

# 64<sup>TH</sup>

T. C. SQ.



JUNGLE - AIR FORCE





P. B. WURTSWICH, Major General, U.S.A.,  
Commanding 13th U.S.A. Air Force.



## THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE

that went into action during the Battle of Guadalcanal is still in the front lines. To Americans in the Pacific, the 13th is the "Jungle Air Force." It's a nickname that tells the story of the life led by its fliers and ground technicians. Never stationed near a city or town, the 13th's men have fought a private war against disease, jungle rot, climate and the boredom brought on by the absence of civilization.

With more than 1,300 enemy planes destroyed and more than 400,000 tons of enemy shipping sunk or left sinking, the 13th's combat score is one-sided.

From Guadalcanal to China, 13th A.A.F. targets have been the measure of the war. First the Solomons, then Rabaul, former keystone base of the South Pacific.

Tarawa was struck in a pre-invasion surprise raid from the South Pacific. The Bismark Archipelago, with vital Kavieng, was next. New Guinea, Biak, Noemfoor, Cape Sansapor, the Celebes, Halmahera, Palau, Woleai, Truk, Yap and the hardest of all—Balikpapan, Borneo. Then the Philippines. Now it's China, front lines of our air offensive.

Commanders of the 13th since its activation were Major General Nathan F. Twining, Major General Hubert R. Harmon, Major General St. Clair Streett, and Major General Paul B. Wurtsmith. General Wurtsmith, the present commanding general, is rated the top fighter-plane tactician in the Pacific war.



A word of praise to all those men who have given their level best to make this, the 403rd Squadron, one of the finest in the Air Forces. It has been a pleasure to direct and watch it grow from a handful of men to the closely-knit, efficient, hard-working, and dependable organization that it is today.

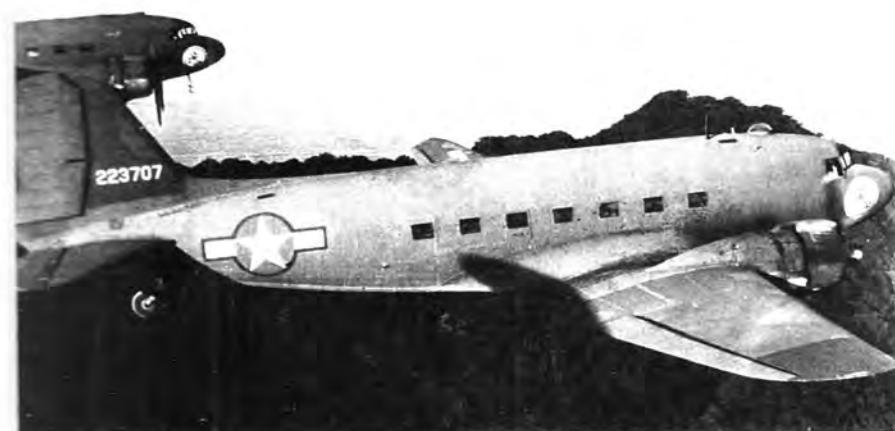
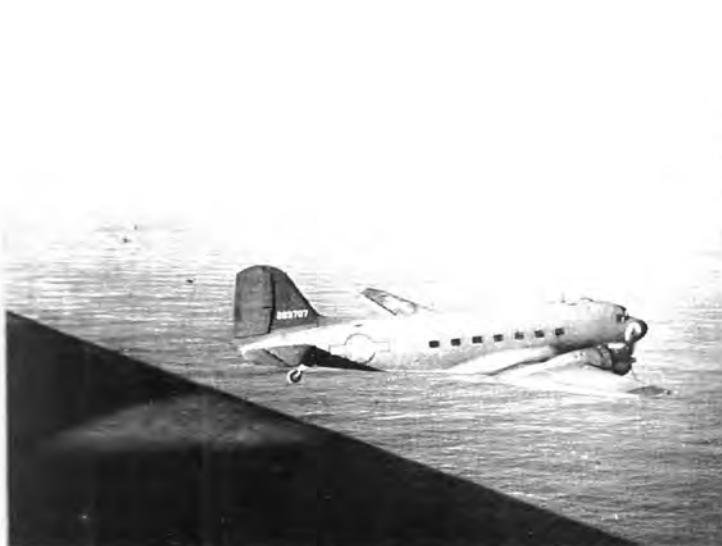
"May this little book be a reminder of those pleasant memories that will grow fonder all of us as the years pass by."

HARRY J. SANDS  
Colonel, A.C.  
403rd T.C. Gp.  
Commanding.



To the officers and men of the 64th T.C. Squadron, I wish to extend my compliments for a laudable job well done. The excellent record of this organization is a result of the combined efforts of each and every man, whether clerk or pilot, cook or engineer. It has been and is a privilege to command this squadron.

HAROLD F. MOKLER  
Captain, Air Corps  
64th T.C. Sqdn.  
Commanding.



# SQUADRON HISTORY

From July, 1943 to June, 1945

Dawn was beginning to break for the American Forces in the Pacific when the 64th Troop Carrier Squadron arrived at Tontouta Air Base in New Caledonia in July of 1943. The Japanese march to the east had been halted, the threat to Australia was ended, but the real battle—the long hard struggle of pushing back the Japanese forces, had just begun.

The air echelon of 13 planes and 52 officers, led by Lt. Harry J. Sands, Jr., Commanding Officer of the 64th Troop Carrier Group, and Major Jack Roessell, Squadron Commander, made the long arduous flight across the Pacific without mishap.

Even before the ground echelon arrived by boat, the men and planes had joined in the drive westward toward Japan's home islands.

When those first flights were made to the New Hebrides and Guadalcanal, a few Jap soldiers still occupied the Guadalcanal hills, and our forces had just made landings on Rendova Island, Nassau Bay and New Georgia in the Solomons. Rabaul and Bougainville were still strongly held by the Jap forces, while we had only the easternmost tip of New Guinea.

Jap Betty's were still making raids on Guadalcanal, and occasionally the squadron pilots would reach the "canal" after a night flight from Santos and arrive about dawn to be guided by the smoke and flames left by successful Jap raids.

At that time the thirteenth of any month was an especially bad day for flying. About the time the squadron was arriving overseas, Tojo's son, a fighter pilot, joined his illustrious ancestors, shot down on the 13th in a Solomons air battle. So, in unstrategical anger, on the thirteenth of each month, the Japs hurled everything they could muster against every base they could reach.

Our own fighter pilots enjoyed having a sure date for a mishap and were always waiting for the Nips to arrive, who decided it was better to save planes than face.

Before the "avenge the thirteenth raids" were stopped, however, a squadron member earned the 64th's one and only Purple Heart. Lt. William Kellner, held overnight on Guadalcanal, went into a fox hole head first in one of the raids and caught a piece of shrapnel in the leg before he could pull it in after him.

After a couple of months in the hospital, he returned to duty with a Purple Heart to add to his "brag rags."

The day after Lt. Kellner's mishap, Lt. Donald F. Zedler was forced to go onto single-engine operation during a run from Guadalcanal to Espiritu Santos, and flew for six hours through severe weather to make a safe night landing.

These were just a few of the things that marked the squadron's first overseas operations. Everything was new to the crews. Weather was the kind they had read about and seen only in Dorothy Lamour movies. Hurricanes and tropical storms tossed ships around like chips, so violently

in one case that a passenger's leg was broken. Nothing below but solid jungle and open sea didn't exactly furnish thrills.

On 5 September the squadron suffered its first fatal accident overseas, when a ship enroute from Guadalcanal to Espiritu Santo crashed into a mountain in a severe rainstorm. 1st Lt. Robert H. Healy, pilot, was approaching the field on a radio beam when the accident occurred. He and his co-pilot, 2nd Lt. August W. Miller, as well as Master Sergeant Harry Wlodarsky, crew chief, and Corporal Joseph E. O'Connell, radioman, were instantly killed. 2nd Lt. Leonard G. Richardson, navigator, was thrown clear with a broken arm and a broken and burned leg.

The wreckage was not spotted until 8 September, and a party led by Captain Alfred H. Richwine, squadron flight surgeon; 1st Lt. Albert W. McCreight, and Sergeant Raymond N. Buchheit, reached the scene several days later. Not until natives told them they had a wounded man in their village did the rescue party know what had happened to Lt. Richardson. After five nights in the wrecked ship, the navigator had dragged himself down the mountain. He was carried out of the jungle, hospitalized, and returned to the States.

This was the second fatal accident in the squadron's history. The first occurred during a training flight over North Carolina on 7 June, 1943. Four crewmen and twelve glider pilots of the squadron's glider echelon were killed. Cause of the accident was not determined.

As our victories increased in the west, the squadron moved toward the setting sun. After several months of operation under the famous Marine SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport), the squadron moved to Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, and went under the operational control of Commander Air, Guadalcanal (Navy).

From the beginning the squadron has maintained a high record of accomplishment in its work. Among the first records available, covering the period from 23 October to 6 November, 1943, the squadron made 162 flights, carried 328,360 pounds of cargo and 808 passengers, of which 25 were medical evacuation cases.

It was during this period that the squadron made one of its most important early drop missions. The Second Marine Parachute Battalion had just made a landing on Choiseul Island, and was badly in need of supplies. The skies had not yet been cleared of Japanese fighters in the vicinity, but the supplies could be gotten there in time only by air.

On 2 November, a lone C-47, piloted by Major Roessell, flew to Munda, picked up grenades and high explosives for the Marines and rice for the natives. With a fighter cover overhead, the squadron commander located Voza village on the Choiseul coast, successfully dropped the supplies and started home without sighting an enemy plane. The

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# SQ. HEADQUARTERS

Squadron Headquarters may be termed the nerve center of the entire squadron, for it is from this section commonly called "the Orderly Room," that the Commanding Officer directs all functions of the squadron assisted by the Executive Officer and the Adjutant.

Headquarters is divided into several sub-sections, each staffed by trained and experienced Administrative specialists, coordinated by the Chief Clerk and supervised by the Adjutant. Briefly, these sub-sections are as follows:

**1. Executive Officer and Adjutant**—Both officers are direct representatives and advisors of the Commanding Officer, and responsible for carrying out his orders. The Executive Officer commands the Ground Echelon whenever it is separated from the Air Echelon; frequently represents the Squadron Commander on official business at other bases and is the squadron "trouble shooter."

The adjutant is responsible for the efficient operation and coordination of all activities at Headquarters and relieves the Commanding Officer of routine duties on the ground so he can devote more time to flying.

**2. First Sergeant and Chief Clerk**.—Both these non-commissioned officers work in close conjunction with the Executive Officer and the Adjutant. As the Squadron Commander's direct representative of the enlisted men, upon the shoulders of the First Sergeant falls the responsibilities of a thousand and one adjustments performed to maintain and improve the efficiency of the enlisted body of men. He must be impartial and have a thorough knowledge of the problems of his men.

The Chief Clerk must be completely familiar with Army Administrative Procedure, for he directly supervises all clerical work in the squadron. Through his hands pass the greatest majority of all incoming and outgoing reports, correspondence, and directives which must be carefully checked and correctly distributed.

**3. Finance**.—Preparation of all payrolls, pay vouchers, and forms pertaining to allotments, government insurance and dependency benefits; advising and issuing of all information to personnel involving financial matters. In addition, Service Records for all enlisted men are carefully and accurately maintained here.



Harold F. Mokler  
Captain  
Commanding



L. D. Wallace  
Captain  
Adjutant



J. E. Filipski  
Captain  
Executive Officer



R. C. Walton  
First Sergeant



J. A. Martinkosky Jr  
S Sgt  
Chief Clerk



S. A. Ciaramitato Jr  
Sgt  
Classification



A. N. Sirmans  
Sgt  
Finance



F. H. Failor  
Cpl  
Files



E. H. Curson  
Pfc  
Correspondence

**4. Classification and Statistics.**—Here, Classification and Statistical Records concerning every member of the organization are maintained and compiled. Complete information regarding the history, background and qualifications of each officer and enlisted man is on file. Complete and up-to-date statistical data is kept on hand here for frequent reports to higher headquarters and for the use of the Commanding Officer and his advisors. Outgoing correspondence, reports, and directives are also typed here.

**5. Files.**—In this sub-section a voluminous master set of directives issued by all controlling higher headquarters is kept current, and files covering all pertinent information affecting the organization and its personnel. Frequent reference to these records is constantly being made and the file clerk must have a thorough knowledge of all information under his supervision and its exact location.

This is Squadron Headquarters in a "nut shell."



R. L. Everett  
S Sgt  
Sqdn Carpenter



P. B. Smith  
Sgt  
Post Exchange



Y. S. Tom  
Pfc  
Sqdn Painter



F. Muraca  
Cpl  
Utilities



R. M. Howell  
Cpl  
Utilities



R. J. Evans  
Pfc  
Utilities



J. H. Van Meter  
Pfc  
Utilities



K. L. Mitchell  
Pfc  
Utilities



R. B. Williams  
Pfc  
Utilities



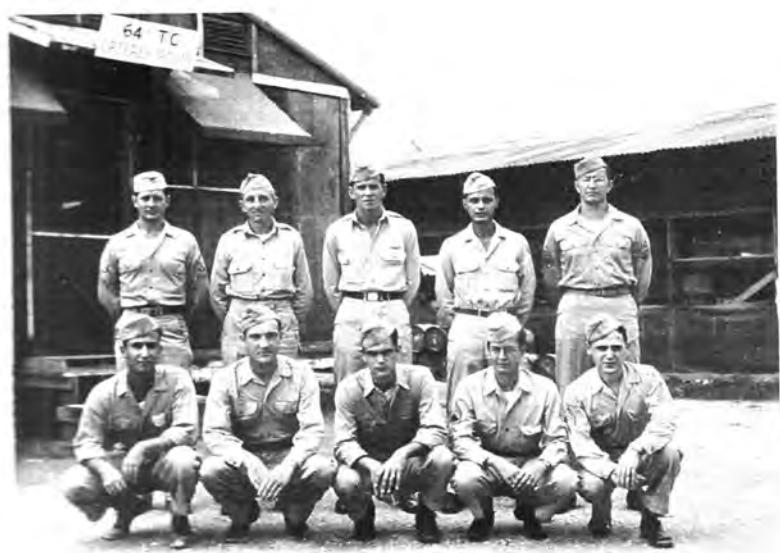
T. H. Shank  
Pfc  
Utilities



J. Levy  
Pfc  
Utilities



R. M. McKinney  
Pfc  
Utilities





# FLIGHTS



MY BIG BROTHER'S IN THE PARATROOPERS!

HEY!! THIS IS A **JAP OCCUPIED** ISLAND!! LET'S LAND AGAIN AND DEMAND THAT FREIGHT!



# Drop Mission



Orders had come down from Naval authorities and higher headquarters that a patrol of Fijis Scouts were pocketed by the Japs in the hills of Bougainville. This patrol was surrounded and very low on supplies. In addition to being our allies, these Fiji Native Scouts had been working behind Jap lines for months, gathering vital and important information for our armed forces. Evidently it would necessitate air-borne re-supply to relieve this patrol.

At this time the 64th was stationed at Guadalcanal working under orders from the Navy, and it was the 64th whom the Navy assigned to the task of successfully re-supplying and relieving the Fiji patrol.

Captain Paul Ginsberg, who was then our Intelligence Officer, assembled all the vital and necessary information pertaining to the drop zone and its location. He briefed the pilots and crews as to terrain features, ground conditions, enemy positions, and emergency procedures. The overall picture was by no means pleasant. The flight of four planes would be flying over some of the most rugged terrain in the world completely held in Jap hands. There would be the constant danger of ground fire in the form of small arms, machine guns, and possibly mortar fire. It was by no means a comforting thought to the pilots and crews of the lumbering, slow, "Iron Bird" C-47's.

It seemed ironical that this mission was to begin at five o'clock in the morning, December 31, 1943. Yes, New Year's Eve! But precisely at 5.00 a.m., the leadership, piloted by Major McCreight, began its take-off roll followed by his three wingmen. After picking up and closing the formation, Major McCreight headed his flight towards Munda, the first stop on the journey to Bougainville.

Some three hours later the flight peeled off and landed at Munda. It was here that Major McCreight learned that word had

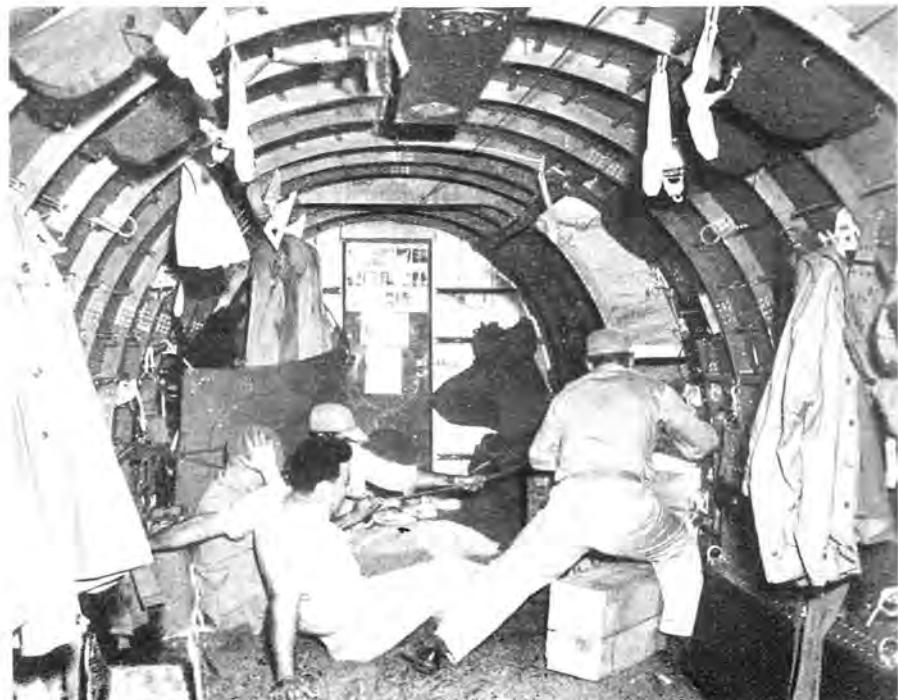
come from Bougainville that the drop guides, Fiji Scouts, had not yet reported in from the hills. So the four crews made preparations to spend the night.

Americans have, through force of habit and tradition, come to celebrate New Year's Eve wherever they may be. New Year's Eve, 1943, on Munda was no exception. Our crews were startled into wakefulness by thundering echoes of every type of firearm imaginable. Revolvers, machine guns, anti-aircraft batteries and even 105 mm. howitzers set the sky ablaze in a weird panorama of color and sound.

Our little Japanese friends must have felt left out, for they, too, decided to join the festivities. Their celebrating was a little more brutal than ours and with quite a different purpose. Their first wave consisting of "Zeke" fighters and "Val" dive bombers. One of these dive bombers unloaded 100 yards from where Major McCreight and Captain Mokler were standing. Therein commenced the heated contest of who could beat who to the fox-hole. The "hole" to which they and four other officers sped was waist deep and offered no overhead protection. Major McCreight, due to his superior speed and maneuverability, consistently won the honored position of bottom man, with Captain Mokler running a very neat and close second. The four other officers were forced to fight for whatever positions were available. Never before did men so closely resemble sardines.

For the rest of the night there were four efforts, and only scattered attacks, by Jap planes. The losses to our crews were frayed nerves, very little sleep, plus the loss of the New Year's Eve spirit of joy.

Early New Year's morning the flight left Munda and two hours later was being loaded on Piva Strip at Bougainville. While the Fiji drop guides and crew chiefs were supervising and checking the load of ammunition, food stuffs, clothing,



medical supplies and trading goods, Major McCreight briefed the pilots on how he desired the drop to be made, and Captain Ginsberg, who was along in the Major's ship, gave latest Intelligence reports. In the event of engine failure or trouble of any kind, the crews were instructed to head due north to the open sea where Naval craft were maintaining a constant watch. They were now loaded and ready to go.

You can well imagine the tension at this point. Engines were being warmed up and checked. Pilots were checking and rechecking instrument panels and controls. Crew-chiefs and drop guides were checking their loads, and radio operators were making sure their equipment was in its peak of condition and performance. Major McCreight was in the air now climbing straight away to allow his formation to get airborne. By the time the Major turned and came back over the strip, still climbing, the formation was closely packed.

The first obstacle was a 3000 foot mountain ridge east of the strip. The ships found they had only a 200 foot clearance between the ridge and a heavy bank of cumulus clouds which built-up along the entire ridge chain. They had no sooner started over the ridge into the Torokina Valley when the pilots ran into the worst turbulent air currents any of them had ever flown in. Captain Mokler reports that it took both the pilot and co-pilot on the controls to handle the plane. It was hard to believe that so large a plane, and as stable as the G-47, could take such buffeting.

About that time Captain Mokler felt his plane buffeting more violently and his controls becoming sloppy. After spending a few anxious minutes checking all possibilities he sent his crew chief back into the cabin to check the load. It was discovered that one of the loads had slipped partially out the cargo door and was blanketing a large portion of his tail section. After the load was once more securely in the cabin, Capt. Mokler and his crew breathed a grateful prayer and a sigh of relief, the first in many an anxious moment.

It was at this point of the mission that our planes spotted the fighter escort of Navy "Corsairs," and Army P-39 "Aircobras." It's not difficult to imagine the feeling of confidence a fighter plane can give a pilot and crew of an unarmed transport plane over enemy-occupied territory.

Arriving in the vicinity of the drop zone, located near the Numa Numa Trail, our crews began an extensive search for the drop zone which was by no means as simple and easy to

spot as had been believed. Jungle and jungle hills all look similar when seen from the air at altitude. It was while searching for the drop zone that Major McCreight's fuel lines developed an airlock, causing his left engine to sputter, almost stopping. Capt. Ginsberg came rushing from the cabin and screamed into the Major's ear "Head for the open sea! Head for the open sea!" Those of us who know the Major can easily see the smiling countenance of his face and the message it conveyed.

Suddenly one of our planes spotted smoke rising from a nearby hill and reported the fact. The drop guides confirmed the location and Major McCreight gave orders for the planes to line up, well spaced and in trail, and prepared to make the initial run. Dropping to tree-top level, the Major made his initial approach from North to South on the drop zone. It was soon apparent, however, that it would be necessary to pull up over the hill on which the drop zone, a small native mission hut, was located. The whole area of the drop zone was, at the most, 50 feet square, and the utmost accuracy was required to make the drop successful. To further complicate the situation, there was a large tree on the Southern end of the drop zone which had to be cleared immediately after dropping the supplies. Picture, if you can, the situation. The planes had to slow down to 100 to 110 miles per hour to insure a safe drop as well as an accurate one. The drop zone was so small that it was necessary to get as low as possible over it, and after dropping it was necessary to apply full power, bank, turn, and climb at the same time in order to avoid crashing into the large tree south of the DZ.

Despite all obstacles and mental hazards, all of the ships made a series of three to four runs over the DZ and completed the re-supply mission. Due to the ability of the pilots and the teamwork of the crews and droppers, the Fiji Patrol was able to continue its important and dangerous work behind the Jap lines, gathering information that constantly allowed our forces to outsmart and whip the Jap at his own game of jungle warfare.

Upon returning to the 'Canal, reports reached the 64th that the complete series of Numa Numa Trail drops had been 100% accurate. A few days later the squadron received a letter of commendation, commending their actions throughout the Bougainville drop missions, and praising the crew members of the 64th Troop Carrier Squadron for their devotion to duty.





W. A. B. Metzger  
1st Lt  
Pilot



E. G. Johnson  
Captain  
Flight Comdr



O. W. Murray, Jr.  
Captain  
Sq Nav



J. A. Junod  
1st Lt  
Pilot



O. H. Palrud  
1st Lt  
Pilot



G. J. Heil, Jr.  
1st Lt  
Pilot



F. A. LaPlante  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. C. Sterling  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. J. Talbot  
1st Lt  
Nav



J. F. Scarnavack  
2d Lt  
Nav



F. B. Leidt  
2d Lt  
Pilot



W. Galeria  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. F. Kreider  
2d Lt  
Pilot



P. D. Manning  
Captain  
Flight Comdr



J. R. Medaris  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



C. W. Nummerdor  
1st Lt  
Pilot



L. J. Hernandez  
1st Lt  
Pilot



C. A. Clayton  
2d Lt  
Pilot



A. W. Overland, Jr  
1st Lt  
Pilot



N. Lees  
F/O  
Pilot



C. E. Thomas  
1st Lt  
Pilot



J. A. Arends  
1st Lt  
Pilot



K. C. Spears, Jr  
2d Lt  
Nav



H. A. Mazzuchelli  
2d Lt  
Nav



D. O. Higgins  
2d Lt  
Pilot



A. J. Spiett  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. S. Morrow  
1st Lt  
Pilot



J. Hansel, Jr  
1st Lt  
Pilot



F. C. Kinman  
1st Lt  
Pilot



T. S. Jones  
Captain  
Flt Nav



J. M. Raymond  
1st Lt  
Pilot



R. W. Senteney  
Captain  
Flight Comdr



H. C. Mott  
2d Lt  
Pilot



J. B. McGrorey  
1st Lt  
Nav



J. M. LeBlanc  
2d Lt  
Pilot



H. T. LeMere  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. J. Van Gorp  
2d Lt  
Pilot



D. O. DalPonte  
Captain  
Flight Comdr



W. M. McHugh  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



R. A. Webster  
1st Lt  
Pilot



H. E. Dillon  
2d Lt  
Pilot



L. W. Lee  
1st Lt  
Pilot



L. W. Taylor, Jr  
F/O  
Pilot



F. K. Lewis  
1st Lt  
Pilot



D. D. Sterling  
2d Lt  
Pilot



A. L. Pepper  
1st Lt  
Pilot



E. L. Miller  
2d Lt  
Pilot



G. R. Lewman  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. J. Bernardi  
2d Lt  
Nav



R. F. Fritch  
2d Lt  
Nav

## TO A C-47

You may talk of Flying Forts,  
The Pea-Shooter's deadly sports  
And the knockin'-down of Zeros by the score.  
But when it comes to servin'  
The transports are deservin'  
Of a lot of praise and credit in this war.

Cause when the fightin's gettin' thicker  
And man's hopes begin to flicker,  
When they're surrounded by a foe that's twice their size  
And of battle men are tirin'  
It must be mighty damn inspirin'  
Seein' ammunition droppin' from the skies.

We can't hope to live forever  
Someday, contacts here we'll sever  
And we'll take-off into the Eternal Blue.  
There we'll see the other boys,  
Who have left behind the noise  
And we'll try to be of service up there, too.

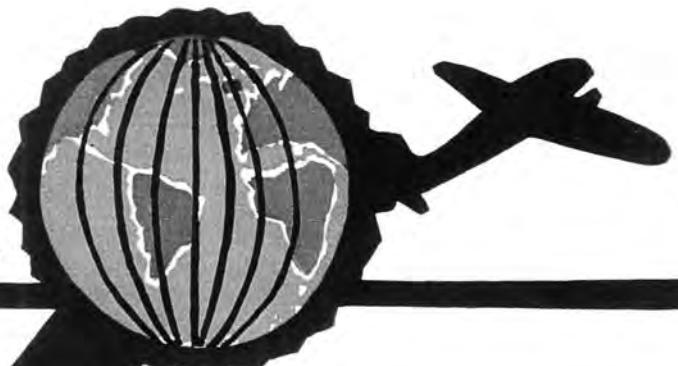
Oh, they'll buzz the Pearly Gates  
In their Lockheed Thirty-Eights,  
How they'll thrill the pretty angels with their stunts,  
Old Saint Peter'll come a'runnin'  
When he hears the Bombers comin'  
And he'll spread the welcome mat with heavy grunts.

But when we land in Heaven  
In our Douglas Forty-Seven  
And taxi up and swing the cargo door;  
The chariots'll come a'dashin'  
To take our load of ration—  
You know, they'll prob'ly send us back to get some more!

ANONYMOUS



WE  
HAVE.....



HAULED

36,974,528 lbs. of  
freight.  
= 82 times the wt. of  
Statue of Liberty.



FLOWN

5,613,433 naut. miles.  
= 225 times around the  
world.



FLOWN

48,104 hrs. and 25 mins.  
= 1 plane flying 24 hrs.  
continuously for 5 years.



EVACUATED

3,165 patients and  
wounded.  
= Over total cap. of  
Bellevue Hosp.,  
N.Y.C.



DROPPED

887,676 lbs. of ammo.  
rations, supplies in 170  
missions.  
= The weight of 356  
Jeeps.



CARRIED

50,414 passengers.  
= 3 Army Divisions.





H. C. Weideman  
1st Lt  
Flight Comdr



W. R. Glenn, Jr.  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



R. J. Cole  
2d Lt  
Nav



K. M. Rollings  
1st Lt  
Pilot



W. C. Keeney  
1st Lt  
Pilot



J. W. Miller  
2d Lt  
Pilot



N. J. Funk  
F O  
Pilot



R. E. Doppelstein  
2d Lt  
Pilot



D. E. Smathers  
1st Lt  
Pilot



T. J. Lehman  
2d Lt  
Nav



R. F. Goule  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. L. Grizzle  
1st Lt  
Pilot



A. C. Rahmeyer  
1st Lt  
Pilot



J. B. Hoey, Jr  
1st Lt  
Flight Comdr



H. A. Weismiller  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



E. D. Cone, Jr  
1st Lt  
Pilot



L. J. Schoenemann  
2d Lt  
Pilot



G. D. Trusty, Jr  
1st Lt  
Pilot



A. A. Lewis  
1st Lt  
Pilot



W. L. Osborne  
2d Lt  
Nav



G. D. Hulse  
2d Lt  
Pilot



P. J. Blais  
F/O  
Pilot



B. J. Lamb  
2d Lt  
Nav



R. D. Trudell  
2d Lt  
Pilot



R. F. Disdier  
1st Lt  
Pilot



C. L. Wilson  
1st Lt  
Pilot



C. C. Seegar, Jr  
2d Lt  
Pilot



C. D. Tyler, Jr  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



E. J. McAvoy, Jr  
1st Lt  
Flight Comdr



H. B. Young, Jr  
1st Lt  
Pilot



T. A. Cosgriff  
F/O  
Pilot



A. J. Italiano  
2d Lt  
Pilot



I. K. Holdener  
1st Lt  
Pilot



W. J. Chamberlain, Jr  
F/O  
Pilot



D. Marcos  
F/O  
Pilot



G. D. Lindsay  
2d Lt  
Nav



D. A. Courtney  
2d Lt  
Pilot



H. L. Manchester  
F/O  
Pilot



R. W. Moncrief  
1st Lt  
Flight Comdr



L. J. Tunks  
1st Lt  
Pilot



D. E. Wynn  
1st Lt  
Pilot



K. W. Gaines  
2d Lt  
Pilot



W. B. Thanos  
2d Lt  
Pilot



E. W. Riggs  
1st Lt  
Nav



R. K. Schleeter  
1st Lt  
Flt Nav



W. A. Morgan  
2d Lt  
Nav



B. B. Gayman  
2d Lt  
Pilot



G. S. Taylor  
1st Lt  
Pilot



R. E. Nelson  
1st Lt  
Pilot



F. A. Rishe  
2d Lt  
Pilot



J. J. Conley  
F/O  
Pilot

# TYPICAL FLIGHT



"Come on, let's go! You won't go back to sleep will you?" Thus starts a day of flying with the familiar words of the CQ at about 0400. After a little breakfast, which isn't particularly desired at this early hour, you drop by your tent and pick up your bag with enough clothes for about a week's trip. Next stop is Operations, and immediately following is the "Floating Ride" in the Weapon's Carrier to the Line.

The C-46 or C-47 is greeted with a question in your mind. Is everything about this plane in perfect working order? After the Crew Chief checks everything thoroughly during his pre-flight, he assures you that all is OK.

"Sadie Tower, this is 6305, take-off instructions please?" This is what you'll hear the co-pilot ask the tower over the radio. "6305 from Sadie, from East to West take-off," the tower will reply. Everything is all set now and you'll soon be rolling on the first flight of this trip.

Life during a flight is pretty much routine. Pilots spend their time keeping on course, watching weather, reading, and maybe nap a little. The navigator will be found checking his course or with his eye glued to the drift meter. You might find him reading a little too. If numerous clicks are heard in the crew's compartment, you'll find the radio operator "beating it out," finding the weather or maybe sending in an ETA. The engineer will probably be checking the instruments to make sure his engines are performing all right, or he might be in the rear answering questions of the passengers: "What time will we land? Where are we now? Can I go up front?" You might possibly find him resting a little too.

After the landing, which might possibly be a "grease job," or the other extreme,

"A ride 'em cowboy number," the plane is taxied to a parking ramp. An hour's wait is to be expected here because first, the load has to be removed. Next, a new load has to be put on and tied properly, and last, the gasoline and oil trucks, which are always difficult to stop, must fuel the plane for the next flight.

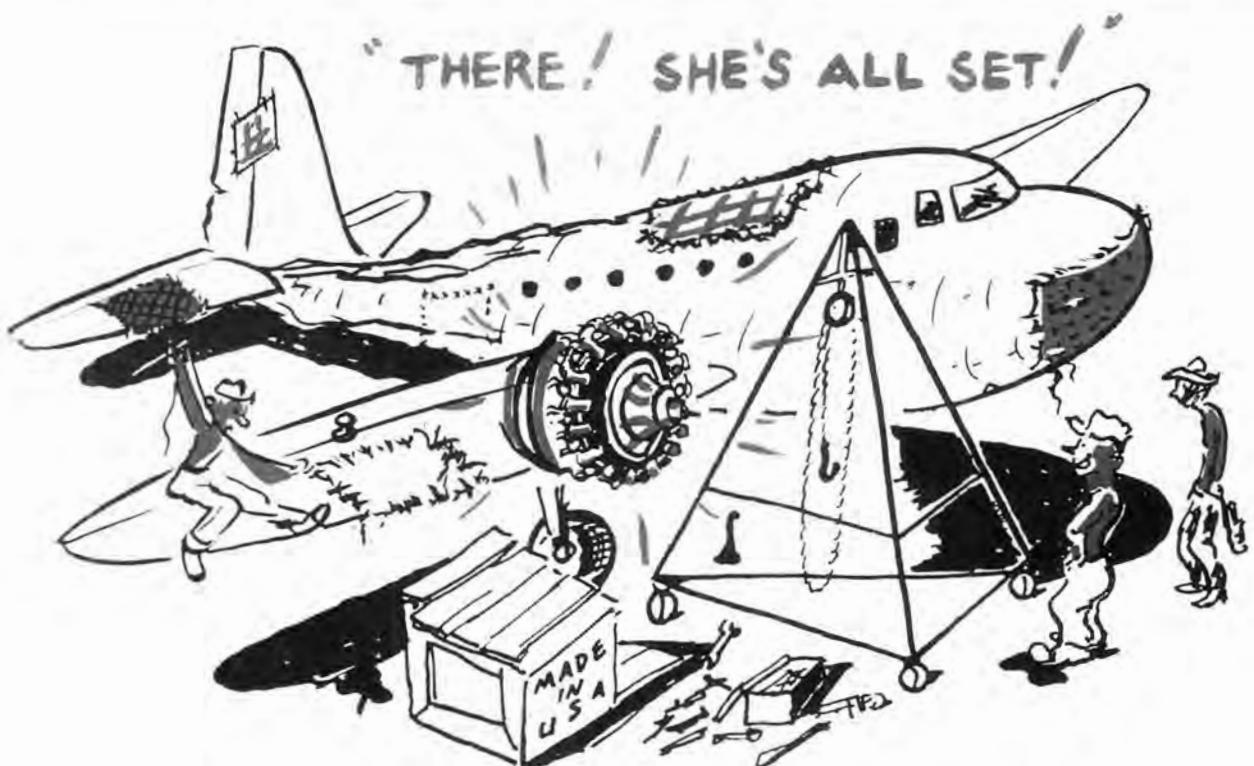
RONING is probably the most interesting part of the entire trip. This involves eating, sleeping, and living in the plane for the duration of the fifty hours of flying time. The eating during flights is very little, just coffee and possibly some cheese and crackers from the ten-in-one ration boxes. The evening meal is prepared over the gas stove and consists of the contents of the ration boxes. Sometimes different items are borrowed from the Mess Hall or anyone who is willing to be borrowed from. A loaf of bread is acquired from the Red Cross or nearest mess, and perhaps some eggs or steak can be found on one of the neighboring planes. Of course every meal is topped off with a good hot cup of coffee. After eating a search is made for a shower. Sometimes one is located, usually at the other end of the strip, but more often, none can be found, so the showers are postponed until the next day. The bedding-down process is always an extremely important episode. Litters, air mattresses, and blankets are gotten out and a suitable "sack" is assembled. Mosquito nets are tied to different places on the bottom of the plane and the less ambitious individual rely on "Scat" to keep the mosquitoes away. . . . Sleeping under the plane is fine unless a rain happens along, which often occurs, then there is a mass movement for the interior of the plane.

Thus goes the life during a week's flying aboard one of our planes.

Finally the point of destination is the Home Base, and every member of the Crew is looking forward to getting his *Mail*, a good shower, some clean clothes, and complete bed.



# ENGINEERING

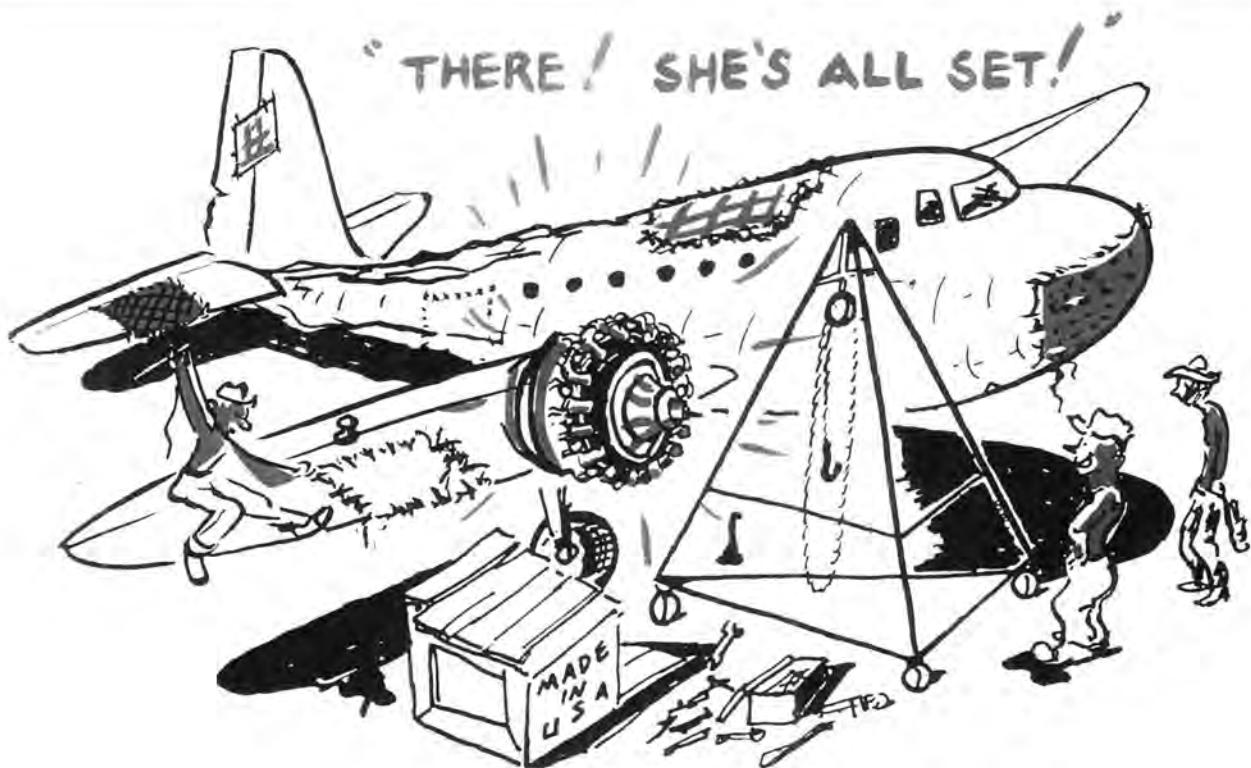


The primary purpose of the Engineering Department is to perform the maintenance and inspections required on the airplanes assigned the organization. The goal of the Department has always been to establish the highest degree of maintenance possible and still maintain the highest percentage of the airplanes available for flight.

The Engineering Department, usually referred to as "The Line," consists of approximately a hundred and ten men. These men, all specialists, are assigned to specific jobs that call not only for skill, but require a high sense of loyalty to duty, ingenuity, physical endurance, accuracy, and calm judgment under stress. The work of the Department normally consists of performing the required periodic inspections (daily pre-flights, 25 hour, 50 hour, 100 hour), routine repairs, removal and replacement of accessories and units that have become unserviceable. Also engine changes and technical order modifications along with providing a well-trained crew chief for each scheduled flight, plus the maintaining of complete and accurate historical records of the airplanes and associate equipment. Of course, in emergencies, it sometimes becomes necessary to do a higher echelon of maintenance and perform minor overhaul of units and accessories. Extensive sheet metal repairs and modifications are also quite often required.

During the past two years of operation, working under the severe climatic conditions of the tropics, combat flying, the stress of long and continuous hours, the 64th has never been compelled to turn an airplane over to a Service Group or Depot for work that the men of the organization could not accomplish. The men of "The Line" have established and maintained a record that they can look back on with pride in the years to come.

# ENGINEERING



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J. A. Daniel  
Captain  
Eng Officer



J. R. Sutton  
M/Sgt  
Plane Inspector



U. B. Keeney  
M/Sgt  
Line Chief



O. E. Zwiebel  
M/Sgt  
Flight Chief



C. R. Blake  
M/Sgt  
Flight Chief



V. F. Hiltner  
T/Sgt  
Flight Chief



F. C. Jungas  
S/Sgt  
Eng Chief Clk



R. D. Hoover  
T/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



H. G. Handy  
T/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. Seymour  
T/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



D. A. McLenkins  
T/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



W. F. Nehring  
T/Sgt  
Plane Elec Mech



G. N. Lemieux  
S/Sgt  
Plane Welder



E. M. Veach  
T/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



O. H. Ommen  
S Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



C. A. Greene  
S/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



W. M. Moschillo  
S/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



M. A. Michalczyk  
S/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



M. H. Fellabaum  
S Sgt  
Plane Elec Mech



B. M. Swartz  
S Sgt  
Sheet Mtl Work



E. F. Heintzelman  
S Sgt  
Plane Prop Mech



F. A. Develin  
S Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



C. S. Evans  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. J. Folk  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



D. Castle  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



G. Bordenik  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



H. J. Chodl  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



J. B. Brooks  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



H. E. Benson  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



H. D. Reitz  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



S. W. Bellomo  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



J. C. Armstead  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. E. Kasbaum  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. W. Messimer  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech

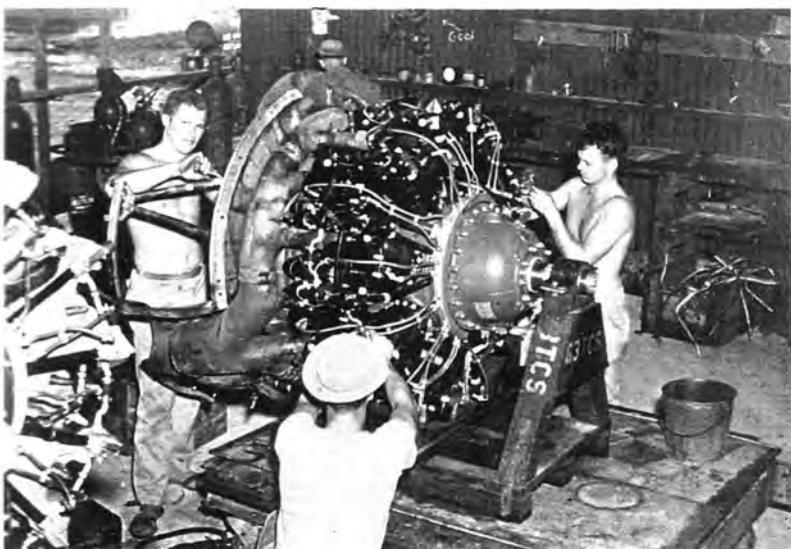
# Men of the Line

When we arrived at the New Hebrides, the advanced echelon, airplanes, and crews were waiting for us. The Engineering line was quickly set-up and went immediately into operation. Here we found out what operations in the tropics meant. Airstrips of pure white, hard-packed coral, jungle growth seventy-five to a hundred feet high, dense, and thick right up to the edge of the hard sands, shutting out what little breeze that might otherwise have crept in. Torrential rains, camps set-up in the trees, muddy roads, and a sun that frequently ran the temperature inside of a parked plane up to a hundred and thirty-five degrees.

Supply lines were long, parts hard to get. Engineering personnel learned to improvise. For the campaigns for the island domains had only a fair start, and it was our job to see that the immediate requirements in munitions, supplies, parts, and men were flown to the front lines. Often wounded and sick men had to be evacuated to rear Base Hospitals.

Skins that had been fair blistered and then turned brown. Men were temporarily ill from the numerous diseases and ailments of the tropics. But the work went on. There was work to be done and it was to be carried on to a successful conclusion. We had the men and the training and the guts. Planes flew and returned. They got lost in storms, and came back low on gas. They came in on one engine.

*Below:*  
Preparing a new engine for installation.



*Above:*  
Line Crew performing tire change.

*At Left:*  
Pulling A "100."

Repairs and accessory changes were frequent. The line carried on.

Only six weeks we stayed in the New Hebrides. Guadalcanal had only recently been wrested from the Nips, and a transport squadron was needed to take over at Henderson Field. The 64th was picked for the job. Off we went again, some by air, some by boat. Here we were on our own. Everything had to be built from the ground up except the airstrip. In short order, an efficient line was established and the routine repeated. We had no parent organization here, and relied entirely on our own initiative.

There was fighting at Bougainville, New Georgia, New Guinea, New Britain, and the Admiralties. To all these fronts we dispatched our planes, hauling both ways. Long hours and hard work. Here the jungle wasn't so close in upon us, and there was a little more breeze from the ocean, but the rains, muddy roads, heat, and bugs persisted and were rapidly being accepted as a tropical nuisance. Eleven months we stayed at the 'Canal and hung up an enviable record.

Once more orders to advance. Biak Island in the Netherlands East Indies, but there wasn't room enough for our planes at Biak. Work had to go on, so we set-up the line on Wadke. Wadke had been hammered so unmercifully from the air and sea, that it was only a pile of rubble.

No shade, but plenty of dust and heat, and as heavy rains as we had yet seen. But we carried on.

Then on to Noemfoor. Another line to be set-up. It was a good one. We operated from there for six weeks. Now there was room for us at Biak, so once again we tore down, packed, flew to Biak, and as planned, started all over again.

There have been many changes in the line. Of the men who sailed with us from Frisco that August morning, less than half remain. A few will never be with us again, except in memory, having given their all in the cause they followed. Others have completed their tours of duty and gone home. Some, stricken, others home for rest and recuperation. There are different line chiefs, flight chiefs, and inspectors; new crew chiefs, mechanics and technicians; but in their work, their beliefs and desires, and in their hearts, they are still the same, all Americans, striving toward a common goal.

It is Colonel Sands now. It is also Lt. Col. Roessell, and Capt. Daniel. The men of the line have climbed too. They are Master Sergeants, Technical Sergeants, Staff Sergeants, and the usual run of Sergeants, Corporals, Pfc. and Privates. The boys of yesterday, who were clerks, farmers, bookkeepers, motormen, mechanics, brokers, and salesmen, are today soldiers. They will be the men of tomorrow.

Even as I write this, a tropical rain is pouring on the top of the tent, water is two inches deep on the taxi-way, but our soldier mechanics are out there. Welders, electricians, sheet metal workers, instrument men, prop men, engine mechanics, and grease monkeys. And they'll be there as long as there is need for them, or until the war is won. Until the battle flags of war lords, tyrants, and aggressors are furled in defeat, and these men can go home to peaceful pursuits and the dreams of enduring peace.

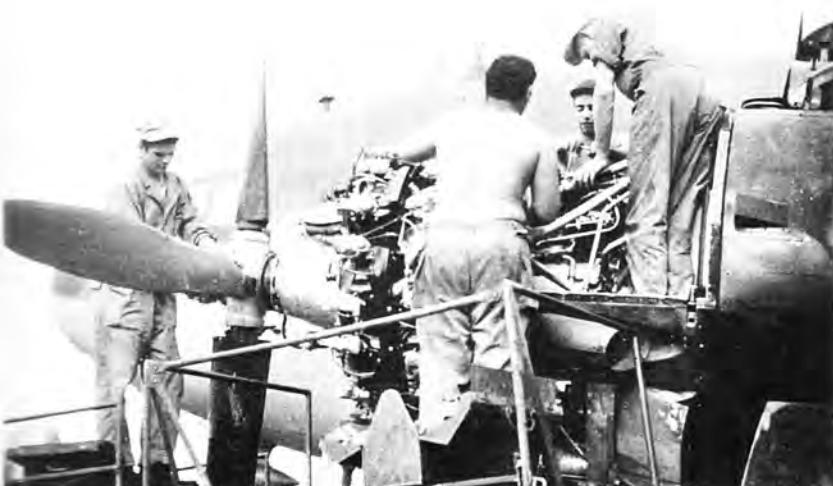
These line men don't get much praise. Theirs is a prosaic and obscure task. The glory, glamor, and adulation go to the flyers of combat, the Navy who capture an Island, the Infantry and Marines who plant our Flag on destroyed and cap-



*Above:*  
*Hoisting the new engine before installing it.*



*At Right:*  
*Fuel and oil trucks service*  
*A.C. 47.*



tured enemy battlements. But they are here and as they work their thoughts and dreams are of going home; back to Dad and Mother, back to the wife or sweetheart, back to the farm, factory, or business; back to some hunting, fishing, dancing, a square meal, and a soft bed; and a tall, cold glass of beer that isn't rationed. We need these men, we have got to have them. They are here and they are doing good work. All honor to the men of the line. The men who "Keep 'em Flying."

*At Left:*  
*"Routine" inspection on C-46.*



R. H. Peil  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



J. B. Pokorny  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



W. J. Ross  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. D. Shambaugh  
S/Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



O. Sebesta  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



A. R. Slaasted  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



L. A. Spevak  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



E. G. Welch  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



N. C. Wheeler Jr  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



J. R. Samways  
Sgt  
Plane & Instr Mech



J. G. Garrow  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



K. E. Keltner  
Sgt  
Clerk Typist



A. E. E. Behr  
Sgt  
Dope & Fabric Work



W. E. Johnson  
Sgt  
Sheet Metal Work



A. W. Holmes Jr  
Cpl  
Plane & Hyd Mech



R. W. Dreyer  
Cpl  
Dope & Fabric Work



M. W. Lee  
Cpl  
Sheet Mtl Work



W. S. Brodie  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



R. N. Ellis  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



O. E. Grabel  
Cpl  
Clerk



J. F. Klein  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



J. C. Merlino  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



E. A. Caputo  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



T. B. Wilson  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



C. H. Sloan  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



M. C. Adamyk  
Cpl  
Plane & Eng Mech



E. N. Ciardo  
Pfc  
Plane & Eng Mech



H. F. Strower  
Pfc  
Plane & Eng Mech



P. G. Viola  
S/Sgt  
Plane Inspector



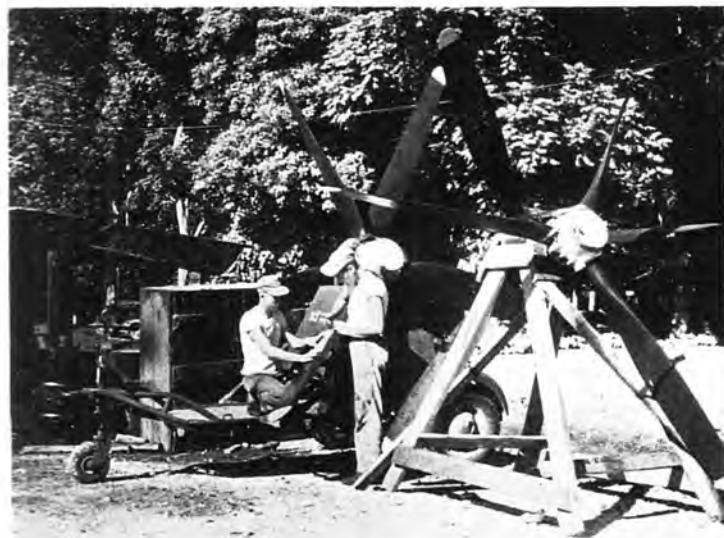
J. W. McDermott  
Pfc  
Plane & Eng Mech



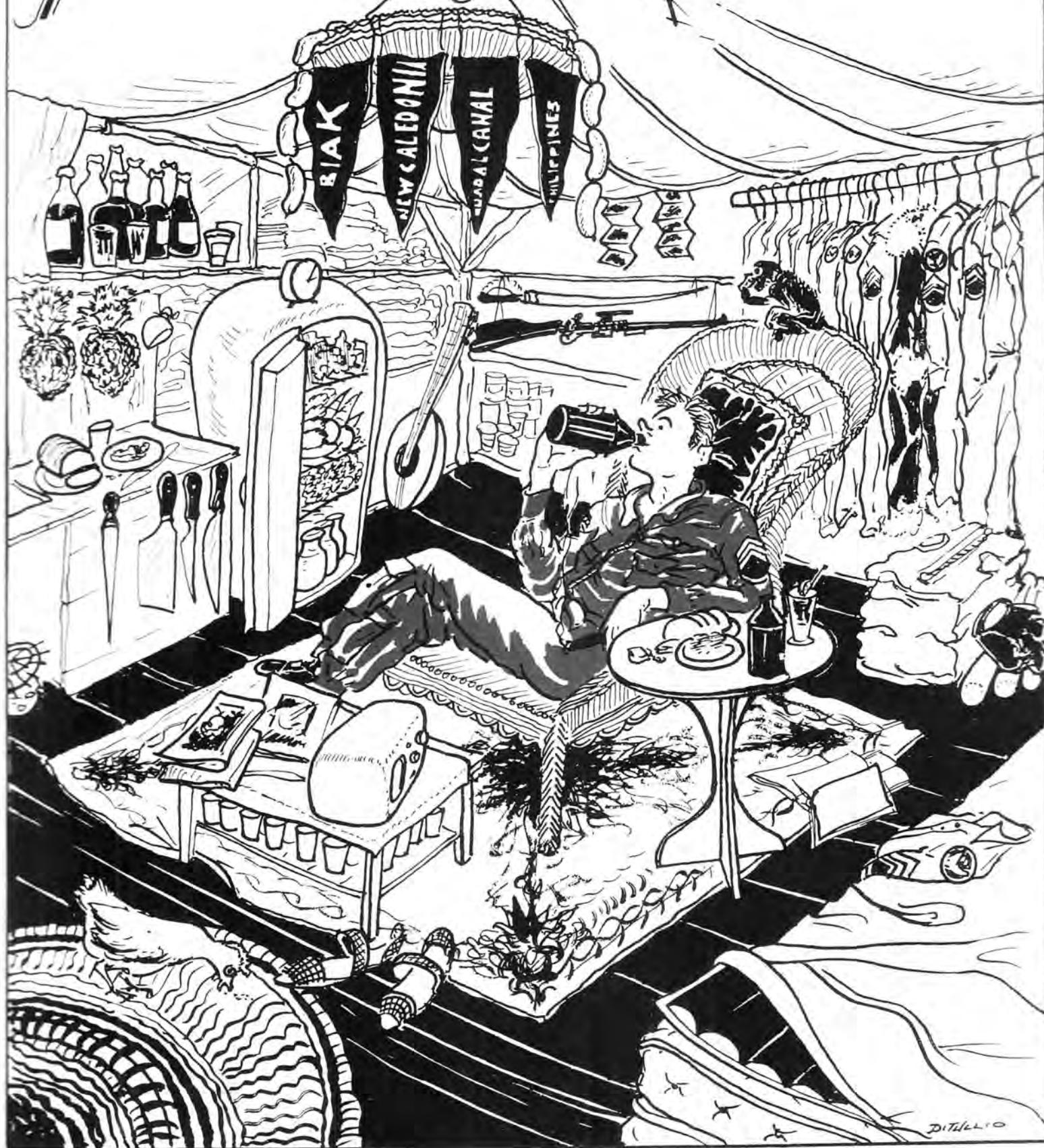
L. C. Bailey  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



A. W. Jones  
Sgt  
Plane & Eng Mech



# FLYING PERSONNEL





A. C. Koch  
T Sgt  
Aer Engr



W. H. Kiernan  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. L. Rhodes  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. R. Brown  
Sgt  
Aer Engr



C. T. White  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



M. K. Green  
T Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. E. Spicer  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



M. C. Van Opdorp  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. C. Rust  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



F. C. Weldon  
T Sgt  
Aer Engr



H. F. Lowther  
T Sgt  
Aer Engr



A. J. Kanas  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



R. A. Sherman  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. R. Sherrer  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



C. B. Kiser  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



W. T. Meeks  
T Sgt  
Aer Engr



D. W. Pickett  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



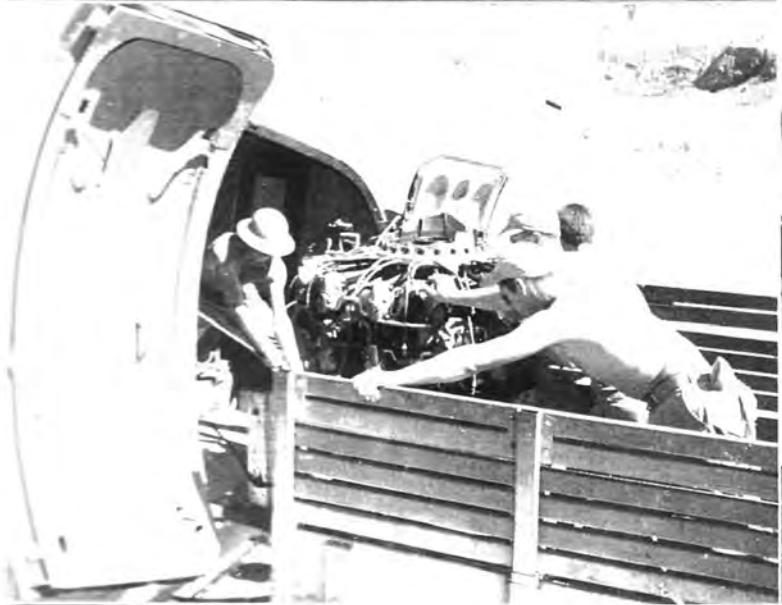
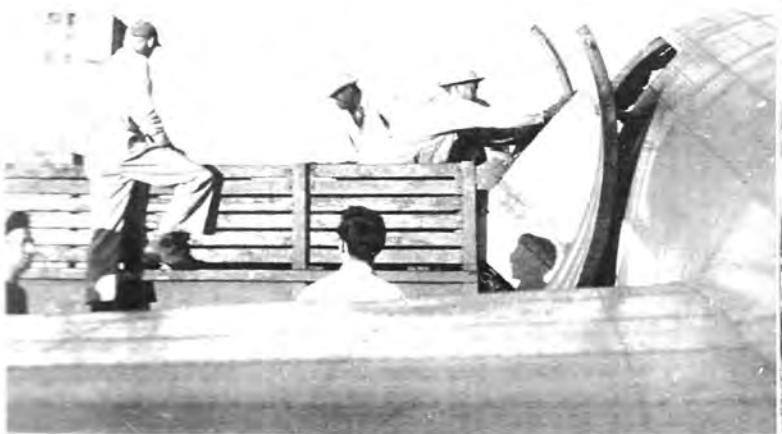
D. R. Cornell  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr

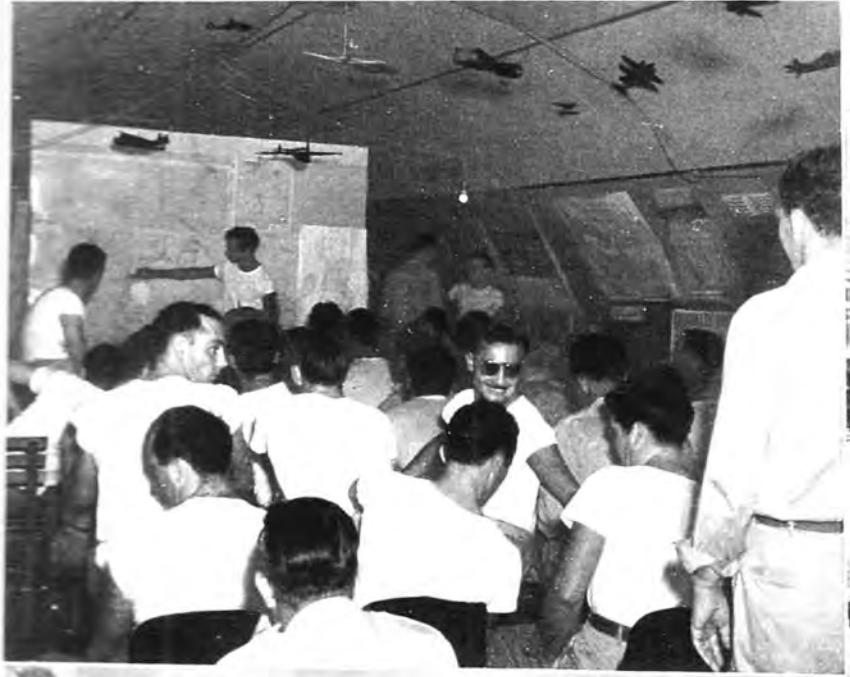
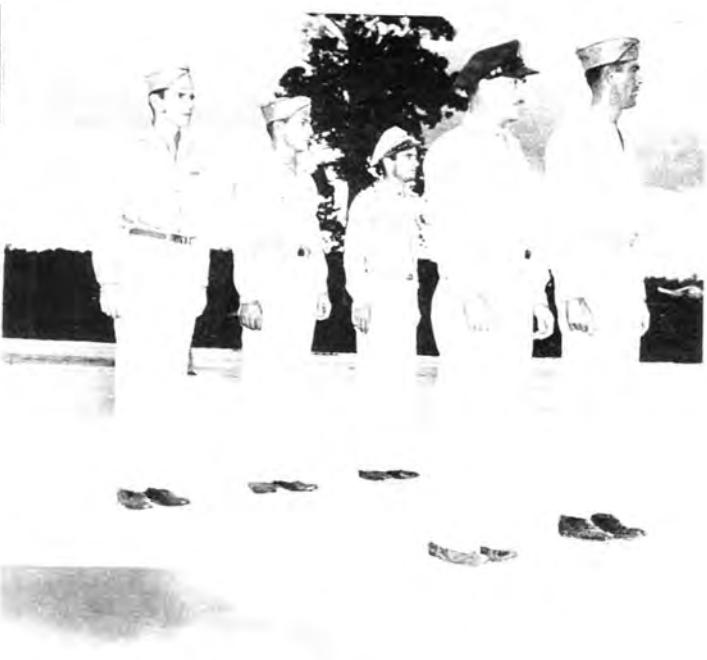


J. T. Ware  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



E. L. Cherry  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr







R. E. Neil  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



R. N. Pitts  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr



C. W. Hopkins  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



J. F. Potter  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



W. H. Robillard  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



H. J. Lehning  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



V. D. Russell  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



L. H. Clemmer  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



M. J. Herzog  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



R. J. Kennedy  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



T. E. Logue  
Sgt  
Aer Engr



G. W. Looman  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



E. T. Holdbrooks  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



E. C. Vernon  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



A. H. Robinette Jr.  
S/Sgt  
Aer Engr



C. W. Prince, Jr.  
Sgt  
Aer Engr



L. W. Robinson  
Cpl  
Aer Engr



J. J. Kane  
Sgt  
Aer Engr



W. E. Bedford  
T/Sgt  
Aer Engr

# INTELLIGENCE



F. W. Lowey  
Capt  
Intelligence Officer



J. G. Spellman  
S Sgt  
NCO in Charge



J. E. Jacobs  
Sgt  
Clerk



K. E. Starn  
Cpl  
Draftsman



R. J. Marroquin  
Pfc  
Clerk

The primary function of the Intelligence Department is to disseminate pertinent information to the pilots and navigators through briefings, pilot's briefing books, notices, and situation maps. Such information includes friendly and enemy dispositions, airfields, flight routes, terrain features, anti-aircraft batteries, approach procedures, recognition signals, etc.

The pilot's briefing book, taken on all flights, is kept up to date at all times on all information pertaining to the area covered by the squadron's missions. All necessary maps are also procured, stored, and distributed by Intelligence. Reading material on combat operations, American, Allied, and Japanese armed forces is made available to personnel concerned.

The large bulletin boards in the office are covered with maps of local areas and world battle fronts, and the changing war situations plotted daily. Recognition features of friendly and enemy aircraft and naval craft are also displayed.

To be acquainted with actual conditions on missions and to obtain first-hand information, the Intelligence Officer participates in flights from time to time, particularly on trips into unfamiliar territory.

Secondary functions of the department are public relations, recording a running squadron history, taking care of unit censorship, and informing the squadron of all regulations pertaining thereto.

SOUTH SEA BEAUTY



Service Men say—  
"If only it were"



## FOR THOSE WHO FALL

It is early morning on the rugged, colorful Moro Island of Mindanao, and the hazy mountain peaks are framed in fluffy white clouds hung in a brilliant blue sky.

The pilot of the lone C-47, following a winding green valley, the "slot," deep in the interior, is fortunate today, for this is Mindanao in one of her tranquil moods. It will be easier for the navigator to find his target—a small grass landing strip somewhere below.

The plane noses down through the scudding clouds, makes a few cautious turns, and there it is, unbelievably short, unbelievably narrow, and barely distinguishable from the surrounding terrain, but nevertheless, a landing strip.

But there have been the typical drenching Mindanao rains the night before. Will the strip be too slippery or too muddy for use? The pilot, as he swoops low for a close look at the rough-cut, rolled grass, prays that it isn't, for his is a vital errand, with lives hanging in the balance of success or failure.

The pilot decides to try it, so it's "mixture rich, boosters on, gear down," and back in the rear of the plane the flight nurse grabs a litter strap and waits nervously. The plane squashes to earth, slipping and sliding and jolting to a stop in the muddy ruts.

There is only time for a sigh of relief, for, even as the engines give a last spasmodic cough, impatient ambulances are backing up to the cargo door. The crew swings open the double doors, medical corpsmen hustle about, and the swift loading of wounded soldiers begins.

Litter cases—men flat on their backs, a gaunt grayish look on their faces, are loaded first, along with the "psycho" cases, men mentally ill from the strain of war. After these come the "more fortunate" ones, the sitters, men with simpler leg, arm or head wounds. All in the space of a few minutes, the flight nurse, together with medical corpsmen and the crew, have the precious human cargo safely aboard.

It is now that responsibility again descends like a leaden weight on the pilot. If he had not arrived at the pick-up point, another ship and another crew would have followed, but it would have taken precious time, for these men need medical care and attention not available here, where the battle still rages only a few miles away.

But from now on there are only he and his crew to get the helpless men to their destination. There may be black towering cumulus clouds, heavy rain and turbulence ahead, and mountains two and more miles high, dangerously hidden in clouds, and these men have suffered enough; they cannot be taken into rough weather if it can be avoided. High altitude is no answer, for an oxygen mask could not be fitted to some of those faces. But between the pilot and his navigator, the shortest, safest and smoothest way will be found to deliver this cargo of human lives to a safer, better place.

And what of this human cargo—what are they like? Here's one minus a leg, who mutters, "Well, by God, I bet I get back to the States now." Here's another, lying patiently, not saying a word; half his face is blown away. Here's another man encased from head to foot in a plaster cast, who smiles a sickish smile and asks, "How we doin'?"

Less than 15 hours ago these were young American soldiers, whole and healthy in mind and body and spirit. Then a mortar shell exploded among them.

Here's another, too sick to care what's happening, shot through several times by Jap snipers. And another, a "psycho," staring wildly about, straining against his straps, and muttering incoherently. And there is another, a woman, a Filipino civilian, a "non-combatant," yet repeatedly bayoneted by the Japs—her unborn child dead within her. The others, less seriously hurt, sit patiently, weary shoulders drooping—they have travelled a long, hard road, but now it is over, and they need only wait.

But all of them—these weary men—have one thing in common; there is a joint light of hope in these tired eyes, put there by this C-47 and its crew. Their ship has come in—the ship that is to take them away from the front lines where they have left the best that was in them—back to a rear-area hospital where special treatment and special equipment wait to give them a new lease on the life they thought perhaps they had lost.

"Medical Evacuation" they call it, but those are prosaic, meaningless words. The rugged wings of the C-47 are wings of life and hope, and those who fly them, doing a tough, dirty, and often heart-rending job, in a tough, dirty war, reap a very real reward—the deep sense of satisfaction that comes from the mere fact of extending a helping hand to those who have fallen.

# COMMUNICATIONS



In the Communications Department are found men who are specialists in many fields, each one playing his part in seeing that messages get through safely, swiftly, and securely.

The radio mechanics and radar mechanics install, service, and repair all radio and radar equipment, both that used on the ground and in the air. Outside of this they repair personal radios and furnish batteries for flashlights belonging to members of the squadron.

The radio operators assignment is an important one. On his shoulders rest the responsibility that the pilot of the plane has the latest weather information on hand at all times, that the ground station knows the plane's position, and time and place of arrival; information that is of vital importance should the plane encounter trouble.

On the ground, specialists are continually busy in the maintenance of the various means of ground communications; those of telephone, tele-typewriter, and runner or messenger. Equipment needs frequent servicing in the tropics and trained men are needed to operate and repair these complex machines.

The men of the message center route all messages to proper headquarters, affix the proper priority to them and record time and date of all documents sent or received.

Linesmen maintain the power and lights throughout the squadron, enabling us to have night basketball games and night horse-shoe sessions. They also service and maintain the telephone and telegraph lines.

Complete shops for the servicing and testing of any type of communications equipment are maintained, enabling the specialists to make his repairs promptly so that the lines of communication remain unbroken.



R. G. Kingsolver  
1st Lt  
Comm Officer



C. T. Davis  
M/Sgt  
Radar Mech Tc



P. J. O'Connor  
T/Sgt  
Comm Tech



J. E. Gabor  
T/Sgt  
Radar Mech Tc



J. Fillo  
T Sgt  
Radio Mech, AAF



M. D. Cofer  
S/Sgt  
T & T Lineman



F. M. Hauser, Jr  
S/Sgt  
Radio Mech, AAF



E. R. Mitchell  
S/Sgt  
Radio Mech, AAF



F. H. Pawlowski  
Sgt  
Cryptographic Tech



A. P. Fracassini  
Sgt  
Radio Mech, AAF



A. J. Kendzora  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



W. B. Hinshaw  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



F. J. Buckman  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. J. Cusack  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. E. Searles  
Sgt  
Radar Mech, Nav



C. E. Hackney  
Sgt  
Radar Mech, Nav



W. M. Slattery  
Sgt  
Radar Mech, Nav



E. H. Rund  
Sgt  
Radar Mech Tc



K. W. Hardinger  
Cpl  
Comm Sup Tech



D. G. McKee  
Cpl  
T & T Lineman



F. R. Bryant  
Cpl  
Teletype Opr



D. F. Peake  
Cpl  
Radio Mech



R. J. Gabrian  
Cpl  
Cryptographic Tech



J. B. Toms  
Sgt  
Radar Mech Tc



S. J. Smith  
Cpl  
Radio Mech, AAF



R. W. Schwing  
Sgt  
Radar Mech, Nav



R. J. Di Tullio  
Cpl  
Radio Opr, AAF



R. L. Del Signore  
Cpl  
Radio Opr, AAF



J. T. Cronin  
Cpl  
Radio Opr, AAF



H. R. Ludington  
Pfc  
Clerk-Typist



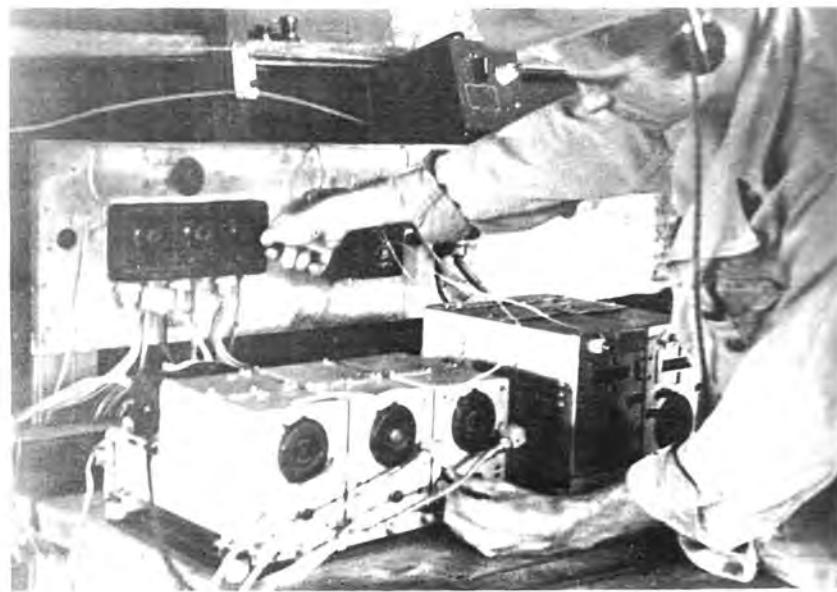
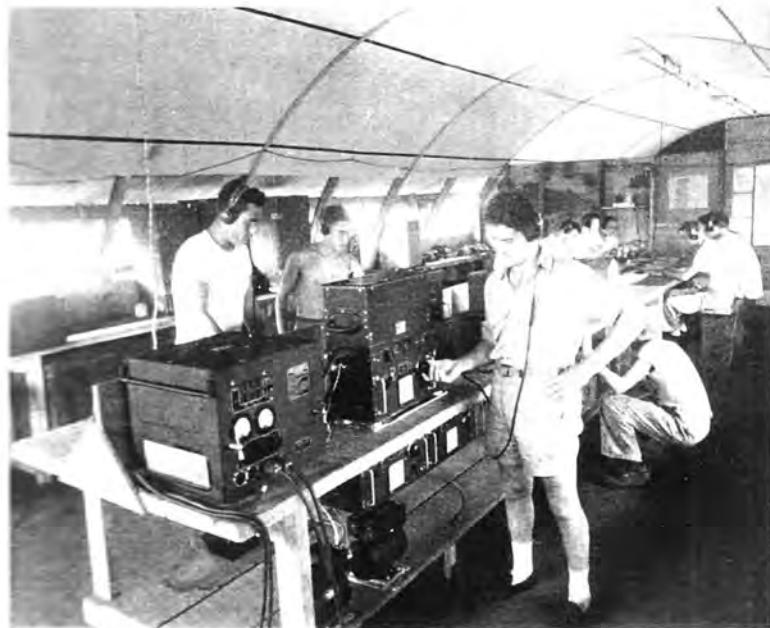
M. L. Lipschultz  
Pfc  
Teletype Mech



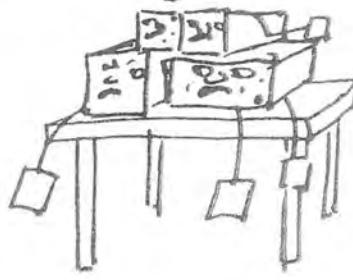
R. C. Gates  
Pfc  
Tel SWBD Opr



W. B. Harris  
Pfc  
Teletype Opr



Let's Go !!  
We Need More  
ELOCUTION  
LESSONS !!





G. N. Cantrell  
T Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



D. E. Fontaine  
T/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



J. Horwatt  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



B. F. Rickelman  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



C. R. Gillespie  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



J. I. Trask  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



D. K. Filipovich  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



J. R. Parris  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



G. G. Benson  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



E. G. Mirrane  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



O. W. Mayberry  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



E. Kipp  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



W. F. Harvill  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



H. R. Gamo  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



M. T. Grissom  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



F. J. Mozuch  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. R. Neubauer  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



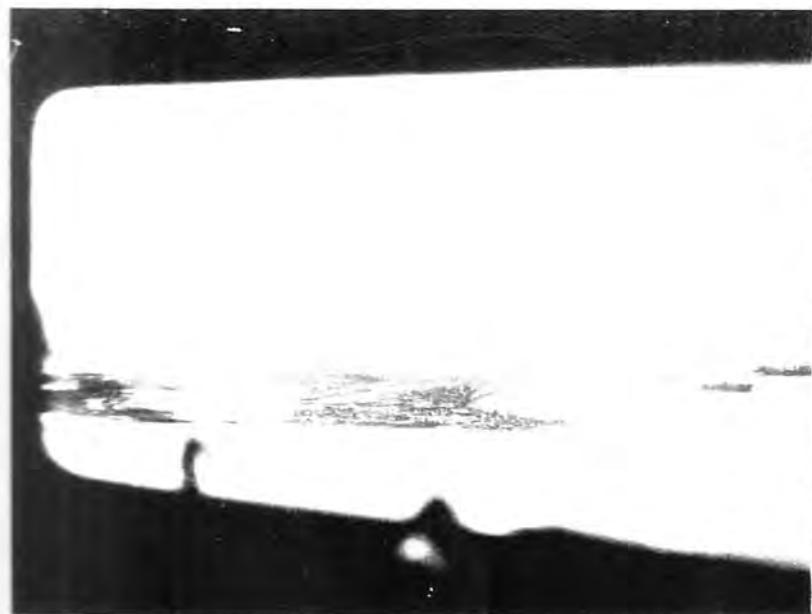
M. R. Minnigh  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



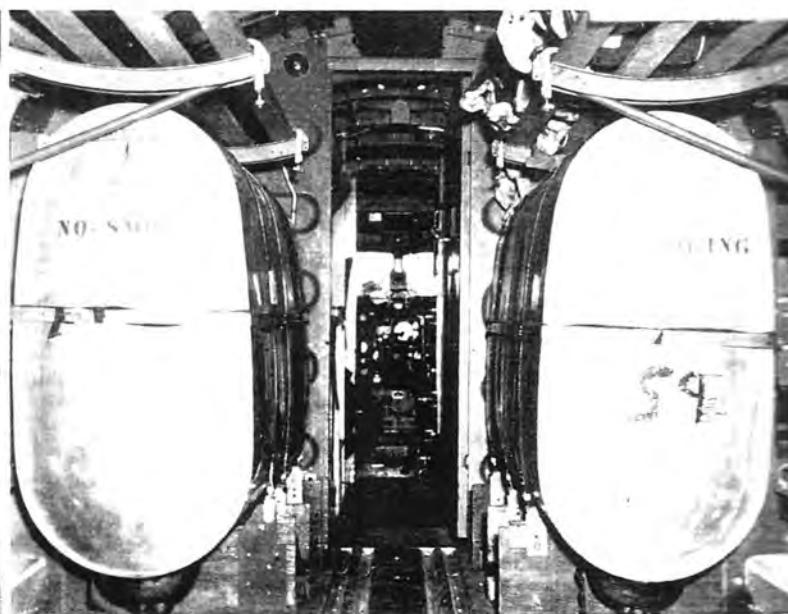
J. W. Bender  
S/Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



G. W. Carney  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



Coral strip on Biak as seen through windshield of C-47.



View of C-47 interior with cabin tanks installed.



Red Cross Girl serves refreshments at plane.



Hot coffee in plane before retiring.



Unloading the Workhorse.



Salvage crew at work on "washed out" C-47.



*Battle-scarred camp area at "Canal."*



*Village "Main Street" on Leyte.*



*Interior of Chapel.*



*403rd Troop Carrier Group Chapel.*



*Operations tent among the palms.*



*Monument to Youth of Leyte.*



R. F. Powell  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



G. E. Dowden  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



D. F. Morris  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



L. W. Romine  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



E. J. Minden  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



W. E. Workman  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



K. M. Stockard  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. E. Bea  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. J. Jankowski  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



G. O. Lachner  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. Cummings  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



J. J. Arikian  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



W. M. Trester  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



H. R. Phillips, Jr.  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



N. A. Cooper  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



H. G. White  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



A. B. Thompson  
Pfc  
Radio Opr & Mech



K. S. Webb  
Cpl  
Radio Opr & Mech



R. A. Knowlton  
Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech



E. J. Simon  
S Sgt  
Radio Opr & Mech

# MEDICAL Dept.



W. E. Gunby, Jr  
Capt  
Flight Surgeon



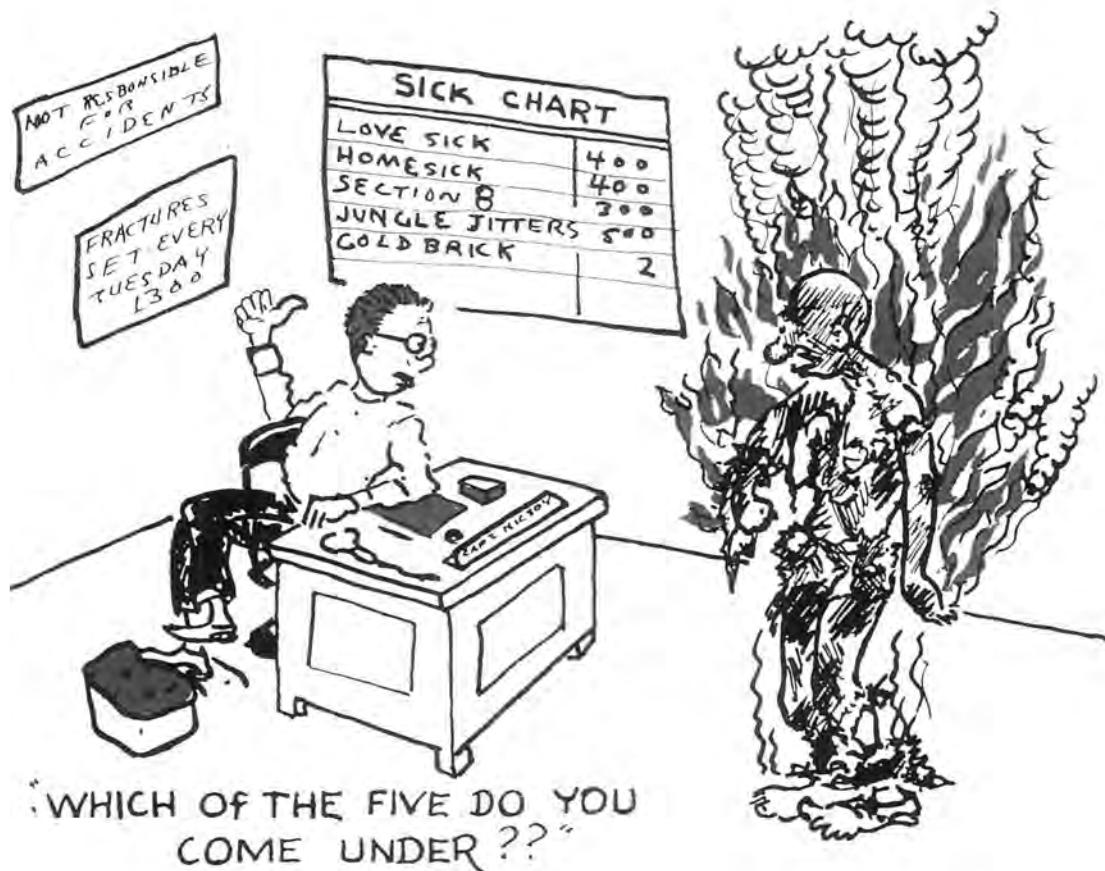
W. W. Dobbins  
S/Sgt  
Medical NCO



J. Vaira  
Cpl  
Surg Tech



C. Sconish  
Cpl  
Med Tech



The Medical Section is one of the many essential cogs in the war machine. The personnel consists of a Flight Surgeon, a medical technician and two corpsmen. The purpose of the section is to maintain the highest possible degree of physical and mental health of the squadron. Some of the duties are of a selective nature, others are preventive, and still others are curative.

A well-equipped dispensary is maintained, and is adequate for any case except those of a severe nature or those which require hospitalization.

Ground and flying personnel were selected for overseas duty by complete medical examination, and all were immunized against a number of the more serious diseases. These "shots" are repeated at designated intervals. (We do not use a three-pronged rectal needle with barbs as rumored.)

The most common ailments treated include various kinds of jungle skin diseases, common colds, tonsilitis, sore throats, mild influenza, ear infections, cuts, sprains, and moderate states of mental anxiety and operational fatigue. Homesickness, love sickness, and growing pains are prevalent also.

The Flight Surgeon makes regular trips with the flying personnel to better appreciate their work; to see what it is like to fly in a front, to sleep under a wing, or try to maintain a sense of humor on "K" rations. Incidentally, he's curious about the wonderful souvenirs, and the mysterious appearance of tender loin steaks.

Special measures are carried out for the prevention of malaria, venereal disease, typhus fever, and dysentery. Attendance at lectures and training films is required of all.

Inspection of various kinds are a frequent routine. These include area-sanitation, drinking water, mess-hall, kitchen, and barber personnel, and general personal hygiene.

Sick call is held each morning, and emergency treatment is available at all times. Patients are cared for and then put into one of four classes: (1) duty, includes "Goldbricks," hypochondriacs and those with jungle jitters and stateside blues; (2) duty not involving flying (mainly for last night's bar flies); (3) quarters cases; (4) hospital cases.

Physical fitness tests are given to all flying personnel each month. They require frequent checks and are "grounded" when not in condition to fly. Measures are taken to encourage proper amounts of physical exercise and recreation.

Each week for a 24-hour tour of duty, this section serves as an emergency ambulance crew at the flight fields.

Not infrequently are consultations requested regarding personal problems associated with the field of medicine.



# Biak

Now Kipling wrote of Mandalay  
And flying fish and stuff  
Of elephants and teak wood  
And living in the rough  
He must have known his India  
But I'll tell you for a fact  
He never set his British foot  
On the Island of Biak.

Oh, yes, we have our palm trees  
And tall coconuts galore  
The lovely blue Pacific  
Washing up the coral shore  
There are natives by the dozens  
Living in their filthy shacks  
But for me the Joes can have it  
The whole damned Island of Biak.

I have dipped into the salt surf  
I have wandered on the shore  
I have seen the golden sunset  
When the blistering day is o'er  
I have tasted of the tropics  
But there's something that they lack  
And I'll never never find it  
On this Island of Biak.

I saw some motion pictures  
Lovely girls in gay sarongs  
Dancing in the silvery moonlight  
To the music of the gongs  
And I've seen the luscious Dotty  
Bring her wandering lover back  
But there's never been a Grable  
On the Island of Biak.



When the hellish day has ended  
And the night birds drive you nuts  
When the gnats and bugs and roaches  
Play at tag across your backs  
When you lay yourself to slumber  
On your hard and dusty sack  
There's a curse within your being  
Damned this Island of Biak.

You should see the dusty sirens  
Flat of foot and kinky haired  
Men who dress in dirty gee strings  
Pickaninnies bottoms bare  
They trudge along in drum-like rhythm  
With spreading feet and bundled backs  
Now I'm glad that I'm not with 'em  
On the Island of Biak.



# Personal



Charles P. Cliff  
1st Lt  
Pers Equip't Officer

# EQUIPMENT



Roy B. McIntyre  
S/Sgt  
Para Dept Head



L. E. Frazier  
S/Sgt  
Para Dep't  
Ass't Head



E. E. Buddeau  
Sgt  
Pers Equip't  
Para Rig



H. J. McLoughlin  
Sgt  
Para Rig & Rpr



Roy H. Hale  
Sgt  
Para Rig & Rpr



Edward F. Dols  
Sgt  
Pers Equip't  
Dep't Head



J. J. Chrystal Jr  
Pfc  
Pers Equip't  
Clerk Typist



O. E. Brown  
Cpl  
Para Rig & Rpr

# SUPPLY



The supply section fulfills two separate and distinct services in the daily activities of the squadron. These functions are handled by Quartermaster Supply and Technical Supply respectively.

Quartermaster supply is responsible for keeping the men of the unit supplied with the authorized clothing allowance and replacing or salvaging all damaged and worn-out articles of clothing and equipment. In addition to the task of supplying individuals, this section attends to the needs of transportation for parts and equipment, etc., and all sections for sundry items necessary for efficient operation. Property records, which account for each item of equipment in the squadron, are maintained and kept up-to-date, and all requisitions for supplies of any nature are cleared through this section.

Technical supply works hand in hand with the engineering section. It is the procurement agency for all parts and equipment used by the engineering section in the maintenance of our planes. Close contact is maintained between engineering and tech supply to keep vital stocks replenished and to anticipate future needs. Parts ranging in size from a cotter-pin to a huge wheel-assembly are stored in tech supply and are so arranged that they can be located at a moment's notice. Bin cards determine the location of all supplies and a property book provides, at a glance, the status of all equipment considered non-expendable.



R. F. Decker  
1st Lt  
Supply Officer



L. Moreno  
S/Sgt  
Supply NCO



D. D. Kehoe  
S/Sgt  
Tech Sup NCO



G. C. Heusel  
Sgt  
Supply Clerk



L. J. Gregory  
S/Sgt  
Supply Clerk



R. F. Fields  
Sgt  
Supply Clerk



J. A. Emond  
Sgt  
Ord Spec



P. J. Martin  
Cpl  
Supply Clerk



F. Blunda  
Cpl  
Supply Clerk



J. DiVincenzo  
Pfc  
Supply Clerk



W. R. Wesolowski  
Pfc  
Supply Clerk



E. C. Grosart  
Sgt.  
Mail



C. D. Herdeen  
Cpl.  
Mail



Although the smallest department in the squadron, the mail room, without doubt, is the most popular. It is the closest thing to home. "Mail Call" is usually held before dinner and before supper during the week and once on Sunday. Never has that phrase "The mail must go through" been so demonstrable—tho there is the heaviest tropical downpour, the boys are gathered around the (after a fashion) post office patiently awaiting that letter from home. One may observe expressions of jubilance and disappointment as the last letter in the old mail bag has been reached, but never has faith been lost in the "mail call" of tomorrow.

Adding to the color of our small post office, is our mail man; that incomparable character, Edward (I'm over forty, but am gonna ride that white horse in Tokyo) Grosart. Many expressions such as "Damn the Torpedoes, full speed ahead," "Sighted sub, sank same," and "I shall return," made history, but those unforgettable words which have imbedded themselves in the hearts of all of us, "Sorry George, Maybe To-morrow," will live on into posterity.

# Mess hall





A. J. Cosenza  
S Sgt  
Mess Sgt



Hal P. Hammer  
Sgt  
Meat Cutter



Joe Garan  
Sgt  
1st Cook



J. F. Pape  
Sgt  
1st Cook



G. P. Stender  
Sgt  
1st Cook



M. Robertus  
Sgt  
1st Baker



W. A. Carr  
Cpl  
2nd Baker



P. B. Juarez  
Cpl  
2nd Cook



L. C. Smith  
Cpl  
2nd Cook



H. G. Becker  
Pfc  
2nd Cook



M. T. Irvin  
Pfc  
2nd Cook



J. J. Beninati  
Pfc  
Cooks Helper



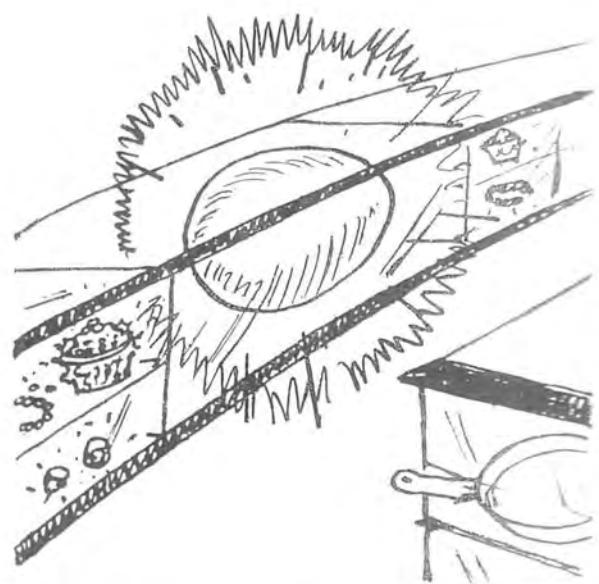
A. E. West  
Pfc  
Cooks Helper



A. J. Gaffield  
Pfc  
Cooks Helper



L. Rouse  
Pfc  
Supply Man



# SACK ARTISTS!

“N



Shell Fish!

AUG

SEP

NOV

DEC

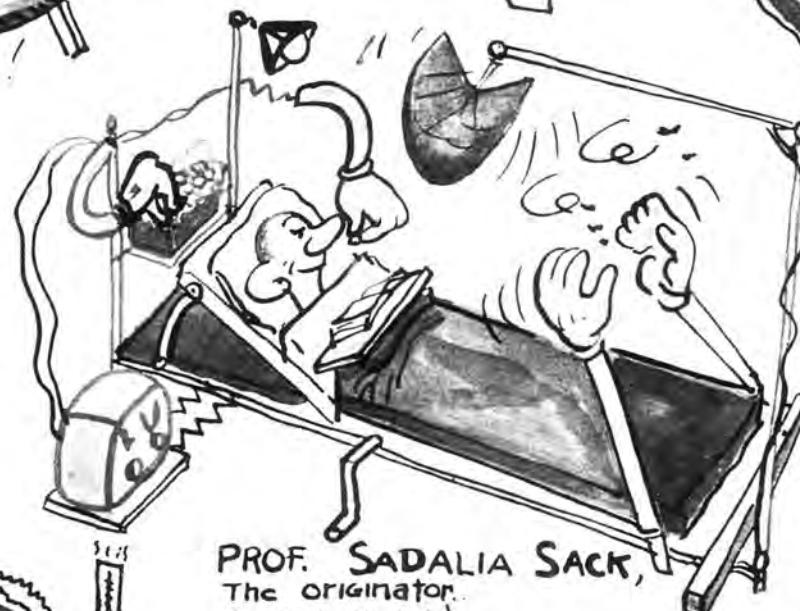
JAN



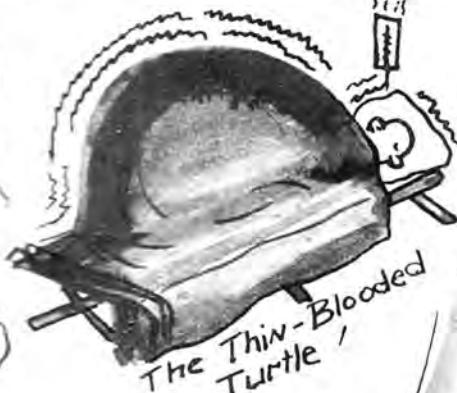
Some Guys  
Just  
MELT  
IN Their  
SACKS!



The Lover!



PROF. SADALIA SACK,  
The originator.  
(BLESS HIM!)



The Thin-Blooded  
Turtle



A Nude Form in The  
ART of SACKING!



Others Hold  
On for  
Dear Life!

# TRANSPORTATION



J. W. Nystrand  
T/Sgt  
Truck Master



W. J. Hughes  
Sgt  
Head Mechanic



H. A. Thieret  
Sgt  
Tires & Lub



J. C. Johnson  
Cpl  
Mechanic



C. E. Mitchell  
Cpl  
Mechanic



H. O. Mengelkoch  
Pfc  
Driver



L. H. Lively  
Pvt  
Mechanic



J. L. Teresi  
Cpl  
Refuel Unit Opr



B. E. Stone  
Cpl  
Refuel Unit Opr



W. H. Nunn  
Cpl  
Refuel Unit Opr



R. S. Perrott  
Cpl  
Refuel Unit Opr



A. R. Larison  
Pfc  
Clerk & Dispatcher



J. Lindsey  
Cpl  
Driver



C. W. Baker  
Cpl  
Driver



L. L. Lucas  
Cpl  
Driver



J. J. Carbone  
Pfc  
Driver



C. L. Watson  
Pfc  
Driver



E. W. Crocker  
Pfc  
Driver



E. M. Herrstrom  
Pfc  
Driver



R. M. Diehman  
Pfc  
Driver



W. Ortell  
Pvt  
Driver



L. J. Hart  
Pfc  
Driver





# SPORTS



Around three o'clock most any afternoon the familiar cry of "Volley Ball," "Baseball," or "Basketball," can be heard in the 64th area. It seems strange that these calls are welcomed among our personnel. But we have learned that a good hard fight in any sport not only keeps us in good condition, but does wonders to stave off monotony or boredom. We have at our disposal many sport facilities, such as a volley ball court, basketball court, a baseball diamond, horse-shoe pits, and a ping pong table, all of which are used throughout the day.





Some of the men became interested in body-building and built for themselves a small gymnasium containing weights of all descriptions, bell bars, parallel bars, and various gadgets for building up different parts of the body. Others have taken an interest in fencing, and have done some clever work improvising foils and protective gear.

Often, in order to further inter-squadron fraternity and stimulate good clean competition, Group has sponsored various tournaments. The 64th has always given a good account of itself, taking the cups for both volleyball and baseball in 1944 and 1945. The highlight of this year's competition was the basketball games between the 13th and 64th for the Group championship. In three of the most thrill-packed exciting games, the 64th emerged as victor. We later went on to win the title of Island Champions for 1945.

We have found that whatever sport we participate in, we gain relaxation and good fun from keen competition and good sportsmanship. It relieves greatly the tension of long hours in the air, and aids us decidedly in maintaining our high standards of morale.



# Camps and Camp Activities



ENLISTED MEN'S AREA  
AT GUADALCANAL

Coconuts and all which paid  
no respect to anyone when  
they decided to fall.

MESS HALL AND BEACH  
LUNGA, GUADAL-  
CANAL

Many an evening was spent  
watching the ships come  
and go. Also the music of  
the mosquito net-work was  
enjoyed in the cool breeze  
of the beach.





### SQUADRON FORMATION, GUADALCANAL

Saturday mornings were usually taken up by this activity. Many awards were handed out during these times, and clean uniforms really made their appearance on this morning.



### STAGE PLAY

Quite an interesting trio. Many of us laughed and sang with the three shown.



### ENLISTED MEN'S LIVING QUARTERS GUADALCANAL

Army way, also on Saturday morn. Remember the Friday nights preparing for such an occasion.



### POKER GAME IN OFFICERS' CLUB, GUADALCANAL

Spare time and spare money was spent this way. Some lost, some won—in any case—enjoyment was obtained and that's what counted in those days.



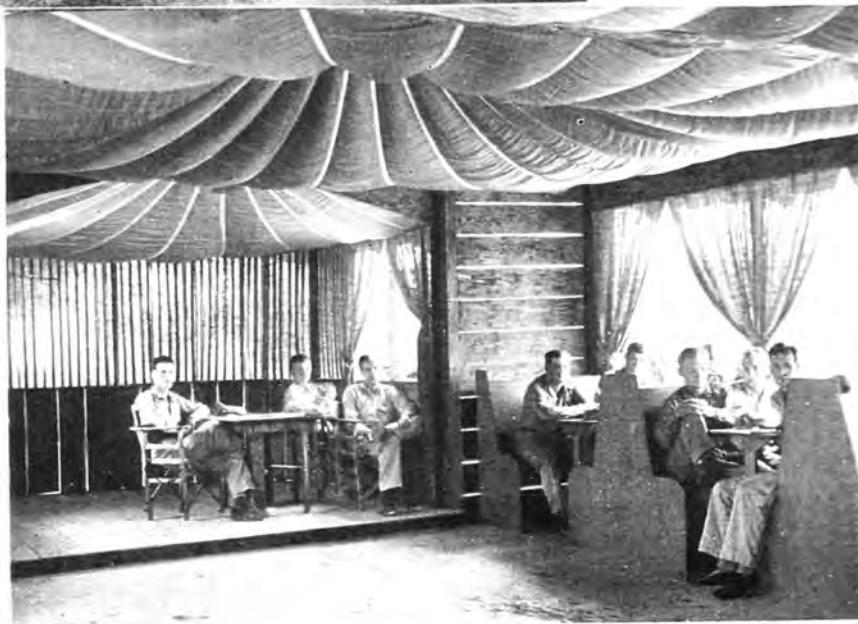
### SQUADRON BAND

Under their strains we sat overlooking the Lunga Lagoon at Guadalcanal. Many a so-called Atebrin Cocktail hour was spent in this fashion.



### THEATRE. GUADALCANAL

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sunday nights were spent at our theatre at Guadalcanal. Rain or shine, usually the full squadron braved the conditions to take their place in this area.



INTERIOR VIEW OF  
THE OFFICERS' CLUB  
AT BIAK

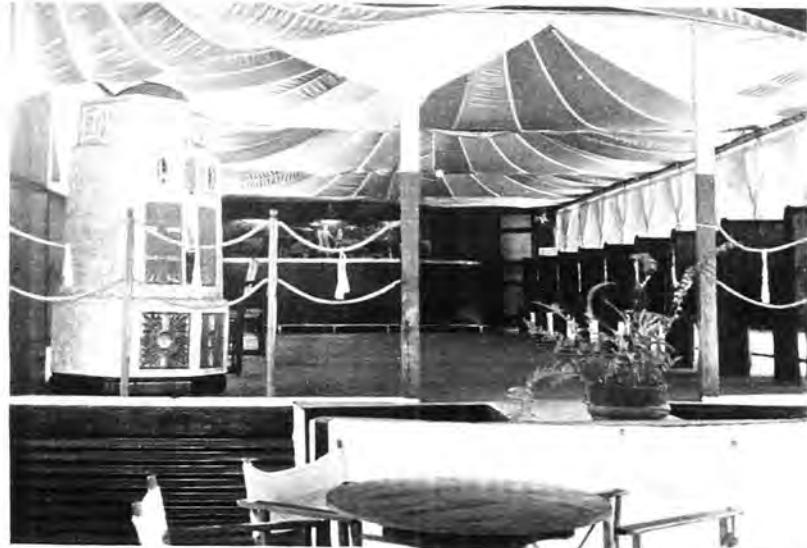


AERIAL VIEW OF SQUADRON AREA, BIAK



OFFICERS' CLUB AT BIAK

Took just 21 days to complete. Blisters and swollen fingers were plentiful during its construction.



ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB OF BIAK

Very commendable work was done and as a result it turned out to be one of the best clubs on the island.



VOLUNTEERS AT WORK BUILDING THE OFFICERS' CLUB



INTERIOR OF OFFICERS'  
CLUB, BIAK

The part shown is the dance floor,  
on which heavy shuffling was  
going on Thursday (party) night.

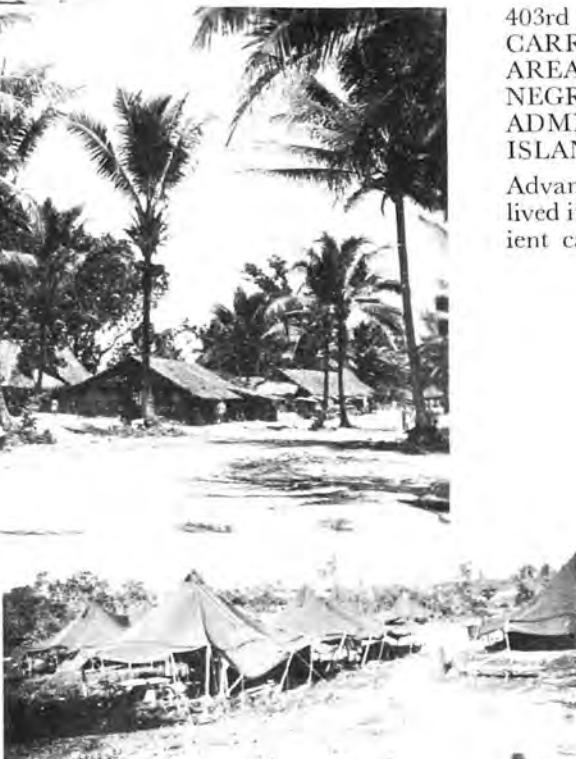


OFFICERS' AREA, BIAK



AIR ECHELON'S  
TEMPORARY  
QUARTERS ON  
NOEMFOOR IS-  
LAND

What a rathole. The  
photo speaks for itself  
—only the mud isn't  
shown.



403rd TROOP  
CARRIER CAMP  
AREA, LOS  
NEGROS,  
ADMIRALTY  
ISLANDS

Advanced air echelon  
lived in adjacent trans-  
ient camp.



THEATRE AT BIAK

Not designed for comfort but,  
nevertheless, the whole squadron  
was out there every movie night.  
The barrels weren't too bad after  
a little form fitting.

*Continued from Page 7*

formation was still far from its base when 22 Zekes, too late to stop the supply drop, strafed the coast instead.

By mid-November the squadron had dug its air raid shelters and foxholes and settled down at Henderson, where it was destined to spend its longest stay in any one place. A squadron theatre was built, the enlisted men built their own day room and the officers their club.

Work was no more than finished when the squadron came close to losing all its efforts under a rain of shells and fire. Late one morning fire of undetermined origin reached the Hells Point ordnance dump. As 155 mm. shells, small arms ammunition and all types of pyrotechnics sent showers of steel and fire over much of the island, the squadron was ordered to prepare to evacuate its area.

Throughout the day, as the loaded squadron trucks waited for the evacuation signal, the sky became dark from the pall of smoke. Seabees made a valiant effort to stop the fire by blowing up the earth as a firebreak and covering piles of ammunition with ground pushed up by bulldozers. A number were killed in the effort.

The Tennaru River stopped the blaze before it could reach a 125,000 barrel gasoline storage point and the Chemical Warfare Service stores. If the gasoline dump had ignited, the squadron area would have been destroyed.

Immediately after the invasion of Bougainville, the 64th found itself engaged in the important job of supplying the troops. Fighting was heavy and much of the supply was by para-drop, for we then held no strip on the island and Turokina strip was being constructed under fire.

During a period of thirteen days in late November and early December, the squadron made eight drops on the island, including guns and badly-needed medical supplies and technical equipment for radio, mainly on the partly-completed airstrip. On 10 December, two squadron ships completed a drop on the island and then made the first G-47 landings on the new strip.

The previous day, after a hard-fought battle, ground troops won Hill 1000 on the perimeter around the beach-head, but had nearly exhausted their supplies and badly needed more stores and equipment to aid them in holding the hill. They were beyond reach of ground supply and the 64th was called in.

The perimeter was very small and to make the drop successful meant flying near the Jap-held Shortland Islands on the way in, and risking their ack-ack fire, then over the Jap lines where at low altitude they were under small-arms fire, and at the same time dodging heavy fire from the guns of our own fleet, standing off-shore blasting away at the enemy positions. In addition, there were frequently Jap pursuit ships in the neighborhood.

But the ground troops needed ammunition, sandbags, barbed wire, water and rations, so Captain Busford L. Foster, squadron operations officer, led in seven ships under fighter escort. The drop was completely successful, and the next day five more ships made a second drop.

It was about that time that all hope was given up of ever finding a squadron crew that had disappeared on a flight 4 November. Under command of 2nd Lt. Philip C. Anders, pilot, the men were crewing a ship of the 63rd squadron, enroute from Tontouta air base to Espiritu Santo.

The ship departed into heavy weather, with hurricane warnings in the vicinity, and it is believed they may have

been forced down at sea after the ship was damaged by high winds.

With Lt. Anders were 2nd Lts. Richard L. Harpe, co-pilot, and George S. Richardson, navigator, and Staff Sergeants Carl F. Boeckmann, crew chief, and Lawrence M. Pitkus, radioman.

Throughout training in the States and its tour overseas, until mid-December, 1943, the squadron had, as part of its complement, a complete glider echelon. A change in Air Forces policy sent the glider echelon back to the States for reassignment, much to the joy of all concerned.

As the year drew to a close, the squadron was flying missions to Espiritu Santo, Efate, The Russells, New Georgia, Vella La Vella, New Caledonia and Bougainville, and into Port Moresby, Nadzab and Lae on New Guinea.

The first flights into Nadzab were eventful ones, with every flyable plane taking part in the movement of bomber units out of Munda. Extensive briefing and careful planning were necessary, for the route skirted Jap-held New Britain, with their heavy air power concentrations at Rabaul and Gloucester, and there was no fighter cover available. It was on these flights into the Markham Valley that 64th men met for the first time overseas the 65th and 66th squadrons with whom they had trained at Bart Field back in the States.

The battle for the Treasury Island was under way then and again the squadron was called upon for para-drop missions to relieve the embattled ground troops. Supplies were vitally and quickly needed, but the Treasury Island shore is a high cliff, and that cliff was held by the Japs. With their heavy guns they fought off all attempts to bring in supplies by boat, and para-drop was the only way open.

Christmas was approaching, and it was to be the first Christmas overseas for the 64th. There was no time for holidays, and no place to go if one had been allowed. As the next best thing, the officers served as hosts to all enlisted personnel fortunate enough to be on the ground. The party was the first held in the newly-completed officers' club.

But many crews gave up their Christmas in order to help spread the Christmas spirit to front line troops with food and mail. The army, war or no war, was determined that its men, wherever they might be, would have the traditional turkey dinner if humanly possible. Troop Carrier helped to make it so, when the weather didn't make it impossible.

On 24 December a squadron ship carried 115 pounds of turkey, 250 pounds of mail, 180 pounds of vegetables, and 500 pounds of beer to the crew of a lonely, isolated radar listening post on Choiseul. The provisions were para-dropped without the loss of a single can of beer.

Another flight didn't fare so well. An effort was made to drop Christmas cheer to troops on Treasury Island, despite heavy weather. The ship started out from Munda with a P-38 cover and bore through until the fighter could no longer be seen scissoring back and forth in its path. On the crew of that ship was 2nd Lt. Harold F. Mokler, who later was to become squadron commander.

On Christmas Eve an infantry captain walked into the squadron operations office and told how a boatload of provisions for a detached outpost of his command had burned to the water's edge. Unless the squadron could and would help out, it was going to be a lonely Christmas.

for the men in that outpost. The squadron could and would. Captain Foster, Operations Officer, issued a few orders and told the infantry captain the turkey would be delivered.

But the Pacific weather ruled against delivery in time for Christmas. Captain Foster had to turn back. But the next day Lt. K. O. Myers completed the job.

On New Year's Eve, while four crews were engaged in making one of the squadron's most outstanding drop missions on the Numa Numa Trail on Bougainville, the officers and men at the base were observing the occasion by presenting humorous sketches written and acted by themselves at a party in the officers' club.

The crews on the drop mission were not so comfortable. They spent New Year's Eve in Bougainville foxholes, while Nip dive-bombers and Bettys gave the island a going over.

The new year opened with an unusual month, with another ship lost, while the crew was saved, and another crew spotted a sea marker and was responsible for saving a life. Throughout the month, the squadron had the responsibility of resupplying a 400-man patrol as it moved over Bougainville.

Lt. Kenneth M. Kidd was piloting a squadron C-47 from Espiritu Santo to Henderson Field when an oil line broke. When the right engine failed, Lt. Kidd went over in single-engine operation, but the left one soon became overheated because of the additional strain, and the pilot decided to ditch the ship.

Showing great skill and presence of mind, Lt. Kidd and his co-pilot, Lt. James E. Jackson, picked a spot 150 yards off the beach of San Cristobol Island and landed the plane on the water with no injury to the crew or the four passengers. The ship floated long enough for the nine men to row ashore in life rafts and for Lt. Thomas W. Sellers, navigator, to return in a raft to remove personal equipment.

Lt. Sellers displayed great coolness and control by taking pictures of the ditching from the first signs of trouble until the rafts were pulling away from the plane, and the rescue after a night in a friendly native village. A Navy PBY picked up the nine men the next day after their flares were sighted.

1st Lt. A. N. McCreight, who later succeeded Major Roessell as Squadron Commander, was flying from Munda to Henderson when he sighted a patch of green sea-marker. Flying low he saw a lone man on a life raft. He circled back, dropped another raft and radioed his position. A Navy PBY completed the rescue and the squadron was informed the man was the sole survivor of a B-25 crew.

On Bougainville, where fighting was still heavy, a patrol of 400 Fijian soldiers was making its way over the Numa Numa Trail, fighting the Japs as they went. The squadron was ordered to keep the patrol supplied. Every six days during the month, a five-plane flight took off from Henderson, landed at Piva Strip on Bougainville to pick up provisions, ammunition and clothing for the soldiers, and tobacco and calico for the friendly natives. Then, with a guide in the lead plane and a fighter cover overhead, the planes searched until they found the patrol and dropped the packs.

These missions were hailed as highly successful, and commendations came to the squadron from many sources.

The Japs weren't the only forces the pilots had to be wary of. Earthquakes shook both men and planes, and

flying near a rumbling volcano didn't exactly give a feeling of ease.

In March, squadron operations reached a new high, when more than two million pounds of freight and over three thousand passengers were carried in 1,653 mission hours. Squadron planes were flyable 94 per cent. of the time. Except for only one day in the squadron's history, all its complement of ships was never grounded at one time.

Many of the missions that month of March were again to Piva and Torokina Strips on Bougainville, where the Japs were making a heavy counter attack. Much of the time Piva Strip had to be closed because of heavy artillery fire, while Torokina, down on the beach, was under lighter fire.

One of the Jap guns on the perimeter was nick-named "Pistol Pete." It was a longer-range gun and could reach Torokina, but its crew never fired unless they had a good target. They waited until several ships were on the ground together and then cut loose.

Squadron ships were unloaded faster in those days than ever before or since. Frequently they were loaded with wounded and quickly taken off. On many occasions shells struck the strip while 64th ships were on the ground, and once a P-40 was destroyed while parked beside a squadron plane flown by Lt. Orion G. Wood.

In April the squadron was returned to the command of the Thirteenth Air Force, after two months under command of the Navy. Admiral Kendall, Commander Aircraft, Munda, U.S. Naval Air Force, Pacific Fleet, took the occasion to commend the squadron for outstanding performance of its duty while working under him.

The commendation noted not only the efforts of the air crews, but the maintenance section as well. The commendation said, in part:

"The squadron was outstanding in its accomplishments. Every assigned mission was carried out very efficiently and effectively and the squadron always maintained a high availability of aircraft."

Another new record for operations, because of that "high availability of aircraft," was set in June. Squadron planes carried over two and a half million pounds, mostly into the Admiralty Islands. More than 2,400 passengers were transported, mainly combat personnel. One load was of native police, who had been serving our forces in the Admiralties.

Captain Gene Stoneburner, Flight Commander, and his crew were enroute from Finschhafen, New Guinea, to Guadalcanal, in early July, when they saw a B-25 suddenly appear out of a cloud and make a long dive into the sea.

The ship hit the water, disappeared, and then bobbed to the surface, where it remained for about forty seconds before sinking again.

Flying low, the 64th men saw five men in the water, all wearing life vests, but with no rafts. Captain Stoneburner circled and dropped two rafts. The first hit his stabilizer and fell five hundred feet from the men in the water, but the other landed only fifty feet away, upwind, and floated to them.

Four of the survivors were seen to lift a fifth, apparently seriously hurt, into the raft. Forty minutes later, a sub-chaser, called from a convoy twenty miles away, completed the rescue.

A few days later, Lt. Victor L. Morton, Flight Commander, saw the wreckage of a Marine C-47 in the mountains on the east end of Guadalcanal. Flying low over a village, he saw signals and dropped a message that the Island Air Command would be notified of his location. He was the lone survivor of 15 men in the Marine ship.

None of the crew had survived a B-24 crash spotted by Lt. George F. Atwell while flying over the west end of Guadalcanal.

Throughout August the squadron was preparing to move closer to the battle area. The naval battle of the Eastern Philippines had been fought, landings had been made on Noemfoor and Sansapor Islands and, off the coast of north-west New Guinea, our forces were engaged in a fierce fight to completely occupy the island of Biak.

Squadron ships were then making flights from their base on the "Canal" to the Admiralties, nearly a thousand miles away, many times making it necessary for the crews to stay out as long as two weeks.

Biak had been chosen for the 64th's next base of operations, and in early September an advanced echelon was flown to locate, plan and prepare an area. The job was not an easy one, for the site chosen was completely covered by jungle growth penetrated only by vague trails. Bulldozers and graders had to be used, but when the job was finished, the area turned out to be the finest the squadron had yet occupied.

There was still considerable resistance on Biak then, and Japanese soldiers sometimes infiltrated, usually in search of food or to see Hollywood's latest productions. They were sometimes caught in chow lines in U.S. uniforms. But they weren't always so peaceful, and occasionally even shot someone. More often they were shot instead. Two members of the advance echelon encountered a Jap walking in the area and promptly killed him.

Of more worry to the squadron than the Japs was the typhus-carrying mites found in the bush that covered the island. Captain Walter E. Gunby, Flight Surgeon, ordered all clothing and blankets of squadron personnel dipped in a solution to impregnate them.

When the remainder of the squadron was ready to move, it was found that airfield facilities were as yet inadequate, and all flight operations were moved to the two square mile fleet-battered island of Wakde, two miles off a point on the New Guinea coast where Japanese forces were concentrated.

During most of October the squadron operated from the island which had peculiar trees. They had no tops! All the shelling had left of the palms still standing was the trunks. Deep shell craters were everywhere.

Another attempt was made then to move to Mokmer strip on Biak, but facilities for extensive operations were still inadequate and operations and maintenance were moved instead to the nearby island of Noemfoor, while the ground personnel and headquarters remained on Biak.

Liberation of the Philippines began with the Leyte landings as the flight section moved to Noemfoor, and the greater part of the missions were to Morotai, closest point to the Philippines then held by our forces.

In November Major Roessell was relieved as squadron commander and reassigned as group executive officer. Captain Albert N. McCreight, until then operations

officer, was named commanding officer, and Captain Russell V. Carson replaced him in operations.

Flight crews were rotated weekly from Biak to Korosoren strip on Noemfoor.

On Biak, the squadron was settling down to another long stay. The need for some activities besides work had long since been recognized, and basketball, volley ball and horse-shoe courts were built and lights installed for night matches. An enlisted men's day room was under construction, and the officers were planning to build their own club. After more than a year overseas, the men knew one of their worst enemies was the monotony of war.

In December, the entire group observed the second anniversary of its activation, and teams from all squadrons participated in a sports program. The 64th, always able to put a good team on the field in any sport conditions permitted them to engage in, now holds softball, basketball and volley ball trophies.

That month, with its second Christmas overseas for most squadron personnel, also brought bad news for the non-flying men. Rest leaves for ground personnel were discontinued after only one group had been to Mackay, Australia. Rest leaves in Sydney continued for flying personnel for a few more months, and then even that last link with civilization was broken.

New Year's Day, 1945, was just another moving day for the 64th. After nearly three months of operations on Wakde and Noemfoor, the air echelon rejoined the rest of the squadron on Biak. The move brought an end to many problems of supply, service and maintenance.

Engineering, communications and tech. supply quickly set up their buildings on Mokmer strip, in the area assigned for the squadron's use. The care of parachutes and aircraft emergency equipment was taken over by the personnel equipment officer and a building erected on the line to house the department's stores and operations.

Most of that month the squadron's planes were engaged in moving component organizations of the Thirteenth Air Force north into the Philippines. Two planes and crews returned to the squadron after a month on detached service dropping supplies of rations, clothing and munitions to ground troops engaged in mopping-up operations on Morotai. A total of 150,077 pounds of supplies were dropped under extremely hazardous conditions caused by hilly terrain and the low altitude necessary to pick out the small targets.

During February, twenty-three different Allied armed forces organizations were moved into the Philippines. Another continuing job in which the squadron was engaging more and more, was the evacuation of wounded soldiers from Morotai. From the first of the year until the end of February, squadron planes carried a total of 795 medical evacuees. And for the second consecutive month, squadron ships were flyable 97 per cent. of the time.

1st. Lt. Harold F. Mokler, who had come overseas with the original squadron as a flight officer pilot, on 7 March succeeded Major McCreight as Commanding Officer, as the major assumed his new duties as Group Operations Officer.

It was also in March that the new officers' club, designed and built by squadron officers, was opened with a dance. March also had its unpleasant days. An infantry patrol

chasing down Japs in the Biak hills, found the body of 1st Lt. Carl F. Copeland, a squadron navigator, missing for nearly two months. Lt. Copeland had been on detached service with the 57th Troop Carrier Squadron and was awaiting orders to return to the States. With a crew from the 57th squadron, he had taken off from Biak, encountered bad weather and turned back. The ship crashed a few miles from the field.

A type of operations new to the squadron was begun in April, when for the first time the 64th engaged in continuous resupply missions to guerilla forces in the Philippines and directly supported a major ground operations by dropping rations and ammunition.

Supply of the guerilla forces proved a most difficult and dangerous duty. Many strips were hard to find, and once found presented landing and take-off difficulties. In many they were unsurfaced fields, with only a fifty foot path cut through the grass to form a strip. Severe and continuous rains turned the strips into lakes of mud and if landings were made, they frequently resulted in ground loops. Seldom were radio facilities available and if a landing was considered too dangerous, a flare from the ground warned off the ships.

Shortly after the invasion of Malabang and Cotabato on Mindanao, the squadron was called upon to make daily supply drops to the 24th Division, which had advanced rapidly and outran its supplies. Each day ships were loaded with rations and dropping crew and the lead ship set up a guide to take them over the division's position. They kept changing.

During the month, a C-47 was lost by ditching off the coast of Bougainville, when oil pressure dropped to zero at 1,500 feet while Lt. Loren W. Lee was climbing the ship after take-off. With a non-jettisonable load of a jeep and a trailer, and a ship that was rapidly losing altitude, Lt. Lee ordered the crew to prepare to ditch. He made a perfect water landing and the ship floated eight minutes, while the crew of five and the two passengers boarded two life rafts. They were picked up by a marine officer who had been fishing nearby. Another squadron ship had heard

their call and turned back to see if they could give assistance by dropping more rafts or other equipment. Instead they found the ditched crew lazing on the deck of a Marine Colonel's launch, drinking cold beer, with the rafts towed behind. The other crew members included 2nd Lt. Dean D. Sterling, co-pilot; 1st Lt. William M. McHugh, navigator; Sgt. Thomas E. Logue, engineer; Cpl. Herbert G. White, radio operator.

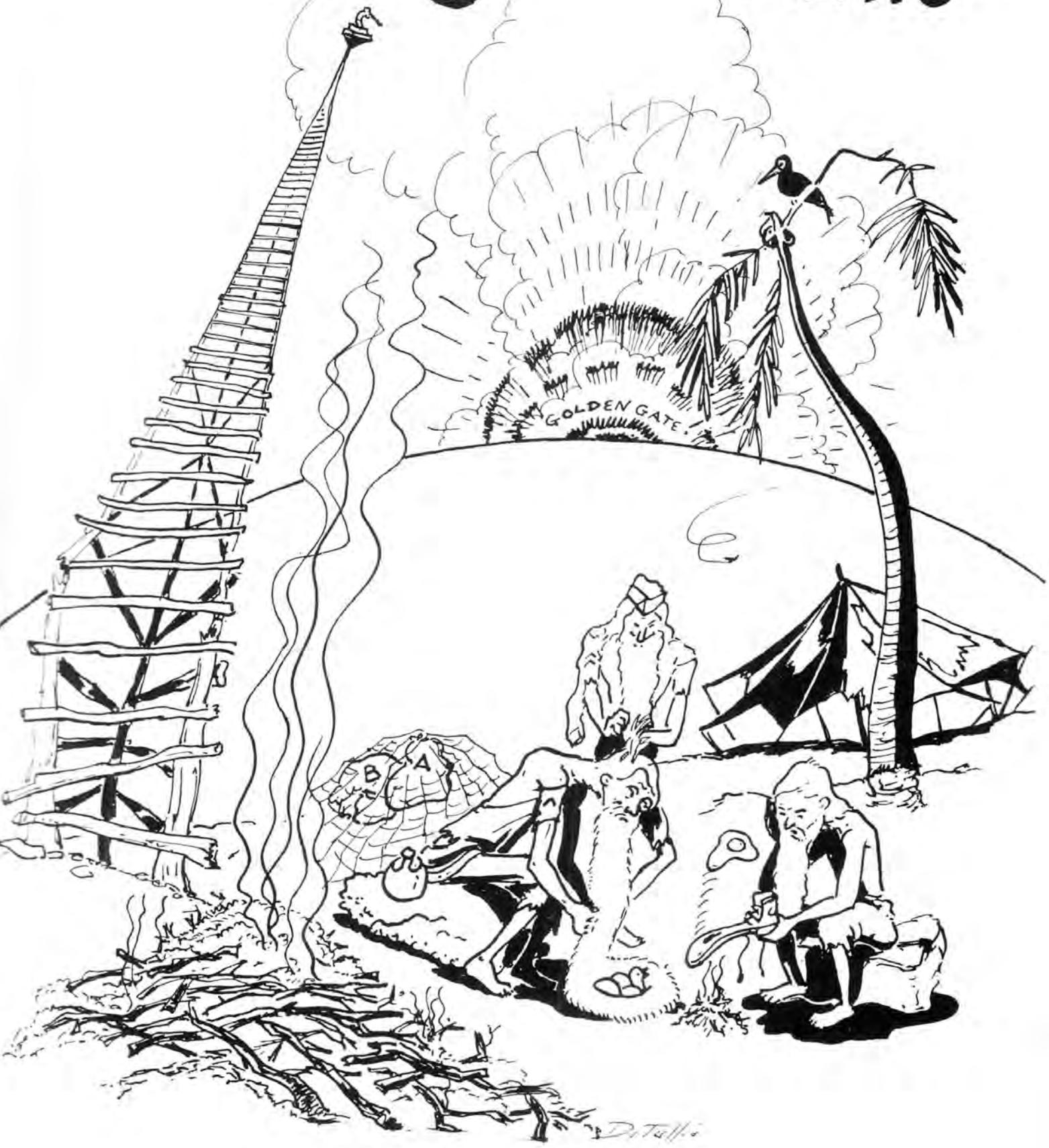
In May the squadron again broke all its previous records by making landings on 48 different strips, carrying 1,040 medical evacuees and 3,509 other passengers, and well over three million pounds of freight, during 3,667 operational hours covering 447,771 nautical miles. Squadron planes were flyable 98 per cent. of the time for the second consecutive month. Twelve of the planes were flown over two hundred hours each.

Of the thousands of medical evacuees the squadron had carried, all were delivered safely to their destination, until May. Lt. Robert F. Disdier was pilot of a ship that took off from Libby Strip near Davao on Mindanao, with one of the patients in such serious condition that the flight nurse requested a maximum altitude of 1,500. Several minutes after take-off, the patient became so critical the nurse requested immediate return to the field, but despite all her efforts, the soldier died shortly after his removal from the ship.

A freak accident involving a squadron plane occurred during that month. Lt. Leon J. Hernandez, flying at a thousand feet in the Palawan traffic pattern, was involved in a mid-air collision with a P-38. Despite loss of his left wing tip, Lt. Hernandez landed his ship safely without injury to passengers or loss of cargo. He was later cited by Brigadier General Barnes, Commanding General of the Thirteenth Fighter Command.

A survey of awards made to this squadron during the period from 16 August, 1943, until the end of June, 1945, showed that the squadron personnel had been awarded two Distinguished Flying Crosses, 120 Air Medals, 344 Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters for additional Air Medal awards, and one Purple Heart. Five of the Air Medals were awarded posthumously.

# Going Home



## OFFICERS' HOME ADDRESSES

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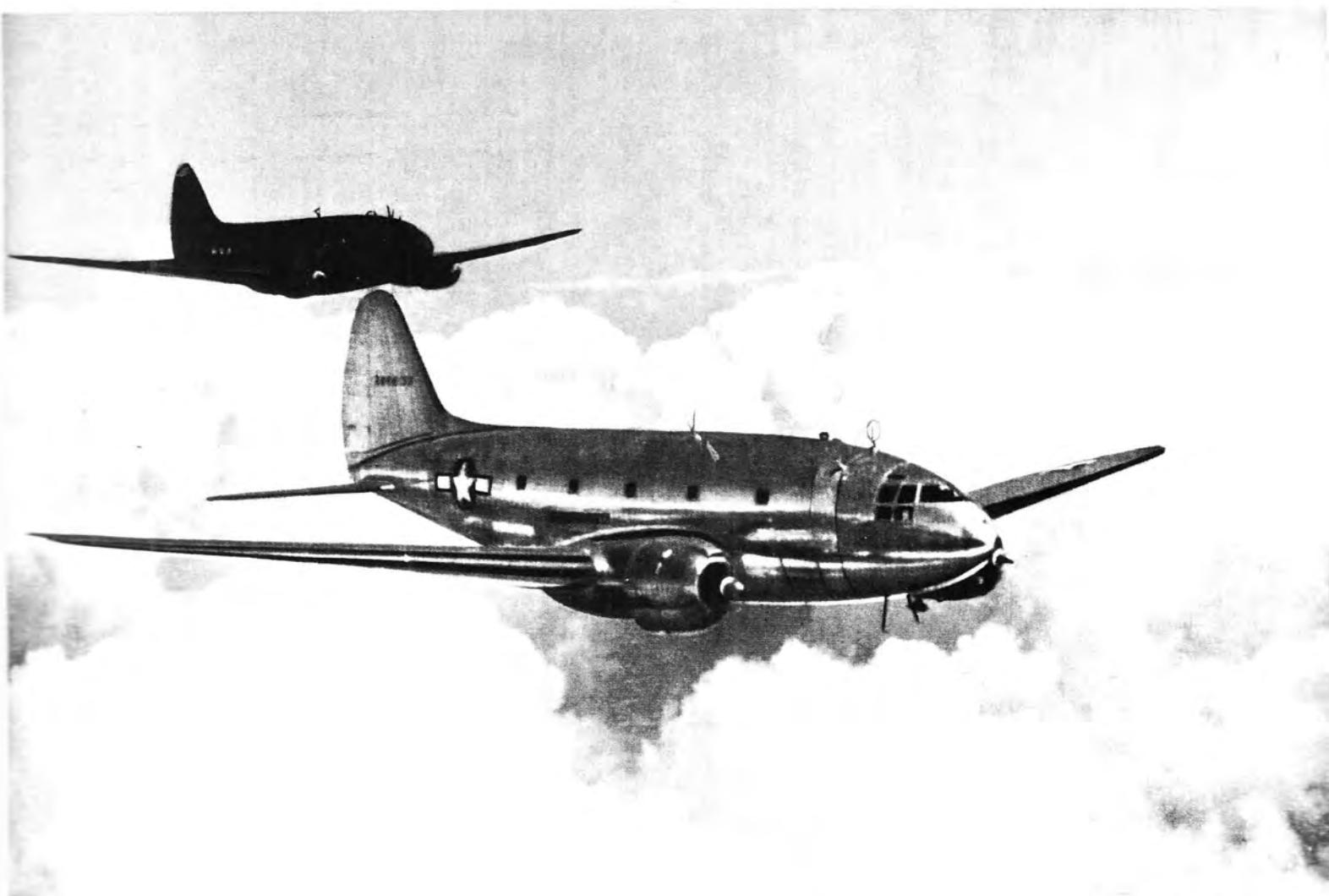
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Bea, Raymond E.  
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60 Fremont St., Boston, Massachusetts  
3639 East 10th St., Long Beach, California  
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355 Weiler Homes, Toledo, Ohio  
37 Adams St., Lynn, Massachusetts  
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424 West Main St., Grafton, West Virginia  
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R.F.D. #1, Upper Sandusky, Ohio  
141 2nd St., West Newton, Pennsylvania  
Route #1, Castlewood, Virginia  
361 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, New York  
3544 24th St., Port Huron, Michigan  
2718 North Mason Ave., Chicago (39), Illinois  
1542 Elmdale Ave., Chicago, Illinois  
288 E. Robie St., St. Paul, Minnesota  
28 Bell Clair, Temple Terrace, Florida  
199 Suburban Ave., Fairfield, Connecticut  
R.F.D. #4 Bahl Ave., Mansfield, Ohio  
483 Brown St., Akron, Ohio  
2217S. 2nd St., St. Louis, Missouri  
212 Bronson Ave., Rochester, New York  
37 Walnut Ave., Trenton, New Jersey  
411 Engle St., Weirton, West Virginia  
90 Kaveney St., Chicape Falls, Massachusetts  
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1015 East Park, Enid, Oklahoma  
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Ashville, Arkansas  
1308 Frank Fort Ave., Muskogee, Oklahoma  
909 Main Street, St. Joseph, Michigan  
4004 Warwick, Kansas City, Missouri  
Dock Street, Royalton Middletown, Pennsylvania  
828 North Pershing, Seymour, Indiana  
302 Mansfield St., Belvedere, New Jersey  
1030 Broad St., Eufaula, Alabama  
1210 East Walnut St., Goldsboro, North Carolina  
6 North Granville Ave., Mangate City, New Jersey  
Box 32, Saybrook, Illinois  
Tongaroxie, Kansas  
Concrete, North Dakota  
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Tunnel Hill, Ohio  
61 La Grave S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan  
1414-4th Ave., Gadsden, Alabama  
402 Pepper Road, Rydal, Pennsylvania  
355 Stanton Ave., Springfield, Ohio  
118 Mill St., Little Valley, New York  
314 Chestnut Ave., Hiller, Pennsylvania  
1030 Broad St., Eufaula, Alabama  
17 Cherry St., Plymouth, Pennsylvania  
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*The Curtiss (C-46) Commando*

**THE NEW WORKHORSE**

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