July 2019
Newsletter

Dear Thirsty 13th members, relatives, and friends,

On June 5, 2019, one of our top 1945 pilots, Arthur Golomb, was laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery, with full military honors, including a 21-gun salute, and a flyover by no less than a B-52. His family invited me to attend, and it was a sad day, but great to honor Art.

I designed a Thirsty 13th trip around the funeral, May 29 to June 23. I met an original member for the first time, met relatives of 20 other members, 12 who were kind to share items, and revisited the AF Historical Research Agency at Maxwell AFB, and the National Archives in College Park, and for the first time visited Pope Field in North Carolina, and the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis. The latter had thousands of pages of Morning Reports, listing all our flights, who was on sick leave, promotions, who joined, left, etc., for 9/43 - 12/45.

Prior to starting this trip, the grandson of mess cook Wallace found and emailed me the Klipfontein ship coordinates, which was huge. In other news, I made minor changes to the website and created a mobile version. The book’s online price has skyrocketed. June 23 marked 10 years that this has been an almost full-time effort. With best wishes,

Seth P. Washburne, Squadron Historian
July 1, 2019

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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. All contents are copyrighted and the property of the originator. No items may be reproduced without permission. 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.
1. Additional History

a. 1941-45: Items from Radio Operator Harold C. Myers, 8/41-2/45

Harold C. Myers was our 2\textsuperscript{nd}-longest-serving radio operator. He enlisted before Pearl Harbor, and, as noted at right, he was assigned to the squadron two-days after entering the service, and went to radio operator school later. He joined 8/10/41, and left 2/6/45. The book has 13 photos his son emailed me in 2009, and included herein are additional items I found when I visited this son, Jim, on June 1.

Above is a map of the squadron’s second US camp, at Drew Field, Tampa, on which Myers wrote the location of the officers’ quarters, “our barracks, B-11,” the recreation room, mess hall, and headquarters. In the book on page 7 I found the barracks location, but never knew the locations of these other facilities. He had 24 photos from Drew Field, including those below, in the directions of arrows (a) and (b).

He had the Class B pass shown at right, issued 10/3/41, when we were still the 13\textsuperscript{th} Transport Squadron. He also had the menu, at right, from November 20, 1941, for the squadron’s first Thanksgiving. The menu paper is from Schlitz Beer.
Myers was the radio operator on C-47 Billie when the squadron first flew to the South Pacific. In a list of countries and islands he visited, he wrote, above, that in Honolulu October 4-7 he visited Waikiki, Diamond Head, Pearl Harbor, and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Myers had 41 photos from the Tontouta, New Caledonia, camp, including those below, on what I call the barren hillside, and of a samurai sword.

The book on page 271 notes our first fatal plane crash was January 13, 1943. Neal Allen was the pilot and commander. Myers has Neal Allen’s wings, below, from graduation from flight school, May 30, 1942.

Myers had the 13th Air Force book “From Fiji to the Philippines,” and wrote notes under many of the pictures, including:

- The New Caledonia Pacific Hotel open to only officers: “It was wonderful being a 2nd Looie!” [poking fun at the officers].
- Espiritu Santo: “Our best base – it was nice here.” He is pictured there at right.
- Two of our C-47s flying to Bougainville: “Workhorses of the Air Force.”
- Auckland’s Kia Ora: “Officers’ Paradise.”
- Sydney’s King’s Cross area: “Rat Race.”
- Munda Air Field: “Rougher than a cob!” – perhaps a rough runway.
- An ambulance loading wounded from a C-47: “One of the roughest deals in the whole war,” i.e. to have to see all of the casualties.
- Royal New Zealand Air Force (RNZAF) fighters shooting down Japanese Zeros: “3 cheers for RNZAF. They have more grit per 16 of man than any people alive! They absolutely do not know the meaning of fear.”
- Near Morotai: “Sam [Reeves] and [Emerson] King died here.”

Among the comments on the list of places to which he flew was the note below: “Auckland – 3 9 day rest leaves - a paradise. English-friendly. 2nd home of the 13th. Western Springs [a park in the city], Glendowie [a suburb], Peter Pan [a top music club on the corner of Lorne and Rutland].”
Myers kept a log of his flights from March 1944 to January 1945, in the notebook at left. As shown above, he recorded the takeoff times, with two TT’s together, the last three of the C-47 serial numbers, and the crews. He had the note above right that he was assigned to C-47 #942 on 2/1/44, #737 on 4/1/44, and #235 on 5/1/44. The log is reproduced at right, with only the first day of missions, by aircraft number and date, with flights on his C-47s shaded green.

25% (16 of 61) of the flights are on C-7s not assigned to him. This shows the C-47s on which the mechanics worked, e.g. Rapp was crew chief on #238. From 3/27/44 to 4/13/44 he was assigned to Fiji, and made daily flights Nandi-Suva-Nandi, and while there flew to Pago Pago and Tutuila in Samoa, and to Nuku’alofa in Tonga.

On April 15, 1944, he made the “mail run,” from Guadalcanal to Segi Pt., Munda, Ondonga, Vella Lavella, Treasury, and Torokina, then all 6 stops back.
Myers had the article above describing the occasional squadron role of hauling mail, and how happy this made the mail recipients. It notes the navigator was entrusted with official dispatches. It closes with pilot Arnold Miller saying he’d rather the fighter pilot onboard was outside protecting him.

Myers had the list above right of personal signals for the other radio operators ~January ’45, for Bowman, Bradford, Bravos, Bruce, Carson, Cook, Edwards, Hershberg, Hogan, Malloy, Neal, Petricola, Power, and Voorhees. This helped me move Malloy from mechanic to radio operator.

Myers’ son, Jim, created a shadow box with his dad’s ribbons and medals, shown in part at right, with his air medal with two oak leaf clusters. He also earned the American Defense Ribbon, on the left, for enlisting and serving before Pearl Harbor. Jim has his dad’s Morse Code key from WWII, below left, and his WWII headset, below center.

Many men overseas were eager to get orders to return to the US, but no one got out until the war was over, and some who came home were sent to Europe. I always thought it better to stay in the squadron. Myers did, and was a great asset to the 13th Troop Carrier Squadron. Thank you to his son, Jim, for sharing these items, and to Harold Myers for being a great part of the Thirsty 13th!
b. 1942: Klipfontein Ship Coordinates from James Wallace Grandson

On May 24, 2019, I was amazed to get an email from Christopher Gomez, the grandson of James T. Wallace, mess cook 6/42-9/42, that he found the War Diary for the USS Honolulu, a light cruiser, which, with a destroyer, escorted the convoy which included the troopship Klipfontein, with the 13th TCS ground crew, from San Francisco to New Caledonia, and recorded the exact coordinates and events all the way. It has been a goal to learn these coordinates, and it is a thrill to now add these to the history. The path of our ground crew is graphed at right.

From the USS Honolulu’s War Diary, we now know:

a. They were underway from San Francisco November 3, 1942, at 4:45 p.m. (8:45 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time).
b. The convoy speed was 14 to 14.5 knots.
c. Unidentified ships appeared on the horizon three times, and didn’t answer challenges until shots were fired across their bows. Fuselier on the book’s page 127 recalled this.
d. They crossed the equator November 12, 1942, at 9 p.m. (1 p.m. GMT), at 154°W. The certificates the men had did not have the date of this, so it is not in the book, and it is nice to have this date, and location, now.
e. They crossed the dateline November 20, 1942, at 9 a.m. (1 a.m. 11/20/42 GMT), at ~22° S. A certificate of the Domain of the Golden Dragon in the book said at 15° S, and I suspected that was incorrect, and so it is great to have the exact coordinate.
f. After turning west, they changed to an in-line formation, each ship 2,000 yards apart.
g. They arrived in Nouméa, New Caledonia, November 22, and debarked November 26.

Thank you, Chris Gomez, for finding and sharing this long-sought item!

c. 1942: 33rd TCS Support for Guadalcanal

On the book’s page 122 I note the 33rd TCS’s air echelon was at Hamilton Field, Calif, at the same time we were, in October 1942. They were sent to Australia, but some C-47s were held over in New Caledonia to help support Guadalcanal with us and Marine Air Group 25.

On May 31, 2019, at Maxwell AFB, I reviewed the 33rd TCS files to learn more about them, and found the note below. They left Hamilton Field October 18 and arrived in New Caledonia November 25, 1942, 16 days after we left October 3 and arrived October 9. Seven of their C-47s were held over until November 29 to fly with us and the Marines to Guadalcanal. They lost one C-47 November 8, 1942, bursting into flames after departing Henderson Field, perhaps hit by ground fire. They lost another C-47 November 22, 1942, in New Hebrides when a load of hand grenades on board blew up – and the crew was seriously injured.

These are the kinds of risks also faced by the 13th TCS.
d. 1943-44: Stories from Taylor Cloud, Radio Operator, 11/43-3/44

In the January 2019 newsletter I noted I made contact with relatives of radio operator Taylor Cloud. On April 24, 2019, I received an email from his daughter, Jamee, with a link to a shared folder with 44 of her dad’s items, including the fine photo at right of Taylor Cloud. This includes a rare color image of a brand-new Thirsty 13th patch. It looks nice with the large white border.

Cloud stayed overseas until late 1945, but transferred to the 63rd TCS before April 1, 1944, and so most of his images and recollections are from the 63rd TCS.

I recorded a phone call with him in January, and below are some of his quotes related to the 13th TCS.

Cloud (Radio Operator, 11/43-3/44): “[As an assistant radio operator] early on we flew different airplanes, but later on, once we got to New Guinea, you generally flew with just one airplane. The crew chief and I would just do the chores around the airplane. I’d pull the chocks, open the doors, close the doors, things like that.

“Flying into New Caledonia, you had to go in between some little mountains [Thio Pass] to get to the landing field, and one time we ran into some bad weather, and when we got to the landing field it was under about a foot of water. We had to fly back out again – the storm flooded the airstrip. We flew out of there and flew to another airport, I don’t know which one. “I spent a week at Norfolk Island one time. We stopped there to refuel, and we had engine trouble after we landed, and we needed a spare part, and it took a week to get the part to us. We installed the part, and then we went into Auckland. I remember spending a week there, which was enjoyable.

[In Espiritu Santo, for the Bob Hope Show] they had an outdoor movie theater, and as I remember it was in the outdoor movie theater.”

Thank you, Taylor, for being a radio operator in the Thirsty 13th.

e. 1944: Continued Search for Los Negros Air Echelon Camp Location

In the book on page 459 I note we moved to a camp vacated by a bombardment group, and estimated this was the 307th, which we moved to Wakde. On May 30 at Maxwell AFB I pulled their files to see if their camp photos matched ours, and found the photo below left titled 307th Bombardment Group Chapel on Los Negros.” This is the same as the building in the image next to it, below, later titled “Hq. 403rd Troop Carrier Group.” A note, also below, on one of their images said they were “in the Solami Plantation.” I was excited to learn this, but later learned this was actually the Salami Plantation, and covered the entire peninsula, below right. On the 307th website I clicked through ~5,000 photos, and contacted them, so have a little more to go on.
2. Members and Relatives
   
a. June 2019 Eastern US Trip – First 5 Days

Since my August 2017 trip around the eastern US I have found relatives of 60 more squadron members, many who had items they were willing to add to the squadron history, and many who lived in the Eastern U.S. I also wanted to visit those unavailable in 2017, and to revisit the Air Force Historical Research Agency at Maxwell AFB in Montgomery, Ala., and the National Archives in College Park, Md., and to visit for the first time the National Personnel Records Center (NPRC) in St. Louis. I also felt honored to be invited to the special occasion of the internment of our pilot Arthur Golomb at Arlington National Cemetery on June 5.

I planned out the trip shown above, 6,435 miles, May 29 to June 23, for 26 days. One day was to drive to Alabama, 6 days were visits to the three institutions, 1 was the funeral, 4 days were for personal time (2 days in New York City, 1 day in Vermont, 1 day with my sister in Ann Arbor, Mich.), and 2 days were to drive home, so visits to relatives of members were for 12 days.

I made 29 stops, which, excluding the 3 institutions, a visit to Pope Field, and Arlington, were visits to relatives of 24 members. This included visits to 8 people for whom I had left messages or sent emails but received no reply – I had only a landline number for these, and one told me he received so many robocalls he never listened to his messages, and only checked email every couple of months! Of these 8, 3 were not home, and 5 did not have items after all, e.g. they were loaned to a relative, but it was still a thrill to meet these five. Visits to 4 others were also to meet them, as they previously emailed me items, or had nothing, and it was great to meet them, too. This made the 12 who did have items to share extremely special. A 13th who lived off of our route scanned and emailed me his dad’s items, which was amazing and also wonderful.

I hoped to visit relatives of 15 others as well, but 2 were out of town, 1 went to the hospital the day before I would visit, 1 was four hours further away due to high waters of the Mississippi putting a ferry out of service, 1 was not up to a visit, 5 said the items were unreachable, e.g. with a relative, and 5 did not reply. I hope to visit some of these another time. Most of the persons who were not available had unknown collections so may not have anything anyway. The persons I did meet were all the highest priority, and a thrill to meet, including a still-living original member I met for the first time, and two wives of members, who were a great delight. Every visit was extremely special, and I found very helpful, unique new items.

The most items were found at the last stop – 3 days at the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, which had Morning Reports, listing all the flight crews and flights, plus who was on sick call, or promoted, every day from September 1943 through 1946. There are 2-3 pages per day, ~1,200 pages per year, each packed with information, and will take time to analyze. I also found rosters, 403rd Group orders, and other documents. At the National Archives in College Park I found several more movies of our C-47s, and more info on the Klipfontein and Matsonia.

Overall it was an amazing trip. We were thankful for good weather, met the most wonderful people, and saw almost all the collections I hoped to see. This is described starting below in the order of the days, for the first five days, and will continue in another newsletter.
Day 1 (May 29): Dallas to Montgomery, Ala. – Driving 10:05, 618 Miles

At the Louisiana Welcome Center I learned about the Chenault Aviation Museum in Monroe, La., next to I-20. This is in the building at right, which was part of the Selman Field Army Air Corps navigation school (mentioned on the book’s page 71) where some of our navigators trained. They had a display case of navigator items. (Chenault led the Flying Tigers, delivering supplies from India to China during WWII, and there were displays about this, too.) Then on to Montgomery, to have dinner with Maxwell AFB research contractor George Cully, at right, who has found many items for us, and his wife, Margaret.


I visited AFHRA for the fourth time, to look at files on:

a. Pope Field (our third US camp) – but most of the files were from after we left.

b. Items from pilot Adams – One can now search AirForceHistoryIndex.org and find reference numbers for documents stored at Maxwell, and for the 13th TCS one searches on “squadron/0013/troop.” Most of the results are the monthly reports and items I found in 2008, but they also list the following item – documents from pilot Alva Adams. I had this pulled, and found a document providing the date of July 1, 1942 when pilots Adams, Allen, Baldry, Brandt, Davis, Drake, Fitzgerald, Givens, and Hinton joined the squadron.

c. 33rd TCS 1942 history – and learned about their support for Guadalcanal, on page 6 herein.

d. The 307th Bombardment Group camp at Los Negros, to find ours, on page 7 herein.

Day 3 (May 31): Five Stops, #2 to #6 – Driving 6:16, 304 Miles

I had long wanted to visit the son, David, of Scage Morgan, at left, and did so from 9:30 a.m. until noon. Scage was an airplane mechanic 6/42-9/45, and is pictured in the book 6 times. In 1994 he lost most of his photos in a flood, but I wanted to learn more about him. I was interested to learn that Scage had a pilot’s license before going into the service, and completed one year of college. He had the 1945 roster and a few photos, but these were ones I had. David is a professional potter, and showed us his amazing works. Later I saw a jar of pecans and asked if I might have one, and he poured the entire jar into two large bags for me! We enjoyed these almost every day for the rest of the trip. It was great to meet David, and to learn more about Scage Morgan.
The rest of the day would be knocking on doors for relatives of four more members across South Carolina, to meet people unreachable by phone or email, above, being:

1. 2:30 p.m. - the daughter, Nancy, of 1945 navigator Weisner – not home.
2. 3:20 p.m. - the daughter, Norma, of 1941-45 motor pooler Will Chapman.
3. 5:15 p.m. – the son, John, of 1942-45 electrical mechanic Wilfred Gee.
4. 8:25 p.m. – the son, Doug, of 1943-45 radio operator Alex Neal.

Norma said her dad’s photos were lost in a fire on the farm after the war, but has some documents she will send me. John said he gave the photos to his brother, but now the brother does not have them.

Doug’s dad died in 1955, and he was excited to see my copy of Two Years c/o Postmaster with the photo at right of his dad, whom he resembled. He had almost nothing from him, but found a silver-plated 1-pint beer mug (one of three he had), engraved for the Thirteenth Air Force, and gave it to me! It was great to meet each of these three.

**Day 4 (June 1): Two Stops, #7 & 8 – Driving 4:45, 230 Miles**

I hoped on this morning to meet the daughter, Tracy, of squadron founding member Watkins, an airplane mechanic 12/40 to 8/44, in Archdale, NC, but she had a conflict come up.

The son, Jim, of 1941-45 radio operator Harold C. Myers, scanned and emailed me his dad’s photos in August 2010, and many of his photos are in the book. I have wanted to meet Jim, and scan the photos on my scanner, and visited him on this day, in Asheboro, NC, at 1:15 p.m., below. It was also exciting to find he had many more items, shown on pages 2-5. Jim’s wife, Pam, is an artist, and as we were leaving went back into her home and brought out one of her creations and gave us a gift, below, of a beautiful bowl! Thank you so much Jim and Pam!

We left at 4:30, and drove 2 hours to Benson, NC, to knock on the door of the daughter, Kathy, of 1941-45 mess cook Jady Eatman. I had left messages, but never confirmed my visit, and she was not home. I met her husband, and will hope to meet Kathy another time. Then over to Fayetteville, as shown at right.
Day 5 (June 1): Three Stops, #9, 10 & 11 – Driving 9:45, 504 Miles

For 10 years I have wanted to visit Pope Field, NC, the squadron’s third camp, and did so on this day. I wanted to walk in the location of the June 1942 tent city, now a baseball diamond, top left, and it felt nice. There is a path, top right, at the northwest end of the field, with a downward gradient to the road, and I imagined the men walking down that on their way to the hangar, or up it on their way back (if they didn’t take a bus the one mile to the flight line).

I drove to the nearby airfield, and saw Hangars 4 and 5, also above, which are in photos when the squadron was here. They are now on the National Register of Historic Places, and part of the National Park Service. I was able to go in one of them. It was smaller than I expected.

Pope Field is one of the oldest Army airfields, from 1919. The runways were paved in 1940; the parking areas not until after the war. It has a history of airlift, and I visited the display of a C-47, at right, #42-93496, from after we were there. Later I drove through the officers’ area, and saw buildings there in 1942, and they looked quite comfortable. Many buildings at Pope are now part of a historic district.

James Hall was in parachute packing from 2/44 to 9/45, and his son, Larry, said his siblings in Indiana had a lot of photos. I wanted to meet Larry, too, so drove over to Jacksonville, NC, and met him, below left. He had a nice photo of his Mom and Dad, also below left, and his dad’s dog tag.

The highlight of this day was going to be a visit in Richmond to the granddaughter of a squadron member, and scanning his diary, but I received a text at 9:30 p.m. the night before, that this would not be possible. I stopped downtown Richmond for the biggest piece of pizza I ever had, and continued on that night to College Park, Md., to spend the next two days at the National Archives. This, and the Golomb funeral, will be in the next letter.
b. Website Mobile Version, Need for Books, Book Value, Ten Years

**Website** - I created the website in July 2009 using Microsoft Expression Web 4, so that relatives of members I could not find could find me. The HTML files are in a file on my computer, and I upload changes to GoDaddy where I host this.

Recently I created an unrelated website, and needed to refresh my HTML skills, and watched a video series, and learned about putting the styling, called CSS, in a separate style sheet. I decided I should review the code for the Thirsty 13th website, and simplified it using CSS. In doing so I eliminated five hyperlink boxes and made other minor changes.

I have long wanted to make a version that worked on a mobile phone, and learned how to have a second style sheet for mobile, and so created a mobile version of the website. It is almost identical, but the mobile version is sized for a phone screen.

**Need for Books** – I have run out of books, yet continue to find members for whom no relative has a book, and would like to send them one. If you have an extra one in your family, and would like to give it to a family with no book, please let me know.

**Book Value** – The price on Amazon has skyrocketed, with today one being offered for $500, $1,017, $1,071, and one at $1,124. This is down from April 2, 2019, when these four were at $796, $800, $1,500, and $1,656. I am quite sure no one is buying at this price, so this will likely come down, but perhaps reflects an Amazon algorithm for what the book should be worth.

**Ten Year Anniversary of Full-Time Effort** – As described on the book’s page 758, after starting this research in May 2008, I suspended it in August 2008, but began again, full-time, on June 23, 2009. I expected to spend 9 months finalizing a manuscript I had begun, but spent 2.3 years on the book, finishing it in October 2011. In November 2011 I visited Fort Worth, Tex., to check on the airplane restoration, found problems, and stayed 2 months in hotels, then realized I needed to stay longer, and got an apartment. I have been here 7.5 years, due to the airplane and related issues, so have continued the Thirsty 13th research, and on June 23, 2019, the day I returned from the trip east, that marked 10 years mostly full time on this.

**Latest Dashboard** – I learned two more final resting places, for Brewer and Steele, and knocking on the door of Doug Neal marked my first contact with relatives of Neal, adding 1 contact.

c. Conclusions and Thanks

Thank you again to Christopher Gomez, the grandson of James T. Wallace, for finding the long-sought coordinates of the Klipfontein, which transported the ground echelon to the South Pacific. It is great to add this to the history. Thanks, too, to Taylor Cloud, and his daughter, for arranging a phone call and sharing items to add to the history. Big thanks to Jim Myers for allowing me to visit for 3.5 hours and scan a great deal of items which added to the history. And thanks to David Morgan, Norma Chapman, John Gee, Doug Neal, and Larry Hall for letting me visit to learn more about their dads. The next newsletter will continue the results of this trip, which ultimately produced an enormous amount of information. – Seth