayer, and thanked him for being a good commanding officer. I placed a lei on his grave.

d. **Closing - Care Package from daughter of Walter White; Karl Peters turns 97**

On February 9 I contacted the daughter, Joyce, of ground officer Walter White. She wanted to pay me for some books, and I suggested instead she send me a batch of her dad’s favorite cookies, but learned he was not a cookie fan. I also let her know I missed Vermont maple sugar candies!

On March 13 I received the best care package in my life! I looked so happy I thought I should crop myself out of the photo, below left! Pure maple sugar candies, in my two favorite sizes, New England clam chowder, brown bread – a favorite of mine, maple syrup, and much more. Thank you again, Joyce!!! And thank you to your dad for being a formative leader of the Thirsty 13th.

Today Brent Peters emailed me the photo below right of his dad, pilot Karl Peters, our most-decorated squadron member, below center, on his 97th birthday March 17, and wrote: “Cigar, Canadian Mist, family & the P4 [cattle ranch]. Doesn't get better than that.” Happy Birthday, Karl! And many more. He is our 2nd oldest, to Walter Moritz, who, God-willing, will be 99 on June 3.

Thank you again to the daughters of Roy Wicks, Donald Pyke, and Carl Cook for sharing their wonderful items with us. - Seth