



**Victor
Czarnowsky**
Army Air Corps

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Mar 10, 1918 - Sep 6, 2009

BIRTHPLACE: Morris County, KS

SOLDIER DETAILS

DIVISION: Army Air Corps, Air Transport Cmd.

THEATER OF OPERATION: China Burma India

**HONORED BY: Children: Cindy Roelof and Vickie
Tsao**

BIOGRAPHY

Ike didn't do me any favors when he took over Command. He took over after Lord Louis retreated at Dunkirk. That sent Lord Louis to be in command in China, Burma, and India (CBI). That was in the spring of 1944. I had been sent out to Burma (after a big fight with a group from the Quartermaster Corps). After I flew one mission with Air Evacuation, my commanding officer, from South Texas, agreed that for his reputation and my safety, it would be wise for me to be transferred to Burma immediately. So, the transfer orders were to be Vocal Order of Commanding General (VOCO). The orders were not written out --- I was not court marshaled --- and didn't get my pay for 60 days. The timing was not in my favor. After Ike took over in the European Group --- the General I was under made a deal that those of us that flew over 'The Hump' almost every day to China for the Mercenaries (Flying Tigers), would be entitled to one week of Rest & Recuperation (R and R) for every 25 missions. After 50 missions, a trip and furlough to the U.S. was given. Ike took over and Lord Louis (relative of the Queen) was to be in charge of the CBI Theater. I had just counted my 50 China missions so guess what I got --- I was assigned to Lord Louis' airplane. I told Headquarters that I didn't want that job, so they let me crew for USO Troops until a 'war weary' would be available to take us to the U.S. Nine months later, I came back to the U.S. to ride on a 'war weary airplane.' You had to take only the least amount of weight possible. When I left Casablanca, I handed in everything --- all personal belongings --- pictures --- my '45' pistol --- my parachute. The clothes were pants with legs cut off at knee level, no underwear except T-shirt, my flying coveralls and a pair of shoes. The plane made it to the Azores. I got a ride from there to Newfoundland on a British transport, then on to New York City on Pan-American Airlines. I went to Camp Taton to get some Army clothes and had a hard time convincing them that I was a soldier. I was drafted --- spent three years in uniform and I have an Honorable Discharge to prove it. All of my Army records are on file in the Siskiyou County Court House in Yreka, CA. I entered the army reluctantly, did not take part in any offensive and lost a number of my buddies. But, we all knew if we survived, it would not be by some brave act. Rather a miracle by our Maker's Command.