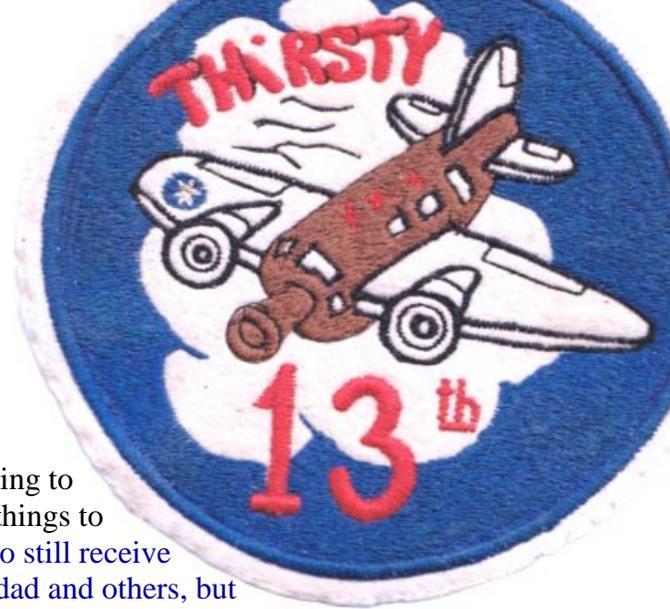


# October 2018 Newsletter



Dear Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> members, relatives, and friends,

After the newsletter April 23, I planned to make a scanning to the West Coast in May, and the East Coast in July, but had things to take care of, which continued all summer. It was a delight to still receive items by email from the relatives of Burden (a photo of his dad and others, but before the 13<sup>th</sup>), Ford (a flight log), Larger (a patch), and Steverson (four C-47 photos, but from the U.S.), and Marcel Claude in New Caledonia.

In September I finally made part of the West Coast trip, to Denver, Oregon, and Washington, and I had the honor of meeting relatives of G.W. Alexander, Cady, and Kulikoff, also coming away with many scans. We sadly lost two pilots. I connected with relatives of 8 more members.

Seth P. Washburne, Squadron Historian  
October 13, 2018

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This is the newsletter for the U.S. Army Air Corps 13<sup>th</sup> Troop Carrier Squadron, 1940-1946, nicknamed “The Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup>.” 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, sethgw1@gmail.com, or 5200 Meadowcreek Drive, Apt. 2060, Dallas, TX 75248.

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

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To enlarge the PDF to fill the width of your screen, press the CTRL key and “+” at the same time.

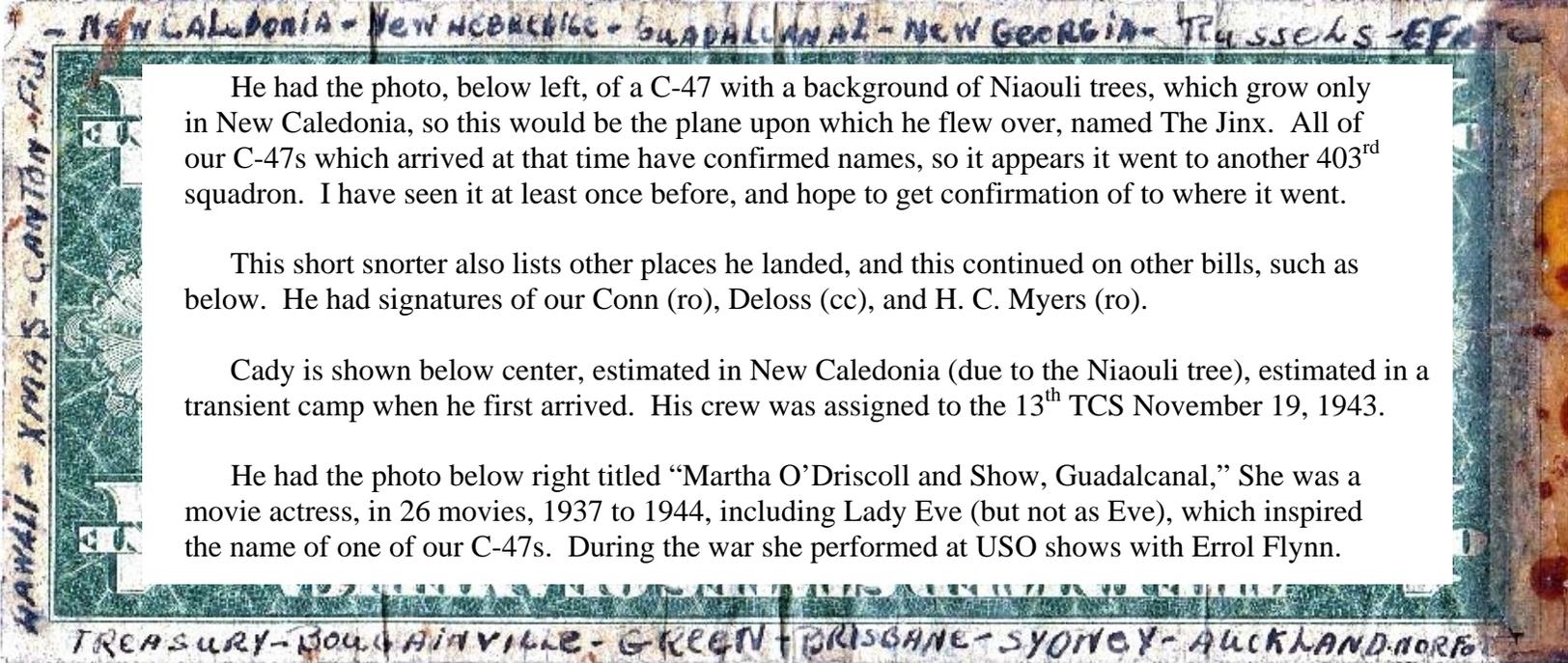
Please click the hand symbol to make it easier to scroll down.

LEFT SAN FRANCISCO NOV 8-1943

### 1. Additional History

#### a. 1944: Items of Roger Cady, Navigator, 11/19/43 – 7/44

Cady wrote on a short snorter, above, that he left San Francisco November 8, 1943. An order has his crew as Lawrence F. Cannon (p), Donald W. Rice (cp), Harvey H. Eggers (cc), and Earl B. Johnston (ro). Another short snorter, below, listed his path, starting at left, in Hawaii.



He had the photo, below left, of a C-47 with a background of Niaouli trees, which grow only in New Caledonia, so this would be the plane upon which he flew over, named The Jinx. All of our C-47s which arrived at that time have confirmed names, so it appears it went to another 403<sup>rd</sup> squadron. I have seen it at least once before, and hope to get confirmation of to where it went.

This short snorter also lists other places he landed, and this continued on other bills, such as below. He had signatures of our Conn (ro), Deloss (cc), and H. C. Myers (ro).

Cady is shown below center, estimated in New Caledonia (due to the Niaouli tree), estimated in a transient camp when he first arrived. His crew was assigned to the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS November 19, 1943.

He had the photo below right titled “Martha O’Driscoll and Show, Guadalcanal,” She was a movie actress, in 26 movies, 1937 to 1944, including Lady Eve (but not as Eve), which inspired the name of one of our C-47s. During the war she performed at USO shows with Errol Flynn.

Cady’s DD214 says his final assignment was with the 13<sup>th</sup> Air Force Headquarters. He went to all the places the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS did, left Leyte June 14, 1945, and arrived in the US July 4, 1945.

EMIR 94 - NEW BRITAIN - ADMIRALTY ISLANDS - NEW GUINEA - P.I.N.I. - NEW FOR - MORGAN

Thank you to Roger Cady for helping our planes find their way from Espiritu Santo to Guadalcanal and beyond and back, and to his daughter, Jennifer, for sharing his items with us.



**b. 1944: Letters from Bill Alexander, Pilot, 12/43 – 1/45**

Bill Alexander wrote letters to his wife almost every day, and his three daughters put them in chronological order, and dealt them out to each other, so each has one-third. In 2017 I scanned two of the thirds. On September 19, I scanned the third third in Denver. This produced fully 22 pages of interesting stories, with highlights to be shared over two or three newsletters.

**Bill Alexander 13<sup>th</sup> TCS Letter Highlights, 12/43 – 8/44**

**From New Hebrides – the Officers’ Camp at Espiritu Santo**

12/25/43 – The barracks here are very crowded, so tomorrow after we report to the adjutant we’re going to beg, borrow, and steal some lumber, and build a house for ourselves. Lots of trees over here, and there’s no use to crowd when we can shag a shack together in a couple days.

1/9/44 – It has rained like the dickens since we finished the roof, and it doesn’t leak a drop. Speaking of rain, are you wondering why I never mention it in my letters now? That’s because it rains every day, and the subject was getting to be a very poor one to write about.

1/10/44 – About the pictures [of hers previously sent to him] you asked me to send back, I don’t know if the censor will let them through or not, because we aren’t allowed to write anything on pictures. I hope he realizes you wrote what is on the back of them, and not I.

2/9/44 – Right now I am listening to some new records they are playing in the club. The songs are old ones, but the records are ones they got since I took this last trip: “Madam will Drop her Shawl,” “South American Way,” “Blue Champagne,” “Someone’s Rocking My Dream Boat.”

2/11/44 – A show is playing here tonight, “Fired Wife” [comedy, 1943].

2/17/44 – I saw eleven people start back to the states today. Two crews were from this squadron, and they sure have been happy fellows the last few days. I wasn’t here when they left, but I understand they gave this field a buzzing to remember.

The other person going back was a nurse who came here on my ship today. She didn’t seem very anxious to go back, and I well understand why.

These nurses won’t have a thing to do with anyone less than a captain while they are here in the islands, simply because there are so few that they get their choice of the soldiers. When they are on rest leave they sit in the officers club making eyes at Lt’s, because they can’t get dates down there. There are plenty of girls to go around down there. She was having the time of her life here, but she won’t do so well in the states, and she knows it. Don’t believe the magazine articles about pretty nurses to care for the wounded. I’ve only seen one pretty nurse, and she was in the ward where I spent my three days in the hospital. They are so darn snobbish.

2/18/44 – A lot of fellows are becoming fathers while they are out here.

2/19/44 – Yesterday my copilot was a 1st Lt. He had some pull in the states apparently, to get the silver bar, but in the 13<sup>th</sup> pull doesn’t mean anything. He has been in the squadron longer than I have, too, but he hasn’t passed the check rides, so he’s still a co-pilot.

Yesterday some new orders came out, and I’m assistant flight leader.

I have to get up at two in the morning. Sure is early, isn’t it?

3/11/44 [Saturday] – We had a real good supper tonight. We had roast beef, real potatoes, fresh tomatoes, peach pie, and even cow’s milk – the kind that comes already in liquid form. Then, to top it all off, I had a good cigar. One of the navigators received news yesterday that he is a new papa (yes, another one, and this one was a boy for a change), and I was smoking his cigar.

3/28/44 – Day before yesterday I went to operations for my blue book, and I saw Jesse there. He went out, but ran into weather that was too rough for him, so he came back. If it’s too rough for Jesse, it’s too rough for me, too, so I told the operations officer I was going to bed. No use

wasting gas. Then this morning I was one of the first to take off. I started out, but it soon enough got too rough, so I turned around and came back. I might have gone on, but I was a little leery of one engine, since it quit me once on the ground, and I figured there was no use taking chances. I felt just a little bit guilty for coming back, but at noon I saw a captain who took off right after I got back, and I felt better to know he turned back, too.

[I'm not too proud to turn around, and come back if the weather gets too bad.](#)

3/31/44 – Last night [Thursday night] the officers in gp hdqtrs had a party, and a good orchestra played for them all evening. Here are some of the songs they played: “Who,” “Paper Doll,” and “Girl of My Dreams.”

4/7/44 – Speaking of air medals, I got one today. I was recommended for it last Nov., but it didn't come through until about two months ago. It has been in the orderly room ever since, but I was never here on inspection day, so I didn't get it. I guess the Major got tired of waiting, and he just handed it to me today without the ceremony.

5/21/44 – Tonight we saw a stage show, put on by Navy C.B.s, and it was pretty good.

5/27/44 – I'm writing this in the ship [airplane].

5/30/44 – Sometimes when I am sitting up there at 10,000 feet, with nothing to occupy my mind, I get to thinking of you so strongly that the world does seem alright. You almost seem to be there with me. ...The show I saw tonight was “Going My Way,” with Bing Crosby.

6/4/44 – We have one fellow in the squadron who is pretty good at these things [drawing cartoons]. He drew one of a real old man with a couple teeth missing and a long white beard – you know, the typical old man of cartoons. He was sitting in the left seat of a C47, and a real young guy was sitting in the right seat. The old man was giving the thumb signal for “landing gear up” and saying in what was supposed to be a high, cracked voice “Get that gear up there, young fellow.” There was an arrow pointing at the old man, and under it was printed ‘South Pacific, 1984. Alexander still calling the signals.’ He must think I'm going to be out here a while yet. Heck, I'm an old boulder out here now. [In the air corps, an old boulder is a fellow who has been in one place a long time, or has held a job or a rank a long time.](#) For instance, I was a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. 15 months, and by that time I was really an old boulder. I'm one, as far as overseas time is concerned, too. Anyone who has been over here less than six months – shucks, he's just a young pebble. Silly, isn't it? But we have to find some way to entertain ourselves, or we'll go nuts, and the army is the greatest place in the world for fellows to rib each other.

It's turned a little chilly here sometimes at night, but that's because it's getting to be the fall of the year, or I guess it's just about winter. It's still hot as blazes most of the time, though.

It's getting late and I have to get up early in the morning, so maybe I better get some sleep. Nope, I won't take a bath this late. The mosquitoes would pick the meat off my bones before I could get myself soaped.

6/8/44 – I saw “Lost Angel” the other night. Just before the show started a fellow announced from the stage that allied troops had landed on the coast of France, and beachheads were established. Many of us here were at a show when they popped the news, and they told us nothing about casualties. After they made this announcement it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. We all expected that to be a bloody fight, and it still will be. I guess the fellows were like me, that night – thinking of friends that were in England, and wondering. So no one had much to say. And the outcome of these landings has a great deal of affect on us, too.

6/9/44 – Honey, it's getting late, and I still have to clean up the “Rover Boys Mansion” for [inspection tomorrow](#), so I better get at it.

6/10/44 – [This is Saturday night, so they have an orchestra in the club tonight.](#) Pretty good, too. They just played “Craziest Dream.”

*P.S. This is a New Zealand  
good luck "Tickee"*



06/24/45 – I'm O.D. [Officer of the Day] today, and I'm afraid the next 24 hours are going to be mighty busy. You should see the list of things the major has made for the O.D. to do - inspections and reports by the dozens. Oh well.

6/28/44 – Tonight I saw the show "Follow the Boys," and really enjoyed it.

7/2/44 – Orders [to go home] always come out the 6<sup>th</sup> of the month, if any come out.

Tomorrow I start on my little jaunt, called a rest leave. It might have been quite pleasant if AOs had gone, as they promised him, but today the flight surgeon said "no soap" after he dressed AOs hand, so I'll have to go without him.

This is a New Zealand good luck "Tickee." [The book has one on page 304, from the Internet, and so this is the first one I have from a squadron member. The height is 1.25.]"

7/6/44 – We had a little tough luck yesterday, and didn't get in [to Auckland?] till late. Then I had to find places to stay, for my crew and eighteen passengers. Boy did that run into a job. I finally found places for them to stay, and put them all down in a list, so I can find them all when it comes time to go home. Only I've lost the list now, and I'll probably have to spend all day tomorrow finding them again.

When I finally got things straightened out, it was 10:30, and I didn't get any supper, so I took a shower and went to bed. The darn water was ice cold, too. The two most important things on a rest leave, good food and hot water, I had to do without, and was I disgusted.

The trip to this place is sure a drag, and cold – golly. I'm about to freeze to death. The people down here don't keep fires in their homes, and the only time I'm warm is when I go to bed and pile on the covers. That's a heck of a way to spend a rest leave. These people sure must be rugged. They don't even wrap blankets around little babies when they take them out. Poor little things are as red as can be. Even if I were here for as much fun as some of the boys have, the trip down would stop me from ever coming again.

I guess you can tell by my writing that I'm shivering!

7/12/44 – This morning I had to get up at 8:00, and get the passengers and crew all rounded up, make manifests, get a truck for in the morning, breakfast, etc. This afternoon I had to meet the ship [inbound aircraft], check it over with the pilot who brought it in, and all the things that go with it, so I've really had a busy day, and I'm ready for bed tonight.

7/23/44 – We are expecting to move any day now [August 16 to the Admiralty Islands]. No one knows where to, but we are all packed and ready to go, whenever it is.

Well darn this place – rain, rain, rain. No not again, but yet.

8/10/44 – I'd be nuts if I had to stay on this one island all the time. They are all pretty much alike, but it is sort of a change, and it does help. When I get home, I'll get a map and show you where I flew, so you'll know, even more than now, how simple it is.

The weather is our biggest danger, and since I realize that, I pick my way through it like walking barefoot across a room full of eggs. And don't say I can't pick my way through while doing 150 miles per hour, because I darn sure can. That's something a guy learns, or he doesn't live very long out here. That's another thing I can teach you that most civilian flying instructors wouldn't know. Yes, I'm afraid of bad weather, and that's why I'm so careful.

Bob Hope is here tonight [as noted on page 457], and I'm going to try to see his show. I've been just one island ahead of him for over a week now, and I almost missed him again. You see, I'm taking off from here at 5:00 in the morning. Close wasn't it? Of all the celebrities who have been out here, I have not seen even one as yet. Several times I landed at an island the day after they left, or left the day before they came, but was never there the same day they were. Ray Milland was here once, and his party [on page 458], and he even spent an afternoon in our club, but I wasn't here. The sqdn photographer took several pictures of them which I saw later.

8/12/44 – Each outfit in the army has a table of organization, which tells how many officers of each rank they can have. You have to be recommended by your C.O., and it goes through about a half dozen Hqs that can send it back. They all act like they were paying your wages out of their own pockets, too. I think we are supposed to have twelve flying captains in our sqdn, but we have two [the T.O. on page 760 has 11 in the air echelon, 5 flying, excluding the C.O., ops, intel].

It used to gripe the dickens out of us army pilots when we were working with the marines, to see the marine crews come in operations. The 1<sup>st</sup> pilots were all capts, and even some of the copilots were capt., whereas all our copilots are 2<sup>nd</sup> Lts, and some of our 1<sup>st</sup> pilots, too.

The marines have lost six ships to our one, since we came over here. I have a Navy press release that shows the number of ships [aircraft] lost by each one, and the army has a lot better record than the navy or marines by far.

8/20/44 – [Aos] knew I wanted to write a letter, but he let me sleep because he tried to write one, and the candle kept blowing out.

I have to give some of the new boys some cockpit checks, so I better go now.

8/27/44 – Honey, I found something today that should really tickle you.

Some time ago Carol Landis was out here with a show, and, as usual, I was gone the night they played at my home base. Anyway, she had all her clothes in a barracks bag, and one of our enlisted men moved her bag from the plane to the shack she was staying in. Being very amorous, he took one little peak in the bag, and behold, right on top was a brassiere. He stealthily slipped it in his pocket, and closed the bag. The darn thing has a laundry mark on it – “Land,” so he does have that much, even though he didn’t have nerve enough to ask her to autograph it after stealing it. I nearly split a kidney when I saw it – and who wouldn’t?

Thank you to Bill Alexander for writing these details, and to his daughter Billie for sharing them! Additional stories will be in the next letter.

**c. 1945: Flight Log of Albert Ford, Pilot, 2/45 – 9/45**

On September 9, I emailed the daughter, Marie, of pilot Albert Ford, asking if she would please take photos of her dad’s flight log, and email them to me, and she was great to reply with these on September 10. I input his record in the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS into a spreadsheet, below.

Until August 1945, the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS in Biak mostly flew 5- to 7-day missions to the Philippines, during which they would support the Eighth Army throughout the country. Ford’s flight log reflects this. He had six such missions, for 5, 4, 2, 3, 6, and 8 days long. He made two flights to Australia, the second with Golomb. In August and September, after moving up to Dulag, the missions are shorter. He also logged time in a C-46. When the squadron temporarily disbanded September 22, he went to the 65<sup>th</sup> TCS. His record is similar to that for other copilots at this time.

**Albert Ford Flight Log Summary**

Feb-45		Mar-45		Apr-45		May-45		Jun-45		Jul-45		Aug-45		Sep-45					
11	1:05 C-47A	1	6:25 C-47B	1	6:30 Philipp	8	8:25 C-47A	9	3:40 C-47A	1	1:25 C-46D	15	7:50 C-47B	1	7:00 C-46D				
13	0:50 C-47A	2	7:20 C-47B	2	9:45 te-Mor-E	9	6:30 C-47A	10	8:10 C-47A	4	1:15 C-47B	18	2:45 C-46D	2	2:55 C-46D				
14	1:00 C-47A	3	3:30 C-47B	16	10:35 C-47B	10	3:20 C-47A	11	9:05 C-47A	8	8:15 C-47B	19	10:55 C-46D	7	1:30 C-46D				
15	1:00 C-47A	4	5:30 C-47B	17	11:25 C-47B	14	0:35 C-47A	12	7:15 C-47A	9	6:50 C-47B	20	2:40 C-46D	8	6:50 Dul-Mir				
24	3:50 C-47A	5	8:45 C-47B	*to Australia		25	1:30 C-47A	13	2:05 C-47A	10	5:45 C-47B	22	7:35 tor-Biak	20	5:40 C-46D				
25	4:30 C-47A	16	7:25 Biak-M			26	5:25 C-47A	14	6:25 C-47A	11	6:05 C-47B	23	8:10 ak-Mor-I	22	To 65th TCS				
27	0:50 C-47A	27	7:00 C-47B			27	9:00 C-47A	15	8:40 C-47A	12	6:30 C-47B								
28	9:50 C-47A	28	7:20 C-47B			28	10:15 C-47A	16	1:00 C-47B	13	7:35 C-47B								
		29	4:45 C-47B			29	3:45 C-47A	25	3:00 Train'g	14	8:35 C-47B								
		30	6:40 C-47B			30	9:10 C-47A	30	0:30 Train'g	23	11:00 Bk-Higg								
		31	4:40 Mor (Pe			31	9:45 C-47A			27	10:45 Rocky-								
8	22.92	11	69.33	4	38.25	11	67.67	10	49.83	11	74.00	6	39.92	5	23.92				
												Red=Philippines		In 13th, average days and hours, March to August:		9	56.50	Total hrs: 385.8	

C-47 #43-49905 Crew # FD---CW-12A  
APO #16876-CW-12, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

2nd Lt	TAYLOR, JAMES W.	0782402	(P)
F/O	KULIKOFF, WILLIAM P.	T-3625	(CP)
Cpl	Ryan, Edward F.	12058509	(CC)
Cpl	Blackwell, William S.	18148188	(RO)

#### d. 1945: Items of William R. Kulikoff, Pilot, 3/26/45 – 9/22/45

On September 20, I visited the home in Lacey, Washington, of the daughter, Nancy, of 1945 pilot William R. Kulikoff, and her brother, Fred, and his son, Aaron. As I drove to their home I thought “The #1 thing I would love to find is an order listing the crew he went over with, and the C-47 he flew.” I was therefore elated to find an order, shown in part above, dated February 13, 1945, from Mather Field, Sacramento, Calif., with his crew and C-47. He was sent to Biak’s Boroke Aerodrome, to report to the Far East Air Forces Combat Replacement and Training Center. These four men were all assigned to the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS around March 3, 1945, providing exact start dates. I added C-47 43-49905, to my list, but need confirmation it went to the squadron.

Kulikoff had Flight Chart 995-19, The Sulu Sea, February 1945, with the part at right showing Tawi Tawi – with no airfield on it. On this chart, airfields have “+” signs, and are written in italics, such as for Sanga Sanga. In my March 2018 letter, page 9, I estimated references to us landing on Tawi Tawi meant Sanga Sanga, and this supports that.

He had an article by Los Angeles Times reporter Richard Bergholz, below. The 403<sup>rd</sup> Group’s 13<sup>th</sup>, 63<sup>rd</sup> and 64<sup>th</sup> TCSs flew these missions:

#### **Rugged C-47s Keep Troops Going On Mindanao Isle**

“Aerial resupply of American forces smashing Jap resistance through the jungles and mountains has been on record-breaking scale, Eighth army officers report.

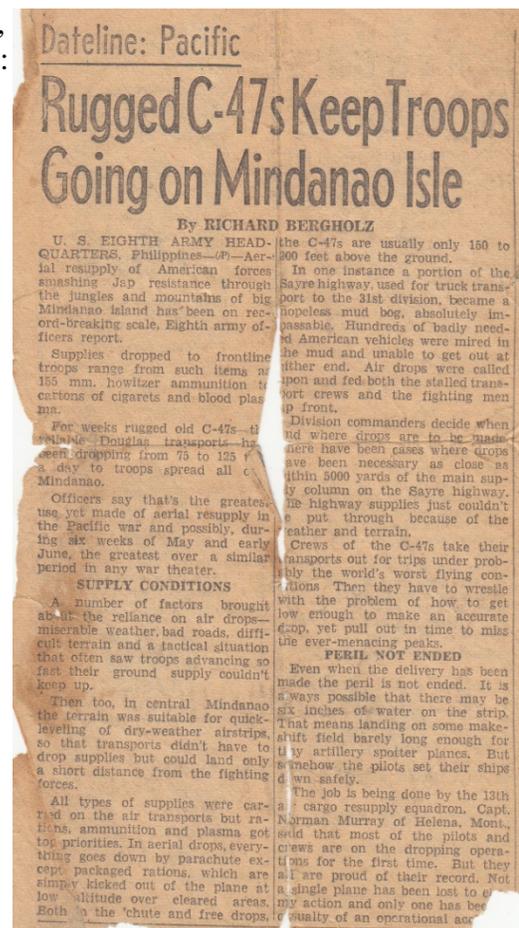
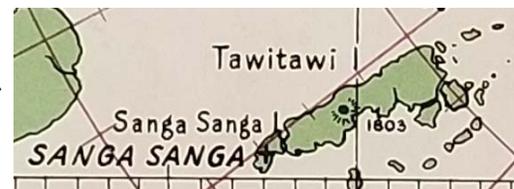
Supplies dropped to frontline troops range from 155 mm howitzer ammunition to cartons of cigarettes and blood plasma.

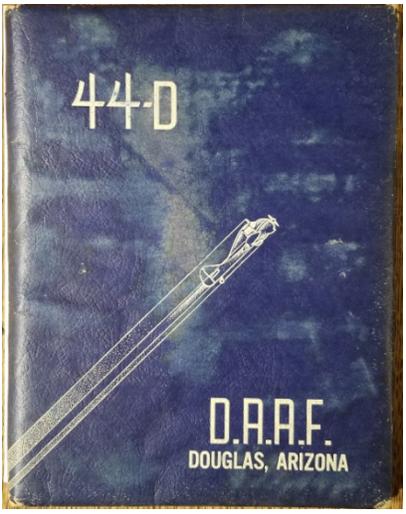
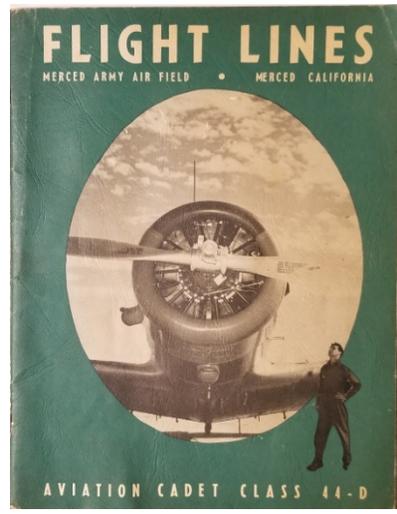
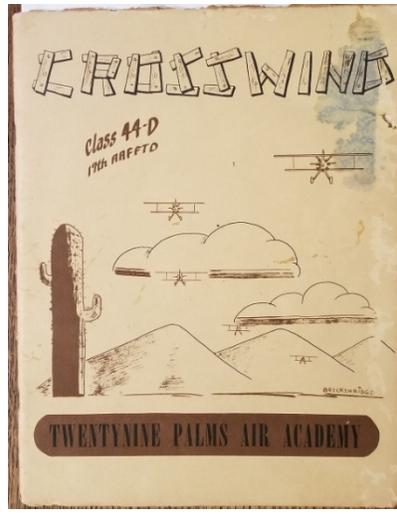
For weeks rugged old C-47s have been dropping from 75 to 125 tons a day to troops spread all over Mindanao.

Officers say that’s the greatest use yet made of aerial resupply in the Pacific War, and possibly, during six weeks of May and early June, the greatest ever over a similar period in any war theater.

In central Mindanao, the terrain was suitable for quick-leveling of dry-weather airstrips, so that transports didn’t have to drop supplies, but could land only a short distance from the fighting forces.

In aerial drops, everything goes down by parachute except packaged rations, which are simply kicked out of the plane at low altitude over cleared areas. The C-47s are usually only 150 to 200 feet above the ground. The job is being done by the 13<sup>th</sup> [TCS, or Air Force] air cargo resupply squadron. Most of the pilots and crews are on the dropping operations for the first time, but they are proud of their record. Not a single plane has been lost to enemy action, and only one has been a casualty of an operational accident.”





Kulikoff completed preflight training at Santa Ana Army Air Base, Calif., from where he retained a song book, with the cover above left. It had “The Caissons Go Rolling Along,” precursor to today’s official Army song, and “The Army Air Corps” (“Off we go into the wild blue yonder”). He completed Primary at Twentynine Palms, Calif.; Basic at Merced, Calif.; and Advanced at Douglas, Arizona. For all three schools his class had the same number, 44-D, i.e. expected to get their wings in April 1944, and he has the class books, above, for each.

He was sent to Alliance, Nebraska, for Combat Crew Replacement Training, and then to George Field, Illinois. On November 18, 1944, he was sent to Camp Ritchie, Maryland, for Military Intelligence Training, along with others with Russian-sounding names, till December 8.

On January 24, 1945, while at Baer Field, the dispatch center for C-47s, he was sent to Sacramento, with the crew on the prior page, to continue overseas. His flight record suggests he landed on Biak March 2, joined the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS March 3, and started flying March 9.

Kulikoff’s flight log is summarized below. He made five 5- to 7-day trips from Biak to the Philippines. Similar to other newly-arrived copilots at the time, he flew an average 8 days a month for March to August, 46.4 hours per month. He was right in the thick of the Mindanao resupply flights mentioned on the prior page in May and June, and flew 79:30 combat hours.

**William R. Kulikoff Flight Log Summary**

Mar-45	Apr-45	May-45	Jun-45	Jul-45	Aug-45	Sep-45		
9 5:05 C-47	10 8:20 Mor-Tai	11 8:45 C-47B	3 8:50 C-47A	1 8:10 C-47B	1 2:10 C-46D	5 7:50 C-47B		
10 5:25 C-47	11 7:15 Dul-Mo	12 4:35 C-47B	4 9:30 C-47A	2 5:45 C-47B	2 9:30 C-46D	6 8:10 C-47B		
14 3:50 C-47	21 5:00 C-47A	13 9:55 C-47B	5 9:30 C-47A	3 7:30 C-47B	3 9:30 C-46D	13 4:30 Dul-Zar		
15 1:10 C-47	22 4:30 C-47A	14 10:55 C-47B	6 9:20 C-47A	4 8:15 C-47B	4 8:15 C-46D			
16 2:45 C-47	23 4:25 C-47A	15 10:10 C-47B	7 9:50 C-47A	6 0:50 C-46D	5 9:05 C-46D			
20 5:20 C-47	24 4:15 C-47A	16 3:25 C-47B	8 9:10 C-47A	8 1:05 C-47B	22 7:50 C-47B	22 To 65thTCS		
21 4:35 C-47	25 4:35 C-47A		28 8:10 w/Payn	29 6:55 C-46D	23 7:50 C-47B			
	26 1:40 C-47A		29 7:50 " C-47E	30 3:50 C-46D				
			30 9:05 " C-47E					
7 23.58	8 38.33	6 47.75	9 72.17	8 42.33	7 54.17	3 16.00		
	Red is > 2 days	In 13th, average days and hours, March to August:			8 46.39	Total hrs: 294.3		
After the 13th	Oct-45	Nov-45	Dec-45	Jan-46	Feb-46	Mar-46	Apr-46	
	9 6:00 C-46D	7 7:05 C-47B	4 2:25 C-46D	4 2:00 C-47B	5 4:05 C-46D	15 3:00 C-47A	5 1:50 C-47B	
	11 8:00 C-47B	9 7:05 C-46D	5 7:55 C-46D	14 2:00 C-47B			6 1:25 C-47A	
	12 3:40 C-47B	10 4:50 C-46D	6 3:05 C-46D	24 2:40 C-46D			2 3.25	
	13 4:45 C-47B	12 5:00 C-46D	10 6:55 C-46D					
	18 7:10 C-47B	13 7:15 C-46D	11 6:00 C-46D					
	19 2:15 C-46D	18 1:20 C-46D						
	20 2:35 C-46D	19 7:55 C-46D						
	23 7:25 C-47B	20 8:20 C-46D						
	25 5:20 C-46D	21 10:10 C-46D						
		22 6:20 C-46D						
9 47.17	10 65.33	5 26.33	5 12.17	1 4.08	1 3.00			
		After the 13th, average days and hours, October '45 to June '46:			5 26.35	Total:	169.2	463.5

SUBJECT: LETTER OF CERTIFICATION.  
 TO : WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,  
 THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT WILLIAM R. KULIKOFF  
 13TH TROOP CARRIER SQUADRON, HAS ACCOMPLISHED  
79:30 COMBAT HOURS, DURING HIS TERM IN THE  
 SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA.

15 May 1946  
(Date)

**C L E A R A N C E**

I, KULIKOFF, WMP, T-3625, F/O, A.C.  
(Name) (ASN) (Grade) (AUS)

request clearance from responsibilities and obligations in compliance with;

Par No 4 SO No 115 Headquarters 54th T. C. Group Dtd 14 May 46

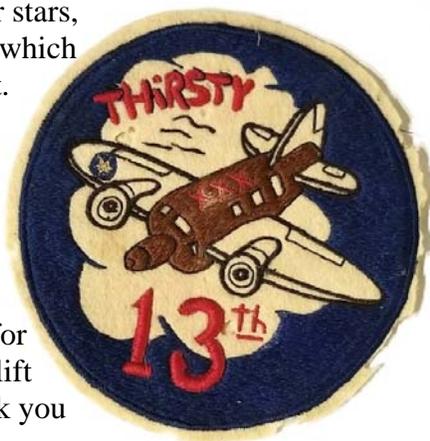
On September 22, 1945, Kulikoff was transferred to the 65<sup>th</sup> TCS. For January to May 1946, his flight log says he was in the 63<sup>rd</sup>. I thought the 63<sup>rd</sup> became the 13<sup>th</sup> in October '45. A clearance, above, has him in the 13<sup>th</sup> May 15, 1946. A jeep photo at right said 63 TCS.



On June 6, 1946, his last overseas flight was with our James W. Davis, from Nichols Field to Okinawa. They were both in V Air Service Area Command (VASAC), flying with the 54<sup>th</sup> TCW, 1<sup>st</sup> TCS – which was the source for some of our original members in 1940.

18	VASAC DAVIS, James W. 2 <sup>nd</sup> LT. O-2030283		PI				TO:	LAOAS	09:10	
18	VASAC ELSTON, Richard D. 2 <sup>nd</sup> LT. O-835173	✠	CPI				MISSION:	S-27	NO. OF LANDINGS 1	01:55
17	VASAC Kuliko FF, William R. F/O T-3625		PI				FROM:	LAOAS		09:50
							TO:			

Kulikoff had the photo below left of pilot Dick Trueba in the Biak Officers' Club. He had the photos below right of Clark Field operations, with a Japanese Zero on a pole, as described by Soderland in the November 2014 newsletter. His Asia Pacific ribbon had four stars, and this separation record indicated the fourth was for "Air Combat Borneo," which was new to me, probably for flights to Sanga Sanga. He had the patch at right.



On June 27, 1946, Kulikoff was sent to the Parangue Replacement Disp. Center, APO 354, along with our Merkelson, Scofield, Trueba and Willman. He returned home on the S.S. Marine Dragon, arriving July 28, 1946.

Thank you to William R. Kulikoff for all his diligence in flying missions for the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS from March 1945 to September 1945, throughout the famous airlift in Mindanao and the Southern Philippines, and continuing in 1946. And thank you to his son, daughter, and grandson, for sharing these items with us.





## 2. History-Related Activities

### a. 1942-1943: Jeep Painted to Honor the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS in New Caledonia

On December 5, 2017, our colleague in New Caledonia, Marcel Claude, emailed me:

“My friend Angelo de Bourail asks me if the Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> had vehicles with a mark of the squadron. He has restored several jeeps dating from the American presence in New Caledonia, and would like to decorate the last jeep he has just restored to the colors of Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup>. If you have photos or proposals, we are listening.”

This was exciting. I replied with several photos of our jeeps, including that above right from the book’s page 191. On July 28, 2018, Marcel sent me an email with photos from a Facebook page of the completed jeep, with the perfectly-duplicated lettering above! The back has the license plate shown at right. It is great that a jeep with the squadron name will be driving around New Caledonia again, for the first time since we left November 2, 1943, 75 years ago. The Facebook page had the note below, which translates as:

**“You can tell them that the 13<sup>th</sup> is back in New Caledonia.”**

**On behalf of all of the squadron members and their relatives, Merci Beaucoup, Angelo!!!**



Tu peut leurs dire que la 13 th est de retour en nouvelle Calédonie

### b. Patch First Sample

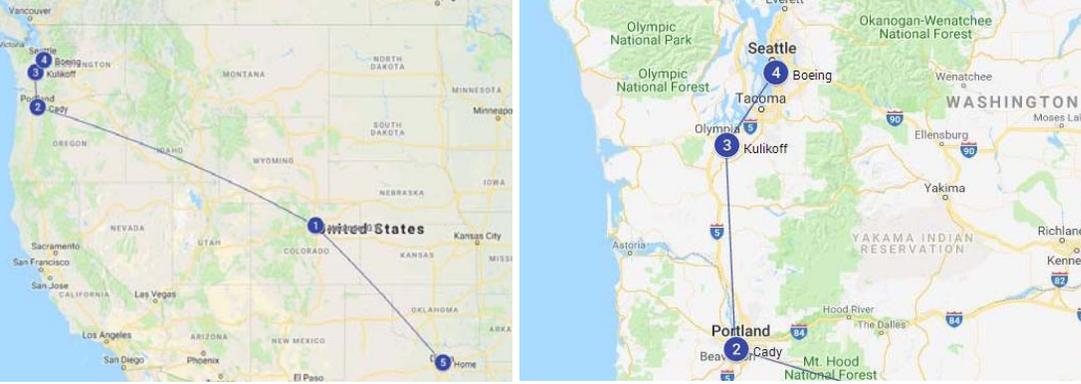
On September 5, 2018, the son-in-law, Greg Moyer, of Herb Larger, in supply 1942-45, emailed me: “Hey Seth, I always think of you when I see something like this,” and included a link to an eBay listing of the Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> patch below left. This was for sale by someone in Vietnam, for \$11. I could not pass it up, and it arrived 2 weeks later.

This patch is 4" in diameter, much smaller than the jacket patch. The red letters, white background, blue surrounding, and airplane shape are similar to the popular patch. It appears to predate that in the March 2016 letter, second below.

This might be the first sample for the eventual patch, next changing the bottle style, next rotating it, then changing the bottle, then our final patch.

Thank you, Greg, for searching for this, finding it, and letting me know!





### 3. Members and Relatives

#### a. Northwest Scanning Trip 2018

On September 18, I flew from Dallas to Denver, to begin the Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> scanning trip above. I first visited the home in Thornton, Colorado, of the daughter, Billie, at right, of 1943-45 pilot Bill Alexander. He wrote letters to his wife almost every day, and his three daughters divided them equally, and each has a box identical to that at right. In May 2017 I visited Alexander's daughter Cherry in Spokane, and in August 2017 his daughter Pattie in South Carolina, and have looked forward to visiting Billie in Colorado.



Billie was very kind to let me borrow the box and take it back to my hotel room to photograph all the letters, at right. The hotel room had a white-light lamp, which was great, and I taped blank white pages down for a background, and attached my phone holder (at right, with the phone removed). My phone/camera has voice-activation, so I could place the letters under the camera, say "capture," and place another. From 7:40 p.m. to 10:01 p.m. I photographed 106 letters with 442 pages, averaging 19 seconds a page, including the time to take the letters out of the envelopes and put them back in.



The letters provided 20 single-spaced pages of great details and stories, some included herein. Billie also let me photograph many artifacts.

I usually don't include later-in-life photos, except for men I met, but because he shared so many stories, I want to include these. Bill married Fay, at right, before going overseas. As noted in the May 2017 letter, he flew his own C-47 to the South Pacific with the 64<sup>th</sup> TCS in August 1943, then transferred to the 13<sup>th</sup> TCS in December 1943, and stayed with us until January 1945, being a top pilot and Flight Leader throughout 1944.



He moved to Thornton, Colo., and was mayor for a bit. He was born 8/1/20 and died, 12/25/90. His letters are a Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> treasure.





### Portland, Oregon

On September 20 for breakfast I met the daughter, Jennifer, above left with her husband Mark, of 1943-44 navigator Roger Cady. He joined the squadron November 19, 1943, was in until at least June 1944, and continued overseas another year, until June 1945 with another unit. Jennifer had 56 photos, a short snorter, and other items, some shared on page 2, and including photos such as that above right of island areas I have yet to identify. These provided the names of a C-47 flown over, a USO performer, and other helpful details. Thank you, Jennifer!

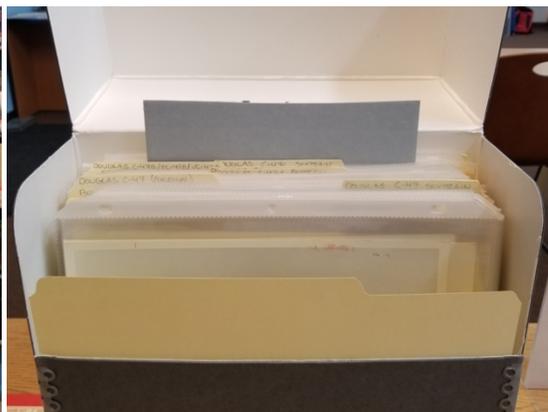
### Lacey, Washington

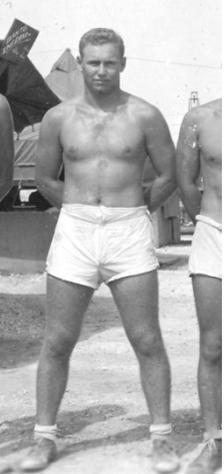
On September 15, prior to leaving on this trip, I searched again for relatives of our squadron members living in the northwest, and was thrilled to make contact for the first time with relatives of our 1945 pilot W.R. Kulikoff, though his grandson, Aaron. It was short notice, but his dad, Fred, let me visit 5 days later, on September 20, at 6 p.m. It was a thrill to see they had a footlocker, which included many items. At right are Aaron, Fred's sister Nancy, and me.



### Seattle, Washington

On September 21, at 9 a.m., I visited the Boeing Museum of Flight, Research Center. I visited in 2017, and learned they had collections of photos, including of C-47s, and wanted to check-the-box that I had reviewed their collection for any photos of our planes. A researcher named Jenn, below, with John Little, pulled the C-47 photos for me, and had them waiting in a box. I found a photo of our plane Snafu, sent to them by John Cairns, but already had a scan of this. They had a general cockpit photo, so I ordered a scan of this. I learned they are separate from the Boeing company, which also has a collection, much larger. I hope to review that one, too.





**b. Losses in Action**

**Pilot Arthur Golomb, November 6, 1923 – April 27, 2018**

On April 27 I received an email from the daughter, Melissa, of 1944-1945 pilot Art Golomb, who wrote: “We have some sad news to share. Our father passed away early this morning after a long illness. Just want to let you know that your work meant the world to him. He was such a proud WWII veteran, and we are hoping to inter him at Arlington National Cemetery. Thank you for giving our father the highlight of the latter part of his life. The trip to Texas and Oklahoma [for the pilots’ reunion November 4, 2011] will forever be a grateful memory.”

Golomb joined the squadron in August 1944. As a copilot he averaged 64 hours a month, more than average, then became a First Pilot March 21, 1945, and for the next 4 months averaged 100.5 hours a month, being one of our top pilots in 1945, and logging a total 993 hours. Many 1945 copilots learned from him. He played basketball in college in a precursor to the NBA, and so was also a star on the Biak officers’ basketball team. He was one of the few to record the destinations for each of his flights (the squadron only recorded hours), providing an invaluable record of Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> flights. His last flight was November 3, 1945.

Golomb is pictured above at Biak, then in the Philippines, on the boat returning to the US (wearing his Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> patch), and with his wife Beatrice when I visited them April 30, 2015, in Florida. Golomb contributed many great quotes to the book, and after publishing the book I continued to call him with questions every year. At right is a note I had on my desk April 27 of additional questions I hoped to ask him.

*Handwritten note:*  
Golomb  
1) What was his name for Golomb's 1st flight to T13? Also?  
2) Such and 6/2/48?  
3) Slide pilot when?  
4) Eugene's parents - O16 Dade

I always enjoyed talking to Art, because he had a great memory, and was upbeat. When I held the reunion, it was a thrill to meet him for the first time, when he walked up, held out his hand, below left, and said “Hi Seth, I’m Art Golomb.”!!! Below right is his last time in a C-47. As I replied to his daughter, Melissa, I will always cherish the memories of talking to him, and will miss the sound of his voice. I am glad that others in the future can get to know a little more about Art, through his quotes in The Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> book and newsletters. **Thank you, Art, for being a great WWII pilot, and great to the squadron, and to history. God bless and keep you.**





### Pilot Karl Peters, March 17, 1920 – August 18, 2018

On August 20 I received an email from the son, Brent, of pilot Karl Peters, that he passed away. Karl joined the squadron in May 1943, and left in January 1945, experiencing the broadest range of our flights, and was our most-decorated pilot, with the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with seven oak leaf clusters. He was our last living pilot who flew before July '44.



Peters is shown above in his official photo, then by his tent in New Caledonia. He contributed greatly to the squadron history, with a large photo album, and providing many quotes. He chose the fun nose art at left of the cartoon dog Pluto for the C-47 he flew to the South Pacific. I first spoke to him in 2008, and visited him in Faxon, Okla., twice while writing the book, and three times after finishing the book, including for the pilot reunion, when I flew with him Nov 4, 2011, as his C-47 copilot.



I always felt honored to visit Karl Peters. He was a cattle rancher, in beautiful country, rode a horse and could lasso cattle. His family and friends were great, too. At the funeral August 23 in Chattanooga, Okla., Karl's friend, Ned, gave a eulogy. A display included his boots, hats, rope, fishing pole,...and the Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> book.



After the service the casket was opened, which was emotional. Everyone filed by, to pay final respects, and give a hug or handshake to the family. The family had its own quiet time to say goodbye. Then the casket was closed, then to a waiting hearse.



I have not seen a funeral procession of cars with lights on during the day following a hearse in maybe decades, and have never been part of one. It was a special feeling. Every vehicle in the opposite direction pulled off the road and came to a stop, as shown below. That was particularly impressive. We drove along, silently, with this respect shown.





At Faxon Cemetery, pall bearers moved the casket, and an honor guard folded the flag.

Remarkably, C-47 engines were then heard, once again, in the distance! Karl's son-in-law, John, coordinated with the Airborne Demonstration Team at Frederick, Okla., 25 miles away, to fly over in their all-original C-47 Boogie Baby, two passes, right on cue! My reaction was an immediate smile, and swelling with pride, that this is the way Karl would have done it! It was truly fitting for our most-decorated Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup> pilot, and for Karl Peters as a man. Thank you to John for this tribute, and to the Airborne Demonstration Team for its perfect execution.

The graveside service concluded with the flag presentation, a bugler playing taps, and a Comanche Indian made a chant. Then a reception in Chattanooga. I sat with Karl's daughter, Sharon, below left, who I had long wanted to meet, and met for the first time.



A dozen of us drove back, at left, to the P4 ranch, on the same road I drove in 2009, for a final gathering. Then a photo with Brent and his wife, Karen, at right.



As I left, the American flag flew over the P4 ranch. Looking at the land and sky, one could understand how Karl Peters felt drawn to the sky, to fly. I expect these looked almost identical to how they looked in 1941. Karl Peters was blessed with 98 years, 5 months, and 1 day. The Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup>, and all whose knew him, and whose lives were entrusted to him as a pilot, were blessed he was also one of ours. God bless you and keep you, Karl Peters.



### c. Walter Moritz is the first to reach 100

On June 3, 2018, 1942-1943 navigator Walter Moritz, one of the first 13 navigators in the squadron (along with my dad), turned 100 years old. He is shown at right with his wife Claire, at his party. I had hoped to be there, but had to be elsewhere, and hope to see him another time.

Happy 100<sup>th</sup>, Walter!



### d. Concrete Arrows, from Daughter of 1943 pilot Gene Brown

On July 11, 2018, the daughter, Kathie, of 1943 pilot Gene Brown sent me a link to a CNN story that day about concrete arrows on the ground, set in 1931-1934, marking routes for air mail. She wrote: "Hi Seth, Thought of you when I read this. Pilots might get a kick out of it. I would have forwarded it to my Dad. I respectfully share with you. Thank you, Kathie"

This is indeed fun and interesting, and related to the Thirsty 13<sup>th</sup>, in that our pilots probably heard of these, or saw them, when training in the U.S. so the link is included here: <http://www.dreamsmithphotos.com/arrow/arrows.html>. Thank you, Kathie.

### e. Latest Dashboard

I added 1 member, crew chief Eggers who went over with Cady, and removed 17, because they appear only on a September 22, 1945, order, and so may have transferred in shortly before that, after the war ended. When I get confirmation they were in earlier, I will add them back. This reduced the total number of men ever in the squadron by a net 16, from 738 to 722. The April 23 numbers at right also remove these 16.

Members Identified and Contacts Found (of 722)

Members:	23-Apr	13-Oct	Add	Need
Birth Date*	712 99%	712 99%	0	10
Death Date***	684 97%	686 97%	2	18
Resting Place**	605 86%	606 86%	1	98
FindaGrave Link**	422 60%	422 60%	0	282
Contact	552 76%	560 78%	8	162
Have Book	517 72%	520 72%	3	202

\* Birth and death dates incl. 6 and 4 best-estimates.

\*\* Percent and Need for 2<sup>nd</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> exclude 18 living.

I made contact for the first time with relatives of eight members, listed below. Watkins was a founding member of the squadron in 1940, so it was great to find his relatives. Mullin went over in the first group of mechanics. Zdon joined in the US in June 1942 and was with the squadron its entire time. Steele was the first mess sergeant. Oliveros took photos in Bougainville. This progress was all unexpected, and with names tried many times before, so was exciting.

Herschel J. Blakeney  
William R. Kulikoff  
James M. Mullin

James N. Oliveros  
Donald H. Steele  
Joseph A. Vento

John W. Watkins  
Francis V. Zdon

On August 31 I had just 15 books left, and so cancelled the storage and shipment from the warehouse in Michigan, and had these sent to me, to save for relatives of the 162 members not yet found. I no longer offer it on Amazon, so your book is now a collector's item!

## 4. Conclusions

It was a blow to lose two of our pilots, especially who contributed so much, and of course I wish I had spent much more time with them, but we can be happy to have had the opportunity to get to know them, though their stories and photos. The squadron history continued to grow with the items of Bill Alexander, Cady, Ford and Kulikoff. It is great that the squadron is honored now on a jeep in New Caledonia! And to find perhaps our first patch. With best wishes, Seth.