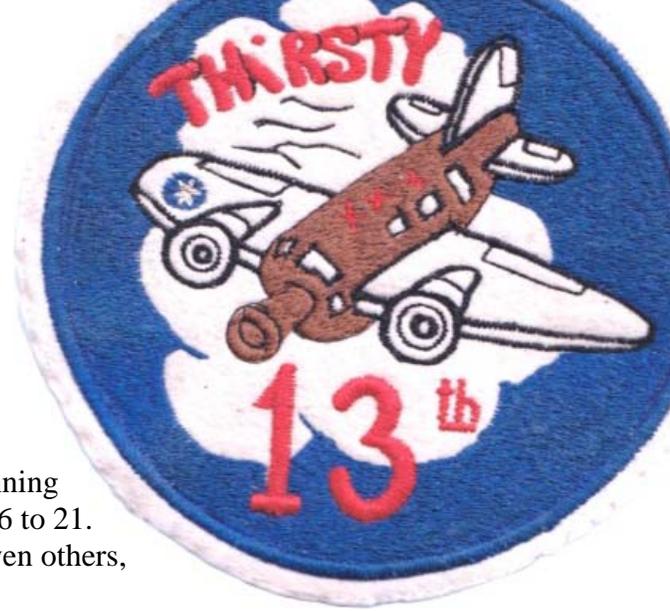


September 2019 Newsletter



Dear Thirsty 13th members, relatives, and friends,

This is the third newsletter presenting results of the scanning trip in the Eastern US May 29 to June 23, describing days 16 to 21. I visited a still-living squadron member, and relatives of seven others, six who shared items, and found great additional details.

The final results of that trip, from the National Personnel Record Center in St. Louis, will be shared in the next newsletter.

Thank you for your interest in The Thirsty 13th.

Seth P. Washburne, Squadron Historian
August 31, 2019

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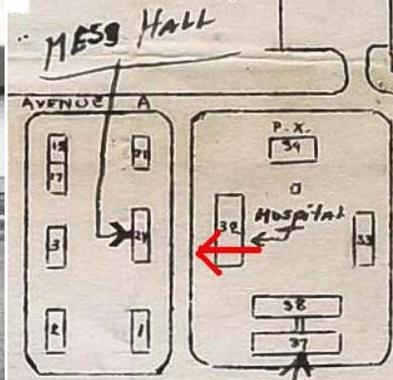
This is the newsletter for the U.S. Army Air Corps 13th Troop Carrier Squadron, 1940-1946, nicknamed “The Thirsty 13th.” This is prepared by Seth P. Washburne, the son of John C. Washburne, navigator 11/42-7/43. Please direct any comments to him at: (212) 289-1506, sethpw1@gmail.com, or 5200 Meadowcreek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

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

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



1. Additional History

a. 1942-43: Items from Jesse Cummins, Jr., Medic, 1/42-9/43

Cummins was from Clermont, Ohio, enlisted 3/21/41, and joined the squadron in Florida as a medic. The photo above left at Drew Field is Cummins, with the water tower on the left. Next, also at Drew, is “13th Transport Squadron Pill Rollers.” This is in the direction of the red arrow in the map above, from Myers, and so is the first photo of the outside of the Drew Field mess hall. The photo above right was labeled “Cummins, Fathon, and Risky, May 21, 1942, Jacksonville, Fla.” We moved to Pope Field, NC, at this time, so this indicates a stop on the way.

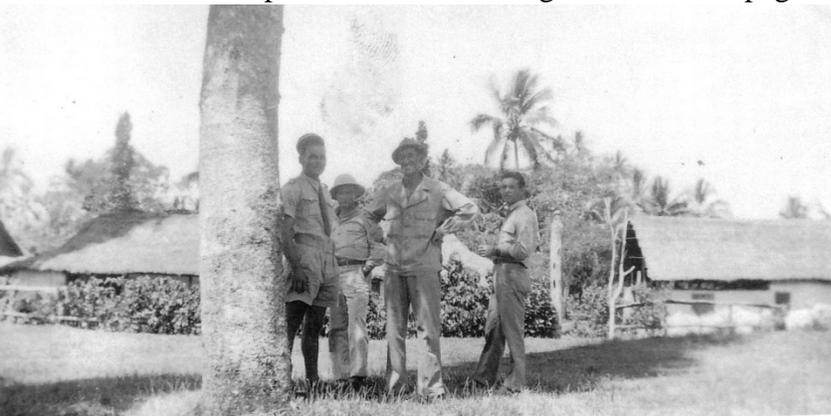
From Pope Field he had the photo at right, in the cold weather gear issued, with the same tree as in a photo on the book’s page 19, but showing this in relation to the shower building. This may help identify our row in the tent city.

For the New Caledonia camp, I have wanted more photos in the camp to better define the tent locations, and Cummins had four. Below left is the officers’ hill and DiBias. Below right are Cummins, Schroth and Risky by the dispensary. On the bottom left are Risky, Cummins, Beacorn, and Schroth, sawing a niaoli tree in the camp. Bottom right are Cummins, Risky, and McDade. These will all help when I try again to get the exact layout of this camp.





Also in New Caledonia Cummins had the photo above left at the Tontouta River (page 234), titled "Riskey and Cummins, Laundry Finished," indicating they washed some clothes here. The rocks are held together with a wire mesh. Above right, on the left is Jady Eatmon. Below are more photos from the outing on the book's page 248 in Boulouparis, with Riskey and Melton.



Below right is "at a plane wreck," estimated on Kimball Hill, with Tontouta Air Base in the background. It may be a wing of Kimball's R4D, but I do not recognize the wing structure.

Cummins came down with asthma, and left New Caledonia on 9/17/43.

Thank you to Jesse Cummins for being the first person to report to when feeling unwell, and helping the ill return to health. Thank you to his son, Larry, for sharing these images with us.





b. 1942: Photos from John D. MacLeod, Radio Operator, 2/42-1/45

MacLeod was from Fort Lee, N.J., enlisted December 22, 1941, and joined the squadron in February 1942, as a radio operator. He had the photo above left titled "Mail Call, Drew Field." Above center, behind the barracks, in a view looking west, are Mello, Mullins and Kelly. Above right he titled "Cribbs trying to dive." This is estimated off the north part of Pier 60, at right, at Clearwater Beach, and to be part of training.



For the move from Tampa to Pope Field, NC, MacLeod had the photo below left, showing 3 lead cars, 6 trucks, and an ambulance. Below right is the view from the back of the first truck. The 13th TCS had 164 men at this time, and so perhaps some went in a second convoy.



MacLeod titled the photo at right "Some road stand we were passing en route."

Below left he titled: "Where we stopped in Myrtle Beach," providing another point on their path. Online I found no mention of this Seacoast Pavilion. Below right is "Myrtle Beach; we went swimming there." These could also be from a day trip from Pope Field.





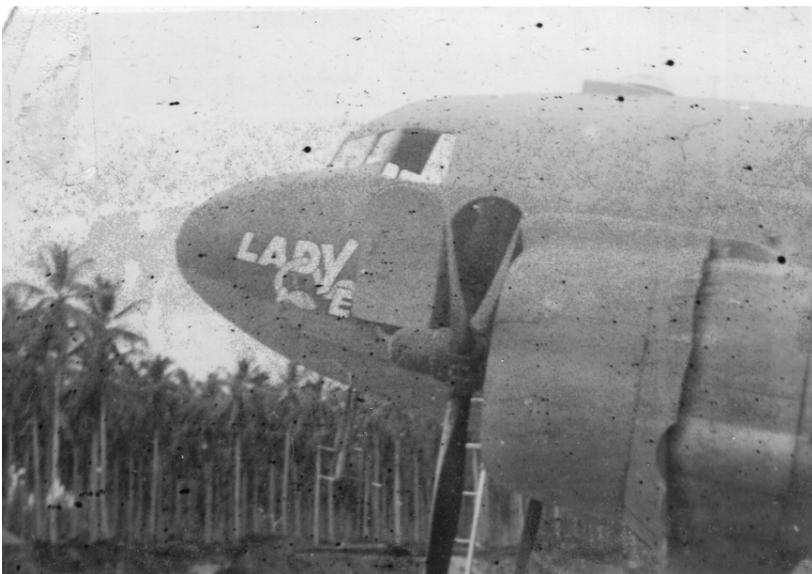
MacLeod had the photos above at the Pope Field tent city and at right when leaving. These are new perspectives that may help in determining which row of tents we were in.

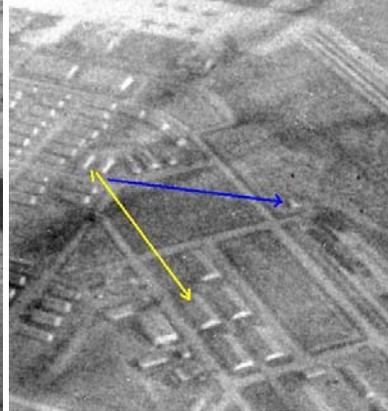
Below are boarding the train, and the ride to Columbus, Ohio.



From overseas, MacLeod had only six photos, including the two below. Perhaps he was assigned as the radio operator on Lady Eve.

Thank you to John MacLeod for being a radio operator in the 13th TCS, for 3 years, and for keeping these photos, which provide new views. Thanks to his son, Bill, for sharing them.





c. 1942-1943: Items from Garland C. Merriott, Radio Operator, 7/42-12/43

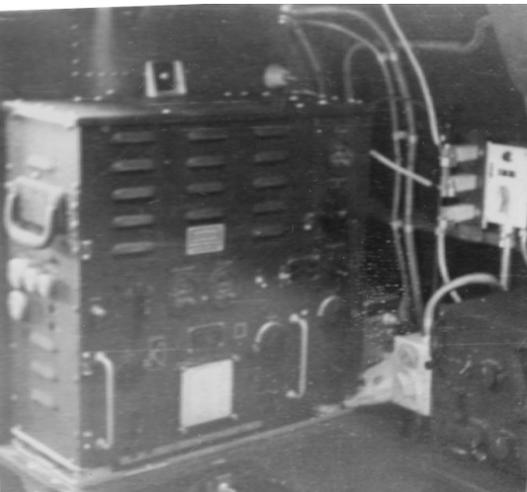
For our fourth US location, Lockbourne Army Air Base, southwest of Columbus, Ohio, I have wanted to find the location of our barracks. In the March newsletter I had a photo from Powell, which I scanned in Phoenix on March 12, which for the first time showed a background, the blue arrow above center, and I estimated the barracks location. On June 19 in St. Louis, I scanned photos from the collection of Garland Merriott (pronounced Merit), and found the photo above left, of Powell, holding his rifle, in the same location as the March photo, but in the direction of the yellow arrow. He is next to the 2nd barracks in from the road, suggesting this was one of ours.

Merriott had the photo above right titled “Barracks, L.A.A.B.,” with 24 beds on this floor, for 48 men per 2-floors. The squadron at this time had 223 enlisted men, requiring four barracks, or 3 if some barracks had bunk beds, and so perhaps 3-4 barracks in this area were for the 13th TCS.

Merriott had the photos below from nearby Columbus, being the Ohio Statehouse from the west side on South High Street, then nearby streets, with below right being Powell.



Below left is the radio equipment in a C-47 at Lockbourne, then Myers. Below right is banking over an 8-corner barn. [I contacted Laura Saeger of the Friends of Ohio Barns, who said this was in the book “Ohio Barns Inside and Out” by Charles Whitney, and put me in touch with his daughter, Pam, who helped find the location. It was 2 miles south of Trail, Ohio, on CR 172 just east of 419. It had snow damage in 1978, then a fire in 1985, and is gone, but the home remains, as inset.] This was on the flight path to Canton.

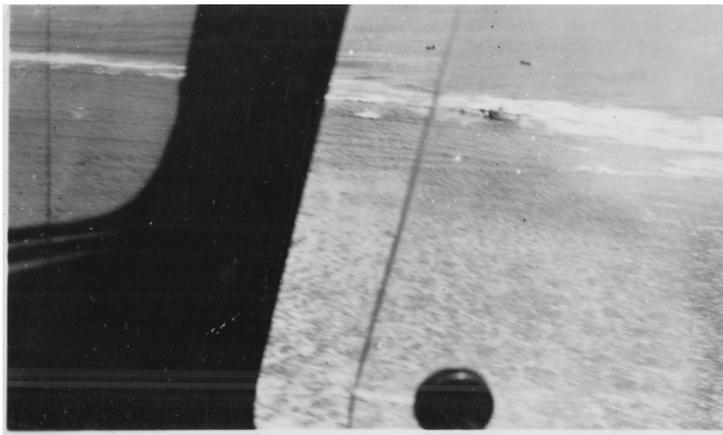




Merriott was in the group that flew the squadron's C-47s to the South Pacific, as radio operator on The Nomad. He had the photo above of our C-47 Risky (lost 1/13/43), estimated at Plaine des Gaiacs (PDG), with perhaps the crew chief washing the windows before a flight. He had the photo at right of Blackcat 13 titled "One of our ships stuck in the mud at PDG."



He had the photos below titled: "PBY lodged on reef trying to rescue the 'Lana T'."



He had the photo below left titled "Henderson runway when on final approach from the sea." There are many palm trees on the right. Below right is "Jap POWs aiding our Intelligence Officer."





Merriott titled the photo above left: “My first rest leave, January 1943,” and it is Farmer, Adams, Merriott, and Bernard, with the other three being S/Sgt pilots. The photo above right was titled “Six Cokes that we spent most of the day looking for, and the girl that sold them to us.”

From Auckland, below left is Merriott and H.C. Myers, titled: “Walking down Queen St. looking for a bar. No whiskey, just weak beer.” Next are Vaughn, Bernard, and Farmer by the Queen Victoria statue in Albert Park. Then Bernard, Farmer and Merriott by an air raid shelter.



In Sydney, Merriott had the photo below left of the Manar Apartments at 42 Macleay Street, Potts Point, on the east side of Sydney. It is still there, as shown below in color. From the inside, though, he had the view below right, which is not from these apartments, but from the De Vere Hotel, 44-46 MacLeay Street, as also shown in color, with the same chimney and white building (but from a room further from the water). This De Vere Hotel will now be considered one of the Thirsty 13th rest leave spots. As shown at right, this is a 4-minute walk north on MacLeay Street from Kings Cross, a center of night life.





Merriott kept his jacket intact, and it is in fine condition, as shown above. It was made by J.A. Dubow Manufacturing Co., Chicago, IL. His leather jacket had a shoulder patch of the Army Air Forces.

Merriott also had the wool-lined flying jacket, shown below. It was made by Perry Sportswear, Newburgh, N.Y., Drawing No. 33H5595.



Thank you to Garland C. Merriott for being one of the first 13 radio operators in the 13th TCS, and to his son, Charley, for sharing with us these images and items, and many more.

d. 1942-43: Letters by Ernest C. Strode, Doctor, 9/42-7/43

Strode wrote 33 letters to his wife from 11/4/42, on the ship to the South Pacific, 'til 7/13/43, a few days before returning to the US. These provide details about the ship over, the location of the Dumbéa camp, the date Max Burgess transferred out, and life in the New Caledonia camp.

At Sea~11/4/42: The first day on board we only fooled about San Francisco Bay. Had lifeboat drill, then a meeting in regard to ship regulations, etc.

The first day out was pretty rough, and many of the men, as well as officers, got sea-sick.

~11/10/42: At sundown every day the ship is blacked out, not only on deck, but also in our state rooms. We only have a very dim blue light to undress by, so it is out of the question to do any working or writing at night. They are very strict about this, and also it is against the regulations to throw anything overboard, in fear of betraying our position to some enemy sub.

Every day we have had a practice abandon ship drill, or a battle station drill.

Things are going along fine. It is getting pretty hot now, so today we discarded our woolen uniforms and went back into our cottons.

I have been up on deck all morning watching the flying fishes play. This afternoon they are going to have some kind of a play up in the officers' lounge, so guess I will go and take that in.

11/15/42: Here it is Sunday morning, and as everywhere else things are pretty quiet. Got up about 7:30, and went to breakfast, then came back to the room, shaved and took a salt water bath. Taking a salt water bath is quite an experience. You have to get a special salt water soap before you can get up any lather at all, then after you get out of the tub you still feel sticky and dirty. After cleaning up a bit I went up to church services.

All we have seen since leaving San Francisco is water and more water. I never dreamed there was so much of it.

The last day or two have been pretty rough. As we are now in dangerous waters we have to get on deck at dawn and sundown every day. These are considered to be the two most dangerous periods of the day. We have to stay there for about an hour each time. As a result of this we have been getting up around 4:30 every morning. So far we have only seen one other boat, and that was a United Nations ship, so got by it ok.

A day or two ago [11/13] we had a little celebration. It seems as tho every time you go across the equator you have to appear before Davey Jones, King Neptune, and his court. The navy men aboard acted as Davey Jones, King Neptune, and court, and initiated all the army officers into the royal order of Shellbacks. It was lots of fun. Everyone was ducked in a big pot of salt water to end up the celebration. Absolutely no liquor is allowed on board ship, so the celebration was not as wild as it might sound.

~11/14/42: Still going along fine. This evening for the first time since we left the states we saw land. It was only a small island, but even that much land looked pretty good to all of us. We went right on by it, tho, and did not even slow up. We should be getting close to our destination now, as they passed around disembarkation orders today.

From the news we get over the ships radio, it looks as tho the allies are doing pretty good in the Solomons, as well as in Africa. Capt. Burgess thinks we will all be home for X-mas in 1943, and maybe before. I sure hope he is right.

We have crossed, or are going to cross the international dateline very soon, because we lose one full day tomorrow. When it is supposed to be Thursday it is going to be Friday.

11/22/42: The weather has gotten rather chilly for the past couple of days, and we are sleeping under a light cotton blanket. But imagine it is only for a short time, because where we are going I understand it is usually quite hot.

We had a little excitement last night. About 9 p.m. we had a battle station alarm, and had to hold it for close to 45 minutes. They thought they had sighted an enemy ship, but it all turned out to be a false alarm.

Dumbéa, New Caledonia

11/29/42: It is now about 1 p.m., and believe me it is really hot. I am lying on my cot beneath the mosquito netting trying to keep cool – at least I am staying away from mosquitoes.

Mother would really enjoy the view here from the camp. It is really very beautiful! **We are in the river valley, and are surrounded by mountains.** One of the peaks stays covered with clouds all the time. **We are only a short way from the ocean, so the river varies quite a bit in size, depending on whether the tide is in or out.** It is very clear at all times, and you stand on the bank and watch the small sharks and barracuda play about. Several of the men have been fishing, but as yet no one has caught anything. [This camp is still not found, and these comments help.]

Yesterday afternoon 3 of us took the enlisted men up the river about 3 miles (above the place that sharks and barracuda are found) for a swim. It is really a pretty good spot, i.e. a rope swing, diving board, and everything. Everyone really did enjoy it.

I have also found out that we are allowed to take pictures of the island, but none of any of the military organizations [hence few camp photos]. Several of the boys have cameras with them, so think we will have plenty to use – if I find out later that I need ours, or films, I will let you know.

We are still separated from our air echelon, but plan on joining up with them pretty soon.

12/5/42: We have been pretty busy all this past week, getting camp straightened-up. **We are on a hill overlooking a swamp,** and the mosquitoes are pretty bad – I was down in the swamp this morning trying to get it cleaned up, drain all the water holes, etc. The mosquitoes were so thick that you could hardly see. I wore my head net, and about every 10-15 seconds you would have to brush the mosquitoes off of it in order to see anything. I think, though, if we can get that swamp cleaned up the mosquito situation will be greatly improved. I sure hope so, anyway.

The mosquitoes in the tent are pretty bad this afternoon. I am writing this letter in a head net on, pants stuck in my shoe tops, and a pair of rubber gloves on my hands.

12/6/42: The rainy season here has set in. It rained all day yesterday, and is raining again today. The natives on the island say that it will rain off and on now for 90 days, then it will get dry again. It is really a mess around camp here today. Muddy and wet, and we have an outdoor kitchen. We have to line up with our mess kits, grab our food there, run back to the tent to eat before the food is washed away. Then, after we have eaten, we have to go back out in the rain to wash the dishes. One of the men went out and killed a deer yesterday, so we are going to have fresh meat for dinner today. It will really taste good after eating canned meats and vegetables for so long. Capt. Burgess thinks the war will be over and we will be back in the states by next fall, maybe sooner. At the very most we will be back one year from the time we left Columbus.

12/8/42: It has finally stopped raining. The sun is shining, and it is hot as the very devil. But as usual the mosquitoes are still with us. They are really terrible today.

12/13/42: Our lights to date have all been candles, but as soon as we get into our supplies we will have some gasoline lanterns.

12/18/42: **We have moved up to our new place [near Tontouta Air Base], and have been busy as can be for the past 4 days trying to get set up.**

12/22/42: I have been trying to get a floor for the Dispensary, and finally after a lot of trouble got enough material to build it with, so have spent the entire afternoon getting it fixed.

1/15/43: We have all been pretty upset for the past 24 hours. One of our planes that went out for a routine run is now about 36 hrs overdue. So we know something has happened to them. They only had a 4 hrs extra gas supply, and since they took off from this last stop not a word has been heard from them.

The pilot [Neal Allen] is the boy who owns the little Cocker Spaniel pup that I was telling you about. He is an awfully fine boy. He also gave me a pair of Flight Surgeon Wings just before he left on this trip. The copilot [Louis Nelson] is a boy who came over on the boat with us, and is really the finest fellow among the flyers. He lived in the tent right next to mine. Every time he went on a trip he would bring something back to both Bob [Schauer] and myself. Fresh pineapple, fruit, candy, beer, etc. He was the type of person who never forgot his friends, and nothing was ever too good or too big to do for them. We are all hoping and praying for the best.

We are still improving our living conditions. I now have a telephone in my tent, and yesterday we got a big water tank with which we are going to build showers for the officers and men.

1/28/43: A couple of the officers received promotions to captain today. They are all celebrating tonight. I did have to take one drink with them to congratulate them on their promotions.

1/30/43: We have gotten our tent all fixed up now. Screened in. Two canvas beach chairs, with a reading light between them. A table, bookshelves and all. It is getting so you can live without all the discomforts that we had to put up with when we first got over here. I don't notice the mosquitoes even so much now, but there are still plenty of them around. The food is gradually improving. Yesterday we had steak, mashed potatoes, peas, and of all things fresh tomatoes. They really did taste good.

2/1/43: It has been awfully hot for the past 2 or 3 days. So much so that we have again stopped working from 11 a.m. until 2:30 p.m. That is quite a relief, but even at that it is too hot to sleep during this time, so about all you can do is sit around, read, and sweat.

The plane I wrote you about has never been found, and the boys' parents have been notified that they are missing. It is quite a jolt to all of us. I am still taking care of the pup.

2/3/43: Capt. Burgess is still in the hospital [cast on his leg], but has been transferred out of the 13th.

2/16/43: It has really been awfully hot today, so about all I have done is loaf around the tent, and tried to keep cool. We are still improving the camp. At present we have hired 10 natives and they are building us a thatch hut for a mess hall. They build it out of logs and bark. These put a bark roof on it. The sides will be screened in. As soon as they finish that one, they are going to build us an officers' club. They work pretty good, and are paid only 50 cents a day.

2/18/43: It takes about an hour and 45 minutes to drive from town out here to camp.

About 1 o'clock [a.m.] the boy from the Dispensary came up and got me out of bed to go down and see an accident. I don't know why it is, but every time anyone has to get up at night it is always me. They never call Bob at night. Why? I do not know. Well, anyway, I went on down and found 3 of the enlisted men who had wrecked one of the jeeps. One of the three had several broken ribs and a lacerated scalp, another one had one ear almost torn off, and the third one had two lacerations of the scalp. I took care of all of these, sewed them up, and put two of them to bed. The one with the broken ribs I kept in the Dispensary all night, and watched him pretty carefully, because he was in quite a bit of shock when they first brought him in. This morning they were all alright, except every one of these had a hangover. Have probably gotten hold of some of this wild native liquor. I have never tasted any of it, and that is not the half of it. I am not going to, but they say that it is pretty awful. And that several soldiers and sailors have gone crazy on it.

2/24/43: Had intended on writing you yesterday, but had to go into town and did not get back until about 9 o'clock. By that time I was so tired that I went right to bed. That ride in a jeep is really a killer. The road is much improved, but is still crooked as can be. It is right through the mountains down to the sea shore. By the time you drive down and back, you feel liked someone has been beating you across the back with a war club.

One of those Air Evacuation units [the 801st] has been assigned to fly with our planes, so tonight the flyers are giving a party. They have 5 medical officers and 25 nurses. They live up at a hospital about 6 miles up the road. Since this other unit has arrived, Bob and myself have been doing no flying at all, and believe me I am not sorry. It is entirely too much water for these land-based airplanes to be flying over.

2/27/43: It has been raining all day again today, and believe me tonight we are slopping around in mud up to our ankles. I am reading *Gone with the Wind*, so at least will have something to do for the next week.

3/6/43: It has been raining all day again today, and this marks the 9th day in a row. And every day it has really poured down. The mud is gradually getting deeper and deeper, so that now most of us are wearing boots because the mud goes in the top of army shoes at every step.

3/7/43: It is now about 10 o'clock, and time for the lights to go out. The lights have just flashed on and off, and that means they will go off in 5 minutes, so must close for this time.

3/18/43: It rained all night long last night, and we were supposed to have another hurricane on the way, which never did arrive. But I have never in my life seen it rain so hard for so long. We had to stay up most of the night waiting for the hurricane, but finally got to bed about 2:30 a.m. This morning when I got up the swamp that you have heard me talk about was a raging torrent of water. It must have been about 6 to 8 feet deep. The mail orderly started into town to get our mail, but could not make it because one of the rivers had overflowed its banks and flooded the road so much that the jeep could not get through.

4/21/43: One of the co-pilots [Franz] who was transferred into the 13th after we got over here left yesterday on his way back to the states. He had been over here about 15 months.

We go to a show nearly every night, regardless of what it is, and whether we have seen it before or not, just to pass away a little time. Last night we saw "The Hard Way," and it was not very good. The night, tho, was wonderful. There was a full moon, and it was nearly as bright as day. You could look around and see the clouds hanging around the mountain tops, and the reflection of the moon off of these was really beautiful.

6/5/43: I have just got back from a picture show. Saw "Palm Beach Story." It was pretty good and I enjoyed it a lot. The meals around here have really picked up in the past two weeks. Last night we had fried chicken. Tonight we had steak.

7/4/43: A couple of pilots and copilots [and my dad] left here yesterday on their way home. They are going by air, so should be well on their way by this time. We have another replacement crew in, so another of our old crews should leave within another week or so.

I went up to see a picture show tonight, and have just gotten back. It was "Orchestra Wives," with Glenn Miller and his orchestra. It was pretty good. I really enjoyed the music, but could not say too much for the plot of the story.

There are now four medical officers in camp, Bob and myself, and our two relief men. We [Drs. Shauer and Strode] went to town two days ago to see Col. Maxwell, and he told us that we are to attend Randolph Field [School of Aviation Medicine] in the class that starts August 25th.

7/13/43: I did go to a show last night, and sat through some rain to see "The Marx Brothers at the Circus." It was pretty silly, and not so good.

Around June 15 the squadron received a doctor ranked as a flight surgeon, Paul Whitaker, and so Dr. Strode and Dr. Schauer could both return to the U.S. and both did.

Thank you to Ernest Strode for writing these great accounts, and caring for all our members who were ill. Thank you to his son, Rick, for sharing these great letter insights with us.

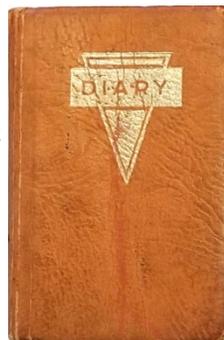


e. 1944-1945: Items from Lenard E. Davis, Radio Operator, 12/44-9/45

Davis enlisted July 7, 1941, five months before Pearl Harbor. He went to radio operator school at Scott Field, Ill., and was assigned for more than a year to the 329th fighter group. In July 1943 he applied for Aviation Cadets, to become a pilot, but remained a radio operator.

He was sent overseas in October 1944, and wrote in his diary that on 11/22/44 his boat landed at Finschhafen, and he was assigned to the Far East Air Forces. On 11/23 he was flown to Nadzab for training. There he made a flight 11/26 to Townsville, Australia. On 12/6 he was transferred to Hollandia, and Biak. He was one of the 34 men who joined the squadron December 7, 1944. He was a staff sergeant, near the top rank of radio operators. At Biak above left are R. Watts, Hedges, Kelly, and L. Davis, and above right are Davis and two others by the chapel.

His daughter Micah, “Mike,” was born July 7, 1943, and was one year old when he shipped out 10/17/44, so he asked his wife to mail him a photo of Mike in every letter, and he had many photos of her while overseas. She typed up his diary, at right, and emailed this last year, and excerpts filled 2 pages of the April 2018 newsletter. Additional notes from it are:



- 2/4/45: “Today I was assigned to my ship [C-47] 211, Sqd. 35 [on the book’s page 452].
- 7/14/45: From Dulag to Zamboanga to Morotai to Dulag, carried more mail.
- 7/17/45: Dulag to Tacloban to Zamboanga. Egg Run. Got about 10 dozen.”

On July 12, 1945, Davis flew from Biak to Morotai to Dulag, and sent the message below left to 403rd Group Operations at Morotai and Biak that he would remain over night (RON) with C-46 #7784. He had a short snorter with the bill below, signed by navigators Sennholtz and Steele, and by movie star Sabu. Sabu was born in 1924, and was in British films in 1937 (Elephant Boy) and 1940 (The Thief of Baghdad), and starred in four Hollywood films 1940-1944. He became a US citizen in 1944, and joined the Air Force, as a B-24 tail gunner, in the 307th BG. He was not doing USO shows, so Davis probably got the signature at Morotai’s Wama Strip, where Sabu was based. Mike said her Dad was always proud of that autograph.

THESE SPACES FOR MESSAGE CENTER ONLY		
TIME FILED	MSG CEN NO.	HOW SENT
MESSAGE (SUBMIT TO MESSAGE CENTER IN DUPLICATE) (CLASSIFICATION)		
No.	DATE 12 July 1945	
TO	403 T.C. GP. OPERATIONS	
WAMA STRIP - MOROTAI		
MOROTAI STRIP - BIAK		
7784 RON DULAG		
7/12/45		
[Signature]		
OFFICIAL DESIGNATION OF SENDER	TIME SIGNED	
AUTHORIZED TO BE SENT IN CLEAR	SIGNATURE OF OFFICER	SIGNATURE AND GRADE OF WRITER
D. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1942 16-27880-1		



AUGUST, 1945

Thursday 23
Full Moon

*Clark to Motobu we
landed so hard we busted
tail wheel I really thought I
was a goner Friday 24*

I have never seen a manifest for our shipments, but Davis had that at right, from August 23, 1945. This was for the 304th Airdrome Squadron, at Motobu Airfield on Okinawa. We were carrying: 1 lot of rations - 4,110 lbs., 4.5 bags of cement - 450 lbs, 2 tarps - 650 lbs, 3 passengers, and more, a total 7,510 lbs. He wrote in his diary, above: "Clark to Motobu, we landed so hard we busted tail wheel. I really thought I was a goner."

Below left is Davis in the center in what is estimated to be the first Dulag camp. As described on the book's page 733, and in the May 2016 newsletter, around October 1, 1945, the 13th TCS moved to the area of the 63rd TCS, which was then renamed the 13th TCS. Davis had the photo below right of that camp, the best I have seen of it.

AIR FREIGHT FORWARDING
21st Air Service Group

(AFF)

Manifest for Air Shipment

5 copies required

Date 23 August 1945. Y-24

Airplane No.

Strip Name & No.

AFF Unit APO

Consignee (Shipped to) 304th Airdrome Squadron, 21st Air Service Group, AFF APO 337

Destination OKINAWA Strip Name & No. MOTOBU

Consignor (Shipper) 304th Airdrome Squadron Shipped by (Signature)

APO Rank

No. of Pieces	Unit	Description of Cargo (Make no erasures. Note errors & initial)	Weight
1	Lot	Rations	4110
4½	bag	Cement	450
5	Bdl.	Banding	250
1	Ex.	Sq. Supply Equipment	75
1	Ex.	Foot locker, (EM in Hospital)	125
3	Reel	Wire	300
1	ea.	Tent, pyramidal	150
1	ea.	Tent, fly	50
2	ea.	Tarps,	650
1	ea.	Tent, squad	300
		Misc. equipment	150
1	Man	Sgt. Melvin Shook, 34116764	300
1	Man	Pfc. Elton McGuire, 66221340	300
1	Man	Pfc. Albert P. Devaney	300
		(Additional items listed on other side)	
		Total	7510

Above items received at shipping point by (Signature) (Rank) (AFF Unit)

Manifest received on airplane by (Pilot or crew of ship. Rank Org)

Manifest and load received at destination by (Signature) (Rank) (AFF Unit)

Above shipment rec'd by consignee by (Signature) (Rank) (Org)

AFF Form 15A 28 Apr 45 Date Condition



Davis brought back many souvenirs, including carved wooden sandals for his wife, cowry shells, and the silk hula skirt for his 2-year old daughter, "Mike," at left. He returned to the US by ship December 6, 1945, to January 3, 1946.

Thank you to Mike for sharing his diary in April 2018, and these additional items, and to Lenard Davis for his diligence as a radio operator in the Thirsty 13th.



2. Members and Relatives

a. June 2019 Eastern US Trip – Days 16 to 21, Visits 20-28

The last newsletter described the second part of a 26-day trip, May 29-June 26, to meet relatives of Thirsty 13th members, scan items, and attend the funeral of 1944-45 pilot Arthur Golomb at Arlington National Cemetery. That letter covered through day 15, and visit 19, west of Cleveland. This newsletter presents results from the next 6 days, and 9 visits, #20 to 28, at right.

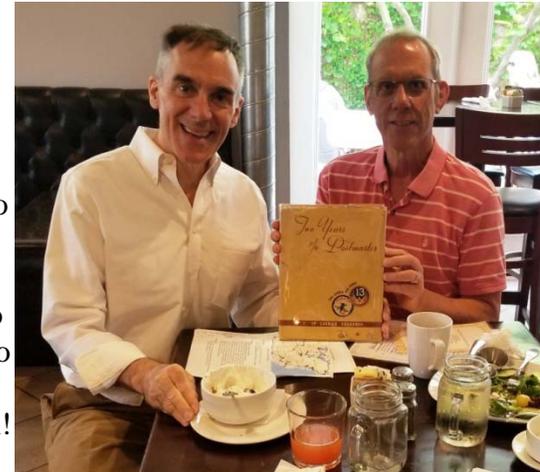


Day 16 (June 13): 0 Visits, Driving 6:02, 305 miles

After about 24 hours visiting my sister and her husband in Ann Arbor, Michigan, we left at 7:21 p.m. to drive 291 miles to Itasca, Il.

Day 17 (June 14): 2 Visits, Driving 3:09, 59 miles

We met my wife's uncle and cousins in Roselle, Ill, then I drove to Wheaton to meet Tony Venezia, son of Eugene Venezia, an airplane mechanic 12/44-8/45. He scanned his dad's photos and emailed them to me in December 2017, and these were in the January 2018 letter, so this visit was just to say hi. He got to ride in the Thirsty 13th-mobile to The Hen House restaurant, where he treated me to lunch from 12:14 p.m. to 1:30 p.m. Thank you, Tony, for getting together and for lunch!



On 12/19/2017 I was amazed to learn of another still-living member, George Laycock, a pilot who joined June 12, 1945. I had wanted to visit him, and drove over to see him next, from 2:31 p.m. to 4:53 p.m., near Oak Park. At 94.7 years old, he looked great! He is at right, with his daughter, Phyllis.



George asked me "Want a beer?" It was a life-moment to enjoy a cold beer, above, with an original Thirsty 13th member. We drank 2 cans each of Old Style, a longtime favorite of mine. George had his flight record, wings and ribbons, and many photos, with the highlights on p. 16.

Day 18 (June 15): 1 Visit, Driving 6:42, 418 miles

As shown in the map above, on this next day we drove 6 hours back to Michigan, to see the son of Macleod, who was out of town when we were 2 days before. It was completely worth it.



MacLeod's son, Bill, lived on a beautiful piece of land in a mostly-rural part of Michigan, above left. He had a big photo album, above right, of his dad's. His photos were primarily from the U.S., with the highlights on pages 4-5, but we needed more information on those bases.

Day 19 (June 16): 1 Visit, Driving 7:04, 306 miles

I hoped to make two visits on this day, first to the daughter, Stephanie, of 1945 pilot Cary Baker, in Kenton, Ohio. I first found her on June 12, 2016, and she said she had a box of photos. I had called and left messages, and emailed her daughter, but received no reply, so went by and knocked on the door, but there was no answer. I saw next-door neighbors outside, and learned that, sadly, Stephanie passed away at 70 years old May 4, 2018. I plan to write her daughter.

I also hoped to visit the wife and son of Hall near Indianapolis, but learned that the photos were with a son who had not had gone over them yet, and was not going to be available, so will hope to visit them another time. I continued to Cincinnati for the night.

Day 20 (June 17): 3 Visits, Driving 6:48, 342 miles

I left Cincinnati at 8 a.m., and arrived in Carlisle, Ky, at the house of the son, Larry, of 1942-43 Medic Jesse Cummins, at right, for a visit from 9:32 a.m. to 11:42 a.m. He had a lot of great photos, as shown on pg 2-3.

On the drive to Lexington, I hoped to visit the daughter of a navigator, in Paris, Ky, which I drove through, and left messages, but did not hear back, and did not have an address, but she did reply a few days later.



The second confirmed visit for this day was to meet the son, Rick, at right, of one of our two 1942 doctors, Ernest Strode, to photograph his dad's letters. We got together from 1:41 p.m. to 3:49 p.m., at the Horseshoe Kentucky Grill in Lexington. I photographed 83 pages of 33 letters, with great quotes on pg 10-13.

I drove 25 miles up to Frankford, Ky, with the hope of meeting the daughter of 1943-45 pilot Mucci, who I similarly could not reach by email or phone. She had guests, but was great to come out and say hi, and let me get a photo, below. Then a drive of 198 miles, 2:50, along the Bluegrass Parkway, to Hopkinsville, Ky. for the night.





Day 21 (June 18): 2 Visits, Driving 6:20, 289 miles

This was the only day that started with a little rain, but after we drove 40 minutes to Cadiz, the sun seemingly miraculously came out over Cadiz, where we met the daughter, “Mike,” (Micah), above left, below clear blue skies, of 1944-45 pilot Lenard Davis, from 9:28 a.m. to 12:03 p.m. I set up my camera holder and photographed all of her dad’s diary, and the beautiful notebook she prepared of his mementoes. She then brought out a big lunch and fed us very well!

It was a delight to meet Mike, and she had many helpful items, on page 14, especially that at right, the best view I have seen of our 2nd Dulag camp.



Thank you again so much to Mike for a wonderful visit, and to her dad, Lenard Davis, for being a radio operator in the 13th TCS.

We continued on 242 miles to St. Louis, to meet from 5:42 p.m. to 9:07 p.m. with the son, Charley, of 1942-43 radio operator Garland C. Merriott. Charley had a great many photos, and I first sorted them by the numbers written on their backs into the many stacks at right, and scanned all of these. Many I already had, but some were new. He also had his dad’s jacket, below right, which his dad wore in many photos.



Charley had been looking for a photo album he also remembered, and the next day when I invited him to dinner with us, he said he had found it! He brought it, below left, and I scanned that at Seamus McDaniel’s. Highlights of his items fill 4 pages herein, starting on pg. 6.

Garland Merriott passed away 10/20/46, when Charley was quite young, so he greatly appreciated learning about his father, who he never really knew. Thank you, Charley, for sharing so many family treasures that add to the history.

The next letter will begin to cover the truckload of information from the National Personnel Records Center.

