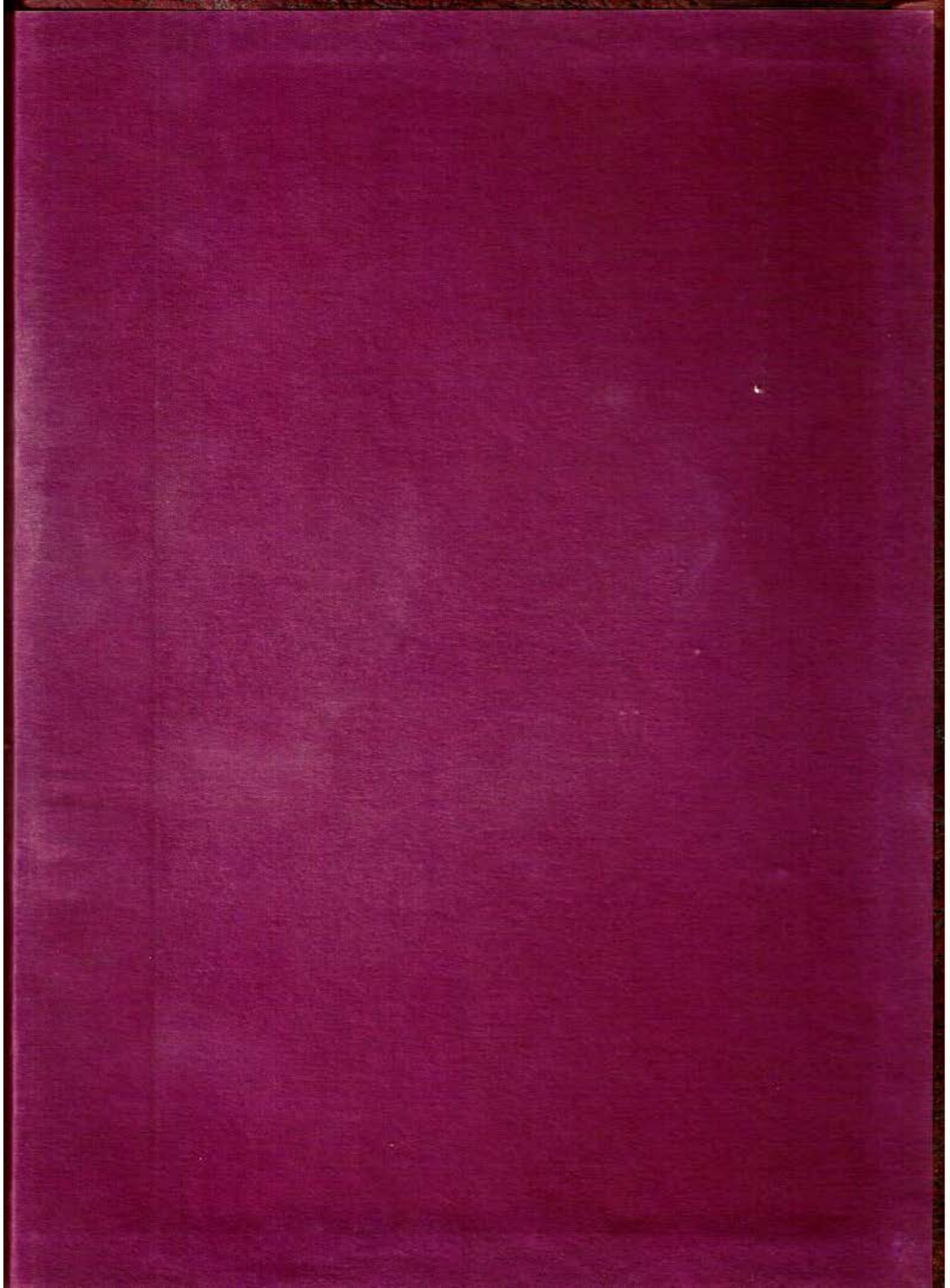
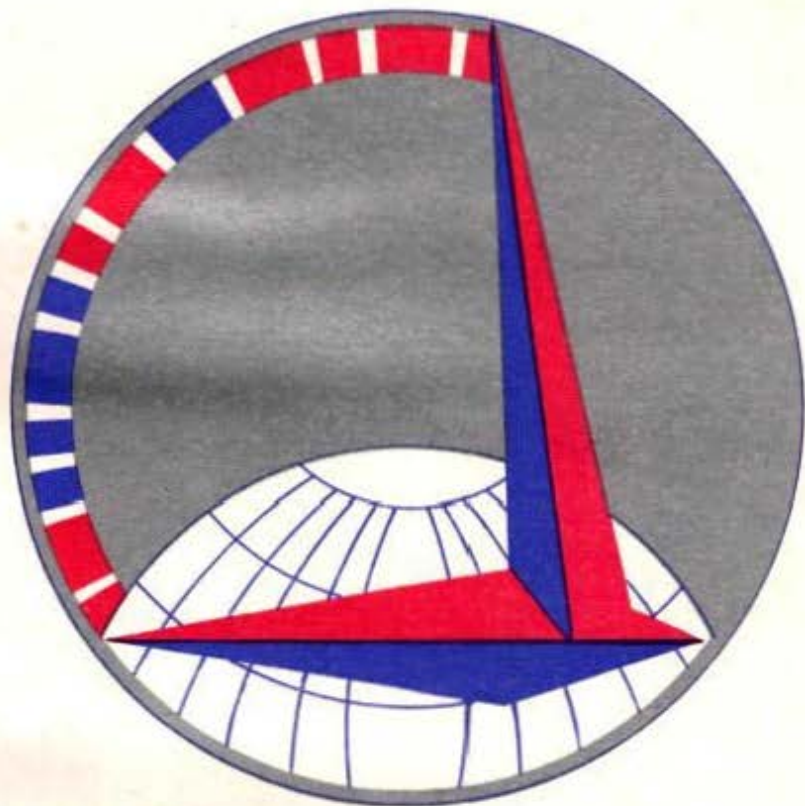


*93rd
Ferrying
Squadron*

1943



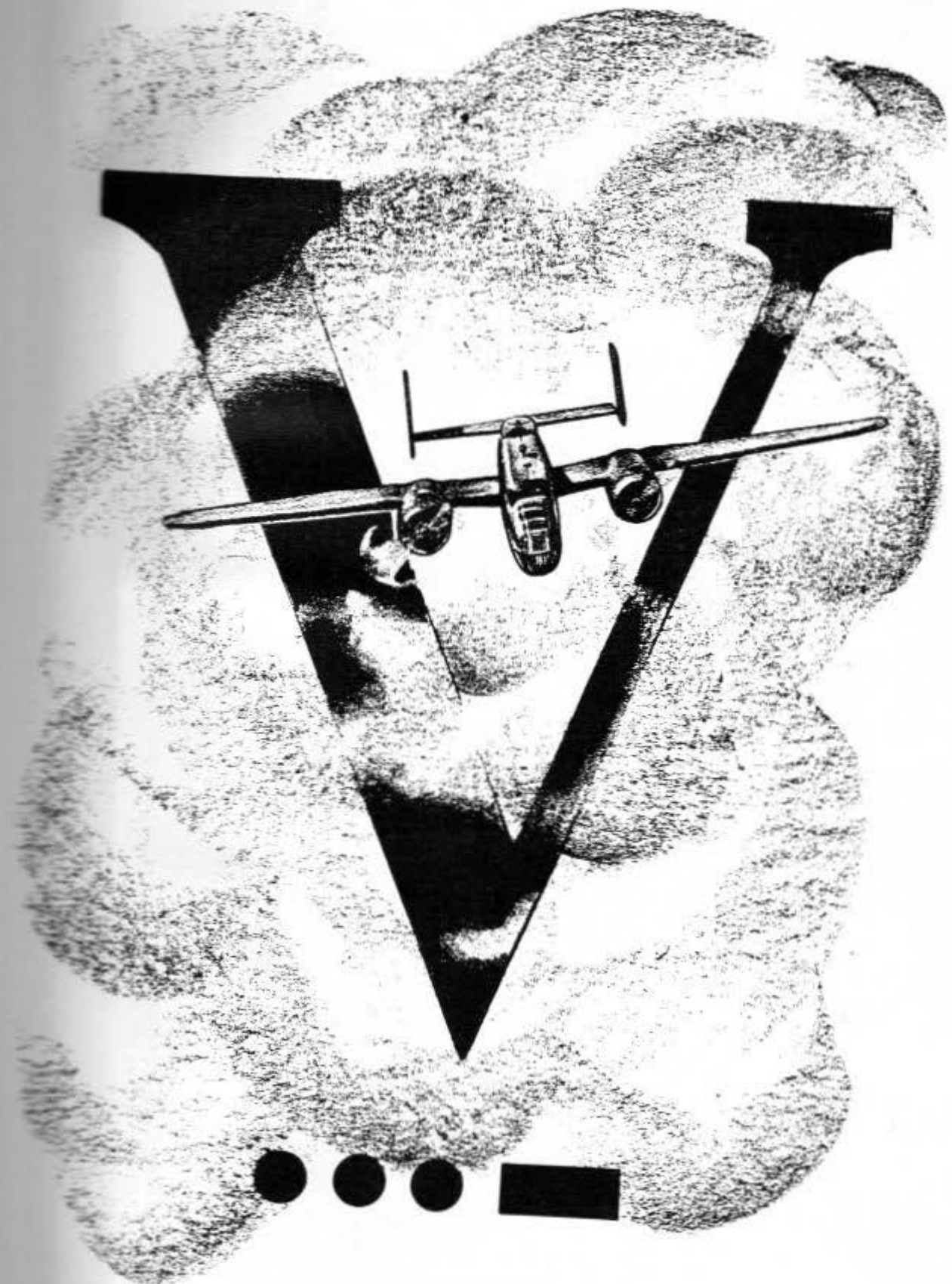


FOREWORD

★

We herein strive to present a graphic impression of the 93rd Ferrying Squadron, to picture a cross section of the life, traditions, and ideals of the Army. Our squadron is the product of the efforts of many men. It is our wish to preserve these efforts in a tangible form, so that in the years to come we may recall our present surroundings and many genuine friendships





Contents

- ☆ OFFICERS
- ☆ ENLISTED MEN
- ☆ MISSIONS
- ☆ ACTIVITIES
- ☆ THIS IS THE ARMY

Approved by
THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
4TH FERRYING GROUP, FD, ATC
Memphis, Tennessee

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Lt. Mitchell C. Vincent



*Courchesne, Shaw, Beard, Schweitzer, Farrell,
Flavin, Perry, Vincent, Zerveck*

DEDICATION

*The men of the 93rd Ferrying Squadron dedicate
this book to*

MAJOR JAMES E. JOHNSTON,

*Army Air Corps, as a token of the admiration,
respect, and affection which each man holds for
him as an officer, as a pilot, and as a man.
With a splendid military background, natural
leadership, administrative ability, and experience,
his career in the United States Army Air Force has
been one of outstanding achievement. His com-
mon sense, firmness, sense of justice, and ability to
get along with his men command our admiration
and respect.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Major James E. Johnston

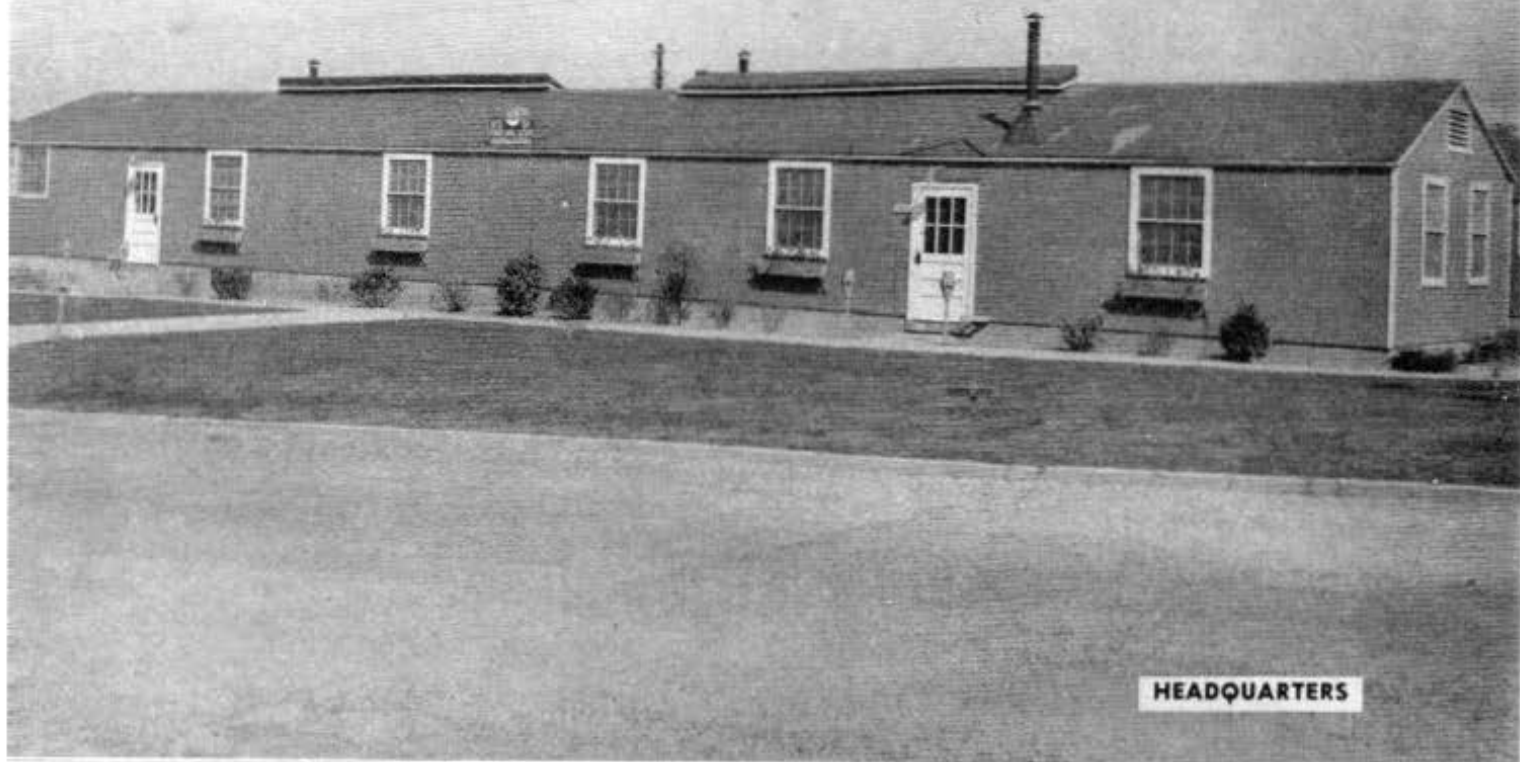
Major Johnston's successful military leadership may be attributed to his training, to his experience, and to his personality.

His military training dates back to 1929, when, after one year of preparatory school work at the Battle Ground Academy, he entered Randolph-Macon Military Academy, graduating from there in June, 1933. The following year he became a student at the famous Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia. Upon graduating in June, 1937, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Field Artillery, Officer's Reserve Corps, and three years later was promoted to first lieutenant. He was called to active duty in the Field Artillery January, 1941, and promoted to captain in February, 1942. Because of his keen interest in aviation and his considerable experience as a pilot, which he obtained while flying his own plane, he transferred to the Air Corps, April, 1942, and within a year he was promoted to the rank of major.

To date he has served the Army Air Force in the following capacities: As Administrative Inspector at Berry Field, Nashville, Tennessee, and Commanding Officer of the 8th Ferrying Squadron, and after transferring to Memphis, as Post Executive Officer of the 346th Air Base and Air Base Squadron, Commanding Officer of the 346th Air Base Squadron, Commanding Officer of the 8th Ferrying Squadron, and since June 1, 1943, as Commanding Officer of the 93rd Ferrying Squadron.

Combining a dynamic personality and leadership with the ability to organize and get things done, Major Johnston acknowledges only one efficiency rating for himself and his squadron, that of superior.

These personal qualities, together with his sincere interest in the welfare of the men in his command, have won for him the respect of both officers and enlisted men.



HEADQUARTERS



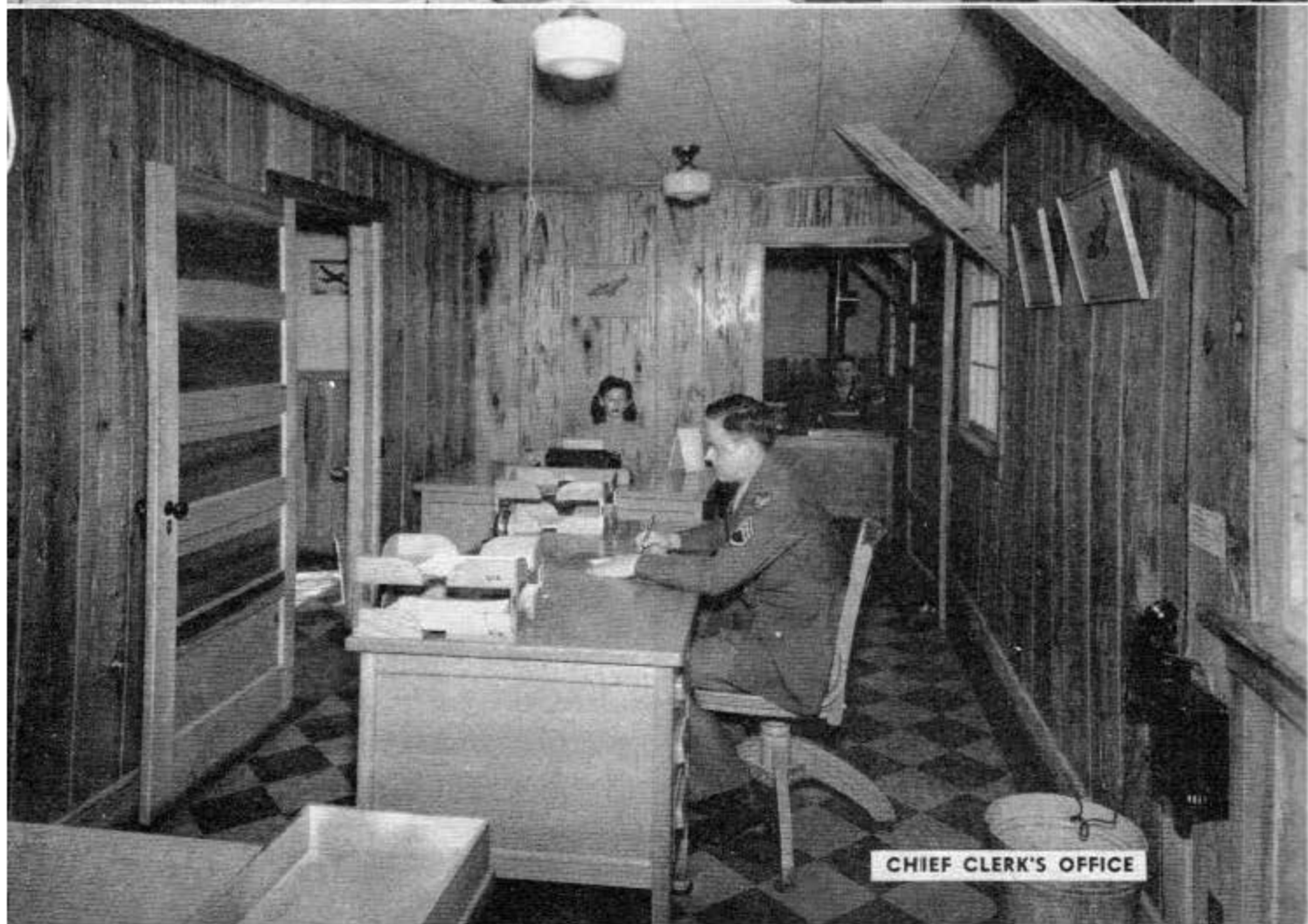
BARRACKS ROW



THE MESS HALL



CENTER DRIVE







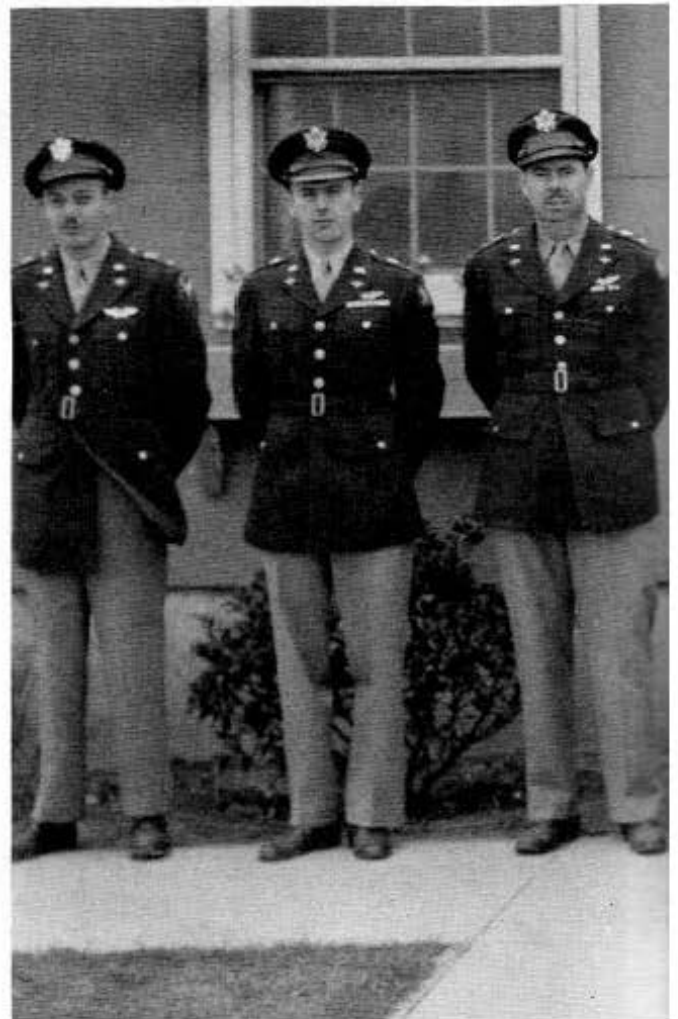
MAJ. FREDERICK M. ELTON

SHADY HEIGHTS, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Moff came to the 4th Ferrying Group on November 1, 1942, and was assigned as Adjutant of the 8th Ferrying Squadron, which place he held until April, 1942, when he became executive officer. On June 1, 1943, upon activation of the 93rd, he was assigned executive officer of the squadron. Success is not new to Moff, as he was captain of his football team at the University of Chicago, was a member of the All-American baseball team which toured Japan, after which he became a successful business man in Cleveland. Moff has found his place in the Army and has proven to be a most capable and efficient officer, as well as a natural leader of men.

The

ADMINISTRATION



HEADQUARTERS

MAJ. JAMES E. JOHNSTON
MAJ. FREDERICK M. ELTON
1ST LT. RICHARD J. ZERVECK
1ST LT. KENNETH A. FLAVIN



SUPPLY

1ST LT. JOHN HERTZOG
2ND LT. JESSE W. MARABLE



ENGINEERING

2ND LT. JACOB BLUMENTHAL

OPERATIONS

CAPT. HENRY C. BAGLEY
CAPT. WALTER I. ANDERSON
1ST LT. JOHN W. SPEIGHT
1ST LT. MITCHELL C. VINCENT
1ST LT. HAROLD M. ARNOLD



PLANS AND TRAINING

1ST LT. ROBERT H. HERSCHEDE
1ST LT. CHARLES A. PERRY



MESS

2ND LT. GEORGE GRUBB



*Perry, Zerveck, Anderson, Herschede, Speight, Vincent, Flavin, Marable, Hertzog,
Elton, Johnston, Bagley*





FFICERS

CAPT. HENRY C. BAGLEY
2840 Peachtree Road
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

The squadron is fortunate in having "Clay" as operations officer, for not only does he perform those involved duties with the maximum of results, but he is responsible for the planning and designing of the squadron headquarters. Clay is one of our few class five pilots and has logged over 3,000 hours. In civilian life, Clay is the president of Bagley Aircraft and Sales Company.



CAPT. WALTER I. ANDERSON
Maywood
OLIVE BRANCH, MISSISSIPPI

Andy is an Army man with a background of four years of military prep school and then Trinity College. He received his pilot's training at the Spartan School of Aeronautics, graduating in 1930. He holds a transport pilot's rating. In the squadron, he is our capable intelligence and assistant operations officer.

2ND LT. ROBERT E. ARN
WESTERVILLE, OHIO

Arn was one of the first men to enlist in the Civil Air Patrol. He flew out of Panama City, Florida, with the Anti-Sub Patrol and tells some good stories of those first missions. He is a former student of Ohio State University and a member of the Sigma Delta Phi Fraternity.



1ST LT. HAROLD M. ARNOLD
STURGIS, KENTUCKY

"Hap" Arnold has a twin brother, Capt. Carol Arnold, who is an aerial photographer in Italy, and Hap would like to become a pilot besides being a navigator and then join his brother. He attended the University of Kentucky and the University of Miami.

CAPT. RICHARD H. BANKS
FORDYCE, ARKANSAS

"Dick" is no longer with the squadron, but is now the ever-energetic group mess officer. However, while Dick was with us, he set up our squadron supply in perfect shape and had the knack of making a tough job look easy. Prior to his entry in the air forces, Dick was an up-and-coming insurance agent over in Fordyce, Arkansas.



2ND LT. JAMES P. BEALL
TOLEDO, OHIO

Jim is another native of Ohio, where he attended Ohio Wesleyan University. Before entering the Air Transport Command, Jim served as flight instructor in an Army primary school and at present is being kept busy with single engine planes.

CAPT. ARVID W. BERGLUND
3227 Airways Boulevard
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Captain Berglund had seven years' commercial flying before becoming our test pilot. He has logged over 2,500 hours.



1ST LT. N. BERTULIS
3766 Carnes Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Bert joined the Army Air Corps in 1940 and is a graduate of the A. A. F. Radio School at Scott Field, Illinois. He is a class four pilot and one of our busiest drivers.

C E R S

2ND LT. RAY C.

BEVERAGE
323 Mulberry Street
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Ever-smiling Ray has built up a lot of flying time in single engine type planes. He is one of our busiest pursuit pilots.



1ST LT. CLIFTON L. BLACK

1120 Bueno Avenue
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A quieter lad you won't find anywhere, but you know without asking that Cliff is doing a lot of thinking and, if the problem arises, he'll figure it out and lead you home. Cliff attended the University of Utah before joining us, and now, he says, he is attending the University of the Universe. He claims it's quite a place, too.

2ND LT. JACOB

BLUMENTHAL
7938 Park Avenue
ELKINS PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Jack supervises the engineering work of the mechanics in our squadron. He is a graduate of Lehigh University and the University of Pennsylvania Law School and was a patent attorney in civilian life.



2ND LT. CHARLES V. BORON

2319 East Milwaukee Street
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Lieutenant Boron was once a student at Columbia University. Formerly a railway express mail clerk, he is still traveling around as a flight navigator.

1ST LT. JOHN F. BURRIS

EDMOND, OKLAHOMA

John came into the Army back in 1940 and is now one of our steady B.O.Q.ers. He has attended the Infantry School, 3rd Army School and Chemical Warfare School, and has served in an administrative capacity in several branches of the Army.



1ST LT. STANLEY E. BUSH

454 Triss Avenue
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Stan was a commercial pilot before the war, and as a native of Memphis he has interestedly watched the municipal airport grow to its present size and importance. He'll probably see it grow still more and may even have a part in its future development.

2ND LT. ASHBY C.

BYERS, JR.
1520 South Willet Street
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Kip Byers has been a pilot with the Ferrying Command about ten months. He is a member of the Elks Lodge and graduated from Augusta Military Academy and the National Business College. His recreation is hunting and fishing.



2ND LT. WILLIAM D. COLLINS

WEST MEMPHIS, ARKANSAS

Little grass has been allowed to grow under Bill's feet, since he has always kept himself busy. Back home he was a deputy sheriff and auto salesman. When not performing either of those duties, Bill dusted crops and was a flight instructor.

O F F I

2ND LT. WILLIAM W. COX
STANLEY, NORTH CAROLINA

Bill comes to the Ferrying Group well qualified. For almost two years he served as a flying instructor and flight commander in Americus, Georgia, at the Graham Aviation School.



2ND LT. ELMER L. CRAWFORD
Star Route
WEST MONROE, LOUISIANA

Before entering the Air Transport Command, Elmer was a flight instructor in an Army primary school and prior to that attended North-east Junior College back home in Monroe, Louisiana. At present, Elmer is busy jockeying single-engine planes.

2ND LT. JAMES D. DANIELS
130 Cherokee Road
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Prior to joining the group, Jim was a flying instructor in an Army school. He also lays claim to being a hedge-hopping crop duster.



CAPT. FLOYD A. DAVENPORT
2377 Malone Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Captain Davenport is a product of the Smyrna, Tennessee, engine school and the St. Joe instrument school. At present he is checking out other pilots in the transition school. Before entering the service, he was a banker.

CAPT. FORREST DINES
2504 North Edwin Circle
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Lieutenant Dines was formerly a flight instructor and brings considerable flying experience to the Ferrying Group. His chief hobby is photography, backed by the fact that he is on the outs with the Photographers Union in Bagdad.



2ND LT. DEWEY E. DOBSON, JR.
415 Main Street
STILLWATER, OKLAHOMA

Dewey attended Oklahoma A. & M. College and was a popular band leader before starting out on his flying career. Prior to his joining the Air Transport Command he was an Army flight instructor.

CAPT. DAVID G. ENGEL
ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS

Captain Engel, a refugee from the land of the cod, is a reformed plumber turned pilot, which should make him an expert on A-20 fuel systems. He has been in the Army more than two and a half years and has acquired 1,100 hours, some of which was in such old-timers as B-18's.



CAPT. HAROLD H. FABER
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Harold operated a flying service for fifteen years before becoming a member of the Ferry Command, and holds an A. & E. mechanic rating and was a member of the Enlisted Reserve for three years. He is one of the few pilots in our squadron having over 3,500 flying hours.

C E R S

1ST LT. WALTER FALLON
MALONE, NEW YORK

"Doc" Fallon hails from the cold pole of the nation, Malone, New York. After graduating from Cornell University, he followed the profession of veterinarian until he entered the Army. For sixteen months he was station veterinarian at Plattsburg Barracks. He then transferred to the Air Corps and is now a pilot. He is a member of the Rotary Club, A.V.M.A., and Alpha Psi Fraternity.



1ST LT. LEE W. FERGUSON
114½ West Ninth
COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

"Fergie" hasn't been in the Army long, but he has had plenty of ferrying experience nonetheless. A year with Pan American Air Ferries saw Fergie delivering many planes to our allies, the British and the Russians. He knows how to use a pistol, too, and has an expert's medal.



CAPT. LEE H. FITTS
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Lee graduated from the University of Virginia and Wake Forest College and was a practicing attorney in Danville for fifteen years. He has besides the distinction of having served in World War I. He is a four-engine pilot.



1ST LT. WILLIAM N. FITZHUGH
2906 Avenue Q
GALVESTON, TEXAS

Fitz, a quiet, unassuming fellow, never gives anyone the impression that he was a member of General Doolittle's raiding party in Tokyo's first air raid. After seeing service with General Chennault's 14th Air Force in China, he was later transferred to North Africa, and then to the Ferry Command. He has the American and Chinese D.F.C.'s.



1ST LT. KENNETH A. FLAVIN
8990 219th Street
QUEENS VILLAGE, NEW YORK

With a keen wit and genuinely friendly manner, Ken has become very popular with the men. Get him to tell you about his induction into the Army; it's a guaranteed wow. And seriously, we all know Ken to be a very diligent and capable navigator as well as an excellent administrator.



2ND LT. HYMAN H. FRANKEL
2531 West Cortez Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The University of Illinois is Hy's alma mater. He graduated there as a major in sociology and then decided that being a navigator might be more interesting. He is always on the lookout for any and all foreign trips.



1ST LT. RALPH FRIEDMAN
1417 Fairview Drive
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

Ralph has the honor of being our most active commuter to Alaska. He has observed the growth of the Alcan Highway from the air, and it has intrigued him enough to want to make the trip more leisurely in an automobile.



2ND LT. WERNER M. FRIEDMANN
428 East Randall Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Mike was a student at Georgetown University before he joined the Army eighteen months ago. After four years in the Naval Reserve, he finally decided that he could see the world better through a plane window than a port-hole.



2ND LT. PAUL V. FRYKMAN
1056 State Street
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

After graduating from the Junior College of Connecticut, Paul entered the Army and graduated from an Army flying school last February. He is one of the quiet and younger pilots of the squadron.



2ND LT. CLINT G. GARRETT, II
7 West Fourteenth
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Clint attended Oklahoma A. & M. College and is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He was a flight instructor in civilian life.

1ST. LT. DAVID A. GASSER
2145 Utopia Avenue
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Al operated the Nashville Flying Service for twelve years before becoming a pilot for the Ferry Command. During his flying career, he operated a flying circus and toured the nation with it. Hundreds of pilots now flying were trained by him.



2ND LT. JOHN E. GLANKLER
1547 Faxon Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Memphis is home to Johnny. He graduated from the local Christian Brothers High School and became assistant airport manager and chief pilot for Southern Air Services. When he wasn't flying, he was a cotton classer.

2ND LT. GEORGE R. GOODMAN
Box 107
ALBION, WISCONSIN

George is a single-engine expert and has delivered over twenty of these planes to date. He gained much of his training serving as a flight and ground instructor in an Army school before joining the Air Transport Command.



2ND LT. EARL L. GOODWIN
161 North Belvidere
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Earl was an enlisted man for three years. In that time he served as an airplane mechanic and attended and graduated from Army flying school. He is also a product of Smyrna and St. Joe.

2ND LT. GEORGE GRUBB
DOTHAN, ALABAMA

George graduated from the Riverside Military Academy and the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He is now a pilot. When George became mess officer, someone said, "It's a good thing we have Grubb in the mess hall." Before coming to the A.T.C. he was a primary instructor. He is one of the squadron's newbies.



2ND LT. ALFONSO C. GUARDINO
35 Willow Street
PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK

Al spent eighteen months with the Combat Engineers before starting pilot training. He is one of our boys from "Westchester" and looks forward to that day when he can return to that choice "bit" of America.

C E R S

navigator D-17

1ST LT. JOHN J. HACKETT
42-55 Eightieth Street
JACKSON HEIGHTS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Pan American Navigation Section can rightfully feel proud of "Hack." He's one of those cool-thinking computer operators who would rather fly than eat. Before joining the ranks, "Hack" was a hardworking typographer and a member of the New York Sporting Club.



1ST LT. JOHN L. HAMAKER
HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN

Jack is another one of the sturdy race of back-stoop navigators having numerous trips in A-20's. He has never considered the back seat too crowded for souvenirs of his travels. Before joining us as a navigator he was a student at the University of Michigan and a budding machinist.

1ST LT. WILLIAM S. HARBOUR
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

Bill has spent nine years in the Army, four of which were with the National Guard. Between his trips as a navigator, he assists the post athletic director. He is also about to begin training as a pilot.



1ST LT. ALBERT L. HARMONAY
9 Seymour Place
YONKERS, NEW YORK

When it comes to baseball and navigation, Al is right on the spheroid. Before entering the Army, Al was a route salesman, but, at present, he is a topnotch navigator and one of the 4th Ferrying Group's better ball players.

2ND LT. HARRY F. HARRISON
1501 Central Avenue
SANDUSKY, OHIO

Harry is one of the pilots we don't see around here much. He always seems to be out on a trip somewhere. Before joining the A.T.C., he was a primary instructor. In civilian life he was a salesman. He belongs to the Moose.



1ST LT. JAMES D. HATCH
Exchange Building, Union Stockyards
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Lieutenant Hatch has been flying for more than ten years and during this time he has logged over 2,750 hours time in all types of ships. Before entering the Ferry Command, Jim was a livestock commission broker in Chicago.

1ST LT. EDWARD F. HAY
16 Fulton Avenue
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

Lieutenant Hay majored in economics at New York University and became a bank clerk. He names each of his planes "Hayseed" and has spent much of his time commuting between Memphis and the Dark Continent.



2ND LT. REGINALD M. HEFNER
2121 Ninth Avenue
HICKORY, NORTH CAROLINA

"Hef" has been an Army pilot but a short time; nevertheless he did his part for two years before as an instructor for Civilian Pilot Training. He brings to the Army his valuable mechanical training and barnstorming experience.

1ST LT. LLOYD C. HEIBERG
612 Howard Avenue
BILLINGS, MONTANA

Bud left the University of Kansas two and a half years ago to join the Army. He was commissioned in June of 1941 with the airborne infantry and later elected to go through cadet training as a student officer. He is one of our newlweds and seems to be thriving on that good home cooking.



2ND LT. HILES THOMPSON, JR.
408 Second Avenue
ROME, GEORGIA

This native of the Peach State is a good-natured, slow, easygoing Rebel, and very popular with his fellow pilots. Before the Army had him two years ago, he was something like an assistant to an assistant with the Georgia Power Company.

1ST LT. ROBERT H. HERSCHDE
6456 Grand Vista Avenue
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Lt. Robert H. Herschede is a young man with a great future, otherwise how could we admit he started life as a clock watcher? From a scooter he advanced to motorcycling and a year as a casual motorcyclist. He enjoys taking amateur movies. When he's not flying, he acts as plans and training officer.



1ST LT. JOHN HERTZOG
BENTLEYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

After graduation from Washington and Jefferson College, where he was the college golf champion, John worked as a bank teller and an accounting clerk for a steel company. He was commissioned a year ago as a navigator and is now our supply officer.

CAPT. HOWARD E. HODGE

119 East Eighty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Hodge spent only a few weeks with us as squadron supply officer; however, during that short period of time he won the admiration of all his fellow workers. At present, he is with the group inspector's office.



CAPT. BURTON M. HOFF
CLIFTON, TEXAS

Captain Hoff, a class five pilot, has made over ten foreign trips. His exploits in college sports are still talked about. He graduated from Clifton Junior College and received his flight training in Army schools, graduating from Kelly Field.

1ST LT. WALLACE HOLBROOK
MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Lieutenant Holbrook is an Army man with a background of experience that makes him a veteran. He spent two years in the last war, was a member of the Massachusetts National Guard for nine years, and as a pilot has logged over 2,800 hours.



1ST LT. OIVA N. HUITTALA
CABINET, IDAHO

When you ask "Hoot" where he comes from, you're in danger of being sold a conducted tour of Idaho. He is given to almost as many wild claims about Idaho as the Texans are of Texas. He came into the Ferry Command in December of 1941, and was in the first flight of planes to go across the Pacific. Even though his only crackup occurred on his thirteenth mission, he claims he is not superstitious.

C E R S

1ST LT. DAVID H. JAFFE
4812 Kimbaric Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Bunny" is a native of the windy city, Chicago, and is a confirmed model airplane builder. Prior to his assuming the duties of navigator, he attended the University of Illinois and the Boeing Aero College. At present, "Bunny" is spending most of his time viewing the world through a driftmeter.



CAPT. MURRAY A. KAHN
158 Claremont
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Many years in the flying game have given MURRAY a thorough aviation background. His qualifications are so numerous that we can't list them all—you'll have to believe that he is good. He also lays claim to serving four years with the Marine Corps. Before leaving us, MURRAY was our assistant operations officer.

2ND LT. JAMES V. KELLY
3405 Osage Street
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Here's a lighthearted, gay fellow who's had plenty of ferrying experience as a pilot for Pan Am Air Ferries and for the Army, and his ability is reflected in an official commendation he received for meritorious achievement during delivery of a P-38 to a foreign destination.



2ND LT. ROBERT W. KELLY
1243 Agnes Place
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Bob is known throughout the Ferry Command for his destructive influence on airplanes. It is rumored that he has refused to fly in any plane that is in perfect flying condition as it might soften him. Before joining the Army, he was hunting mechanical failures as an industrial X-ray expert.

1ST LT. PERRY W. KEMPLIN, JR.
VALLEY VIEW, TEXAS

We all know this type of fellow—the big, lanky Texan with the slow, deliberate drawl. Lieutenant Kemplin was a student at Texas A. & M. when the war called him into service as a pilot.



2ND LT. WILLIAM L. KLASMIER
11 Virginia Street
BALDWINVILLE, NEW YORK

Bill is a graduate of Army flight training and is one of our busiest pilots. Before his induction, he was manager of a shoe store back home.

2ND LT. JEREMI L. KOWALIK
R. F. D. No. 1
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Jerry was an expert tool and die maker with the Ford Motor Company in civilian life, and attended the Detroit Institute of Technology. He has been a service pilot with the Ferrying Group for about a year. He is known as a very quiet lad who gives out with an occasional burst of flying chatter.



1ST LT. ROBERT L. LAMB
HENNESSEY, OKLAHOMA

Bob was in Central State College when the war began. He promptly joined the Army and after training became a navigator for the Air Transport Command. He has made several foreign trips.

2ND LT. WINSTON E. LAMB, JR.
MINERAL WELLS, MISSISSIPPI

Memphis is practically home to "Win," inasmuch as he spent most of his schooldays here. Actually he hails from Mineral Wells, Mississippi. Before entering the Air Transport Command, "Win" was an Army flight instructor and a farm manager.



1ST LT. GERALD R. LANE
4115 Wabash Street
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Jerry is a pilot and an expert rifle shot, having won the National Small Bore Rifle Championship in 1939. Jerry is a good boy, but his luck is against him sometimes, since he very often manages to catch plenty of O. D. detail. He graduated from Los Angeles City College and has been with the Command about fourteen months.

2ND LT. RICHARD W. LANE
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Lieutenant Lane attended the San Jose State College and then went to work in the controllers office of that college. Later he became an agent for the American Airlines, and now he is a very busy pilot ferrying planes to the war zones.



1ST LT. JOSEPH LANZON, JR.
108-49 Thirty-Ninth Avenue
CORONA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

Joe's birthplace was Malta, one of the most bombed and desolated areas in the world. After moving to New York, he engaged in real estate operations. Now, when he navigates on ferrying missions, he keeps a sharp eye on choice bits of landscape.

1ST LT. JOHN E. LEACH
620 South Fifteenth Street
VINCENNES, INDIANA

J. Earl, a class four pilot, has over 3,800 flying hours' experience. As a civilian, he was a chief flight instructor at Kansas City, operated a C.P.T. school at Evansville, Indiana, and was flight examiner for C.A.A. in the Evansville region. He belongs to a number of flying clubs.



CAPT. ELIOT LEAVITT
WEST HARWICH, MASS.

Captain Leavitt's previous experience was gained in various branches of the banks of New England. Before joining the Ferrying Command, he served as a flight instructor in primary, basic, and advanced schools.

F/O CASPER LEHUTA
4430 Montrose Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Casper has an extensive military background, having four years of R.O.T.C. and being an enlisted man for five years with the Coast Artillery. He is a graduate of the Weather Observer's School at Chanute Field.



2ND LT. JAMES Q. LOCKLEAR
R. F. D. No. 2
LUMBERTON, N. C.

Jim graduated from the Pembroke State Teachers College, where he majored in math and history. Afterwards he became a schoolteacher. But aviation appealed to him so much that he became an airport control tower operator, which experience has been of great value to him today now that he is a pilot.

C E R S

1ST LT. JOHN M. LOCHRIDGE
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA

Lock has been in the Army two and a half years, and before that he was a student at Dakota Wesleyan and a vocalist on radio stations. He is a navigator and right now has begun to chart a course for himself as a married man.



CAPT. ROBERT L. LUEBBE
846 Academy Avenue
CINCINNATI, OHIO

When confronted with the dials and gauges on a plane, "Lueb" should feel right at home, inasmuch as he was a timekeeper before he joined the Air Forces. At present, he has just completed about three years' service and is now busy with the fast-flying four-engine jobs.



2ND LT. WILLIAM F. MCCLAIN
HONEA PATH, S. C.

Mac has been in the Army about twenty-eight months, including time in Army flying schools. He received additional training at the four-engine school at Smyrna and at the pursuit school at Romulus, Michigan. He is assigned as a foreign pilot and has seen a lot of the world.



2ND LT. JAMES W. MCCORMICK
Box 419
HOMER CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Jim is an alumnus of Indiana State Teachers College and a former schoolteacher. He entered the Army almost three years ago and admits that the experience and knowledge which he gained in the A.F.T. school for weather observers at Chanute Field, Illinois, is invaluable to him in his work.



1ST LT. WALTER C. MACKAY
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Mac has spent more than fifteen years as the aviation field representative for the Shell and Gulf oil companies. He is one of our ever-flying pilots and is either just coming or going.



F/O ROBT. M. MCKINNEY
RIVERDALE, CALIFORNIA

Mac was a salesman before entering the Army two and a half years ago. His first assignment in the service was with the 55th Pursuit Group as an aircraft mechanic. He earned his wings at Kelly Field, and since then he has flown in several theatres of war.



1ST LT. FRANCIS J. MCKELVEY
742 Franklin Avenue
ALIQUPPA, PENNSYLVANIA

Mac was an engineering student in the towering University of Pittsburgh, then he became a steelworker. After he joined the Army, he was graduated from the Pan American Navigation School.



1ST LT. BEN J. MANGINA
5357 Division Avenue
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

An interesting fact about Archie Mangina is that he soloed at the age of sixteen after only a little more than two hours' instruction. At one time he was the youngest commercial pilot in Alabama. He was instructed in Army primary training and held the position of flight commander. He is an honorary member of the Halifax Aero Club.



2ND LT. JESSE W. MARABLE
2301 Siefried Street
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Bill first came into the Ferrying Command as a civilian pilot when the organization was still located in Nashville. After several months, he was commissioned second lieutenant and has proven himself to be a genuine and true friend to every member of this organization. His manner and geniality will always make him a very popular officer wherever he is stationed.



2ND LT. STEPHEN S. MINOT
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Steve attended the University of Texas and must be a versatile person, since he has been an engineer, draftsman, cartographer, and transit operator. Now he is an aerial navigator. Those who have seen him pitch horseshoes reflect upon his unusual technique.

2ND LT. BARRY MITCHELL
138 North Willet Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Mitch is one of those quiet, innocent-looking navigators. He is recently back on flying status after spending some time in the hospital recovering from a serious crack-up. Mitch attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute.



F/O BASIL B. MITCHELL
MILTON, WISCONSIN

Bob has that healthy look that proclaims his coming from the Dairy State. He has attended Milton College and the University of Wisconsin, but now he is devoting all his energies to being a first-class pilot.

2ND LT. JAMES C. MOORE
ITALY, TEXAS

Jim is one of the few Ferry Commanders who hails from Italy-Itali, Texas. He is an alumnus of Texas A. & M. and of Schweiber Institute and claims that flying is his only business.



2ND LT. EDWARD W. MORDA
Route 2
FORD CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Ed is a former glass-worker from the Keystone State, Pennsylvania, and, at present, one of our up-and-coming single-engine pilots. He's been in the Army for almost three years and will be flying the "big stuff" before long.

2ND LT. JACK MURPHY
Route B
GRIFFIN, GEORGIA

Jack is another native of the Peach State. Before entering the Air Transport Command, Jack was an enlisted man for two years. At present he is kept busy delivering single-engine pursuit planes.



2ND LT. JOHN G. MUSENGO
871 North Mozart Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

John was an Army flight instructor for a year before joining us. He is a member of the Oak Park Aviation Club and hails from the Windy City.

C E R S

1ST LT. GEORGE E. NEFF
823 South Forty-Third Street
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

George graduated from the University of Idaho as a mining engineer and received his experience in the mountains of Idaho and Washington. His interest in mining has undoubtedly increased, since he has had the opportunity to navigate over some of the largest mountain ranges in the world.



2ND LT. WILLIAM H. NELL
Route No. 3, Box 205
SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Bill has been a draftsman, sheet metal worker, and airplane mechanic, becoming later a secondary flight instructor with the C. A. A. He is one of our youngest service pilots.

CAPT. LIONEL EARLE NEWMAN
8024 Seventh Avenue, North
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Something of Captain Newman's aviation career is indicated by the fact that he is a member of the Quiet Birdmen and the Aeronautics Club. He is a trumpet player and amateur photographer. Curiously, Captain Newman had the strange experience of delivering a B-24 which was bought by the students of the high school from which he graduated.



2ND LT. JAMES E. NOE
3419 Powell Avenue
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Jim is rather new with the Ferry Group but was with the C.A.P., Courier Service Patrol, before entering the Army. He left a good position as a general electric foreman of the DuPont Neoprene plant to serve as a ferrying pilot.

2ND LT. TREYLON W. O'CONNOR
SPRINGWOOD, VIRGINIA

Mac was a student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and the University of Miami. He is keen on competitive athletics and played varsity baseball and football. He has made many trips as Jim Kelly's navigator and likes a "bull session" day or night.



CAPT. WILLIAM F. PALMER
EUSTIS, FLORIDA

Bill "Speedy" Palmer was a daredevil in civilian life. He was a motordrome and stunt motorcycle rider, and, for a hobby, he was a commercial pilot. He spent about three years in the Far East pursuing unusual occupations.

1ST LT. CHARLES A. PERRY
Chevy Chase
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Chuck Perry is the embittered genius of the 93rd who has been frustrated at every turn in his efforts to make the squadron book racy reading. Before being lured into the Army by exotic enlistment posters, he managed to keep one jump ahead of a vagrancy charge by selling advertising to night clubs.



2ND LT. WILLIAM H. POLLEY, JR.
Williamson Road
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Bill was a flight instructor before coming to the Ferry Command. His Army career includes a hitch in the Virginia National Guard. He was attending Roanoke College when he left to join the Army.

2ND LT. ROBERT A. PROKES
DU QUOIN, ILLINOIS

Lieutenant Prokes was a civilian flight instructor at an Army primary flying school at Jackson, Tennessee. He has been with us only a few months, but his past flying experience has contributed much to the good record of the 93rd. He majored in mechanical engineering at the Missouri School of Mines.



1ST LT. STANLEY H. RACZO
HYDE PARK, MASSACHUSETTS

For over a year now, Stan has been navigating his way around the world and has been doing a topnotch job. Before deciding on his present field of endeavor, Stan tried his hand as a pilot and spent some time at both Ellington and Randolph Fields, Hyde Park, Massachusetts, claims Stan as one of its local boys.

2ND LT. ROBERT L. RANKIN
407 South Telley Avenue
MUNCIE, INDIANA

Bob is one of these fellows that didn't want to wait for an invitation from the Army. He left college after completing his third year, joined the Air Corps, and is now taking his place in the squadron as a pilot.



1ST LT. MARION L. SCHOOLEY
107 North Harper Street
MARION, ILLINOIS

Lieutenant Schooley was a pilot in civilian life and has been carrying on with the Ferrying Group for a year. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge.

1ST LT. ROBIN E. SHEPPARD
1456 Union Avenue
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Shep spent six years as a Naval Aviation sailor, which probably explains why he lives in a house trailer without any apparent ill effect. Besides being one of our best pilots, Shep is a top-notch gauge instructor.



1ST LT. ROBERT J. SBCY
6839 Montgomery
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Bob has spent about fifteen months with the Ferry Command. At present he is an instructor at transition, checking the pilots out on the "big jobs." He's a good pilot himself and has made a number of foreign trips.

2ND LT. MILTON R. SILVERS
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Bill Silver's career in the Army follows a long list of those in his family who have served the Army well. Although he has seen only three years of active duty, he was born and raised as an "Army brat" and lived on the Army posts most of his life. Rated as a class three pilot, he has made several foreign trips and has the soldier's medal. He attended Princeton University and Bowling Green University.



2ND LT. WALTER S. SKARZENSKI
84 Pennsylvania Avenue
PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY

"Skar," as he is known, is still getting offers to return to the Perth Amboy Post Office where he was a clerk, but he is very happy in the Army and claims its training will be very useful in combating the ferocious New Jersey mosquitoes.

C E R S

1ST LT. JOHN W. SPEIGHT
400 West Sixth Avenue
DENVER, COLORADO

Johnny is known to us as "Hardboiled Speight," since his present duties as assistant operations officer make him so. He attended Pasadena Junior College and Colorado College and was a tire salesman in civilian life.



2ND LT. ARCHIE B. STURDEVANT
DAVID CITY, NEBRASKA

Archie is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. While there he majored in engineering and business administration. He has a real desire to do lots of flying in four-engine bombers.

2ND LT. GILBERT C. K. TAYLOR
715 Dauphine Street
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

"Gil" attended Missouri State University and Louisiana College. In civilian life he operated a chain of several motion picture theatres and enjoyed flying as a hobby, which hobby has now become the serious business of ferrying warplanes.



1ST LT. DONALD M. THOMPSON
1210 Belvedere Avenue
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

When it comes to flight instruments, Don should feel right at home inasmuch as he was an electric gauge inspector back in civilian life. Between the Army and the National Guard he's been in uniform since 1938.

1ST LT. JOSEPH H. TICHENOR
Route 4, Box 506
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Joe joined the Air Corps in July, 1940, and served as a technical inspector until his entry into cadet training as a "Sergeant Pilot." Since joining the Ferrying Command, he has flown to all points of the globe. He has recently returned from detached service in the Indo-China wing.



F/O GLENN W. TRICKEL
Rural Route No. 4, Box 56
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Not only has "Gus" been flying for ten years in all sorts of contraptions, but he spent a three-year hitch in the cavalry. After fifteen months in the Air Corps as a pilot, however, he thinks that he is having lots less trouble getting around in an airplane, in spite of bowlegs.

2ND LT. ORVAL L. VEIRS
137 "F" Northwest
MIAMI, OKLAHOMA

Orv is a good friend to have because of his past experience as tax attorney and income tax auditor. Before his entry into the Air Transport Command, Orv spent fourteen months as a flight instructor in an Army flying school.



1ST LT. MITCHELL C. VINCENT
NAPLES, NEW YORK

Vinc, in addition to being a pilot, has undertaken such formidable tasks as mess officer, editor of this squadron book, and now assistant operations officer. Formerly, Vince was a supervisor of public school music. He is also a concert violinist. Recently Vince passed around cigars. It's a baby daughter.

2ND LT. WILLIAM B. WAITE
1808 Fowler Street
FORT MYERS, FLORIDA

Bill went through flying school as a "Flying Sergeant" and graduated as flight officer. He is now a second lieutenant and should have some good stories to tell about the winter North Atlantic run.



1ST LT. HUGH V. WALKER, JR.
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Lieutenant Walker attended Clemson College and received R.O.T.C. training there. He was a businessman after that as a branch manager for the Credit Investment Trust Corporation. He is now a navigator.

2ND LT. HAROLD P. WATKINS
68 Hyde Road
BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Before joining the Ferrying Command, Harold had a varied experience as a salesman. From that he went to piloting for the Pan American Airlines and gained a good aviation background in his ten months at La Guardia Field.



1ST LT. DAIL F. WELLS
KILGORE, TEXAS

Dail was a pilot for the Gulf Production Company in prewar days. Besides his flying experience, he operated a seismograph and recorded earthquake tremblers. He attended Kilgore Junior College and majored in mechanical engineering.

2ND LT. FRED L. WESTON
3707 Washington Avenue
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Mose thought he wasn't doing enough for the war effort by being president of a metal manufacturing plant, so he gave up his position to be a pilot in the Ferry Command. He has attended the University of Michigan and the University of Cincinnati.



2ND LT. GENE B. WEWER
1017 McGowan Street
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Prior to his entry in the Ferry Command, Gene Wewer was an instructor in C.P.T. programs at Conway and also instructor at the Helena Army Primary School. He was later flight commander at the Helena School. He has been with the 4th Ferrying Group about eight months.

2ND LT. ARCHIE W. WHITTROCK
102 North Dwight Street
DALLAS, TEXAS

Witt was formerly a manufacturer of fine precision instruments. Although he has been with Command a short time, his flying experience dates back to 1937. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge 32nd Degree Consistory.



1ST LT. PAUL K. WINTERS
OXFORD, NEW YORK

P. K. has had a variety of experiences. Prior to becoming a navigator, he was an air-conditioning engineer, a musician, and a dietitian in a New York state institution. He has been one of our busiest navigators, having made ten foreign trips to all parts of the world.

C E R S

CAPT. ALAN H. WOLFSON
134 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK CITY

Capt. Alan H. Wolfson, a native of New York City, has the rather dubious nickname of "Wolf." He has been in the Army one year and nine months, and before that he was a commercial flier. His outstanding achievements in the order of their importance are: the father of twins (boy and girl), the first twins born at Kennedy General Hospital, and his work pioneering the route to Alaska.



CAPT. SIDNEY L. YOUNG
STEVENVILLE, TEXAS

Having served in World War I, Sid was not content to stay at home during this one. His pep, vigor, and military appearance are the envy of many of the younger officers. He is truly an officer of the old school and one of the most experienced pilots in the squadron.

1ST LT. RICHARD J. ZERVECK
304 Hurlburt Road
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

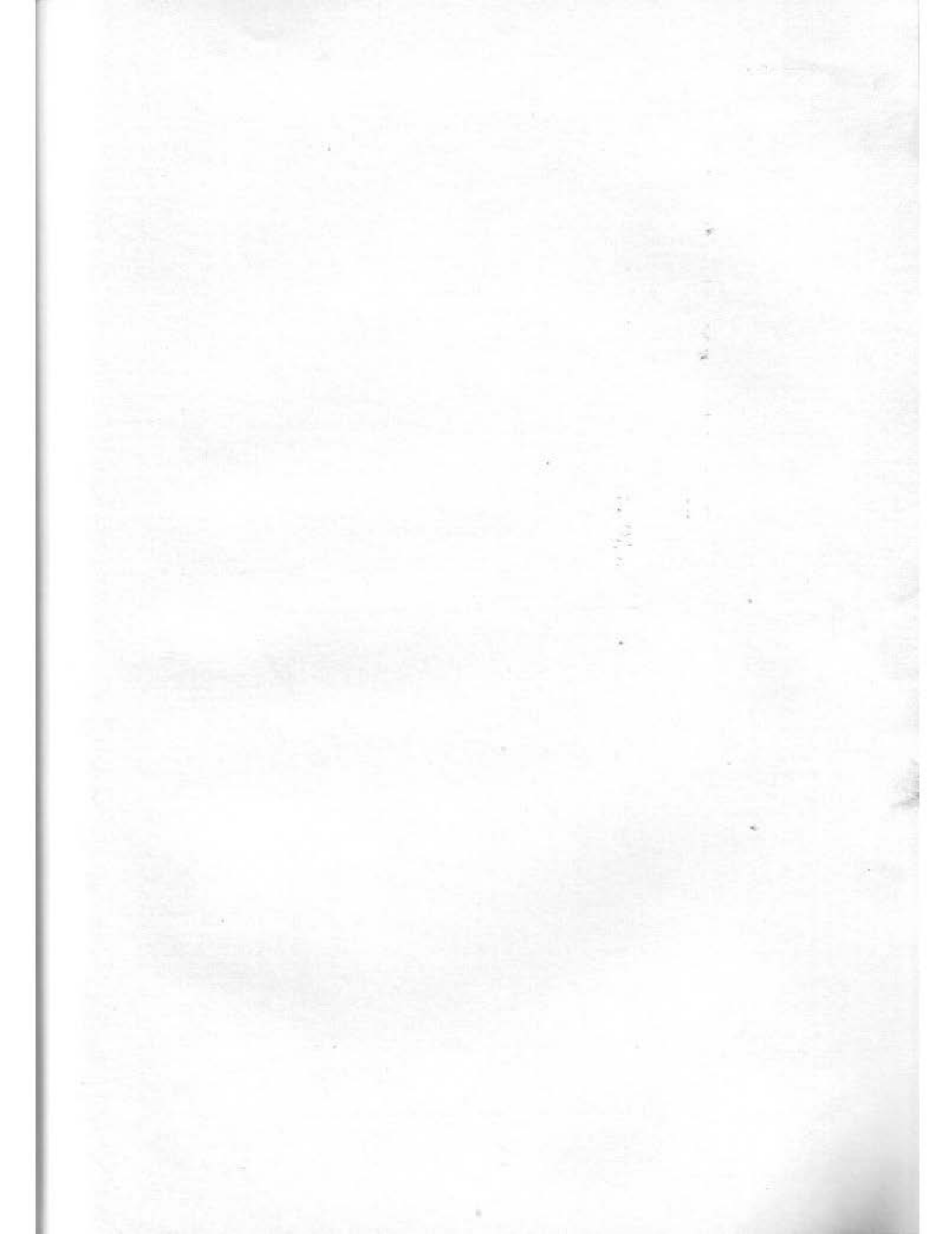
As a front man for the squadron we couldn't have a better person than Dick. His Army background and experience fit him well for the position he now holds as adjutant. He seems stern at times, but, underneath that shell, we know him to be a grand fellow.

2ND LT. GERARDO D'ERRICO
3 First Street
MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Gerry learned how to fly as a civilian. But he owned and managed a sandblasting business at the same time, blasting away the blemishes of old Massachusetts' time-weathered buildings and monuments. He now devotes his full time to the job of flying.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS WHOSE PICTURES WERE NOT AVAILABLE FOR THE YEARBOOK

- | | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|---|
| 2ND LT. EARL A. BARRON
GRAYS LAKE, ILLINOIS | 2ND LT. DANIEL R. DONAHUE
182 Franklin Street
PORTLAND, MAINE | 2ND LT. CHARLES B. GROSSHART
3224 East Tenth Street
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI | 2ND LT. ANTHONY V. KRUKIEL
34 Stewart Avenue
KEARNEY, NEW JERSEY | 2ND LT. JOHN P. STARLING
117 Blevins Street
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS |
| 2ND LT. ROBERT A. BECK
R. F. D. 2
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK | 1ST LT. BURTON P. DUPUY
BUNKIE, LOUISIANA | 2ND LT. WAYNE E. HAWKINS
1406 West White Street
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS | 2ND LT. MICHAEL A. MANCINI
95 Clarendon Road
HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK | 1ST LT. THOMAS N. TENNANT
5719 Holman Street
HAMMOND, INDIANA |
| 2ND LT. FORREST J. BELL
3100 Oak Street
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA | 1ST LT. JAMES P. EVANS
630 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, NEW YORK | 2ND LT. ROBERT L. HENDRICK
20 Reed Street
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS | 1ST LT. JAMES B. MEEK
3025 Thirty-Second Street
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS | 2ND LT. RICHARD H. WEIR
106 South San Marino Avenue
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA |
| 2ND LT. HARRY M. BOYD
R. F. D. No. 6
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY | 2ND LT. HERRBERT W. EVANS
911 Fairview Street
RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA | 2ND LT. LAVERE A. HITEMAN
724 South Chippewa Avenue
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS | F/O EDWARD L. NALLY
17 Glenbrook Road
MORRIS PLAINS, NEW JERSEY | F/O WILFORD W. WELCH, JR.
236 East Second South
LOGAN, UTAH |
| 2ND LT. JOHN B. COCHRAN
385 North Church Street
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA | 2ND LT. HYMAN H. FRANKEL
2531 West Cortez Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS | 2ND LT. MARTIN HORWITZ
319 West Willetta
PHOENIX, ARIZONA | 1ST LT. CHARLES W. PENRY
5432 Lindsley Avenue
DALLAS, TEXAS | 2ND LT. FREDERIC D. WHITE
3517 Herschel View
CINCINNATI, OHIO |
| 2ND LT. LEWIS A. COPELAND
3816 Bell Avenue
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI | 2ND LT. LAURENCE E. FRELIGH
2540 Fifth Avenue, South
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA | F/O CHARLES E. JONES
R. F. D. No. 1
MT. VERNON, TEXAS | 1ST LT. WILLIAM B. PRATER
R. F. D. No. 7
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE | 1ST LT. WILLIAM P. WHITE
1900 East La Rue Street
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA |
| 2ND LT. MAURICE W. CORRIGAN
4712 Buckley Avenue
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY | 1ST LT. WILLIAM I. GREENLEAF
Box 7
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA | 2ND LT. JOHN J. KEARNEY
R. F. D. No. 2
DALTON, OHIO | 2ND LT. THOMAS C. RINTOUL, JR.
71 Mainsgate Street
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA | 2ND LT. MAURICE J. WILLBRAND
800 Jefferson Street
ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI |
| 2ND LT. JAMES C. COUTURIER
4423 Sheridan Road
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS | 2ND LT. SONNER GREENSPAN
440 West End Avenue
NEW YORK, NEW YORK | 2ND LT. LEON KLEINMAN
4520 Belfort Place
DALLAS, TEXAS | 2ND LT. WILLIAM J. SHIELDS
360 Massachusetts Avenue
ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS | 2ND LT. ROBERT E. WILSON, JR.
Montgomery Street
FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS |
| 2ND LT. JESS F. CRANDALL
2014 S. W. 24th Terrace
MIAMI, FLORIDA | | | 2ND LT. BRUCE L. SOLIE
CURTISS, WISCONSIN | |
| 2ND LT. CHARLES L. DAVIS
13 Hibiscus Avenue
AVON PARK, FLORIDA | | | | |





ENLISTED MEN



First Sergeant James A. Reedy, Jr.

PRAIRIE LEA, TEXAS

While still in school, and at the age of sixteen, Sergeant Reedy joined the National Guard. Two years later, when this organization became a part of the Army of the United States, Sergeant Reedy was placed in the sixty-millimeter mortar section of the infantry with the rating of Pfc., and within four months was advanced to sergeant. After one year and one day of intensive infantry training, he transferred to the Army Air Corps, and in November, 1941, he went to Keesler Field, Mississippi, automatically being reduced to the grade of private.

Five months later, Sergeant Reedy was sent to Nashville as sergeant of the guard, and within a month he became first sergeant of the 8th Ferrying Squadron. Two months afterwards, Major Johnston became his commanding officer, and with the exception of a short time while Major Johnston was commanding officer of the 346th Air Base Squadron in Memphis, Sergeant Reedy has served under him as first sergeant of the 8th and, now, of the 93rd Ferrying Squadron.

He has an American Defense ribbon, good conduct and sharpshooter's medals, is married to a Memphis girl, and hopes one day to own a ranch, deep in the heart of Texas.

E N L I S T E D M E N

S/SGT. GERALD O. ADAMS
VAN WEST, OHIO

Gary went to radio school at Scott Field, Illinois, has been a radio operator, and has the radio operator's mechanic badge. He has made trips to Iran. With three years' service in the Army so far, Gary is an old-timer to most of us. He belongs to the Fraternal Order of Eagles.



SGT. DAVID ALLAN
37 West Pleasant Street
RIVER ROUGE, MICHIGAN

Dave got his basic training at Jefferson Barracks and graduated from Chanute Field, Illinois, as an airplane mechanic and power plant specialist. As a flight engineer, he has made three trips to Asiatic and African-American war theatres. Dave has twin brothers in the service, too.

T/SGT. ROBERT B. ALAMA
215 Sylvan Avenue
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

As a flight engineer, Bob made seven foreign trips. He is a member of the Short Snorter's Club. Bob showed his traveling stamina before the war by setting out for California with \$1.59. He made it out and back by working his way. Sometime later he rode in grander style on a motorcycle to see the fair at San Francisco, while, for only a ten-cent fare, he could have gone to the equally-famous New York World's Fair.



CPL. CARL C. ANDERSON
FAIRFIELD, TEXAS

Carl used to be an oil field "roughneck." As a soldier, he is an airplane mechanic and welder. He has the coveted airplane mechanic medal.

SGT. THOMAS K. ANDERSON
737 Park Avenue
KANE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Shorty," "T. K." or "Andy," he'll answer to any of them. As we see him, however, he is "Shorty." He used to be a clerk, but in the Army he is an airplane mechanic and prop specialist. If you look elsewhere in this book, you will find Shorty alongside his very good friend, "Long Bob" Stebbins, who is probably now overseas.



CPL. CLEVELAND V. AUSTIN
JACOBY, LOUISIANA

Clevie likes to lie in his bunk and listen to the voluble imagination of his sidekick, John Hanlon. He has been in the Army one year and is an aerial engineer; he received his airplane mechanic's training at Delgado Trade School in New Orleans, with advanced training at Chicago and Southern Airlines in Memphis, Tennessee.

CPL. EDDIE N. AUSTIN
3067 Carnes Avenue
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

A local boy, Eddie graduated from Messick High School and completed one year at Teachers College. He formerly was a property clerk with the United States engineers of the Memphis district, and in the Army he is an engineering and operations clerk. Eddie is a Demolay and has a medal for marksmanship.



CPL. ZENO E. BAILEY
FRISCO CITY, ALABAMA

Zeno works in supply and can turn away the innumerable, unreasonable requests that he receives so many times a day with a graciousness that mollifies the most provocative soldier. Perhaps his civilian experience as a salesman is being used here. He wears the good conduct medal.

E N L I S T

CPL. JOSEPH W. BAGLEY
FAIRVIEW, WYOMING

Red was a rancher before he gave up the cowboy chaps for flying togs. As a radio operator, he has sparked his way through England, Iceland, Greenland, and Alaska, and thawed out down in Africa and Asia. He graduated from Truax Radio School.



SGT. MORTON H. BARBAN
15 Wave Crest Avenue
VENICE, CALIFORNIA

Barb is an airplane mechanic and engineer and has made three foreign trips to American-African and Asiatic war theatres. Barb has also worked in the capacity of crew chief.

SGT. JOHN D. BATTIS
SHARPSBURG, N. C.

The country lost a good farmer when John was inducted but gained a good soldier and aerial engineer. With the sharp eyes of a farmer, John observes that the pretty green grass in the squadron looks suspiciously like the Bermuda grass that drove North Carolina farmers wild. If you see two feet protruding from a volume of tech. orders, it's John looking for T. O. OOOOO-OO-????-!!!-*****- 1313-93rd.



PVT. WALTER L. BEARD
354 North Cleveland Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Before his induction, four months ago, Walt was merchandise manager of Sears, Roebuck and Co., Memphis, Tennessee. At one time he was sport cartoonist of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, and coached two tristate championship basketball teams. His hobbies are hunting and fishing, and his talent with the pen and crayon pencil is responsible for the art work in our yearbook.

S/SGT. MARVIN G. BENNETT
22 Buford Street
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

Benny has made five foreign trips altogether to Europe, Africa, and Asia as a flight engineer. Pretty well "beeled" at times, Benny shows he knows his aces and deuces. He naturally has a sharp-shooter's medal.



CPL. CLEO D. BERKA
DENISON, IOWA

"Berk" used to be a route salesman, and he delights in telling his salesman's jokes to Murphy, who first heard them when he was kicking the rungs out of his cradle. Berk graduated from Gulfport A. M. school and is now an aerial engineer. It is reported, unreliably, that his pilots get off the beam when they hear one of Berk's jokes.

M/SGT. JAMES F. BERRY
Route 1
BRAXTON, MISSISSIPPI

Jim, a veteran of nearly three years' service, is an airplane mechanic and crew chief and graduated from the Rising Sun School of Aeronautics in Philadelphia. The "Rising Sun" angle here has given us pause and aroused our curiosity and speculation. However, since Jim has a good conduct medal and has received a special citation from Colonel Johnson for outstanding performance of duties, we have decided not to call in the F. B. I.



T/SGT. STANLEY Z. BEYER
AKRON, OHIO

Stan is a quiet, unobtrusive little fellow who came to us from the 26th. A restaurateur before he was drafted, Stan is now a radioman, and he has pounded out his dits and dahs all over the world. He attended the R. A. F. radio school in Montreal and has made a trip with a R. A. F. crew.

E D M E N

M/SGT. JAMES C. BLALOCK
400 Carolina Street
BLACKSBURG, S. C.

Jim attended the Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, North Carolina, and played professional baseball. He has a defense, American, African, and Asiatic ribbons, as well as a good conduct badge. So far he has made four foreign trips and many domestic ones as a flight engineer. He is a member of the Short Snorter Club. Jim's athletic ability has done much toward winning our athletic awards.



CPL. KENNETH V. BLESSING
1301 West Second Street
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Kenneth isn't the sort who will go around telling of his affairs. That is why you would not know that, when an airplane in which he was a crew member cracked up and burst into flames in the heart of the African jungles, at great personal risk to himself from flames and the likelihood of explosion, Kenneth entered a flaming part of the wreck where a fellow crew member was trapped and extricated him.

PEC. THOMAS BOJINOFF
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

"Bojy," the Hoosier Boy Scout, has so many interests he thinks an Army day should have more hours. In his former life it was the same way, as he had one of the highest Boy Scout ranks, that of an Eagle Scout with all the palms. He was assistant scoutmaster, played all sports, and found time to work as a lathe operator for General Electric. With all his accomplishments, "Bojy" still maintains the reputation of being one of the best instrument specialists on the line.



SGT. THOMAS E. BOOKMEYER
GREENSPRINGS, OHIO

Known around the squadron as "Lightning," there is a question in our minds if this nickname properly tags our man. However, "Lightning" can move, as the sports fans well know. He is a fine football player and pitched our softball team to a record of fourteen wins and two losses. He is said to be strong as an ox.

PVT. LINNIE J. BORDELEN
P. O. Box 171
COTTONPORT, LOUISIANA

Lin is a welder who has done other work in the Army too, such as driving a truck for the mess hall and working for supply.



SGT. CHARLES F. BOTTOMS
ROSWELL, GEORGIA

Charlie was owner and operator of a gas station before he became an Army supply sergeant. He handles all supplies for the squadron except those destined for the mess; hence, with a homesick interest and his mouth watering, he keeps a sharp eye on the mess hall for a shipment of "Gawgie" peaches. He has a good conduct medal.

S/SGT. LLOYD F. BOYSEN
SANDUSKY, OHIO

Lloyd used to be a press operator and belonged to the Fraternal Order of Eagles. He's now an airplane mechanic and crew chief and has the good conduct and airplane mechanic's medals. He makes frequent domestic trips as an engineer.



PEC. HERBERT C. BREINIG
202 Academy Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Herb went to school at Chanute Field, graduated as a welder, and is engaged in this work here. He was a truck driver before entering the Army.

E N L I S T

CPL. JAMES E. BRICKER
Route 3, Sylvan Hills
NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Before entering the service, Jim was a rural letter carrier and a member of the Little Rock Elks Club. His postal experience counted when he entered the Army, since he was sent immediately to the New York Port of Embarkation. Poor Jim figured that he was headed, with no training, for overseas; however, the Army Post Office took him in charge. Later Jim transferred to the Air Corps, and he is now a clerk in the orderly room.



SGT. CHARLES A. BRIDGETT
288 Ward Street
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

Bridgett is a radio operator and has been on three foreign trips. It may be a coincidence that Bridgett comes from the home of the magnificent First World War ace, Major Lufbury, whose "circle" all combat pilots know. The German Baron, if we remember correctly, had to somehow shoot Lufbury down because he was a menace to the famous German squadron. Well, Bridgett comes from Wallingford.

S/SGT. FRANK J. BURBUL
15 Plymouth Street
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Frank is an airplane mechanic graduate from Keesler Field and B-25 School at Inglewood, California. He has airplane mechanic and sharpshooter's medals.



SGT. HERBERT B. CARROLL
2054 North Marshall Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Herb has made six foreign trips as a radio operator, and, when he found time between trips, he played volleyball with the squadron team. He used to be engaged in the real estate business.

SGT. SALVATORE J. CASTALDO
22 East Fifty-First Street
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

"Sal" is a Bayonne boy who got down deep in the heart of Texas through no fault of his own. He went to the Army airplane mechanic's school there. He has been heard remarking that he prefers the Jersey mosquitoes to prairie dogs. Sal is an airplane mechanic and electrical specialist.



CPL. THOMAS E. CASTLEBERRY
514 South Grant Street
FITZGERALD, GEORGIA

Cas was once a manager of a clothing store. Imagine his feelings when he got a fitting by the Army. No matter, Cas is a power plant specialist and airplane mechanic, and doing a good job. But no one can watch Cas putting on his G.I.'s without seeing that wistful look of longing for the good old days of "civies."

T/SGT. ARLA CAUDILL
JEREMIAH, KENTUCKY

Arla is a graduate of the Doty-Stuart Robinson, Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College, and the Army radio school at Scott Field. He was formerly a civil engineer and is now a radio mechanic.



S/SGT. STEPHEN CHABALA
Harrison Street
LINHART, PENNSYLVANIA

Steve entered the Army from civilian life, where he had been an electrical assembly worker. Now he is a first-class airplane mechanic and has the mechanic's as well as good conduct medal. Steve attended Keesler Field and North American Aviation School and now is serving as engineer and crew chief on the C-60 runs to Miami.

E D M E N

S/SGT. HARRY J. COLTHORP

WHEELER, MICHIGAN

"Bing," sometimes known as the "Michigan Flash," breezed his way through the mechanics school, six foreign trips, and an assortment of cars, with nonchalance. As- tride his trusty convertible, and with the sharpshooter's and good conduct medals, American and African war theatre medals hanging on his chest, he is said to be rather B. T. O.



PVT. JESSE D. CORNWELL
206 Twenty-Fourth Street
OLD HICKORY, TENNESSEE

A topnotch welder and baseball player before the war, today Jesse is a baker, and he is successful in turning out bread, pies, and cakes like mother used to make.

PFC. JOHN F. COUCH
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

John, one of our stockroom clerks, used to be a tractor mechanic and operator. Once he caught a bass that tipped the scales at eight and one-half pounds, but, as usual with the better fishermen, the larger one got away. As a nimrod, he has caused heart failure to beast and fowl. We're trying to tell you that he's a sportsman.



CPL. MAURICE R. COURCHESNE
LEWISTON, MAINE

Frenchy, the Fordham Ram, left his studies of American law to become an aerial radio operator. He has participated in five foreign deliveries that have included all the theatres of war, and he is a staunch believer of the good neighbor policy, for he is as much at home in India, Egypt, or darkest Africa as he is in Maine. As a member of the yearbook staff, he worked with a gusto strangely reminiscent of the spirit of '76.

CPL. CHARLES A. COWAN
101 Lafayette Avenue
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Although he is of Scottish and Irish-American parentage, Charley was born and educated in France. He completed his college studies at the "Lycee de Nice" and also studied at the University of Algiers. Charley was a commercial artist in New York before coming to the Ferry Command as a radio operator. He has made four foreign trips and has two campaign ribbons.



M/SGT. RAYMOND E. DEVEREAUX
1250 Lincoln Road
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

No one who has ever messed in the 93rd will dispute Ray's right to wear master sergeant's stripes, for he is an undoubted master of the culinary art. As mess sergeant, he has done much to give the 93rd its deserved distinction. His reputation has been so widely recognized that recently he was assigned the position of post mess sergeant and has been recommended for the "Legion of Merit" award.

PFC. GEORGE W. DILLING
3557 Shirlwood Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

George was a clerk in a Memphis lumber yard after he graduated from the University of Arkansas. He has two very important hobbies; his six-months-old daughter, Carole Sue Dilling, and golf. George works in operations as a clerk.



S/SGT. FRANK C. DUNKERLEY
817 North Cuyler Avenue
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Dunk's winning ways and his genuine spirit of good fellowship have won him many warm friends in the squadron. Formerly an electrical contractor, Dunk is now a radio operator. He graduated from T.W.A. Radio School. He has flown over the South Atlantic, North Atlantic, and South Pacific runs. He is a member of the Elks Club.

E N L I S T

SGT. FREDERICK DURR
815 Albany Avenue
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Fred was an electrician in civilian life which may or may not have something to do with the way he sparkles with wit and humor. The way he will parry those endless thrusts at Brooklyn suggests a professional interest sponsored by "The League to Cut Out Razing Brooklyn." An aerial engineer, he wears the Asiatic, African, and South American ribbons. That he doesn't have a badge for wit is being investigated by the provost marshal.



CPL. FRANK J. DURANTE
154 Thirtieth Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Frank is one of our boys who look after the jeeps and trucks belonging to the squadron, and he has a good time doing it. Among the sport fans he is noted for his humor.

PLC. JOSEPH P. DWYER
9 Wolcott Park
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Joe has an A.B. degree from Boston College. He attended government radio schools at Sioux Falls and T.W.A. at Kansas City. He is now a radio operator.



S/SGT. JOE C. ELLIOTT
Murrell Street
DICKSON, TENNESSEE

"Gip" was a bookkeeper in the local bank before coming to the Air Force eighteen months ago. He was trained for an airplane mechanic at the Spartan School of Aeronautics and the Allison branch of General Motors Corp. However, upon being assigned to the Air Transport Command, the Army took into consideration his civilian background and saw fit to draw on his bookkeeping talents. Joe now finds himself an administration clerk for Group Engineering.

PLC. WILLIAM A. ELLIOTT
1211 Bryant Avenue
BRONX, NEW YORK

One of the Bronx boys of our outfit, Red used to be a sheetmetal worker but now works as a mechanic on the line. In case you are a stranger, you will know Red, without introduction, by his distinctive hair.



CPL. JAMES M. FARRELL
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Jim's tireless effort as a member of the yearbook staff is largely responsible for its success. He is a native of North Carolina, but Tennessee has been his home for the past fifteen years. He attended Davidson College and Peabody College, was football, basketball, and baseball coach for thirteen years and achieved the appointment as principal of a high school. In the short time that Jim has been with us he has received the sharpshooter's medal and has been appointed head coach of the Post basketball team.

CPL. JOHN J. FECKO
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Midge" was one of the first to break ground at Nashville and Memphis. Since coming to Memphis, he has had his hand in almost every area improvement. When not piloting a truck or engineering a cement mixer, Midge is usually holding forth at the N.C.O. Club. He begins every day by being blasted out of bed by the C. Q.



S/SGT. MILTON A. FINKLESTEIN
76-02 174th Street
FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND

"Fink" keeps records and work forms in order for Group Engineering. This job has a lot of responsibility attached to it and often requires more diplomacy than many a foreign diplomat's post. This lad is well suited for his position, having been an attorney in civilian life. He is a graduate of Brooklyn College and Brooklyn Law School and is a member of the Nonpareil Social and Athletic Club back in Brooklyn.

E D M E N

M/SGT. HAROLD B. FLEMING
5251 Monticello Avenue
DALLAS, TEXAS

"Preacher" Fleming, the big, husky fellow you see with Jim Blalock when they are not on trips, has been over the oceans a number of times. He attended Southern Methodist University, and, when fullback for that university, he made Texas All-State Fullback. What is this about "Prays and Passes"?



T/SGT. DONALD R. FLENAR
WARSAW, INDIANA

The realization that there really was a war going on came first, like the jaws of a sprung trap, to Don's feet: for Don had been a scientific shoe salesman in civilian life, and G.I.'s were (censored)! Right then and there Don decided that he would use wings instead of shoes, and so he has been winging his way across the oceans to Europe and Asia, seven times altogether, now.

SGT. FREDERICK A. FLOOD
P. O. Box 209
LANCASTER, OHIO

"Heavy" attended airplane mechanics schools at Chanute Field and T.W.A., and he is now flight engineer. He has made trips across both oceans and has the ribbons that go with them. He has the airplane mechanic and sharpshooter's medals. In civilian life Heavy was a tool and die maker, and belonged to the National Guard for four years. He also boxed in the Golden Gloves Tournament. He is a member of the Short Snorter Club.



M/SGT. WILBUR FLORA
RHODES, IOWA

Webb used to be a farmer in the corn country of Iowa. As a flight engineer he has made one foreign trip and eleven domestic ones. He has an airplane mechanic medal and is an expert with the carbine.

PFC. CLYDE U. FOSMIRE
BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND,
NEW YORK

Clyde would rather work upon airplanes than do almost anything else except fly in them. Formerly a railroad signalman, he is now highballing rather regularly by air between here and Miami. When on the ground he is an airplane mechanic.



CPL. ANTHONY F. FRAGALE
1320 Main Street
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Tony completed a four-years' course at the School of Aviation Trades, in New York. Upon graduation he passed a civil service examination and was given a job at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. He worked his way up to chief metalsmith on Catalina Flying Boats. At present he is associated with Tech Supply and performs various duties in connection with the Post Theatre.

SGT. JERRY K. FRALEY
2205 Auburn Street
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Jim graduated from Anderson Technical Training School at Los Angeles and is now an Administration and Technical Clerk. In civilian life he was a cashier for Armour Meat Packing Co.



CPL. HAROLD T. FRYE
4422 North Twentieth Street
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Harold attended schools in Pontiac, Michigan. Moving to St. Louis he went into the trade of mechanic and welder, and when the Army called him about seventeen months ago, he went through Chanute Field. He is now a part of Group Engineering Technical Supply. In the spring, and when the "chiggers" are not around, Harold may be found writing interminable letters while sitting under the trees of the local forest.

E N L I S T

CPL. JOSEPH J. GAJ
609 High Street
CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.

Joe is another of our radio operator-mechanics who hails from New England. Prior to his entry into the Air Corps he was a steel worker and a member of the Shamrock Club. It is rumored that a construction firm of Carroll and Gaj is a possibility in the postwar era.



CPL. RALPH GALLINI, JR.
FRAYSER, TENNESSEE

Ralph has been in the Army a short time, but he has been in long enough to prove to everyone that he is a valuable man. He started out as the 93rd mess butcher and now is the assistant to the Post mess sergeant.

PLC. SAM B. GALYON, JR.
SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE

Someone tagged him "Pete," and it has been "Pete" ever since. Pete attended Sweetwater High and Hiwassee College, and likes baseball and football. He won a sharpshooter's medal, and at present is our supply clerk.



S/SGT. WILLIAM O. GAY
1021 Alabama Avenue
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

Bill has been an aircraft and automobile mechanic in civilian life, and the Army gave him more experience at Pan American Air Ferries. Bill likes the outdoor life, especially as provided by the fishing and hunting in Florida. He is a member of the Palm Beach Wild Life League. He has made many domestic trips as an engineer.

T/SGT. WILLIAM W. GOLDEN
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

Bill held a private pilot's ticket before enlisting in the Air Force two years ago and was an enthusiast of stunt flying. He has made several foreign trips as a radioman, having graduated from Scott Field. An able swimmer, Bill doesn't want to put his swimming ability to the test in the "drink," however.



PVT. DEAN G. HALE
1907 South Mass Avenue
MASON CITY, IOWA

Coming from the Cornhusker State of Iowa is the one man Chamber of Commerce called "Porky." The kind of fellow that can easily make friends, he always finds someone who will listen to his stories of Piper Cubs. He used to fly a plane as a hobby and work on them for a living. The Army thinks a lot of his ability to repair them, putting him out on the line as an A.M. without schooling. When he isn't boasting about that four-months-old daughter, he plays a good game of golf.

PVT. WILLIAM F. HAMILTON
1375 Curtis Street
AKRON, OHIO

From operating a steam shovel in civilian life, Ham has become, in the Army, an instrument specialist — very delicate and complicated work. He has been in the Army thirty-six months and likes hockey, golf, and baseball.



PVT. JACK L. HANK
WAPELLA, IOWA

Jack hails from the wide-open spaces where he used to spend most of his time fishing, hunting, and trapping. Before entering the service he spent eight months in the C.C.C. and now he is a driver at the Motor Pool.

E D M E N

CPL. JOHN J. HANLON
141 Quail Street
ALBANY, NEW YORK

Red Hanlon is known widely throughout the squadron for the vivid imagination he has and for his ability to put it all into words. He lies in his bunk and conjures up Arabian Nights fantasies for the fascination of Rutter and Austin. Red attended Army schools at Madison, Wisconsin, and St. Joseph, Missouri, and is now a radio operator. He was a bookbinder in civilian life.



PFC. JOSH P. HARRELL
GREENVILLE, N. C.

Red used to be a truck and tractor operator. His experience with these contraptions has been more formidable than his experience with airplanes as a mechanic and flight engineer. If they were giving medals in civilian life for wounds incurred during action while driving a truck, Red would be medaled like a general.

SGT. GEORGE L. HARWOOD
139 Laurel Hill Avenue
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

George attended Bryant College and is now a flight radio operator and has made several foreign trips.



T/SGT. EDWARD C. HASTINGS
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Rather remarkable when you consider it is the fact that Hastings was an airplane mechanic when he was a civilian and is also an airplane mechanic in the Army. He formerly worked for Pan Am in Miami. Hastings is now crew chief on SNAFU lines.

SGT. ROBERT E. HAWKINS
4022 W. Twenty-Third Street
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

It may be because he was a gas station owner, not too far from Chicago, that Bob first got his idea of shooting straight. While whiling away some idle time between trips as radio operator, he instructs other soldiers in how to use a carbine. Bob has made three foreign trips, wears a good conduct medal, and in civilian life was a Mason. He's known as a straight shooter.



SGT. FRANCIS HEBERT
LYNDONVILLE, VERMONT

As a civilian Frank was a heating contractor in his native Green Mountain village. In the Army for a year now, he has graduated from Lowry Field as a bombsight and automatic pilot specialist. Frank has earned a citation for being one of the best all-around soldiers in the squadron. After serving a short hitch with a combat engineer's outfit Frank is convinced that he will never again roam out of the Air Corps fold.

CPL. GUSTAVE J. HEEGER, JR.
1820 Cornelia Street
RIDGWOOD, QUEENS, N. Y.

"See Gus in the office," is a familiar cry in the hangar. Having the responsibility to keep the engineering records in order keeps him stepping. Gus started out to be a machinist, having completed that course at Chanute Field, but, having had previous clerical experience in New York City, Gus received the same type of work. His favorite pastime seems to be knocking the pins down at the Post bowling alleys when he isn't enjoying the hospitality of the Service Club.



PFC. ROSCOE N. HERRING
Box 72
STRONG, ARKANSAS

Before coming to the Air Force Bill worked for an automobile dealer; consequently his knowledge of the parts department landed him a job in Tech Supply. Whether it is for the smallest trainer or the largest bomber, he sees to it that you get the parts so necessary to "Keep 'Em Flying." Bill is a lad who will not be outdone by anyone, not even to the shine on his shoes.

E N L I S T

PVT. GEORGE L. HETLER
527 East Fourth Street
NESCOPECK, PENNSYLVANIA

George belongs to the Chicago chapter of Polar Bear Athletic Club which, if we understand our clubs, has something to do with breaking the ice and jumping in. Hetler has quite a job in contending with the endless jibes that come his way when they change the e to i and have him as Hitler. George is a dispatcher and driver for the motor pool.



CPL. GUSTAVE C. HINUEBER
924 North Rutledge Avenue
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Gus came out of public school to become an Army Air Corps radio operator, after having gone to a number of radio schools at Truax Field, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Missouri. He is now one of our flight engineers, and wears the airplane mechanic's medal.

T/SGT. EDWARD W. HOOK
116 Second Street
WILLARD, OHIO

Eddie attended T.W.A. and engineering school at St. Joseph, Missouri, and now he is a flight engineer. He has made two foreign trips to European and American war theatres. Ed used to be a service station manager and auto mechanic.



T/SGT. THOMAS J. HOPKINS
329 Neal Avenue
IRONTON, OHIO

Tom is a graduate engineer from the University of Miami, and is in military life a radio operator, having graduated from the government radio school in Kansas City. Tom has made six foreign trips, during one of which he flew with the famous General Shen of the Chinese Air Force on a trip to Chungking. Tom is a member of the Elks and has the good conduct medal.

S/SGT. DEE E. HOSMER
FORT PAYNE, ALABAMA

Hos graduated from Kessler Field and armament school at Nashville. He has been a crew chief for fourteen months, and has good conduct and armament medals. He was a draftsman in civilian life.



PVT. THOMAS HUDSPETH
ASHLAND, MISSISSIPPI

Tom is a graduate of Ashland High School, and was employed as a mechanic before coming into the Army nine months ago. At present he is an airplane mechanic. Tom has a marksman's medal.

S/SGT. PRICE W. HUGHES
NORTH PLEASUREVILLE, KY.

If Chick had been blown up when he worked in a powder plant as a civilian, it might account for his falling out of the air since then. On duty as a radio operator, Christmas, 1942, Chick took to his chute in an emergency, and came in like a snowflake. Since then he has walked away from two total washouts, without a scratch. He has also made three trips to the European theatre. Chick is a member of the Caterpillar Club.



T/SGT. RUDOLPH P. ILIK
R. F. D. No. 3
BURGETTSTOWN, PENN.

Bucky played baseball in the Panhandle League in his home town, and has played ball with the Post team. He also played squadron softball and volleyball. He is an aerial engineer, having graduated as a mechanic from the technical school in Chicago. He has a mechanic's badge and the good conduct medal.

E D M E N

T/SGT. EDWARD L. IRVIN
459 Corporation Street
BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA

When Ed isn't busy recovering from three-point landings on roller skates, he's up there in his capacity as flight engineer, keeping one of Uncle Sam's big bombers flying. A crack airplane mechanic with an enviable record, Ed was a teletype operator before enlisting in the Army. In addition to a marksman's badge and the A.M. badge, Ed is also authorized to wear three campaign ribbons and crew member wings.



PVT. JOSEPH R. W. JANELLE
158 Webber Avenue
LEWISTON, MAINE

Formerly a shipyard worker, Janelle used to make twice as much money in a week as he does in the Army in a month, and no one could feel too happy about it. But Janelle can take it. He's another one of our cooks.

T/SGT. WILLIAM D. JENKINS

BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C.

"Wild Bill" is a flight engineer. When not flying all over the globe, Wild Bill likes the Shelby Room, chess, hunting, and fishing—in other words, he's a regular fellow, and in our language that's saying a whole lot for a soldier. He says he will operate a truck line when he gets out into civies. He also says he is an expert black-jack player, and you may know more about this than we do.



PLC. LEROY G. JENSEN
OTTUMWA, IOWA

It is a safe assumption that most of the boys who come from Iowa have been farmers, and Jensen is no exception. He represents the 93rd in the Service Club, and assures our having the comforts provided by the club. Jensen likes all sports, especially football.

CPL. MICHAEL J. JOHNSON

2987 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Shorty" was one of the pioneers on the field back when a man had to be a real "mudder" to survive. He served in the 26th and 93rd, and has a host of friends that swear by him as a friend and as a cook.



SGT. ROBERT J. JOHNSON
3774 Faxon Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Bob enlisted December 16, 1941, right after Pearl Harbor. He had been attending St. Louis University and majoring in English. Undoubtedly he will return to college after the war, and we may one day hear from him as a journalist or author.

PLC. RUSSELL C. KAUFMAN

431 Locust Street
QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Russ was formerly an invasion barge builder before graduating from Lowry Armor School. As a member of the Armament Section of Group Engineering, he is now putting the guns in perfect condition before planes are sent across to protect the barges that he once helped to build.



S/SGT. JAMES P. KEANE
410 East Gibson Avenue
CONNELLSVILLE, PENN.

Jimmy used to be a machinist for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and he belongs to the International Association of Machinists. Now he is a skilled airplane mechanic and crew chief. He has the good conduct and mechanic's medals.

E N L I S T

PVT. JAMES H. KINGCAID, JR.
6207 Tulsa Street
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

Jim was a salesman, and is now a skilled radio operator and mechanic, graduating from government schools at Sioux Falls Air Base and A.R.T.U. at Nashville.



SGT. EDWARD H. KELL
NATHALIE, VIRGINIA

Coming to this Post from Camp Luna, New Mexico, Ed has earned a name for himself as an athlete. He is catcher on the Post baseball team, and was on the boxing team at Gulfport A.M. school. He has attended other Army schools at T.W.A., Kansas City, and Wright factory at Patterson. He is be-spangled with sharpshooter's and good conduct medals.

PVT. TOBIAS KLEIN
600 Timpson Place
NEW YORK CITY

This city boy is a big operator - correction - radio operator. A clerk among the city's millions fourteen months ago, Toby has experienced things undreamed of then - flying across a lonely ocean, for example. Toby came to us from the radio schools at St. Joseph and Sioux Falls.



PFC. STANLEY KOLENDEK
R. No. 2
GOBLES, MICHIGAN

Stan was once an auto mechanic, and is now a radio operator. He belongs to the 4-H Club, and participates in all kinds of sports.

PVT. RAY KOPCZYNSKI
1113 West National Avenue
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Ray's past experience as a machine operator in Milwaukee has proven of great value to him and to "Transition." One of his favorite pastimes is being engineer on planes that practice landings. So here's to "Happy Landings."



PFC. TONY S. KOVAL
1100 North Paulina Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Prior to his coming into the Army a year or so ago, Tony was a machinist, but, since coming to the Air Force, Tony has been giving his all to welding. He is a graduate of Chanute Field Welding School.

PVT. CHARLES ROBERT KRAG, JR.
Route 1
WHITEHAVEN, TENNESSEE

Before coming into the Army, Charles was an aircraft machinist. He's now an airplane mechanic. Although his home is but a short distance from this Post, Charles has to live here because he's unmarried. This is a matter that must be looked into, he has decided.



CPL. JEROME F. LANDES, JR.
West Broad Street
SOUDERTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Junie," the Souderton Flash, was the owner of an up-and-coming service station but still found time to play pro basketball, be an active member of the board of trade and president of the Lions Club. He completed the aircraft mechanics course in one of the Douglas schools and is now an air transport technician in charge of a crew that properly balances the loads in the planes.

E D M E N

M/SGT. ALBERT D. LANDRIN
319 Crest Avenue
CHARLOTTE, PENNSYLVANIA

Al has been in the Army two years, earning good conduct and American and African theatre awards. He goes all out for sports, baseball, basketball, football, tennis, and tops these off with a relish of fishing, hunting, and ice skating. He played on the Post baseball team, and on our championship squadron softball team. Having been a tree surgeon at one time, Al did much to coax the green into our originally barren squadron area.



SGT. LEON R. LEWIS
Route No. 1
DURANT, OKLAHOMA

Lewis picked up the nickname of "Joe" along life's highway somewhere, and it has stuck by him. He is a radio operator, and attended the technical schools at Chicago and St. Joseph. He is an expert with the carbine. As a radio operator, Joe has been twice overseas to Europe and Asia.

M/SGT. HERNDON W. LINDSEY
BERNICE, LOUISIANA

Lindsey has been in the Army twenty-one months, and is a veteran of Keesler Field, which last is saying much. As an engineer, he has been in South America, Africa, India, Egypt, Newfoundland, and England. You'll find Lindsey quietly supervising the work around the squadron when he's not flying.



PVT. NILES S. LISHNESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Niles, a musician by choice, is a radio operator and a member of the Post Drum and Bugle Corps. He is a graduate of Chicago Tech and T.W.A. Radio School; and has made a number of trips in the Asiatic, African, and American theatres.

CPL. MARSHALL C. LONG
572 East Cumberland Street
LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

Shorty worked on airplanes as an assembler and rigger before he joined the Army. And now he is an Army Air Force radio operator. He has flown the required number of hours to earn his wings as well as a technician badge, and has bought enough "coke" for the Orderly Room to float it. When not on trips, Shorty served as liaison man for the Orderly Room and the rest of the field.



PVT. MORRIS E. LONG
Neighborhood Road
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

Jiggs started out his school days in the Gallia County Schools and has been in the Army for the past fourteen months. He has attended airplane mechanic school in Lincoln, Nebraska, and instrument specialist school at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois. He is a member of the Group Engineers instrument section. In roll call Jiggs has to contend with another Long who is known as "Shorty," as you doubtless know.

CPL. WINFIELD O. LYON
NORTHSIDE, NORTH CAROLINA

Wimpy is one of our cooks who help make our mess hall an outstanding place for good food. Evidently, with the nickname of Wimpy, he must have an affection for good eating.



S/SGT. SCOTT H. MCDANIEL
GREENWOOD, MISSISSIPPI

"Skipper" is the lad who is in charge of the sheetmetal shop in Hangar No. 3. Prior to enlisting in the Army he was a sheetmetal worker for Pan American Airlines and spent considerable time in Natal, Brazil, in that capacity for Pan American Ferries. He wears a sharpshooter medal, and is a former professional boxer.

CPL. COY T. McDONALD
LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE

Mac worked for Vultee Aircraft, Inc., prior to coming into the Army. He has one year of Army service behind him and is now a sheet metal specialist. Mac takes an active part in the church programs on this Post and says of himself that he "is the most stay-at-home soldier in the squadron."



SGT. JOSEPH M. McDERMOTT
217 Forty-Fourth Street
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

After attending Cooper Union College and Columbia University in New York City, Mac became a price estimator in the field of lithography. In the Army, he went to armament school at Lowry Field, Colorado, and power turret school at Emerson Electric Co. He has an air force technician's medal.

SGT. JOSEPH D. MCGUIRE
329 West Lake Road
R. F. D. No. 1
GENEVA, NEW YORK

Meet Bud, our chief payroll clerk, a popular boy, needless to add! He handles his thankless job with a tact and knowledge that is all to his credit. He is always willing to lend an interested ear to the stories of those who have been red-lined or underpaid, etc., etc. He is forever parrying such questions as when do we get paid?



S/SGT. TROY E. MCKLEROY
HAINES CITY, FLORIDA

McKleroy is maintenance crew chief for the 93rd. Before he entered the Army he worked for Pan American Air Ferries in Miami, Florida. He attended the government school at Aero I.T.I. in Los Angeles, Calif. After working for many months at this field, he is being transferred to Little Rock, Arkansas.

PVT. WILLIAM McMILLAN
123 Eye Street
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

At the end of a year Bill finds his work as a driver for the motor pool to be vastly different from his civilian work as a painter. Coming from the land of sunshine and movie stars, it is only natural that he should be a movie fan. Bill was sent to St. Petersburg for his basic training, and he has seen a lot of the country while driving in truck convoys. He still prefers California.



S/SGT. RAYMOND P. MAGUIRE
164 North Fourth Street
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

Now forty-six years old and completing sixteen months of service as radio operator, Mac has made two foreign and many domestic trips; he has a marksman's medal, is captain of the squadron bowling team, is a grandfather, and, believe it, was rejected for service in 1917 for World War I. Take it from us, in World War II, Mac is a fine soldier.

CPL. LAWRENCE E. MANFREDI
1509 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Manfredi went to administration school at Ft. Logan, Colorado, and since coming to Memphis he has been looking after our furloughs in headquarters. You will like Manfredi, or not, depending on how you manage with your furlough application. Manfredi likes bowling, baseball, and horse racing.



T/SGT. IRVING MARSHAK
5057 Casper Avenue
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Irving, the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care "Mad Russian" of the 93rd, is an old standby in the Fourth Ferrying Group. He came to us from the 26th at Nashville where he served as supply sergeant. However, since joining our organization, Irving is putting that Chanute training into practice on the line as an A.M.

E D M E N

SGT. ROY M. MARTIN
Upland Avenue, Arbutus Park
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

"Marty," the fellow you can't miss due to his immaculate appearance at all times, is on the quiet side, letting his accomplishments speak for him. Whenever engineering has electrical trouble you will see Marty getting to the bottom of the trouble. Besides being an electrical specialist, he finds time to do his share of bowling and show his talents as an archer.



CPL. WILLIAM E. MAYBERRY
1814 Arlington Avenue
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Bill attended the Army clerical school at Ft. Logan, Colorado, and is now working in the 93rd Squadron Operations office. Before coming into the Army he used to be a sheetmetal worker.

SGT. EDWARD A. MELUCCI

54 Water Street
PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

Ed became an aviation radio operator after graduating from government schools in Chicago and at T.W.A., Kansas City. He has a good conduct medal.



T/SGT. GUSTAVE R. MILLER
1577 Waverly Avenue
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Rudy is an aircraft mechanic, and has been married for ten years, and before that belonged, significantly, to the Optimist Club at Indiana University. He says that he enjoys a game of gin rummy, but that he isn't good at it. Have you ever played with him?

CPL. WILLIAM MILLS
310 North Maple Street
MT. CARMEL, PENNSYLVANIA

Once a bulldozer operator, Mills finds himself, after a year in the Army, doing the delicate, exacting work of twirling radio dials in airplanes. He has been to schools at T.W.A., Kansas City, St. Joseph, Missouri, and the advanced radio training unit at Nashville, Tennessee. Mills wears crew member wings and a sharpshooter's medal. He likes football and swimming.



PFC. LLOYD E. MORGAN
WAKEENEY, KANSAS

Lloyd is a radio operator and mechanic, and attended radio schools at Chicago and Nashville. While a student in civilian life, Lloyd worked at farming and delivering ice. He belongs to the Hi-Y and Junior I.O.O.F.

CPL. RICHARD H. MORGAN, JR.
Box 82

BRAMWELL, WEST VIRGINIA

Dick attended West Virginia Business College and became a service station owner and member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in his home town. He is now an airplane mechanic and serves as an engineer on domestic trips.



PFC. ROBERT P. MORGAN
437 Klingerman Avenue
EL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

Bob became a radio operator after graduating from government schools at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, and at Nashville. He enjoys music and sports.

T/SGT. GILBERT H. MORTENSEN
7235 Sheridan Road
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

The efficient way in which the 93rd Operations performs its many clerical duties connected with the delivery of aircraft is evidence of the ability of its Chief Clerk. During his seventeen months in the Army "Mort" has been stationed at Shepherd Field, Texas; Denver, Colorado; Nashville, Tennessee; and Memphis, Tennessee. He attended Kenosha College of Commerce and before entering the service was employed by the America Brass Company.



CPL. RICHARD J. MUELLER
1024 Genesee Street
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Red graduated from airplane mechanics school at Goldsboro, North Carolina. Sometimes we think that anyone who graduated from Goldsboro is already a veteran of sorts; however, Red, as an engineer, has been flown to Iceland, Greenland, England, Africa, and Asia—quite a globe hopper.

SGT. ERNEST W. MURPHY
Route No. 1
WALKER, MISSOURI

"Muscles" Murphy graduated from Chanute A.M. school, Wright factory school at Paterson, and St. Joseph, Missouri, transition school. Somehow he managed two foreign trips among all this schooling. Playing hooky, perhaps. "Muscles" has a carbine expert medal, and an airplane mechanic's badge. When Muscles and his fiddle are playing, a "Hoe-Down" is sure to get going with a horripilate stomping of G.I. shoes.



PFC. EDWARD A. NARROW
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Ed is a local boy who attended Christian Brothers College and Memphis State Teachers. In civilian life Ed was a tool and die maker; in the Army, he is an airplane mechanic. Living in town as he does, Ed has to crawl out of bed in the middle of the night to get to our inspections and parades on time. It's not the picnic we think it is, to live in town, says Ed.

SGT. JAMES C. NASH
STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA

Jimmy has twenty-five hours as a pilot in light planes, but is a radio operator in the Army heavy bombers. He attended Army schools at Scott Field and T.W.A. school at Kansas City. He used to be a typist and clerk in civilian life.



SGT. WILLIAM E. NELSON
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

As a civilian salesman Bill got around, but in fifteen months as an Army radio operator, he has got around overseas to places like Cairo and Iran, which are normally off the enterprising salesman's routes. But Bill isn't selling anything now except "The Business" to the Axis.

CPL. WILLIAM E. NEWSOME
1120 N. Twenty-First Street
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Newsome has spent thirteen years, off and on, in the Army, and has a medal for six years of faithful service in the Virginia National Guard, has ribbons for service in the African, Asiatic, and Pacific theatres of war, and has an expert's medal for machine-gun firing. He has lately returned from the hot Sicilian war areas. He is a flight engineer and a vigorous, capable soldier.



PFC. ROBERT B. NORRIS
Route Box 692
KALMATH FALLS, OREGON

From out of the tall timber of Oregon, like Paul Bunyan before him, comes "Moose" Norris, a former football player, and a husky lad, if we ever saw one. It is reported that a half-dozen colleges are waiting to take up Uncle Sam's option on him. Coming to us as a radio operator from Chanute and Rosecrans, Moose is ready upon signal to carry the bombs across the enemy's goal line.

E D M E N

M/SGT. DANIEL B. O'CONNOR

59 Centre Street
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Danny was engaged in structural engineering work before he entered the Army, and he is now a flight engineer, has made three foreign trips to date, and a number of domestic ones. He wears the Asiatic and African war ribbons. Danny is also a very capable sportsman, participating in almost all squadron athletic activities. When the squadron mascot "Bozo" was here, Danny and he palled around together.



SGT. CHARLES R. OWEN
Star Route Box 87A
SHEPHERDSVILLE, KENTUCKY

The "Blue Grass" state contributes an efficient engine and plane mechanic. Jack's previous occupation was that of an acetylene burner. Being naturally mechanically minded, the Air Force put his ability to work as an airplane mechanic and engine specialist. Jack is one of our sharpshooters, having qualified recently on the range. Possibly his eye is kept sharp by his diligent billiard shooting in the Post dayrooms.

M/SGT. STANLEY C. PARKER

MANSFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Stanley is chief of the electrical shop and is himself an electrical specialist. This is no new thing for him, because he did this work as a civilian.



T/SGT. HARRY R. PARKINSON

33 South Morrison Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Harry wears European, African, Middle East, and American war theatre ribbons and the airplane mechanics badge. He has made eleven foreign trips, seven of which were with the same crew. On another trip, he was a member of the first crew to fly directly from Newfoundland to North Africa in a B-17. He has a son who is seven years old and a daughter who is five.

T/SGT. ELTON L. PATCH
638 South Depeyster Street
KENT, OHIO

Patch used to be a construction foreman. Now, however, he commutes rather regularly overseas, engineering big planes to a useful destination from where they can be used to the disadvantage of the New Order.



CPL. ALBERT L. PEARCE
Route 1
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Al rides the S.N.A.F.U. airlines often in the company of distinguished people. Once upon a time, sitting beside a Chinese general who couldn't speak English, Al kept up a lively conversation with him by drawing pictures. He was trying to explain to the general what the S.N.A.F.U. letters meant. Confusion worse confounded. Al took a ride on the "Island Queen" one night. There's been romance in his life ever since.

SGT. FOLMER G. PEDERSEN

R. R. Box 120
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

Pete came to this country from Denmark at the age of three. He came to the Ferry Command from Scott Field Radio School and has made two foreign trips as radio operator. Pete is married and has a lovely eight-month-old daughter, Judy, who is the apple of his eye. Pete is usually to be seen working around the squadron on some new improvement.



SGT. PHILIP J. PELLICORE
2059 Kilpatrick Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Phil played professional ball five seasons, belonging to the St. Louis Browns. He was farmed out to the San Antonio Missions of the Texas League when the Army took him up. He has played second base for the Post baseball team. As a flight engineer, he has made five foreign trips.

E N L I S T

PFC. ROY L. PHILLIPS
309 East Third Street
SEDALIA, MISSOURI

Roy went from railroad construction to Dallas Aviation School and Air College. He is now an airplane mechanic.



**PFC. ROBERT JEROME
POLCZINSKI**
2645 South Fourteenth Street
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Bob is an aircraft mechanic, having graduated from Dallas Aviation College. He has a medal for being an expert with a small bore rifle, and also has the good conduct medal. Bob plays the accordion and the drum, and enjoys dancing.

CPL. WALTER F. PRICE
196 Sheridan Avenue
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Walt graduated from Chamute as a mechanic and power plant specialist. He has been engineer on two trips across the Atlantic. After getting around and seeing a bit, he is convinced that the only civilization in this savage world is in Brooklyn.



PFC. JOSEPH PROVANSAL
807 South Herbert Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

When the Army took Joe from civilian school, they sent him to the Dallas Aviation School and Air College where he learned to be an airplane mechanic, and is now working on the line showing what he has learned.

PVT. AUGUSTUS P. RAULF
1722 Grove Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Raulf is a cook in our mess hall. In filling out the form for this yearbook he gave as his former occupation "explosive operator," which has puzzled us somewhat, but we find upon investigation that this operating was done in an arsenal. For a moment we had ideas about stores in Brooklyn being blown up in connection with a racket.



**M/SGT. CHARLES W.
REED**
5062 Maffitt Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"Chuck" has been in the Army for three years, and is in charge of the C-60's and crews which make runs from Memphis to all points in the States. He has the airplane mechanic badge and good conduct medal, and is an expert with the carbine. If you ride S.N.A.F.U., it's probable that your plane was in the capable hands of Sergeant Reed and his men before you took off.

**SGT. JAMES M.
REICHARDT**
470 Cuyahoga Street
AKRON, OHIO

Jim graduated from T.W. A., Kansas City, and St. Joseph engineering school. He has made a flight to India on the route through Europe and Africa.



CPL. WALTER P. REPP
441 Main Street
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Repp graduated from the Danbury High School, and was a color matcher before coming into the Army. He has been in the service fourteen months and is now an airplane armorer, or in other words, he is one of the boys who keeps 'em firing.

E D M E N

T/SGT. ROBERT R. RIGGS
CAIRO, WEST VIRGINIA

Bob, who graduated from Lowery Field, Texas, has been in the Army three years and is a flight engineer.



PFC. COLEMAN S. ROBINSON, JR.
2405 Lowell Avenue
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Robbie has made himself a place in the Army in his first four months. He is secretary and typist here in operations and was a clerk for Swift and Company before his enlistment. Robbie graduated from Mathes High School.

SGT. EDMUND ROGERS
SANTUIT, MASSACHUSETTS

A skilled carpenter in civilian life, this Cape Cod Yankee, sometimes known as "Buck," entered the Army nineteen months ago, and has since graduated from the Chanute Field, Illinois, Welder's School, with high honors. He has traveled extensively throughout the United States and most of Canada, having several narrow escapes while working on bridge and dam projects.



CPL. JOHN A. ROSE
397 South College Avenue
NEWARK, DELAWARE

Johnnie is first cook in our famous mess hall, and all the culinary delights you have had probably were a result of his genius. Significantly, Johnnie was a poultry helper in civilian life which may be the why of our nice chicken dinners.

PFC. GLENN H. RUBY
704 North Market Street
OSKALOOSA, IOWA

Glenn graduated from William Penn College, and from the airplane mechanic school at Gulfport, Mississippi, and engineering school at Rosecrans Field. Prior to entering the Army he worked on the line for Inland Airlines at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is a flight engineer, has a marksman's medal and an airplane mechanic badge.



PFC. JOHN F. RUPPEL
154th and Kilpatrick Avenue
OAK FOREST, ILLINOIS

John is an airplane mechanic who learned his business at Aeronautical University in Chicago; however, John belongs to the American Auto Association of Racing, and has a racing mechanic license, and built and raced dirt track racing cars, and if that isn't enough to convince you that he is a mechanic, just start talking about vamping engines with him.

S/SGT. ROBERT M. RUTTER
120 Poplar Street
PEKIN, ILLINOIS

Well, this is the man who writes the morning report each day, and that morning report is no mean thing to accomplish. Now, you may start using some big, bad words when you understand that Sergeant Rutter used to be a recruiting sergeant, who might be responsible for your present predicament. He has been in the Army three years, used to be a salesman, and is greatly interested in photography.



CPL. JOSEPH B. RYBAKOWSKI
108 Claremont Avenue
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

"Rabbit" has been in the Army about ten months, and has been to four different schools before coming to Memphis. He has been to the technical schools at LaGuardia Field, Roosevelt Field, and Casey Jones School at Newark. He took a specialist course in the P-40 pursuit planes in Buffalo. Rabbit is a valuable man to have around when a P-40 gets in trouble.

E N L I S T

S/SGT. CLARENCE N. SANDERS, JR.
1410 Gale Lane
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

As chief clerk in our uncommonly fine-looking Orderly Room, Sandy handles a harassing job with a quiet friendliness which is assuring to all G.I.'s who enter an orderly room somewhat lacking in confidence. Sandy attended East Nashville High where he joined Sigma Tau Phi. Being a "joining" man, he couldn't overlook the greatest fraternity on earth—the United States Army.



CPL. ALVIN J. SCHELL
1607 Witzel Avenue
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

Al attended Oshkosh State Teachers College where he played football and basketball, and belonged to the Periclean Society. His first military choice was the Naval Air Reserve but transferred to the Army sometime later. He went to airplane mechanic school at Keesler Field and also B-26 school at Baltimore. Al tried the firing range and came up with a big 182 to qualify as expert. He wears the airplane mechanic medal and good conduct and expert rifleman's medals.

CPL. FRANCIS G. SCHWEITZER
27 Vance Street
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Frank has a background of five years of college, taught high school English and history in New England, and now marches beside, and works with, soldiers no older than the pupils he has taught. He graduated from the airplane mechanic's school at Goldsboro, had specialist training in the Wright factory at Paterson, New Jersey, worked many months on the line, and has the mechanic's medal. At the moment he is in squadron headquarters, evidently preferring a desk to a wrench.



CPL. NICHOLAS R. SCHWIEGERATH
4917 North Crawford Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Now be careful. Before the war Nic was a specialist in feminine beauty—a Chicago beautician. But Nic isn't at all like what you might expect if you have ideas about beauticians. Outside the shoppe he's a man's man—an outdoor enthusiast, being an amateur fisherman of reputation and a woodsman as sharp as a Canadian guide. He is now an airplane mechanic.

T/SGT. HAROLD L. SHAW
WINDERMERE, FLORIDA

Art is the sergeant in charge of supply. He was once a loading crew chief for Pan American Airlines Ferries. If you catch him off guard, you might get around supply regulations, but we never have, and we'll bet a salvaged pair of Fecko's fatigues that you never did either. Art may be in O. C. S. when this is published.



PFC. ROBERT E. SHAWVER
R. R. No. 4
LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

Bob went from farming to A.M. School at Gulfport, Mississippi. Now a mechanic, he is so tall that he is always bumping his head when working around planes, but he's a good mechanic. It has been reported that during a ground fog only his head was observed moving around the ramp. A bit gruesome, we say.

CPL. THOMAS A. SHUEY
508 North Garden Street
COLUMBIA, MISSISSIPPI

Tommy, as his fellow workers know him, attended Central High School at Columbia, Mississippi, and then took up electrical work before coming into the Army about fourteen months ago. He has the A.M. badge and takes a serious interest in the welfare of S.N.A.F.U.



PFC. EARL I. SHEFFER
DILLSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Having been a service station man before coming into the Army, Shorty just naturally got into the motor pool as a driver mechanic. He describes himself as "just a happy-go-lucky," and he is just that in a very favorable sense.

E D M E N

CPL. IRWIN L. SNYDER
1989 Penfield Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

A.M., T.W.A., K.C. No, these are not "Bud's" degrees but only the schools he attended in the Army. Naturally mechanically inclined, Bud completed the courses at these schools to come into our engineering section as a hydraulic specialist. He is helping to maintain the splendid record our line crew has achieved by his diligent work. After a hard days work Bud enjoys being an engineer on domestic flights.



M/SGT. GRANT E. SORENSON
Route No. 1
BRUCE, WISCONSIN

Slim is no newcomer in this man's Army, having already seen four years' service in the Air Force. Coming in from Long Beach, California, Slim was a charter member of project thirty-two at West Palm Beach; then came Nashville and the 26th squadron. His duties as radio operator have taken him all over the world, and he can really spin a few yarns about that Pacific run in the old days.

SGT. JAMES F. SPITZER
7525 Abbie Place
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Jim gets a sadistic delight in blowing the boys out of bed with shrill, hair-raising technique on the C.Q.'s whistle, at which times he has often been shot at with G.I. shoes. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, and is an "All-Squadron" athlete. Jim's always high spirits keep things lively. He has made two foreign trips as a radio operator.



CPL. WILLIAM J. STANKEVICH
READSBORO, VERMONT

Bill is a quiet affable fellow from Vermont whom you see busying himself around the Weights and Balance Department. Since entering the Army he has had quite a varied career, attending A.M. school at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and holding the following classifications: airplane and engine mechanic, aircraft checker, and air transport technician.

PVT. NELSON E. STANTON
58 Kneeland Street
EDGEWOOD, RHODE ISLAND

"Ace," one of our youngest A.M.'s, came into the Army directly from high school in Rhode Island, where he established a reputation of being a crack ice hockey player. Every day he seems to be going on a domestic flight and has a tale which his intimates must hear. A clean-cut fellow. Ace's only vice seems to be oversleeping, but he uses his former track ability in reaching the hangar on time.



CPL. GEORGE W. STEPHENS
Route 4
DECATUR, TEXAS

Stephens attended the North Texas Agricultural College presumably to learn to help with the management of his father's ranch and farm. However, he entered the Army instead, and was sent to the Spartan School of Aeronautics at Tulsa and the Curtis-Wright Service School at Lambert Field. He is now an airplane mechanic.

PVT. WILLIAM F. STOCK
677 Canton Street
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Private Stock is another of our airfaring men who, as engineers, go to faraway places. He has the ribbons of the American, African, and European theatres. Bill went to technical schools at Lincoln, Nebraska, and at Chanute Field, Illinois. He is a former cattleman.



PVT. MERRILL M. STOVALL
SETTLE, KENTUCKY

Stovall received his airplane mechanics ability in civilian life. At one time aspiring to be a teacher, he still hasn't given up hope of going back into Kentucky and being one.

SGT. J. P. TAGLIAVIA
38 Allen Place
FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

Tagg is a radio operator and mechanic who has made three trips across the water to encounter the European and African theatres of war. He has looked down on much of the United States too, since he has flown over thirty-two states. Tagg has the good conduct medal and a technician's badge.



SGT. JAMES O. TENBRUNSEL
1010 West Eastland Avenue
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Tenny is a graduate of the Father Ryan High School in Nashville, and formerly worked for Vultee Aircraft in that city. Sergeant Tenny now is a clerk in the Orderly Room.



S/SGT. JAMES G. THOMAS
1654 Greenlawn Avenue
AKRON, OHIO

Tommy, a radio operator with three foreign trips to his credit, was a member of the crew of the ill-fated B-26 whose mishap is recounted elsewhere in this book. Going through such an experience as being dragged from a flaming aircraft and spending two months recovering from severe burns and bruises in an African hospital might affect any other man, but not our Tommy.



T/SGT. REGINALD L. THOMPSON
JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

Reggie is undoubtedly one of the ablest radio men in our league and has so proven in the course of four foreign trips which he has made. Before entering the Army, twenty months ago, Reggie attended Jamestown College and then was affiliated with an automobile finance concern.



PVT. CHESTER C. TOMPKINS
SEBREE, KENTUCKY

"Doc" graduated from airplane mechanic's school and is now a flight engineer. He was an auto mechanic in civilian life. He has been in the Army nineteen months.



PFC. FRED R. VERNON
HODGES, ALABAMA

Fred received his training as an airplane mechanic and flight engineer from school at Gulfport and American Airlines. He has the airplane mechanic medal.



S/SGT. HOBERT G. WALTON
CAMPBELLSBURG, INDIANA

A real pioneer in the cooking field, Hobert started back at Berry Field in Nashville. He is our new mess sergeant; is married and lives in Memphis.



M/SGT. FRED E. WARFEL
R. R. 1
TOLONO, ILLINOIS

Fred, or "Shorty" as he is known to his many friends on the field, entered the service seven months before Pearl Harbor. He is a hard worker, and if he works as hard at farming as he does on his planes, he should have one of the finest farms in Illinois. Shorty is crew chief on the C-60 runs from Memphis to Miami.



E D M E N

SGT. THOMAS R. WATSON
ARCADIA, LOUISIANA

Tom learned to be an airplane mechanic and engineer at Sheppard Field, Texas. At present he is attending another school, but he is anxious to get back to the squadron so that he can make some more trips.



PVT. JOHN D. WEAVER
117 Charkson AVENUE
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

A short time after his induction John attended A.M. school at New Orleans, Louisiana, and upon graduating received his classification of Airplane and Engine Mechanic. In civilian life John was a sheet metal worker and had also completed a term of enlistment in the C.C.C.



T/SGT. JAMES D. WHAM
FOUNTAIN INN, S. C.

Doug has been in the Army about three years, and, like so many fellows in the Army, his job is so very different from that which he performed as a civilian. Doug was a drug clerk. Now he flies in bombers as a radio operator. At the time this is being written (October 10, 1945), our undercover agents report that Doug is being married in Memphis. Congratulations and all that sort of thing!



PVT. LILLARD F. WHEELER
R. F. D. No. 4
LENINGTON, TENNESSEE

Wheeler was a civilian mechanic on the field before the Army decided to make him a G.I. For some time he was the mechanic on the planes of the Commanding Officer of the Second Army. Wheeler is married and lives off of the Post.



CPL. REESE I. WHITBY
48 Green Street
EDWARDSVILLE, PENN.

While attending high school, Reese ran up an enviable record in various sports. He attended Scott Field in Illinois, and graduated as an aircraft mechanic. He has made a trip to Africa, and upon the completion of it he was sent to advanced radio school in Canada conducted by the R. A. F. Reese hopes to return soon to the steel centers of Pennsylvania to take up the work he left off when he joined the Army.



SGT. HARRY T. WHITE
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Harry was a machinist before he entered the Army, and was sent by the Army to Chanute Field to specialize as an airplane machinist. As an engineer, Harry makes long trips. His ability as a horseshoe pitcher won for the 93rd the Post championship. He belongs to the Fraternal Order of Eagles.



SGT. HARRISON B. WILDER
5119 West Thirty-Fourth St.
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Wilder was a traveling salesman in civilian life, and when he entered the Army he was sent to Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania, where he studied classification work. Wilder represents the 93rd Squadron as a classification specialist in Group Personnel.



CPL. WOODROW W. WILKINSON
Shamokin Street
TREVORTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Woody is an engineer with eleven months of Army life behind him. He obtained his airplane mechanic training at Delgado Trade School in New Orleans. He was an auto mechanic in civilian life. After eleven months of service Woody was astounded to learn that he was still a rookie and had to take his basic training.



E N L I S T E D M E N

CPL. HOWARD J. WILLSON
Blossom Road
ELMA, NEW YORK

Howard used to be a volunteer fireman in his home town, and also worked in the Ford Motor Company. He rode a motorcycle about the country during his spare time seeking good hunting and fishing spots. The government sent him to Chanute Field to study auto mechanics. He is in the motor pool now.



SGT. WOODROW WILSON
1540 Third Street
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

"Woodie" was a valet-secretary for Twentieth Century-Fox, Warner Brothers, Paramount, and Columbia Studios. He belongs to the Hollywood Actor's Club, Royal Eagles, Spanish Club, French Club, Club Azteca, Beverly Hills Olympic Club, and—well, we are stopping right here because Woodie is the clubbiest clubman in the Ferry Command. He attended Harvard and the University of California. He has made several foreign trips, sighting and reporting a German submarine off the Brazilian coast during one of them.

SGT. LEWIS E. WILSON
Box 204
HOLLIS, OKLAHOMA

Wilson has a picturesque Oklahoma accent that quite captures the boys. He plays football, baseball, and basketball all very well. In civilian life he was a farmer, but now he is a flight engineer. He is a marksman with the carbine, has made four foreign trips, and is a member of the Short Snorter Club.



PFC. HERBERT M. WRIGHT
R. F. D. No. 1
CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO

Herb used to be in business with his father distributing house trailers when the Army caught up with him, and sent him to Memphis via Chanute Field—not in a trailer. Herb was an airplane mechanic and a flight engineer, but he's now a link trainer instructor. He will someday rejoin his father in business. Will they be flying trailers, Herb?



PFC. MELVIN L. ZIMMERMAN
R. R. No. 2
FORREST, ILLINOIS

"Dutch" went to A.M. school at Gulfport, Mississippi, from a civilian life of farming in Illinois. He is now a full-fledged airplane mechanic. As a hobby Dutch builds models.

LIST OF ENLISTED MEN WHOSE PICTURES WERE NOT AVAILABLE

T/SGT. JOHN A. BLUE
URBANA, OHIO
CPL. HERMAN A. BOROSKI
Box 502
DILLONVALE, OHIO
SGT. CLAIRE O. DEVOLL
119 Kimball Street
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
PVT. ROY J. DUPUY
447 Hickory Street
HARAHAN, LOUISIANA
PVT. JAMES P. EPPERLY
Route 6
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA
PFC. JOHN W. FINLEYSON
2200 G Street
BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

PFC. LEON P. GAUTTIER
162 South Main Street
ACUSHNET, MASSACHUSETTS
CPL. FRANCIS J. GEMBRESKA
3626 Watson Avenue
TOLEDO, OHIO
M/SGT. ARTHUR M. GRAY
34 Kingston Street
READING, MASSACHUSETTS
PVT. MILTON D. HAMPSHIRE
806 North High Street
MANCHESTER, OHIO

SGT. EARL P. KIRK
611 Locust Street
ATLANTIC, IOWA
PVT. CHARLES H. MCMAHON
Route 1
SALTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
PVT. JOSEPH I. MAKOWSKI
3615 Bermaine Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO
CPL. CLASFORD M. MORGAN
119 Independent Street
BOONEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

PFC. JAMES B. PAUL
1015 South West 15th Court
MIAMI, FLORIDA
PVT. ANTHONY SAVOCA
29 Jeanette Avenue
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK
PFC. WARREN G. SPENSER
Route 2
VALLEY STATION, KENTUCKY
CPL. ROBERT F. SUTTON
STEELE, MISSOURI
PFC. JACK W. TAGGART
501 East Noble Avenue
GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

T/SGT. JAY B. WEAVER
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
PVT. KENNETH E. WEAVER
627 North First Street
DENISON, OHIO
PFC. CARL K. WHITE
2451 Lake Road
CLOJ, MICHIGAN
SGT. HAROLD G. WILLIAMSON
Route 1
MCALISTER, OKLAHOMA



AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

On May 28, 1941, the President of the United States instructed the Secretary of War to take over the ferrying of all British lend-lease planes. In conformance with this, the Ferrying Command (as the Air Transport Command was then known) was activated on June 5, 1941, under the late Maj. Gen. Robert J. Olds, then a colonel.

Prior to the formation of the Ferrying Command, lend-lease planes had been flown to the Canadian border, and in order that we would not violate our neutrality, they were towed across. As soon as the planes were on Canadian soil, they were taken over by the R. A. F. Ferrying Command and then flown swiftly to Newfoundland. After a thorough checking over, the planes took off and flew the hazardous North Atlantic to England . . . and the war.

When the United States took over the ferrying of these planes the transportation of cargo and personnel was the exception rather than the rule. It was only on rare occasions that anything other than a few mail pouches was carried and passengers consisted of military and diplomatic officials.

It was not until after our actual entry into the war that large scale movements of material and personnel became a necessity. The events that followed Pearl Harbor gave the Ferrying Command many a problem and headache. The planes were often overloaded and the crews were constantly overworked. Necessity made it imperative that regular air routes be established throughout the Allied Nations, but the United States was clamoring for combat planes and the transports on hand were



General George

far too few. Much of the transportation of vital cargo in the war zones was done in combat planes by pilots who, but a few hours earlier, were battling with the enemy. This was the Ferrying Command's "adolescent age" and many a growing pain was felt during this period of enforced expansion.

When the Ferrying Command was activated in 1941, it had a high priority on personnel and material. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, however, the necessities of war made this unfeasible and the Ferrying Division had to rely on its own initiative to procure the necessary pilots. Since the military flying schools could not supply the vast demand for pilots, the Ferrying Division called upon the experienced civilian pilots of the country. Thousands of these airmen were carefully tested and examined and only the finest were accepted and given commissions as Service Pilots. To maintain a high standard of pilot



General Tunner

efficiency and obtain valuable flying experience in all types of ships, both military and service pilots participate in the "Transition Section" maintained by each group.

While it is the primary function of the Air Transport Command to transport personnel, material, and mail for the various War Department Agencies, the Ferrying Division is essentially interested in the delivery of military aircraft within this country and to destinations outside of the United States.

From its headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, the Ferrying Division of the Air Transport Command, under the direction of Brigadier General William H. Tunner, supervises the many operations of the various Ferrying Groups. These groups are strategically located throughout the country and serve to coordinate the activities of production and distribution. Planes are flown from the various factories to modification centers where they undergo necessary changes to fit them for a particular task in each battle zone. After being modified the ships are flown to many parts of the world where they and their crews

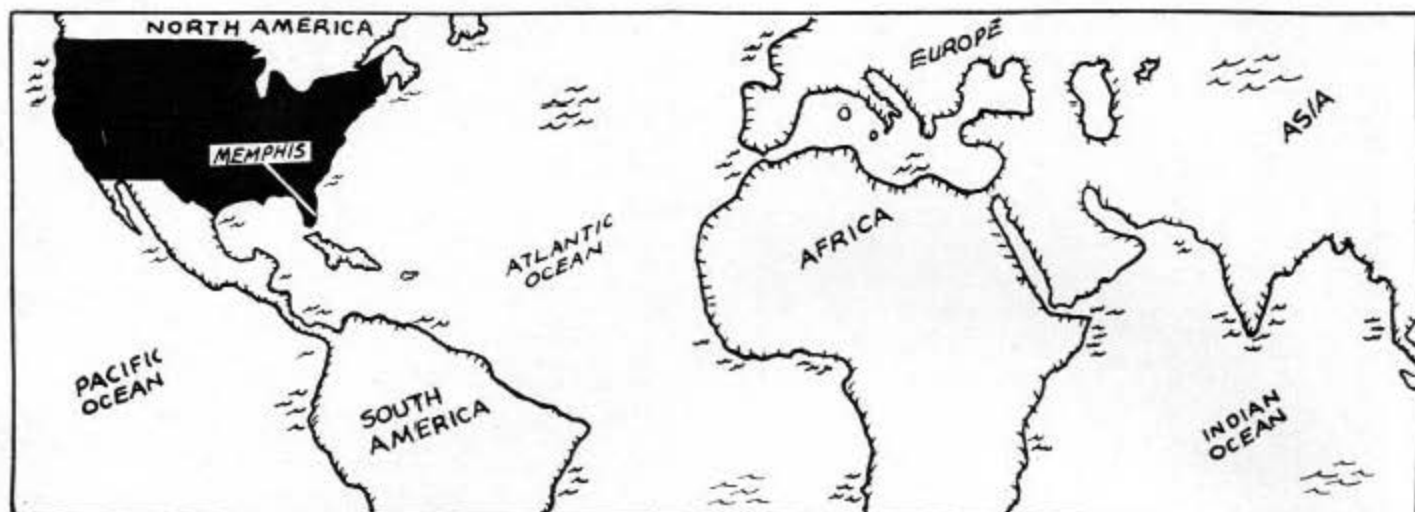
do more than their share in the fight for freedom.

On June 20, 1942, the Ferrying Command was redesignated the Air Transport Command and under Major General Harold L. George (who succeeded General Robert J. Olds on April 1 of that year), there was an organized and successful effort to fly cargo over regular and established routes. It was General George who turned to the United States Airlines for the experience that was so sorely needed and the success of the Air Transport Command is largely due to the efforts of men such as Brig. Gen. Cyrus R. Smith (American Airlines), Larry Fritz (TWA), Col. Harold R. Harris (Panagra), Col. Ray Ireland (United), Col. George Gardner (Northwest Airlines), Col. Grant Mason (Pan-Am), and Col. James G. Flynn (American).

By the end of 1943, the Air Transport Command will be ten times as large as all of the airlines of the peacetime world combined and will log over 3,000,000 miles daily.



Lt. Col. Johnson



A Ship DELIVERED

We're probably sitting around the barracks, enjoying a game of chance, with perhaps a coke, or doing a bit of bunk fatigue, and the remotest thing from our minds at the moment is the sight of foreign shores. Suddenly, you are called to the Operations Office and informed that you are scheduled for a foreign ferrying trip. Immediately, a whole flock of questions spring up in your mind: To what crew are you assigned? What are they like? What type of ship is it? Where are you going and when are you leaving?

Through the hustle and bustle of the Operations Office, you soon realize that you can get very little information. Finally, your pilot shows up and after getting acquainted with him and the other members of the crew, you begin firing a steady stream of questions at him, because he will be the one to know. This is not through mere curiosity or anticipation on your part, but you would not particularly care to burden yourself with heavy winter flying equipment if you are going via the Southern Route, whereas this would be an essential if you were headed for the North Atlantic run. The pilot supplies you with all the information he can and things begin to clear up a bit.

You are pretty lucky this time! You are pulling a B-24 trip and this is already good news, especially when one has been making previous trips in such weird contraptions as A-30's and B-26's! It's nice to have a four-fan job now and then . . . just to break the monotony.

Your plan is to leave early the next morning, so you make a mad dash for Air Corps Supply and draw whatever equipment might be lacking. Then to Ordnance, for the guns and ammunition, and with all this baggage in tow you go on the line to look over your ship. She's a dandy! Looks mighty impressive out there on the ramp—she spells no good for the nearsighted little man on the white horse . . . she has the lines of a boxcar, but you know from past experience that she is an airworthy craft and will fly and maneuver and climb like a homesick angel. The engineer gives it a thorough check while the pilot runs up her engines, and you, being the radio operator, tinker with your equipment, giving it as thorough a check as you can on the ground.

The ship is finally loaded and all that is lacking is your personal baggage. Back to your quarters, and you have a scheduled five

A.M. takeoff. You spend a few feverish hours rounding up your clothing and equipment. By the time you have all your personal belongings together, you find that your B-4 bag, which is going to be your "home" for the duration of the trip, is bulging menacingly.

Comes the dawn and takeoff. The big bird is purring magnificently — roaring its four-engined challenge to all as it takes to the blue. The first leg of the trip is uneventful. You might be heading for the Warner-Robins Air Depot or one of the other staging points. When you get there you meet SNAFU.

The engineering officer at "X" Field probably wants to know what in the hell you are doing there in the first place! The pilot flashes orders which direct you to "X" for fuel-tank alterations. He has never heard of any such orders, and right there SNAFU is promoted to TARFU. So you go along your merry old way while "X" and Washington are bickering back and forth on your SNAFU status. This all takes a grand total of "three" days, while you are most busily engaged in establishing friendly relations with the population of "X."

Finally it is decided that your tanks are all right after all and that you should head in for West Palm Beach and Morrison Field. And you're off again! At Morrison Field, the usual routine is awaiting you. As you land, you are besieged by a thousand and one little feather merchants, those industrious civilians who keep the feathers on a pilot's wings. You check in at Operations and RON. The crew is told to be ready to leave the day after tomorrow. Here your little black book will come in mighty handy, for you are no newcomer to West Palm Beach and the "George Washington," and feel that you are entitled to at least one more good hangover before leaving these shores.

The next day, while your engineer is pulling a twenty-five hour inspection on the ship, knee-deep in grease, face smeared with oil, and looking very industrious, the rest of us go to pay a call on the Briefing Officer and Intelligence. This session is usually good for a couple of hours. All the navigational aids, weather and route information, and radio facilities are given to us. Soon the ship is



ready to fly. The final test hop is made, the compass is swung, and we are ready to take off at 2300 o'clock.

This is only the beginning of the real test. Through the stillness of the night the engines roar. Busy hands are tinkering about the ship, making those all-important final adjustments. Your confidential equipment is brought back aboard from the safety vaults, and then you start sliding down the runway midst the eerie lights cast by your landing lights in the backwash of the props.

During the first hour of flight, the ship is comparatively a beehive of activity. There is a ten-hour hop ahead of us, so we strive to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The navigator has retired to his "office" in the nose of the ship, and is presently occupied midst sheaves of paper, maps, and almanacs, taking his first star shots.

Meanwhile, in the cockpit, the instrument panel, with its myriads of green lights and arrows all aglow, is receiving the undivided attention of the pilot and copilot. After the engineer has given his fuel transfer system a going over in the bomb bays, you get on your transmitter and contact Morrison Field and establish a schedule of communications with them, because they must be constantly informed of your progress by a periodic position report.

The course has been set for "X," and "George," the automatic pilot, that unsung

and uncommissioned hero of many a flight, is flying the ship now. The minutes and the hours slip by monotonously. Between yawns, a drink of cold water from the thermos bottle is passed around.

Dammit, but it's hard to keep awake with the singsong chant of those four engines beating at your ears with a maddening unbroken regularity! The cigarette butts are beginning to form a rather impressive array in the ash-tray. You cast an envious look at the engineer, who by this time has curled up in a corner behind you and is catching a bit of shuteye, using his Mae West as a makeshift pillow.

It's the navigator on the interphone now, giving his latest position report for you to radio into Morrison and you start pounding the key again. You won't be hitting Puerto



Rico this trip, but you have to call them and identify the ship as it passes within a couple of hundred miles from the island. Sure wish that I were headed for "X" Field though, to gorge myself once more on one of the most grandiose spectacles that one can see from the air: the rich and colorful vegetation of the island as you make the approach. That chow and those living quarters are nothing to sneer at either! So it's good-bye to Happy Hills and its happy semibefuddled memories.

Light begins to stream through as you struggle with the telegraph key and transmitter to get through to "X." A steady gush of static blasts at your ears. You're being crowded off the frequency. Finally you succeed in getting in your two cents' worth, slipping in a word edgewise, and with a sigh of

relief, switch off the transmitter and strip those earphones from your head.

Pete is awake now and apprises the rest of the crew of this by casting a deprecatory remark about static chasers in general and this one in particular. You parry the thrust by voicing your opinion of grease monkeys, which you classify as deadweight on an aircraft. The age-old feud is on again. Good-natured ribbing. For a few minutes it's a nip and tuck affair as you both proceed to criticize in most unkind terms the merits of your respective occupations. Anything to kill time. . . . A coke would come in mighty nice right now! . . . You take a stroll through the bomb bays and into the rear compartment to limber up your muscles a bit. . . . Day is really breaking now as the ship cuts its way through space and clouds with dogged determination. . . . You have a feeling of pride about that ship . . . your ship . . . it's your baby and you know that somehow it will see you through. . . . Its whole huge carcass vibrating with spasms of power with every revolution of the props.

More hours crawl by and at last you are letting down over land again. We have been flying for over ten hours and the whole crew has worked up a pretty good appetite. We'll have an overnight stop here. The GI's at this base can tell you some pretty tall submarine chasing yarns over a brew or two in the P. X. at night. . . . You spend an hour or two tracking down a buddy of yours who is stationed here and for whom you've brought some recent magazines and a couple of Florida newspapers. . . . I suspect the fellow gets a bit homesick every time he sees us coming in and out again.

As you head back to the quarters to go to bed, the native guard challenges you with the unforgettable: "Who dat man?" . . . A shower and you hit the bunk. The mosquito net is adjusted and you're off to sleep, unmindful of the night sounds of the jungle beyond. You've had a pretty good day's work since eleven o'clock last night. . . . No need to count sheep here. . . .

In the wee hours of the morning the C.Q. wakes you. . . . God bless him . . . and within a couple of hours "X" Field is well behind you and the clearance papers read "X." We're

hitting some pretty rough weather on this leg of the trip. . . . There's Devil's Island down below. . . . Now we're crossing the equator. . . . Old routine now! . . . I remember the first time I crossed the equator and received my Ferry Command initiation. Captain Chandler had scared the very wits out of me. I thought all hell and fury had cut loose as the ship, an A-30 (to boot), swayed crazily from one side to the other. Tradition, you know. . . .

Out of pure mischief, you contact "X" by voice and request coded advance weather information, just to hear the Brazilian operator struggling with the English phonetic alphabet as he staggers through the message . . . "Charlie . . . Baker . . . Tear . . ." As you copy him you motion to Pete and he puts on a set of earphones and listens. We cannot help but crack a smile as the Senor carries on, eager to help. Pete's only comment is a blank smile accompanied by a very expressive gesture, which consists in twirling the forefinger several times about his ear. . . .

You've picked up the "X" range by now. There's nothing like a tropical front and a



few well dispersed clouds to upset an otherwise perfectly normal stomach.

The crew is in fine fettle today. We're scheduled for a one-day layover at "X." Simpson is on the interphone singing from a song sheet. So you join in and harmonize . . . at 9,000 feet. . . . Again Pete and the characteristic gesture! Unappreciative, that's all. . . . That's a pump wobbler for you!

You finger lightly through a magazine, then restless, you have a bit of jam and crackers. Oh! oh! that was a bad move. The rest of the crew has spotted you chow hounding, and for the next few minutes you are busily engaged in making jam sandwiches and pouring pineapple juice, over your protests that a radioman was never intended to double as steward! . . . But to no avail. . . . Anyway, you'll get even with Pete by pulling a disappearing act when the ship lands and he'll have to clean up this mess all by himself.

Simpson, our stargazer, crawls out of his greenhouse to join us on the flight deck, and tries in vain to drum up a blackjack game. "George" is still flying the big Liberator on its unerring course. . . . Finally we're on our base leg and now the twenty-eight tons of might is hitting the runway. The ship is taxied to its parking space, following the diminutive jeep which has been sent out to meet us.

The navigator has won his bet on the exactness of his ETA and is presently collecting his pound of flesh from the copilot. . . . Transportation awaits us as we grab our bags and head for the billeting office. A shower, a bit of food, or at least a reasonable facsimile of same, and we feel like new men. An excursion into town. . . . The clerk at the Hotel Grande will change your American currency into milreis. You lose a bit in the exchange, but you charge that off to the Good Neighbor policy, and to Pan-American solidarity; besides you remember that there is one born every minute, quote Barnum. . . .

It's hot in town but there is a nice breeze blowing in from the waterfront. You shoot a bearing on the nearest cafe and stroll in with Pete in tow. . . . We set down to a bottle of that despicable "gook" beer. . . . Better that we don't eat in town, because



we've been warned that dysentery is rampant there. We are busy warding off the flies and the beggars, of all ages and descriptions, whose individual tales of woe run the gamut of human miseries. . . . "Amigo, Americano, give presente me!" . . . The shoeshine boys. . . . Then we have to contend with the peddlers who approach us with their multifarious wares: watches, wallets, perfumes, and, of course, a well-concealed knife which is the infallible "piece de resistance." . . . A pilgrimage to the "Wonderbar" . . . and we stand on the porch and throw milreis at the naked kids bathing in the river below.

The next morning we get up quite late for a change as the ship is undergoing a fifty-hour inspection, and we get briefed for our next hop, which is to the "Rock," undoubtedly one of the bleakest spots in creation. We leave "X" in the evening and head out to sea. This is a lot of water to be crossing, and that island is certainly a very minute spot, but, as your navigator is on the ball, after a seven-hour hop, we sight the island, a most welcome sight to many an airman who has had to sweat it out. . . .

There is a flurry of birds to greet us as we prepare to land, and when we are about to touch the runway it seems that the pass we are in is so narrow that our wing-tips will touch the rocks. We are first struck by the total lack of vegetation on the island—all is rock and dirt, and more dirt, and all around us the immense wastes of the Atlantic. We have breakfast and then we are off again, headed towards the African coast.

Comes mid-afternoon and the British Gold Coast of West Africa. You are tired by this time, as you have been flying for a good many hours, but being a transient, you don't receive much consideration from the billeting officer and the best that you can rate is a rope bed with a blanket in lieu of mattress and sheets, with your dreams for a pillow. It's always a pleasure to leave "X" and all its smell behind. The next hop takes you to the walled city where the quarters and the meals are good, and the houseboys are efficient.

The next morning we're off to Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When we arrive at "X," you find the heat unbearable, but fortunately, again your quarters are fine. But that Spam! . . . In the evening an outdoor movie and Canadian beer. And at last, another short hop and you arrive in Eritrea.

This is certainly quite a change from what you have been accustomed to! As this is the first time in "X," you are immediately struck by a few details worthy of mention. The food is good and is prepared by Italian prisoners of war. At mealtime we are entertained by canned music blasting forth from a loud-speaker. No K. P. for GI's here! Truly a soldier's heaven, as foreign service goes. The Italians do just about all the work. A modern laundry, featuring twelve-hour service, a true godsend to Ferrymen. A modern eight-chair barber shop, a shoe repair shop, a dry cleaning plant, a neat little P. X. where you may purchase cokes and ice cream! All the plants are manned by the Italians, who go about their merry way and seem perfectly oblivious of their status as prisoners of war, and show no concern whatsoever for the war. And their services, mentioned above, are all free of charge.

We spend four glorious days here while the linemen are pulling a hundred-hour inspection on the ship. The instruments have gone haywire on the last hop, so that has to be attended to. The climate is wonderful, as we are on a plateau and it is cool. It is an hour's ride into town in that old dilapidated Italian bus. Cactus wine and sidewalk cafes. . . . "X" has all the earmarks of a modern town and we spent many a happy and carefree hour there. For a few shillings you can buy a cigarette lighter made from an Italian air-

plane propeller. You can see a few last vestiges of past Italian domination here and there. Fascist emblems, and inscriptions on walls and fences: Viva Il Duce! Viva Fascisti! Viva Italia! And most of the Italian girls are not hard to look at either. . . . Taxi dance halls and night clubs. . . . Somehow you hate to leave this oasis, but there is a ship to deliver, so it's good-bye to "X" and the House of Mirrors. . . .

Another long hop and we arrive in Arabia. The trip is without incident until we reach the airdrome. We have to circle the field over and over again for fifteen minutes, while on the ground they are busy chasing the camels off the runway so that we can land.

Upon leaving the airplane, we spot a wild dog, chase him in the O. D.'s jeep, and shoot him . . . it's open season on wild dogs at all times as occasionally they try to break into the mess hall in packs. That night we hear them howling . . . there must be from twenty-five to thirty of them, until someone with a flashlight and a Thompson sprays them with lead. Then we can sleep. The British rations which we get to eat are a poor semblance of food, but we cannot afford to be very particular in this God-forsaken area.

Next day, we arrive in India and spend the night there before embarking on the last lap of our trip, which takes us to "X" in the interior. Upon arriving there we turn our ship over to the Air Depot, and the B-24 is off our hands, no longer our responsibility. Immediately the pilot tries to book transportation back to the States, but as it turns out, they have a little surprise in store for us there, in the form of an old battered down B-17, veteran of many a raid, which they want us to crew back to the States. The general consensus of opinion amongst us after viewing this crate is that it must be consigned to the Smithsonian Institute, but there is no way we can shake off this deal. . . . They will make her ready for us. . . . This takes all of twelve hellish days spent here. The heat and the dampness and the flies and the ants are unbearable. More rope beds. . . . Fine swimming pool in the Cecil Hotel in town. . . . Zombies. . . . We visit the Taj Mahal and the Palace and that kills a day. Next day we go off limits to the smelly area of the burning grounds

where, from a distance, we watch the natives burning their dead on makeshift pyres. . . . We are forever haggling with peddlers or merchants or tonga drivers. Warding off the diseased and repulsively crippled beggars, the filthy and ragged brats follow us for blocks to shine our shoes: "Shine shoes, Sahib!" They cling to us like gnats. Slap them, kick them, anything to shake them off. If your shoes are polished, they will try to put dirt on them . . . shrewd business. . . . We see the cattle in the houses . . . the sacred cows . . . a hunting trip via weapons carrier, the score: twelve quail, seven dove, two peacocks . . . those peacock feathers will make a mighty proud hat for little Connie back in the States. A shopping tour yields a few ivory knick-knacks, a couple of Ghirker knives, a miniature of the Taj, and a black velvet evening bag which will make them catch their breath in the States.

Finally the ship is ready to fly and we start the long drive back home. We get the ship back as far as South America and finally abandon it there as it positively refuses to fly any further. On every hop, one or two engines always conk out . . . the hydraulic system goes haywire. Which is why we've christened this patriach of all seventeen's "The Derelict."

We climb in that C-46 at "X" homeward bound as passengers. Bucket seats never looked or felt so good to us. Out of sheer gratitude and benevolence, we can even beam a smile on that inquisitive Customs Officer at Miami as we touch terra firma again. . . . That tenderloin steak certainly tastes good. . . . And two "Buds," please. . . . Another day and we're in Memphis.

Now for that five-day rest leave!



We Bombed Tokyo



Lt. William N. Fitzhugh

One gray cold day late in February, 1942, all the officers and enlisted men of the 17th Bombardment Group were called into the hangar at our base in Columbia, South Carolina, and were told that volunteers were needed for a very hazardous mission. I think without exception every man volunteered, but only the men with the most time in B-25's were chosen. I was lucky to land a co-pilot's berth with Pilot Lt. Travis Hoover of Riverside, California.

We were sent to Elgin Field, Florida, for three weeks' special training consisting of practice carrier take-offs, low altitude bombing, gunnery, and gas consumption tests. This

training period occupied the first three weeks of March. We then flew to the Sacramento Air Depot in California where our planes received a final check. On April 1st we loaded our planes aboard the U. S. S. Hornet at [REDACTED]. That night we were all given shore leave in San Francisco. Needless to say it was one glorious evening as we did not know when we would spend another in the States.

The next morning as the Golden Gate Bridge slipped behind us, my best friend and I watched it disappear into the mist and wondered when we would see it again. My friend was Lt. Dean Hollwork of Dallas, Texas, and he has never seen it or any part of the United States again as he was one of the few captured by the Japanese.

The second day out we were told what our objectives were. Up until that time we had only guessed. Now we knew. It gave us a big thrill and a hollow feeling in our stomachs. We knew our chance had really come—our first mission against the enemy.

We had a very pleasant and uneventful trip over. Our time was mostly occupied by study of our targets, drawing our map courses, and receiving information about the industrial and military setup of Japan. During any spare time poker and craps received a big play.

Early on the morning of April 18 our sentry planes picked up a Japanese ship. Immediately, one of our cruisers was sent over to take care of it. We could see the cruiser firing at the ship but were unable to see the target. Soon, we were ordered to take off, although we had not intended to start until the following day.

We followed General Doolittle on the take-off. It certainly was a thrill to see him leave the Hornet, as it was the first time in history a bomber of that size had ever taken off from the deck of a ship. We all got off O. K. and headed for our targets individually. It happened that our target, a powder factory in Tokyo, was near General Doolittle's, so we followed him in all the way. Leaving the Hornet about 8:30 A.M., we arrived over our target at 1:00 P.M. On the way in we were fired on by a Jap weather ship. We saw a surfaced submarine, a flying boat, and hundreds of fishing boats. We thought that these had surely radioed our approach to Tokyo and that there would be a warm reception awaiting us. However, something must have gone wrong for there was no interception of our first ships. We did see a flight of twelve fighter planes above us but evidently they did not see us.

Flying low all the time gave us better gas consumption. When we came in over the beach, north of Tokyo, there were a number of people on the sand who just looked up at us and waved. We couldn't have been over



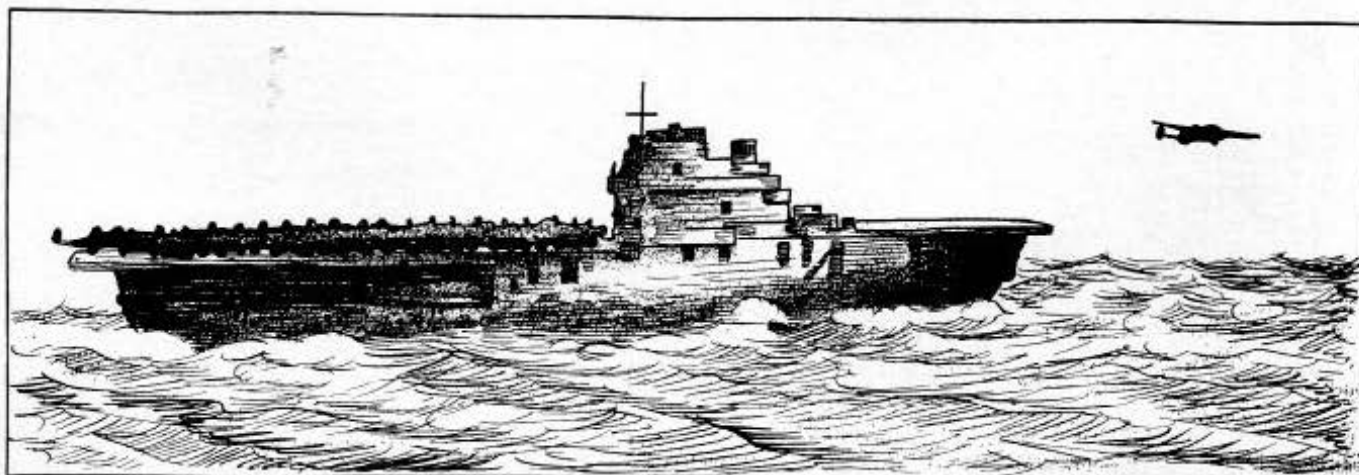
General Doolittle

forty feet above them. We stayed on the tree-tops all the way in so as to be less visible and offer a poorer target. At our low altitude, we could see the faces of the people in the streets. There was no panic. They must have thought we were Japanese, although our white star was painted plainly on our ships. Our target was quite easy to find, and our bombardier, Lt. Dick Miller of Indiana, did a wonderful job. Our gunner, Sgt. Douglas Rodney of Mexia, Texas, saw our first two bombs score direct hits on buildings, and the third bomb land between two other buildings. Sgt. Rodney said, "The sides of the buildings seemed to bulge like a barrel and then the roof caved in." Our incendiaries had nice coverage also. We encountered a small amount of ineffective anti-aircraft and along the river and bay front a few balloon barrages.

After dumping our bombs, we went out over Tokyo Bay and stayed just out of sight of land all the way down the Japanese coast to the southern tip of Japan. Then we headed across the China Sea for China. The entire trip thus far had been in perfect weather, but as we entered the China Sea we could see bad weather ahead. We were expecting a head-wind in the China Sea, but for some unknown reason we had a brisk tail wind that carried us across. Since we took off long before we expected to, I am sure none of us would have reached China had it not been for this unexpected help. As we got farther into the China Sea the weather got worse and we had to stay right on the water to keep under the overcast. Just as we sighted what we hoped was the Chinese mainland, our engines cut out. Knowing we could not go up over the overcast to clear the mountains ahead, the only thing to do was to find a likely place to sit down. Luckily, we spotted one right away, and Lt. Hoover made a swell wheels-up landing in a level rice patty along the shore. We

all got out O. K. and immediately fired the plane. Not knowing whether we were in occupied territory or not, we lost no time in setting off, leaving our luggage behind as we wanted nothing to cut down our traveling speed. We took only emergency rations, the little water we had left, candy bars, and cigarettes. It was just at dusk when we landed and was still raining hard, so our progress was slow. To add to our troubles the fire in the plane had set off our machine gun bullets, and they were whizzing all around us. It wasn't exactly healthy. We spotted a hill some distance off and made our way there to spend the night. It's pretty hard to walk through the Chinese rice fields as there is nothing but mud, soft ground, and irrigation ditches. We spent that night in the rain on top of the hill. The next day we stayed in a pillbox as we did not want to travel in daylight.

After wandering around for three days and nights in a steady downpour with no food and only the rain water we could sop up with



our handkerchiefs for drink, we came upon some Chinese guerillas. After finally convincing them we were Americans by drawing pictures, they took us to the Chinese Military Headquarters of that District. From then on we had a military escort and were treated royally. We were wined and dined at every stop, and the Chinese hospitality is something I shall never forget. After about three weeks' travel by foot, bamboo chair, and ricksha, we reached the airfield which was our destination.

We had the longest journey to make and upon our arrival found that most of the other survivors had checked in and departed. We later caught up with some of them in Chungking, China, and others in Calcutta, India.

Most of the men were sent home and later went back to North Africa and a few of us remained in India and China. I went back to China with a B-25 outfit belonging to the 14th Air Force commanded by Major General Chennault.



Forced Landing

Orders came through for my crew to deliver a bomber to a foreign destination. Quickly loading our baggage on a jeep, we hustled down to our ship. The day, a beautiful clear one in June, anticipation of a long trip, and many interesting sights had us all in a jolly good humor.

At first everything ran smoothly. The crew worked like clockwork. We reached our first refueling points, landed, R. O. N.'d, and took off from each in record time. It looked as if we would have a quicker trip than usual.

We encountered our first real trouble at a field somewhere in West Africa. We were

about to take off for a destination in North Africa, when I noticed my left engine acting up. The engineering men on the field immediately went to work on it. After thorough investigation, they decided to install a new engine. Following a test hop, we were once more ready to continue on our journey.

We took off with a minimum ceiling, but flew above the overcast for better conditions. About an hour out and at 9,000 feet, a sudden loud report came from the left engine. The ship yawed considerably to the left, a sign that my left engine was out. I trimmed the ship and made a gentle turn to the right, heading back toward the field from which we had just



departed. After double checking the bad engine, I finally feathered the prop. The ship was losing altitude rapidly, so we dropped our bomb bay tanks. This improved the situation slightly. At approximately a thousand feet we broke out of the overcast. Knowing we would soon have to land, I ordered the crew to stand by for a crash landing.

After skimming the trees for a few minutes, I ordered the co-pilot to drop full flaps and cut the throttle and ignition switches in hopes of preventing fire. After our first contact with the ground I lost consciousness, and when I came to found myself hanging by the safety belt in an inverted position. I tried to untangle myself but couldn't. Lt. Ashby C. Byers, the co-pilot, was dazed when he was thrown clear of the wrecked ship. He soon recovered and crawled back to pull me clear of the wreckage. We were no sooner clear of the plane than it burst into flames.

The engineer, Cpl. Kenneth V. Blessings, who had gone back to the tail before the ship hit, escaped through the rear hatch. He then dragged Lt. Louis L. Clemons, the navigator who had a broken back, clear of the wreckage and helped S/Sgt. James G. Thomas, the radio operator, whose foot was entangled in some cables. They finally managed to get clear but not before the radio operator had received serious burns around the head and arms. Soon the wreckage was a mass of flames with ammunition going off in all directions. Due to the rapid spread of the flames we were unable to salvage the first aid equipment which was sorely missed.

After hacking through a quarter-mile of dense jungle, natives from a near-by village came to our rescue and carried us back to their village. Being unable to get medical attention there, I set out with a native guide for the next



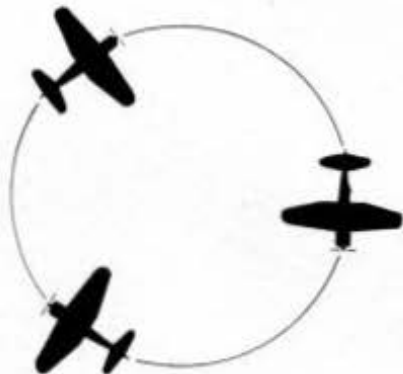
Lt. Ben J. Mangina

village. After walking through marshes and jungle trails for about nine miles we reached the village. An African trader took me to his home and treated my wounds. He had already heard of our crash and sent for a doctor. Late that night the rest of the crew was brought in by native stretcher bearers.

The next day an R. A. F. flying boat circled the village and after sighting our frantic waving and the strips of white clothing which we had laid on the ground, the ship dropped medical supplies and finally landed on a river which was near-by. The rescue party arrived at the village where we were located several hours later, among whom was a flight surgeon who administered first aid. We were then taken to the ship by the rescue party and put aboard with the help of life rafts. Despite the fact that the river did not offer a long take-off run, the pilot was able to make a smooth take-off with full load aboard.

We were hospitalized at "X" Field Hospital somewhere in Africa where excellent treatment and attention were given us. I am sure none of us will ever forget this harrowing experience.





ACTIVITIES



CAPTAIN BAGLEY



CLERICAL STAFF

Duty

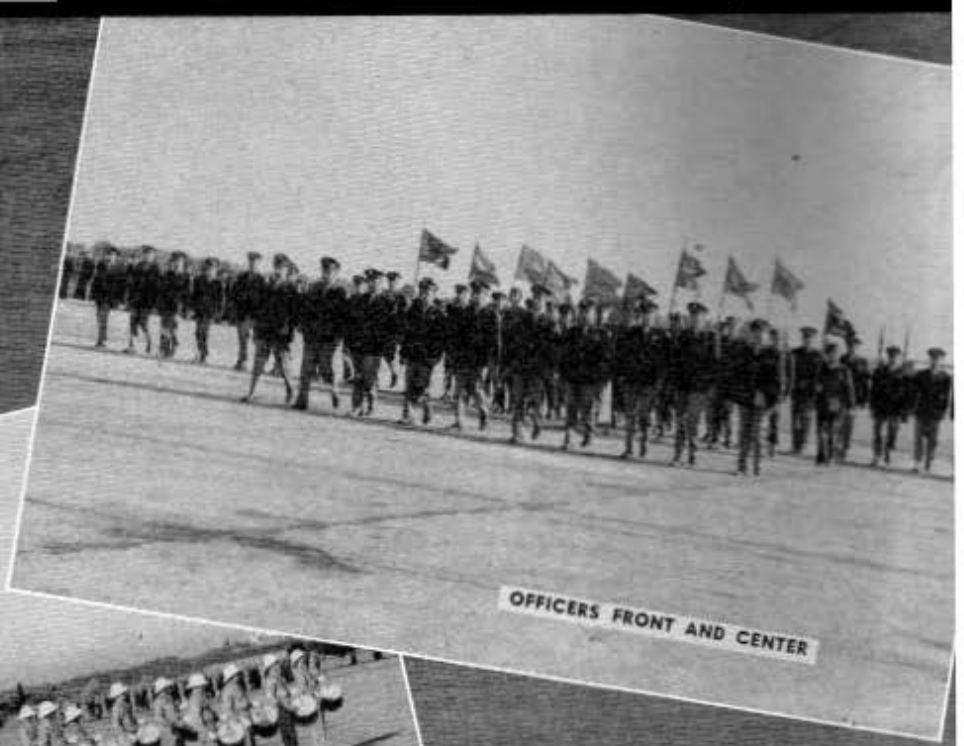


LIEUTENANT ZERVECK

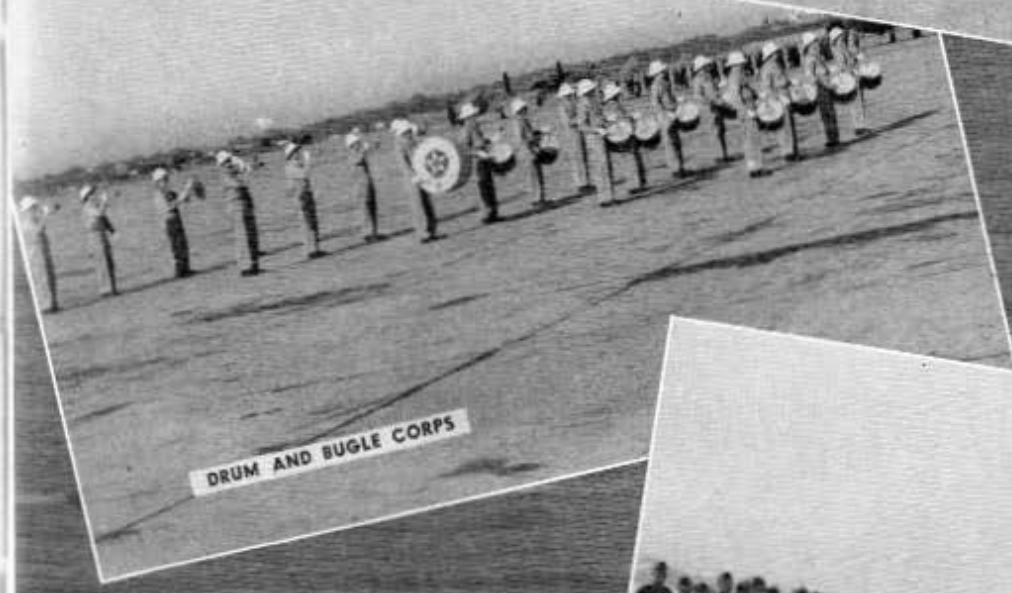
Scenes



MRS. ROBINSON



OFFICERS FRONT AND CENTER



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

Color

Military



SPECIAL AWARD

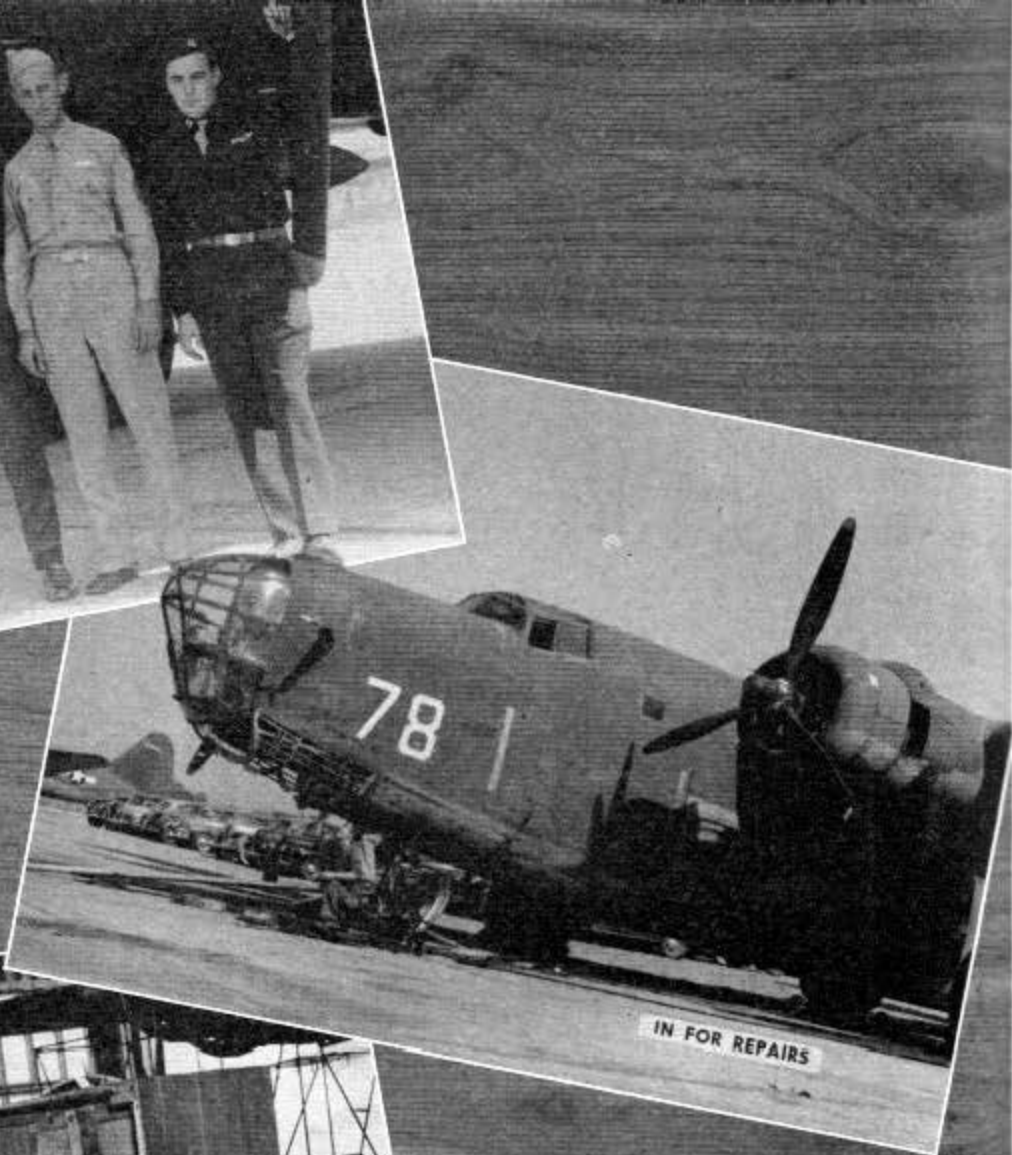


PASS IN REVIEW



BEFORE TAKEOFF

On the



IN FOR REPAIRS



A NEW ENGINE

Line



BACK HOME



1, 2, 3, AND 4



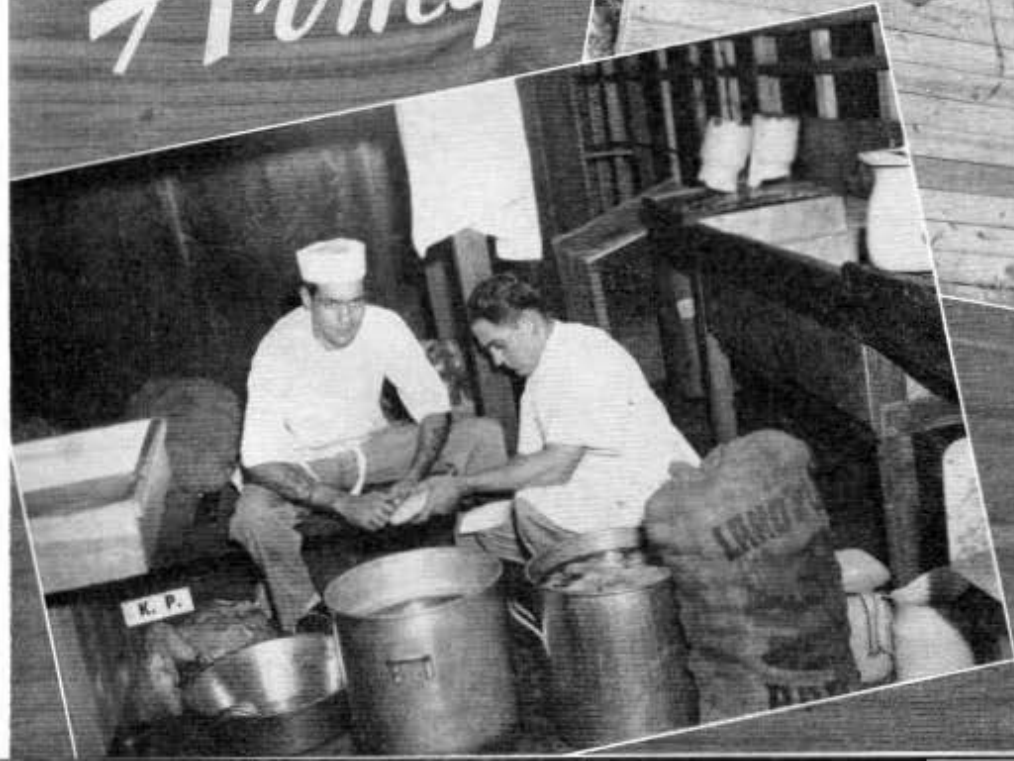
THE WINNING HAND

Life

Army



ON THE OBSTACLE COURSE



K. P.



BASEBALL

The 93rd was well represented on the Post Baseball Team; at one time eight of our men, including officers and enlisted men, participated in the games played. The successful season was culminated by our team taking part in the National Semi-pro National Tournament and returning home with four trophies—one for the best sportsmanship in the league, another for finishing in seventh place, the third went to Jimmy Brown, former Cardinal second baseman, for being chosen All-American Coach, and the last was presented to Hal Tones, former Chattanooga pitcher, who was picked for the All-American Team. The following players were from the 93rd: Lt. Bertulis, outfielder; M/Sgt. Blalock, pitcher; Sgt. Durr, outfielder; Lt. Harmon, first base; T/Sgt. Ilik, outfielder; Sgt. Kell,

Squadron

catcher; M/Sgt. Landrin, second base; and Sgt. Pellicore, second base.

SOFTBALL

The softball league provided some of the most exciting play of the spring and summer. Activated in June, the 93rd won the second half and in the play-off lost their only game of the season to the 26th. Members of the team were: Allen, Blalock, Bookmeyer, Duffey, Durante, Durr, Fleming, Hastings, Hinueber, Ilik, Kell, Landrin, O'Connor, Pellicore, Schettl, and Spitzer.

BOWLING

Getting off to a slow start, the bowling team, under Captain Long, soon picked up and at the close of the first series of intrasquadron competition held second place. As the new series begins, the vacancy on the team, caused by the loss of Sergeant McGuire, has been filled by Stock. The team is better organized, is composed of men whose bowling average is one hundred and fifty or better, and prospects are excellent for finishing in first place. Members of the team were: Koval, Long (Capt.), Manfredi, Maguire, McQuire, Spitzer, and Stock.



Athletics

BASKETBALL

The 93rd is contributing a number of candidates to the Post basketball team among whom are: Donaldson, Bojinoff, and Shettl. In the Intrasquadron League the squadron team has won the first five games and expects to win the Post championship. Members of the team are: Brewer, Bridgett, Bojinoff, Courchesne, Donaldson, Kell, Landrin, Schettl, Hinueber, and Bookmeyer.

HORSESHOES

Our champion horseshoe team had a record of seven wins and one loss. For this they received the Post Intersquadron League Trophy. Members of the team were: Flenar, Landrin, McMahon, Murphy, and White.

PING-PONG

Getting off to a slow start the Ping-Pong team caught fire near the middle of the season, and from a spot near the bottom ended up in third place. Members of the team were Blalock, Bojinoff, Durr, Ilik (Capt.), Long, and O'Connor.



VOLLEYBALL

In volleyball, the 93rd completely dominated the league, winning all eight of its games to achieve an undefeated season and the Post championship. Members of the team were: Blalock, Bridgett, Carroll, Fleming, Hughes, O'Connor, Pedersen, Pellicore, Schettl, Spitzer, and Tagliavia.



**THIS
IS THE
ARMY**





OFFICERS' DANCE

We



OFFICERS' LOUNGE



SERVICE CLUB LOUNGE

Relax



SERVICE CLUB SNACK BAR

NOW -
MAJOR JOHNSTON -SIR-
I'M READY FOR YOU TO
INSPECT MY BLANKETS

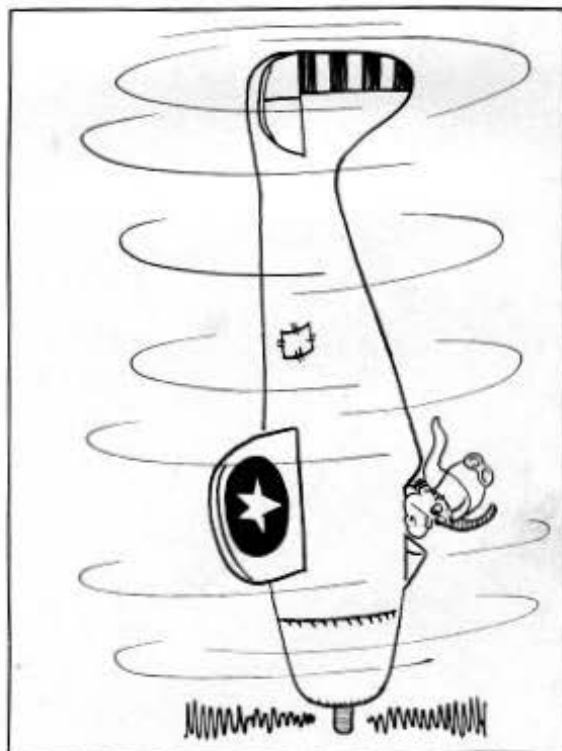


NOW - LES' SEE -WHAT WAS
IT LT. VINCENT TOLD ME
TO USE FOR DISH PAN
HANDS ??



ROGER WILCO IN EGYPT -

I BELIEVE THE COBRA'S CONFUSED?



THIS WOULD HAPPEN
WHEN MY FLYING GUIDE
IS IN THE BARRACKS !!

HOW WAS I TO KNOW
THE MAJOR DOESN'T ALLOW
FISHING IN THE POOL!!



I TOLD CAPTAIN ELTON I HADN'T
SOWED MY WILD OATS - SO HE
HAULS OFF AND GIVES ME THIS
SEED SOWER AND TELLS ME TO
SOW GRASS SEED ON THE LAWN!



I HAD A FEELING I WAS
FORGETTING SOMETHING
WHEN I GOT IN TH' PLANE!

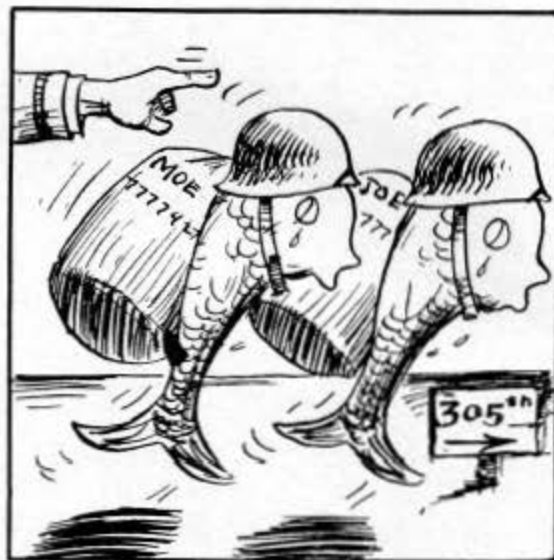


GOSH-
WHAT CAN
WE DO?

OH! WHAT
LOVELY
UPHOLSTERY!



P R I V A T E S



Fun is fun and red tape is red tape—and much of both were in evidence this week as two “privates” were returned to the 305th by the 93rd after a most proper exchange of official correspondence through channels.

Now, it seems, since it is official and part of the records of both squadrons, Pvts. Moe and Joe Goldfish are back to stay in the fish-bowl of the 305th, despite the 93rd's contention of “crowded conditions.”

The 93rd started this “cause celebre” by making off with the goldfish one night, leaving an official letter to the effect that Moe and Joe were being transferred to more suitable quarters. The letter began, “SUBJECT: Transfer of Enlisted Goldfish,” and said the action was taken “in view of the crowded conditions and existing environment at their former assignment. The original copy of orders sent to 305th, and goldfish hereby removed.” The letter was signed by Major James E. Johnston, Commanding Officer of the 93rd, home of the home for homeless fish.

But Capt. V. Edward Smith, Commanding

Officer of the 305th, is no man to be thwarted by official letters. He promptly sent a letter of his own to the Commanding Officer, Fourth Ferrying Group, pointing out that “this trans-

4th FERRYING SQUADRON
FERRYING DIVISION - AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
6 September, 1943

SUBJECT: Transfer of Enlisted Goldfish.

TO : 1 Commanding Officer, 4th Ferrying Group, Ferrying Division,
AFC, Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tennessee.

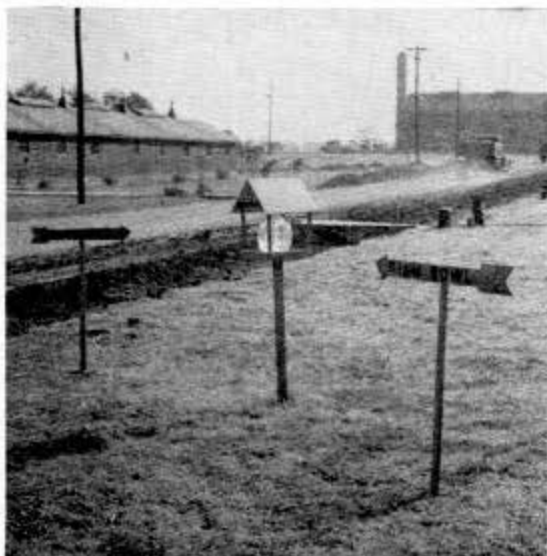
1. Inclosed herewith is file copy for your Headquarters with reference to the transfer of Pvt. Joe and Moe Goldfish from the 305th Ferrying Squadron to the 93rd at their own request.

2. This action was taken in view of the crowded conditions and existing environment at their former assignment. The original copy of orders sent to 305th and goldfish hereby removed.

James E. Johnston
JAMES E. JOHNSTON
Major, Air Corps
Commanding

1 Incl.
Copy of orders.

M O E A N D J O E



fer was not made for the sole benefit of the government, and was not submitted to this headquarters for approval." He also called attention to the violation of an August 27 directive, SUBJECT: Transfers.

"That," opined Capt. Smith, "would show 'em."

And it did. From headquarters came a copy of the directive, with the pertinent facts underlined in red ink. That one was signed by Major Louis Rosen, Executive for Administration.

Transfers, according to the directive, must not be made solely for the convenience of Enlisted Men. Furthermore, "all requests have to be approved by every echelon of command beginning with the squadron." Transfer denied. The fish must go back.

Thus it happens that the water in the 305th's fishbowl is salted by the tears of Moe and Joe Goldfish, Privates, who tried to transfer unofficially to the palatial aquarium of the 93rd.

CPL. NATE MALCHMAN.

Subject: Transfer of Enlisted Goldfish.

1st Ind. YRS/gr

HEADQUARTERS, 305TH FERRYING SQUADRON, Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tennessee, 9 September 1943.

TO: Commanding Officer, 4th Ferrying Group, FD, APO, Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tennessee, Attention: Executive for Administration.

1. Your attention is invited to basic communication. This transfer was not made "for the sole benefit of the government" and was not submitted this Headquarters for approval.
2. Request appropriate action your office in regard to this deliberate violation of your directive dated 27 August, 1943, subject: "Transfers."

Edward Smith
V. EDWARD SMITH
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding

1 Incl.
Incl. 1 - Certified true copy
letter Subject: "Transfers"

HEADQUARTERS 4TH FERRYING GROUP
FERRYING DIVISION, ALL TRANSPORT COMMAND
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

27 August 1943

SUBJECT: Transfers

TO : Commanding Officers, All Squadron and Detachments

1. In keeping with instructions from Ferrying Division, no requests for transfer will be considered by this Headquarters except upon specific instructions from Ferrying Division Headquarters.
2. Any exceptions to the above policy will have to be based upon the transfer being for the sole benefit of the government and not the convenience of the officer or enlisted man.
3. All requests qualifying under paragraph 2 above will have to be approved by every echelon of command beginning with the squadron.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel JOHNSON:

/s/ Louis Rosen
/s/ LOUIS ROSEN
Major, Air Corps
Adjutant

A CERTIFIED TRUE COPY
Alfred L. Pinsky
ALFRED L. PINSKY
1st Lt., Air Corps
Adjutant

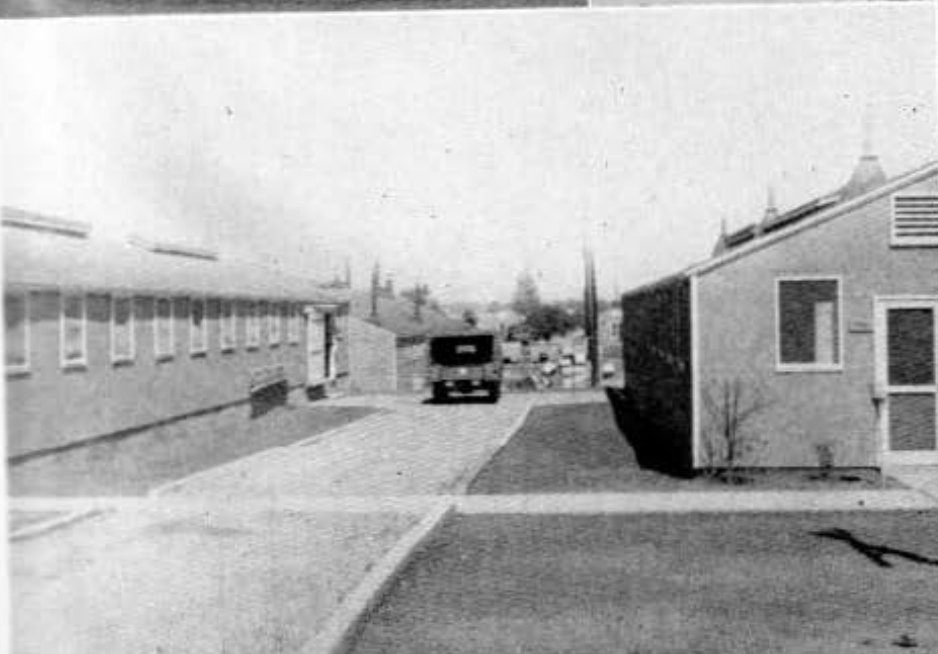
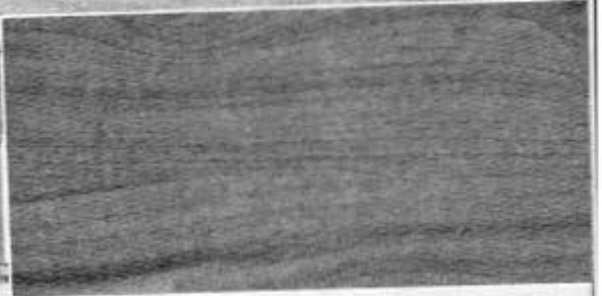
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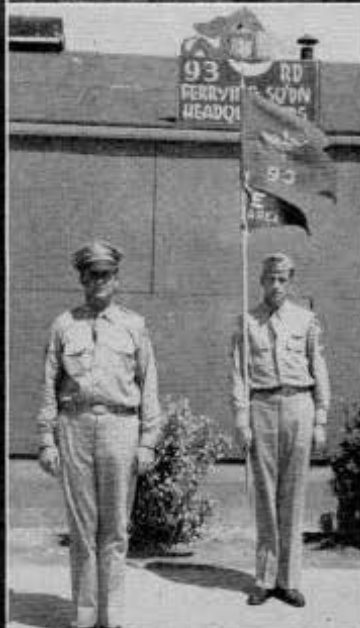
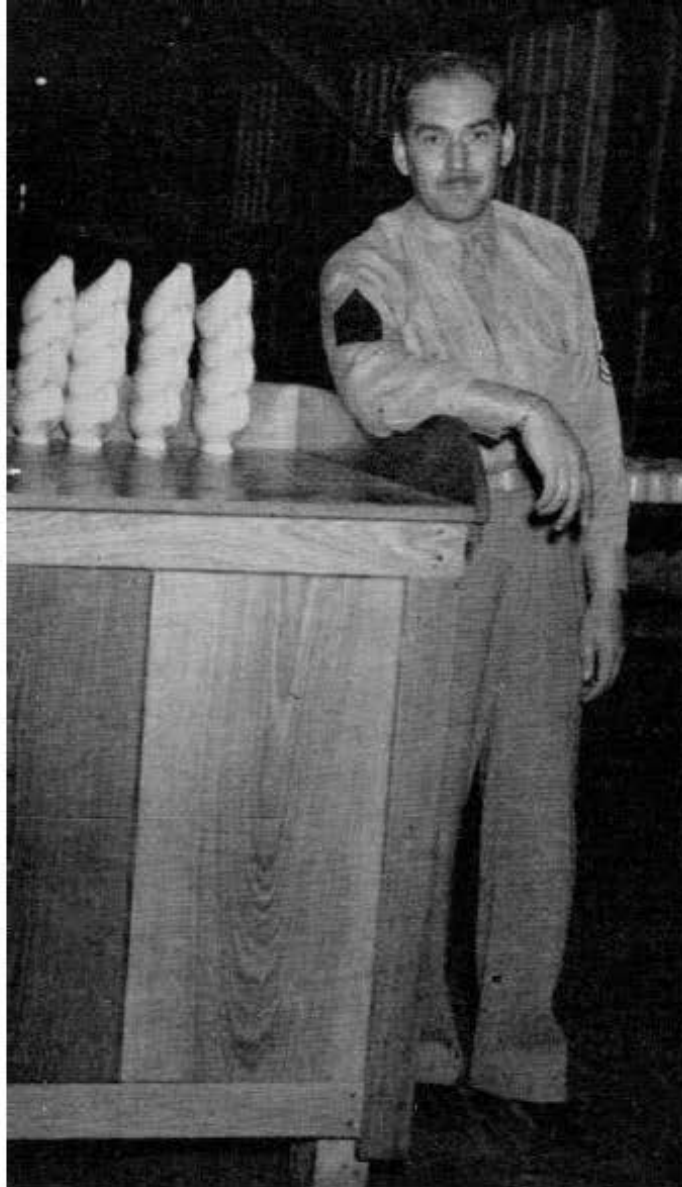
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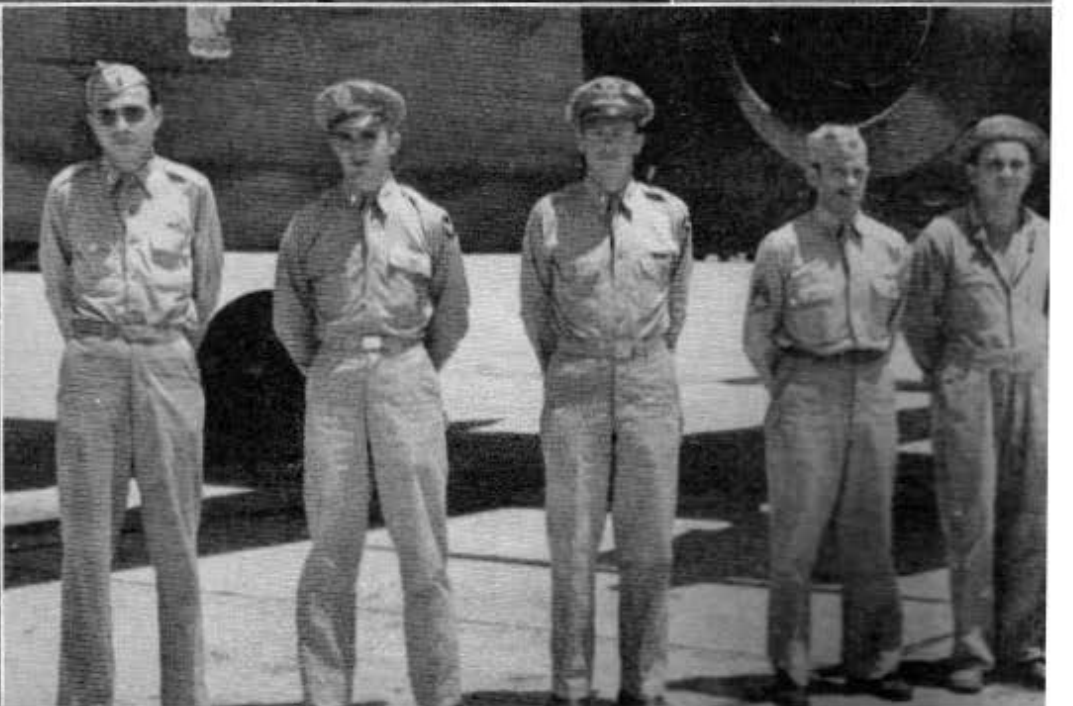
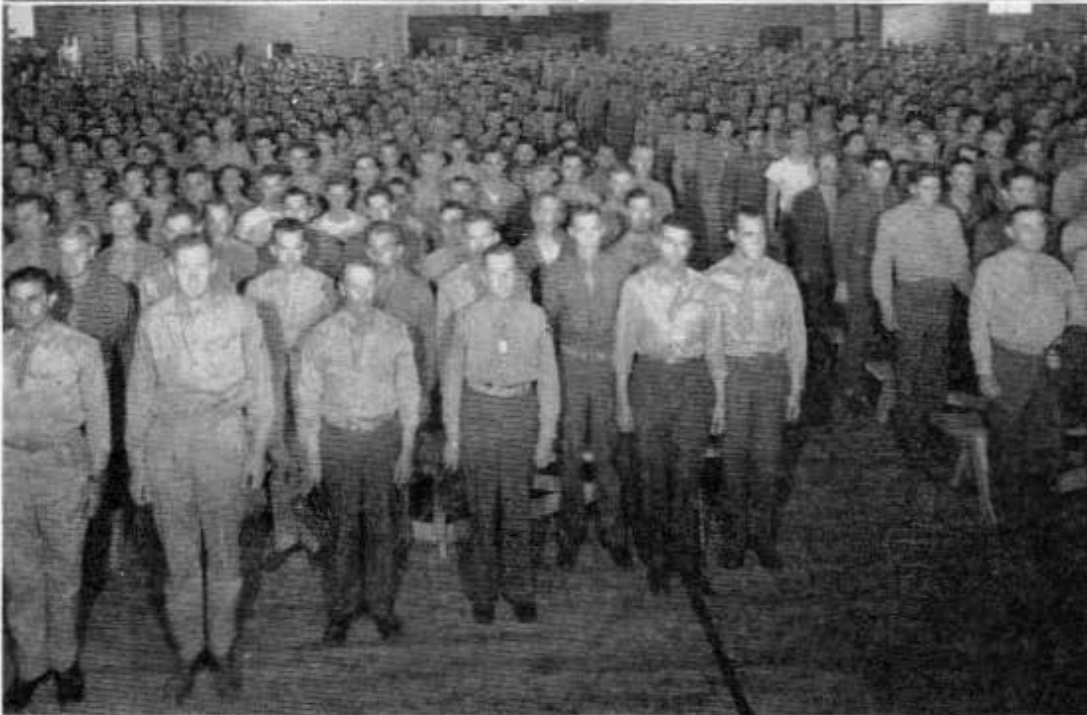


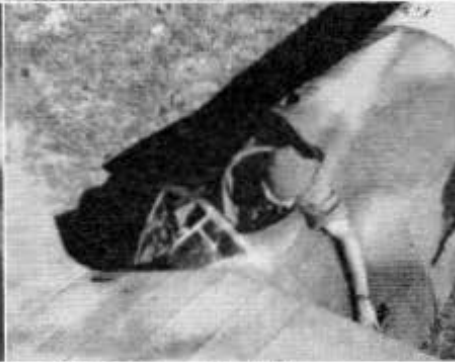
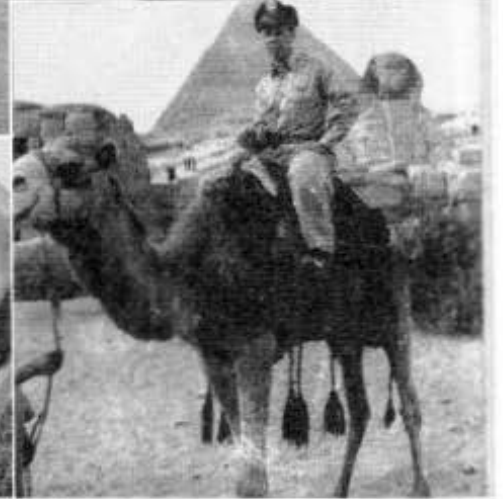
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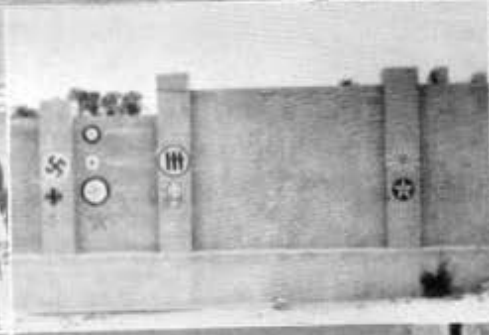


1943









Autographs

Autographs

