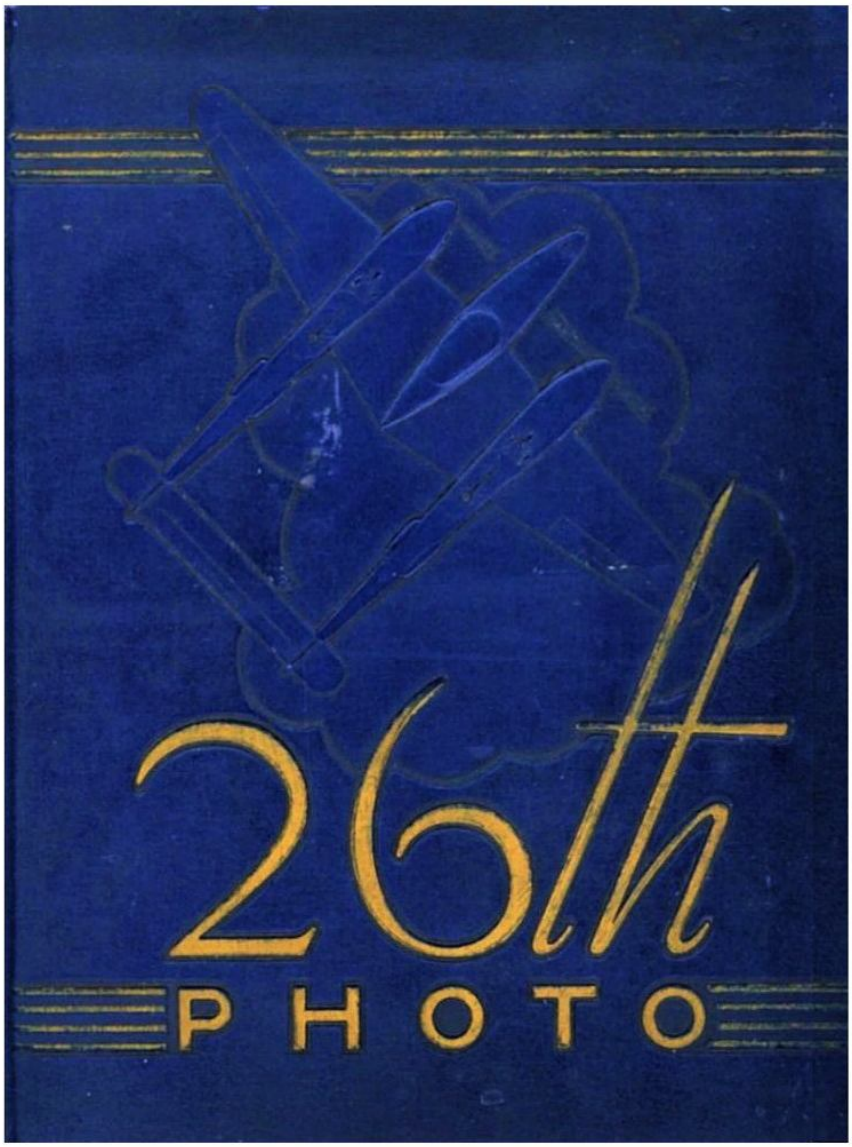
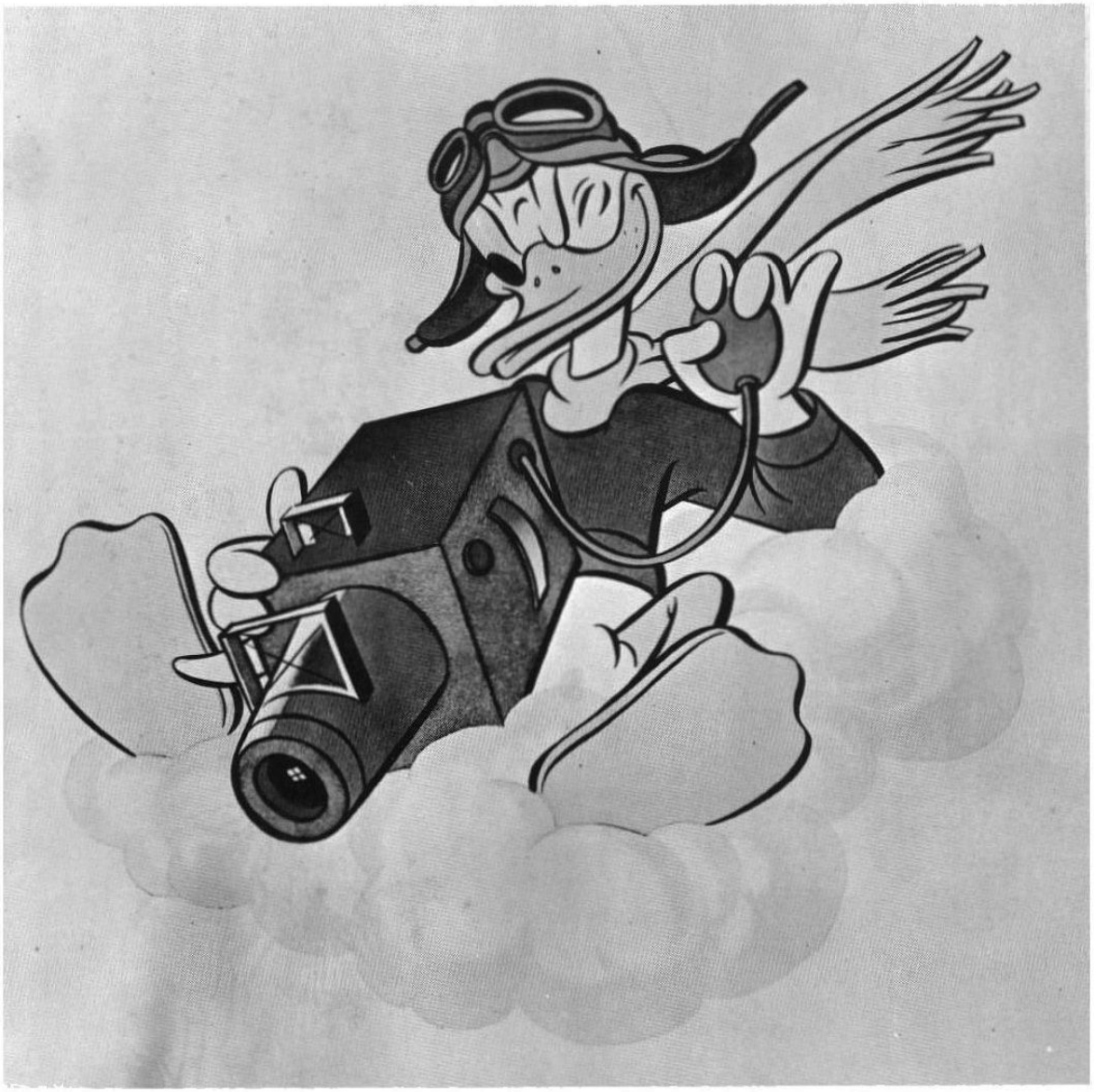

26th
PHOTO



—PUBLISHED BY—

26th PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON

of the

HAWKEYE GROUP

under the

FIFTH AIR FORCE

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Preface

THIS is the book of the Twenty-Sixth. It consists largely of photographs since the Twenty-Sixth was a photographic squadron.

It is intended to record for the years when our experiences during World War II shall have become vague memories, how those experiences seemed to us when they were happening, and the names and faces of the comrades with whom we shared them.

Perhaps it is even intended to enable us, when our grand children are gathered about us (the smallest astride our aged and rheumatic knees) to say, as Rose Tower was wont to say, in Glenway Wescott's novel, "The Grandmothers."

"You do not see me as I once was. Children, get out the photographs!"

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This Book is Dedicated to

OUR FALLEN COMRADES

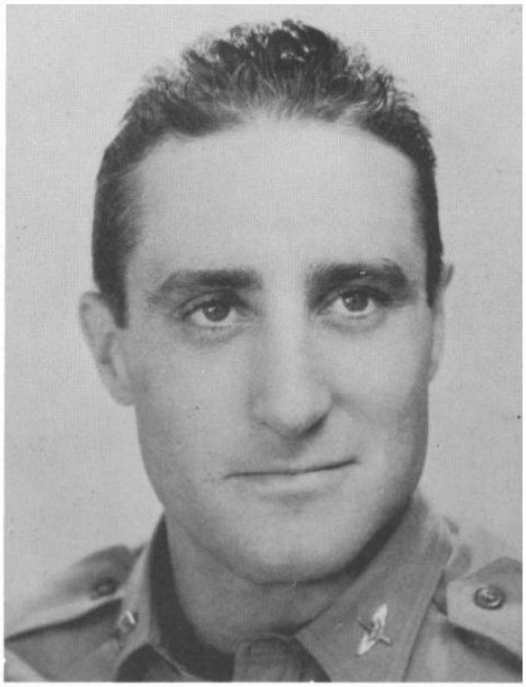
Capt. Sheldon P. Hallett
1st Lt. Donald W. Christians
1st Lt. William McDaniels
T/Sgt. Harry R. Rogers
1st Lt. Clair J. Bardsley
1st Lt. Lee G. Smith
2nd Lt. James H. Morrison
1st Lt. Karl M. Booth, Jr.
1st Lt. Madison E. Gillespey
2nd Lt. Clarence E. Cook
F/O James L. Wilson
F/O Henry R. Willis
1st Lt. Samuel Dunaway

"They shall not grow old
As we who are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning,
We will remember them."

Capt. Sheldon P. Hallett

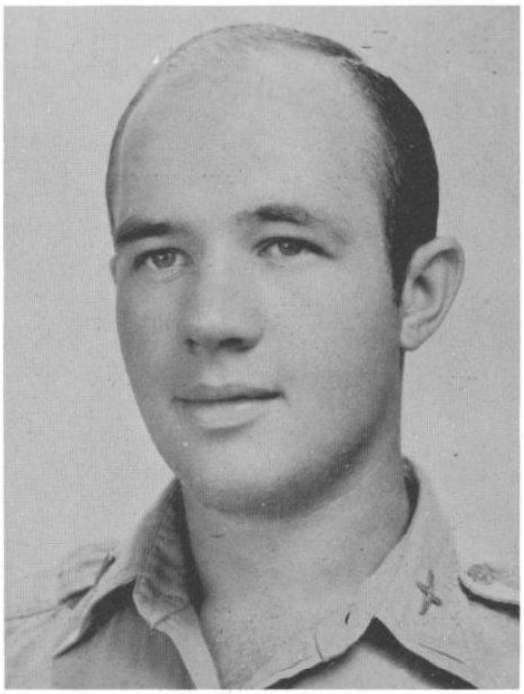
T/Sgt. Harry R. Rogers

1st Lt. Clair J. Bardsley



1st Lt. Lee G. Smith

1st Lt. Karl M. Booth, Jr.



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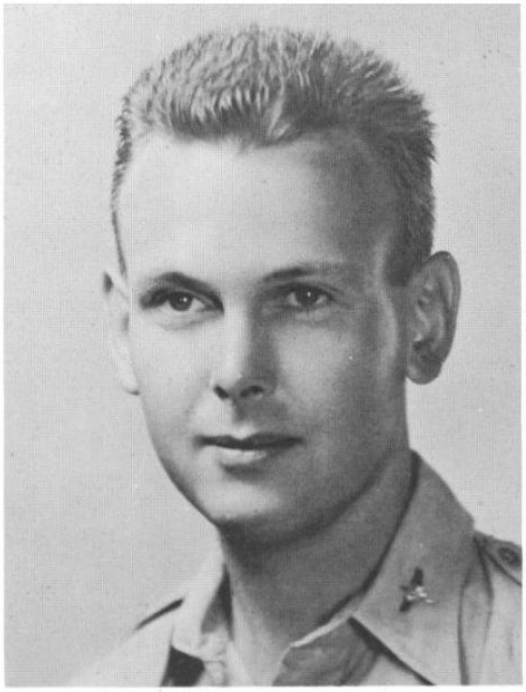
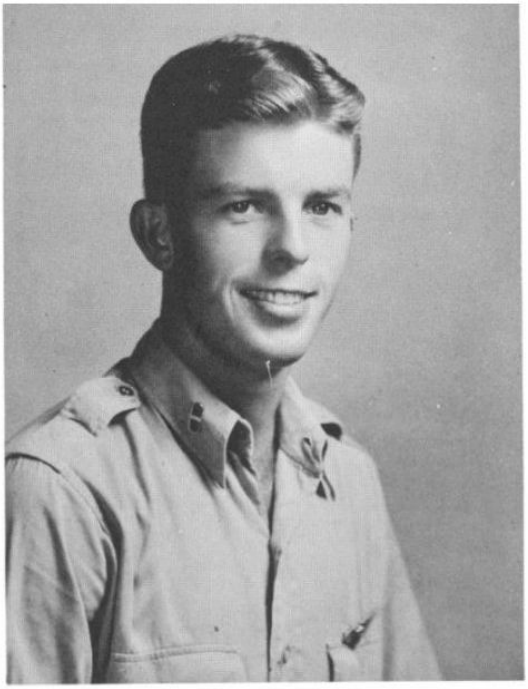
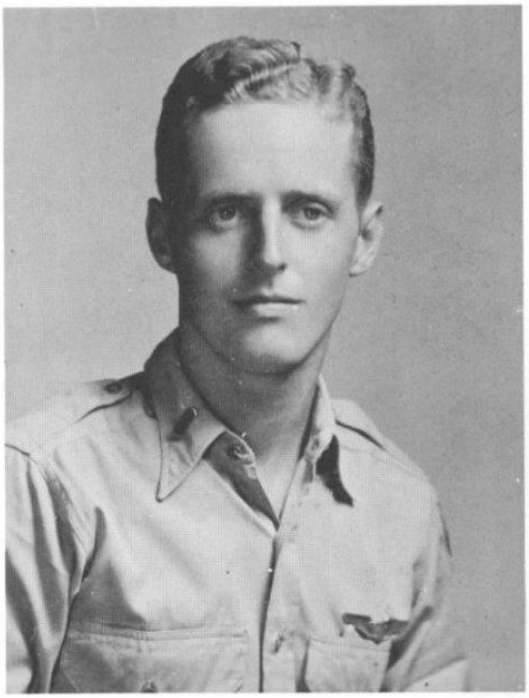


2nd Lt. Clarence E. Cook

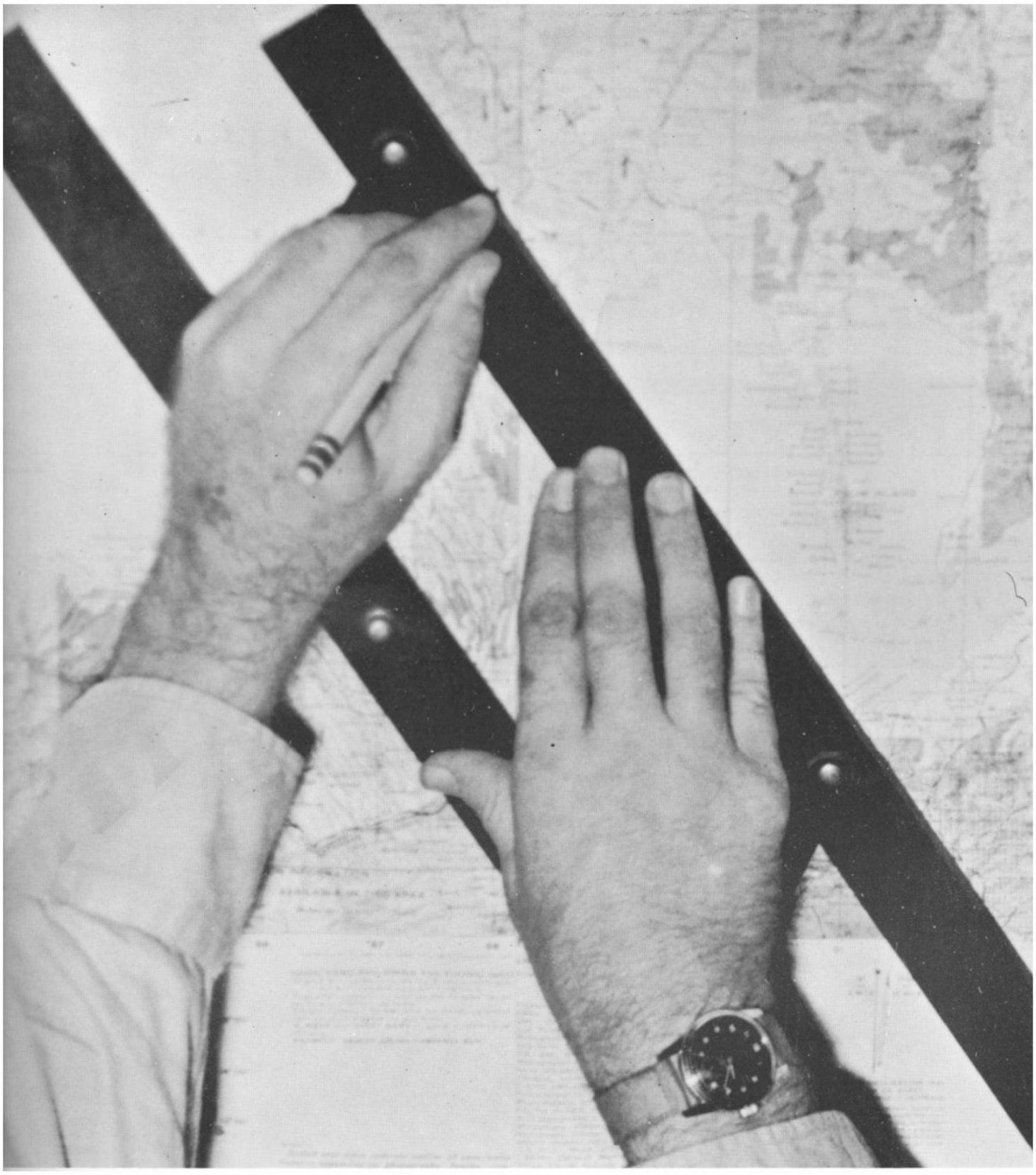


F/O James L. Wilson



F/O Henry R. Willis

1st Lt. Samuel Dunaway



PICTURE STORY OF A

PHOTO MISSION

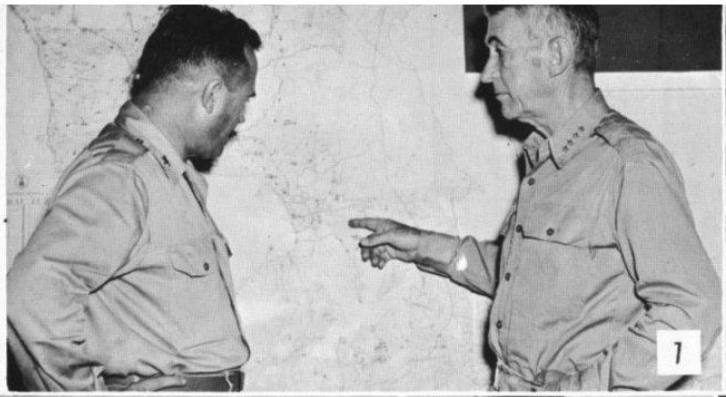
THE PICTURES on the pages of this section following are intended to illustrate, in a documentary fashion, the various steps in the accomplishment of a mission. Our work was, as the title of our squadron indicates, photographic reconnaissance.

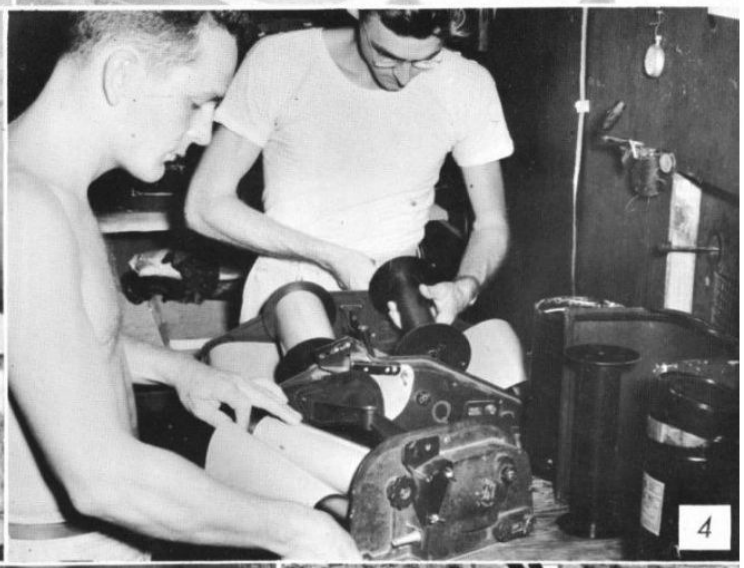
Photographs were made with cameras located in the nose section of the F-5 airplane. These cameras were operated electrically by a manual switch on the control column.

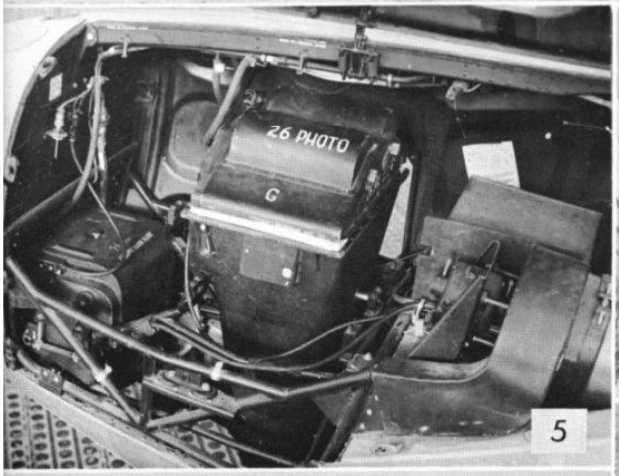
Our operations were directed by two different commands: Sixth Army and Fifth Air Force.

Sixth Army requests originated with commander of a unit within that Army (such as a company, regiment, division or corps). These requests were sent through Sixth Army Headquarters for approval. From there they came to an Army liaison officer attached to our Squadron who briefed the pilots.

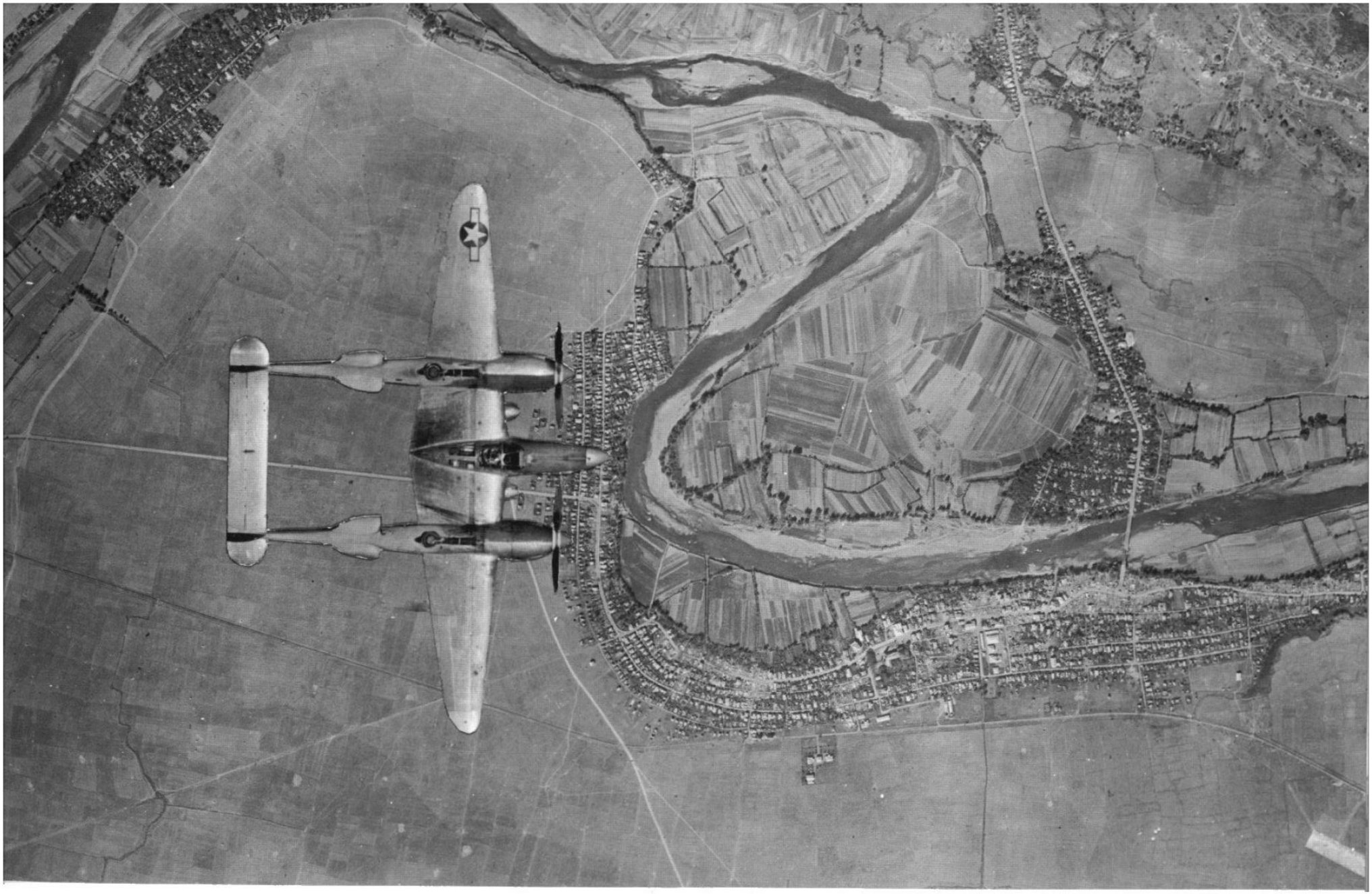
Fifth Air Force sent its mission requests to the 91st Photographic Wing Reconnaissance, which relayed them to our squadron intelligence officer who briefed the pilots for these missions.



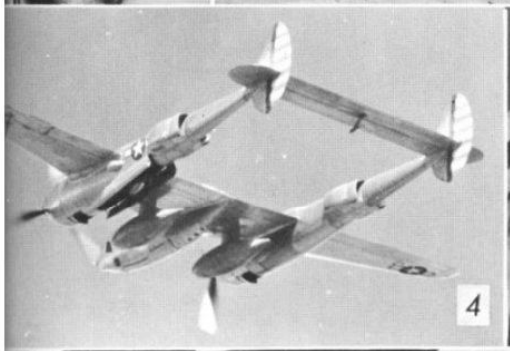


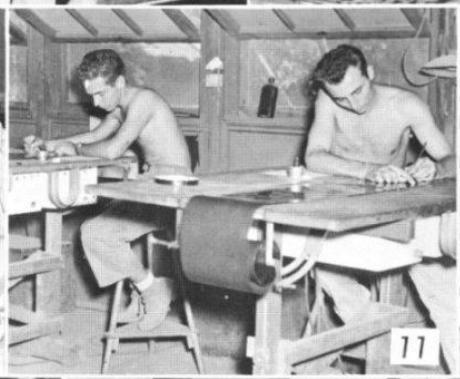


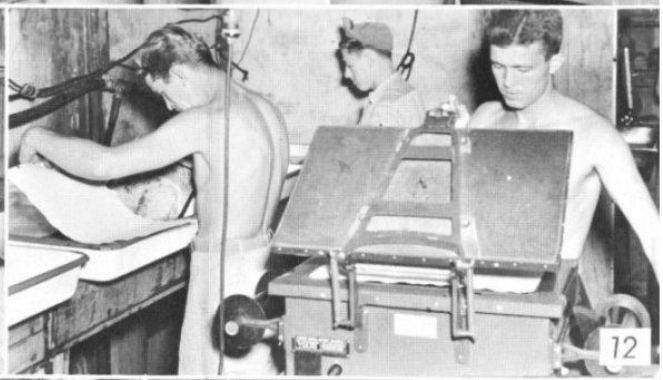
(1) General Walter Krueger, 6th Army Commander, approves a mission request. **(2)** The mission request is received by the squadron operations officers. **(3)** Engineering personnel inspect the planes and make any necessary repairs. Numbers of all planes in operational condition are phoned into operations and they designate the plane to be used. **(4)** Magazines for the cameras are loaded by camera repairmen. **(5)** This is a typical camera set-up in the nose of the plane. **(6)** The magazines are installed on the cameras. **(7)** Communications men check the radio on the plane. **(8)** The plane is serviced with fuel for the flight. **(9)** The pilot is briefed by the Intelligence officer. **(10)** As the pilot prepares to take off, the crew chief of the airplane stands by to answer any questions concerning the condition of the plane and to help the pilot make a last check on the instruments and controls. **(11)** The planes taxi out to the runway to take off. **(12)** The numbers of the planes, pilots' names, time of take off and landing, and the location of the mission are chalked up on the operations board.



The plane is now over the target. The pilot must be careful to stay on the projected flight lines, and be sure to get plenty of overlap on his strips so they can be put together to make a composite picture of the target.







(1) The radio operator receives information from the pilot. **(2)** The plane is due back; the mechanics sweat him out. **(3)** In case of a crash, the ambulance is on hand. **(4)** The plane returns. **(5)** The plane is down. **(6)** The pilot reports to the Intelligence officer any information gleaned on the flight. **(7)** The magazines are removed. The film will be rushed to the "Lab".**(8)** The film is developed. **(9)** Now it will be dried. **(10)** On the viewing table, the film is run over a lighted well to observe and choose those negatives which will be printed. **(11)** The draftsman letters the negatives. **(12)** Prints are made from the chosen negatives. **(13)** The prints are washed. **(14)** "Lab-men" now run the prints through the driers. **(15)** The prints are then sorted as to mission, number in sequence and distribution to various commands filing the mission requests. **(16)** The finished prints are rushed to the command that requested them. **(17)** In the case of 6th Army missions, that headquarters frequently used small liaison planes to fly the prints to the units that required them.

A GREAT many of our missions were completed, despite the hazards of bad weather, camera failure and mechanical trouble. Enemy opposition, too, occasionally prevented our carrying out a mission. However, this happened rarely.

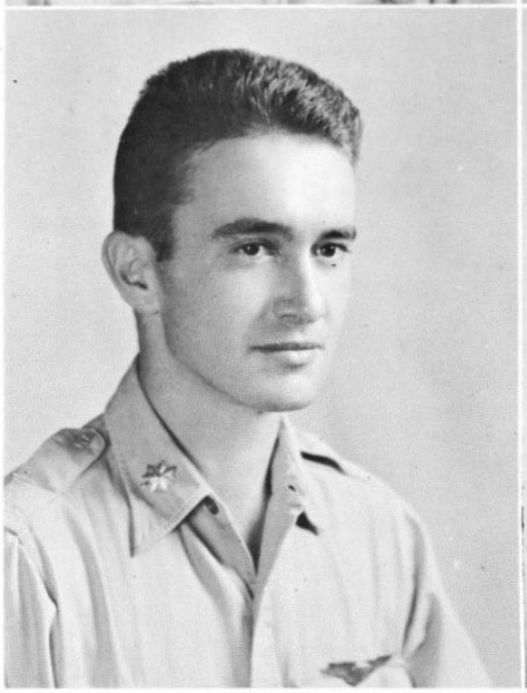
In spite of the many difficulties that did occur, a great number of strategical and tactical missions have been carried out successfully. Thus the commands requesting the photographs received invaluable aid for their operations.

Because of the close cooperation of all departments in the building of this pattern, again and again, it is possible to write of the overseas tour of duty of the entire squadron.

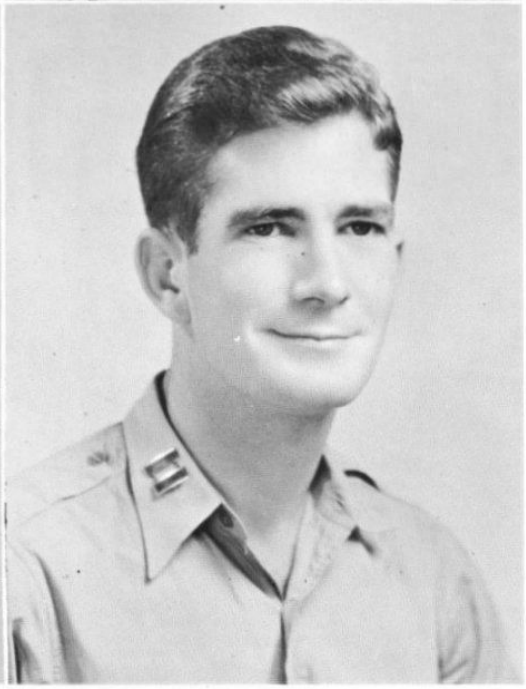
"MISSION SUCCESSFUL"

Major Walter R. Hardee
First Commanding Officer

Major Orville Counselman
Second Commanding Officer



Major George B. Gathers, Jr.
Third Commanding Officer



Capt. Hartwell C. McCullough
Executive Officer

PERSONNEL

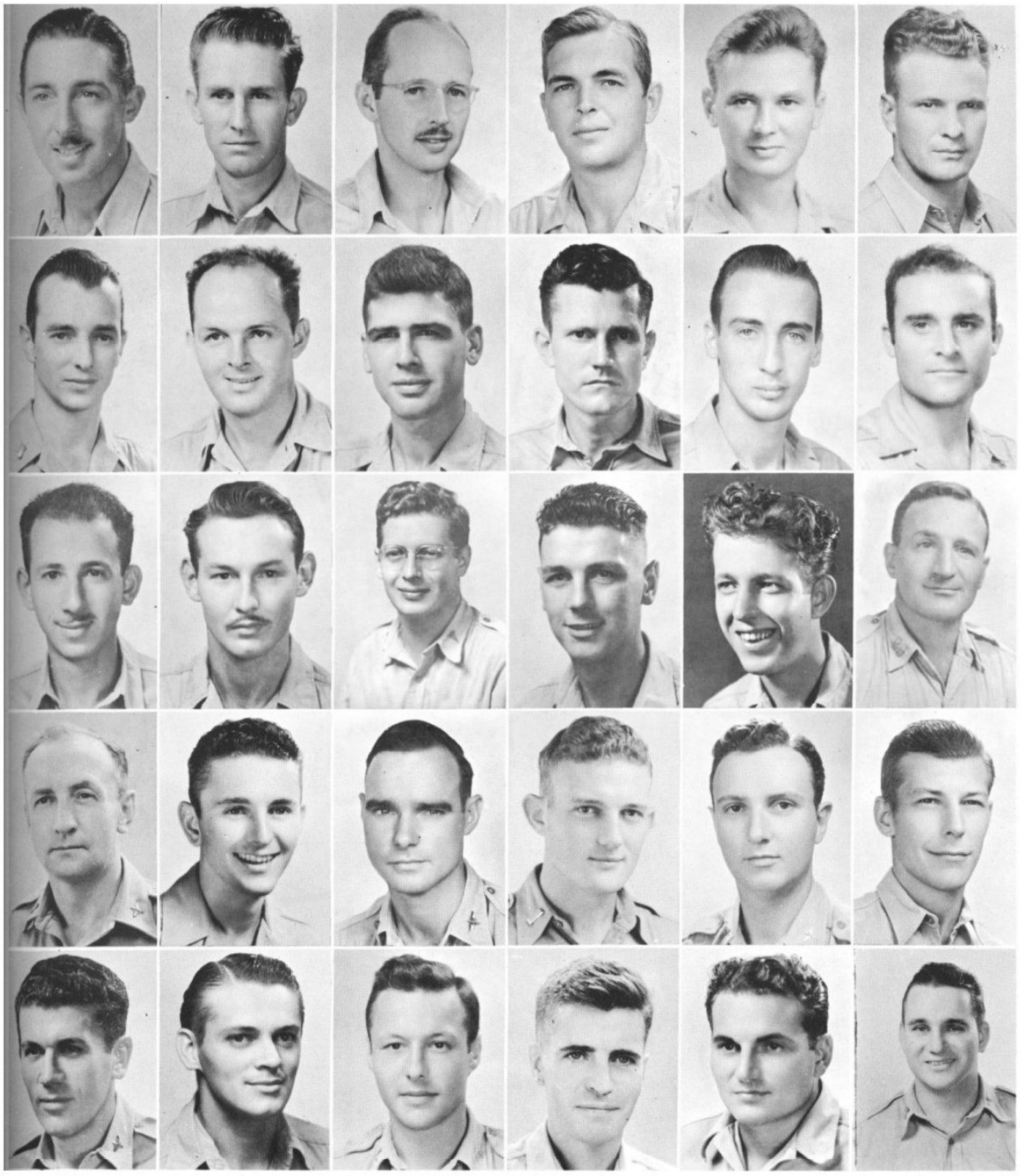
FIRST ROW: John R. Andrews, Hyman Austin, Wayne W. Barkman, Clifford I. Beckworth, Lewis D. Bender, John M. Brown.

SECOND ROW: Warner K. Buchanan, William D. Bundy, Fred J. Capio, Jr., Duward A. Coppinger, Herbert A. Curran, Orin C. Darling, Jr.

THIRD ROW: Arthur L. Dressler, Lyle Dunlap, Carl E. Elder, Elmo A. Elliott, Will P. Irwin, Irving Green.

FOURTH ROW: Carlyle W. Hackbarth, Harley J. Humes, Ted P. Johnson, James W. Kappes, Howard D. Keiley, Grady O. King.

FIFTH ROW: Marvin F. Koner, Gordon C. Krentz, Frank E. Kuester, Edward R. Laepple, Alfred H. Lehman, Carl D. Lindberg.



FIRST ROW: William L. Main, Edward J. Malek, Charles E. Marguard, Jesse E. McLean, Henry Mora, Arthur E.. Morgan.

SECOND ROW: Joseph A. Moskot, Thomas F. Murphy, Roger E. Nordyke, Earl H. Olson, Robert C. Owens, Robert H. Pack.

THIRD ROW: Morris H. Packman, Marion A. Piete, Dr. Alexander Pollack, Frank M. Robertson, Harry R. Rogers, Dr. Beryl D. Rosenberg.

FOURTH ROW: Glenn E. Rudd, Raymond T. Shearer, Robert Spence, John B. Stopyra, Ferris R. Summers, Lester E. Switzer.

FIFTH ROW: Phillip K. Taylor, John N. Webber, III, Irwin Weiss, Nicholas J. Welch, Bryce T. Worley, William S. McGinnis.

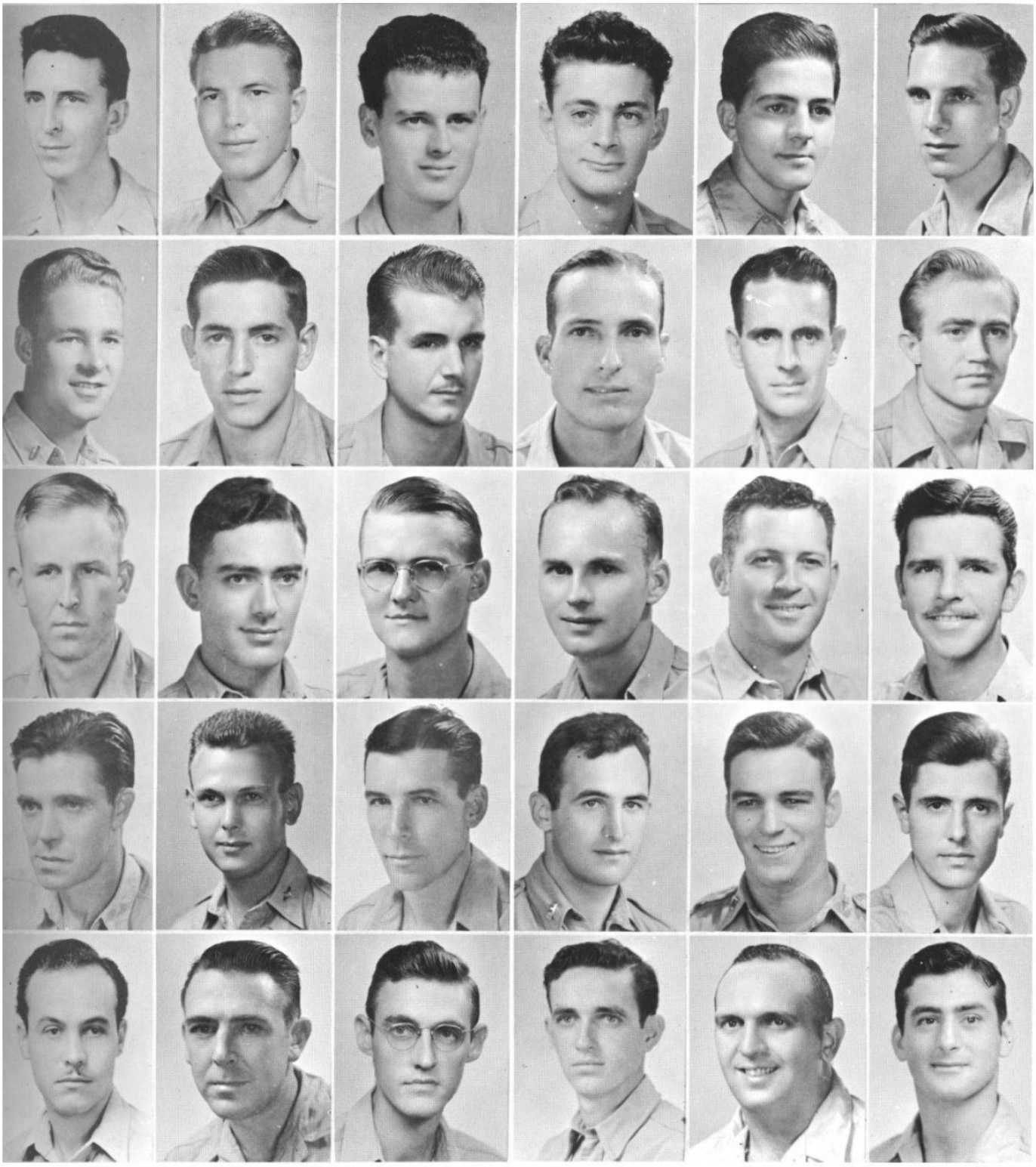
FIRST ROW: Sol Abrams, John R. Aikin, Albert C. Baker, George J. Balchunas, Clair J. Bardsley, John F. Barnard, Jr.

SECOND ROW: George J. Baroncini, Earl H. Bartley, John L. Basso, William Bauer, Stanley H. Bell, John J. Beneigh.

THIRD ROW: Harley L. Benson, Robert H. Billings, Fred J. Birk, Jr., William L. Bishop, William G. Blizzard, Peter W. Bogdanoff.

FOURTH ROW: Joseph L. Boisvert, James Bokon, Karl M. Booth, Jr., Norman D. Brawer, Bernard W. Bray, Kenneth E. Brewer.

FIFTH ROW: Donald R. Bromley, Russell T. Brown, Sid C. Brown, Stanford A. Brown, John A. Bruss, George F. R. Buletza.



FIRST ROW: Hugh D. Burdick, Donald R. Cahall, John M. Campbell, Michael G. Capacchione, Nicholas Casolino, Earl D. Chamness, Jr.

SECOND ROW: Donald B. Chritianson, Frank B. Ciandrini, Gae A. Clay, Sanford W. Clay, Bruce C. Coates, James M. Cochran..

THIRD ROW: Bernard B. Cockrell, Carl H. Cohen, William P. Coker, Dennis E. Colbert, Daniel B. Collins, Edward J. C. Conway.

FOURTH ROW: James V. Conway, Clarence E. Cook, Ruel R. Cope, Charles N. Couture, Edward C. Crawford, Gordon H. Crawford.

FIFTH ROW: Jack W. Crays, Howard E. Crooks, Dale E. Culp, James J. Dalton, Vincent P. Damato, Dominick M. D'Angelo.

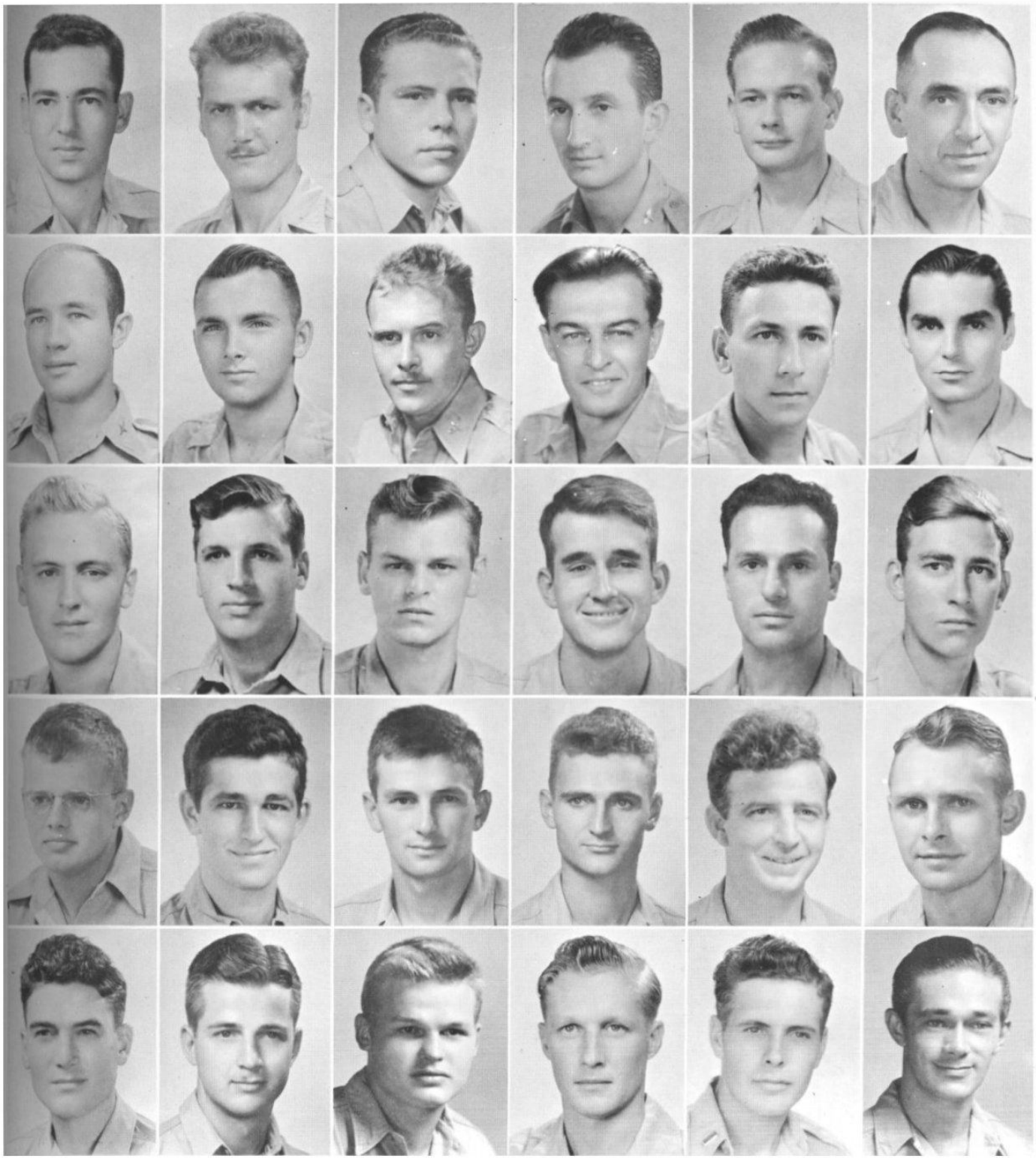
FIRST ROW: Reynold E. Davidson, Gerald J. DeJong, Wavies W. Dennis, Joseph D. DiFederico, Travis P. Disler, John P. Dobosz.

SECOND ROW: Steve L. Dorrough, Albert B. Drake, Rudolph Drean, Thomas W. Dressler, Faurice S. DuBarry, Robert C. Dunbar.

THIRD ROW: Kenneth W. Dunn, Clinton E. Dupree, Robert E. Ellison, Edward L. Emrich, Donald J. Esmond, James D. Everett.

FOURTH ROW: Frank D. Farina, Walter J. Farmer, Oscar Feigeles, Clarence Feldman, Clifford O. Findlay, Howard H. Finger.

FIFTH ROW: Milton S. Fink, James A. Fiori, Harvey L. Flax, Nicholas J. Flynn, Gilbert J. Frankhuizen, Gerald L. Frei.



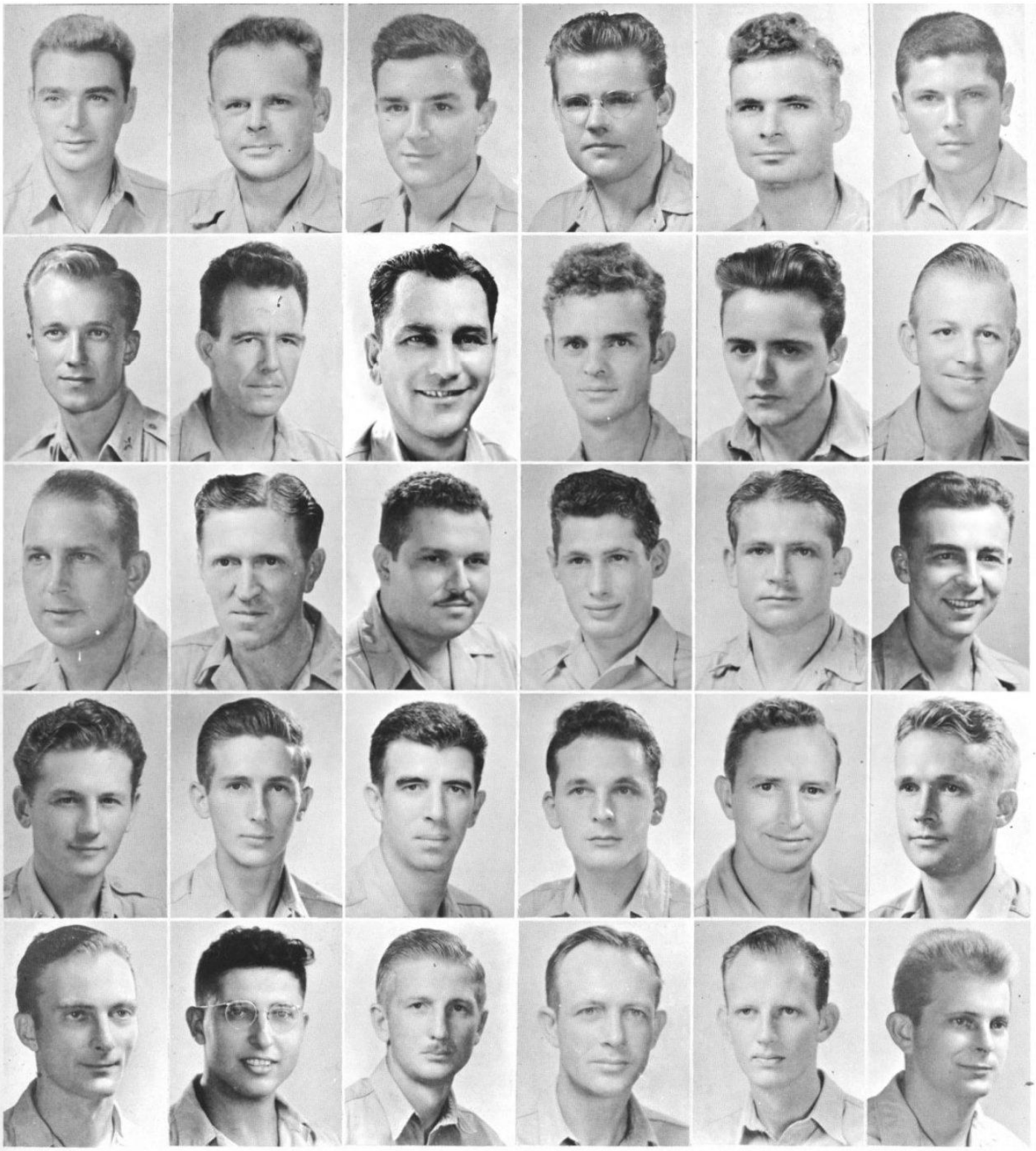
FIRST ROW: William T. Frost, Jr., Ray A. Fuller, Robert E. Gapp, Donald L. Garbarino, Frank J. Geis, Chester Geschke.

SECOND ROW: Madison E. Gillaspey, Earl A. Gilson, Richard E. Givens, Raymond Goelz, Irving A. Goodman, Joseph E. Goodreau.

THIRD ROW: Edward W. Gorman, Jr., Rowland E. Gorman, Milton D. Graham, Norman A. Grant, Charles J. Greco, Noal F. Gruenert.

FOURTH ROW: Alfred G. Guy, Lloyd R. Guyett, John T. Hachman, Robert L. Hamilton, Andrew C. Haney, Vernon H. Hanson.

FIFTH ROW: Loyal B. Harrison, Donald T. Hartwell, Albert D. Haste, Ivan W. Havel, Dale Hayden, Richard S. Hearfield.



FIRST ROW: John F. Hembury, Morris W. Herrington, Frederick Herschbein, Donald Hess, Wesley T. Hicks, Arthur S. Hiesiger.

SECOND ROW: John J. Hill, Jr., John J. Hollywood, Joyce B. Howell, James H. Horner, Kent E. Huff, Howard J. Kalt.

THIRD ROW: Marcellus W. Kammerer, Arthur J. Karns, Norman J. Katz, Fred A. Kidd, Frank J. Komunicky, Benjamin R. Konupek.

FOURTH ROW: Michael Koziupa, Bernhard Krafft, Edward G. Krog, Alan M. Kuzmicki, Alvin W. Lamz, Carl E. Larson.

FIFTH ROW: Arthur S. Lavagnino, Leonard J. Levin, Dean E. Lhamon, Joseph J. Litwin, Clarence B. Lockett, Rollin E. Ludington.

FIRST ROW: Theodore W. Lueckemeyer, Rudolph Luquin, Helm Lyon, Robert C. Lyon, Donald J. MacDonald, Robert G. MacNary.

SECOND ROW: Samuel H. Macy, Elmer T. Maines, Warren C. Martell, Sylvester G. Martin, John S. Maruska, Louis Mason.

THIRD ROW: Julius F. Mazur, James McCann, William R. McComb, William F. McCullough, John S. McDougall, Melton F. McFarland.

FOURTH ROW: Warren G. Meier, Benjamin F. Miles, Albert J. Miller, Harold M. Miller, Harry R. Miller, Robert J. Miller.

FIFTH ROW: Francis J. Minutelli, Harold J. Mitchell, John R. Mitchell, Elwood A. Mohnke, Edward F. Montague, Jr., Owen H. Moore.

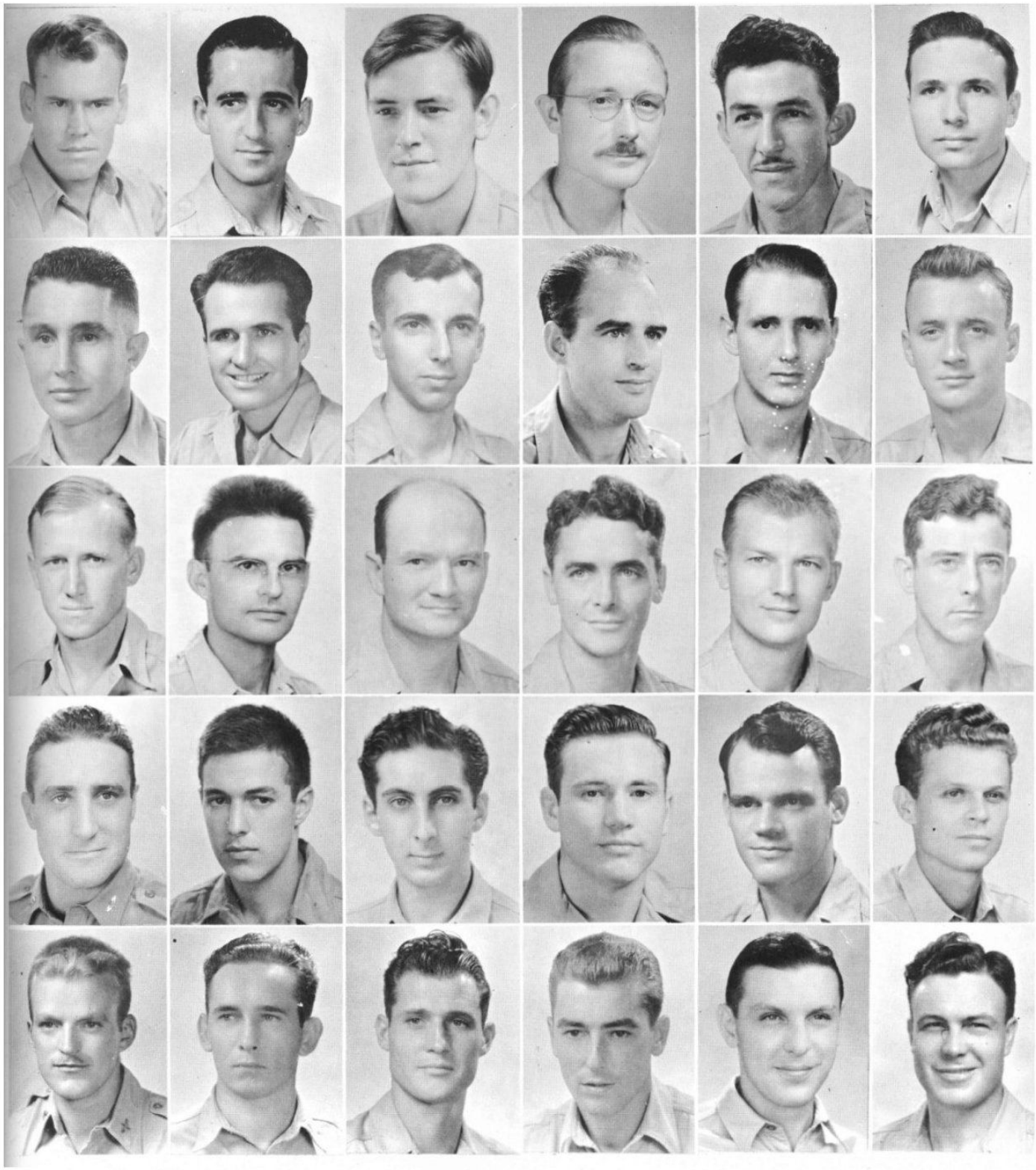
FIRST ROW: Harrison L. Mootz, John S. Mordus, Robert A. Mork, Jack W. Mullan, Ruben Myssiorek, Seymour Nathan.

SECOND ROW: Rolland W. Nelson, Robert D. Nettle, Daniel A. Nozza, Stanley O'Bara, Guy L. Oliver, Lonnie C. Pace, Jr.

THIRD ROW: Emil T. Pearson, John R. Peaslee, Frank Perko, Robert E. Peterson, Francis E. Petrilak, Frank Pfleegor.

FOURTH ROW: Burton W. Phillips, John C. Pinkham, Denis H. Piper, Edward R. Piwarski, Edward M. Pope, Marvin E. Porter.

FIFTH ROW: Ercel R. Powers, Alva J. Price, Benjamin F. Quimby, Roger F. Rainey, Andy E. Ramsey, Robert C. Randall.



FIRST ROW: Raymond M. Rasure, Gale E. Reeder, Raymond R. Reinhart, Archie L. Rice, Charles W. Roemer, Antonio Sacco.

SECOND ROW: William A. Saari, Joseph L. Scaglia, Richard H. Schieler, Theodore F. Schmidt, William F. Schmitz, Eugene B. Scrivner.

THIRD ROW: Phillip A. Sellner, Henry D. Shacklette, William H. Shelton, Paul E. Shope, Stanley Skovronski, Floyd R. Smith, Jr.

FOURTH ROW: Lee G. Smith, Norman H. Smith, Harold Sobolov, John L. Spalding, William H. Spitzinger, Grover M. Stallings.

FIFTH ROW: Clement H. Steffensmeier, Victor H. Sterkel, Earl F. Stevens, Howard A. Strait, Richard B. Sturges, Glenn E. Tabler.

FIRST ROW: Rholan J. Tankersley, Harvey J. Taylor, Albert J. Tierney, Johannes Tietjen, Hermann A. Toffler, Norman D. Tompkins.

SECOND ROW: Melvin G. Toole, Jr., Arnold L. Trediннick, Kenneth B. Ulmer, John A. Vellos, Arthur Vladem, Andrew F. Voelker.

THIRD ROW: Ralph M. Waggoner, Lowell L. Washburn, Henri B. Wichmann, Wilbert L. Wiles, Fred H. Wilkinson, William S. A. Williams.

FOURTH ROW: Henry R. Willis, James L. Wilson, Ollie L. Wilson, Samuel H. Wilson, Willie H. Windham, William A. Wynne.

FIFTH ROW: Melvin T. Wingfield, Walter Yadlowski, Arthur E. Young, Lee G. Younkins, Isaac Zeitlin, Leonard C. Zumbaugh.

Administration

Camera Repair

Communications

Engineering

Intelligence

Medics

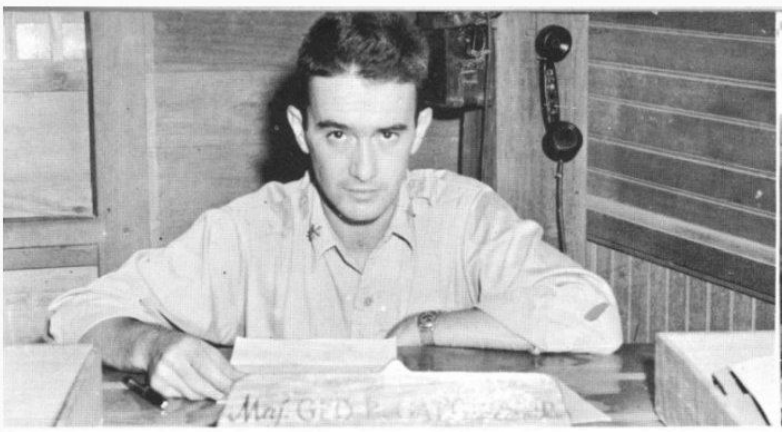
Mess Operations

Photo-lab

Pilots

Supply

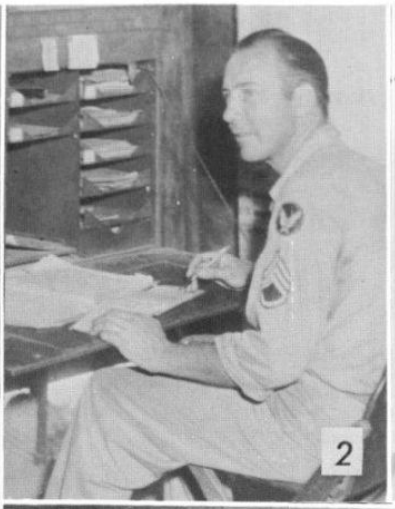
Transportation

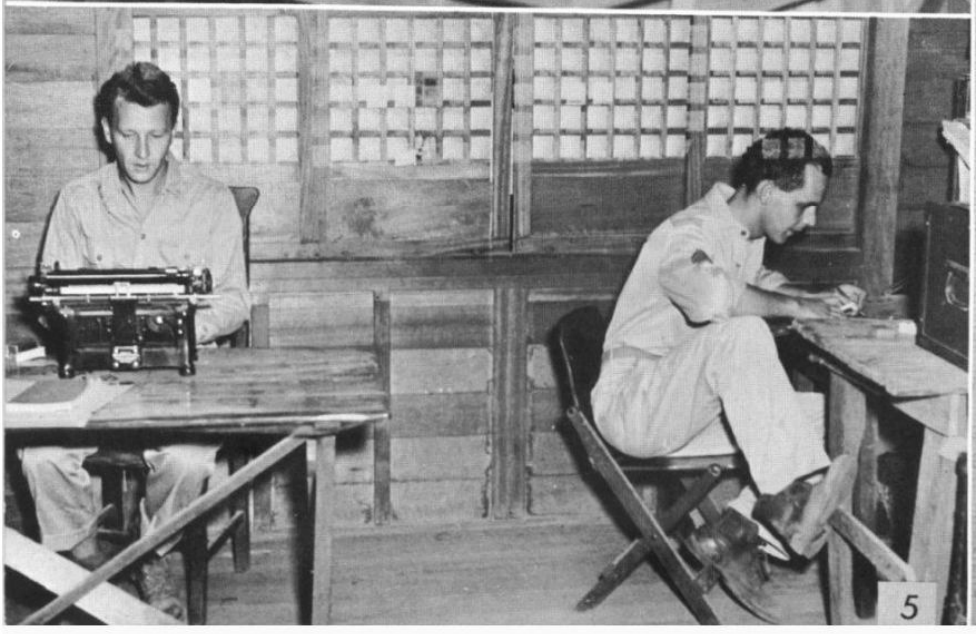


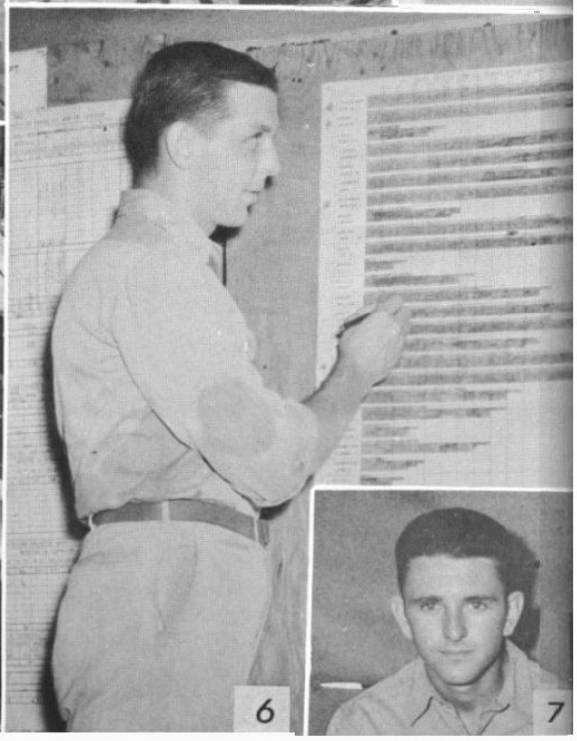
Our Commanding Officer, Major Gathers, besides his administrative responsibilities, flew regular and frequent photographic missions. He was formerly a B-24 pilot in a combat mapping squadron.

When the squadron was organized, Capt. McCullough was Adjutant. A short time later he became the Executive Officer. Previous to coming to the 26th he was an instructor in the base's Training Detachment at Peterson Field.

(1) "They pay you fifty dollars and hold back forty-nine."—The eagle squealed every month that Cpl. Stallings and Sgt. Rainey managed to make up the payroll (and in all justice to them, this was most months). (2) Sgt. Baker was duty sergeant until a short time after we arrived in the Philippines. He was returned to the States. A tap-dancer of no little talent, he gave impromptu performances on numerous occasions. (3) Sgt. Beckworth, our third Sergeant-Major came to us from the 91st Photo Wing Reconnaissance to take over Sgt. Shearer's duties. Cpl. Mootz, (at left) at work in "City Hall", where he was assistant Statistical Clerk. In addition to his Orderly room duties, he was NCO in charge of the PX. (4) "All we do is sign the payroll—and we never get a cent." Sgt. Toffler signs as Cpl. Kidd waits his turn.



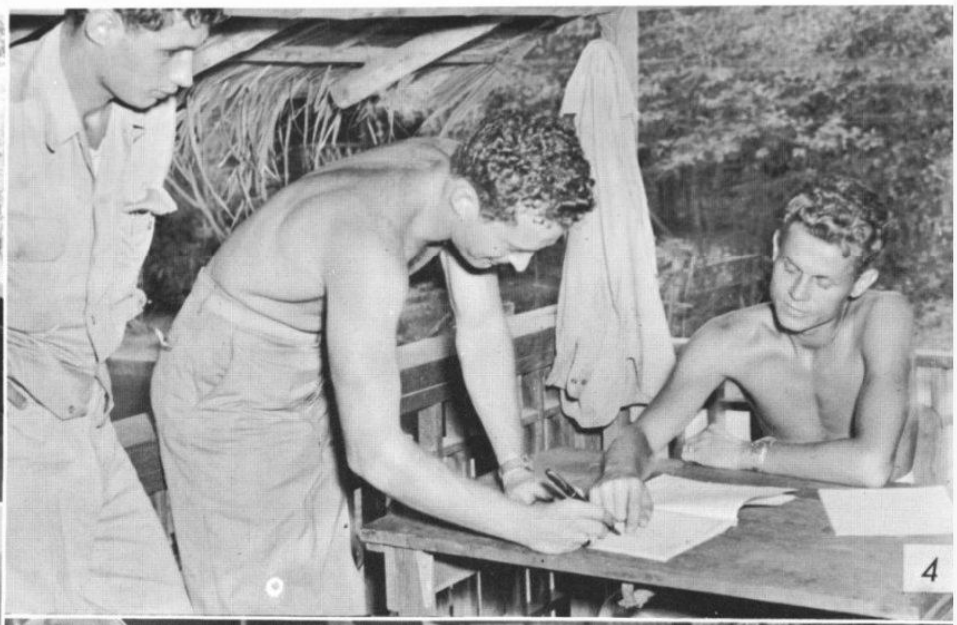


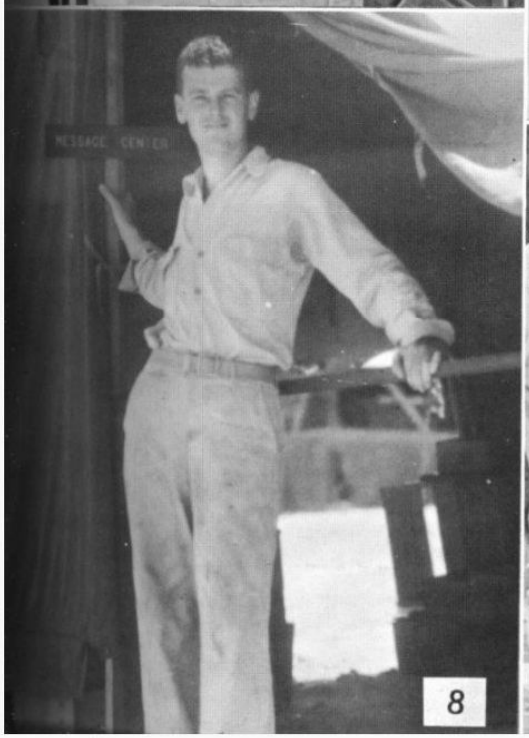


Our first Personnel Officer, Capt. Dressler, was later made Adjutant. He was very active in organizing and promoting athletics.

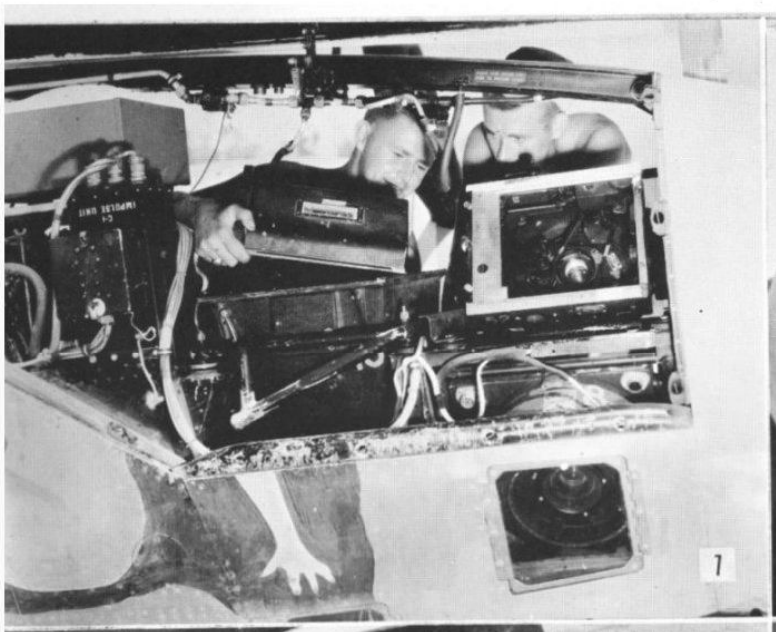
Sgt. Howell was First Sergeant of the 26th from its activation date, the first enlisted man cut into the 26th. He was the squadron's number one Texas booster and practical joker.

(5) Sgt. A. J. Miller, on the left, typing up an order that undoubtedly resulted in some new inconvenience. His dissertations at the breakfast club (on politics, world affairs and sex) were frequently ended only by his eviction from the mess hall by the impatient KPs. (6) Cpl. Sturges, Classification Specialist and Statistical Clerk. He was considered so "chart"-happy that it was said he would have prepared a graph on his batting average if there had been any. His fielding was equally good. (7) Sgt. Shearer who was a Classification Specialist in the squadron from its inception became Sergeant-Major on the death of Sgt. Rogers. He was returned to the States as the result of injuries received at Middleburg Island when he was struck by fragments from an anti-personnel bomb. Back in the States, he was awarded the Purple Heart. (8) Cpl. Campbell, Mail Clerk, and one of the most popular men in the squadron when his morning visit to the post-office resulted in his return with several bags of mail. He was later transferred to the Squadron Supply department. (9) Prelude to a Crap Game—the pay line.





CAMERA REPAIR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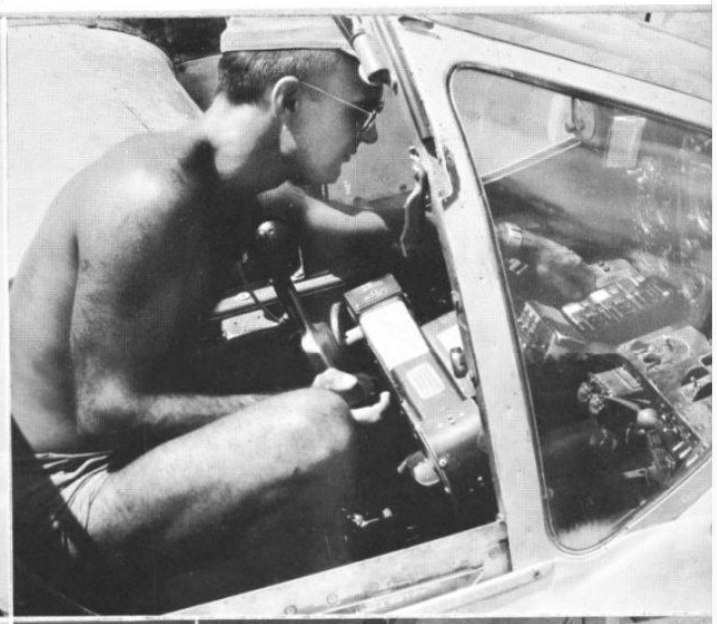


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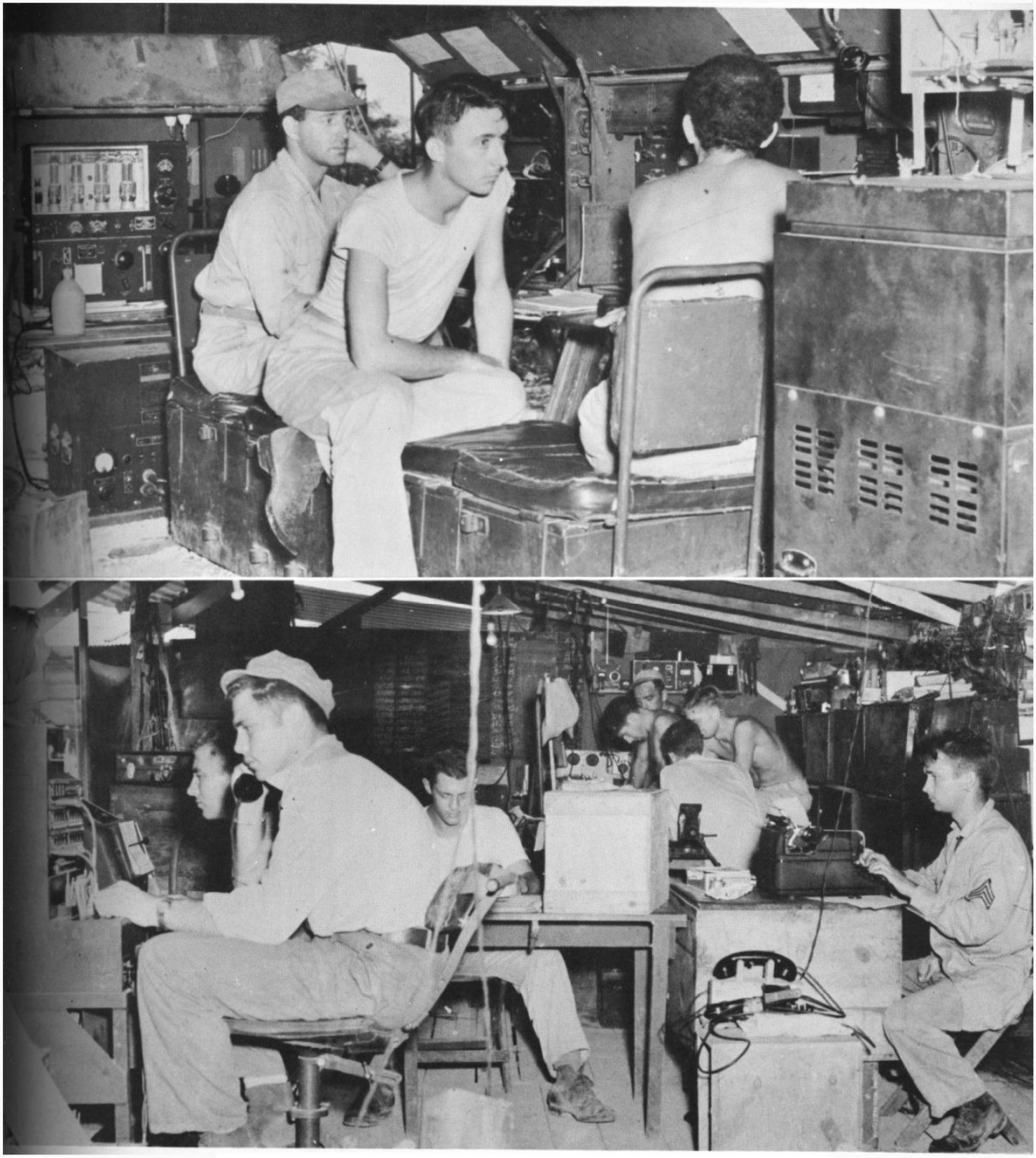
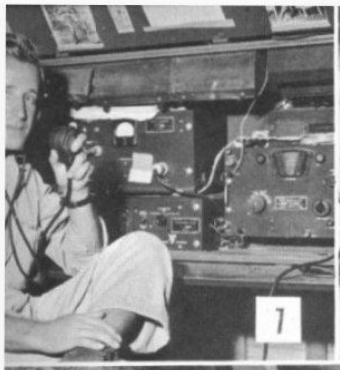
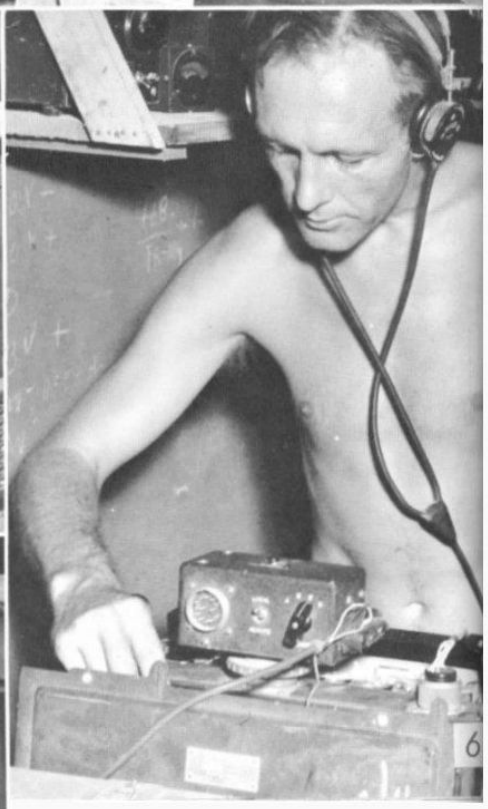
(1) Removing the magazines after a mission, Sgts. Bruss and Davidson will then take them to the darkroom to be unloaded. (2) Sgt. Shacklette checks the operation of the cameras prior to a mission. (3) Installing magazines for a mission are Sgts. Hamilton and Ellison. This servicing was done a short time before each take-off. (4) Sgts. McComb and Spitzinger inspecting and repairing a "K-22" camera, a type generally used for obliques. (5) Sgt. Farmer checks the expansion of a focal plane shutter at various temperatures with a mock-up simulating the camera-heating system installed in the airplane. (6) Besides being Department Chief, Sgt. Switzer flew with an Air-Sea Rescue Squadron as an aerial photographer. He is pictured with the type camera used. (7) Sgt. Mora repairing ground cameras, also a function of the camera repair department.

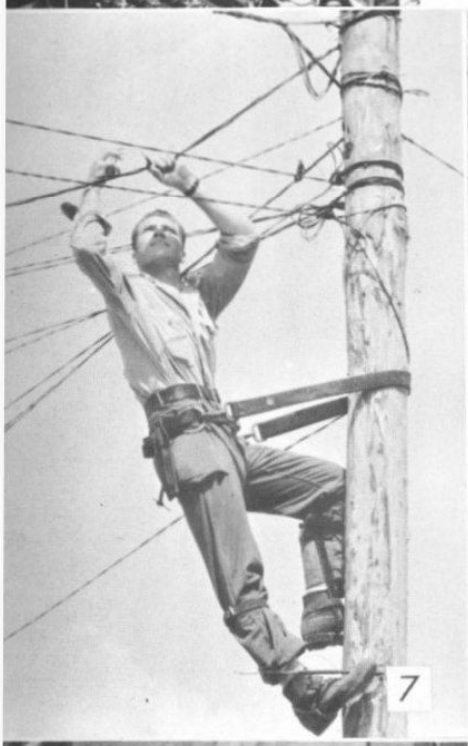
COMMUNICATIONS

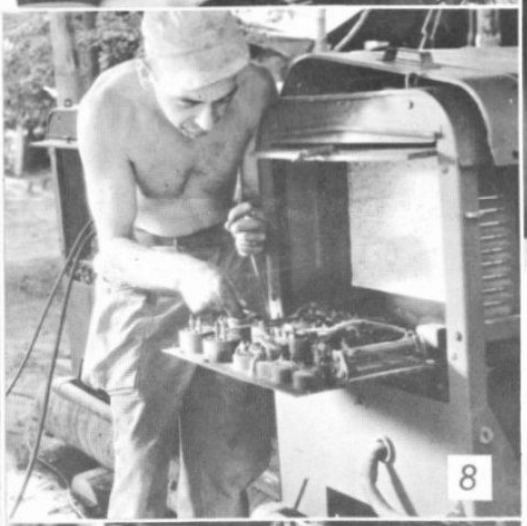


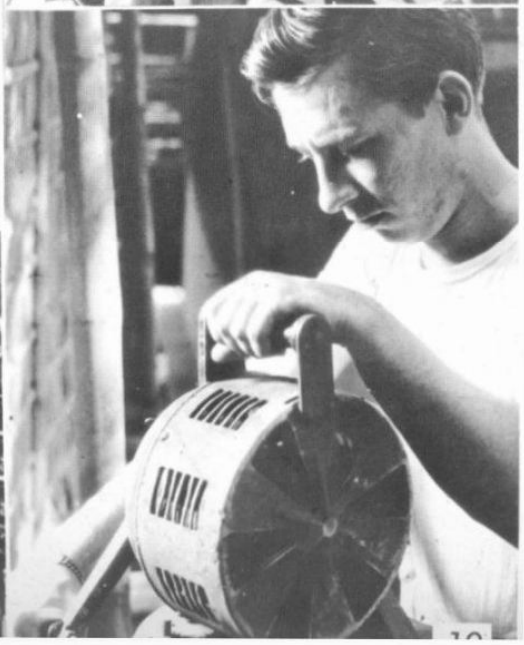
TOP PHOTO: The radio station at Biak. **BOTTOM PHOTO:** Switchboard and radio repair shop at Biak. Sgt. Gapp is on the switchboard and our Cryptographer, Sgt. Larson, is working at the typewriter.











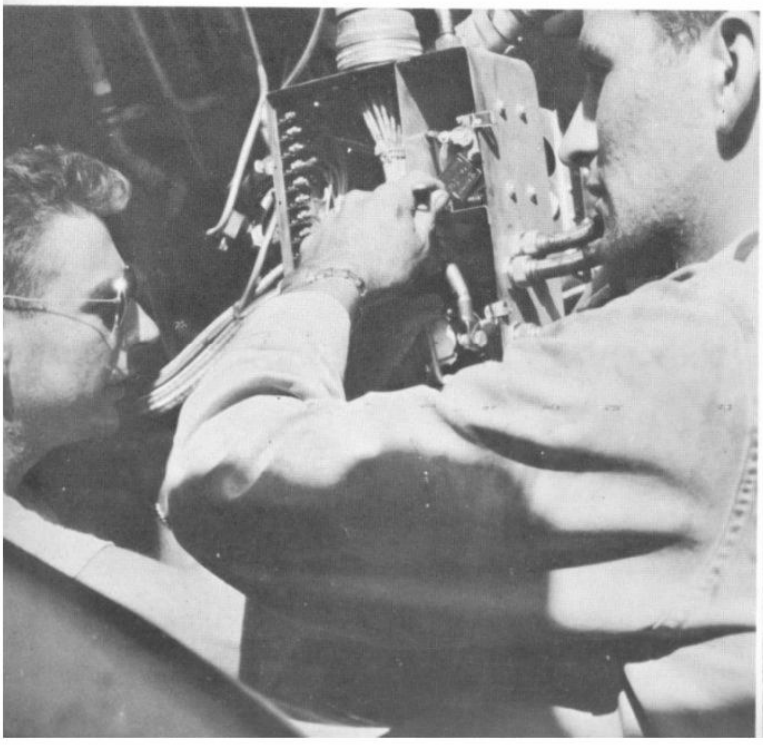
(1) Sgt. DiFrederico was a radio operator. He is shown on duty at the air to ground station. (2) A class for pilots in sending and receiving code is here conducted by Sgt. Packman, Communications Chief. (3) Sgt. Larson, Cryptographer, is shown deciphering a code message. (4) Sgt. Gruenert was a teletype mechanic and operator. Many of our messages to and from our Group and Wing were handled by teletype. (5) Teletype messages were sent and received by Cpl. Finger. (6) Sgt. Litwin, radio repairman, checked and repaired radios removed from the planes. (7) Most of the telephone wire stringing was done by Sgt. Gapp. His assistant at this work was Sgt. Casalino. (8) Generators to supply power for the air-to-ground station and the ground communications station. They were under the care of Cpl. Geschke. (9) The switchboard is here operated by Cpl. Rinehart. Each department had a telephone and the switchboard was connected to the base telephone system. (10) The air-raid alert siren was sounded by the switchboard operator. He received the call that there was an air raid impending and used this means to alarm the squadron.

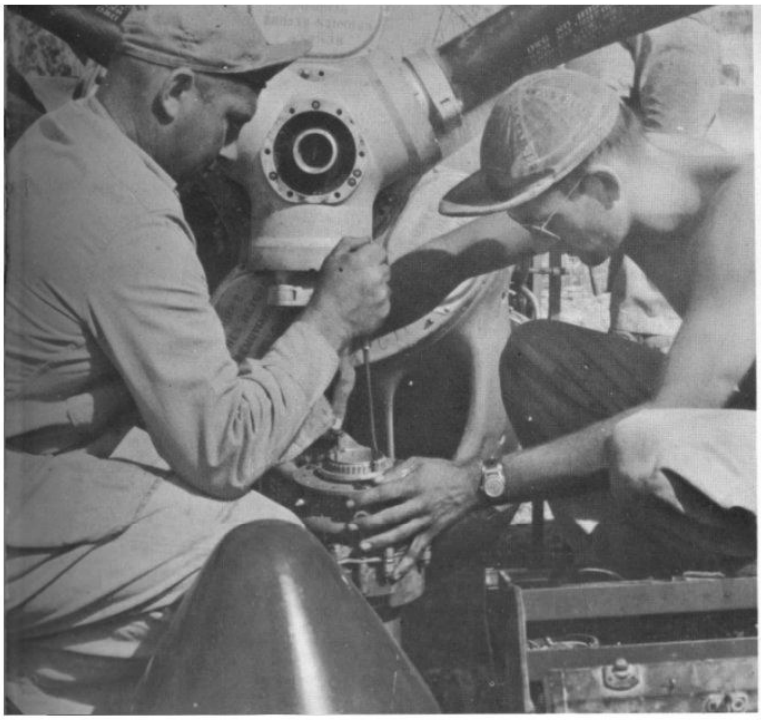
ENGINEERING

F-5 Engine Change. This was the most time-consuming job the mechanics had to perform. It necessitated a great amount of work and generally took from four to six days to accomplish. This particular engine is being changed by Flight C, whose chief was Sgt. Elder, Sgt. Ramsey was crew chief on the plane and Cpl. Greco was assistant crew chief.

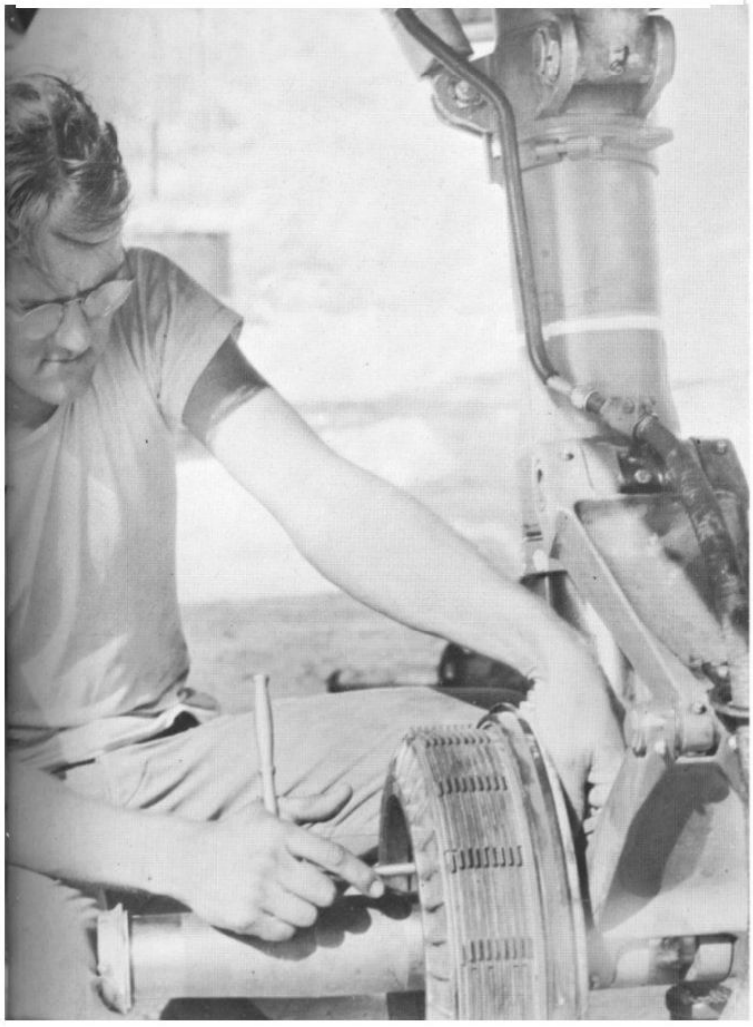
(Top) Sgts. Benson and Wilson, instrument specialists, check an engine gauge unit. **(Bottom)** Cpl. Wichmann, the squadron painter, kept the spinners and tails of the planes painted, to aid in the identification of our planes at a distance.

(Top) One of the welders, Pfc. Myssiorek. **(Bottom)** The booster coil used as an aid in starting the engine is adjusted by Sgt. Porter, electrical specialist. Sgt. Hembury at the left is head of the electrical department.



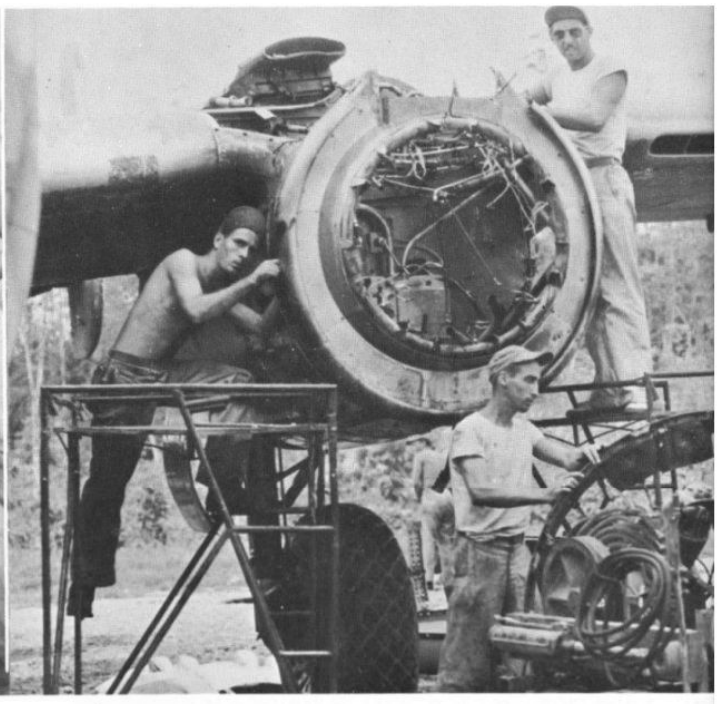


(Top) All the propeller work was done by Sgt. Kammerer and Cpl. Hachman. In the picture, they are working on the electrical contact points in the prop motor which change the pitch of the propeller to effect a constant engine RPM. **(Bottom)** Our only hydraulic specialist was Sgt. Coker. He is shown installing a multiple disc brake unit.

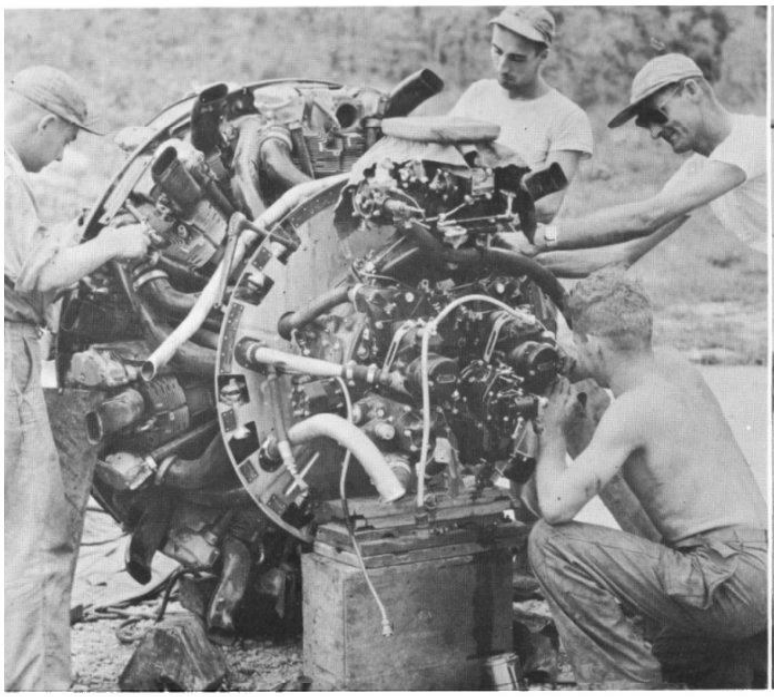


(Top) Sgt. Frankhuizen was a sheet metal man. He repaired all fairing, cowling, and skin that was cracked, or damaged by enemy fire. He also made numerous articles for the Mess Hall and the Photo-Lab. **(Bottom)** Sgt. Tietjen and Pfc. Luquin were the squadron carpenters. In the picture, according to Sgt. Tietjen, they are giving a board, "joost the right sloop".

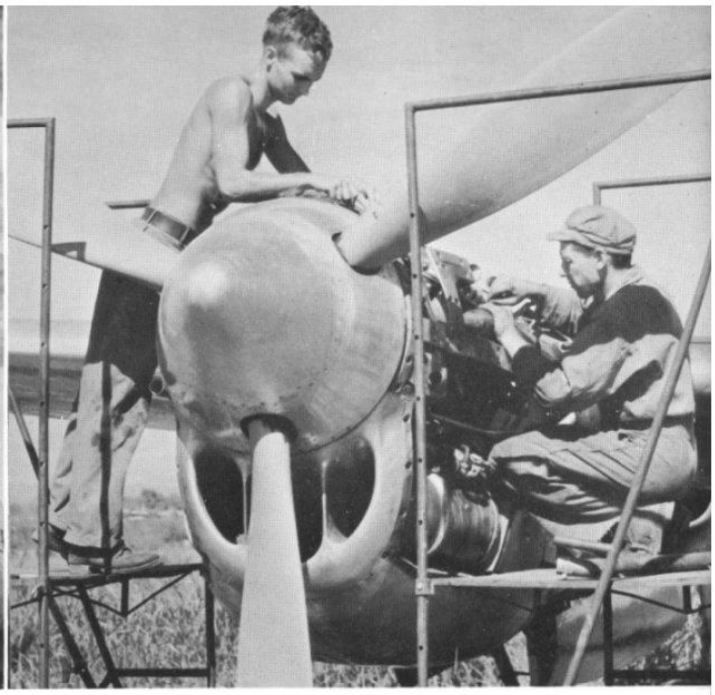
"B" flight in conference. Sometimes a plane came down sick. A diagnosis usually had to be made to determine what repair or maintenance was needed. Sgt. Pack, the Flight Chief, is nearest the camera.



The B-25 we had for awhile at Biak is undergoing an engine change. Sgts. Coats, Bain and Owens are shown preparing the engine nacelle and accessory section to receive a new engine.



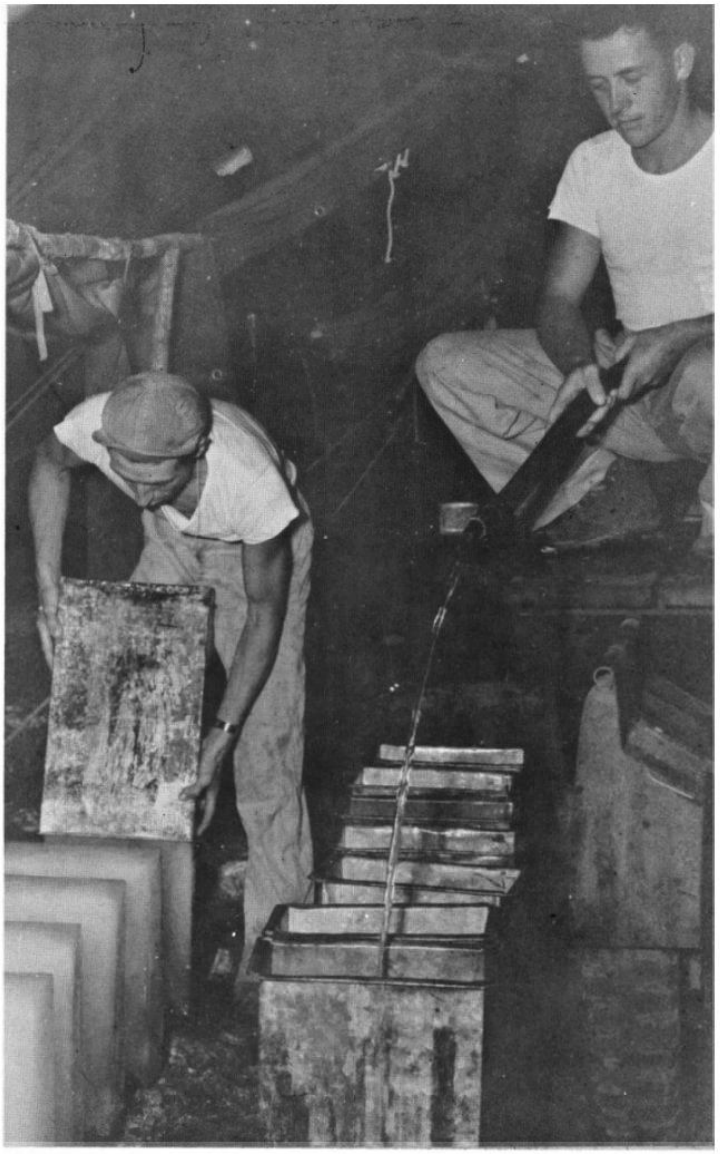
An R-2600 Wright engine being made ready to set in the B-25. Sgt. Phillips, at left, is installing an exhaust manifold. Cpl. Bell, without shirt, was Crew Chief of this plane. Sgt. Wilkinson is installing spark plugs.



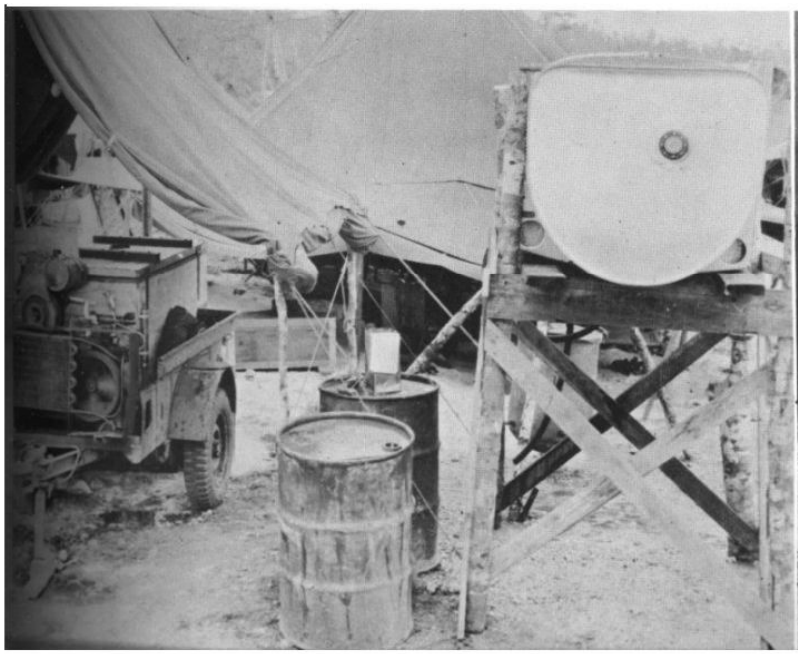
Sgts. Pfleegor and Cope respectively check an oil thermostat and exhaust manifold.

ICE PLANT

Our ice machine was a real luxury. Few outfits in the Pacific had one. It produced eight blocks of ice per day. Sgt. Frankhuizen and Cpl. Windham are shown removing the ice from the containers and refilling them with water.

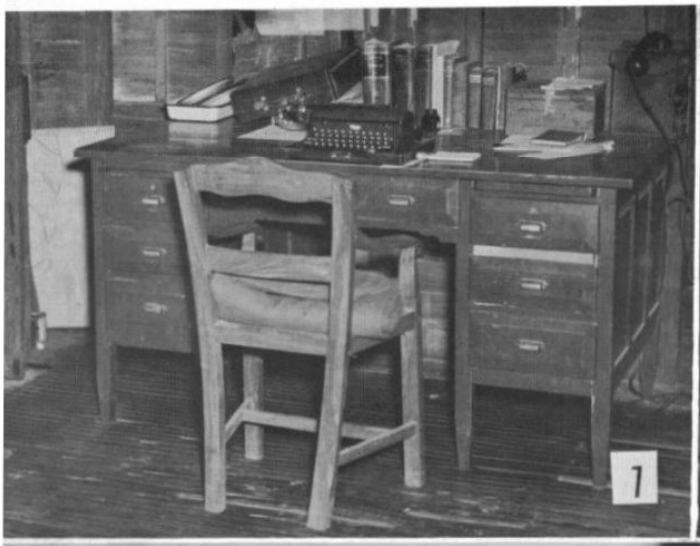


The ice machine was mounted on a trailer for greater mobility. The water tank was a B-24 bomb-bay fuel tank. The wooden case was built by our squadron carpenter, Sgt Tietjen. The men shown below (left to right) Sgts. Frankhuizen, Sacco, Cpl. Windham and Sgt. Shelton, then installed the compressor and power unit. They also built the cans to hold the ice, lined the wooden case with sheet metal and insulated it with sawdust filler.



MEDICS

(1) In the Philippines, the Medics had a desk which was borrowed from the mayor of the town in which we were stationed. (2) The well stocked dispensary was open for sick-call every morning and evening. Emergencies were taken care of at all times. (3) Capt. Pollack treating Sgt. Saari at sick call. (4) The medical posters on the Medics' Bulletin Board which warned of the prevalence of V. D. in the Philippines and recommend prophylaxis. (5) Cpl. Austin shown giving Sgt. Bokon a shot. (6) Cpl. Lueckmeyer and Capt. Pollack had numerous records to keep which consumed a good part of their time. The immunization records for each man had to be kept up to date at all times and checked periodically for shots or vaccinations due.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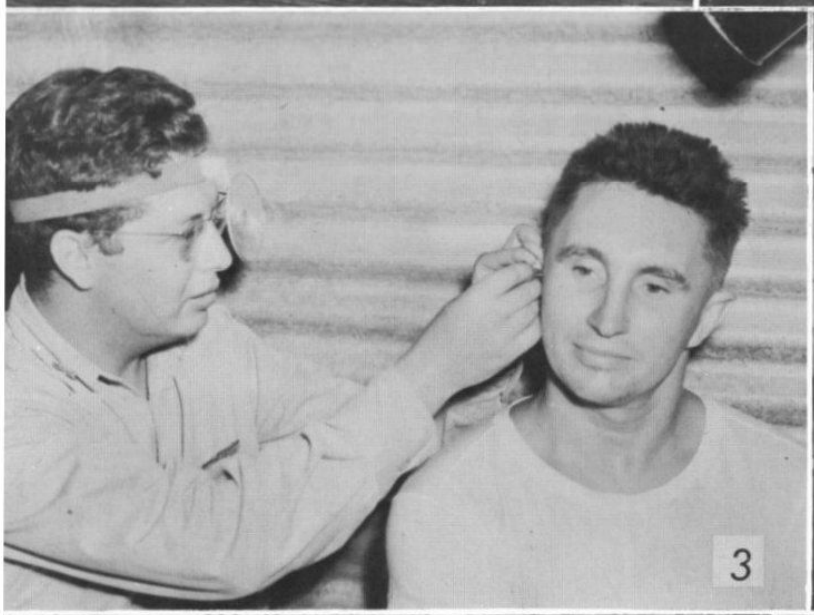
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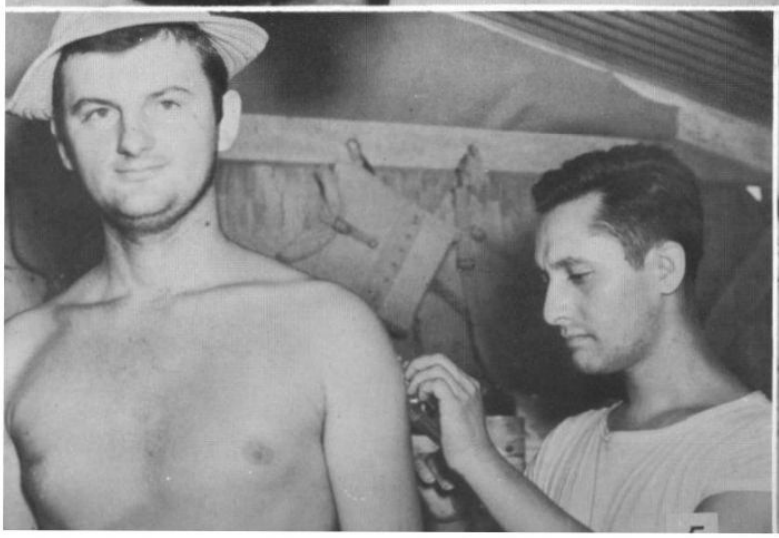
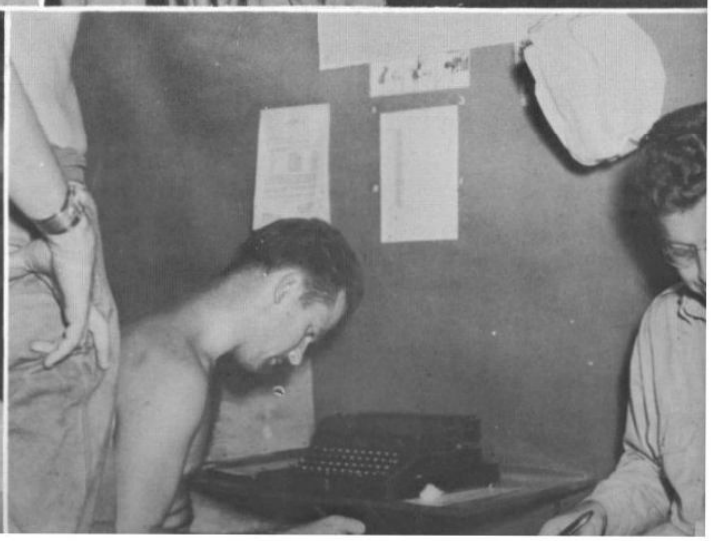
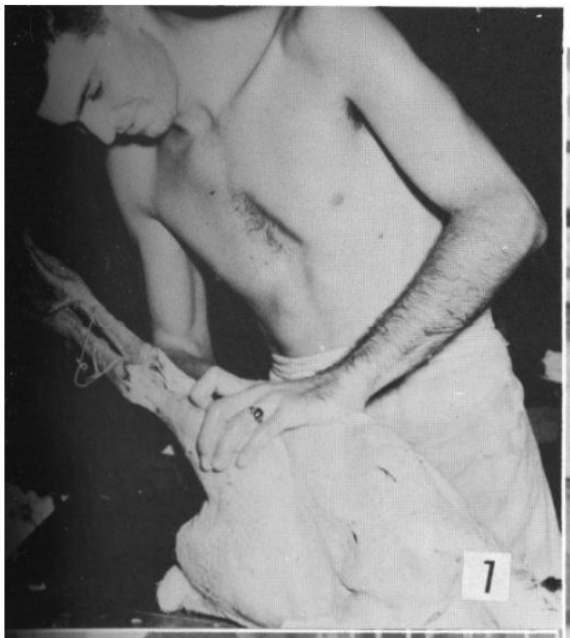




MESS

(1) Sgt. Baroncini was the Squadron Butcher. He is shown cleaning a turkey for Thanksgiving at Biak. (2) Pvt. Farina and Sgt. Lachell cutting Spam. Spam was second only to bully beef in frequency of serving and unpopularity. (3) The Officers' Mess at Biak was in charge of Sgt. Mason. There the officers had a separate Mess Hall and Club combined. (4) Sgt. Hicks cooking roast beef for dinner as Sgt. Webber looks on. Fresh meat was a rarity at all times. (5) Occasionally (very) we had fresh eggs overseas, a real treat. Cpl. Rasure and Pvt. Pope prepare a few for breakfast. (6) Squadron Baker, Cpl. Mohnke, worked every other night baking pies or cakes or his famous cinnamon rolls. He is shown with two of his volunteer assistants, Sgts. Guy and Farmer.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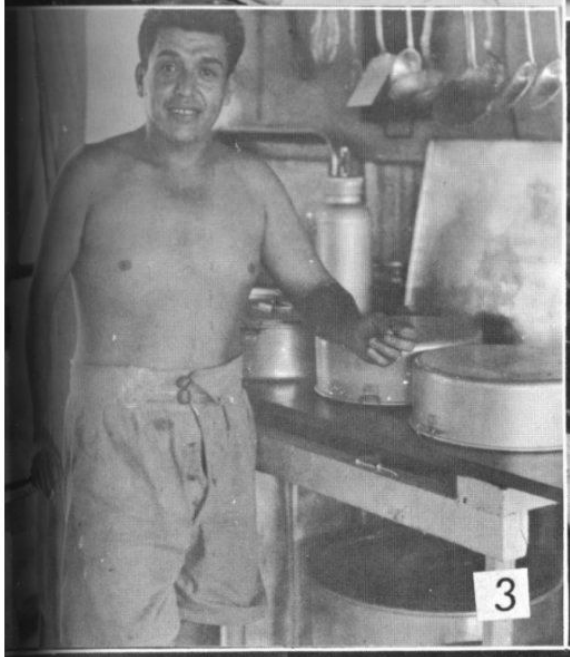
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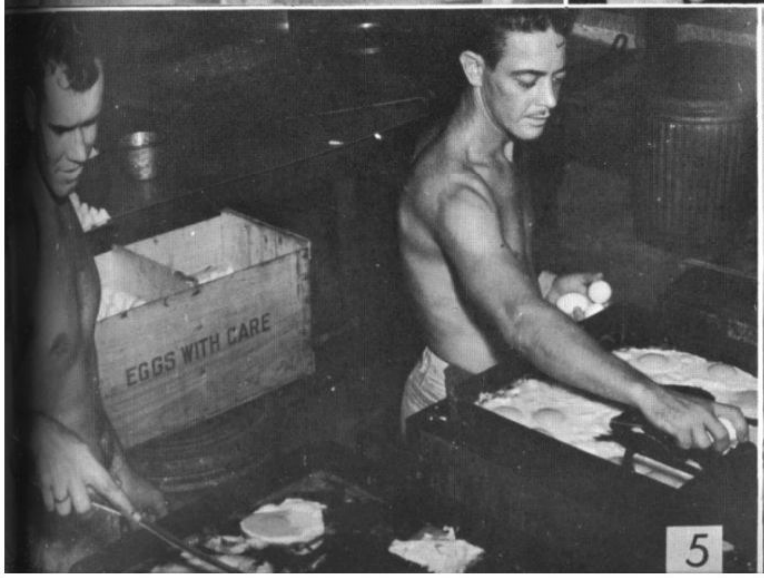

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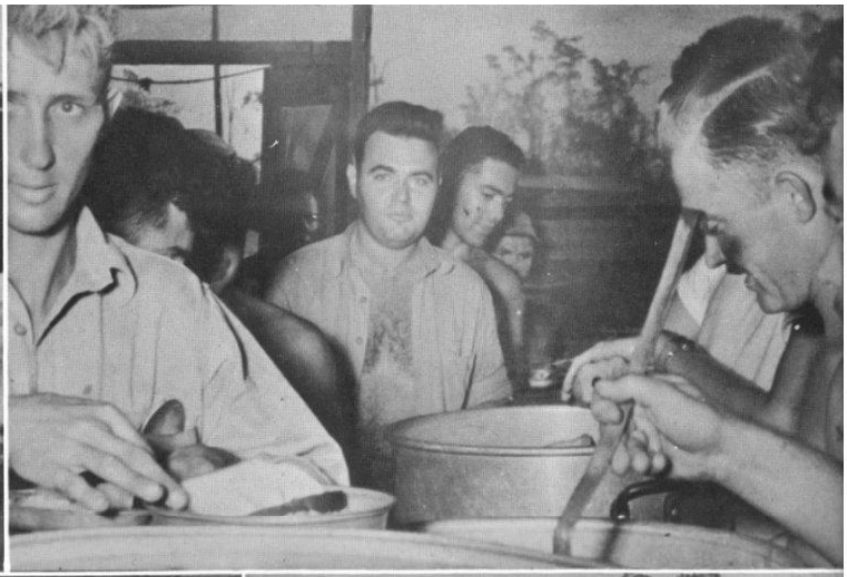

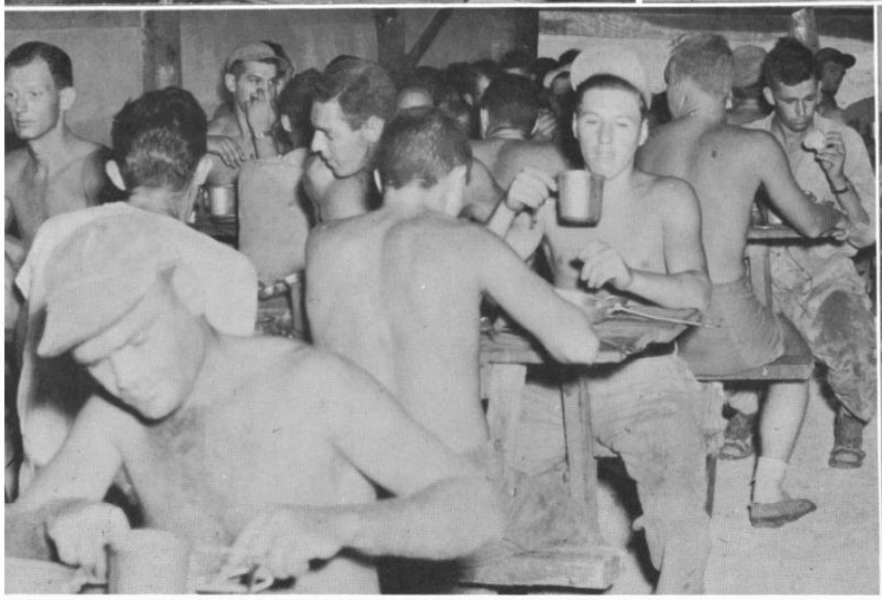

Views of the Mess situation: **Upper left**—Peeling the old spuds which we very seldom had. **Upper right**—The Mess line up. Throw it in the mess kit and then go out side and throw it away one way or another. **Lower left**—A view of the Mess Hall. You can see by the expressions that the food is really good. **Lower right**—Here is where most of the food ended up. Then to wash our mess gear and get back to the sack.

INTELLIGENCE
AND OPERATIONS


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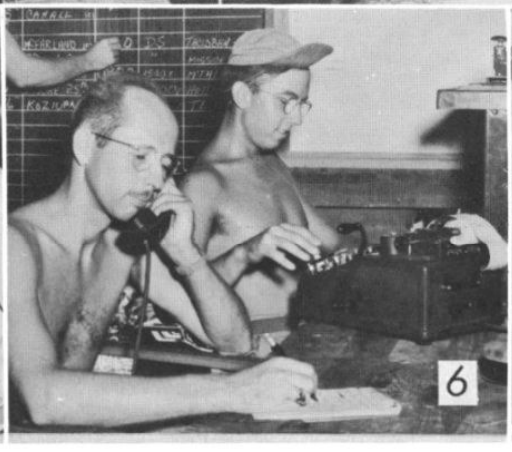
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(1) The Intelligence Department at Biak. (2) Parachute Department was run by Sgt. Murphy and Cpl. Piete. (3) Lt. Stopyra briefs Major Gathers for a mission. (4) Cpl. Basso is writing up a scheduled mission. (5) After a successful mission the negative was viewed by the Intelligence Officer and the pilot to decide which negatives should be printed. Shown are Sgt. Fiori, Lt. Stopyra, Major Gathers and two Infantry liaison officers. (6) Sgt. Marquard, Operations chief, phones the tower to tell them we have planes taking off. He is giving them the plane numbers, destination, time to take off and estimated return. Sgt. King is adding up the flying time. A log of each pilot's time was kept. (7) Sgts. Buletza and Hollywood and Cpl. Dunbar, were operations clerks. One of their many duties was to take the pilots to the strip and bring them back when they had returned from missions.

PHOTO-LAB

(1) A native house was used for Photo Supply at our Philippine station. (2) A section of the well ordered stockroom. (3) Photo-Lab Supply tried to keep two weeks ahead on film and paper as these had to be requisitioned from rear area depots. (4) Cpl. Goodreau, assistant Photo Supply clerk. (5) Photo Supply personnel. (6) A complete negative file on the current campaigns we were covering was always kept on hand to enable us to furnish reprints on request.


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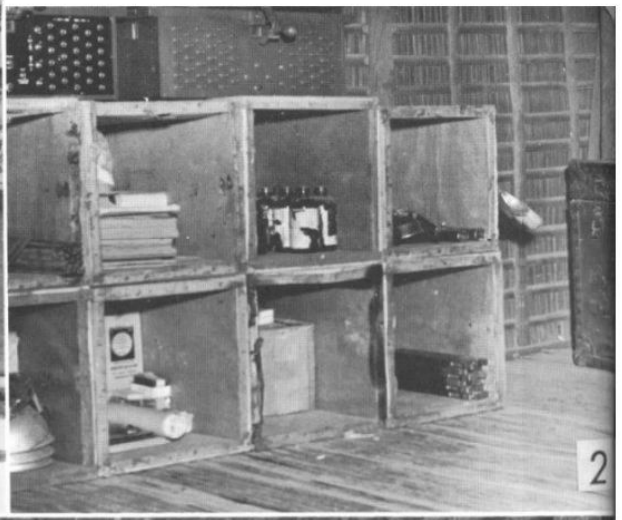
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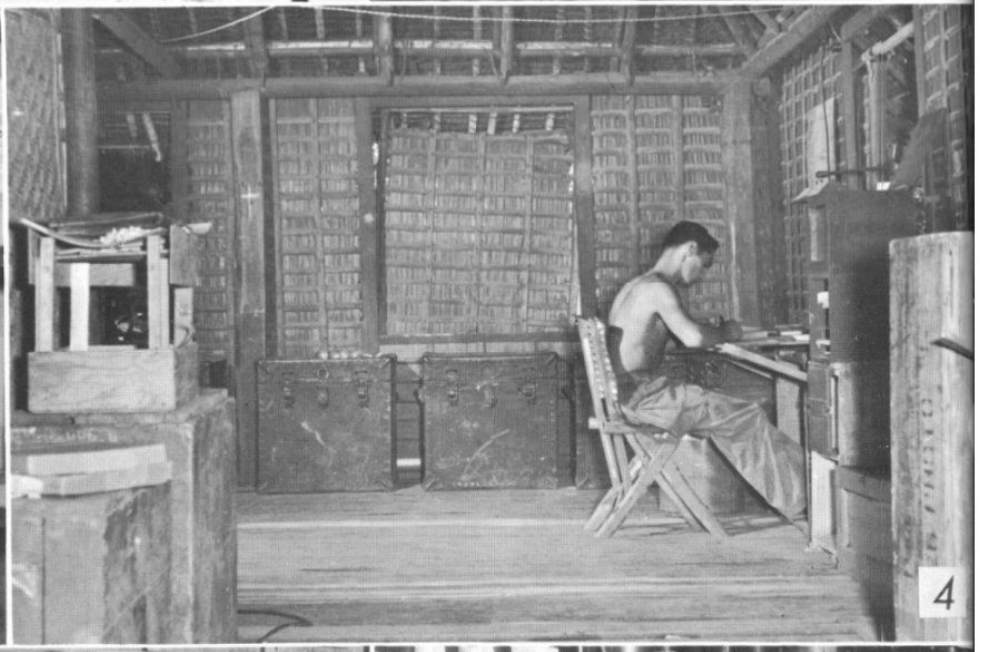
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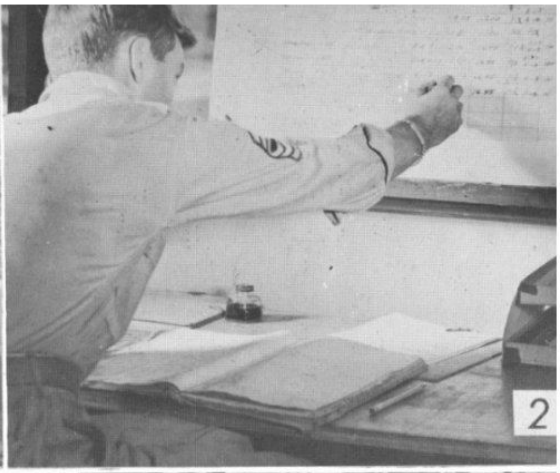
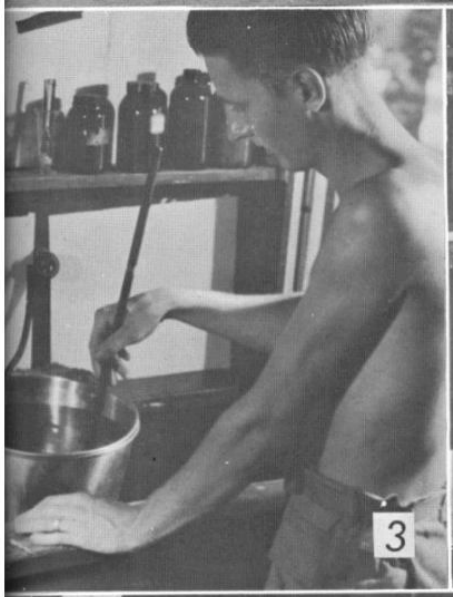
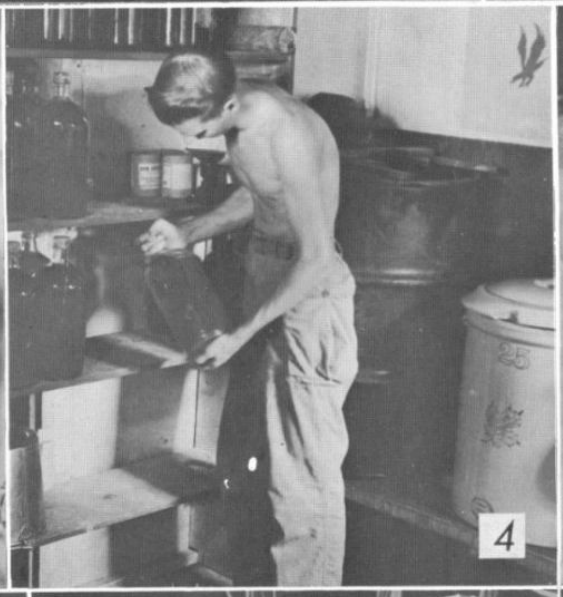
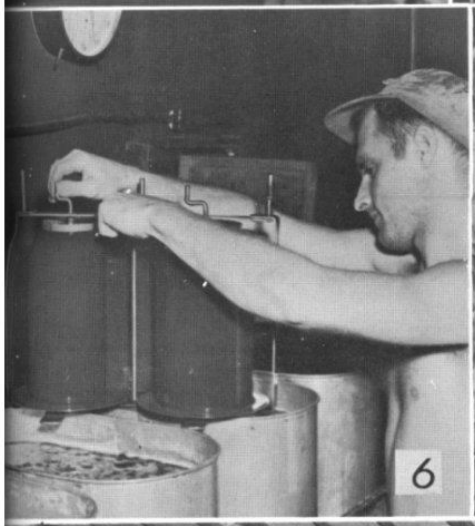
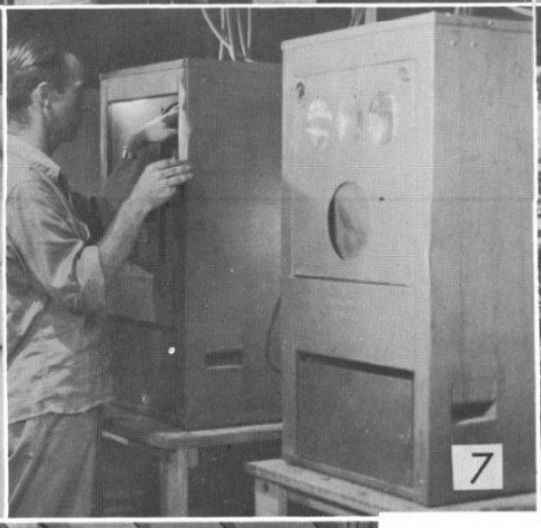
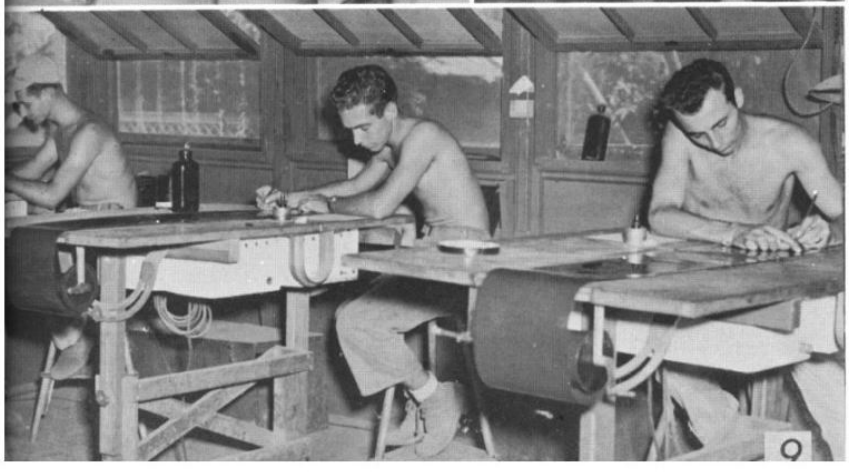






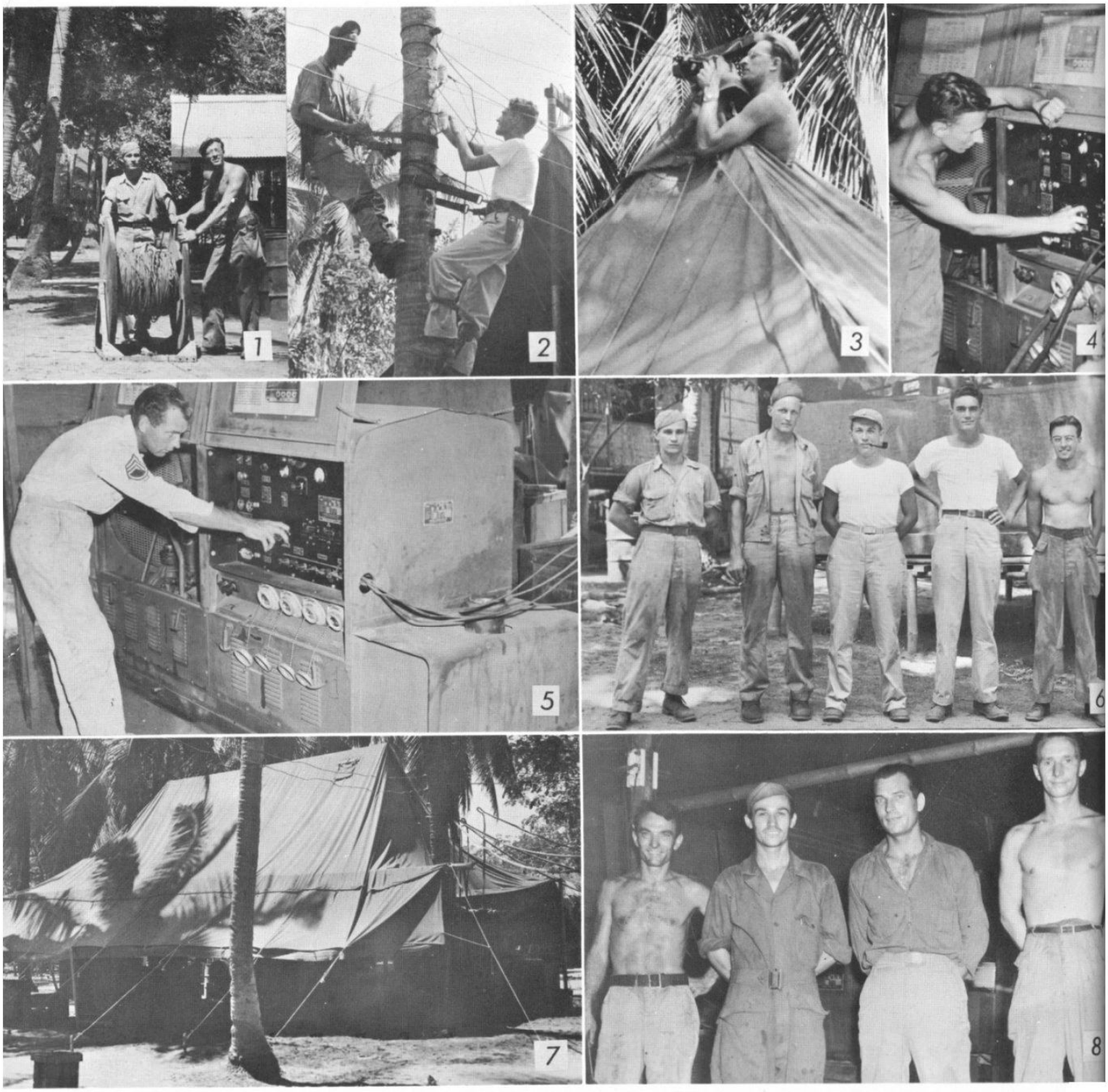






(1) The Photo-Lab installation in the Philippines. (2) Sgt. Green recording a mission on the mission board. Information on missions was telephoned from operations. (3 & 4) Developer, hypo or short stop being mixed by Cpl. Schmitz. (5 & 8) Prints were first washed in a sink to remove excess hypo, then washed in the regular washers. Cpl. Roemer and Pvt. Smith are using the sink. Sgt. Drake and Cpl. Petrilak are doing the final washing. (6) Sgt. Lyon has just finished developing a film. (7) Sgt. Peterson drying the film after it had been washed. (9) The negatives were lettered after the Intelligence officer selected those to be printed. Cpls. Konupek, Esmond and Sgt. Fiori are shown engaged in this work.

POWER AND LIGHT PLANT



(1) Cpls. Powarski and Goelz string wire for our tent lights. (2) Sgts. Havel and Harrison stringing wire on a cocoanut tree light pole. (3) Stringing light wires to each tent was Cpl. Goelz's job when we arrived at a new station. However, when this work was finished, he worked in the Photo-Lab. (4) Sgt. Ollie Wilson was Assistant Generator Manager. He did much of the maintenance and repair work on the generators. (5) Sgt. Waggoner was in charge of the "Power & Light Company". He was responsible for maintaining ample power for the Photo-Lab where the electric dryers used an enormous amount of current. (6) Wiring Personnel. These men functioned as a team only during the early weeks at a new station. They had regular duties in their own departments when the wiring facilities were completed. Left to right—Cpl. Powarski, Sgt. Havel, Lt. Taylor, Sgt. Harrison and Cpl. Goelz. (7) The generator tent. Two large units and a small one were used to furnish power for the squadron. The communications department had its own generators, but the Photo-Lab operated off the main power system. (8) Generator Section Personnel. Cpls. Dobosz and Powarski and Sgts. Waggoner and Wilson.

PILOTS

(1) A pilot prepares to leave on a mission. Sgt. Cope, the Crew Chief, will guide him out of the revetment. (2) Lt. Hayden fills out the flight report after returning from a mission. (3) Capt. Darling returns from a mission. The Crew Chief is Sgt. Ramsey. All the pilots carried jungle knives like the one the Captain has strapped to his leg. (4) A group of our pilots standing by Capt. Brown's plane "Brown Eyes". (5) This group of pilots taken at our strip at Biak includes (the tallest man of those standing) Lt. Booth who was reported missing in action and presumably shot down by enemy ack-ack while flying a mission in the vicinity of Manila shortly after our arrival in the Philippines. (6) Capts. Buchanan, Brown and Wingfield (the first two came from the States with us and the third joined soon after we began operatng overseas) who were among the first members of the squadron to be returned to the States, upon completion of their required number of missions.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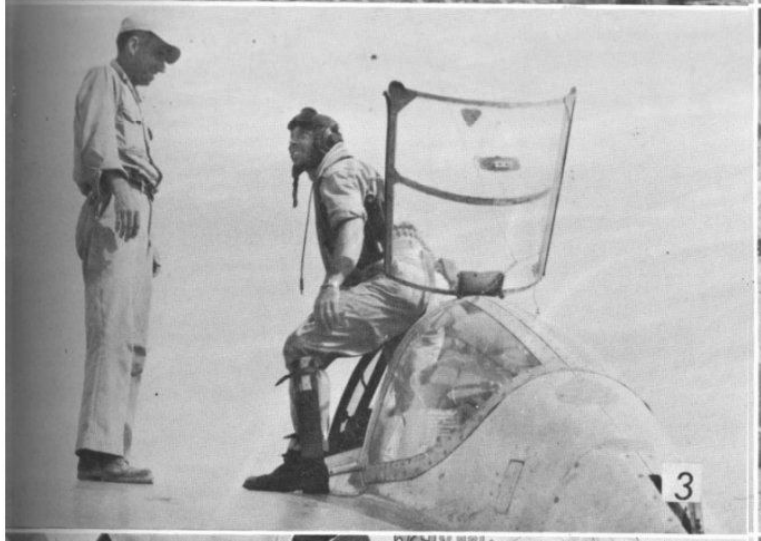
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SUPPLY

(1) Salvage Day. (2) Shoes for salvage being tagged. (3) In the Philippines, all guns were kept in the Supply Department for a few months. (4) Pfc. Mitchell covers the guns after the periodical check of their condition. (5) Sgt. Lamz and Cpl. Balchunas, line mechanics, mount a tire for Tech Supply's stock. (6) Sgt. Nordyke and Cpl. Heisiger issuing parts to Sgts. Shelton and Crook.


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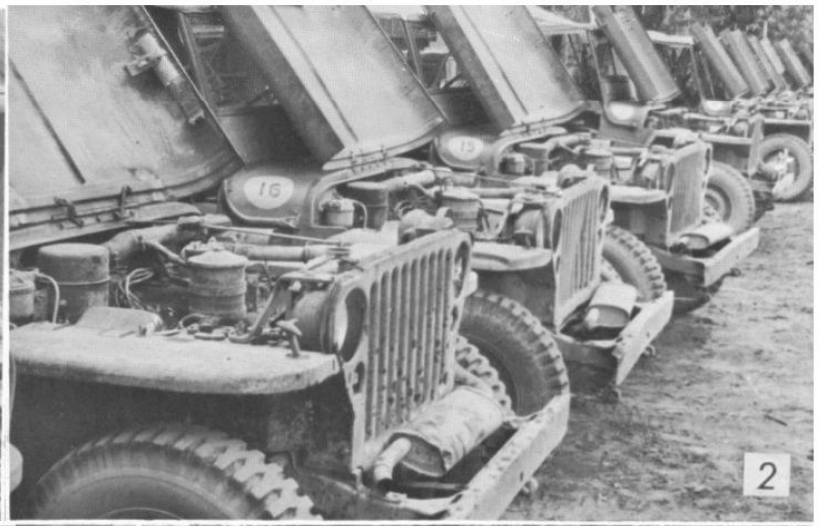
TRANSPORTATION

(1) Dispatch office. All incoming and outgoing vehicles were checked here. Cpl. Tredinnick (at left) was the dispatcher. Lt. Taylor (in center) was the officer in charge. (2) Every Saturday an inspection was held in the Motor Pool. (3) Pvts. Dupree and Wiles and Pfc. Tompkins repairing and greasing a vehicle. (4) Cpl. Kidd cleaning and checking one of the squadron's four machine guns. (5) The Motor Pool area in the Philippines. (6) Uncrating a new Jeep. (7) Cpl. Fuller does one of the most routine and disliked tasks in the Motor Pool—changing a tire.

1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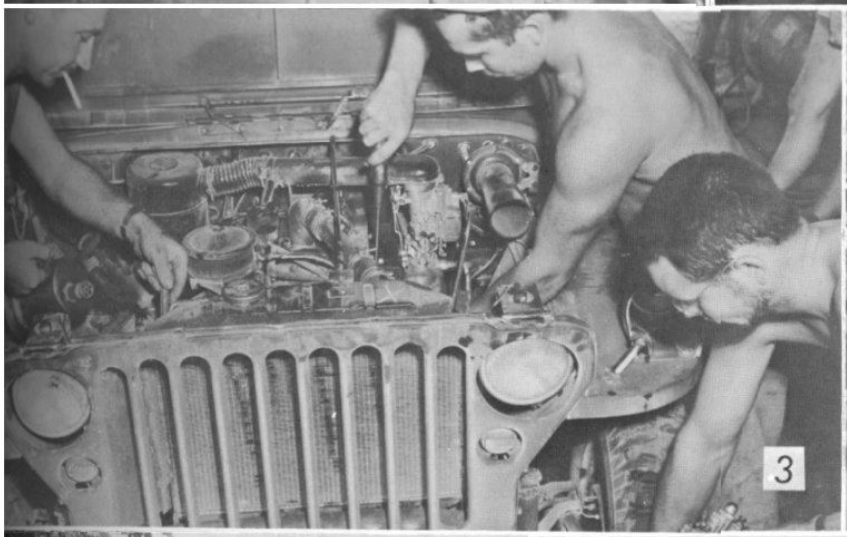
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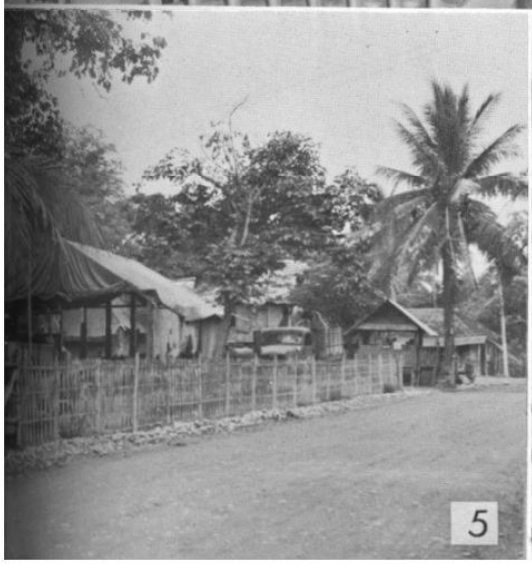
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7

THE ARMY AIR CORPS

Official Song of the U.S. Army Air Corps

1.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame;
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

CHORUS

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A Toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.

2.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

3.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the Nation's border,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

PHOTO JOE

Come all you rounders if you want to know
The story of a Photo Joe.
Now, Photo Joe is the Pilot's name.
'Way down in N.G.'s where he won his fame.

CHORUS

Photo Joe—he climbed upon the wing.
Photo Joe—with his camera in his hand.
Photo Joe—he climbed upon the wing
To take a Tri-met strip of an unknown land.

Now, Photo Joe gets up at half-past five,
He never expects to get home alive.
It's off to Davao and through the blue,
He's got to get Del Monte and Leyte too. (CHORUS)

He tells all the bombers of every hot spot.
He flies over places where the fighters will not.
The bombers have top-cover and the fighters have a gun
But all Photo Je ocan do is run. (CHORUS)

The fighters will tell you of their very high score,
If something didn't happen, how they would have got more.
The bombers will say they got three hundred on the ground,
But they never give Joe credit for the way they were found. (CHORUS)

Now, Photo Joe is an altitude fiend,
He flies 'way up high, where he can't be seen.
He flies at thirty thousand in his P-three-eight,
Getting drunk on ox'gen at a rapid rate. (CHORUS)

There's a little more to this sad, sad story:
The bombers do the work and the fighters get the glory.
And here's another thing that you ought to know—
There aren't any medals for a Photo Joe! (CHORUS)

HAWKEYE SONG

You Sons of Hawkeye, rise at three,
Get ready for Photography.
Town and village photoed and mapped
And the pictures brought back to Guerry,
And the pictures brought back to Guerry.

Now that Tojo's power is crumbling,
We will have them a show, little Joe,
As up in the air we will go.
Join with us—we'll map the road to Tokyo.

Give it a go, Photo Joe.
Off we go to Tokyo.
Hawkeyes! Hawkeyes!
Up in the skies
To take our photos true.

(SHOUTED) Give it a go, Hawkeyes!

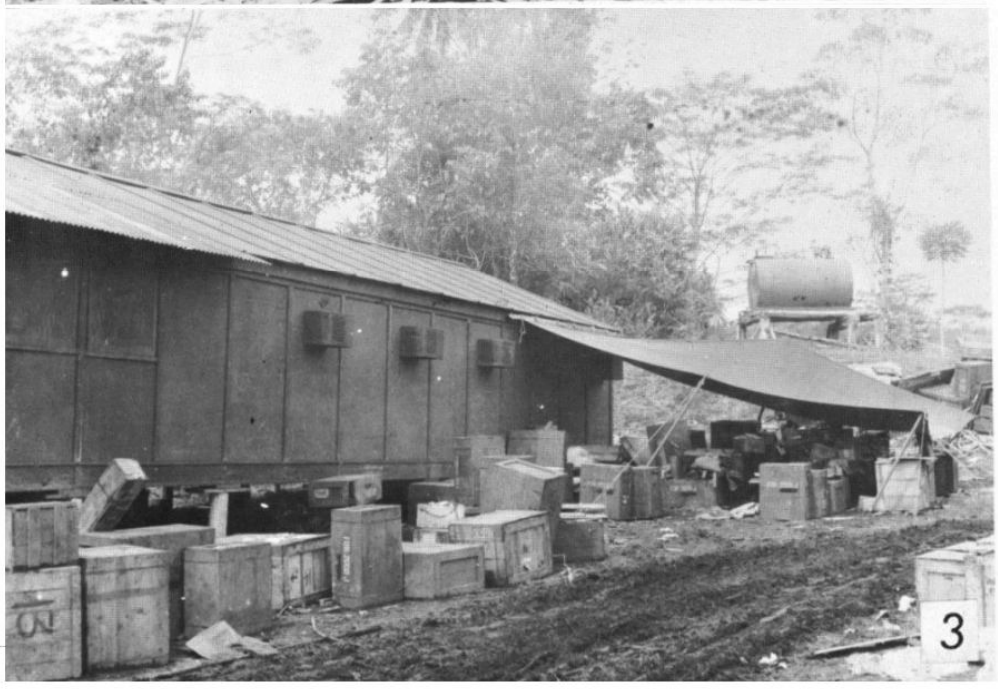
FINSCHHAFEN

NEW GUINEA

(1) Another view of the mess tent soon after it was set up.

(2) A jeep was used to power the saw mill. An idea of the dense jungle at Finschhafen can be gotten from the undergrowth and trees around the photo-lab.

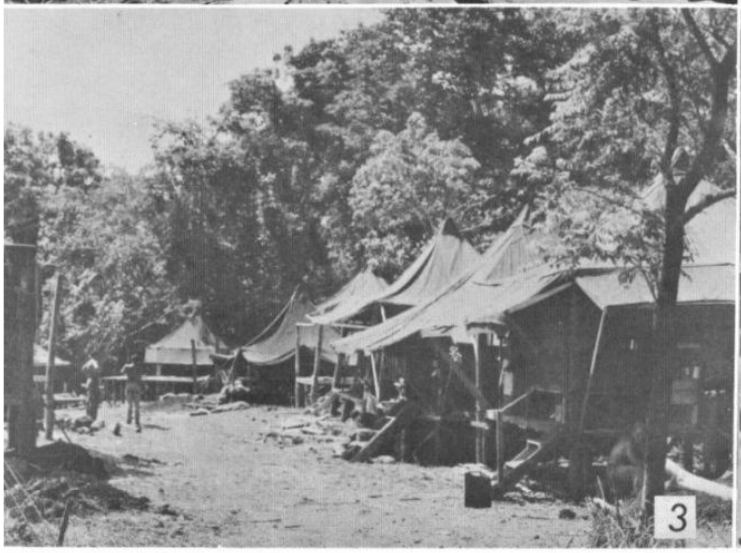
(3) The water tank is on the hill. This was filled by pumping water up from a small spring a little distance from our area.

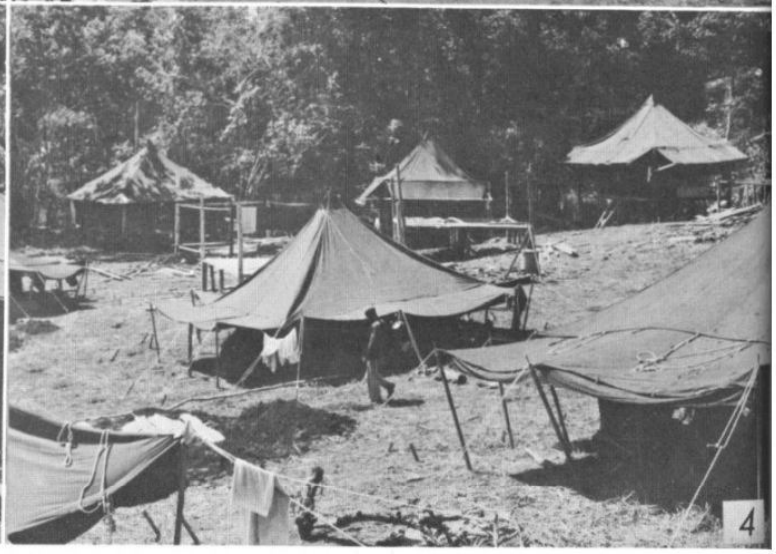


(4) The Photo-Lab and some of its supplies. These supplies were later put in a photo supply building.

(5) The Motor Pool constructing a shed to house vehicles while they were repaired.

(6) The roads in our area were kept in the state shown by the constant rains. This pool was near the Orderly Room.

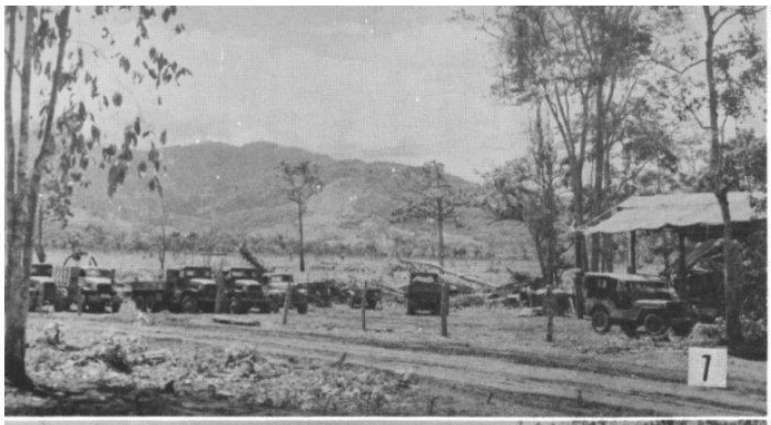




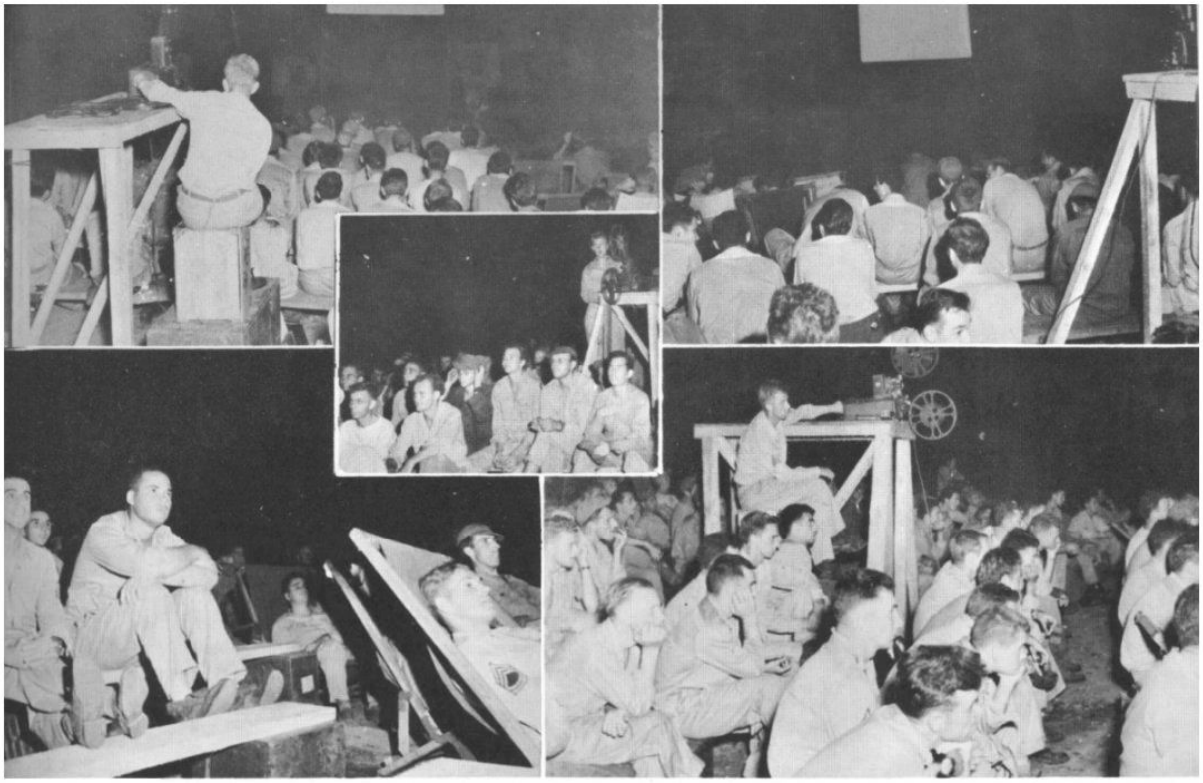
(1) Sgt. Dobosz and Pvt. Nathan operating the sawmill. (2) Some of the officers tents. We built up off the ground here for the first time after having experience with tropical rains at Oro Bay and Port Moresby. (3) Part of the enlisted men's area. Plenty of fox holes were dug at Finschhafen after our first air raid. (4) Another section of the enlisted men's area while still building. To some of us who came here from Port Moresby the mosquito shortage was a blessing.

NADZAB

NEW GUINEA

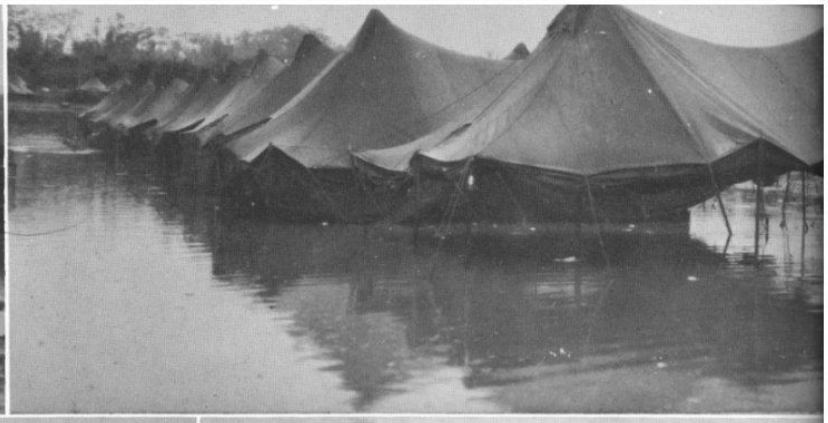


(1) The motor pool was located nearest the main road. The ball diamond was between it and the road. (2) The repair shop in the motor pool. All this area had to be cleaned of trees and undergrowth like that shown in the background. (3) From the motor pool going into the area were the photo-lab and the mess hall to the right. The mess hall was built by the whole squadron as soon as we arrived. We all worked for an hour after supper for about five days to complete it in record time. (4) Photo Supply, the photo-lab and the mess hall. The generator shed was off to the left of this picture. (5) The orderly room. The switchboard and teletype were also located here. (6) The medic's tent and squadron supply. Camera repair is the building behind supply. One of the biggest jobs we had here was clearing away the underbrush and trees that were cut down by a bull dozer and a detail of men to make the road. (7) Supply as seen from the orderly room. The tents on the left of the road were for enlisted men. This was probably the best area we had while in New Guinea. (8) The officers' area as seen from in front of the Medic's tent, shown in photo number six.



Sgt. Kalt giving a private showing of Hollywood's latest—or earliest—opus-es. (You could never be sure which you were going to see). From the facial expressions, the villian must have been giving Our Nell a bad time. The movies were all (good or bad) faithfully attended. It was a major triumph to get through one without mechanical failure of the projector and our regular operator, Sgt. Krog, and his occasional assistants, Sgt. Kalt and Sgt. Ollie Wilson, had to withstand many sessions of catcalls and jibes.

The first squadron party overseas was at Nadzab. There was nothing in particular to celebrate but everyone was in the mood so one was held anyway.

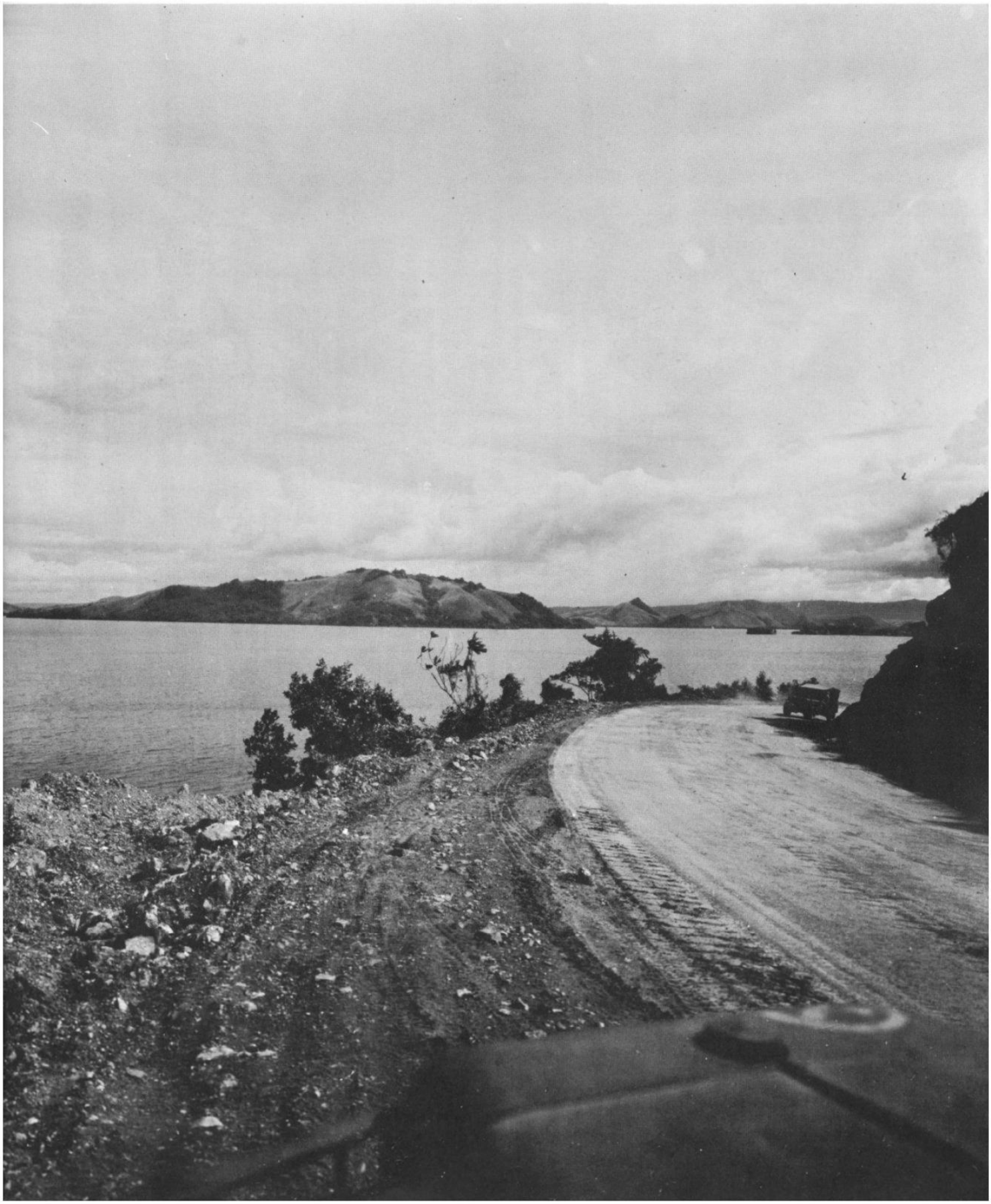


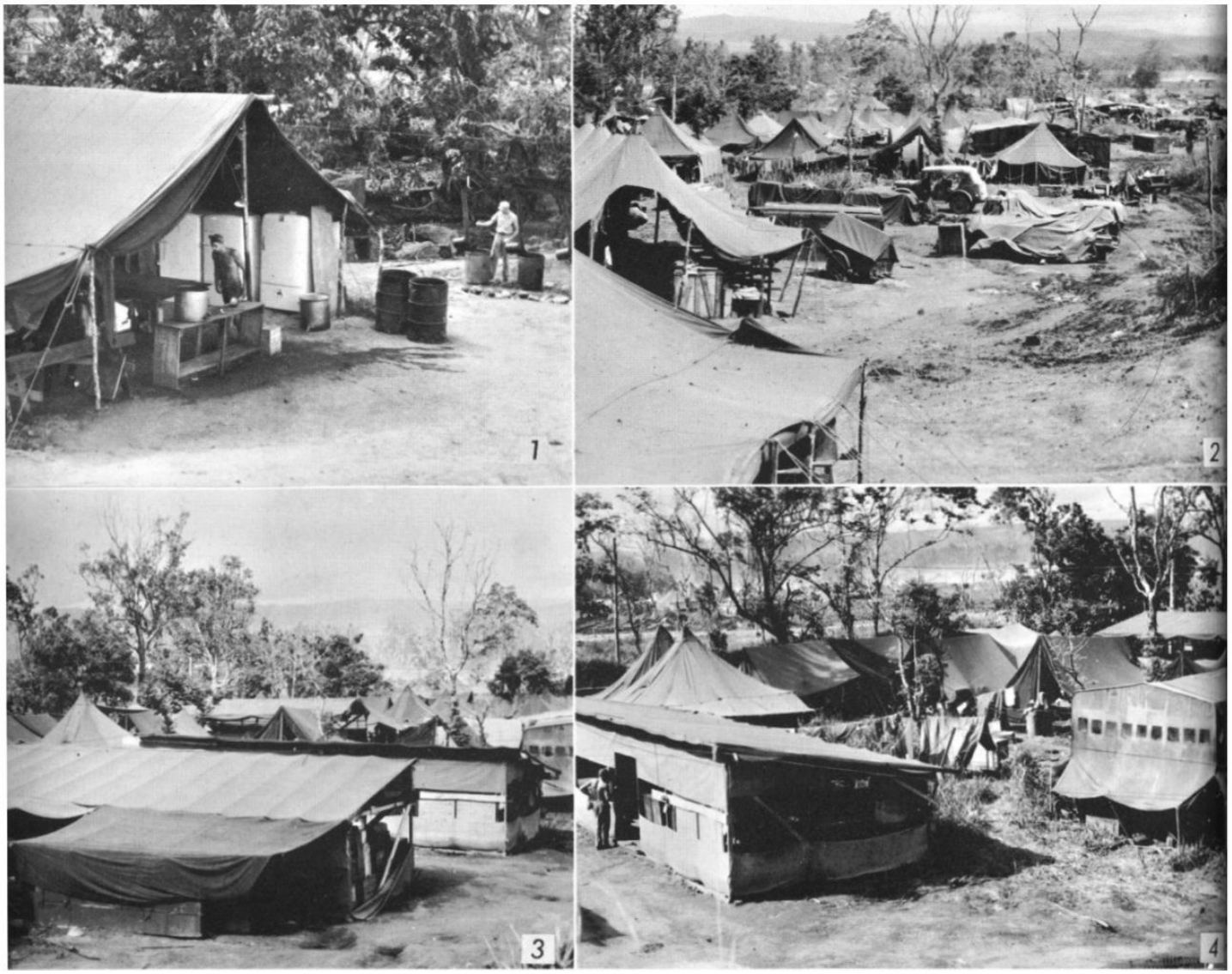
This was Lae at the time the 26th embarked for Hollandia having struck camp earlier at Nadzab. Incessant rains made quagmires of the roads and completely inundated the camp area from which we were forced to flee to higher ground. The ship was boarded from small landing craft which pitched and rolled and made very difficult the task of grabbing and ascending the ships ladder, loaded, as each man was, with his cot and barracks bag.

The voyage from Lae to Hollandia was made on the SS Joseph P. Bradley, an American Liberty ship with Merchant Marine Ship's crew and a U. S. Navy gun crew (Part of the squadron flew up but the majority of the men went on this ship). The enlisted men slept on deck under shelters improvised from shelter-halves and tarps. The nightly rains were of tropical intensity and the improvisations were of psychological value only. We were soaked. Of course the enlisted men could go down in the hole if they preferred to roast. The pictures on the following page show some of the life on shipboard.

HOLLANDIA

DUTCH NEW GUINEA





(1) The kitchen. We ate in a hospital tent to the right. Stores were kept in a Jap dug cave behind the kitchen.

(2) Part of the squadron area was on the bank of the creek. The rest was up on the hill to the right.

(3) Camera repair and operations. The line was so dusty that camera repair, tech supply and the welding shop had to be set up in the area.

(4) Operations on the left; the welding shop on the right. Across the road in the background is Cyclops airstrip for transport planes.

(5) A few of the many Jap planes caught on the ground by Fifth Air Force bombing which preceded the landings.

(6) The photo-lab supplies came up on the boat and were unloaded only to be loaded up again and carried on to Biak soon after.

(7) Cockpit of wrecked Jap plane. Many of their instruments were strikingly similar to ours.

(8) Sgt. Aikin and Lt. Taylor washing clothes. Every one did his own laundry here as Cpl. Beneigh did not operate his graft.

(9) The creek that ran by our area was a welcome refuge from dust and heat. The bathers are Sgts. Levin and Kalt. The water came down from a seven thousand foot mountain so was very cool and refreshing.

(10) More creek bathers. These were all photo-lab boys. They did not have very much to do at Hollandia for the lab was not set up. We used the 8th Photo Tech Squadron's Lab.

(11) A night view of the search lights near Sentani strip.

(12) Hardly anyone built up off the ground at Hollandia as we were on a hill and did not plan to stay long.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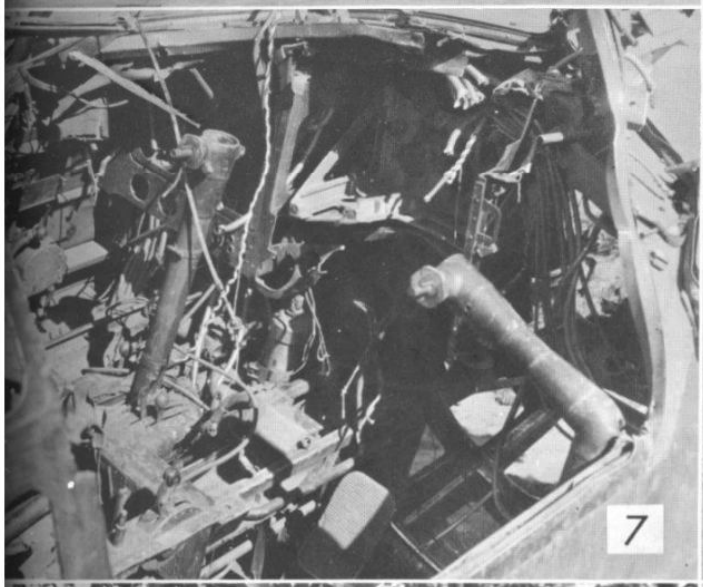
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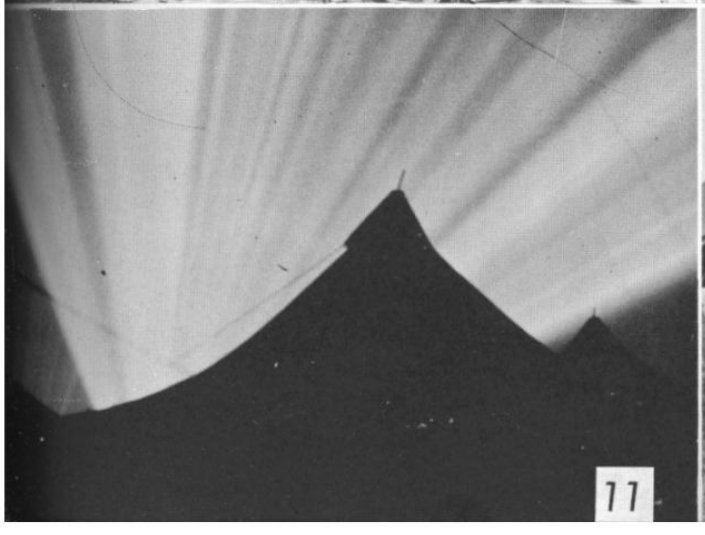
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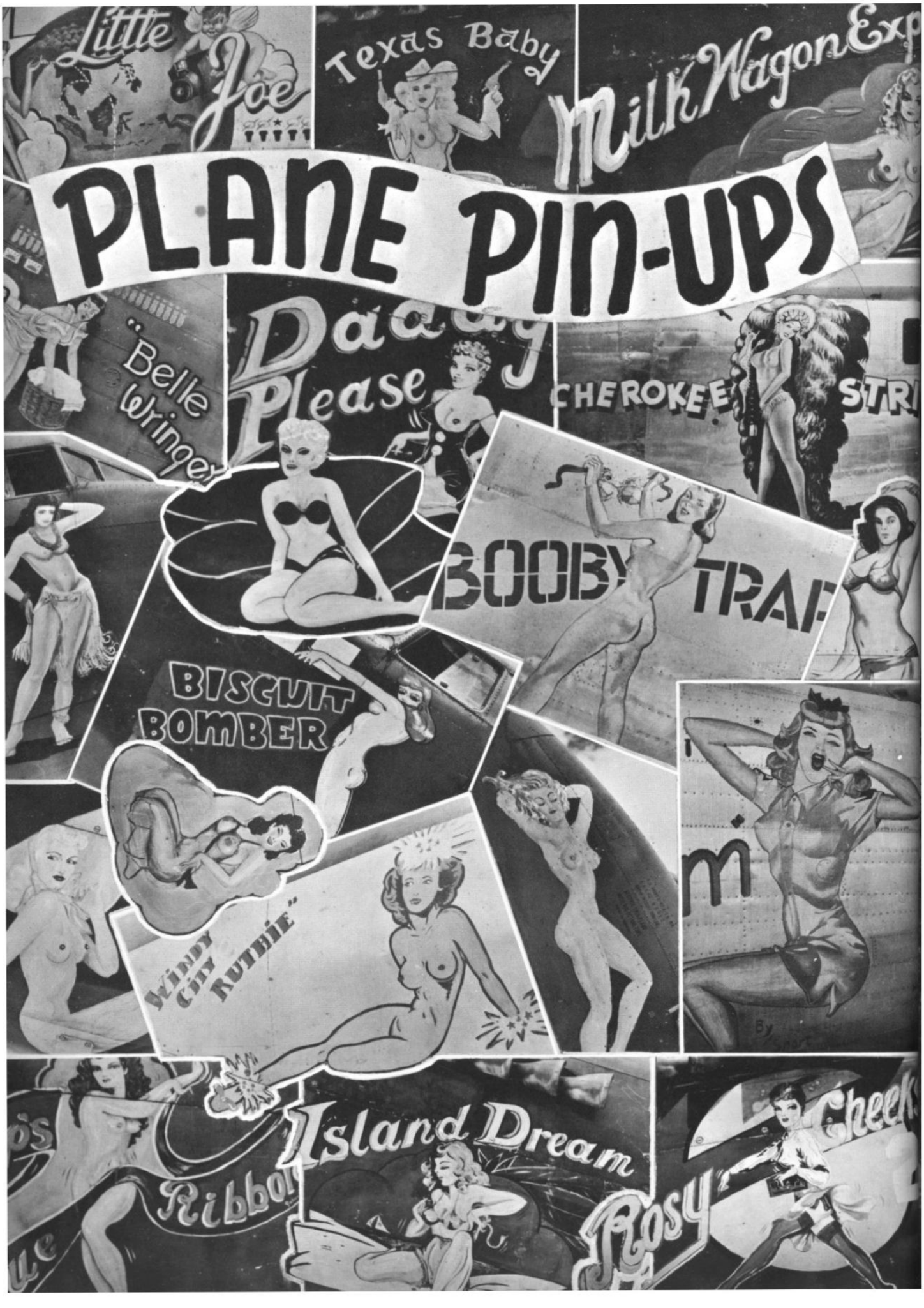

PLANE PIN-UPS
Little Joe
Texas Baby
Milk Wagon Exp
"Belle Wringer"
Daddy Please
CHEROKEE
BOOBY TRAP
BISCUIT BOMBER
WINDY CITY RUTHIE
Island Dream
Rosy

B I A K

NETHERLAND EAST INDIES

Left
29th
PRSq.
center
26th
PRS
Right
30th
combat
mapping
SQ

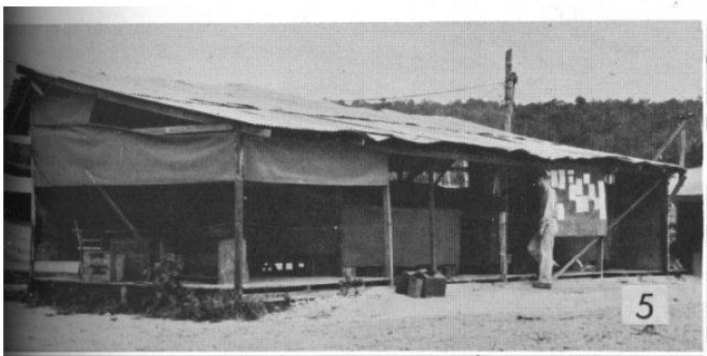
20th Combat Mission

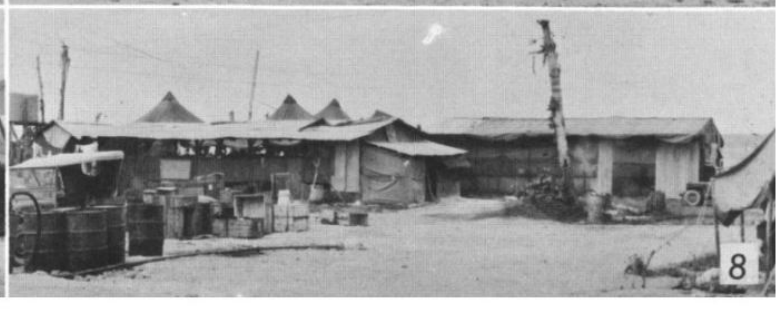
The above view shows the Biak area as seen from the beach. The burlap-curtained shower drew its water from a spring-filled bomb crater. To the immediate left of it may be seen the Tattle-Gray Laundry.
The road shown was used often by the Infantry patrols which daily crossed the bay in ducks to flush Japs from the jungles and bring them back as prisoners. The area on the extreme left was occupied by the 20th Combat Mapping Squadron, also a part of our group.

(1) Entrance to the squadron showing the motor pool on each side of the road. (2) Enlisted men's club left and PX on right in the foreground. Mid section of photo is the Mess Hall on the left and Orderly room on the right. (3) Mess Hall on the left.

The view below shows the area as it appeared from the road. To the left are the Parachute Tent and the Intelligence, Operations and Engineering Buildings. The building in left center is Squadron Supply to the right is the theatre area. All Jap bombers that paid us visits crossed our area, coming in over the bay and heading for the strip between which two places we were placed. We prayed the bombardier wouldn't drop his bombs short. It happened once and they dropped in the bay.

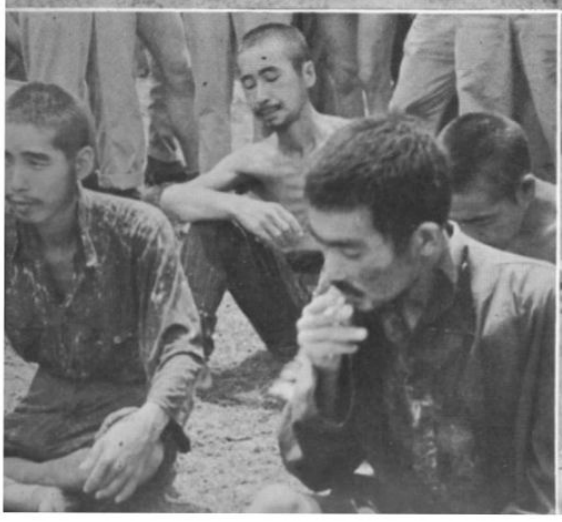
(4) Power Plant and Photo-Lab. (5) Orderly Room. (6) Medics on the left—Communications to the left. (7) Enlisted Men's tents. (8) Officers' quarters and Club.





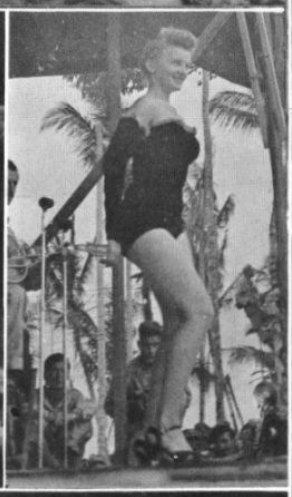
The laundry and shower. When the tide was in it washed clear over the floor of the shower. The water in this shower smelled like rotten eggs due to same decayed organic matter in it. However, one could get clean if he could stay under it long enough as it was very cold. The hot water heater was for the laundry, not the shower.

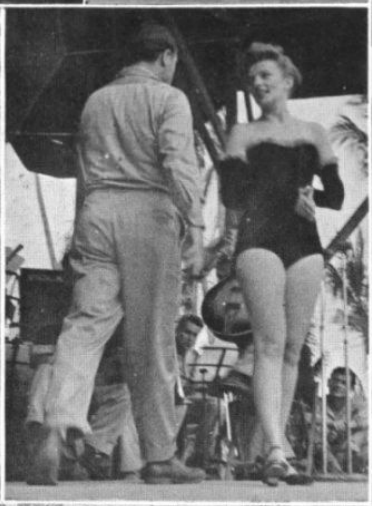
The Jap prisoners captured by Lt. Bender and Mr. Moskot. They were probably the most photographed men on Biak as far as we were concerned. They claimed to be Korean laborers who had come up from Timor but after they were turned over to the M. P.'s it was learned that they were Japs who had just sailed around from the far coast of Biak.

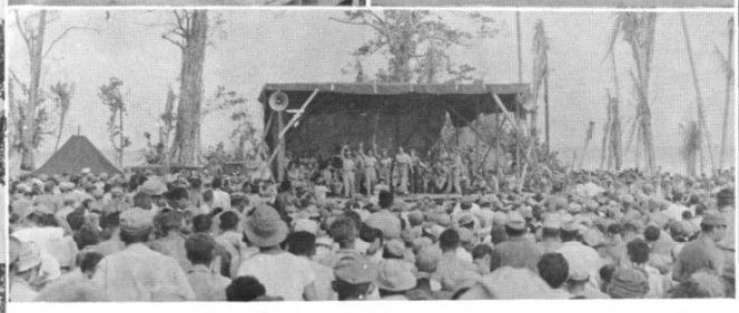
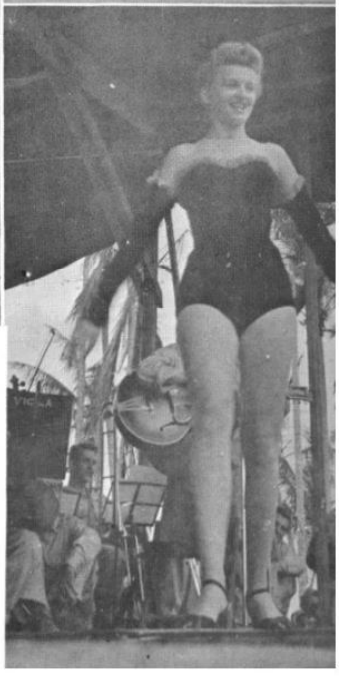




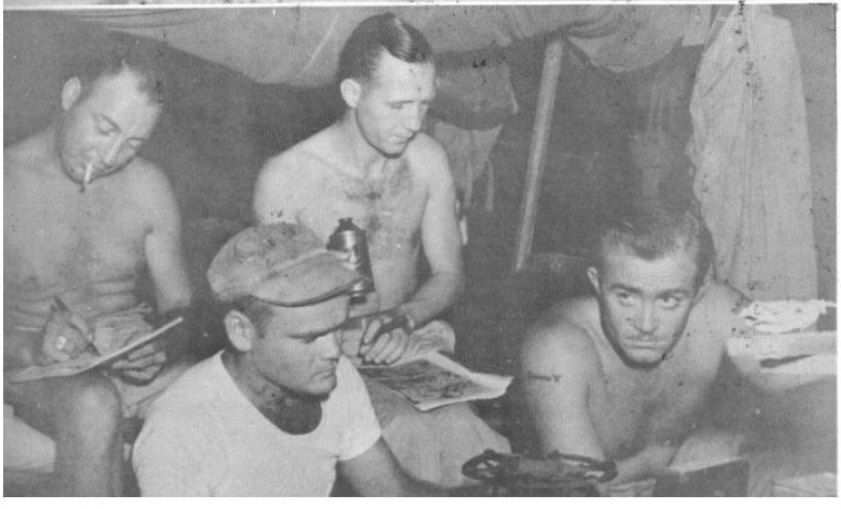




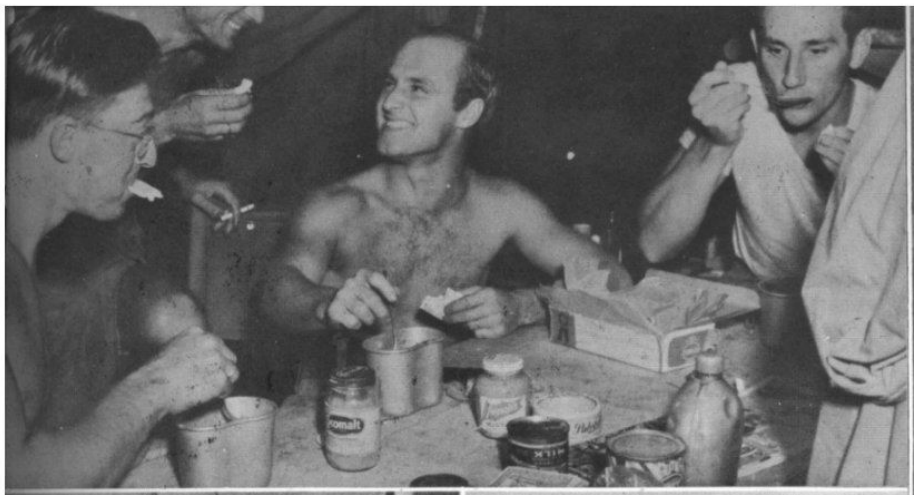



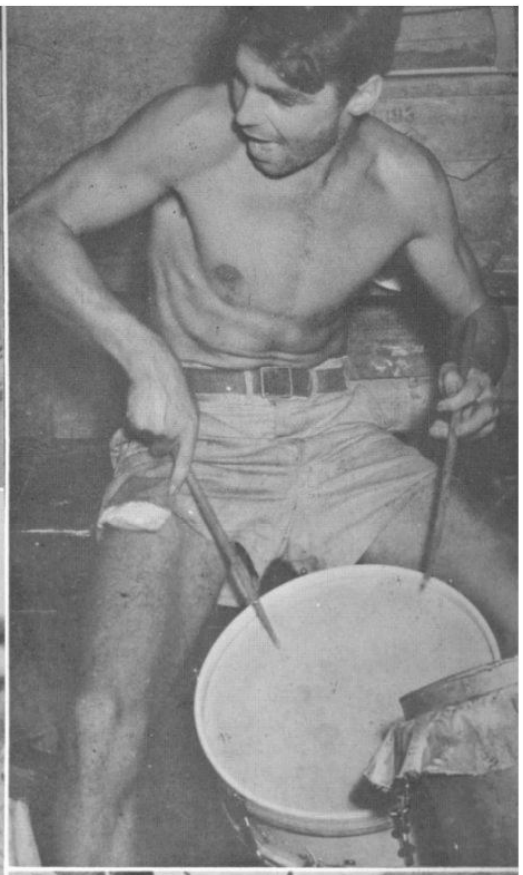




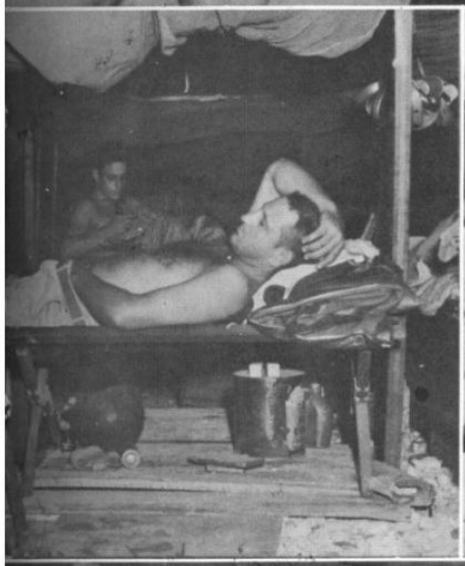
The above pictures, made when the Bob Hope Show played the Foxhole Circuit, indicate how Hope, Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford and Patty Thomas were welcomed at Biak, with a mass turn-out. Hope's and Colonna's wise-cracking, Frances' singing and Patty's dancing met with the shouted and whistled approval of Thousands of GIs. Cpl. Capacchione, of the 26th (naturally), gives Patty a few pointers on jitterbugging in the picture at the middle extreme right.

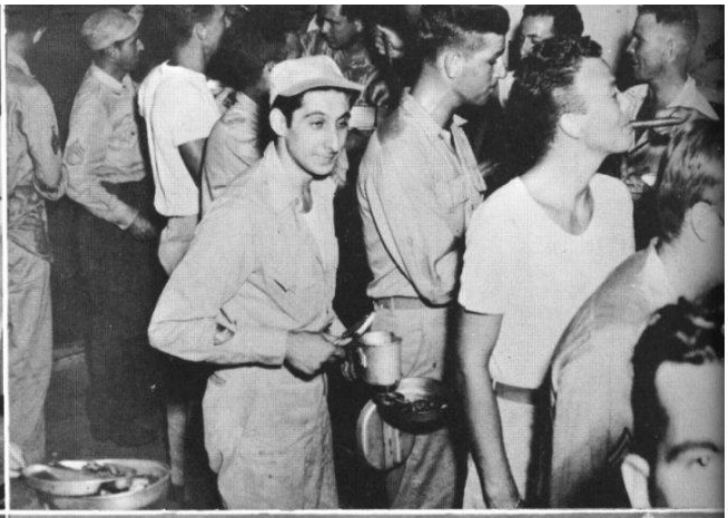


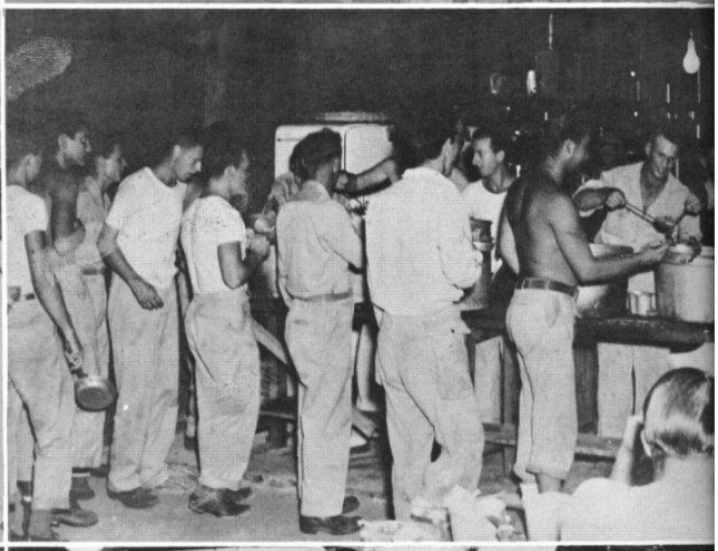
The movies three nights a week were our main entertainment. On other nights, however, shooting the bull, writing letters, poker, reading or preparing a little chow occupied the time for most of us. Packages of food from home supplemented by rations from the Mess Hall (but prepared according to our own ideas) made a welcome change from the regular Army diet. Pinky Cochran and Georgia Randall boasted an Aussie-made gasoline stove. Cpl. Goodreau, of course, spent most evenings practicing on his improvised drum and "early bird" Perko spent most of his getting "sack time".

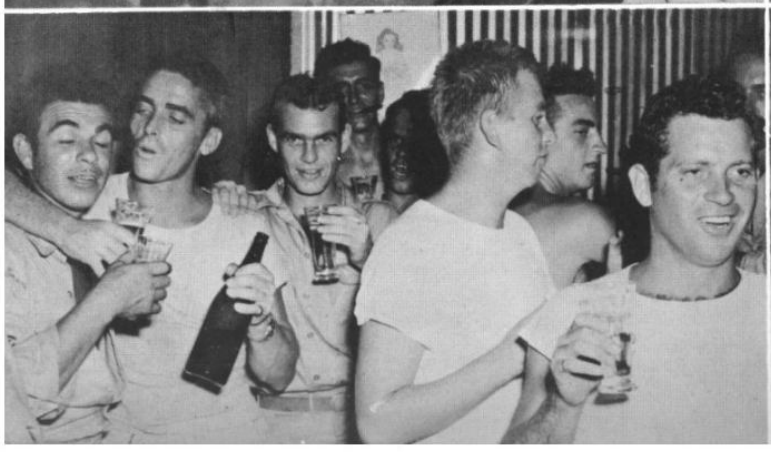












A blowout to end all blowouts was held November 1, 1944 to celebrate our first anniversary overseas.

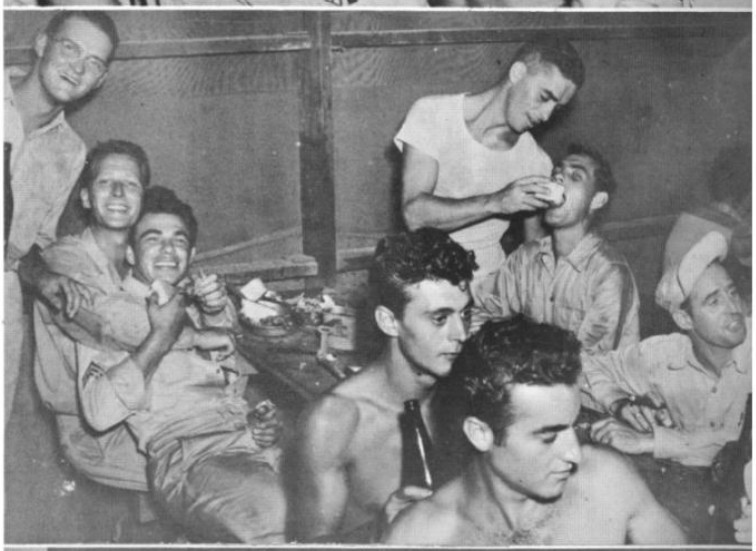
Easily the outstanding attraction was the punch mixed by Sgt. Nick Welch (formerly a government alcohol inspector), three drinks of which was said to cause one to rob his own foot-locker. It broke the ice faster than a Coast Guard Cutter and many a sedate member of the squadron was "the life of the party".

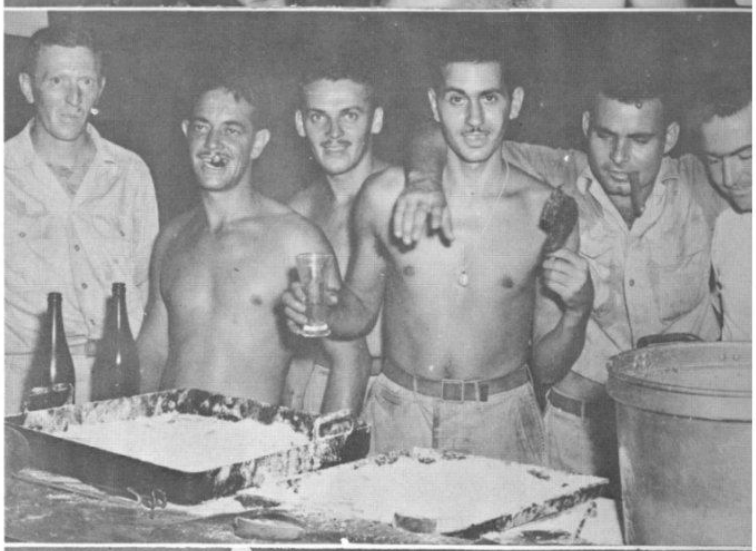
Supper was supposed to be the official beginning of the party but a few of the boys got a head start on their beer rations at the Enlisted Men's Club so both the Mess Hall and the club shared the honors during the early part of the evening. Master and Techincal Sergeants pulled K. P. Pfc. Harvey Flax acted as KP pusher equipped with a whip and his regular Stentorian voice. Many hitherto unknown quavering altos and weak tenors developed that night. The barber shop style of singing predominated. The spirit of brotherly love was everywhere.

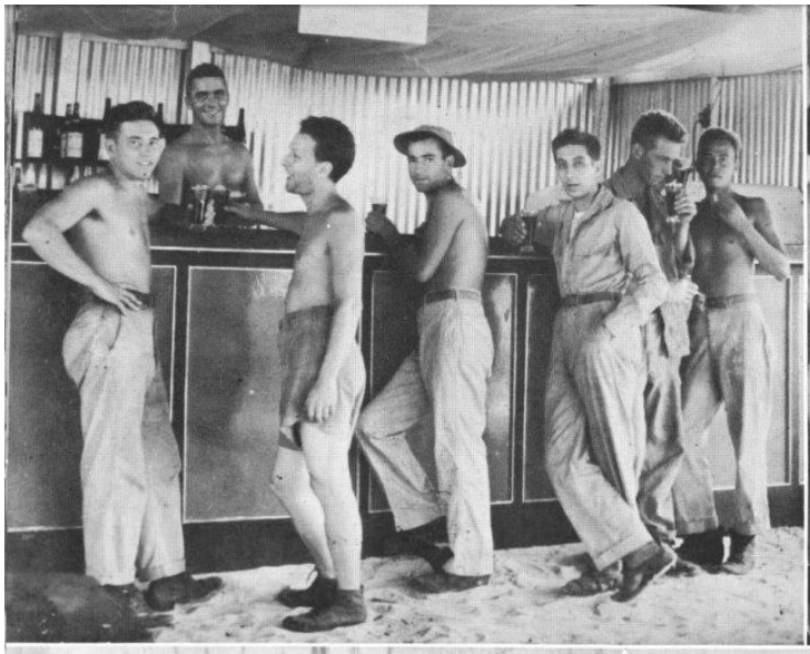
However, all was not sweetness and light. A certain few engaged in fisticuffs. No one was hurt but the architectural detail of the club was changed somewhat, a couple of new doors being made in one side.

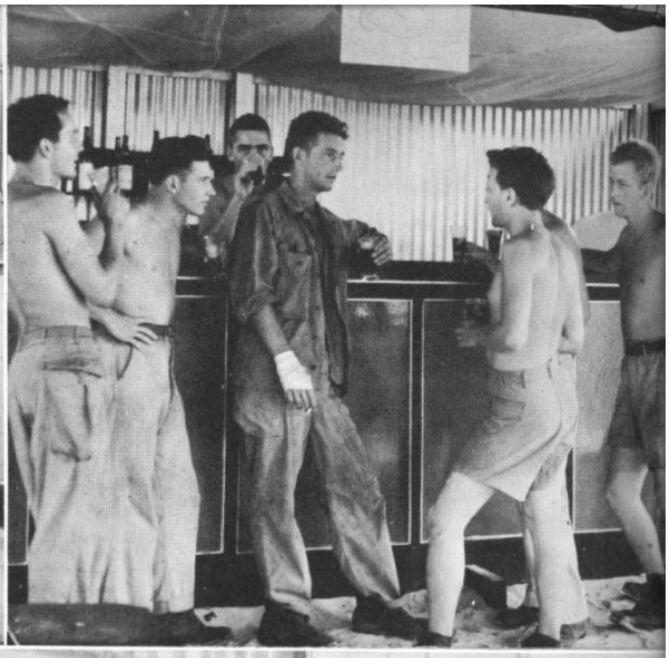
Sgt. Blizzard performed a similar operation on the latrine, cutting a new door through the screen surrounding it as he couldn't find the old one.

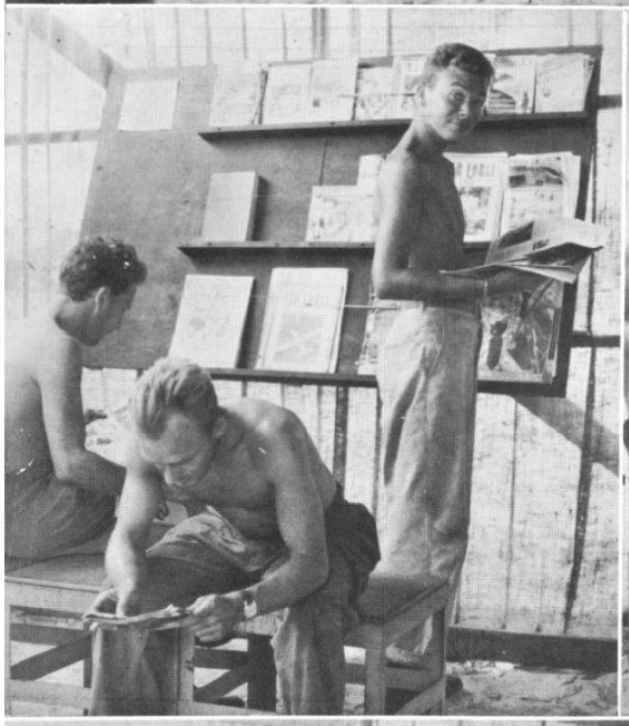
The damage was not serious, however, and the only other items affected were a few tent ropes pulled up and mosquito bars pulled down by sack-bound revelers. One big Master Sergeant (guess who) crawled to his tent on his hands and knees. As the punch gave out, so did the celebrants who, even in the throes of the morning after, felt the celebration of our first year overseas was adequate.

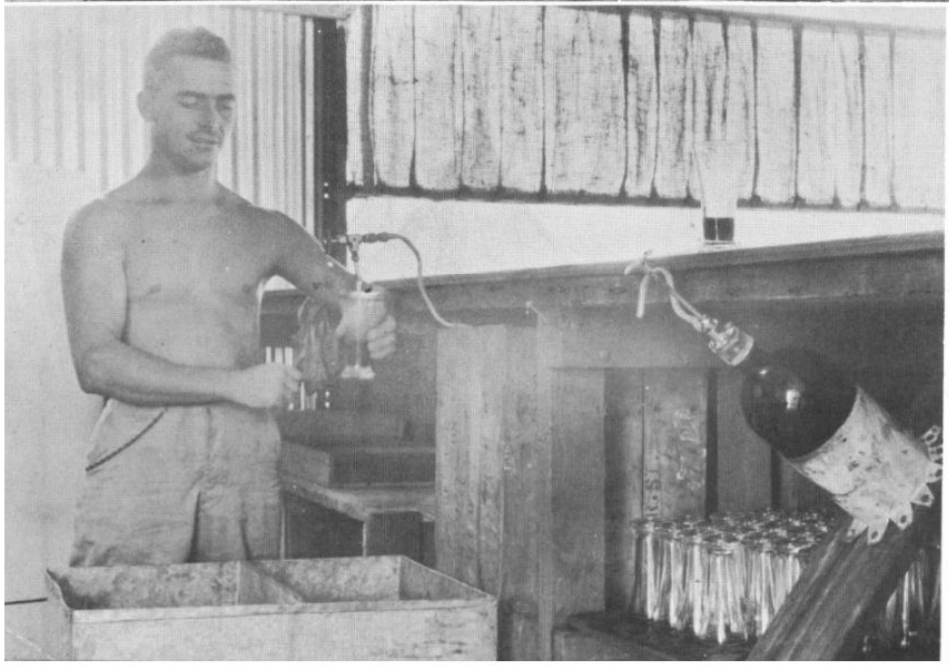




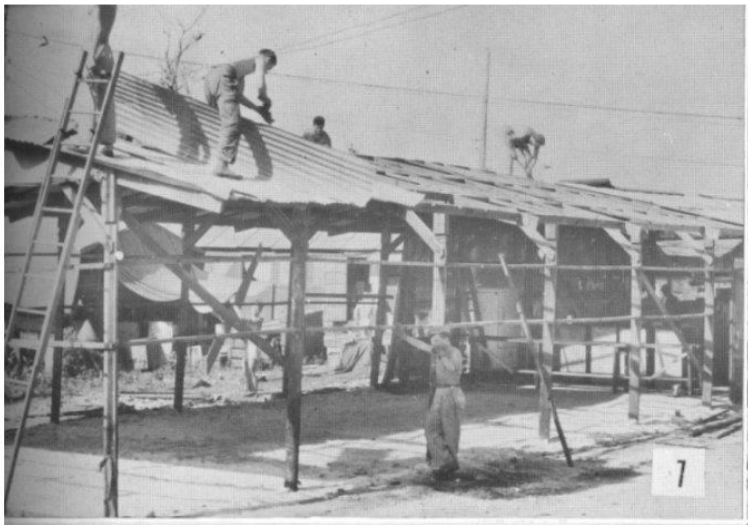


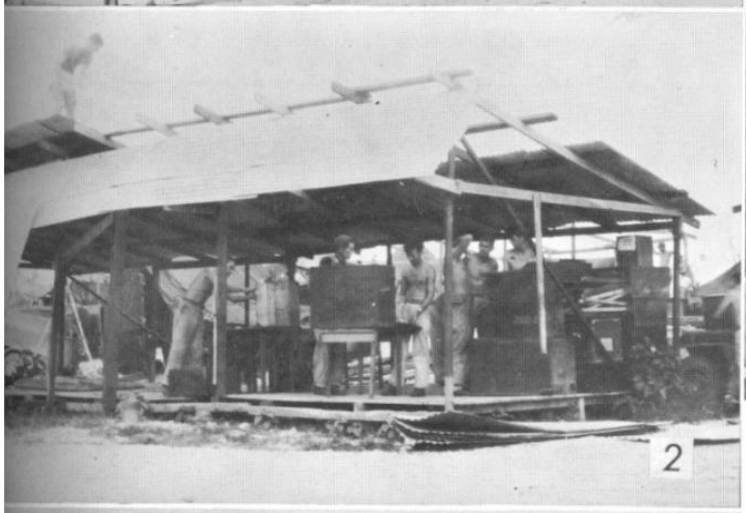


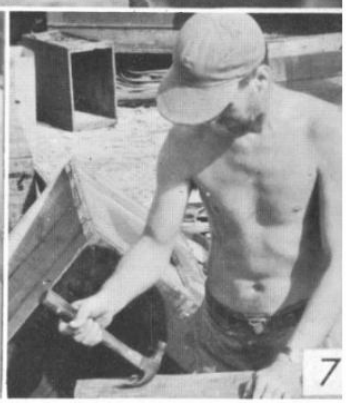




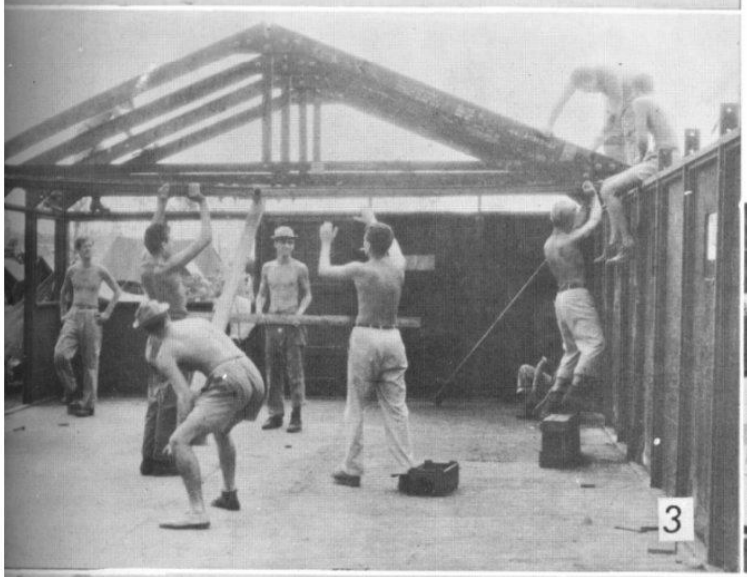
The NCO Club served "cokes" during the noon hour with Sgt. Paul Shope behind the bar. Though Cpl. Frost took quite a while to get used to a bar without a foot rail he learned eventually. Sgt. Sobolov's stance denotes long experience with the "elbow support" style of bar riding.

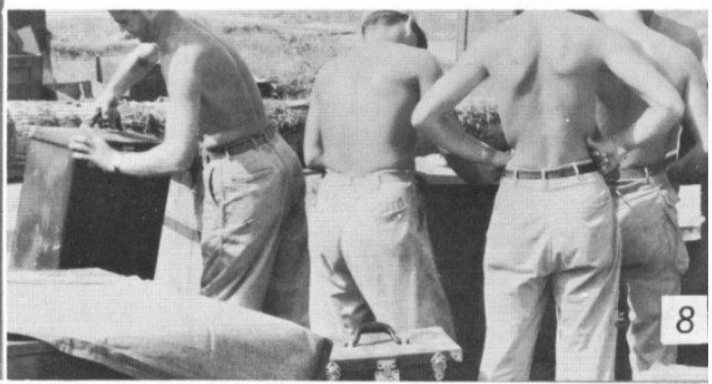






PREPARING TO MOVE FROM BIAK The awaited moving orders have come, the camp is being demolished, our goods and chattles packed. The pictures on this page show the activity characteristics of the squadron getting ready for a move. Down come (1) the Mess Hall, (2) the Orderly Room (3) & (4) the prefabricated Photo-Lab. (6, 7, 8 & 9) show the packing and stenciling, while (5) is concerned with a more sinister aspect of moving in with an invasion convoy, a refresher course conducted by two 41st Division Infantrymen on the air-cooled 50 caliber machine gun.



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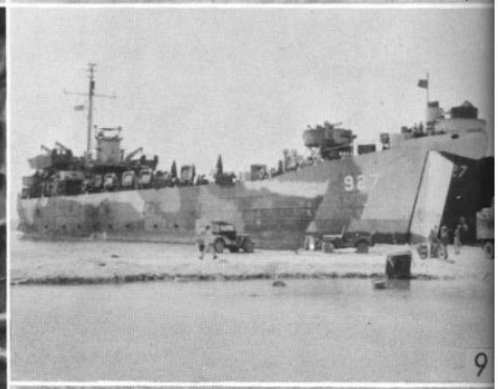
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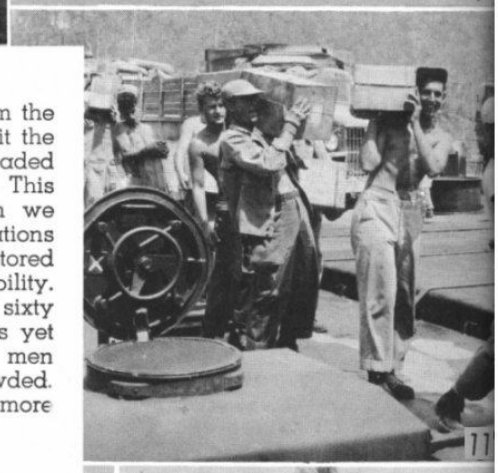
(1, 2 & 3) Supplies were brought from the squadron area to the beach to await the arrival of the LST. (8) Mobile loaded ration truck going to the top deck. This truck would be the first off when we reached our destination. (10 & 11) Rations to be consumed on the boat were stored topside near the galley for accessibility. (12) A study in boredom. Part of the sixty men waiting to board 406 which as yet had not arrived. About 60 of our men went on 706 as 927 was too crowded. (13 & 14) The eternal waiting was more tiring than the work. That's a lie!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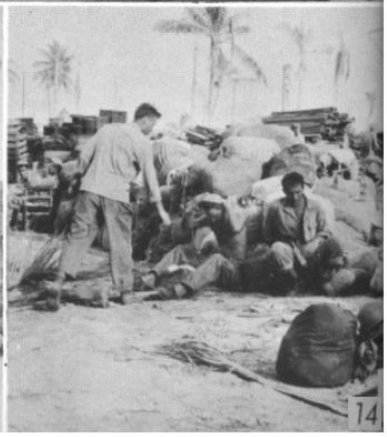
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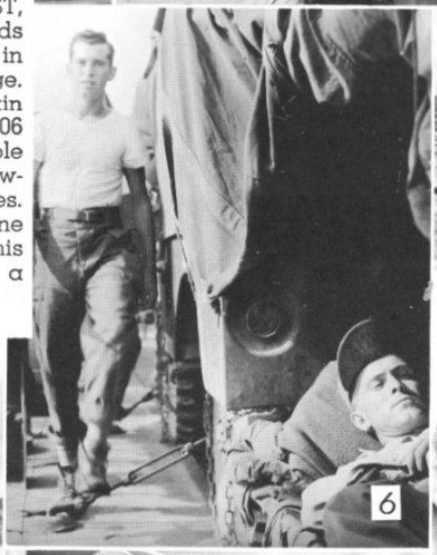
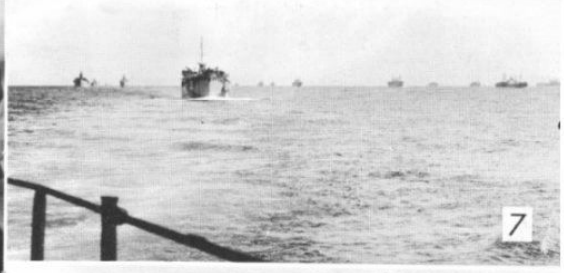
(1) Congestion. The men in the foreground are M.P. personnel. (2) First Sgt. Howell and some of the motor pool personnel. (3) Life on the LST, sleeping and looking at the blue horizon. (4) Beds were scattered everywhere, above, below and in all the vehicles. (5) A favorite pastime, bridge. (6) Cpl. Dressler getting some exercise, that's Aikin in Drake's sack. (7) Other ships in the convoy, 706 followed immediately behind us during the whole journey. (8) Dalton says, "What a life for a growing boy". (9) Salt air was very bad for rifles. Everyday saw a few cleaning them up. No one knew what lay ahead. (10) Sgt. Ulmer built his bed in the water tanks which were loaded on a weapon carrier. (11) Ye olde pinochle game.

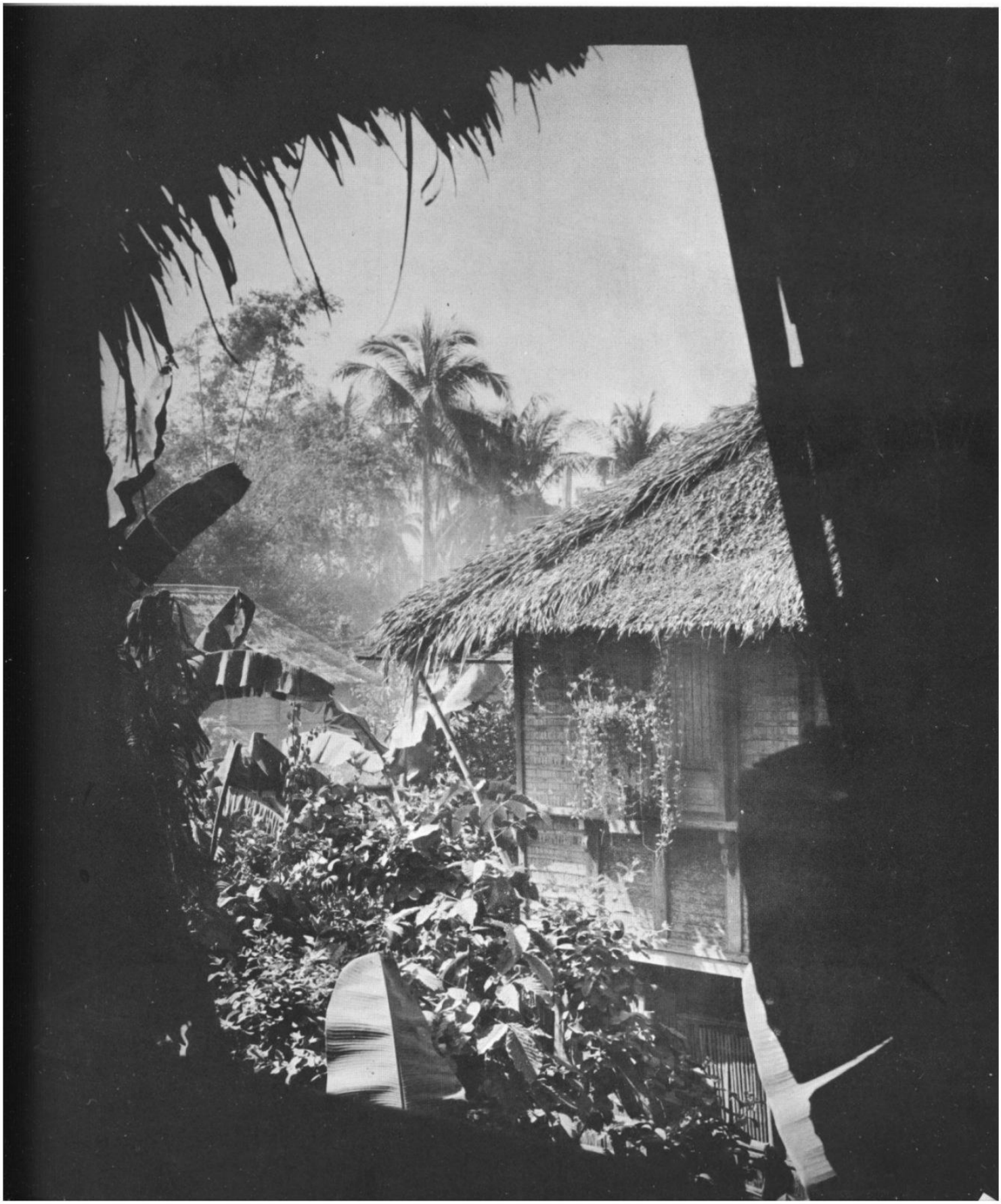




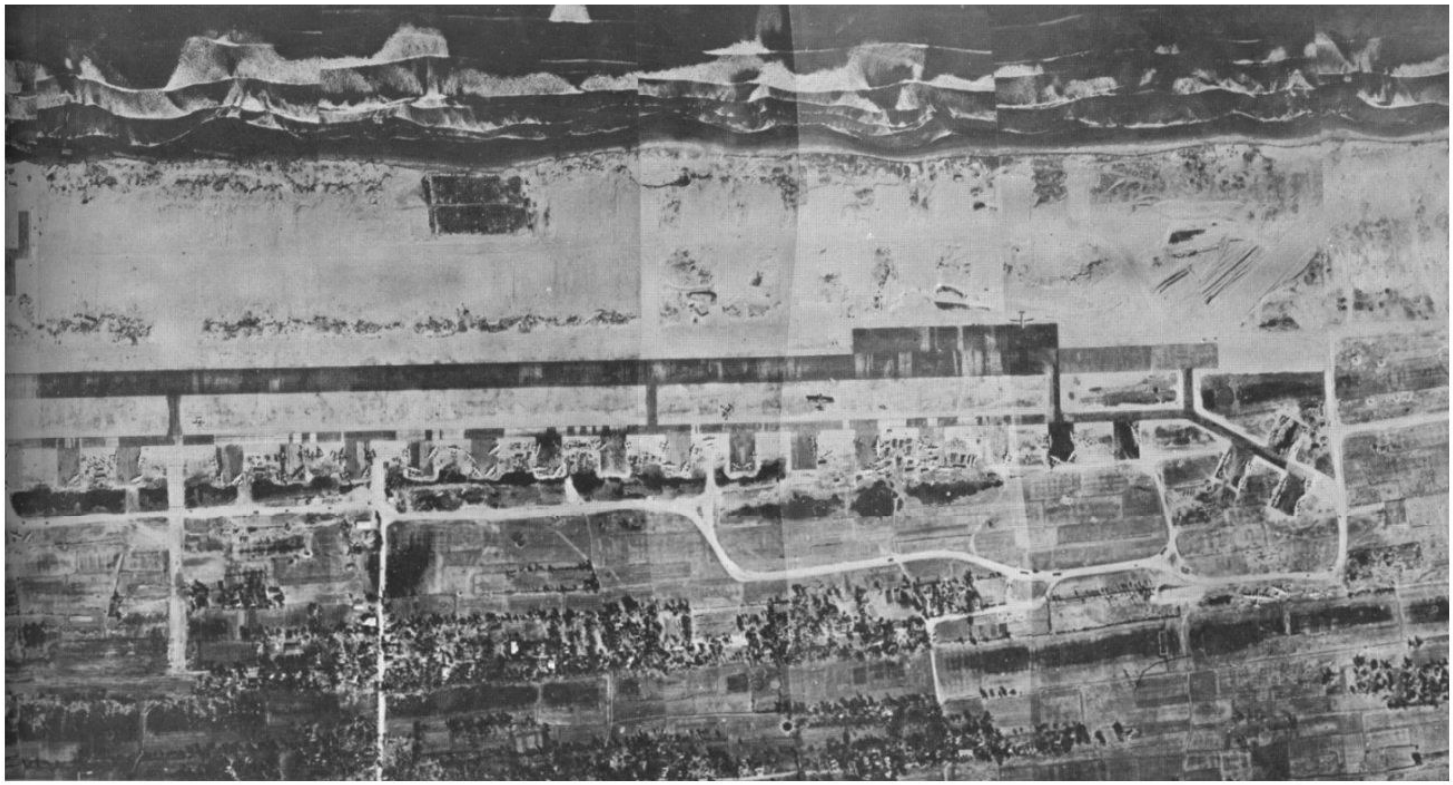
(1) The officers wondering what it's all about. (2) Drake could generally be found as shown. (3) Cpl. Katz looks as if he knows what it's all about. (4) Hachman watching a card game. (5 & 6) An LCI laying the sundown smoke screen. We were never attacked while in the harbor. This was a regular precaution while we were sitting in the harbor waiting to land. We were attacked on the way up but there are no pictures of that because photographer Aikin was locked in the latrine below deck. (7) A loaded jeep. All our vehicles were equipped with chains. (8) We could only unload when the tide was out. (9 & 11) The boat that we came in next to was so close that the surf banged them together time and again, eventually knocking a hole in the boat. (12) Filipinos shown here were the first we saw. Some of them came out and tried to help. (13) The big gas truck and trailer was the largest vehicle on board. (14) LST 706 had to be unloaded under conditions similar to ours. (15) A view of the tank deck, after it was unloaded. looking toward the bow.

LINDGAYEN

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

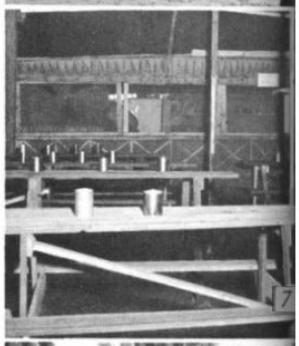


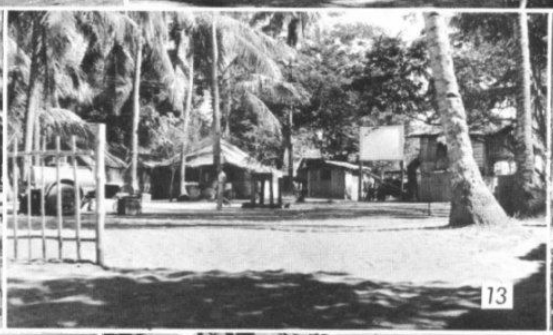
Aerial views of the area in which we lived and worked at Lingayen, Luzon; Philippine Islands. The inset at the left is the area where we lived and had some of the departments. An enlarged portion of this is below.

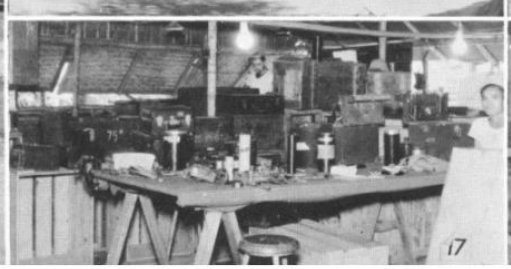


The inset in the right part of the photo on top of page 82 is the area we had on the air strip. Camera Repair, Engineering and Tech Supply were set-up here. An enlarged portion of this area is below.

(1) Aerial views of our camp. The orderly room is left foreground. The motor pool right foreground. The road right top leads to the air strip. (2) Another aerial view of camp, the photo-lab is at the right of this photo. (3) Operations and Intelligence Bldg. (4) Orderly room. (5) Motor Pool. (6) Mess kitchen tent. The entrance to the mess tent can be seen at the right and the interior of the mess is photo 7. (8) Photo-Lab. (9) Road back of camp. Officers' Club is at the right. (10) Communications bldg. The back of the photo-lab and light plant are on the left. (11) Officers' Club. (12 & 14) Medics Bldg. (13) Movie area before the stage and new mess hall were built. (15) Aerial view of the line. Camera repair bldg. left foreground. Our airplanes, gas trucks, etc. can be seen just to the right. (16) Exterior of Camera repair. (17) Interior of Camera repair. (18) Exterior of Engineering and Tech Supply. (19) Interior view of Engineering.







(1 & 2) We had Filipinos to wash pots and pans and the officers' plates. (3, 4 & 6) Views of the new mess hall. (5) Cpl. Mootz was in charge of PX. (7) Sgt. Krog handing out books in Special Service office. (8) Cpl. Graham handing out mail. Graham and Campbell switched jobs. (9) A photo of the shower taken from Special Service office. (10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18) Show some of the interesting shacks that were built. (13) Sgt. Waggoner was also in charge of the water supply in addition to the light and power plant.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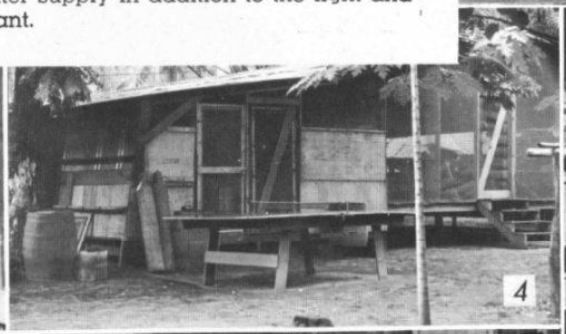
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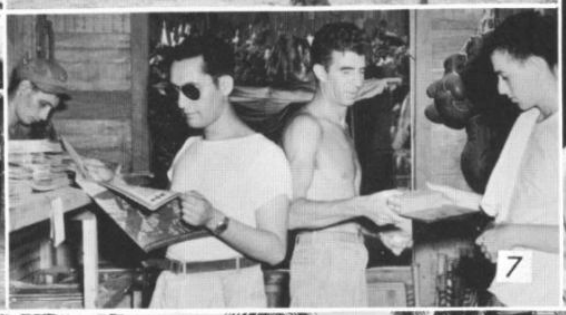
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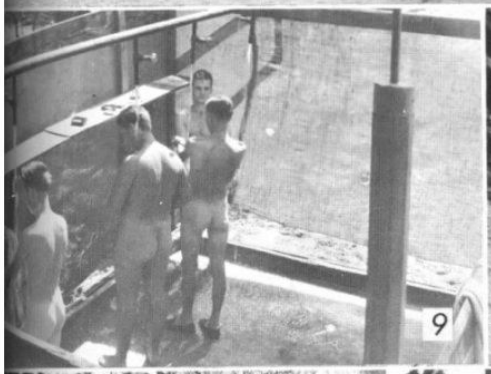
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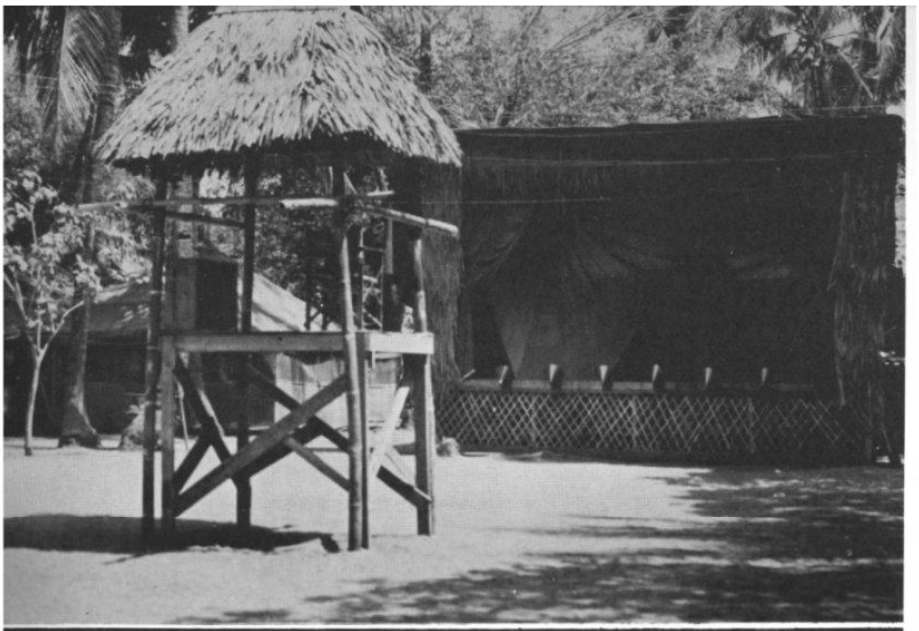
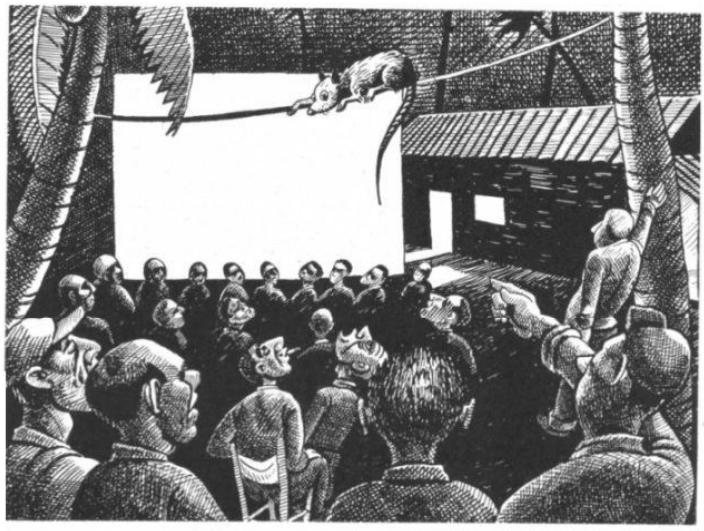
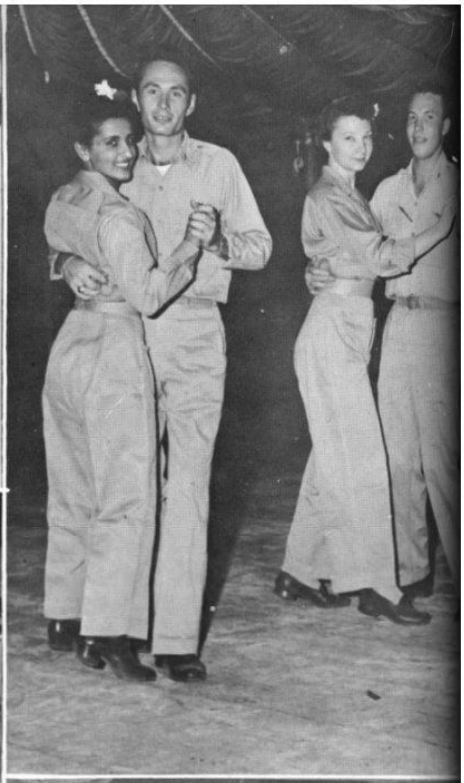


Shown in the top picture is our new stage and projection booth. The bottom picture; dopes sitting in the rain to see a show.

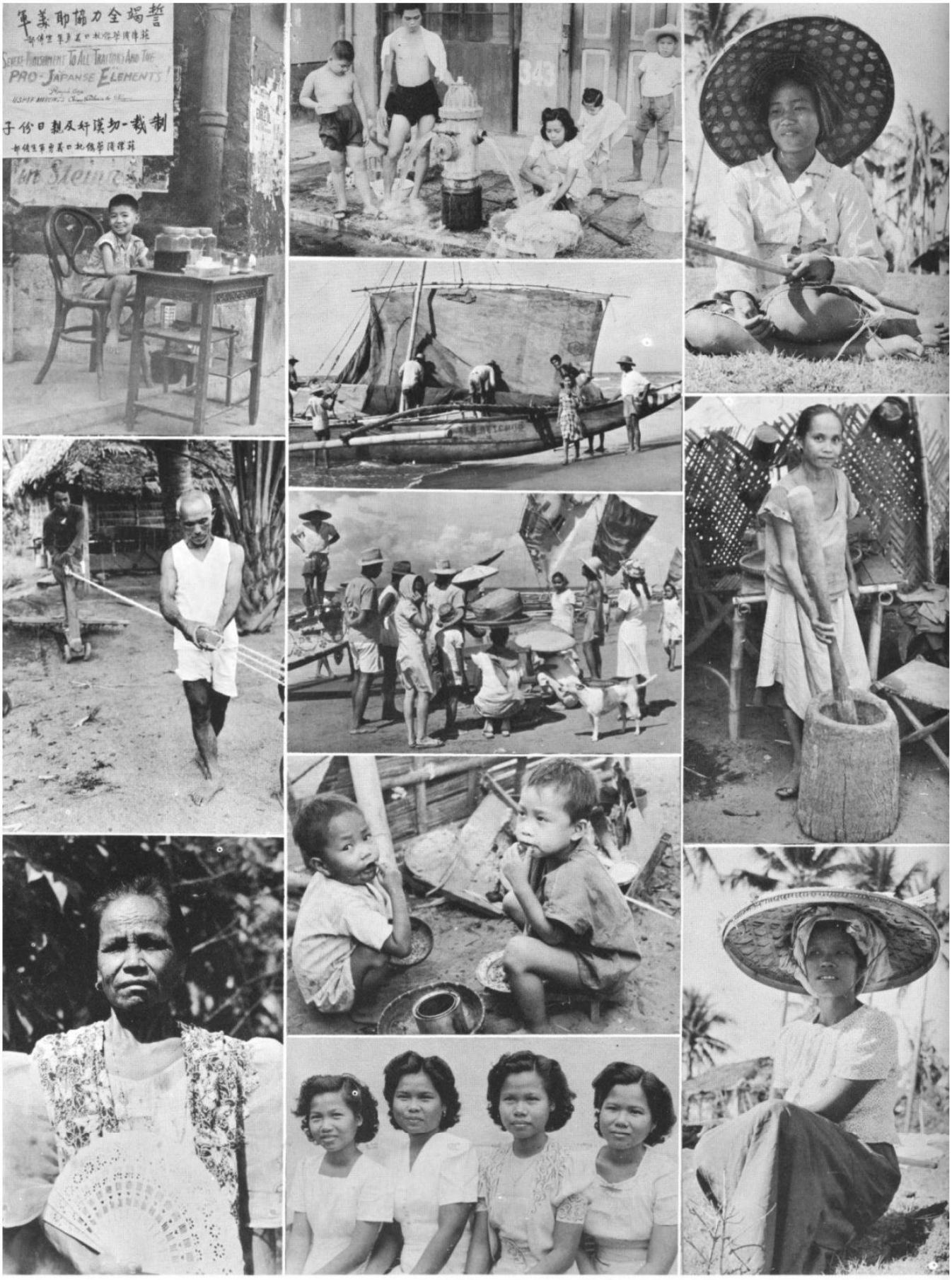
At the right is a cartoon to illustrate the rat episode. Each show night the rat would walk the wire over to the tree on the left side just about 15 minutes after the show started. Then just before the show ended he would travel back. No one knows whether he was going to see his girl friend or to get a better view of the show.



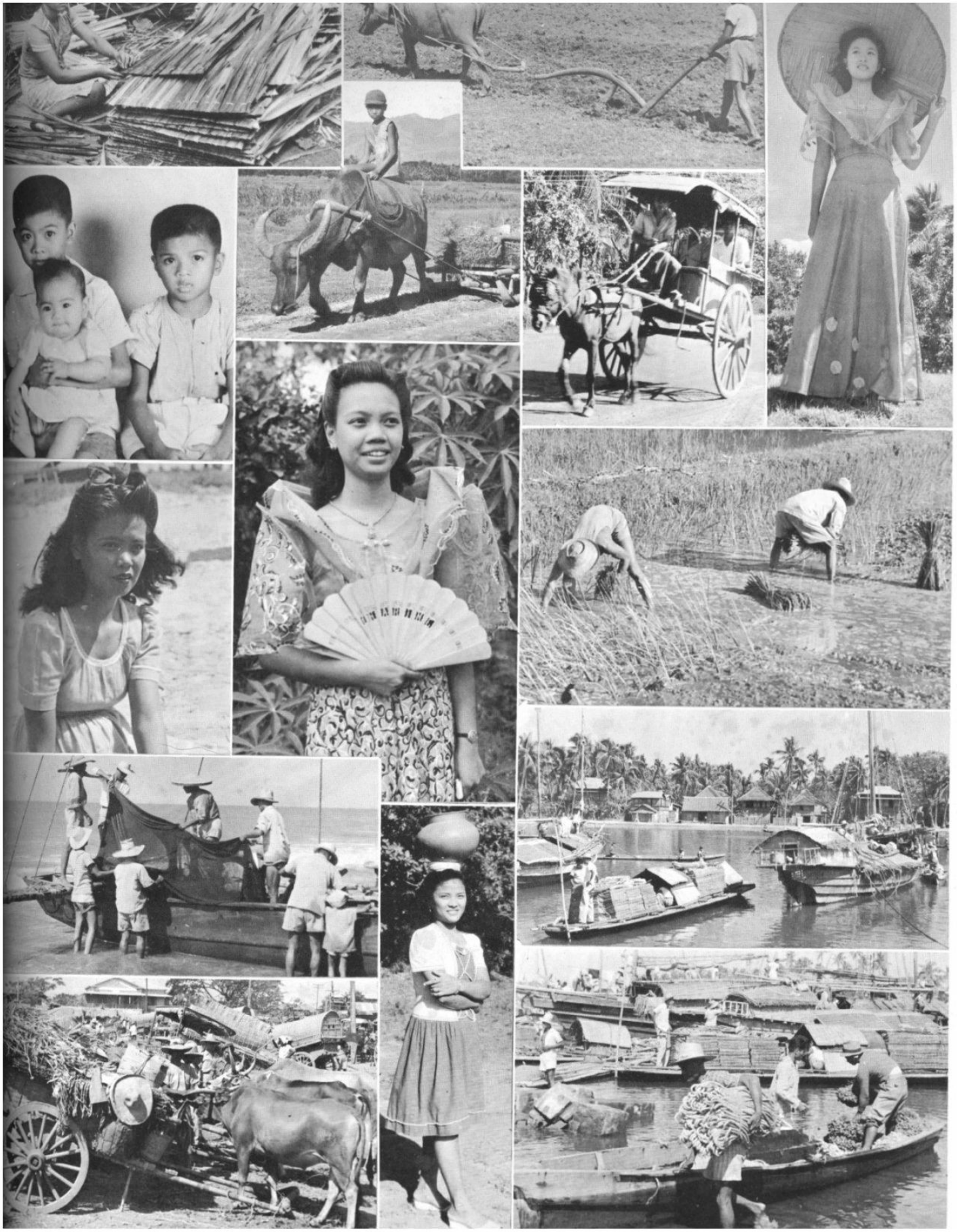
In March 1945 a stage show was put on by the 26th with an all Filipino cast. Sgt. Krog arranged the affair and it was quite a success. The group shots in the bottom of this layout prove that.

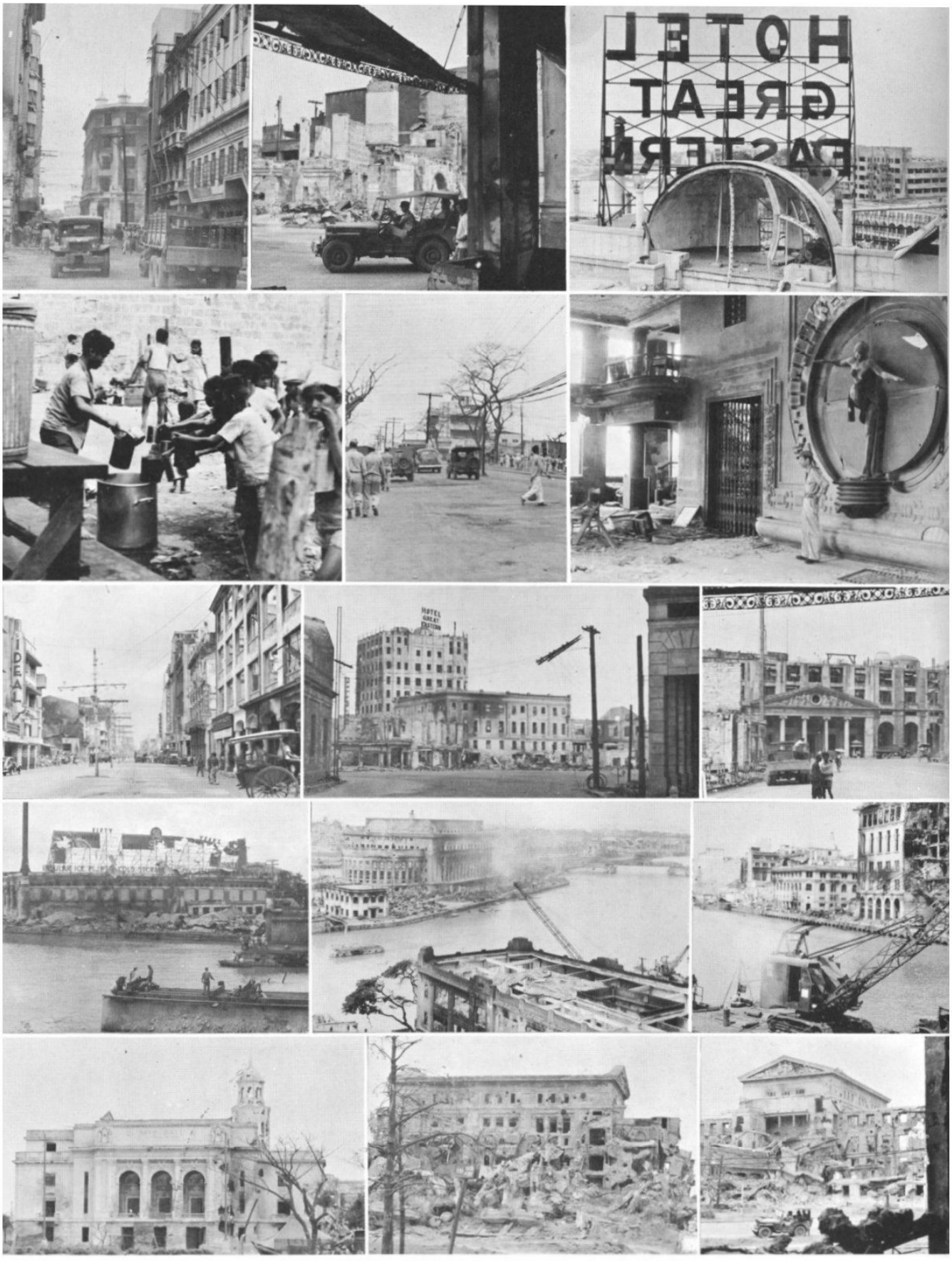


The officers' club was really some place at Lingayen. The bar was made out of a tail assembly of a P-38. The place had booths and a dance floor. Many off time hours were enjoyed here by the officers and their friends. The pictures on these two pages were taken at the first party held in the club.



LIFE OF THE FILIPINO

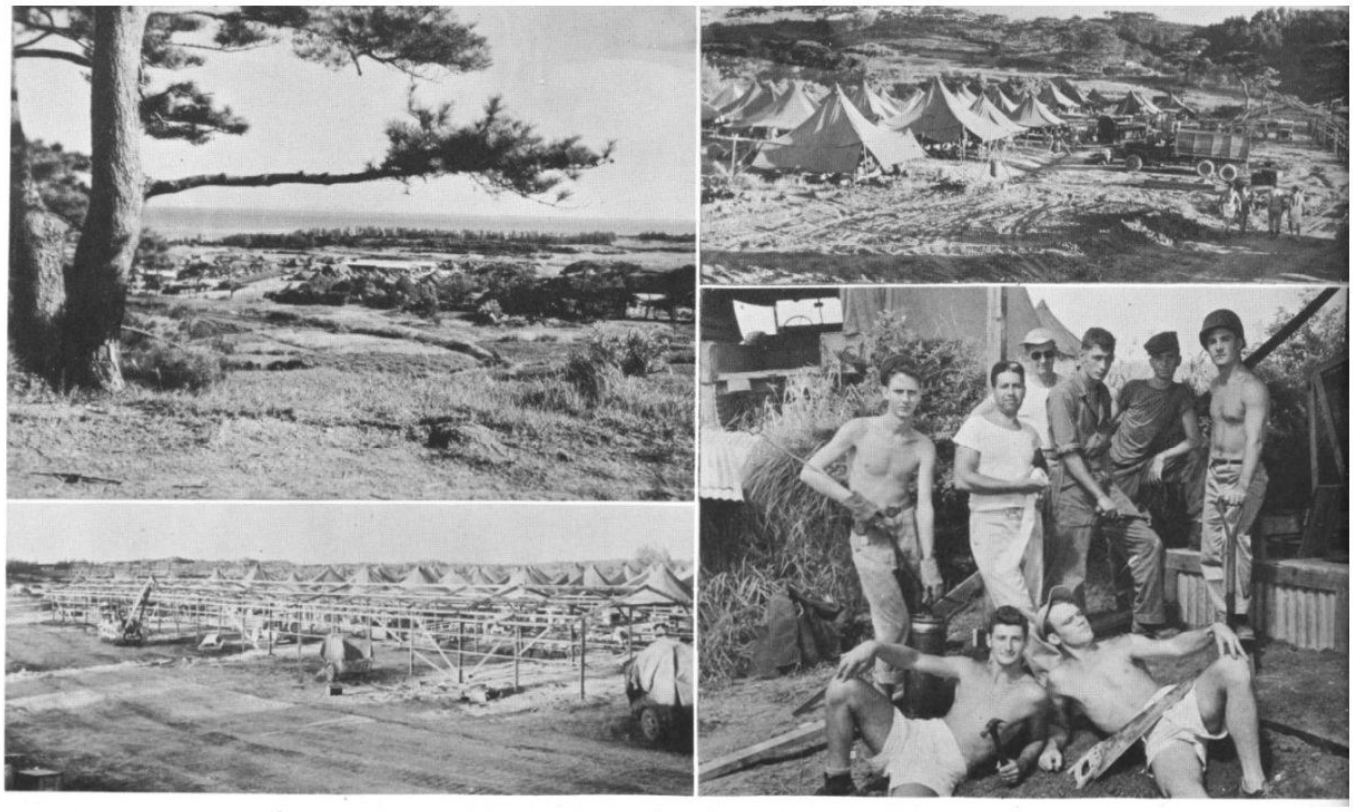




SCENES OF DAMAGED

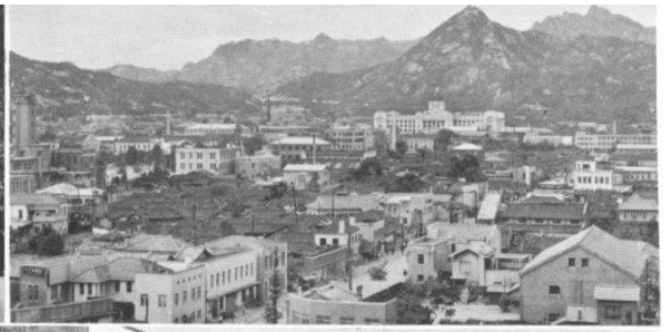
MANILA

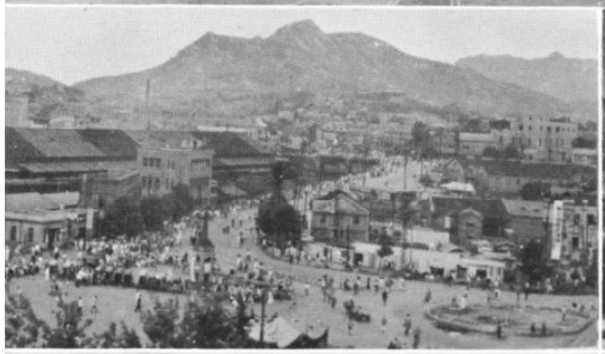
VIEWS OF THE LIFE ON **LST 31** ON THE TRIP TO OKINAWA.

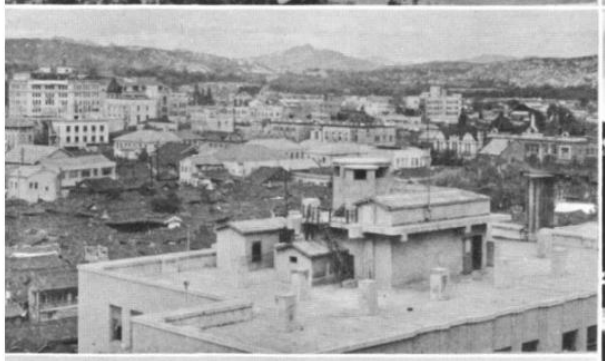


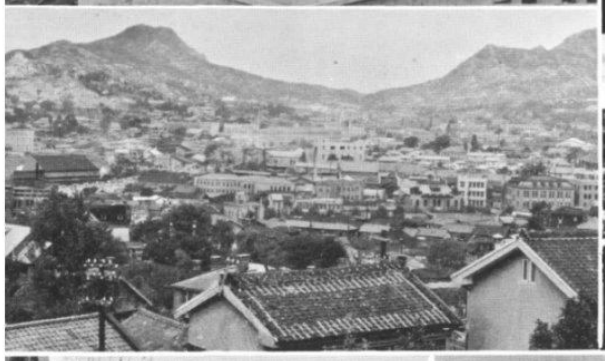
Views of our camp area at Okinawa. We never got the camp completely set up here because the war ended and we were alerted to go on up to Japan. Of course the orders were changed and we went to Korea. The picture at the lower right is the crew that built the latrine.

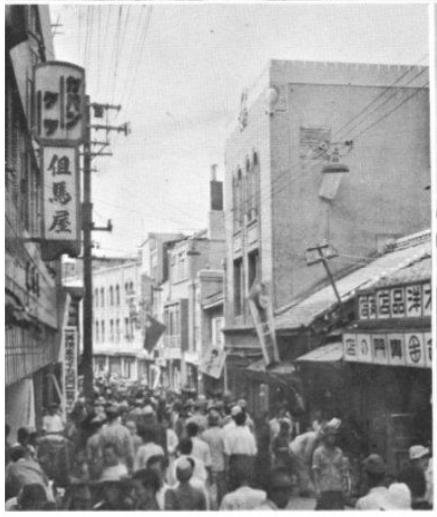
A shot of the Japanese peace party airplane landing on Ie Shima, August 20, 1945. Ie Shima was just across the bay from us.











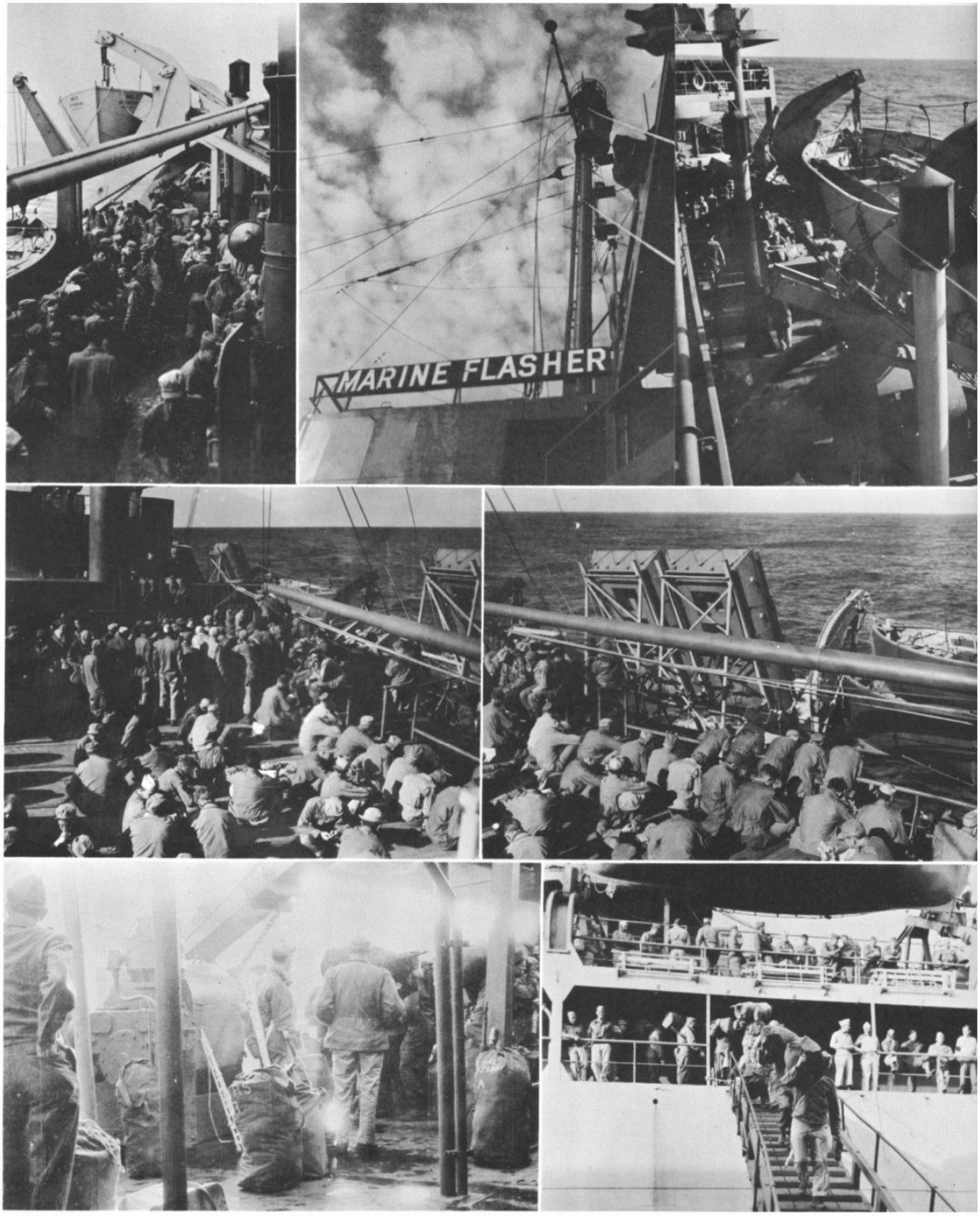
PHOTOS OF KEIJO (SOUL)

KOREA

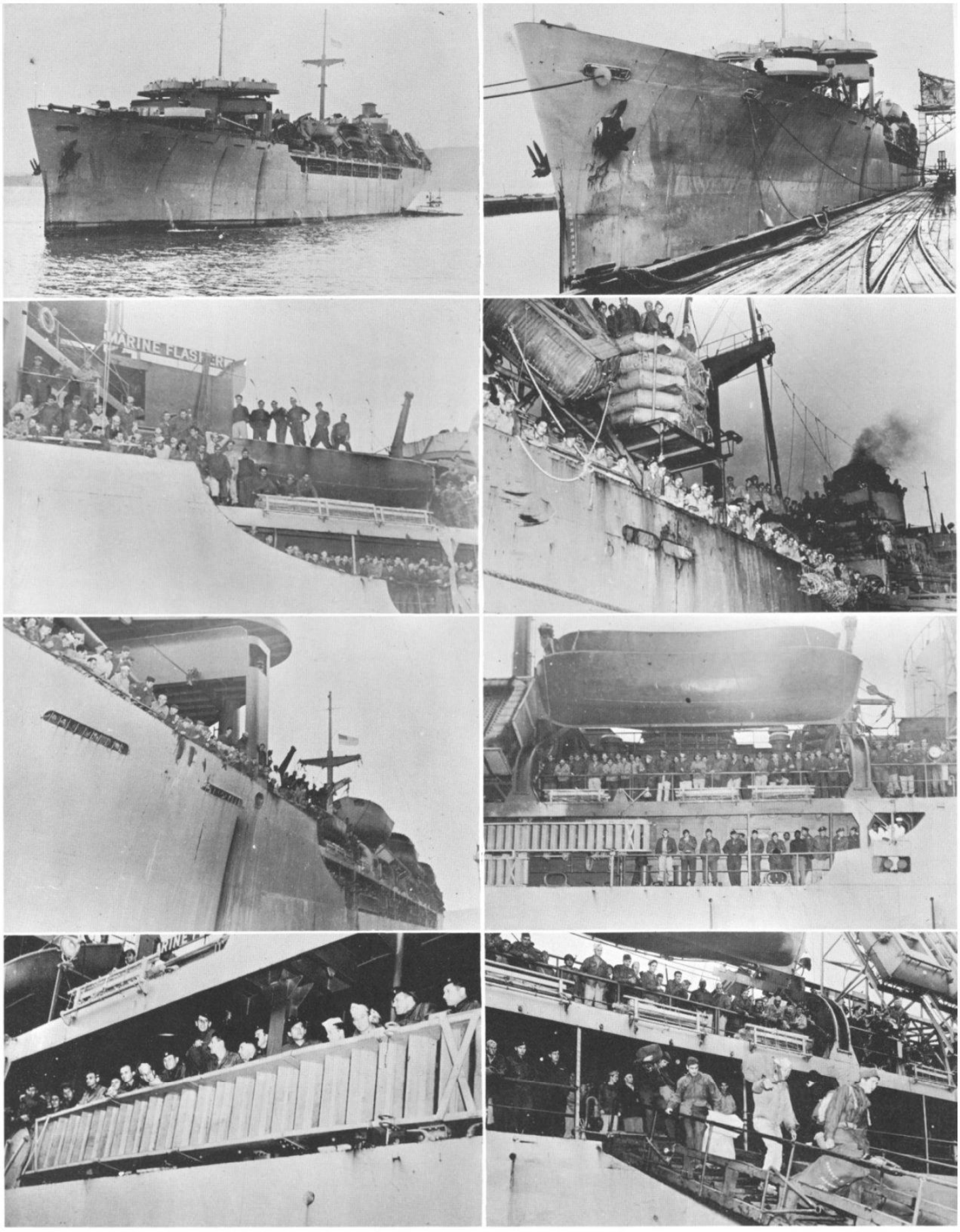
PHOTOGRAPHS OF

KOREANS

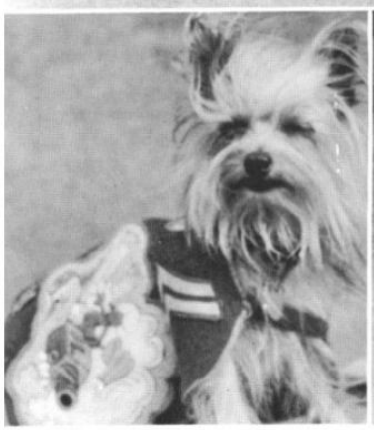
(1, 2, 3, 4) Homeward bound. Loading trucks at our camp. (5, 6) Getting processed. (7, 8) Ye old waiting to board the boat.

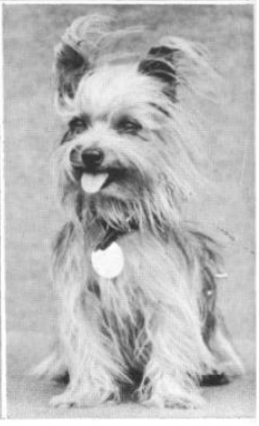


ABOARD THE STATESIDE BOUND SS MARINE FLASHER



The Marine Flasher in the Tacoma, Washington harbor, November 12, 1945.
HOORAY we are about to put our feet on good old U. S. A. soil again.





Smoky was a friend to all of us so here is a brief history written by her master, Bill Wynn.

Found in a foxhole in Nadzab, New Guinea in January 1944, starved and frightened. I bought her from a fellow in the 91st Wing for two Australian pounds.

Later we were assigned to the 26th (April 1944). Smoky won First Prize as Best Mascot owned by an individual in the Southwest Pacific Area, July 1944. A silver trophy cup inscribed with her name and title was awarded by Yank Magazine.

She was voted Squadron mascot by popular ballot. On Biak she surprised everyone in the outfit with one tiny pup. (Topper later died on Luzon)

Smoky continued learning tricks; she understands well over 200 words. She flew 13 combat missions—some more than 10 hours of continuous flight. Landed D plus 4 with the 26th on Luzon. Entertained in hospitals.

Saved Communications several days work by pulling wire through a culvert pipe under the Lingayen airstrip. The pipe through which she had to crawl was eight inches in diameter and fifty feet long.

Smoky survived some 150 or more air raids with her buddies in the 26th. She also survived with the rear eschelon on Okinawa when the Typhoons hit. She later left for the States from Korea and was discharged at Camp Atterbury, Indiana on November 27, 1945. Smoky's fame has grown until she has had more publicity than any other Army mascot and she is second only in the services to Sinbad, the Coast Guard Mascot. She has had four syndicated releases—Wirephoto, Acme, etc. Paramount Newsreel "covered" her during an appearance for the Red Cross at Great Lakes in Chicago.

Smoky has entertained many thousands of G. I.'s, Veterans, and children since her discharge.

She won Best-In-Breed in a Dog Show recently (Yorkshire Terrier). She is claimed to be a top specimen of her breed. She is now about four years old and weighs about 3 1/2 pounds.

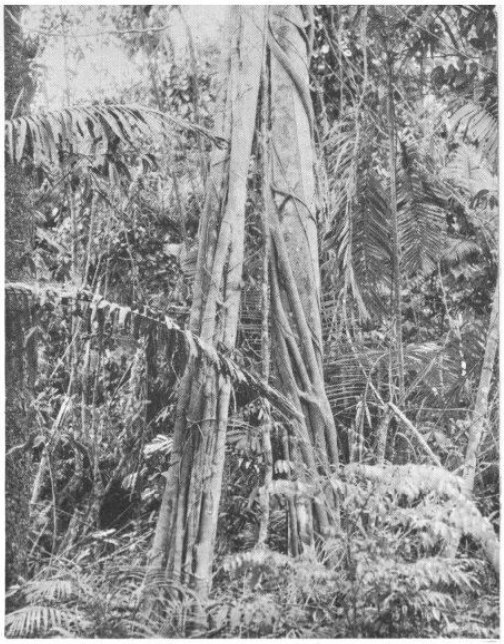
Smoky has amazed experts with her story of a tiny Yorkshire Terrier who lived through a war. She is claimed by a top authority in the dog world, Maxwell Riddle of the Cleveland Press to be "the best trained dog in her field that I have ever seen."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Photographs in the Salon Section were selected by the following board: Cohen, Crawford, Moskot, and Pollack.

TROPICAL STORM BY SOBOLOV


Salon SECTION

Bananas Pearson

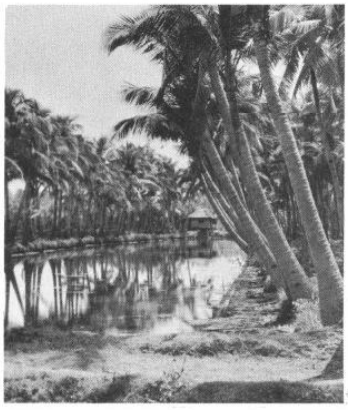


Tangle Pearson

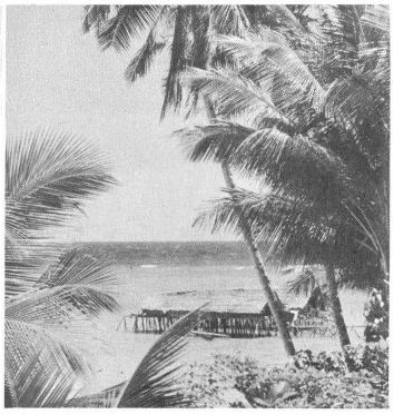
Sunset Silhouette Bogdanoff

Yes We Have No McDougall

Filipino Ferry Pearson



Rice Patty Aikin

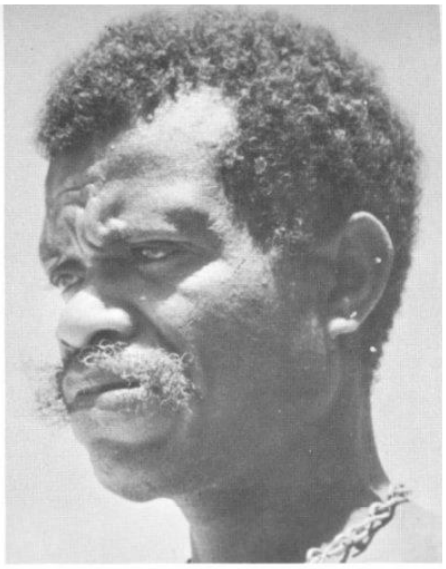


Little Grass Shack Aikin

Tree Climber Pearson

Whiskers, American Sobolov

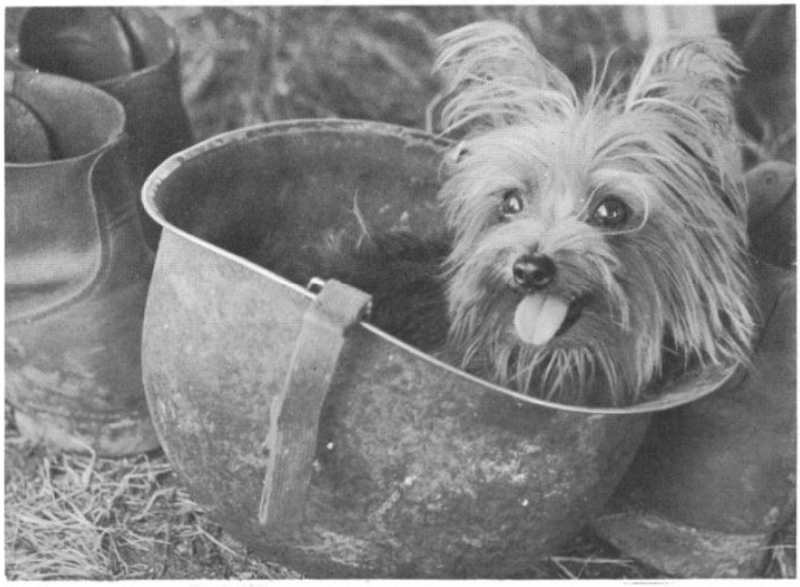
Whiskers, Filipino Brawer



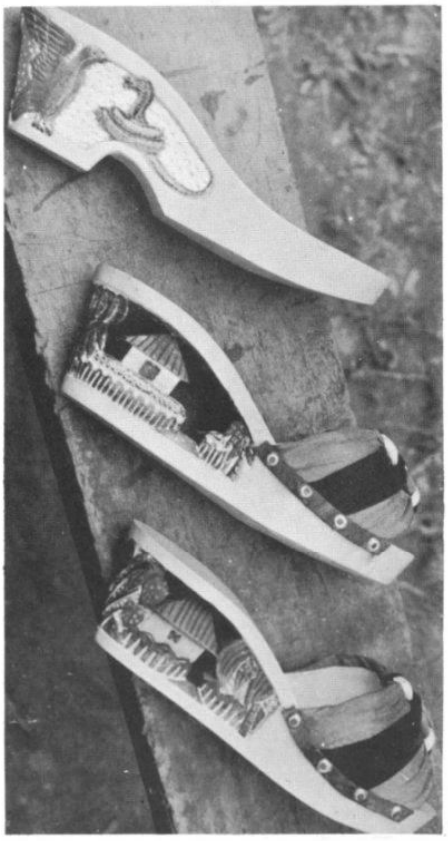
Whiskers, Fuzzy Wuzzy Pearson

Gravel Gertie Pearson

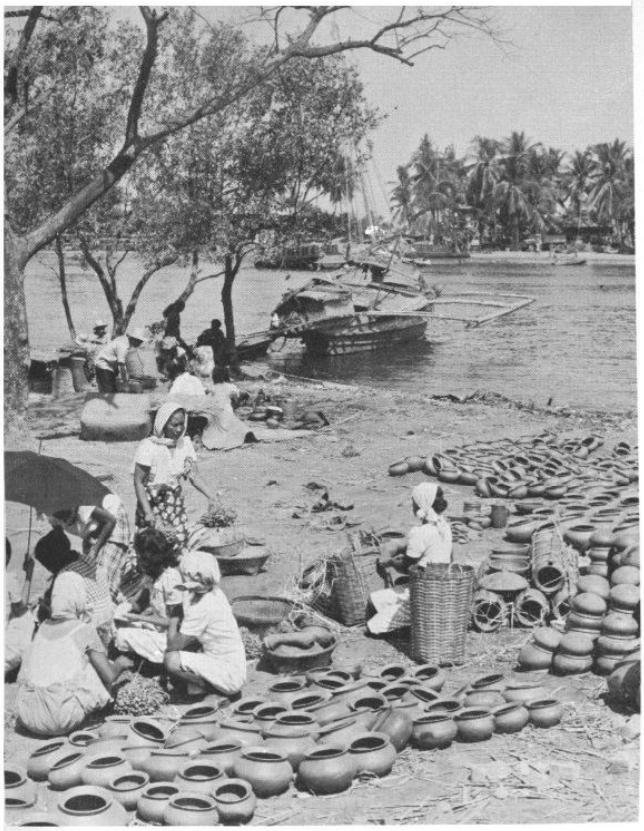
Cultivation By Carabao Mork



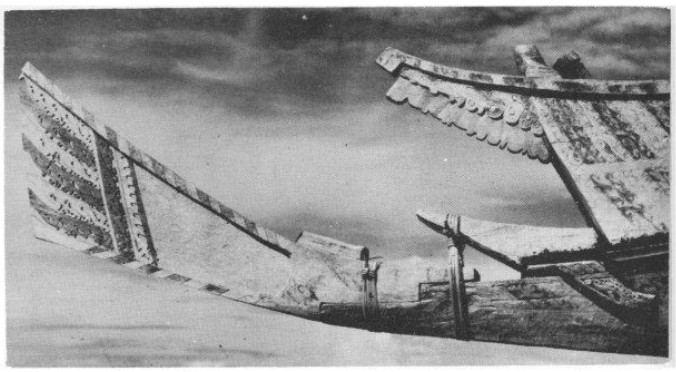
Smoky Aikin



Filipino Footwear Pearson

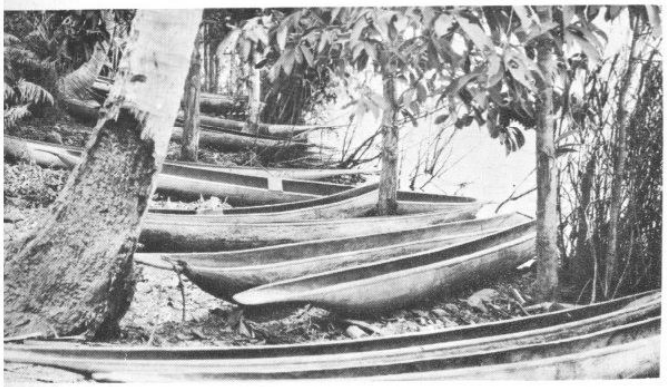


Market Day (Dugupan) R. C. Lyon



Moeka Perahoe (Face of Boat) Sobolov

Down to Sea in Ships Aikin

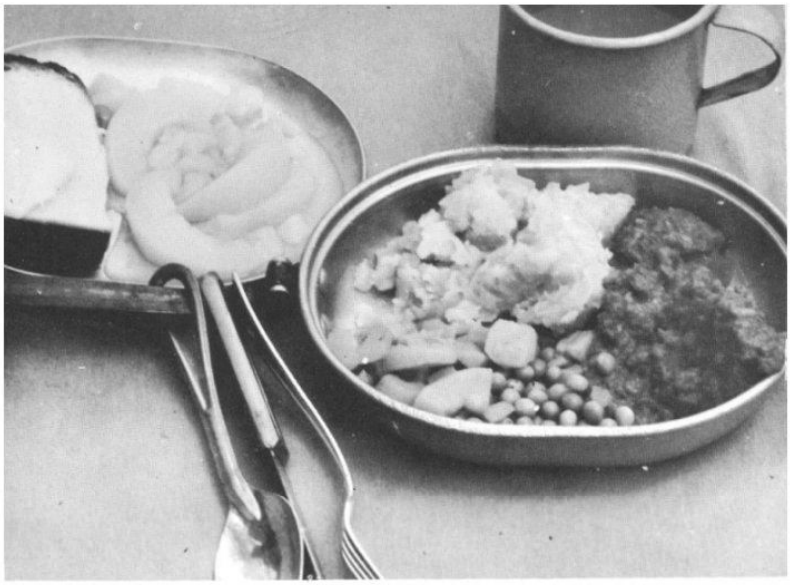


The Fleets In (New Guinea) Pearson

Still (Native Style) E. J. C. Conway

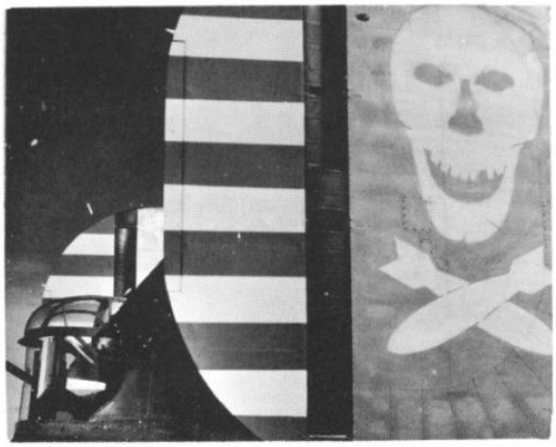
Fishing Fleet Unknown Pilot

Pangasinan Prau Burdick



Prelude to Diarrhea Aikin

Carabao Pearson

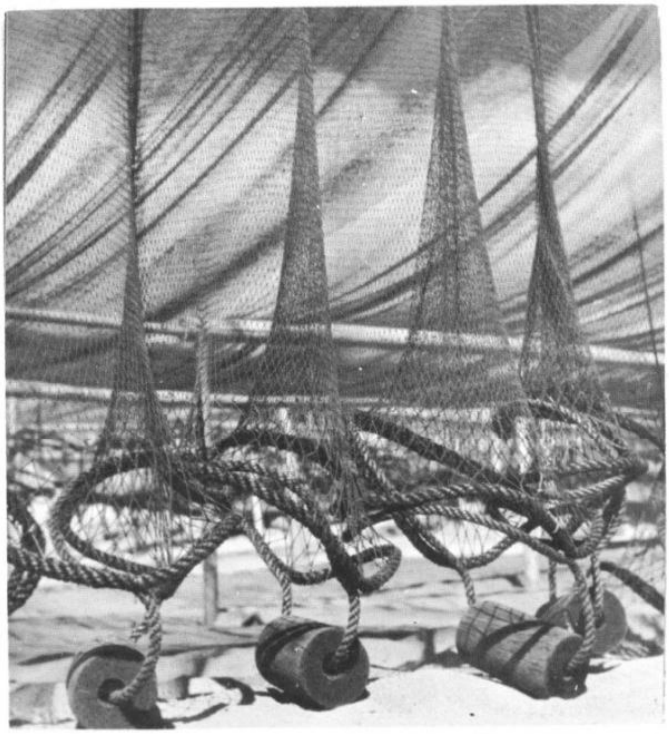


Jolly Rogers Sobolov

Covered Wagons (Filipino)
E. J. C. Conway

Combat Casualty Pearson

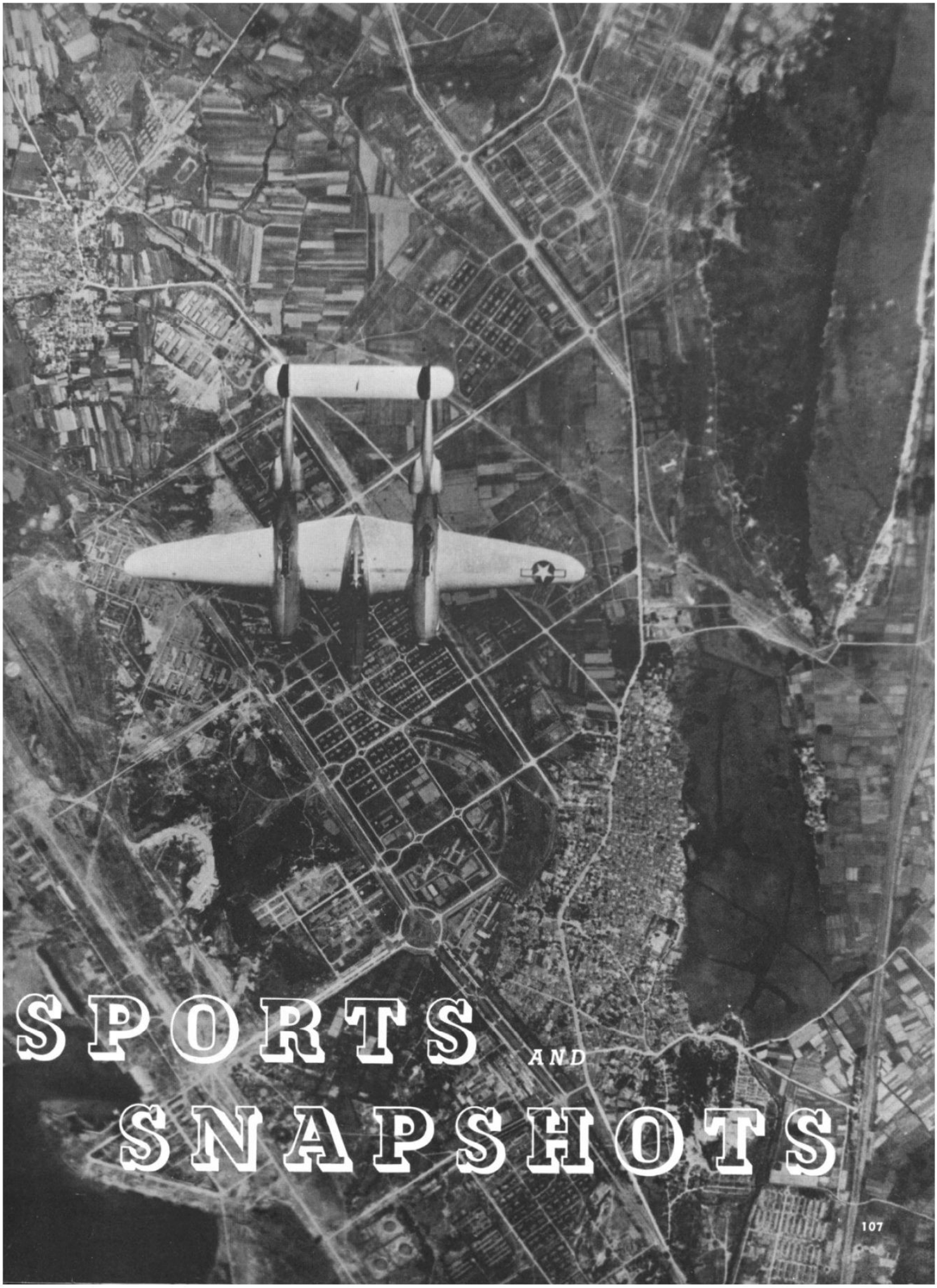
Song of the Shirt Maruska



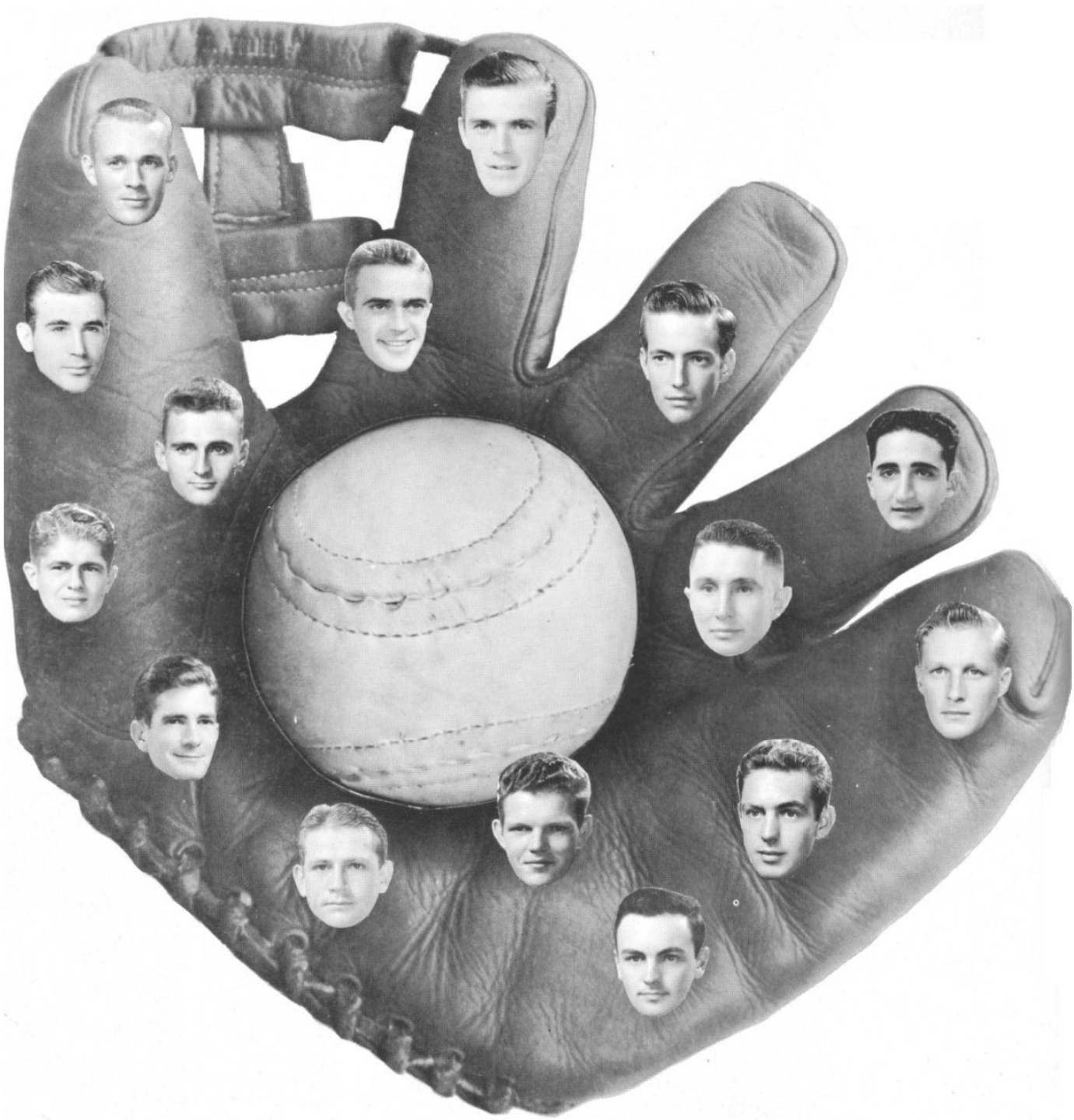
Drying Nets Sobolov

—Biak Chapel

Burdick

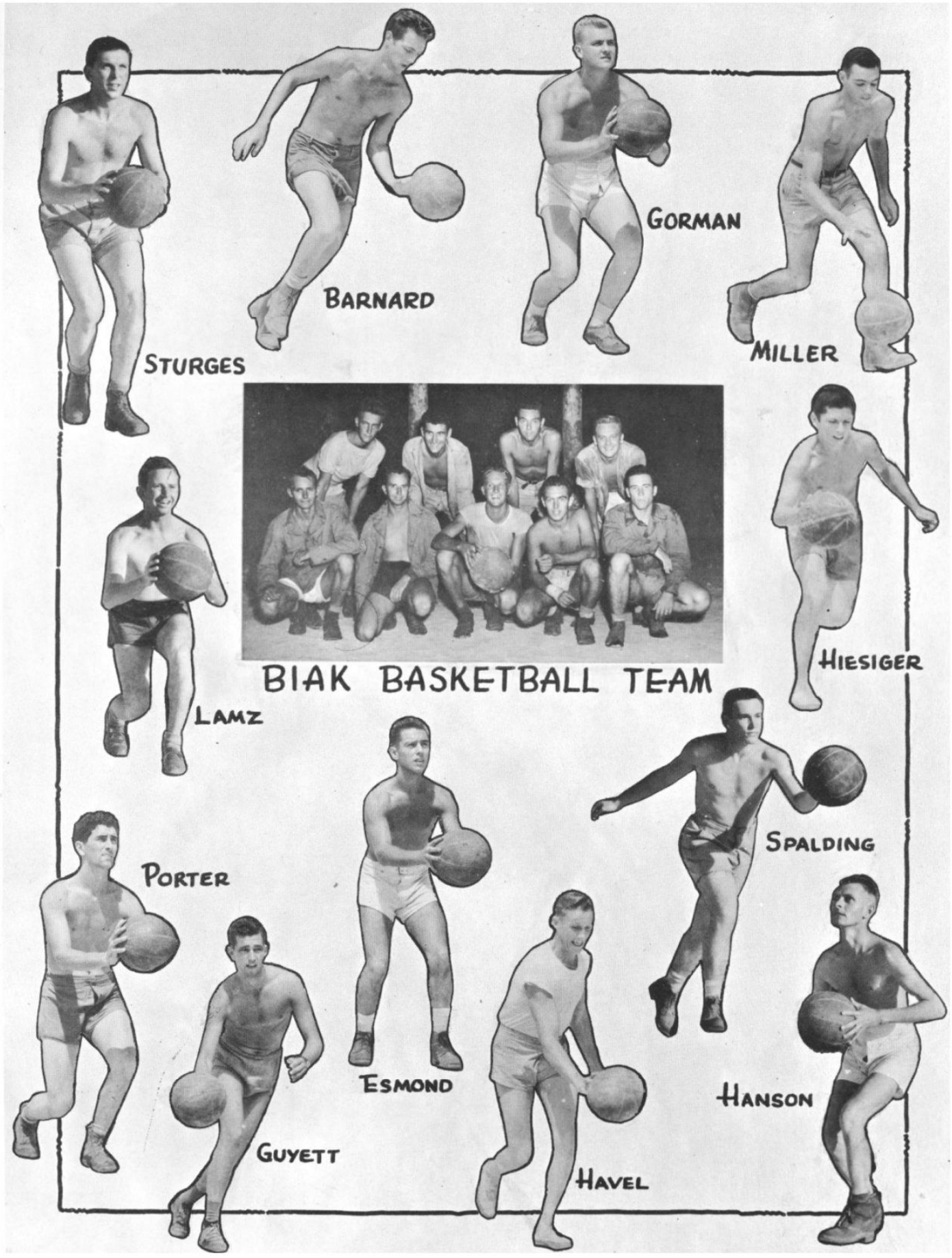


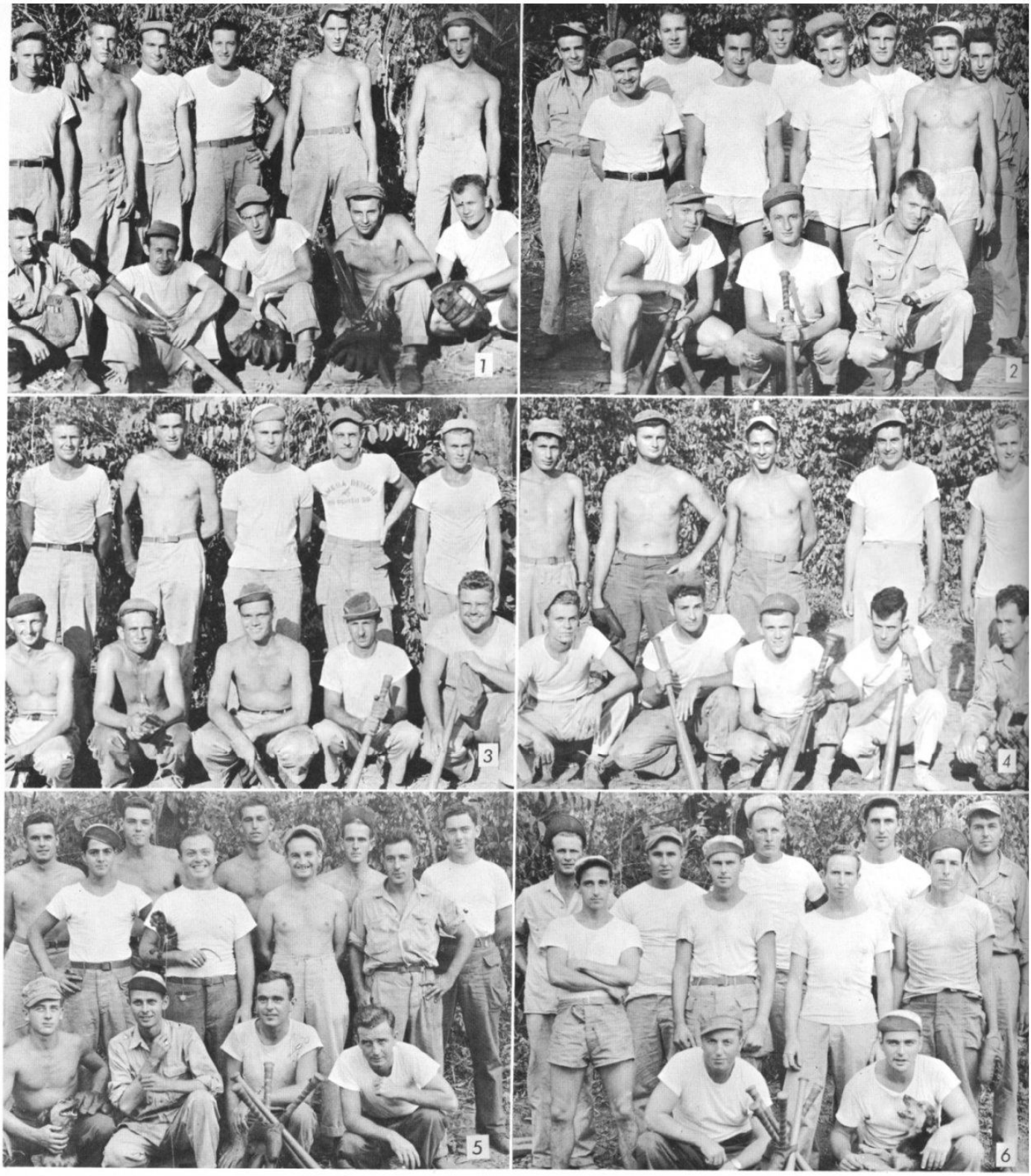
SPORTS AND SNAPSHOTS



NADZAB

SOFTBALL TEAM


STURGES
BARNARD
GORMAN
MILLER
BIAK BASKETBALL TEAM
LAMZ
HIESIGER
PORTER
ESMOND
SPALDING
GUYETT
HAVEL
HANSON



INTER-SQUADRON PHILIPPINE ISLAND LEAGUE

(1) Hypo Splatchers
(2) Photo Joes
(3) Shutterbugs
(4) Jeep Nurses
(5) Castoffs
(6) Grease Monkeys


TARGET FOR TONIGHT
T S
REMEMBRANCE


HASH
SLINGERS
CONVENTION

HISTORY AND LEGEND

BY
ALBERT J. MILLER

IN THE STATES

The 26th Photographic Squadron (Light), later to become the 26th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron, was activated at Peterson Field, near Colorado Springs, Colorado, on 9 February 1943. It remained a "paper" squadron for some time even though officers and men began to be assigned to it almost immediately and it was not until 7 May 1943 that it actually began to function. From the 7th, the 10th and the 11th Photographic Squadrons the assigned personnel began to report one by one, officers and men representing a good cross-section of the country. They came from almost every state in the Union to create an entity of a number and a War Department Order; to add, each in his own way, a bit to the construction of an organization; to give, one a little, another his life, but each what he was called upon to give, towards the defense of his country from aggression, towards the perpetuation of the democratic way of life.

Not that anyone of us was aware of these exalted objectives, or that anyone would have claimed such sentiments. We had all complained about the 7th (of how GI the CO was), about the 10th (how hard it was to get a three-day pass), about the 11th (the chow was lousy, wasn't it?). But the 26th was a "hot" squadron, slated to go overseas soon, and to enter even sooner on field maneuvers, and suddenly the neat barracks of the training squadrons with their cots boasting real springs seemed cozy and even luxurious. Laden down with barracks bags and heavy hearts most of the newly assigned moved into the 26th's barracks on reluctant feet.

They were reassured when the pattern of their days was not too abruptly changed. The training that they had been undergoing on the job in the training squadrons continued and was intensified. But there were still duty free hours. As always, it was possibile to attend movies on the base at night. There were no more rigid pass restrictions than applied to other squadrons on the base. Evenings and days off could still be spent in Colorado Springs (always called THE Springs) or in Manitou Springs (always called Manitou). Even more wonderful, there were still three-day passes to be procured and the lucky holder could still get up to Denver.

The Springs, Manitou and Denver—these were the towns around which our life outside camp revolved. The Springs, being closest, attracted most of those on pass, but, by the time the 26th was organized, this had its disadvantages. By then, Camp Carson, the population of which was at least ten times that of Peterson field, was set up. Looking at the congestion on the streets, in the restaurants, in the bars and places of amusement, those of us who had come to the Springs when the field was in its infancy, or lived in town before there was a field officially, sighed for the good old days. (In the Army as in civilian life, times were never what they used to be. The fact that they had never been didn't affect our griping about the new days or longing for the old.) But even then, the waitresses at the Busy Corner Drug Store were just as full of wise-cracks, the piano playing at the Spruce Club as full of boogie-woogie, the meals at the Village Inn, the Blue Spruce, the Indian Grill, just as well prepared and as welcome a change from the wholesome but tiresome food at camp. The drinks and the dancing at the Antlers Hotel's "Copper Grove," or the Broadmoor were just as delightful. The sandwiches and coffee at the YMCA and the USO just as tasty (if a little harder to come by). The old-fashioned dances in the Park were just as colorful and lively.

Briefer, but perhaps even more memorable, was our stay at Raton, New Mexico, where, at Crews Field, we were stationed for our field maneuvers from 15 May 1943 to 19 June 1943. If the feelings of the men of the squadron were consulted, it would likely be found that the story of our stay at Raton should be written in poetry. It was a pleasant interlude. For one thing we were subject to no base regulations—we were the base. The 26th had the whole field and town to itself for most of its five weeks' stay. (How this fine thing happened to us has always been a mystery and there is some ground for believing it was a mistake as correspondence after our return to the Springs indicated that Washington had us located in California all the time.)

Finally the last dog-tag had been corrected, the "shot" records brought up to date. The departments all had their equipment and files in the best possible shape. The pilots had accomplished their required training. The ninth engine-change on No. 13 had been completed and, for his efforts, Sgt. Ramsey had been presented by Major Cummins, then Group Engineering Officer, with a charming nosegay of choise wildflowers plucked by the Major's own hands. The inspectors arrived on a dismal Sunday at the bivouac area where the 26th had pitched its tents after returning from Raton. They were pleasant but prying. The squadron, maneuvering, for once, into position for review, with the precision of the Infantry stood stiffly at attention. The departments were inspected. The department heads were alert and informed. The squadron passed. It received a commendation from the Commanding General of the 3rd Air Force, as a matter of fact, for being the only photographic unit to pass the POM examination with an "Excellent" rating.

At this time the Commanding Officer was Walter R. Hardee, then Captain, later Major and (after returning to the States from overseas) Lieutenant Colonel. He had not been the first Commanding Officer, being preceded by Captain Edward H. Risley, who, after transfer from the squadron, was killed in an airplane accident at Peterson Field, and Captain Risley had been preceded by the fondly remembered Captain Sheldon P. Hallett who was transferred out of the 26th and later transferred back as our Operations Officer. (In this capacity he went overseas with the 26th. He was then appointed Commanding Officer of the 8th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron and was lost at sea on a photographic reconnaissance mission—shot down off the coast of New Guinea by enemy planes.)

After the POM examination, the tension was relaxed somewhat. Passes, including three-day passes, were available again. Captain Hardee, learning that the inspectors had given us the "Excellent" rating called the squadron together, complimented the men on their showing and in a long-to-be-remembered speech, told them it was no more than he expected or would expect in future, as he had been valedictorian of his high-school class and since had never been satisfied with anything but the best.

We had been moved from the bivouac area back to the base proper and were living in barracks for the first time in many months. Suddenly the squadron was alerted. Letters could be written but not mailed. We were restricted to the base. The base movie and the beer PX did a land-office business. The Sergeants' Club entertained unawares many a Private First Class in Sergeant's clothing. There was a last show-down inspection. The troop train arrived. Laden down with our personal impedimenta including barracks-bags crammed to their knotted ropes, we boarded it. "Go west, young man," the War Department had said, in effect, and the train and we departed on 22 October 1943. The trip took three days and was, in spite of its destination being the dreaded POE, a pleasant one. The cars assigned were Pullmans, of a sort—of a sort, that is, characteristic of those boarded by the James Boys in their later days. But they were fairly comfortable, there was time for sleeping by day, reading, singing, card-playing. Sleeping by day was almost a necessity as sleeping by night was almost impossible, due to the off-key but enthusiastic choruses spurred on by the accordion accompaniments of Sgts. Broome and Sacco, and the buck-and-wing dancing that the lurching of the train going around sharp curves in the Rockies couldn't dissuade Sgt. Baker from attempting.

We reached the POE (Camp Stoneman) at night and were immediately lined up for another overseas "physical." We lost not a man. Everything went well, as a matter of fact, except that Sergeant (then Corporal) Al Miller, who had been writing and posting notices for a month that personnel should, while passing through the POE, keep their indivdiual pay records on their persons at all times, couldn't produce his. He had inadvertently left it in his barracks-bag!

THE DEPARTURE

Our stay at the Port of Embarkation was much shorter than we had thought it would be. It was also much more pleasant. We had heard the usual latrine rumors of the things to be encountered there: of the rigid physical examinations (which we all passed with flying colors); of the painful "shots" to be administered (most of us had had all those required and only a few were found needing shots at all); of the fact that we should be restricted to our area and not permitted to leave under a threat of court-martial for desertion. It was a pleasant surprise to find that we were put through the necessary procedures painlessly and with the greatest efficiency we had known in the Army. And although our stay was short, a number of men were able to get passes to Pittsburgh, California, the town nearest the camp, and a few really fortunate ones even wangled twenty-four hour passes to San Francisco. There were many

consolations for the men who had to remain in camp: movies, good servec clubs, cafeterias and PXs.

We left Camp Stoneman on Sunday 31 October 1943, shortly after noon chow. Now the real hardships began. Our "B" bags (containing those items we should be unlikely to need before our arrival overseas) had gone ahead, to be forwarded on a ship other than that on which we traveled—and, sad to relate, to catch up with us, lighter by far due to pilferage, only after we had been overseas three or four months. But our "A" bags would go with us and had been placed on the wharf where we could pick them up to carry them aboard.

What a hike that was from the camp to the pier where we boarded a ferry boat to take us to the San Francisco docks. It was a distance of several miles through the outskirts of Pittsburgh. We wore the regular embarkation uniform: Class A's with leggings; helmets; musette-bag packs (with our blankets in a roll atop them) suspended from our shoulders. Each man had his rifle slung over one shoulder and it was constantly slipping down or knocking his helmet awry. And all the time the beautiful California sun poured down on us.

(Our departure was of course, a very SECRET maneuver. Mention of our unit designation was forbidden. For the moment, we were not the 26th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron—we were a code number, 2008J. The people of Pittsburgh who thronged the sidewalks to watch us leave and bid us Godspeed apparently were not considered observant, or the Army, as we, concluded there were no saboteurs nor enemy agents among them.)

The ferry, when we, by dint of much shifting of our packs and frequent breaks, finally reached it, proved to be of a type usually associated with the Mississippi. When we were all aboard we had our first experience of the crowding we would come to expect as normal for every water-borne move. We sat on benches running the length of the boat or on barracks-bags, knee and with other barracks-bags surrounding us with barely enough space between them to insert our carbines. When we were under way each of us was given, with the understanding that it was to be our supper, a package containing a ham sandwich, a cheese sandwich, an apple, a candy bar, cigarettes and matches, with the "compliments of the Camp Stoneman PX." Supper? That meant we would be aboard for awhile, so we settled into as comfortable positions as the cramped space would permit. The lights came on and the moon and the decks of cards came out. Searchlights worked geometrical theorems in the sky. And the quarters were never so cramped that we couldn't sing. So sing we did. And at ten o'clock to this a capella march beat, we debarked.

To this a capella march beat we crossed the docks to the waiting ship. Where were the brass bands of Hollywood tradition, playing, "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodbye," and "Over the Sea Let's Go, Men!"? We were checked off against a squadron roster to be sure no one would miss the boat, and while there was no cry of, "Get your tickets here!" we did get our tickets. We were handed two of them. One said something to the effect that we had been assigned "Hammock No. 23 on Deck C" and the other said the bearer would eat at the 7th Mess.

Not till then had we had a chance to see the ship. We saw a ramp leading steeply up, up, until it was lost in the fog that hangs above the docks of San Francisco. If the cadence was march-time now, it was that of a funeral march. Bowed by the weight of centuries and one each "A" bag we stumbled up the ramp. It was "Boots, boots, boots, boots, Marching up and down again." Yeh, that was the hell of it—"and down again"! For no sooner had we triumphantly reached the crest than we were hustled from "A" deck down to "C" around and around in a steeply descending spiral until we were at "C" literally, and "at sea" both literally and figuratively.

"C" deck was on the water-line. (Hadn't we heard that the torpedoes usually hit there?) The orders read that the first-three-graders were to travel "Second Class." Just what that meant we were never to discover, unless it meant that a Staff Sergeant was privileged to put his pallet on a table instead of on the deck. Because the accomodations for all classes of Enlisted Men consisted of hammocks hung from hooks above (which would lurch crazily later, worrying the occupants into fears of plummeting out of them), and pallets spread out immediately below the hammocks on the deck (whose occupants had only to fear being plummeted upon).

But everyone was too tired that first night to worry about these trifles. Sleepily we tossed our bags, helmets, carbines, leggings and other equipment into piles that would never be correctly unscrambled again, swung our hammocks or put down our pallets, lay wearily and gratefully in or on them and slept, though a Southern boy or two may have uttered a last bitter word about the Negro outfit that was quartered on the deck above and now presumably sleeping on its comfortable bunks in its comparatively roomy cabins.

We were still at the wharf when morning came. We lined the rails. The panorama of the waterside and the city rising behind spread out before us. Those who had been fortunate enough to visit San Francisco pointed out the spots of interest. There was the Oakland Bay Bridge. (Right up the street there's where I met that chick I told you about. Wonder if she'll write like she said.) There was Nob Hill; up that way was Chinatown; The International Settlement was over that way. There was the Mark Hopkins, at its summit the famous Top of the Mark. (Jeez, what a hangover I had!)

Now the little tugs were scurrying about like waterbugs. The hum of activity was approaching a feverish crescendo. Directions and instructions were shouted between the tug and our ship, between the ship and the pier. Seamen elbowed their way through the crowds at the rail, checked this and adjusted that. We moved out into the harbor. According to Army definition (which dates service outside the continental United States from the moment the anchors are weighed) we were "overseas."

Slowly we passed through the harbor out to the open sea. Passing Alcatraz, the usual comparisons were made, opinion giving the prisoners there the advantage inasmuch as they were not too far from the mainland. San Francisco was behind us. We speculated on when we should see it again. ("Back alive in 'Forty-five!" "The Golden Gate in 'Forty-eight!") Now the last promontory, the last land that we should see for many days, was dropping beyond the horizon. The pay rates for all ranks were automatically raised, the spirits of all ranks almost as automatically lowered. Though now it was, "Over the sea let's go, men!" we hoped it would not be too long until we were singing, "We're shovin' right off for home again!"

THE NOT TOO BON VOYAGE

The ship was the "Nieuw Amsterdam", a luxury liner (the eighth largest in the world) owned by the Holland-American line. Its former luxury was suggested now only by the grand staircase with its gold-plated balustrades and the ornamentation of the ceilings in the erstwhile dining salons, in their present state reduced to mere Mess Halls. It had been painted a dull battle-ship gray inside and out; features essential to the physical comfort of its earlier globe-trotting passengers had been ruthlessly removed and such fixtures as life rafts, ack-ack guns and depth charges, essential to the safety and mental comfort of its present globe-trotting passengers, were installed in their stead. The old cabins, stripped down, too, to the monastic simplicity of tiers of bunks, were occupied by commissioned officers and such enlisted men as were fortunate enough to be assigned to them. The majority of the enlisted men, though, were quartered, as we, below decks, in what must formerly have been storage sections. The Dutch crew occupied its own quarters.

The first morning we learned what chow hours would be like. There were about ten thousand persons aboard and the Mess Halls, serving a number of shifts, were in continuous use from early morning till sundown. Each shift was assigned a gathering place on the deck above or the deck below that on which the Mess Halls were located. The lines formed early under the eagle eyes of MPs and our own men assigned to that detail. When it was time for the shift to enter the Mess Hall, there was a mad scurrying up or down the winding staircases, to the cries of, "Hurry up!" "Show your tickets!" and "Use both doors!"

The old restaurant rule of allowing twenty-three inches for each diner had been made to walk the plank and fourteen men were seated at each table where ten could have been accomodated with a minimum of crowding. Each outfit aboard had been assigned one of the necessary details and to some of the colored boys had fallen the evil lot of Kitchen Police (though, when we "pulled" the detail of bringing supplies up from the bowels of the ship, sliding heavy boxes of canned goods, coca-cola, toilet tissue, along a banister that railed the narrow, steep ladder on which we stood, when we slid these up, vertically at such times as the ship lurched far over to one side, we thought the evil lot was ours.)

The KPs brought the food to the table in shallow metal pans that looked for all the world like dishpans. The Dutch diet was hearty if a bit too heavy for our taste. Rolls made with rye or graham flour, half the size of a loaf of bread, were served with all meals. They were deliciously flavored, indigestible and filling. Such strange breakfast-

table items as hard-boiled eggs, bologna, fish, cheese and boiled frankfurters, too, appeared regularly on the menu. Even the conventional breakfast-food suffered a sad sea change. The corn-flakes were Australian-made and resembled our American products only superficially, losing their crispness immediately on contact with the milk, which was of the powdered variety, thin, blue and tasteless and almost as useless on the cornflakes as in what was optimistically though incorrectly referred to as "coffee."

No noon meal was served, but the ersatz coffee was available and even welcomed on those November days when the temperature on decks resembled the North Atlantic rather than the balmy Pacific. Sometimes tea was the drink at the evening meal, which featured dishes no less strange than those served at breakfast. There were such questionable delicacies as pre-cooked beef and pork and a kind of arrowroot pudding that seemed to have been flavored with violet scent, though the usual dessert was either dried peaches or dried apricots.

These were undoubtedly supposed to supply iron, though there was no question of our securing a maximum quantity of this element. We must have absorbed an excessive amount of it from the rust that flaked off our mess gear at mealtimes. No fresh water was available for washing our mess-kits and cups, and the salt water played havoc with all except the few aluminum ones in the outfit.

We showered in salt water, too, with a so-called salt water soap that seemed to lather feebly but left a sticky scum on the skin and hair that was not to be removed until our arrival at our first land station. To borrow a comment from World War I, cleanliness on the ship was not only next to godliness, it was next to impossible. Though the decks were washed down several times a day and there was of course no dust at sea, the scuffing of innumerable GI shoes (in which the dust of a thousand marches was imbedded) made them dirtier after each washing, and this dirt was transferred to our clothes. For, in the complete absence of deck chairs, or, for that matter, anything which could serve as seats, we sat, lounged and napped on the open deck, or leaned over the rail to watch the restless waves, gray under the usually leaden skies, and the occasional schools of flying-fish scampering through them.

The deck served as reading room, game room and day room as well. About the third day at sea we were presented with kits prepared by the Red Cross, muslin bags containing a number of useful items including decks of cards, paper-bound books and old magazines, those Army sewing-kits known as "housewives," rolls of candies. Reading cards and (since all the passengers were soldiers and three-fourths of them were colored) "shooting craps" were the most popular diversions. If we were a bit disdainful of a five-year-old Reader's Digest at the start of the voyage, we grasped it with eagerness after several days at sea, thereby acquiring a taste for slightly stale news and opinion that would stand us in good stead in the months to come. We were to receive little current news for the duration of our stay overseas.

Aboard the ship, incidentally, we had a news broadcast sometime during the morning, which featured, in addition to an excellent summary of the news developments, the amusing pseudo-advertising continuity of the Lieutenant in charge of the program, describing the virtues of items sold at the ship Army PX, such as the inefficacious salt water soap which he called "Sad San Soap," the insect repellent we should soon all be using, and Atabrine, the anti-malaria drug we should soon have to take, the dye in which turns many users temporarily yellow ("Guaranteed to give a tan without burning!"). (An atabrine tan, shunned at first, later became a coveted thing when it was learned that it was good for five drinks at any bar in the States for those fortunate enough to be returned there for furloughs.)

The ship was blacked out every evening at sundown. Smoking was permitted at night but only in designated sections of the ship. Many men spent hours after dark leaning over the rail to watch the phosphorescent waters break in luminous waves against the ship's sides. Many slept on the open decks braving the chilly night air and the sudden, chilling rains rather than endure the stuffiness below decks.

Boat-drills were frequent and monotonous and were held at all hours of the day and night. The men were given a certain (and seemingly inadequate) time to reach their life-boat stations. Sleepy GIs from below-decks, hastily and incorrectly fastening their life-jackets, adjusting their belts and their filled canteens of water, and holding their helmets somehow, stumbled out into the blackness of the night and over sleepy GIs on deck. There was a mad scurrying to places before the deadline to avoid another practice drill.

We saw no land. We were not told our whereabouts. We crosed the equator. This much, and this only, we knew definitely. And we knew this because there was the traditional ceremony featuring the holding of Neptune's court. Proud heads, including that of our Personnel Officer, Lieutenant (later Adjutant and Captain) Dressler, were shaven but unbowed, when the ceremonies were over. We all received certificates making us old salts.

We tried to figure our general direction from the position of the sun. As we traveled all night we couldn't be sure that the powers that be hadn't crossed us up by changing our course after the sun went down, but we knew we must be traveling in a generally southwesterly direction. Our maps showed that we must be passing through waters in which some of the historical naval battles had taken place. We worried about what would happen if we should be torpedoed as we were traveling alone and not in convoy. We took comfort from the speed of the ship, several times that of the fastest submarine, and rumors of new protective devices supposed to thwart even the luckiest torpedo hit. There was a routine boat-drill. The routine orders were given over the loud-speaker but something new had been added. The announcement continued, "Tomorrow we shall stop briefly at Wellington, New Zealand."

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

Wellington, New Zealand! Our first sight of land after fifteen days at sea. And what a welcome sight it was. The dignified buildings of the University; the public buildings in the British tradition; pleasant homes with their colorful red-tiled roofs; the whole town rising picturesquely on the greenest of green hills above its beautiful harbor.

We spent a day in the harbor and several hours ashore. We marched through the streets in formation, finding those picturesque green hills hard going and our hiking muscles sadly out of condition after the time spent at sea. As we marched, rain spattered the town (and us) briefly. There was not enough rain to dampen our spirits, and when the sun came out again, the streets, already spotless, the profuse greenery (growing with a tropical luxuriousness new to most of us then but soon, in the jungles of New Guinea and the Netherlands East Indies, to become all too familiar), bougainvillea, climbing the sides of houses and even covering some of the roofs with a purple thatch, all gleamed with a new beauty.

For most of the distance we marched at route step, so we could look where we pleased (and we pleased after our womanless days at sea to look principally at the girls, more solid-looking than our American girls, but attractive for their scrubbed and natural freshness). We were free to respond to the friendly welcome of the Wellingtonians who lined the "kerbs" and joined our singing of "I've got sixpence," and to trade our American coins for souvenir shillings and pence with the sturdy, British-looking kids who marched by our sides.

During a short break we were even able to crowd into little corner confectionaries, to buy, and try for the first time, "lollies," (called plain "hard candy" at home) and the ubiquitous and apparently sole pastry of the Britishers Down Under, a raisin-filled pound cake (tasting strange to us because of the mutton fat shortening).

We remember it all, though our visit was all too brief, and it was with reluctance we turned our now aching feet back to the docks, passing the girls and the water-front pubs with a sigh, passing again through the stone and wrought-iron gates guarded by their imperturbable white-helmeted bobby, up a steep catwalk to an upper deck, back from a memorable interlude of color and beauty, to the grim, wartime drabness of life aboard the "Nieuw Amsterdam."

Now we were told our destination. We had thought we were going to Australia. We were—to Sydney. We were happy about that. That would give us at least a glimpse of civilization again, before the jungles.

AUSTRALIA

The ship came into Sydney harbor early the morning of 19 November 1943. The submarine net as opened for our passage reminding us vividly that midget Jap submarines had entered the harbor earlier in the war, damaged shipping, surfaced and shelled the business section. This bustling town that rose around us was indeed still in the war zone, and, as we should find out when we went ashore, though the blackout had been moderated to a brownout, criss-crossing adhesive tapes still decorated the plate glass windows of such stores as had not removed the glass

entirely. We were warped into the dock by tugs. Our ship was the largest in the harbor and from the decks we looked far down on gaping clusters of dock-workers and such curiosity seekers as could secure admittance to the dock area. There were shouted greetings. We heard the Australian speech for the first time. The accent here was somewhat like Cockney (though we had been cautioned in the Army's orientation book on Austrialia not to comment on this). The question that became too usual in the period of our stay Down Under was put to us by most of the Aussies below us, "You gotta smoke, Yoink?" Sure, we had cigarettes, and characteristically, we tossed them over the side, singly and by the pack. (In this country, at war for four years at the time of our arrival, cigarettes, like almost every other commodity, were severely rationed. American cigarettes—and it was necessary to smoke only one "Craven-A" to understand why—were prized. The Yanks claimed the Aussie brand was so named because, after smoking one the smoker would still be "Craven-A" cigarette!)

The administration buildings as well as the dock warehouses were of attractive half-timber construction. Behind them, sections of the higher structures of the city could be glimpsed, highest of all a building whose summit was given over to a painted invitation to, "Drink Penslar Wines." The acceptance of the invitation as well as a more complete examination of what the city offered had to be postponed temporarily.

For we without setting foot ashore, were directed to a gang-plank leading from an opening in the ship's side to a waiting ferry boat and transported across the busy, interesting harbor. We boarded trains of a vintage and style that made those we had taken from Peterson Field to Camp Stoneman look like stream-liners. The lighting fixtures, more modern than the cars themselves and apparently an afterthought, used gas, and boasted fluted-glass shades of the type popular in the early Nineties at home. The railroads in Australia were narrow-gauge roads and, we learned later, the gauge differed from each state, necessitating a transfer of cargo at each border. With a speed surprising for such antiquated equipment we were carried to our camp, called "Warwick (pronounced in the British fashion, 'Warrick') Farms."

It was in the suburbs near a community known as Liverpool. Our camp, as were most of the American camps in Australia, had formerly been a race-track, the Sport of Kings having almost universal support in this outpost of His Majesty's Empire. Even more unused to walking than we had been in Wellington, and now staggering under our barracks-bags and weighty equipment, we somehow made our way to the area. We had, at lectures in the States, heard much about the necessity for dispersal of tents in camps overseas. The tents assigned us here as later in Brisbane were so close that the tent ropes overlapped. For this was merely a casual camp where we were to stay until there was room for us farther north where we would stage for New Guinea.

We were, actually, at Warwick Farms only about six days. We made the most of them, exploring as much of Sydney and its environs as we could. We found Australia a modern country in some respects, very backward in others, though it is possible many of its shortcomings were attributable to the war in which it had been engaged a far longer time than we. We learned many things. Steak (pronounced "styke") and eggs seemed to be the national dish; the steaks were usually not "tenderized" and were served in such large, thick portions as to look like small pot-roasts. The Trocadero was the largest dance hall, boasting an excellent floor, a revolving platform with two orchestras for continuous dancing, many potential partners. When a girl declined a dance on the grounds that she was "knocked up" she merely meant that she was tired. We learned where King's Cross, the mecca of all GIs and the center of town, was located, that to reach it by train one went to Town Hall instead of Central Station.

The municipally owned electric trains, incidentally, were quite modern, in contrast with those of the state railroads. They were surface trains, but were, in design and speed, much like subway trains and Els. The fare was a mere two-pence and even that was seldom collected from the GIs. These trains served all suburban communities. The city proper was served by less modern trolleys and buses.

We learned soon the complexities of the monetary system, to say tuppence and trippence, that a florin was in ordinary parlance, "two bob." Some of us even learned to like tea, or perhaps to prefer it to what the Aussies hopefully called, "coffee."

We learned, too, that practically all Australian girls loved Yanks. They said we had "get up and go," though inclined to be a little "cheeky" at times and too much addicted to "snow jobs" (their name for the kind of line that was intended to snow them under). The Aussie men attributed our success, with understandable bitterness, to our openhandedness. There were clashes between our Allies and ourselves but usually they were of minor importance and frequently a conversation that began with invidious comparisons in a pub ended (under the influence of the potent and delicious Aussie brew) in a feast of good-will and hands across the sea (though each in his secret heart believed that his friend, the Aussie or the Yank as the case might be, was an exception to the rule, and that all his fellows were still "heels" or "blackguards.")

In Sydney we learned that that same good Aussie beer was rationed and that pubs were only open a few hours a day, closing at six P.M., too soon to permit our reaching there after duty hours in time for the deadline.

For the thirsty there were two solutions. One was to go to the little town of Liverpool instead. It was closer to camp and the few pubs were much more crowded but it was possible to get a few beers before closing time. The other solution was to patronize the many bootleggers, and we learned that they were not called "bootleggers" at all, but "sly grog shops." (We enjoyed the irony of the Aussies, after laughing for years at our American Prohibition law, having to resort to the same devious device to circumvent their own liquor laws.) Black market prices were outrageously high. It usually wasn't long until the purchasers were likewise, as the Aussie rum, the drink most often available, was very potent.

Just as we were learning our way about, we were alerted. On the morning of 23 November 1943, we were awakened at 2 A.M., donned our helmets, shouldered our packs and barracks bags again and in the ominous dark moved out of Warwick Farms to what was then an unknown destination. The base Mess Hall generously provided coffee and a small piece of cake for our breakfast. The train was the same one that had brought us out from town, or an exact replica. The trip lasted about a day and a half, during which time we covered 600 miles, stopping only for meals which were served at the railway stations of little towns in the bush. These meals, including, like too many meals in Australia, mutton as their main course, were served by the women and girls of the towns. This was pleasant, but there was little time for flirtations as there were many men to be fed and our stops were of short duration.

Our destination proved to be Brisbane. We learned that the squadron as a whole would be stationed there (at another race-track, Camp Doomben) for some time but some of the men were designated an advance echelon and flew almost at once to Port Moresby. Doomben was a casual camp, too, even more casual, if possible, than Warwick Farms, except for the base CO. He, a Lt. Col. in the cavalry rode along the line of march as we arrived at the camp, wearing an expression of profound distaste for the unmilitary straggling of these Air Forces troops.

Near the camp entrance stood the grandstand. Under it, in what had formerly been the Administrative Offices of the race track, were located the base administration offices, the dispensary, an excellent Officers' Club and Mess, and a PX where ice-cream, cokes, toilet articles, cakes, candies, steel-wool and stationery could be purchased. The stationery was in tablet form, the words, "Air Mail" appearing on the cover; it was khaki-colored, its texture the same as toilet tissue in the States. Confusion in the paper-making plants Down Under was suspected when it was discovered, later, that the toilet tissue in the latrines at camp had much the texture of State-side Air Mail stationery.

The latrines at camp were a revelation in themselves. The one which had formerly served the race-track was up-to-the-minute, the fixtures of tile and vitreous materials. But in the camp area proper, the latrines were like nothing we had ever seen. They consisted of groups of covered black pails which were hauled away every day by civilian contractors and replaced by others. Only an attack of "the GIs" (the Army name for dysentery) would induce anyone to use these latrines, but, unfortunately, the GIs, occasioned, we thought, by the inferior food we were served at the Consolidated Mess, were endemic during our stay at Camp Doomben.

Just a day or so after our arrival at Camp Doomben, Thanksgiving Day was celebrated, our first holiday outside the States. Rumors spread throughout camp that turkey would be served. It was. But it wasn't turkey as we had known it with wish-bone and drumsticks. It was canned turkey and an awful letdown. Whatever portion of the squadron was able to secure passes left camp as soon as possible for such viands as the town afforded. We were luckier that day than we would be Christmas or New Year's

Day when the Aussies were celebrating as well and many of the restaurants were closed.

Some of the planes assigned to our squadron arrived by boat from the States while we were in Brisbane. The wings and propellers were crated. The planes themselves were mounted in cradles on the deck of the ship with the landing gear retracted. Each plane was hoisted in the air with one of our men in the cock-pit to pump down the landing gear. The cranes swung them onto the docks. They were then towed to the airstrip. Here, much work remained to be done. The cosmoline with which they had been sprayed as protection against the salt air and water and which was a grease of a glue-like consistency had to be removed. A squadron detail did this dirty work while the mechanics put on the wings, the horizontal stabilizer tips, and installed the propellers. A complete acceptance "check" had to be "pulled" on the plane and engine also. These planes were then test-hopped by our own pilots and later flown to Port Moresby where our pilots accomplished their first missions overseas. Other planes assigned to us were assembled at Townsville, Australia, by a Depot Group. These too were flown to Port Moresby. They were serviced by mechanics of the 8th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron (also in our Group) until the arrival of our mechanics by plane 24 January 1944.

When we moved from Brisbane, as was true of all moves, we had to awaken at 0300. Actually, the old hurry-up-and-wait-policy of the Army was still in effect, and the sun was high by the time we boarded the ship on which we would sail to New Guinea. The date was 16 January 1944. It was Sunday. The streets were deserted except for church-goers and an occasional workman going to or returning from his job. As our trucks rumbled through the streets, it was obvious from the fact that we were wearing helmets and carrying our carbines that we were "shoving off." To shove off from Brisbane then was to be leaving for a forward area. This was well known to the people. So our farewell memory of Brisbane is one of sober-faced men and women waving a last, "Cheerio. Good luck. God bless you."

A few of us returned to Brisbane on leave but most of us fortunate enough to return to Australia for a rest period (and that included the greater part of the squadron) went to Mackay. This is a town several hundred miles north of Brisbane in the center of the sugar cane district.

Our ship, the SS Both, was of Dutch registry, with Dutch officers and a Javanese crew. Living conditions were much the same as on the Nieuw Amsterdam. Instead of pallets on the deck or hammocks swinging above it, however, we were given sheets of plywood for beds. These were cleaner though no softer than the decks on which we placed them. The Javanese crew prepared their own food and, after some intimation of the type meal we should be served, we didn't blame them, although one sniff of their fish cooked in oil and curried rice changed any ideas we might have had of joining them. They had a limited knowledge of English. Their vocabulary consisted of "Cigarette, please?" and "Hotty Schtuff," a phrase used by them as an equivalent to "Excuse me," undoubtedly a perversion of "Hot stuff!" picked up by them God knows where and employed effectually to clear a passage through the groups of men sprawling on the decks and in the passageways.

On this voyage we passed through the Coral and the Bismarck seas. As there was grave danger of attack by planes or by submarines, the gun-crews worked the clock around, in shifts. It was necessary that we post guards, too, as auxiliary watchers.

The SS Both, in all truth, was no excursion steamer, but there was much leisure for the reading, the writing and the card-playing that had come to be synonymous with water voyages. There was time for the contemplation induced, when, leaning on the rail, we looked upon the moving but changeless waters, a pattern of green waves endlessly repeated and broken rarely by the more vivid green of a coral reef. We sighted no land until we reached New Guinea.

We disembarked from the Both onto "ducks," out in the harbor and these amphibious vehicles chugged across the water, got a grip on the land and convoyed us to the area to which we had been assigned. We settled down in the casual camp area at Oro Bay. We would not operate from this base. Even so, we began to fit ourselves into the pattern that would govern our lives for many months to come. We were, however much the good roads and the hum of activity in the camp might belie it, in the jungles.

Then, at a Squadron formation, Captain McCullough, our Executive Officer, (the same formation at which, incidentally, we were told we should have to shave off the beards we had cultivated with loving care since leaving Brisbane), gave us confirmation of our suspicion that we should be moving to Finschhafen. This news we did not receive with unalloyed delight because "Guinea Gold" (the Australian-American newspaper which brought us what news we received) intimated that that base was even then receiving too much attention from the Japanese bombers. With resignation we made the few preparations necessary and, on 18 February 1944, boarded the SS Berg Fred for the move, an advance echelon having gone ahead by plane several weeks before to choose and clear a site for the squadron.

The men who had gone on ahead had done a good job of clearing an area for the squadron with sword and flame. The thick undergrowth, consisting of ropy vines, had, with machetes and scythes, been cut away. Gasoline-fed fires had purged the area of much of the kunai grass, growing here to the height of a man.

At Finschhafen, the work that the clearing party had so well begun continued, and, since the whole squadron was now detailed to help with the construction, our first real squadron area overseas, our first overseas set-up for operations, soon began to take shape. The pre-fabricated "E-2" building housing the Photo Lab was set up in record time. Logging details went to designated spots deep in the jungles to chop down the appropriately named ironwood trees for the construction of other departmental buildings. Foxholes were dug. The one constructed by the personnel of the Orderly Room and running under that building was considered an engineering marvel—by the Orderly Room. Even they had some doubts about it, though, when they realized (after several officers and men of the squadron had fallen into it after dark, Lieutenant Summers sustaining a broken leg) that its placement in relation to the Orderly Room entrance was not too scientific.

At Moresby, several of our pilots had been flying photographic reconnaissance missions to New Britain, New Ireland, Wewak and Manus Island, over areas where, as the citations have it, "enemy fire and interception were probable and expected." Now the other pilots were to have their baptism of fire. The squadron was at last on an operational basis. The departments were all primed for action. Most of our equipment—all that was necessary to begin—and all our planes had been received. Missions were flown to all the above-named places as well as to Dutch New Guinea. Manus Island was occupied by our troops while we were at Finschhafen and a party, consisting of three pilots and five enlisted men, was immediately dispatched there, missions being staged at once from that point. Our men were the first American Air Force troops to arrive in the Admiralty Islands. Upon their return, when that campaign was well in hand, (our planes having operated in close support of the ground troops), they brought a few souvenirs as well as tales of their harrowing nearness to the bloody fighting that had taken place and of the horror and stench of the bodies of the Japs who had died there in their characteristically fanatical fashion. Their souvenirs included cheap cotton flags emblazoned with the Rising Sun, books covered with Japanese characters and apparently military records of some sort and circulars thought to be issued by the Japanese Intelligence section, relating to recognition of our aircraft, shown dropping their sticks of bombs that in the not too distant fuure would rain down in thousands on the homeland from which these troops had come.

As far as we were concerned then, that vengeful and happy day seemed in the all too distant future. Our thoughts were more on the Japanese bombs that were dropping about us during the nuisance raids that disturbed our sleep almost every night. Each successive alert found us sleepier and less inclined to leave our sacks until one night one of the bombers dropped its load just on the edge of our area, its concussion shaking the stilted foundations of our shacks. That, if it didn't make Christians of us all, did make us run for the cover of our fox-holes and slit-trenches and the comparative safety of their cocoanut log and earth barricades. That safety might be questioned by our First Sergeant who, one night, in his haste, fled to the slit-trench in the altogether and found that he was sharing it with a battalion of vicious red ants.

The bombing raids usually occurred at night. The only enemy plans that regularly came over by day was Washing-Machine Charley who visited us daily on reconnaissance. Our days, therefore, were comparatively free of anxiety. We spent them in doing the work assigned us, and in our free time, in completing and ornamenting our tents (which even attained the dignity of such names as "GI Manor," and "Target for Tonight"). The Mess Hall, two earlier versions having been torn down for various reasons and this one having been enlarged to twice its original specifications on orders of our commanding Wing, was complete, and the concrete floor judged by Sgt. Tietjen, the architect

to have "joost the right schloop." We had what we considered the best set up in the SWPA. Then the blow fell. We received orders moving us to Nadzab. The morale of the squadron reached a record low.

We were alerted on 20 March 1944 and between that date and 28 March 1944, we moved. Except for certain pieces of heavy equipment which were shipped by water to Lae and moved overland to Nadzab, the entire squadron moved by plane, by C-47s. As each plane load was brought in, it was moved into place, so that by the time the last load was delivered to the squadron area, we were ready to start operating, which, indeed we did, on 29 March 1944.

Nadzab was inland, in the Markham Valley, the scene of the first successful use of paratroopers in the Pacific War. We had been told that it was hot. Actually, we found the climate pleasant and not very different from that of the coastal bases at which we had been stationed.

Our missions now extended to the Netherlands East Indies and we photographed such Jap-held strong points as Biak, Hollandia, Wakde Island and the Molucca Islands..

At Nadzab, we were to know our first casualties. Two of our men were badly burned in an accident shortly after our arrival there, Sgt. Cochran and Pfc. Clifford. Sgt. Cochran eventually was able to return to duty with us, Pfc. Clifford, although he made an almost miraculous recovery, was disabled too greatly to continue in the service and he was evacuated to the States and discharged. News reached us that our former Operations Officer, Capt. Hallett, was missing in action and presumably killed when his plane was downed off the New Guinea coast. Lt. Christians was killed while making a forced landing at Saidor, New Guinea and Lt. McDaniels and T/Sgt. Rogers were killed when they crashed into Madang Harbor on return from an administrative flight to Hollandia.

This last flight had been for the purpose of checking up on work and welfare of the men who had been sent as an advance party to that base shortly after its occupation by our troops. They were followed by so many more of the squadron that it was a toss-up as to where the body of the squadron was based. But, meanwhile, from Nadzab, another echelon had been sent to Wadke which had but lately been taken from the Japs. It had been given up by them with the greatest reluctance, of course, and their raids on our positions were heavy and vengeful. On 5 June 1944 they staged a raid of unusual violence. Our men suffered no injuries but their personal tent suffered a direct hit and they lost all their possessions. Four days later, an enemy bombing attack demolished two of our planes there.

Almost daily planes flew to Hollandia carrying more equipment and men. A full schedule of missions was flown. Since our Photo Lab had remained at Nadzab, the 8th Photo Lab section was attached to us to handle to photographic work. Then moving orders for the rear echelon were received. The building were torn down, the equipment packed and the squadron moved by truck to Lae, the closest harbor to Nadzab.

The stay at Lae was, on the whole, uncomfortable and unpleasant. Added to the usual discomforts of life in the casual area (into which we were put while awaiting our ship) and the heat were the rains of a truly torrential character. One night the entire casual area was flooded. Most of the men awakened to find the water almost up to the level of their cots, their barracks bags soaked and their shoes floating slowly downstream. They moved to higher ground only to have the water move there also. It was, in fact, necessary to move three times before finding sanctuary from the rising waters.

The ship assigned us was a liberty ship, the Joseph P. Bradley. Our life aboard followed the now familiar pattern of water-borne moves although the food was even worse than on the previous three voyages. The ship was slightly less crowded though and the weather for the most part was better. Meanwhile the advance echelon had been operating at Hollandia, the planes flying from the extremely hot and dusty strip.

While the squadron was at Hollandia, the Commanding Officer, who had become Major Hardee sometime before, was adjudged suffering from flight fatigue, grounded by the Medical Department, and eventually relieved of his command and returned to the States. He was succeeded on 17 July 1944 by Capt. (later Major) Orville L. Counselman. At Hollandia, too, F/Sgt. Howell who had left the squadron for a fling at Officers' Candidate School and found it not to his liking and his separation from the squadron unthinkable, returned. He took back the reins from Sgt. Shearer who had been acting as First Sergeant in his absence and Sgt. Shearer resumed his duties as Sergeant Major.

Missions had been flown from Hollandia to the Vogelkop Peninsula, Ambon, the Moluccas, Biak and the Palau Islands. While the 8th and the 25th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadrons (also a part of our Group) were in transit, their pilots and planes were attached to us.

One of the targets we had flown, Biak, became our next base of operations. When we learned of the projected move, the news was not received with unmixed pleasure. The Japs had but recently been dislodged from their hiding places in the caves off the beach and many were known to be still hiding in the caves and hilly fastnesses farther inland.

We had arrived at Biak on 5 August 1944. By 11 August we were in full operation. Our photographic coverage now extended to Celebes, Ceram, Borneo and the Palau Islands. We participated in the first Fifth Air Force photographic reconnaissance mission to the Philippine Islands on 20 August 1944. Soon our missions to various enemy strongpoints in these islands became so regular and frequent as to take on the character of a "milk run."

Our operations were very successful and commendations were received for both the accuracy of the missions and the photographic work. But we paid a high price for our successes. Our casualty list grew. Two pilots, Lts. Smith and Bardsley, who had been with us for some time, failed to return from missions. Lt. Smith and another pilot started out on a mission staged out of Morotai. The two planes were in touch by radio until there were an hour's flight out from the staging base. Then the contact was broken and nothing further was heard from or about Lt. Smith. Lt. Bardsley had also been accompanied by another plane. The pilot of the other plane had last seen him over the target at Ambon and it was not learned whether he was shot down or whether some accident befell him on the return trip. The third casualty was a newcomer to the squadron, Lt. Morrison. He had been overseas but a short time and was taking a plane up for his first overseas flight. He stalled out on the take-off and crashed at the end of the runway. He was killed instantly. The squadron conducted a military funeral and symbolically saluted the whole gallant band of which he was a part so many members of which had been lost for whom we had been denied the privilege of paying this last tribute. While we were at Biak too we learned of the death of another pilot, Lt. Dunaway, who had come overseas with us but who had been transferred, at his own request, to a fighter squadron. He, according to the pilots who had flown his last mission with him, had seen something that aroused his suspicions on the stretch of water above which they were flying. He dived to investigate, misjudged te distance slightly, his wing tip hit the water and his plane crashed. Lt. Dunaway had been much admired in the squadron for his skillful and intrepid flying, liked for his good nature and unassuming modesty and his loss though not officially a casualty of the squadron was felt by the whole squadron to be a personal loss.

Our planes began to stage regularly out of Middleburg Island and to maintain and fly them an echelon of 7 officers and 24 enlisted men was dispatched there on 17 September 1944. They remained at this base until 11 November 1944, completing during that period some of the longest missions we were to fly—several of which lasted eight or nine hours. Across from Middleburg was Sansapor which, at the time our men were at the advanced base, was being heavily pounded by Japanese bombers. The enemy seemed not much concerned with the small island and we suffered no casualties as a direct result of enemy action.

One casualty was an indirect result, however. Our Sergeant-Major, Sgt. Shearer, had been sent to the advance echelon on an administrative flight. He, with Sgt. King, was at the airstrip on Middleburg "sweating out" a plane ride to Sansapor. A Japanese anti-personnel bomb was being moved by some infantrymen. It exploded and the fragments were scattered widely, a number of bystanders being injured. Among these were our two men. Sgt. King fortunately sustained only slight injury and it was not even necessary that he be hospitalized. Sgt. Shearer, though, was knocked down by the concussion and several pieces of metal were imbedded in his legs. He was hospitalized for months and three or four operations were performed. Eventually it was found necessary to evacuate him to the States since the surgical measures had not been successful enough to restore him to a duty status. Back in the States, Sgt. Shearer was awarded a Purple Heart.

Daily courier flights were flown between Middleburg and Biak where the film was brought for processing at our Photo Lab. The Lab personnel were divided into three shifts and work continued around the clock, each month the normal quota being exceeded greatly.

Though we were all working constantly and putting in long hours, there was still a little leisure time to be salvaged here and there and we made the most of it. The water and the beach were especially inviting during the

hot days. Water sports, swimming, boating, and deep-sea fishing and surf-board riding became very popular. Discarded drop tanks were at a premium and when they could be obtained were made into boats. Most of these were powered by sail but three of our officers, Capt. Humes, Lt. Bender and CWO Moskot, ingeniously repaired and adapted, with the aid of our Squadron Welder, Sgt. Shelton, a generator engine to serve as an inboard power unit.

This led to the capture of our only prisoners. While testing the boat one day, the officers had called to their attention by some natives an object some distance away on the water. It looked like a raft and thinking it might be someone in distress, the officers borrowed a dinghy from the natives, towing it behind their boat out in the direction of the object they had seen. When they approached it, the object was indeed a raft and, much to their consternation, it carried four Sons of Heaven. They bowed and craped in characteristic fashion and seemed not adverse to being captured. Intelligence reports coming to us later told us that they were stragglers from an outfit that had been cut off from the main body of the Japanese troops which had wandered about in the jungles for a couple of months and almost starved. The officers were cautious. They made the prisoners strip off their clothes, and when they were certain that they had no arms or grenades, pulled up alongside the raft and transferred them to the dinghy. On the way back to the squadron area, the none-too-good motor "conked out" and the officers had to bring in their captives the hard way, rowing the boat and its trailer against the tide. The prisoners ate greedily the slices of stale bread we gave them and avidly downed gallons of water. They seemed cowed and the direct opposite of the fanatical fighters about which we had been hearing.

Christmas (as had Thanksgiving) brought a fine dinner featuring turkey and pumpkin pie for those of us fortunate enough to be with the squadron. (A few men were returning from leave in Australia Thanksgiving and had to be content with K rations.) We made a point of enjoying the Christmas spirit to the full as we had been told that a move was impending and it seemed unlikely we should have any further opportunity for celebrating holidays for some time to come. Actually, there was a half-hearted celebration of New Year's Eve. A few quarts of Jungle Juice were procured by some of the men somewhere and at midnight they and practically all the carbines were fired with enthusiasm. But on the whole, it was a desultory affair, as we were in the midst of loading the LST on which our next move would be made. The stoves were the last items to be packed so we could have a good dinner at such time as we could be spared from the work at the dock to return to the squadron area to eat. But the loading of the ship was the primary concern and the work proceeded without interruption. Many of us had no opportunity to sleep for forty-eight hours or more while the loading was in progress.

We were not too happy about this move. We expected it to be rugged. We were, we knew, moving in with the troops making the invasion of Luzon. We should be put ashore shortly after the combat troops had landed, for all we knew before more than a beachhead could be established. Our mood as the ship pulled out was on of fatalistic anxiety.

We moved up the east coast of the Southern Philippines, through the Mindanao Sea and then into the Sulu and South China Seas. For those men who had flown to Hollandia and hadn't traveled on the Joseph P. Bradley this was the first experience of an American ship. It was a revelation for us all. We ate food prepared better than our previous water-borne moves would have led us to believe was possible. We picked up a few Naval terms, the most popular being the phrase, "Pass the word," that concluded all announcements over the public address system. The inconveniences were the by now familiar ones, crowding, the nightly blackout, showering in salt water, frequent and ill-timed boat drills and alerts.

The experience of sailing on an American ship was not the only new thread woven into the monotonously familiar pattern of water-borne moves. The Fates had decided to add another, a bright and exciting one. For one of our alerts had not proved to be a mere drill. Enemy planes had been sighted. The value of the drills was now apparent. Without confusion, we went to the stations below decks to which we had been assigned. Then the planes came over. We knew it only because the ack-ack guns started to fire. If these did not manage to give us a blow by blow account, it might be said that we learned of the action concussion by concussion. We realized it was too exciting a show to experience so indirectly. So, quietly, we left our stations to go top-side to see it. Accounts differed as to how many planes came over; some of us saw six, some saw twelve. But we all saw some. Flak burst into patches of black and ominous clouds above us, so thick that it seemed impossible for a plane to pass through unscathed. This assumption was bolstered as a plane was hit and exploded in the air and again as another crashed into the sea. But it was a false assumption in a sense, because one did come through. In the hands of one of the famous Kamikaze pilots, one of the Jap planes drove straight and sure through the fire to crash on the ship behind us. Four planes in all were seen to go down, the others fled. No one on our ship was injured but four of our men, Cpl. D'Angelo, Pfc. Everett and Pvts. Birk and N. H. Smith, received the Order of the Purple Heart as the result of shrapnel wounds received. These, happily, proved to be minor.

We had all experienced bombings at bases prior to this trip. An attack at sea was another story. Our squadron insignia seemed all too appropriate for this move; we were indeed sitting ducks. We had worried about this eventuality. Now it was here and our reaction surprised us. The mass of concentrated fire inspired confidence. The proceedings took on some of the aspects of a football game with GIs cheering the gunners on by means of injunctions to get "that lousy so-and-so" and shouts of approval when a plans was downed.

THE PHILIPPINES

Our first beachhead was an anti-climax. If we had pictured ourselves in the roles of Commandos, we were disappointed. The landings in Lingayen Gulf at a point where few Japs were stationed were made without incident. Our enemy had been completely surprised as he had thought it impossible to land ships at that place (White Beach being the code term for it). We were inclined to agree with him when we saw the difficulty encountered in beaching the LSTs during the high and rough tide. We lay in the harbor for several days waiting our turn. The rumor was that the Harbormaster considered us non-essential. This was all right with us. We settled down to a few days more of the lazy shipboard life, enlivened now by speculation about our squadron area. The town of Lingayen and its surrounding barrios (the Philippine word for village or township which we were soon to learn) spread out before us. Through binoculars it was possible to see the shell-torn tower of the local Cathedral, the arena surrounding the local cock-pits and the shattered municipal buildings of this provincial capital.

We were flattered by another rumor—that far from considering us non-essential, General Kruger himself, then Commanding General of the Sixth Army, had ordered that we be permitted to debark immediately as his scheduled operations were dependent on our aid. Whatever the reason, we did suddenly pull for the shore, bumping a neighboring LST in our haste.

It was, we discovered when we finally reached the area, somewhat less than that. The houses indeed were there but they were without any of the conveniences we associated with those at home. They were, in fact, but a shade better than those in which the fuzzy-wuzzies had lived in Guinea. They were of flimsy tropical construction, the walls and roofs of Nipa shingles, the floors of split bamboo. (Nipa was the name of a tree of the palm family whose products were used in such divers things as the aforesaid shingles, native rain-capes and a distillation of considerable alcoholic potency.) The houses were pleansantly cool and exotically remindful of those inhabited by governmental agents in all tropical plays and movies. We could be forgiven if our dreams in those days included visions of local Tandelayos pausing with infinite languor and promise in our doorways.

We settled down to enjoy such comforts as were provided and found the houses fairly comfortable and a vast improvement over life in tents. Alas, the Medical Department, with its diabolical intuition for discovering unpleasant things, didn't find them so. They were not hygienic. They contained mosquitoes, ants, fleas, and all the germs of the lesser known tropical disease. So out we went, back into our tents. When Filipino labor was made available to us, we had constructed either platform for our tents or shacks complete with Nipa shingles and as these were cleaner and open to such stray breezes as helped make that seething climate bearable, the net result was a gain. We were, for once, spared the necessity of constructing departmental buildings, as the departments were set up in the better-constructed houses.

Some notable changes in the squadron occurred during our stay in the Philippines. Major Counselman on 4 February 1945 was relieved of his assignment as our Commanding Officer to become Executive Officer of our Group. He was succeeded on the same date by Captain (later

Major) George B. Gathers, Jr. who had previously been assistant Operations Officer of the Group. A number of pilots who had completed their overseas tours of duty were returned to the States. Five pilots were reported missing in action: Lt. Karl M. Booth, Jr., with the squadron almost since activation, failed to return from a low oblique mission over the Ipo River Dam Area on 19 February 1945; two days later Lt. Madison E. Gillaspey was reported missing in action while attempting to complete the same minimum altitude mission in the same area; on 27 April 1945, shortly after receipt of news of his commissioning (he had been Flight Officer) 2nd Lt. Clarence E. Cook failed to return from a mission over Bagabag in the Cagayan valley and searches resulted in the disclosure that he had been killed in action, the Fifth Air-Sea Patrol finding the plane where it had crashed in the mountains east of Dupax, Luzon, P.I. and learning that Filipinos had buried his body; then Lts. James L. Wilson and Henry R. Willis were missing in action on a mission scheduled to be flown over Kiangan, Luzon, P. I. on 10 July 1945. Our longtime Adjutant, Captain Arthur L. Dressler, was injured on 7 June 1945 in a motor vehicle accident. His injuries included a fractured vertebra and necessitated his return to the United States for treatment.

Although most of the missions flown by us in Lingayen were local missions in close support of the 6th Army ground forces, longer missions were also flown to the Batan Islands, the Babuyan Islands, the Pescadores Islands, Fuga Island, Formosa and China. Some indication of the activities of the squadron during our stay on Luzon may be gleaned from the fact that from February 1945 through May 1945, more than 65,000 negatives were processed and more than 475,000 prints delivered to either 6th Army or other branches of the Air Force. This represents more than twice a normal quota.

At this time, too, members of the squadron began, under various policies of the War Department, to be eligible for return to the States, some because they were over age, some on a status calling for temporary duty in the States and a return to the Squadron at a later date, some because of the recently announced point system. None of the last named group would, however, depart from this station.

Although the war now was going into its final phases as indicated by the weakness of the enemy in the air—we had had only a few raids since coming to the Philippines—most of us were to travel many miles before we started on the homeward trip. Towards the end of July we prepared to move on to our next station. Leave-taking in the Philippines was more difficult than any since we had left the States. Most of us had made many good friends among the people in the surrounding barrios and our stay in the Philippines had been pleasant because of them. When our tents and houses began to come down, the Filipinos were on hand and, since we had all accumulated possessions it would be impossible to take along, our farewell gifts were freely dispensed. When our trucks actually pulled out, the roads were lined with "the neighbors" and their expressions of sorrow at our departure indicated that we had helped to implement the American "good neighbor" policy in a small way while with them.

Our transportation would be, again, by LST. This time it was really an old one. We knew this because loading of the top deck was accomplished by elevator instead of by ramp. It was neither more nor less pleasant than other moves had been; the hardships of crowding, lack of showers, and the rest followed the old pattern.

OKINAWA

We arrived but a few days before the war ended. As a matter of fact, just as we were concluding the unloading of the ship and were lining up for dinner, our last meal on the ship, a notice was put up on the bulletin-board announcing that the first atomic bomb had been dropped on Japan. We all sensed that the war was about over and scrambled avidly for the mimeographed news releases as they came out during the days intervening between the docking of our ship and the actual announcement of the cessation of hostilities.

The waiting was not too long either, though it seemed so. After almost two years overseas, when it looked to us as if the end was in sight, any delay would have seemed interminable. We listened to the news broadcasts with an eager interest such as they would probably never have for us again. We heard of the ultimatum to the Japanese, of the dropping of the second bomb, finally of the arrangements for an Armistice. Then, one of the most thrilling moments of the war was to be ours. General MacArthur's stipulations regarding the first meeting with the Japanese envoys were broadcast. We learned that they were to land at Ie Shima whose shores were visible from our area.

With an almost painful intensity we listened to the air-to-ground broadcast by means of which the base at Ie Shima was kept informed of developments. Our planes were airborne, they were so many miles from the rendezvous, they were so many miles closer, they were approaching the rendezvous point—the Jap planes were sighted! We breathed sighs of relief. So far—so good. But what if something should happen now? Something did. And we were tense again. The Japanese planes were reluctant to identify themselves by the code MacArthur had stipulated, "Bataan I and Bataan II." The American voice requesting identification was almost strident with nervousness. But the clipped Nipponese speech that answered kept reiterating, like a broken record, "Sorry, we do not understand. Sorry, we do not understand." The American voice seemed even sharper now. Not one of us spoke. Finally, the capitulation, (or so it seemed to us) came. "Bataan I and Bataan II." Those words, so hateful to the Japanese and so eagerly awaited by us, had been spoken. When, a short while later the Japanese planes flew over and we saw the identifying green symbol flash in the sun before they came in for a landing, it was anti-climactic. "Bataan I and Bataan II." Those words rang out for us in as sweet a song as ever the Bethlehem shepherds heard and they meant the same thing, too. "Peace on earth."

Now it was over. All that we had lived for and worked toward during our years in the Army was realized. We should be going home soon. Just how soon we had no way of knowing. Peace had indeed caught us as unprepared as had War. Every man wondered a little whether he would take the change from the Army back to civilian life in the same stride as that other abrupt change had been made. Every man wondered whether he had indeed changed; he was sure he hadn't but would those at home agree? Every man told himself he'd have to watch his table manners again and his language. He wondered if he'd slip. So it was just as well—though we wouldn't have admitted it then—that we didn't find it possible to fly home at once.

We had some formations, of course, many of them so we could learn all that our Commanding Officer and others had been able to learn. We were told that the work schedule would be considerably less strenuous, but, lest we get into mischief, that the athletic program would be expanded. Our regular schedules otherwise would be in order. Movies would be shown on the usual nights, cokes would be available. (In the absence of anything stronger, we had all drunk to victory with them the night the Armistice was signed.) In short, except for the absence of combat missions, alarums, and alerts, life would go on much the same but subject to change without notice on orders from higher headquarters.

The last LST trip was little different from all the others we had taken. True, we passed through strange waters, left the tropics behind us at last, and finally debarked on the continent of Asia. But what was most different about the trip was the absence of many of the old familiar faces. Some of our men stayed behind as a rear echelon at Okinawa but there were others missing, too. For, just before we left Okinawa, orders had come through for some of our men, including F/Sgt. Howell and M/Sgt. Bates, our Sergeant-Major, (whose duties were taken up by Sgt. McCann and Cpl. Stallings) for return to the States and several other men who had been with us almost since the squadron's activation, were, much to their sorrow and disgust, transferred to one of our "sister" squadrons. These included Sgts. Hamilton and Ellison of the Camera Repair department and Pfc. Goodman of the Photo Lab. Loss of these good buddies was but a foretaste of what the eventual dissolution of the squadron, necessary as this was, would bring, in the breaking up of ties that had bound us strongly together for several years.

Our first sight of Asia was a revelation. We landed in Korea, which to most of us had been a place one read about, from time to time, in such periodicals as the National Geographic, if one read such periodicals. To others of us, it was part of what the old mapmakers had referred to as Terra Incognita. But the streets leading up from the harbor were crowded with structures that seemed modern even by our standards; the buildings along the wharf were great warehouses such as might well have graced any sea-port in the States if it had not been for the Japanese characters printed upon them. And the wharves themselves were obviously built to serve sizeable ships (though not LST's, it should be said, since ours tore a huge chunk of lumber and metal from the side of one while we were docking.

The squadron area proved to be centered between the port city of Jinsen, where we landed, and the capital, called Seoul or Keijo. It was about seventeen miles from

either in a desolate agricultural district. The officers were to be quartered in a schoolhouse about a half mile from the squadron area proper and, at the area, the enlisted men and the departmental offices were put in abandoned Japanese barracks. These left much to be desired as living-quarters as the time of year was late September and the climate resembled that of much of the States. They were doorless and windowless. This was delightful during the Indian summer days but extremely uncomfortable at night when there was no means of protection from the damp chill that arrived with sundown. It was necessary to pile all the blankets we had upon us and our overcoats would have been used as well if we had had any. Both we and our suntan clothes were of the kind that had been more comfortable in the tropics.

One consolation we thought we had; we could now dispense with our mosquito nets as we were far to the north of the malarial zone. Even that consolation was short-lived, though. Several days after our arrival we were ordered to replace the nets because the country was alive with mosquitoes and they were found to be carriers of the even more dreadful Japanese Encephalitis or sleeping-sickness. Shots, of course, followed the receipt of this news and, just to be on the safe side, we were given shots against one of the prevalent types of influenza as well. By now we were fairly certain that our bloodstream contained everything but blood!

No one had to grouse about KP here. We hired Korean boys to handle that chore and, while they were not permitted to work in the kitchen, they did the heaviest parts of the work and KP was considerably less onerous than it might else have been. We became fond of these kids as we had of their counterparts in the Philippines and were quite amused by them. As part of their pay, they received a ration of fish and rice which they took home to their families. They, of course, ate what they wanted of the food in the Mess Hall. With one exception, the items served didn't seem to arouse their enthusiasm (a result any of us could have foretold). But that one exception was a peculiar one. It was hot-cakes. And if that doesn't seem peculiar, the manner of their eating them should. They would save the once-hot hot-cakes from breakfast and nibble at them throughout the day.

Probably because home, the land of milk-and-honey, seemed now to be just over the horizon, and we envisioned wonderful home-cooked meals served on heaping platters, the food we were getting seemed less appetizing than it ever had. What a thrill it was then, when one day Sgt. Mason, our Mess Sgt. after Sgt. Webber had returned to the States, announced that through some deal or other he had managed to secure a number of 10-in-1 Rations for us, enough to issue one for every two men. Its arrival was to us what the arrival of the charity basket at Christmas time must have been to the needy. It was undoubtedly the best food the Army had ever attempted (up to that time) to put into a ration and we made our starved and gluttonous best of it.

Few of the natives in this remote district knew any English but it was surprising to us how many in town were familiar with it. For "town" (even as in the States) as the place we headed for when we felt the need of a change from life at camp. Most of us had several opportunities, at least, to visit Keijo, the capital. It was certainly the most exotic place to which our tour of duty had brought us. It was a curious mixture of the Orient and the Occident. Kimonoed elders strode alongside men in business suits that would have passed muster in any city in America. Aged men with scraggly beards and diminutive hats of loosely woven black straw (resembling old-fashioned screen fly-traps) jostled young girls in bobby socks. A modern store boasting the latest tile-and-glass type front had its wares spread out inside on grass mats, the salesgirls sitting cross-legged by their merchandise. There was an amazing variety of transportation. On trolley line, crowded until it bulged and you wondered how the standees on the outermost rim managed to maintain a foothold. Limousines of the high, old-fashioned type with a charcoal-burning apparatus instead of gasoline. There were many bicycles and there were rickshaws—although apparently only GI's rode in the latter.

The places to which they took the GI's were exotic, too. Most restaurants were out-of-bounds because they could not meet the exacting sanitary code of the Army medicos. But two were on the approved list, the Hollywood Cafe and the A-B-C Bakery ("Fine Foods and Delicates"). You ordered beefsteak and when you found that it cost several dollars and was all of two inches square rounded out your meal with curried rice and tea both of which would be delicious. When you had eaten, you might decide to go over to the Red Cross to find out what "was doing" there. Very little would be as the Red Cross was just beginning to operate about the time of our departure. But you would go in for a cup of coffee, having heard about the white Russian girls who poured it for you. They were singularly unprepossessing, spoke no English and seemed dourly suspicious of you. Steel cables couldn't have kept you there. Your next thought would have been of a geisha house.

They, contrary to the ideas of most Occidentals were not, in Keijo, at least, dens of vice. In a vague sort of way they resembled our Western cabarets or night-clubs. Drinks could be procured and food be served but you took none of the latter unless you had had too many of the former. The chief charm of the houses, of course, was the geishas who correspond roughly to hostesses in a similar establishment in the States. A geisha's duties were much more inclusive. She seated you first—either at a table of conventional height or at a low, Japanese type table. (If you sat at the latter it would be on a platform and you would remove your shoes before stepping on it. It was amusing to see a pair of size eleven GI shoes placed alongside the tiny slippers of a geisha whose feet had been bound in infancy.) The geisha saw that your saki cup (about the size of a demi-tasse) was always filled with the warm saki, fed you, if you ate, with morsels at the end of the chopsticks which she manipulated with precision. She talked with you if you were wise enough to bring along a Korean who spoke English to act as interpreter. If she was a dancer and you signified interest, she danced for you. If a singer, she sang. When she or you tired of this, she would wind up a wheezy gramaphone giving you such weird selections as Shubert's Serenade or Sweet Sue played in the Japanese manner and with Japanese instruments. It was a double torture for one of our Southern boys to have to listen to such a rendition of Marching Through Georgia! In some of the places where Westernization was far advanced, the geishas abondened their native garb for skirts and sweaters and danced Western style dances with you.

You usually left early for a last look at Bun Chung, the main shopping street, in the hope that you could pick up a Japanese water-color, a kimono, an inlaid box or whatever souvenir you had intended picking up. You left early in any case as the curfew for GI's was nine-thirty.

Even if the curfew had not been in operation, most of our men would have remained away from the base only as short a time as necessary at this time. For rumors were flying thick and fast that we were to be relieved of assignment to our old Group and Wing and to be attached to XXIV Corps Headquarters in Keijo to facilitate our processing prior to being sent home. These rumors shortly became actuality. In several groups we were taken into town to the University where the Headquarters was set up and the necessary paper work accomplished by the Army clerks who had been drafted from every outfit in the area, including our own.

A spirit much like that evidenced during the final days of a school term after the examinations were over now evidenced itself. Prankishness was the order of the day. It culminated one night during a movie by the removal at the hands of persons unknown of all the rotors in all the officers' jeeps. An investigation failing to disclose the culprits, the entire squadron was restricted to the squadron area. This was one of the few times in the squadron's history that a punishment was visited upon the whole unit. There was some discussion about it but it didn't seem an important matter and the spirit in which it was received may be judged by the verse it inspired Sgt. Blizzard to write; as nearly as may be recalled, it went:

There was a young soldier named Bloater
Assigned to the Twenty-sixth Photer
Who should have been gone
But who still carried on
Awaiting a boat or—a rotor!

Bloater and his buddies hadn't long to wait for either. In a few days a search of a neighboring cornfield resulted in the finding of the rotors. And shortly after that, one night during the showing of a movie in the Mess Hall, our Executive Officer was called to the Mess Hall 'phone. The audience was as motionless as the rotorless jeeps had been. There was no sound. Then, when the tenor of the conversation became clear, a great and spontaneous shout went up. The first ship was in! Men with more than a certain number of points would be eligible to go. A beer ration had arrived that very day and great was the rejoicing that night.

Indeed, the ship was in. "The Marine Flasher," it was called. Further processing took place just before the men embarked and it was then discovered that the names of Sgts. Frankhuizen and Al Miller had inadvertently been left off the orders and they would be unable to sail. They were forced to return like ghosts to their haunts to which they had once said goodbye forever and were, understand-

ably enough, somewhat discouraged. Not for long, though, because it became immediately apparent that the second large contingent of men would depart in a few days by a faster ship so their arrival home would not be too greatly delayed. This came to pass. Now there were but a few men of the unit left and for a time they had their hands full because the squadron had not been deactivated and as a cadre they were obliged to be responsible for all operations. The number of officers to enlisted men was laughably disproportionate, too, and the dream of most enlisted men to see officers on KP was realized. We, of course, had seen this before, at Lingayen, when the officers volunteered for KP the night they tendered a party to the enlisted men after the successful bond drive. But it was still good to see them in the kitchen from force of circumstances and not from choice.

Actually, because the squadron's personnel "shipped out" in several parties and over many months, it would be impossible to detail all the homecomings but they followed much the same pattern. The homegoing ships were all crowded. Meals were restricted to two a day even as they had been when we made the trip on the Nieuw Amsterdam in the other direction. There would be hours of cold weather as the ships generally took the Great Circle route passing within a few hundred miles of the Aleutians. And most of the men would dock at Tacoma, Washington. It would be raining there when they arrived. A little harbor boat would come out to serenade them, crowded with local girls and a band, and an Army band would play them down the gangplank. On the way to camp, the roads would be lined with beautiful American billboards; real American cars, none newer than the 1941 models but all wonderful, would be on the roads; the personnel of Fort Lewis would be universally kind and helpful; they would sit down to steak and a fresh salad and milk and ice-cream and such food as they had tasted only in their dreams. They would telephone home. And after several days which would permit them to enjoy the delights of American living in Tacoma, they would shake hands with their buddies, promise to write, and depart for the trains that would take them to the various separation centers, their rows of ribbons glistening with the eight battle stars we had up to then been awarded and the coveted Presidential Unit Citation with its Oak Leaf Cluster framed in proud and lonely grandeur on the right side of their blouses.

And that should end the story. Only it doesn't. Just as the old saying tells us that "old soldiers never die" so it is true that old squadrons never die. Those of our buddies who are numbered among the fallen for us will never die. They will achieve immortality in our memories and will be alive as long as any of us is alive to remember them and cherish their memories. The Australians, on the anniversaries of the deaths of sons or brothers or comrades they had lost, would insert "In Memoriam" notices in their newspapers which usually began with the phrase, "In proud and loving memory." It was a phrase that many of us admired. It is a phrase it would be appropriate to borrow now. For in thinking of the friends we have lost by death or separation, in thinking of the days of our brotherhood and camaraderie, of the hardships, grief, work, fun we shared, we shall always be one in holding them "in proud and loving memory."