

Among the unsung heroes of the "Great War" - and there are undoubtedly many - none deserve more credit or praise than the men of the Aero Construction Squadrons. Not a line, not a word has been written to tell the story, to relate how these outfits followed the advancing armies, moving ahead of the heavy artillery, preparing shell torn ground for flying fields, rushing hangars and barracks from recently abandoned fields to sites often chosen from the air, working night and day, constantly hearing the great, rumbling Niagara of the American Barrage fire, stopping momentarily to gaze with awe at an observation balloon going up in flames, watching the observer floating downward in his parachute, then turning back to tackle the job of erecting a hangar, clipping a few minutes off the record made the day before. Who shall say there was no romance in such work? Who shall turn aside with a sneer and say "Give me a tale of fighting"?

Here is a story of men who enlisted with every expectation that they would soon become flyers; men who rushed to the colors at the first call, anxious to give their lives, if need be, for their flag. When, after their arrival in France, they found themselves definitely wedded to the "pick 'n shovel" and the saw and hammer, and realized that the nearest approach to an airship they would ever handle was a gasoline tractor - well, there were many sighs of disappointment, but like good soldiers they tackled the job on hand, and not once in their more or less brief history could they be accused of anything but the hardest kind of plugging.

Not the least among these organizations was the 484th Aero Squadron. A pioneer from its very birth, this Squadron first saw the light of day at Kelly Field when that camp was but a pup. Originally known as the 72nd Aero Squadron, it was recruited from volunteers in the Regular Army from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., the original roster including men from what New Yorkers choose to call the West, and Westerners choose to call the East, namely, the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin. Formally organized August 15th, 1917, it was mustered in on the 31st day of the same month by Captain Mumma, Infantry, U.S.A., who likewise gave the men their first taste of drill

Because of the constantly increasing numbers of recruits arriving daily, Kelly Field was experiencing extreme growing pains, so the infant 72nd was called to help out in the expansion process and was given its first baptism of "Pick 'n Shovel". 00169

"Dad" (Edward G.) Owen was selected as acting "Top" Sergeant because of four years previous experience in the U.S. Navy - and like all "Old Salts" became at once popular for his ability to spin yarns. Is there a man or officer in the Squadron who had not heard "Dad's" wonderful (and dubious) experiences in China, or his tales of the briny deep? Is there any subject under the sun, scientific or otherwise, upon which "Dad" cannot discourse at great length, from his "Non-candescent Lights" to the assembling of a four inch naval gun? And obedience? Was there a man who dared wiggle an eyebrow after "Dad" growled "Tenshun"? It was because of his remarkable ability to handle men that he first was made "Top" Sergeant, and his good judgement and talent for handling work that won him his warrant as Master Signal Electrician (for these were the days before the Air Service was divorced from the Signal Corps).

First Lieutenant Rufus K. Goodenow assumed command on September 19th, 1917. Anxious to have a well-drilled organization, he ordered that, between guard duty and pick 'n shovel, every opportunity be taken advantage of for practice. Thanks to the hard work of Sergeant "Si" Schablitzke, who had seen two years of service with the Minnesota National Guard, the 72nd became the best drilled Squadron at Kelly Field and was particularly complimented for this at the time of the September review, when there were nine thousand men in line. At this time a wiry looking Corporal was transferred into the outfit. Corporal Ackerman proved to have been a physical director in the Y.M.C.A. and proceeded to take every chance to unkink all the tight tendons and to lubricate all the stiff joints in the Squadron.

Captain John Sloan relieved Lieutenant Goodenow of Command on November 22nd, 1917. Captain Sloan was an architect in civil life, had executed work for the United States Army throughout a period of eight years and was in charge of the plans and construction of Langley Field, Virginia, when he received his commission July 15th, 1917.

Already familiar with the type of work required by the Army, Captain Sloan was unusually well qualified to take command of an outfit destined to work as an independent Construction Unit in France.

00170

Shortly after his arrival at Kelly Field, Captain Sloan was made Officer in Charge of Construction, and the Squadron was promoted from the pick 'n shovel to the saw and hammer, erecting the Engineering Building including its complete interior finish and fittings.

First Lieutenants N. P. Chapman and H. L. French were assigned on December 24th, and relieved on January 5th, 1918.

On January 2nd, 1918, Second Lieutenant William Dartis Baker was assigned to the Squadron as Supply Officer. Lieutenant Baker was a graduate of the Engineering Department of the University of Pennsylvania and had had an extensive experience in railroad and building work.

Lieutenant Thomas C. Galloway, M.R.C., was assigned to the Squadron on January 23rd, 1918. A native of the town of Weiser, Idaho, a graduate of Rush Medical School (affiliated with the University of Chicago), Dr. Galloway had served four years in the Public Health Service of the United States Government.

After six long, dusty months of expectancy, the anxiously awaited orders came for the departure to "an Eastern Port". The packing of property and equipment was accompanied by wild cheering. Our own canteen equipment was placed in a large box and camouflaged with the harmless looking title "Cooking Utensils", the Victrola, masquerading as a skillet, making a very welcome stow-away.

With the band playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers", the 484th, together with the 62nd (now the 474th) and the 83rd (now the 495th), marched through the driving wind and rain of a Texas Norther and entrained on Sunday, January 27th, 1918.

Traveling in royal style, in a "Troop Train" equipped entirely of Pullmans, the three Squadrons made an unusually fast trip despite their two-hour stop overs at Houston, Texas, New Orleans, Atlanta, Georgia, and Florence, South Carolina for exercise and sight seeing.

After four days on the road, at three P.M., February 1st, 1918, the Squadron detrained in the icy cold slush and mud of Morrison, Virginia, where it started in at once on a program of construction, and was introduced to a brand new set of picks and shovels. 00171

At Morrison, the Officer personnel was increased by the assignment of First Lieutenant Eugene H. Vredenburgh and Second Lieutenant Joseph R. Darrac, February 26th and 5th, respectively.

Lieutenant Vredenburgh was commissioned as a graduate of the Second Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and had served as Adjutant of the Camp at Morrison. He was a graduate of the Law School of Princeton University.

Lieutenant Darrac was commissioned November 12th, 1917, after having served seventeen years in the Regular Infantry and Cavalry.

Second Lieutenant Arlington R. Caughey was assigned to the Squadron February 21st and was relieved March 1st, 1918.

March 4th, proved an Inauguration Day for the Squadron, for on that date, now memorable to every man and officer on its rolls, the organization marched aboard the good ship "Madawaska", (previously the König Wilhelm II, of the Hamburg-American Line) at Newport News, Virginia.

After slipping Northward to New York Harbor, where she was joined by the rest of the convoy, the Madawaska pointed her plunging bow toward France and proceeded to prove the truth of her old nick-name; "The Bucking Billy". The trip was cold and rough, but aside from the usual amount of sea-sickness the health and condition of the men was excellent.

On the fifteenth day of the zig-zagging voyage, a general sigh of relief was occasioned by the appearance of the destroyer fleet on the horizon, for altho' this event marked the entrance of the convoy into the well defined limits of the "Submarine Danger Zone", somehow the protection of the swift, everwatchful destroyers bred a feeling of safety that let down the tension of watching for the dreaded periscope.

While going through the motions of "Abandon Ship Drill" on the sixteenth day out, a commotion among the destroyers and the mountain of water caused by the release of a depth bomb gave the first indication that a "Sub" had been sighted. With the firing of a second depth charge every ship in the convoy made tracks at full speed ahead, in any direction that left a clean pair of heels to the vicinity of the suspected "Sub". Not one vessel lingered to see whether or not any tell-tale floating oil had been left as evidence of a perfectly good submarine being put out of commission. 00172

Having regained the Convoy Formation, the next day a pilot was taken aboard and the transports snaked through the rocky channel near Belle Isle, into the harbor of St. Nazaire, which town could be seen through a heavy curtain of fog. This was on March 21, 1918.

France at last! The old Ocean and the "Subs" a thing of the past! And with what a genuine interest were the children, with their queer picture book dresses and hoops, greeted by these newly arrived "Yanks". But there was hardly time for any thorough investigation of things in this new Old World, for at two in the afternoon, the Squadron was marched to the so-called "Rest Camp" which was found to be equipt with all modern conveniences, including plenty of opportunity to breath fresh air. In fact, the air was so fresh that it just couldn't be kept out of the barracks. And what barracks! When the men had had one look at them, they started to "BAAA" and "MOOO" in appreciation of their former occupants.

One of the modern conveniences was the shower bath, or Bain Douche as the French term it - altho' some of the men insisted that "Been Dutch" would have been a more apt title. To bathe, all one had to do was to strip, clamber up a rickety ladder with a bucket of water, dump into the tank, return to terra-firma via the same route and rush under the sprinkler before the water had entirely run away. If the player succeeded in accomplishing the feat without dying of exposure or falling off the ladder, and managed to get himself wet, he was considered as having won and was awarded the "Odor of the Bath".

The Squadron "Rested" for three days. For amusement the men were shown new stunts with the pick 'n shovel, which afforded the usual amount of pleasure. On Sunday, March 24th,

the Squadron started out to march to the train, but the location of the train was evidently considered as "Secret" information for the Squadron made a thorough sight-seeing trip of the whole town and gave a ~~farewell~~ parade through all the streets on the water front 00173 before finding the cars chalked "484th". The travel orders read "To Vinets, Aube". On the map, this point looked to be just a hop, skip and a jump behind the front-most front -- on the map. Every one had visions of dodging shells and living in dugouts, but if there were any fear of danger, no one dared even whisper it because of the greater fear of ridicule.

The trip was made in two days and a night. Stops were frequent. At the first stop, the Captain noticed a sign marked "Bifur", and remarked that Bifur was a very pretty little village. After several hours of stops and starts and otherwise hesitating travel that Captain again noticed the sign "Bifur", and with blood in his eye, got out at the next stop to murder the engineer for taking the train around in a circle; but he was fortunately withheld from his sanguinary desires by another officer who had delved into his French Dictionary and discovered that "Bifur" denoted a Railroad Switch. It was on this trip that the men were first introduced to the poison that the French so fondly believe to be coffee. Travel Rations were already an old story for they had been introduced as a Table d'Hotel menu at the above mentioned "Rest Camp". The only stop made for exercise was at the Depot at Orleans, where both muscles and thirsts were loosened up,

Arriving at Arcis-sur-Aube on the morning of Tuesday, March 26th, the Squadron detrained and breakfasted on corn willy, hard tack, and the liquid the French call Cafe. While the men were eating the Captain was inquiring for the location of the final objective, Vinets, and in short order had the men lined up and on their way. From the pace he set, it was evident that the Captain must have had a date he wanted to keep. The men in the rear of the column believed he had been issued a Ford. At any rate they galloped along and arrived at Vinets with their tongues hanging out and their packs weighing two tons, and decided that they had won their aviator's wings after the flight they had made. They covered the eight kilometers in almost nothing, flat.

Arriving at Vinets about four P.M., the men were taught the new French National Game, called Billeting. This consists of seeing how many soldiers can roost in one hen house,

stable or cow-shed. It was a worn and weary crowd that literally "hit the hay" that night. The next mornings breakfast used up the last of the iron rations and it began to look as tho' the men would have to put their bedding to use as fodder if a Quartermaster Depot 00174 could not be located. After an exasperating attempt to utilize the French telephone lines, a connection was finally made with Mailly, a large Heavy Artillery Depot not far away, which promised to send first aid, and immediately dispatched a truck load of rations to Vinets. No foreign potentate was ever more noisily welcomed than was that truck of "eats".

Before many days had elapsed the Squadron was supplied with tents and truck transportation from the First Air Depot and a comfortable camp was erected.

Actual construction work was begun on Vinets Airdrome on the first day of April, 1918. For three and one half months the Squadron worked to complete what has been called by many a pilot, both French and American, the "best landing field in France". There were many difficulties to overcome, and as necessity is said to be the mother of invention, a great deal of ingenuity was brought to play to overcome these difficulties. The Squadron arrived without any tools but the hands God gave the men. Implements were bought of the local dealers, whose stock afforded but a meager choice. Indeed, most of the field implements used at Vinets were fabricated by members of the Squadron. To furnish a water supply, a well was sunk through forty-two feet of rock. As the bucket system was not adequate to the needs of the kitchen or the work on the field, some other scheme of raising the water was sought. After dickering with the municipal authorities at Troyes, one day the Captain appeared on the horizon with an antiquated fire pump, model of the French Revolution and ten M.P. (Man-power) with twin cylinders. This was tried at the top of the well, but it was found that while it would lift water it would not suck. It was therefore necessary to enlarge the well to the pump's dimensions, placing this historic apparatus at the bottom and connecting it with long ~~rods~~ to a ~~parallel~~ parallel pump beam above the ground, with which it was successfully operated.

It was at Vinets that the Squadron encountered its first Bessoneau Hangar, which was erected in three days, with the aid of an Engineers' instrument and the advice of all the officers, Master Signal Electricians and Sergeants in the outfit. It took about two days to

erect the first Adrian Barracks that the men had ever seen. (It will be well to note here that three months later a hangar and an Adrian Barracks were erected in five hours.)

June 25th, 1918, Lieutenant Eugene H. Vredenburgh was, at his request, transferred to the Tank Corps. 00175

Fourth of July in France will always be remembered by the men and Officers of the 484th for on that day the Squadron was entertained by the City of Arcis-sur-Aube. The big, open pavillion in the Market Place was hung with the Flags of the Allies,,with the Stars and Stripes holding the place of honor. When the Squadron appeared in the Pavillion marching with "Old Glory" at the fore, the French Band struck up the Star Spangled Banner and the inhabitants of the historic old city went wild with enthusiasm. A musical and vaudeville performance followed a long and thoroughly incomprehensible speech of welcome by the Mayor of the town, during which speech the village belles were casting amorous glances at Les Americaines, and (sad to relate), these glances received more attention than the mayor's flowery speech. Although the men couldn't understand a word of what was said, they figured that the Mayor's heart was in the right place and their applause at the close of his oration was deafening. The hit of the performance was a beautiful maiden who had "everything necessary for a Ziegfield Show". Her Greek dance brought a round after round of applause which became even more enthusiastic after she removed her wig and disclosed herself to be a "Poilu". After the performance the Squadron was dismissed in town and given leave until nine P.M. and it is needless to say that they continued to celebrate the Day of Independence in appropriate style.

First Lieutenant L. W. Suckert was assigned to the Squadron and reported at Vinets on July 8th, 1918. Lieutenant Suckert had studied architecture at the Universities of California and Pennsylvania and had considerable building experience, having been in the government employ at Assistant Engineer of Construction at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island. He was a graduate of Second Reserve Officers' Training Camp.

At Vinets, Lieutenant Baker was appointed Adjutant and Construction Officer, Lieutenant Darrac as Supply and Disciplinary Officer and Lieutenant Suckert as Transportation and Mess Officer.

During the last big German drive early in July when the enemy advanced to Chateau Thierry and threatened Paris, orders were received by the Squadron to prepare to evacuate. It was with lighter hearts that the news was received that the Americans had been thrown against the enemy and had turned the tide, and that, instead of evacuating, the Squadron would move closer to the Front.

00176

Concurrent with the beginning of the Allied Offensive, on July 15th, the Squadron moved to Longeaux, Meuse, near Ligny-en-Barrois. It was with a sigh of longing that Vinets was left behind. This little village, with its Shakespearian houses of half-timbered-walls and thatched roofs had become dear to the hearts of the men of the 484th. It was here that, for a long time, the Polish Division had billeted, had sung their wierd songs of battle, had made beautiful the quiet evening hours with sweet melodies on violins and 'cellos. It was here, also, that the Italian Divisions had encamped for a period -- and had it not been for the diplomacy of certain officers, there might have been a war between Italy and the United States for the members of the Squadron refused to accept in good humor the twitting of the Italians regarding their empty pistol holsters. The old swimmin' hole in the Aube was the most cherished shrine which had to be left behind.

Vinets Airdrome had developed into an important place, with its perfect flying field and roads, its good water supply and dry, healthy barracks. Ships stopped there enroute to the Front, for a new supply of gas and oil and a short rest for pilots and observers. Its importance so increased that it shortly became officially known as the Fifth Air Depot. The trip to Longeaux was made both by truck train and rail. The detachment who traveled by rail received its first baptism of fire at Chalons, for the railroad station was given a thorough and complete exhibition of a German air raid while the Squadron cars were sidetracked there.

Work on the Longeaux Airdrome started with a will, the Squadron working in three eight hour shifts. The night shift was the most welcome because it afforded ringside seats at the fireworks exhibition the boys in the ~~trenches~~ trenches were furnishing nightly. Not to be outdone in exhibitions, the German flyers made a nightly trip to bomb Ligny and Bar-le-Duc,

a short distance away. The Squadron was encamped on the very top of the highest hill in a very hilly region. There were thirty tents all in a row, and as white as snow -- a wonderful target from the air. Shelter trenches were dug between the tents and a "Safety Fire 00177" drill practiced, but these precautions proved to be unnecessary. Night after night the intermittently loud soft humming of the Boche bombers could be heard overhead and the rut-tut-tut-tut of their machine guns filled more than one heart with fear. Despite the danger, it was difficult to refrain from watching the performance, for the oscillating searchlights, with their long fingers of bluish white light and the bursting anti-aircraft shrapnel filled the air with a pyrotechnic display never equaled by any Fourth of July performance at home.

Humor was added to the situation by the Moroccan laborers who had come with the Squadron from Vinets. (109th and 116th Labors Cos., in command of Lt. Oscar J. Hebert). These picturesque Oriental figures added a wierd touch to the scene, with their brilliant red turbans and their bronze skins. They worked in their bare feet, regardless of cold. It was no uncommon scene to see them bundled up in scarfs and heavy overcoats but with feet bare. They were steady workers but never could have been accused of being speedy, that is, not until the first night they heard the Boche overhead, when the entire Moroccan personnel beat it for the surrounding fields with a sprint that would have made "Ted Meridith" envious. Nor could they be coaxed back to their tents. Thereafter nightfall found them parading to selected spots in the fields and woods with their blankets. During the earlier evening hours they amused themselves as well as the Squadron with their wierd chants and dances.

Early in August rumors were current regarding the formation of the First Army. On August 26th, 1918, the 484th received an order assigning it to the First American Field Army and ordering it to Lay St. Remy, slightly West of Toul. As it was expected that all Squadron work from then on would require that it travel with only mobile equipment, most of the bulky supplies and materials were left behind. With Headquarters at Lay St. Remy, the Squadron hurriedly began work on the flying fields at Toul and Lay St. Remy, erecting hangars and barracks. Almost immediately orders arrived requiring work on other fields. The Squadron was broken up into details working under Captain Sloan, Lieutenant Suckert and Lieutenant Baker, and during the eleven days preceding the St. Mihiel drive, the men worked like

mad. Hangars and barracks were removed from one field and erected at another. Work began with the first streak of dawn and did not stop until well after the last rays of sunset had left the sky. Transportation difficulties were met and overcome, rations were hauled ~~for~~ 00178 distances as great as sixty miles. The details were like barnstorming circuses, moving here and there, camping a new place every night, meeting emergencies as they arose by ingenious uses of the materials at hand. When, on the night of September 11th, the unshaven, bedraggled looking men layed themselves down for a well earned rest, not even the nearby guns that began the hottest barrage in the history of the War could disturb them from their well-earned rest. For eleven days and eleven nights they had toiled on eight flying fields, never letting up for an instant, never letting their enthusiasm wane for a minute. The work required had been completed, and on the dot. The fields were ready for the flyers and the ships exactly when they were wanted. When all was said and done, it was discovered that the Squadron had worked on fields at Lay St. Remy, Toul, Souilly (near Verdun), Belrain, Bulainville, Vacon, Moulan and Ochey. Detachments of the Squadron had worked on a front of one hundred kilometers and in eleven days travelled a distance of one thousand kilometers or about six hundred miles (not including duplicate trips made over the same ground).

Noviant-aux-Pres was the next scene of action. The St. Mihiel drive had moved the front lines out of the vicinity of this town to a point five or six kilometers northeast. A flying field was contemplated in this region, so the Squadron camp was moved from Lay St. Remy to this point, leaving, however, the Headquarters detachment behind with Lieutenant Suckert, for the purpose of supply - which gave the other members of the organization a chance to kid the abandoned detachment for being left behind in the S.O.S. Actual work began on the Noviant field on September 18th. A train of twenty trucks was borrowed from the First Air Depot, and together with the Squadron trucks, brought seven barracks, ten huts, and eighteen individual hangars to this point where they were erected in short order.

The Noviant Camp was closer to the front lines than any previous camp had been. Artillery batteries were planted on all sides. Aviators reported that the newly erected hangars could easily be seen from the front lines. The Germans sent several messages to the same effect by dropping a few well-directed shells from their nearest battery.

Continued wet weather made the work on the field more and more difficult and it finally became apparent that the Noviant field would never be dry enough to use for flying in the immediate future. Therefore, on October 10th, the Headquarters detachment was ordered to Saizerais, where an old French Auxillary Night Bombing Field offered a fairly good landing surface. 00179

Saizerais is south of Pont-a-Mousson, and the lines were about six kilometers from the field. The success of the St. Mihiel drive had turned this heretofore "quiet" sector" into a red hot inferno of hate. The town was far from being bomb-proof. In fact, one day a chance shell hit inside a courtyard of an abandoned farm, hit a "Chow" line of hungry "Yanks", killing ten, and wounding fifty more.

The Squadron started in at once to erect English and French Bessoneaux Hangars and to move from the field at Noviant all the barracks and huts erected. On the 13th of October the Squadron camp was moved to the new field, while the work of construction and improvements continued.

True to form, the Squadron had the Saizerais field ready for the flyers in more than ample time. The Sixth Corps Observation Group moved into the field during the last days of October and the 484th turned over the new barracks to the Service Squadrons and again moved into its own tents. Because it was now operating in the territory occupied by the newly formed Second Army, the Squadron was transferred from the First to the Second American Field Army on October 28th, 1918.

Shortly after this, detachments were sent to work on the Toul field where additional hangars were erected, and to a newly projected field at Manonville, southeast of Thiaccourt, at which place nothing was done but to roll the field in case it should be decided to use it as a permanent location. One week later an order came from Army Headquarters to the effect that work was to begin with all possible speed, and Manonville at once became a bee-hive of activity. Within the short period of six days, sixty truck loads of material were hauled to the location from points from thirty to sixty kilometers away, and the Squadron erected six Bessoneaux Hangars, nine six by thirty

meter barracks, one six by twenty meter barrack, eight Nissen huts and layed four hundred and five meters of industrial railroad track.

During the second day at Manonville it was learned that a Service Squadron was expected before nightfall. Between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon two Adriatic barracks were completely erected, ready for occupancy. A Bessoneau Hangar was also erected in the same period, five hours, thus setting a new Squadron record, and, so far as known, a new A.E.F. record for the erection of hangars and barracks. 00180

Work continued without let-up, and when, on the morning of November 11th, it was heard that the Armistice had been signed and hostilities would soon cease, the rumor was given but little credence. Never before had so heavy a barrage been poured over the lines. Never before had the roar of the guns been so deafening. For several days the men had seen long lines of plodding doughboys and heard the rattle of ammunition wagons going forward. It seemed now that every ounce of strength, every grain of powder was being hurled against the retreating enemy to seal for once and for all the recently signed armistice.

Suddenly it ceased! Ears accustomed to the incessant booming of nearby cannon began to buzz with the unaccustomed silence. It was eleven o'clock. The sun burst forth from a gray sky, bathing the drab, war-torn countryside with warm sunshine.

The War was over! Next day the formal order came to cease all construction work and it was this order rather than the cessation of hostilities that was cheered to the echo by the men of the 484th.

Another resounding cheer rent the atmosphere on November the 19th, when orders arrived for moving camp to the First Air Depot, at Colombey-les-Belles, there to drop all equipment and prepare for embarkation to the United States.

Immediately the necessary work to wind up the construction work on Manonville and Saizerais Airdromes was attended to. At four A.M. on the morning of November 22nd, the Squadron struck camp at Saizerais, moving all the equipment to Comlohey-les-Belles, a distance of twenty five miles. Nightfall found the Squadron in its own tents at the new station. The work of turning in all supplies and equipment unnecessary for travel was

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taken up at once and on November 25, 1918, the Commanding Officer ~~Officer~~ reported to General Headquarters that the Squadron was ready for embarkation to the United States.

THE FOLLOWING IS A ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 484TH AERO SQUADRON (CONSTRUCTION).

CAPTAINS

John Slean A.S., U.S.A. (Non-Flying)
 Commanding
 Thomas C. Galloway M.C., U.S.A.
 Squadron Surgeon

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Lancelot W. Suckert A.S., U.S.A. (Non-Flying)
 Transportation Officer

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

William Dartis Baker A.S., U.S.A. (Non-Flying)
 Adjutant
 Joseph R. Darrac A.S., U.S.A. (Non-Flying)
 Supply Officer

MASTER ELECTRICIANS

Owen, Edward G.	2348841
Schablitzke, Carl R.	2348840
Spkerman, Herbert E.	2348842
Reithmiller, Harry A.	2348846

SERGEANTS FIRST CLASS

Podolsky, Herman	2348843
Byron, Winfield S.	2348844
Flora, William B.	2348845
Gertiser, Harry C.	2348849
Nelson, Edward	2348847
Underwood, Nathaniel B.	2348990
Hughes, James E.	2348854
Morloc, Bernard C.	2348861
Reinke, Earle G.	2348974
Miller, Floyd	2348855
Maxwell, George W.	2348959
Martin, Thomas J.	2348958
Light, William K.	2349345
Dean, Westley G.	2348851
Sheeley, Eugene N.	2348983
Shearer, Byren A.	2348848
Harbeld, Benjamin F.	2348917
Abbey, Claude R.	2348871
Sisson, Ralph	2348985
Saylor, Theodore P.	2348865
Allen, Ralph J.	2348873
Cere, Jay W. Jr.	2348896

SERGEANTS

Parrish, Dewitt J.	2348850
Fertune, Calvin	2348862
Walsh, James F.	2348866
Ritchie, Levi O.	2348857
Roome, Russell A.	2348979
Madsen, Ole P.	2348954
Lindgren, Alex W.	2348942
Gomardinger, Edward E.	2348912
Brogman, Edward E.	2348883
Hickerson, Clinton	2348921

SERGEANTS CONTINUED

Pickett, Frank	2348971
Coppenbarger, Vernon S.	2348885
Driscoll, Harold B.	2348903
Lotz, Harry S.	2348946
Hjelvik, Iver M.	2348923
Anson, Jacob	2348874
Henley, Ora E.	2348920
Gilgallon, Michael	2348910
Cornwall, Clifford	2348897
Antis, William R.	2348875
Dingfelder, Herman J.	2348902
Wagner, Walter S.	2348992

CORPORALS

Pickel, Austin E.	2348864
Carfele, Steve	2348887
Cull, Joseph	2348898
Pinkham, Charles W.	2348972
Kryszewski, Louis	2348936
Godfrey, Edward	2348911
Moseley, Glen H.	2348965
Freeburg, Herbert G.	2349552
Grover, Frederick L.	2348914
Thomas, Oscar R.	2348988
Callahan, Napoleon B.	2348885
Johnson, Paul L.	2348932
Daley, Charles F.	2348899
Atkinson, Maurice B.	2348876
Mable, William N.	2348953
McAuliff, William J.	2348948
Conway, Eugene A.	2348894
Hickok, James W.	2348922
Baerwald, William	2348877
Little, Horace E.	2348944
Cochrun, Halford H.	2348892
Robinson, George B.	2348977
Casey, John R.	2348889
Canetti, Marin J.	2348886
Zimmerman, Henry A.	2348996
Lee, Jesse P.	2348937

CHAUFFEURS FIRST CLASS

Shepard, Roy E.	2348858
Reynolds, George E.	2348976
Kansey, Ignatius	2348934
McMains, Holden	2348952
Livingston, Ross C.	2348954

CHAUFFEURS

Hunt, Marvin D.	2348929
Litchfield, Israel	2348943
Sigurdson, Severt O.	2349597
Warner, Marshall M.	2348994
Magne, Frank V.	2348955
Wayne, Stanley P.	2348995
Jerman, Robert C.	2348931
Dillard, Hiram E.	2348901
Baldwin, Benjamin H.	2348879
Halcomb, Everett T	2348916
Sheridan, Phillip H.	2348984
Hudson, Graves	2348928
Lutz, Ira L.	2348947
Nafe, Albert J. Jr.	2348966
Owen, Hugh A.	2348968

COOKS

Pierson, Ray C.	2348867
Fastje, John H.	2348907
Baker, Clifford	2348878
Schepp, John	2348980
Carlson, Jacob	2348888
Maness, Clarence C.	2348957

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Brundage, Paul B.	2348884
Frey, Frank C.	2348909
Grodicki, Frank	2348913
Bartlett, John R.	2348880
Hamilton, Alexander L.	2348915
Leyden, William T.	2348940
Maher, Edmund B.	2348956
Meece, George M/	2348961
Prawdzik, Vornen	2348973
Spain, Chester E.	2348872
Spalding, Grover C.	2348986

PRIVATEES

Barber, Harold R.	2348868
Bowen, Walter D.	2348882
Clark, James C.	2348890
Coate, Erman L.	2348891
Couchman, Howard W.	2348893
French, Hubert A.	2348863
Grodon, Ernest H.	2348853
Harlow, Peter	2348918
Heckart, Reuel	2348919
Hood, Homer L.	2348924
Hoveland, Elmer B.	2348926
Hunter, Raymond E.	2348930
Joyce, Charles	2348933
Kendall, Edgar L.	2348935
Lever, Carl	2348938
McClenon, Charles E.	2348949
McFarland, Harry W.	2348950
McIntire, Wilbur B.	2348951
Mixon, William H.	2348963
Notgrass, John R.	2348856
Oleson, Earl L.	2348967
Parker, Jesse L.	2348969
Pettit, Steward H.	2348970
Pickel, Jess	2348869
Rennie, Clarence L.	2348975
Ronbeck, John E.	2348978
Schermer, Casey	2348981
Scurry, William J.	2348982
Toniolo, Justino	2348989
Utterback, Albert E.	2348991
Wanner, Edward J.	2348993

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

SERGEANT

Carson, Lewis W.	1671181
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CORPORAL

Clemens, Thomas H.	2351935
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PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Nelson, Robert E.	2351982
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