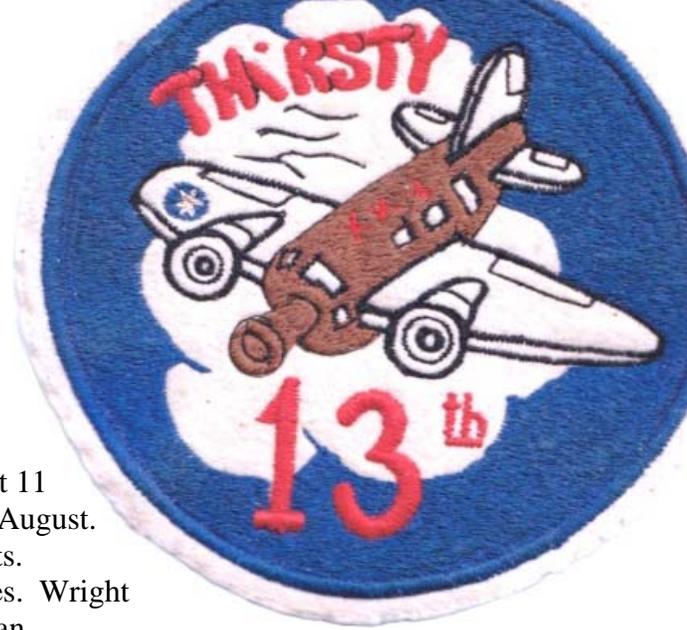


October 2017

2nd Newsletter



Dear Thirsty 13th members, relatives, and friends,

The last two newsletters presented results from the first 11 days and 13 visits from a 21-day, 22-visit scanning trip in August. This letter presents results from the last 10 days and 9 visits. DeLoss, Burder and Payne provide great and helpful stories. Wright had great photos, and a long-sought map of Camp Stoneman.

Thank you for your interest in The Thirsty 13th.

Seth P. Washburne, Squadron Historian
October 17, 2017

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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, sethgw1@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

a. 1943-1945: Items from Anthony D. DeLoss, Crew Chief, 2/43-9/45

Anthony DeLoss joined the 13th TCS February 6, 1943, flying over. On June 17, 1943, he wrote “Since I evidently lost my previous diary I will endeavor to write a summary covering my activity since the start of this year,” and this filled 34 pages of a notepad, with the highlights below. DeLoss is pictured at right when awarded the Air Medal in July 1943.



DeLoss (Crew Chief, 2/43-9/45): “January 12, 1943, #499 [C47 41-18499] was assigned to me. The original crew was Abernathy [p], Hay [cp], Lippitt [n], Muehr [ro], and me [cc].

“All of us [with the 5th TCS, his prior unit] expected to go to Africa. After a trip to West Palm Beach, Puerto Rico, Natal [en route to the China-Burma-India theatre by way of South America and Africa], our ship alone returned, and we started west, making stops: Austin, Luke Field (Phoenix), Victorville, Palm Springs (emergency landing – hydraulic trouble), Fresno, and finally Hamilton Field. The plane was repaired at Sacramento, and we also spent a couple days there. On the last day of January we left for Hawaii at 01 in the morning.

“We stayed in Hawaii for two days and it was pretty nice. Dummy P-39s were all over the field, and certainly looked realistic from a distance. Honolulu was full of Japs [157,000 during WWII, 1/3 of the population, and not interned] and didn’t offer too much in the line of beauty. The historic points such as Pearl Harbor were all cleaned up, and the buildings that still had the marks of shrapnel hits were the only evidence of any war activity there.

“It took us 8 hours from Hickam to Christmas. The latter was prominent with palm and coconut trees. In fact, from the air the camouflage was so effective that we had quite a time trying to locate anything that even looked like a part of civilization. It looked like a deserted island, full of coconut trees.

“Our next stop, Canton, six hours later, from a distance seemed to be a small coral reef such as we had been used to seeing all along. It was such a small island and also well concealed. It had but one tree on the whole place. I went sailing here in the lagoon amid the beautiful coral which almost covered the bottom of this shallow water.

“From here to Fiji (7 hours). The island was full of servicemen and Boolas (natives). It certainly wasn’t the Fiji I saw in the movies. Plaines des Gaiacs, 4 hours later, was the home of the everlasting red mud. An hour later at Tontouta I first saw my new station.

“[Tontouta] was a good-sized aerodrome, with every branch of the service represented. The fellows looked over my airplane with the anxiety of a miser finding a half dollar. I knew there was a job on my hands, because since I was but a corporal and they in the first three grades [of sergeant], my chances of holding my position as Aerial Engineer on 499 was going to be slim. I resolved then to work my damndest to keep the ship. And later I was rewarded.

“The first week found me de-winterizing the ship, and it really was a major job. We have no hangar facilities so must do all our maintenance work outside. Taking the covers off the oil tank was my biggest headache. On Feb 15, nine days after I landed, a test hop was given the ship, and on the very next day I made the first trip to Guadalcanal. The first stop was at Espiritu Santo, to the canal, back to Button [Espiritu Santo], to Efate (Acid or Roses [code]), back to the home base. Captain Petty was the pilot, and he wrote up a book [of squawks].

“[New Caledonia] is full of mountainous country, but we can top-hop them at 5,000 feet.

“The natives work for us for the mere wage of sixty three cents a day. Usually they build our huts and do odd jobs around the area. Our living quarters are tents which are screened in to protect us from the mosquitoes, and cots without mattresses are our beds. During the spring and summer months (winter months in the states) the mosquitoes are ferocious.

“Our meals are definitely on the ‘very poor’ side. When I first came we ate nothing but canned goods: Spam, hash, vegetable stew, corned beef, sauerkraut, Vienna sausages, etc. were all we ate, and to drink were tea, coffee, and powdered lemonade. For the past month and a half (we donate a dollar each pay day to the mess fund) our meals have shown a slight improvement. About twice a week we get fresh meat. Twice we had milk. Twice eggs, twice ice cream, and once fried chicken. We eat out of mess kits, and at first [he joined February 6, 1943] even had to stand up to eat. Fortunately, we now have a mess hall with tables.

Guadalcanal Bombing: “Here’s the way these bombings go off. First a red flare is fired from the control tower giving the first indication of an alert. Then the wail of a siren sends all of us running into fox holes where we silently await the enemy. All the buildings that were lit up a few seconds before are now pitch black. From the tower someone yells ‘They’re about 40 miles out’ and the fellows carry the news around.

“I’ll never forget my first experience in this. I was brave and going to see all the activity in the air where I could see the action. After the first bomb hit I became an immediate Christian, and ran headlong into the nearest foxhole. The noise from the ack ack almost drove me insane, but gradually I became accustomed to it.

“It was that first bombing when I saw the enemy zero shot down by one of our P-38s. I can still see it in the giant lights that followed the ship. On its way down the zero suddenly burst into flames, and landed about a quarter of a mile from where I lay. That night 4 enemy planes came over, but none of them returned to their home base. They were all shot down.

Other Thoughts: “Originally our squadron had 13 planes, but two were lost, one on a reef. Now [June 1943] we have 15, and here are the names painted on them: Chuggar, Tar Heels, Black Cat 13, Ramblin’ Wreck, Hitler’s Hearse, Bastard, Billie, Pudgie, **Connie** [new], Risky II (that’s mine [hence 499]), Catfish, Sad Sack, **Daisy** [new], and the Nomad.

“Sydney, Australia, is really a swell place. These are a few of the places and things I hope to cherish in my memories: Saint Paul’s Cathedral, Palace Gardens, Luna Park, the Sydney Golf Club, the Saratoga, King’s Cross, the Trocadero [a concert and dance hall], the Navy Yards, the Sydney bridge, ferry boats, Tudor and Australian Hotel, Jill, Red Cross, the bay, Echo [code name for the main airfield] Airport, Australian Hall, Wafs, Pat, and Gloria.

“I might as well write this down, too! There is no love lost between the Marines and we in the 13th. We do all the work, and they get all the credit! [As noted on page 301, on 1/24/43 Admiral Halsey commended the Marines for C-47 flights, but forgot the 13th TCS.]

July 2, 1943: “Flew to Roses [Efate] yesterday, and was amazed to find all the combat planes missing. The Army Air Corps is all north on the raid on New Georgia, and are really dishing it out. Last night 500 of our planes went over. Only six planes were lost, and four of the pilots in these six planes were rescued.

July 5, 1943: “Some fellows directly across the runway from my ship were installing a 50 caliber gun on a B25 and accidentally fired a shot. The bullet hit the middle of the runway, glanced upward, entered the nose of my ship, and tore hell out of my instrument panel.

“Only a few minutes before I sat in the pilot’s seat warming the engines. Had I been in that spot when the shot was fired I wouldn’t be writing this now, for the bullet would have hit me square in the chest. I thank God that I was lucky enough not to be there at the time, but if my airplane keeps up getting into these inevitable conditions I’m afraid I’ll end up in an insane asylum. I’m going to paint a purple heart on the thing.”



DeLoss also had many photos. In New Hebrides, above left is a friend and DeLoss on Squadron Street (page 376-377) after opening beers. Amelang's daughter, Karen, correctly identified this as Schlitz, with the label at left. Rocks to protect a bomb shelter ditch are on this side of the road, vs. later were on the other side. Above right is unidentified also on this street showing the parking area on page 382.

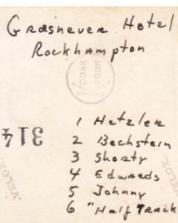


At left is a friend pointing to his Thirsty 13th patch. At right, a friend and DeLoss climb a large palm tree, with a smaller tree close to the left of it for support.



At the far right is DeLoss in Biak tent A5, with a belt holding his gun and knife

Rockhampton, Australia



DeLoss wrote on the back of the photo below left "Grosvenor Hotel Rockhampton," and it is Hetzler (p), 'Shorty,' Edwards (ro), Bechstein (ro), 'Johnny' (estimated Buchen, cp), DeLoss (cc) and 'Half Track.' Another photo indicated this trip also included Boss, Bowen and Vaughn. The Grosvenor was at the west corner of Alma and Derby streets, in red at right, three blocks south of the main Fitzroy Street. Below right is a photo (ref: wwidoctor.blogspot.com) of this hotel at that time, with the same entrance in the photo. The hotel was subsequently replaced, and is now a parking lot.



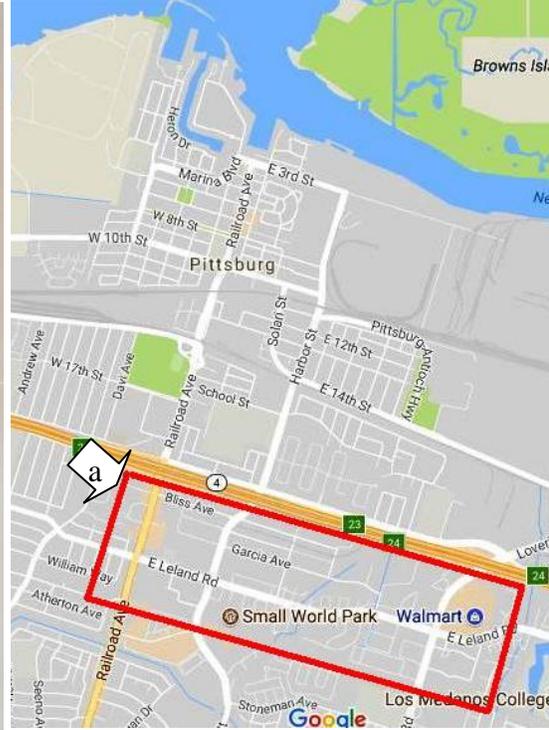
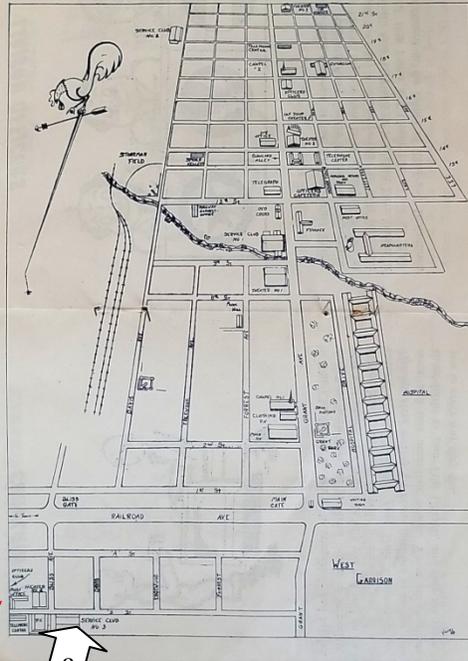
It is good to learn another exact location visited by the Thirsty 13th.



**Welcome
San Francisco Port of
Embarkation**



MAP OF CAMP STONEMAN



RAILROAD

Camp Stoneman Location

The book on page 42 notes that prior to going overseas the ground echelon went to Camp Stoneman in Pittsburg, Calif., and shows an outline of the entire camp area, and the photo above right. I have often wondered from where and in what direction this photo was taken, and even visited here April 29 on a scanning trip, to try to get some bearings, but had nothing to go on.



Wright had the brochure above left for men returning from overseas who debarked here. I was thrilled to find it had the map above center, and in the bottom left, also at left, had the names of two streets still there, Bliss Avenue and Railroad Avenue. The photo on page 43 and above is then in the direction of arrow (a). Other roads on the map were named for Army men, e.g. Grant, and these do not appear anymore. The stream is visible on the 1945 map and current Google map.

The historical marker for the camp is on Harbor Street on the west side of Small World Park. The main gate was at Railroad Avenue and what is now Leland (previously named Grant). The map provides building outlines, and I tried again to ascertain the location of the 13th TCS barracks, but need a few more photos.

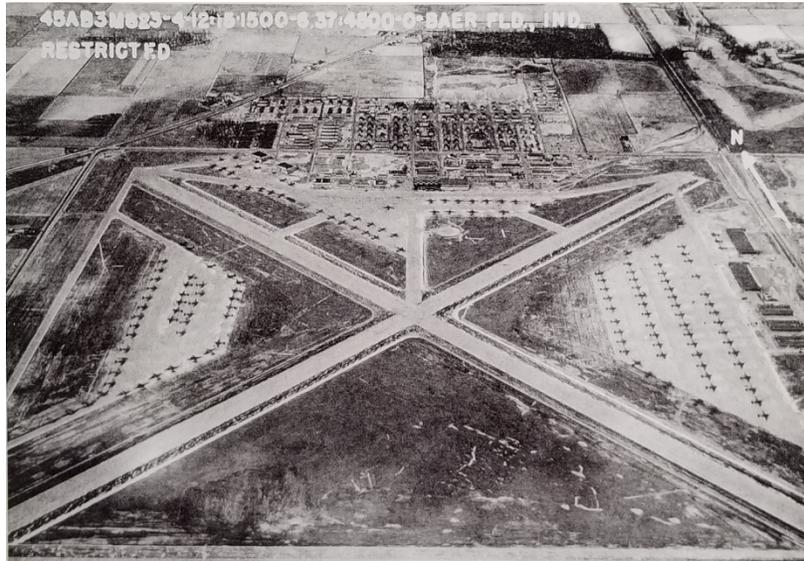
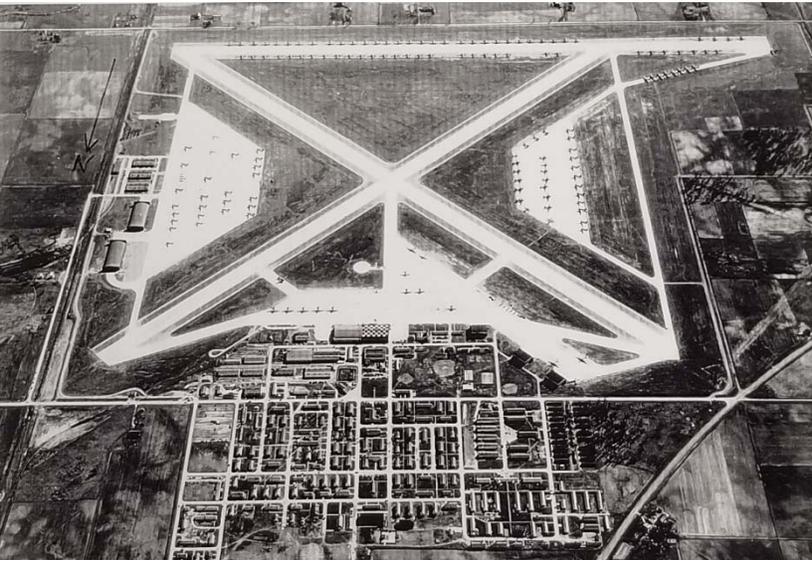
Wright had the Camp Stoneman pillow case, below.





c. 1944-1945: Fort Wayne Air Museum

The book on page 430 mentions that in 1944-1945 most troop carrier crews departed from Baer Field, in Fort Wayne, and on page 453 is a story by Driedger about getting his plane there. On August 18 I visited a museum here. There is just one C-47 photo, and in the background is the scene above. I met with a docent who shared the photos below, looking south and north. These are not dated, but one can see lots of planes, and all appear to be C-47s. These photos also show the barracks area is north of the field, and so this is where crews later assigned to us stayed.



d. 1944: Interview with Francis H. Burder, Pilot, 7/44-11/44

On August 17 I met original member Frank Burder. He has many quotes already in the book from phone interviews, and added a few more stories, below.



Burder (Pilot, 7/44-11/44): “Since I was a small kid I wanted to be a pilot. I built small airplanes - my hero was a SPAD, the old WWI SPAD [above right]. When I was in primary training flying a Stearman – that was never a Stearman, that was a SPAD. So [enlisting in the Air Corps] was the opportunity to become a pilot, because I was never going to do it any other way. And it was an opportunity to get out of Michigan. I think I had been to Ohio once, and that was the extent of my travels. We didn’t go anywhere; nobody had any money. And I ended up in Borneo, and I just couldn’t believe that Frank Burder was in Borneo.

“It was fun. I wasn’t in a lot of danger. If I was flying a B-17 over Germany I might not have thought it was so much fun. Adventuresome. New Guinea, and all these strange places.

“There were 20 of us that went overseas together, but these twenty guys had never had any training beyond advanced. [The 13th TCS] never had a training program for us; it was a function of how good-natured the first pilot was, if he wanted you to fly in the left seat he’d tell you to get in the left seat and fly, but a lot of guys wouldn’t do that.

“My brother-in-law was a Seabee in Hollandia, and I asked [C.O.] Chauncey [Parks] if I could go on the next run to Hollandia. He sent me [and] I found my brother-in-law, and he said ‘Can we go for an airplane ride?’ I asked the first pilot, and he said ‘Sure,’ but he said ‘You take the left seat.’ He wanted to give the impression that I was the command pilot.”

19 AUG 44	13 th Trp Carr Sq	APP 708	Cpl	Air Eng Mech	747
2 Feb 45	13 th Trp Carr Sq	APP 920	Cpl	Special Eng.	2750
1 JUN 45	13 th Trp Carr Sq	APP 930	Sgt.	Aerial Eng	2750

e. 1944-1945: Interview with John W. Payne, Crew Chief, 8/44-9/45

John Payne joined the squadron August 29, 1944, as an airplane mechanic, per his notes above, and was on flying status from February 2, 1945, onward. On August 14, 2017, I met John, and asked him many questions, and typed up his replies, below.

Payne (Crew Chief, 8/44-9/45): “I was drafted. I waited it out. I went to electrical school, primarily at Illinois, but that’s basically about the only mechanical type training I done. ‘Electrical Specialist’ they called you after you went through that.

“They put [our crew] together, McClure was the pilot, Hinsley [not-13th TCS] co-pilot, and Reberry was the radio operator. [McClure] was a pretty decent pilot. One time it was bump-bump when he landed. Then for some reason, some general, we were supposed to take him to Denver, and I was thinking ‘What will that guy think if he goes bump-bump-bump?’ But when he went in, he just landed so smooth you couldn’t even tell he landed.

“We went to Indianapolis, doing [glider] pickup training. It’s pretty routine, you don’t hardly realize you’ve grabbed one; you don’t feel no big surge or anything like that. It’s pretty simple. I even took a ride in one of the gliders at one time that they picked up!

“We went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and there we picked up a new plane, brand new C-47. We went to Oakland, California, and from there to Hawaii.

“We landed on Christmas Island, and that was a standing joke. People come into Port Moresby, and they’d get to talking to somebody, and they’d say ‘Well I haven’t eaten,’ or ‘I haven’t been to the bathroom,’ ‘since Christmas!’ And they just flew in.

“[We continued] on to Port Moresby. That is the only trip [California to Port Moresby] that I remember [having a navigator]. We very seldom had a navigator when overseas.

“After we went over to Port Moresby, they instructed us to take it down to Townsville, Australia, and left it there, and give us an old airplane [laughs]. So we wasn’t able to keep it.

“[The 403rd] had a skeleton crew at Port Moresby, and I stuck around there with them for a little time before I went on down [to New Hebrides, so joined the 403rd at Port Moresby].

“I wasn’t in New Hebrides all that long. They built up pretty permanent-like buildings in New Hebrides. It wasn’t hardly a ‘tent city,’ with the improvements they made.

Crew Chief on the Old Boulder – [I was assigned to] the Old Boulder (pages 451, 585). I was in charge of taking care of the plane when it landed. If it needed engine work, or electrical work or something, they always had people that would go from one [plane] to the other; they was a specialist more or less. You needed a new engine – they had a crew to do that. But they’d be a couple guys assigned to me that would help me on just minor inspections. I don’t [remember their names], and they might have changed from time to time. They didn’t fly; they were ground crew.

“They usually had two aerial engineers assigned to it, and you’d fly a week, and you’d be off a week, fly a week, you’d be off a week, that’s about the way it would work. I don’t think they ever designated really who is [assistant crew chief, both were equal].

“You would take off from Biak, go up to Morotai, maybe someplace else, someplace else, someplace else, and you would stay out for a week, you couldn’t even come back to Biak for a week, until you needed an inspection on your airplane, which was 50 hours, 50 or 60. When you got your 50 hours in, you go back and do the inspection. If it was a major inspection, yeah, it might be off a week, but if just a minor, like a 50-hour, we could pull that off in a day or less.

“As far as the radio operator, they’d be pretty much the same one, day in and day out. They, too, wouldn’t fly more than a week at a time before you would get time off.

NEW HEBRIDES FROM 29 AUG 44 TO 20 SEP
44
BIAK ISLAND: FROM 21 SEPT 44 TO
16 AUG 45
DILLAG LEYTE P.I. FROM 17 AUG 45

Biak Tent Mates, and Free Time – [Payne wrote his camp locations, above. His tentmates on Biak were Rosen, Rubin, and Thear,]

“[Rosen] was from New York. If he’d get the chance to go along to Australia or someplace like that, he’d try to buy supplies there for the PX. He had a more or less a temporary type PX, and he was in charge of that, authorized by the squadron. It was toward the mess hall some place, they had a little tent up there. I think he just had a tent there.

“He was actually Jewish. One time they built a chapel there, and I’d go over there occasionally, on weekends, Sundays, and he wanted to know what they done over there. And I said ‘Well, you can go along with me,’ and I took him to a Protestant church!

“[Rubin] I think was from Philadelphia. He was doing orderly type work or something like that.

“[Thear] was a radio operator, he was just a regular type guy. As a rule he’d be out and gone for sometimes maybe a week, and the next week I’d be. We may not even see one another very often. Sometimes we’d be on the same flight, but quite often we would not be.

“I went around [to Duffy’s], but not a whole lot of that kind of thing. When I would be gone for a week and I’d come back the airplane was at the airport and needed an inspection. I had to go down and take care of it, working on it, see what, getting things ready for another flight, and stuff like that. In the evening, oh, they’d have some entertainment there.

Flying to New Guinea, Noemfoor (page 499) – “I was all over the country over there, anyplace there was a place to land I probably landed there at some point in time. I’ve been [to Wakde], but not based [there]. I’ve been [to the Admiralties], but was never based there.

“There’d be times when you would be lucky if you even find a drink of water, or food. Even though we was in an Air Force group, you’d have thought that woulda been crazy, but sometimes you get out on some of them other islands... I was up on – it might have been Noemfoor – on one night we spent there – no food no water. There was a Japanese ship anchored over the..., close by, and they [the US Navy] was afraid to bring anything in. I don’t know why they couldn’t have flew something in – we flew in, but they had run out of food, they had run out of water and everything else. Well it didn’t last; we got out of there in about a day’s time, and so I don’t know what happened to the people assigned to that place.

“[During takeoff I would watch the instruments] most of the time. [The rest of the flight] I’d usually be in the back [not standing between the pilots].

Flying to the Philippines – “I remember one time we went there [to Del Monte] and landed, and went down a road there, and they just had pineapples lined up as far as you could see down that road! Libby, sure. I don’t remember [Palawan]. Oh yes, yes [Zamboanga].

Morotai Bombed same night as Biak (pages 498, 629) – “One night I was at Morotai, there was a Japanese plane coming over, and they were sounding the alarm, and I was pretty reluctant to take off and go in a fox hole, because I thought, well, it was probably more dangerous in that fox hole than it is out in the open! It was kind of dingy, and I thought well, there could be snakes, there could be bugs, there could be a little bit of everything in there, but I think I finally did crawl in. The airplane went by, and did drop a bomb, but he did drop a bomb the same night at Biak on the theater [not ours], and knocked out quite a few people.

Losing an Engine – “I don’t really know where we took off from, but we had a fairly heavy load, that’s what I remember. Well it was operating fine, but one engine came back in. We were flying down [the runway] and took off, and found out we had one engine bad, and he come back and land, and check her out, and see what’s going on. Noemfoor maybe.

Mission to Farm #7 Airstrip (page 653) – “We went in to bring some people out that had been there. Some of them guys, they’d been there [since] before the war, American soldiers was stuck there. They had quite a radio set up – they could broadcast, and do a little bit of everything with it. There was about four of them that had been there with the guerillas.

“We stayed there 2 or 3 days. I talked to a number of them [laborers around there], and they said ‘Boy, they brought us out here to work on the farm’ - they called it the farm, the runway, but they said they couldn’t understand why in the world they would want to place rock on a field before they were going to farm it! [laughs]

“They had guerillas, they’d try to do a little bit of everything to do damage to the Japanese. They said they found a big chunk of iron pipe, sewer pipe or something like that, and they made it so they make a cannon out of it, and they fired it, and they said ‘We done great damage, but we lost our cannon.’ They only got one shot, as it split wide open!

“They was having kind of a send away party for whatever ones we was picking up. The Filipino people they came out and they was putting on quite a dinner, basically fish I guess, primarily. We had a nice evening meal. It was outside, of course, and they went and chopped palm leaves, and laid palm leaves out and that was your plate! Palm leaves! I don’t know [what we drank], probably some booze of some kind that they made.

“I got [at Farm 7 the dirk (knife) at left, similar to ones on page 637]. I had one of my regular army-type knives, and he was willing to trade.

“They had a hut of a place they had their equipment all in, their radio equipment and all like that. I am pretty sure we stayed inside that night, rather than in most cases you stayed on the plane or under the airplane. We only brought out a couple people, I think.

Drop Missions – “The only thing I know we ever dropped was food. They’d usually have some people, that was their job, go along with you when you had stuff like that on, and do the kicking out. Oh no [they didn’t have ropes around their waists]. I’d help move toward the door, from the front to the back. They usually had a crew to do something like that.

“One time I think the pilot really made a blunder. They would have some kind of a marking where they would want stuff dropped, and I think he just absolutely failed it, to hit the right point. I was kind of disturbed at him, but I think he was a little afraid maybe he was going to get somebody popping at him flying in where the troops are. I have a feeling Filipinos or somebody else got everything, and the troops didn’t get any of it. They’d usually have something, like an ‘X,’ they’d have something laid out there so you could spot it pretty easily...if you really wanted to find it! [laughs] No, [not multiple airplanes in a line for the drop], just a single airplane. We never did do a parachute drop.

Dulag Camp (page 695) – “It was somewhat different than some of the islands. Quite a few people there, mingling around, and of course they always looked to trade something, if you had something they didn’t have, and they didn’t have a whole lot at that particular time. They had their old water buffalos that they not only eat, but they worked as well!

Flying POWs after the War – “Boy, It was about as sad as anything you ever experienced, or anything I ever experienced, some of them people, the shape they was in. Skin and bones, and usually they was ambulance cases in most cases, and oh boy, I couldn’t believe that somebody had been neglected and starved to the point where some of them were. I never picked any up right at Japan. We’d pick them up some place [perhaps Okinawa, per page 721] and take them on down someplace else where they could get a boat and sent home.

Flying to Tokyo – “We saw [Mt. Fuji] and Hiroshima. [Radiation] wasn’t a problem when we went around over there [not told to avoid it]. I [flew] into Tokyo, I don’t remember what airfield. We carried I think it was people. The airport, it looked like [there] might have been one airplane that possibly somebody could fly, and the rest of them was junked.



“We got on a train and went into Tokyo. Everything was basically gone, bombed out, other than the Imperial Palace Hotel, and the Imperial Palace itself. And that’s where we stayed, at the Imperial Palace Hotel. The palace was interesting to see. But there was places just flattened all over, you saw from the train.

“Oh yeah [the people were friendly]. One [Japanese] gentleman there, he’d been to college someplace in Washington [state], and he was kinda ‘Oh well, yes, we got a setback, but we’ll come back, we’ll come back.’ He knew English perfectly well. He was some kind of a businessman probably. He was very cordial.

Flight Log (below) – “I was often quite disappointed that they didn’t give you more information, not even the pilot’s name or anything else on your flight record. They didn’t give you any indication of where you went, or what you done, or [with] who.

The Thirsty 13th: A Big Family - “Nothing harsh ever went on or anything like that that ever bothered me, and everything was kinda simple like, and I think it’s more like it’s just a big family than it was a military operation. Well, it’d train you and stuff like that. But everyone being ‘ee-yah-yah-yah’ and tough, and wanting to be tough, and stuff like that, you didn’t see any of that there, everybody seemed to get along. It didn’t matter whether you was a private, or a master sergeant. They got along with one another. People from all walks of life were serving there.

Looking Back – “For me, I never did hate being in the service or anything like that. In fact, as I look back on it now, I thought it was quite an experience, and it was good, bad, and indifferent. You had bad times, and you had good times, and that is about the way it was.”

Logbook of 13th TCS Crew Chief John W. Payne

Note	February '45	March '45	April '45	May '45
1. Flights are color-coded by the furthest destination. Colors indicate increasing proximity to Japan:	1 5:50 2 5:40 3 7:35 Biak-Noem-Mor-Biak	1 7:15 Biak-Holl-Mor 2 12:20 Mor-Sam-Tan-Mor-Biak 3 *similar to Golumb log	1 6:40 Mor-Philippines 2 8:00 Leyte-Mor-Biak	
Off or work in camp	4 5 6	4 5 6	4 5 6	
Australia	7	7 2:20 Biak ?	7	
N.He., Guad., N.Sol.	8	8	8	
New Guinea	9	9	9	
Morotai	10 12:25 Biak-Noem-Mor-Biak	10	10 4:35 (dec'd 2:15 to tie out)	10 8:05 Biak-Mor-Leyte
Philippines	11 7:25 Biak-Noem-Mor-Biak	11 2:20 Biak ?	11	11 8:50 Philippines
Okinawa	12	12	12	12 7:35 Philippines
Japan	13	13	13	13 6:55 Total 45 1/2 hours
	14	14	14	14 1:45 Philippines
January '45	15 3:45 Biak-Mor	15	15	15 8:00 Philippines-Mor
	16 9:20 Mor-Philippines-Mor	16	16	16 4:05 Mor-Biak
	17 3:55 Mor-Biak	17	17	
	18	18	18	
	19	19 3:35 Biak-Mor	19	19 1:00
	20	20 8:30 Mor-Leyte-Mor	20	
	21	21 3:05 Mor-Biak	21	
	22	22 3:50 Biak-Mor (bombed)	22 7:30 Total 42 hours	
	23	23 10:15 Mor-Leyte-Mor	23	
	24	24 3:10 Mor-Biak	24	
	25	25	25 8:05	
	26	26	26 6:55	
	27	27	27 5:50	
	28	28	28 7:20	
	29	29	29	29 8:50 Biak-Leyte
	30 1:00 Biak Local	30	30	30 9:00 Philippines
	31 4:40 Biak-Mor	31	31	31 11:25 Total 47.25 hours
				31 9:40 Philippines
2 17:10 <Days, Hours / Month 71.55	11 78:20 (Combat time 4:45) 150:15	12 62:20 (Combat time 24:00) 212:35	10 69:05 281:40	12 85:10 366:50

Payne’s flight record is at left, and I estimated some destinations. He logged combat time in February and March, estimated to southwest Mindanao, e.g. Zamboanga. For April to August 1945 he had eight missions >40 hours; six for 40-47 hours, and one for 54 hours. For February to August he averaged 82 hours per month, as probably one of the more active crew chiefs.

Thank you, John W. Payne, for your good work in the Thirsty 13th, and sharing these helpful stories.

June '45	July '45	August '45	September '45	October '45
1 8:30 Philippines-Biak	1 8:10 (with prior month)	1	1 7:40 (continue prior day)	1
2	2 5:45	2	2 Japan signs surrender	2
3	3 7:30	3	3	3 5:15
4	4 8:15	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6 10:50	6	6 4:30
7	7	7 7:10	7	7
8	8	8 5:30 Total 75.15 hours - est'd returned to base after first ~50, or 50-hour inspection done away fr. home.	8	8
9	9	9 7:10	9	9
10	10	10 10:15	10	10
11 9:15	11	11 6:00 or 50-hour inspection done away fr. home.	11	11
12	12	12 2:50	12	12
13	13	13 8:25	13	13
14	14	14 9:15 Japan will surrender	14	14
15 13:45 Total 43:30 hours	15	15 7:50	15	15
16 9:00	16 8:05	16	16 6:45 Estimated	16
17 10:30	17 5:20	17	17 6:50 Okinawa-Tokyo	17
18 10:15	18 4:35	18	18	18
19	19 9:00 Total 46:55 hours	19	19	19
20	20 9:55	20	20	20
21	21 2:00	21 8:45	21	21
22	22 8:00	22	22 Transferred to the 63rd TCS	22
23	23	23	23	23
24	24	24	24	24
25	25	25	25	25
26	26	26	26	26
27	27	27 7:35 Estimated flying POWs from Okinawa to the Philippines.	27	27
28 8:10	28 8:00	28 7:30	28	28
29 7:50	29	29 2:05	29	29
30 9:05	30	30 7:55 Total 40:45 hours	30	30
31	31	31	31	31
9 86:20 453:10	11 76:35 529:45	15 117:05 646:50	3 21:15 668:05	2 9:45 677:50

Payne Hours Flying, 1945

Month	Days	Hours	Hr/Day
Jan 1945	1	2:45	2:45
Feb	11	78:20	7:07
Mar	12	62:20	5:11
Apr	10	69:05	6:54
May	12	85:10	7:05
Jun	9	86:20	9:35
Jul	11	76:35	6:57
Aug	15	117:05	7:48
Sep	3	21:15	7:05
Oct	2	9:45	4:52
Total	86	608:40	7:04
Feb-Aug Ave	11	82:07	7:11



f. 1997 Reunion Group Photo

13th TROOP CARRIER SQUADRON
Reunion 16 August 1997

While rescanning Tustin's photos, I found the image above, from the 1997 Reunion, at the Holiday Inn, 2800 Presidential Drive, Dayton, Ohio. Three men and three women are not identified but from 7 reply postcards may be: [Abernathy](#), [DeHaan](#), [Fatula](#), [Griffith](#), [Hall](#), [Houpt](#) or [Watkins](#). Below are: Andy and Eleanor [Davis](#), Gene and Martha [Cowles](#), Brooks [Norfleet](#), Margaret and Bill [DiBias](#), [f&m](#), Jimmy [Dean](#), and Walter [Geuther](#).



Below are: Bob Lantz (a friend of Geuther), Bill [Tustin](#) and daughter Lynn, John and Louise [Ferguson](#), Paul Thornburg (Lynn Tustin's husband), Jim [Bradford](#), Tony and Jennie [DeLoss](#), Tony [Drago](#), Jean and Dennis [Burden](#), [m](#), Bob [Weekley](#), Barbara and Felder [Cullum](#), John [Smith](#).



Below are: [f&m](#), Wm. [Fitzgerald](#), A.K. and Donna [Johnson](#) (their son Tom in the wheelchair), Barbara and Bernard [Sand](#), Joan and Howard [Shook](#), Bob and Kitty [Hammett](#), Richard and Mrs. [Frey](#).



Below are: Fred and Fern [Lord](#), Nelda and Eugene [Seeley](#), Mary Jean Cairns, Tom and Margaret [Drake](#), Mary Ellen Fraser-?, 'Barney' [Vallelly](#), John [Cairns](#), Cecil [Petty](#) and his friend Eleanor Hoose.

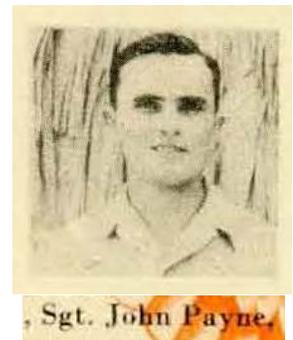




2. Members and Relatives

a. Eastern US Scanning Trip – Part 3 of 3

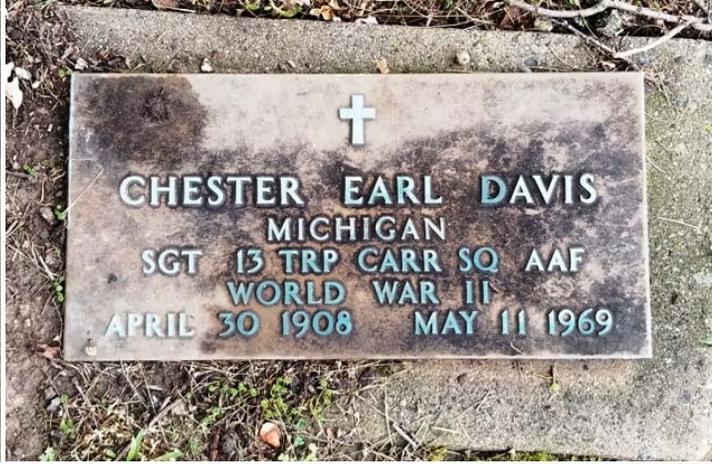
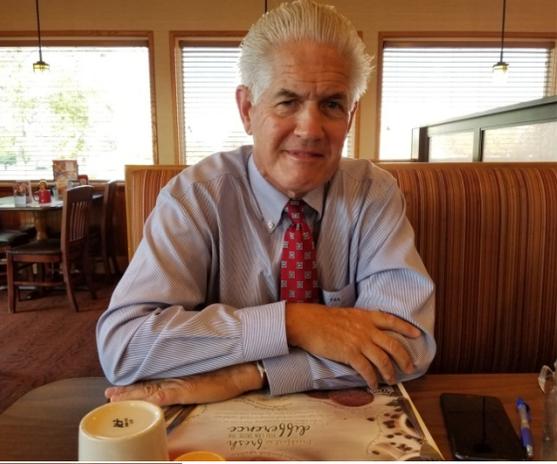
Regarding the eastern U.S. Thirsty 13th scanning trip I made August 3-24 making the 22 visits above, the September newsletter described visits 1 to 9, and the October 4 letter described visits 10-13. This newsletter describes the next 9 visits.



Day 12 (8/14) Visit 14: Payne (living). From near Buffalo we drove to Erie, Pa. for the night. Prior to May when I learned about 76 more squadron members who joined in late 1944 or '45, there were only four living members I had not met. On this day I hoped to meet two (and a third later in the week). I contacted the daughter of Bill Mattes, but learned he was not able to meet after all. We continued on to Powell, Ohio, a suburb northwest of Columbus, to the Liberty Tavern, where John Payne's daughter, Jan, reserved a private room. Here I was thrilled to meet for the first time crew chief John Payne, above, and at right from the squadron yearbook "Two Years," Flight B, who joined 8/29/44. His son, Kevin, and Jan's three children, were great to all turn out to join us. Jan also posted the meeting on a local Facebook page at the last moment, drawing a local WWII enthusiast. I recorded 70 minutes of stories, being 9-pages single-spaced, from which I drew the four pages of highlights herein. It was a wonderful get-together, and I left wishing I had more time to visit. Thank you, John and Jan.

Visit 15: DeLoss. We continued on this afternoon to visit the daughter Beth and son Dan of 1943-45 crew chief Anthony DeLoss, at Beth's in Johnstown, Ohio, below left, with my mother, Nancy on the left. They presented me with a copy of 34 pages their dad wrote in a diary, which had lots of great details, many herein, including the two new nose art names, and saying C-47 #499 had the nose art "Risky II." I scanned about 25 unique images, many included herein, and which provided the Rockhampton rest leave location. Dan had planted flowers on his dad's grave, and shared with me the photo of this below right. Thank you, Beth and Dan.





Days 13 (8/15): Visit 16: Drake. The prior evening we stopped for the night in Marion, Ohio, and on this day were going to be driving through Findlay, Ohio, long-term home of one of our first 26 pilots, Bob Drake, and now of his son, Tom. I met them both on 9/7/2009, eight years ago, when starting the book research, and wanted to say hi to Tom, above left. I called him only the night before, and he was great to get together on short notice at a Bob Evans restaurant, and to even treat us to breakfast. My mother sitting next to me sat between our dads at the 1954 reunion as pictured on page 744, and at right. It was great to see him again, and to remember his wonderful dad, of whom he had a photo on his phone.



Day 14 (8/16): No visits. The rest of the prior day and this day we visited my sister in Ann Arbor.

Day 15 (8/17): Visit 17: Grave of Chester Earl Davis. On 11/15/15 when beginning to record the locations of Thirsty 13th resting places (I have 609 now), the first one I ever found to name the squadron was that above right. I grew up in Michigan, and so was struck that for this man, born in 1908, and who passed away in 1969, this was his only marker, and the three things it told the world about him (other than his dates) were: a) he was a Christian (the cross), b) he was from Michigan, and c) he was a Sgt. in the 13th Troop Carrier Squadron, Army Air Force, in World War II. I wanted to remember him in person, so visited in Owosso, Michigan, above.

Visit 18: Frank Burder. On this same day, I continued up to Cadillac, Michigan. I found Frank Burder around 2009, and spoke to him many times on the phone when writing the book, and include 21 quotes from him in the book. I have wanted to visit him for years, and he was going to be a highlight of my April 2015 visit to people in Florida, where he went in the winter, but when I called he had gone back to Michigan about a week before. My sister, Ellie, went with me this time, while my Mom stayed at Ellie's, so Ellie could meet a real Thirsty 13th member.

Frank's home was easily identified – with the garage door open and the license plate, below, for the 13th Air Force. I recorded 62 minutes of stories, then took him out to lunch to Cheryl's Marina, below center with my sister. He shared with us about an Honor Flight he was on, and showed a fine cane presented to him. It was great to finally meet him. Thank you, Frank.



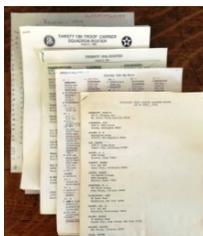


FORT WAYNE AIR MUSEUM

Day 16 (8/18): Visit 19: Fort Wayne Airport Museum. I have long wanted to visit this museum to look for information about the C-47s which were dispatched from here. It is shown above, and is in the secure area of this airport, for passengers awaiting a flight, and so requires a 2-week advance notice. There was only one photo of C-47s dispatched from here, on page 7, but a docent shared with me the other two photos on page 7, which were helpful.

Visit 20: Tustin. Continuing south an hour to Alexandria, Ind. I visited the daughter, Lynn, of William Tustin, and her husband Paul. I visited her here March 23, 2010, and have wanted to visit to rescan her dad's photos at 600 dpi.

Lynn gave me a box, below, which previously belonged to John Cairns, but was passed on to her dad, and included: a) reunion reply postcards for 1991, 1997, and 1999 (left and right stacks are yes and no), addressed to John Cairns; b) a rubber stamp to imprint on the back of a blank postcard 'will attend, will not, etc.,' and c) rosters from 1979, 1985, 1991, and 1995. These provided new addresses for not-found Boyko, Fuller and Griffith, and new names of 13 others.



Days 17-18 (8/19-20): No visits. We visited more with my sister, then to Chicago to my dad's grave, then to Southern Illinois for the total solar eclipse.

Day 19 (8/21): Visit 21: Willman. His nephew, Jerry, was great to let me visit in Fenton, Mo. after the eclipse. He has a cabinet, below left, with his uncle's Thirsty 13th patch, a model C-47, the book and other items. Willman had an order 3/15/45 from the Kearns, Utah, replacement depot listing recent graduates of the Selman navigation school, with new serial numbers assigned by last name below right. Willman is in "Two Years", at right, so those photos had to be later than March 1945, not in February as I suggested in the May letter. Willman had 7 photos of his camp in Dulag, but the exact locations have not been identified, and so these will be shared later. I scanned items from 5 p.m. until around 7 p.m. when we went for dinner. Thank you, Jerry.



ABRAHAMSON, ROBERT C.	02081835
ADAMS, SAMUEL H., JR	02081836
ADOLPHSON, ROLAND A.	02081837
ALLEN, JAMES H.	02081838
ALLISON, DAVID E..	02081839
ANDERSON, EARL A.	02081840
ANDERSON, WALTON R.	02081842
ANGIEL, RAYMOND P.	02081841
APPENZELLER, JAMES R.	02081843
ATHA, STUART K., JR	02081844
AUSLENDER, SIDNEY	02081845



Day 20 (8/22): Visit 22: T. Wright. In St. Louis this next day from 10 a.m. until 2:30 p.m. we enjoyed visiting the daughter, Karen, above, of Thomas Wright. She had the fine display made up, above right. Her dad lived from 1923-2001, in St. Louis, and I lived there and worked about 3 miles from his house from 1981-1985, and so regret not starting this project much earlier.

Karen then did an incredible thing, and said she wanted to give me her father's Thirsty 13th patch, at right. In the photos on page 5 her dad seems quite proud of his Thirsty 13th patch, and so this was a huge family treasure. It was the highest honor for her to want me to have it. Thank you, Karen, for the treasured patch, for sharing so many items, and for being the daughter of a great man – Tommy Wright of The Thirsty 13th.



Day 21-22 (8/23-24): No visits. We saw sites in St. Louis, drove to Tulsa for the night, and on the August 24 to Dallas, arriving 3 weeks after leaving. On the rental car we put 6,665 miles.

3. Closing

The Thirsty 13th history is like a jigsaw puzzle, and, the more pieces one adds, the clearer the image. I place items in context – where, when, and why a photo was taken or an order written, and provide a multiplier effect, sharing items with relatives of 500 other squadron members to whom these apply, and others with an interest in WWII.

Looking back on the 21-day scanning trip, I thank all of the squadron members who wrote such great letters, took great photos, and saved so many orders and artifacts. Next, I thank all of their relatives who preserved these for 75 years, and then shared them with me for all of us. And I thank everyone we met for their incredible hospitality, welcoming my Mom and me into their homes, and treating us to great meals and refreshments. We added a lot to the squadron history. And I am happy to report that the Thirsty 13th lives on in many hearts.

Seth