

82ND FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION

SEATTLE

SEPT. 2 - 6

1993



Here's Your Newsletter

NUMBER 26

MARCH 1993

We'll Endeavor Forever

Dear Daddy,

On October 1st, 1992, meeting in St. Louis,
Oh, what that weekend meant to us...

At the Days Inn, we slept in, with room
service and juice, coffee as good as wine, spiced tea
and buttered toast, what little did we know,
soon to learn the real meaning of a swine toast...

On that beautiful afternoon at the Gateway to
St. Louis, now aboard the Tom Sawyer,
we are now ready to race, the Becky Thatcher
was beginning to pace, but first, at fourteen
hundred, exactly on the hour, we looked above
us, to see among us, four eagles in formation,
wing to wing, so close together, what a beautiful
sight, then appeared Spike... right next to him
was Grover, the number one pilot from all over...
and then there was Craig, the Brit guy, who then
flew by, and directing from the ground was O'B Junior
to be found... and the pilot from Desert Storm,
who kept perfect form and last, but not least,
was the pilot from the east, Ramps.

Chills rolled up and down my spine, tears rolled
down my cheeks, which was fine, what a patriot line...
which I get from that ole father of mine...

It was a coincidence, fifty years ago today,
on that October 2nd, the Queen Mary was threatened,
She was on her way, the Curacoa zipped, instead
of zagged - - oh what they had, it was so sad -
three hundred thirty-eight lost their lives that day...

As the weekend unraveled, we were continuously
dazzled, mingling with the 82nd fighter group...

With Joan and George, we did gorge, with Norma
and Dave, how they did save, and don't forget Big Dave,
the treasured moments on camera, and there was
Colonel Miller, what a thriller, surrounded by P-38's,
how I wanted the dates... with O'B Senior I wanted
to dance, instead, I danced with the dead -
he wore a tuxedo, thank God he had no libido...
he wore a top hat and he only sat, with a beer,
and I tried to whisper in his ear, I don't want to
dance with you! With a sweaty palm, I thought
about dancing with Tom.

I now must end, it's a battle, I guess
I'll continue after Seattle. Thanks
Dad, for being a Veteran, and with us
a sharin', a great weekend and all
that you did spend... thanks for the
memories, we'll endeavor, forever.

Love,

Nanette

THE 82ND FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

OFFICERS

WILL HATTENDORF
PRESIDENT
SUNSET DRIVE, ROUTE 6
CANTON, GA 30114
(404) 479-4043

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VICE PRESIDENT
P.O. BOX 45
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(207) 359-4472

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CINCINNATI, OH 45224
(513) 931-2436

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4702 CONGRESSIONAL DRIVE
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(512) 854-3552

...

UNIT REPRESENTATIVES

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4917 RAVENSWOOD DRIVE 1719
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78227
(512) 674-1555

OLEN MEDLEY - 95TH SQUADRON
12001 CAMELOT COURT
OKLAHOMA CITY, OK 73120
(405) 751-4929

WALTER CARLSON - 96TH SQUADRON
ROUTE 1, BOX 33
URBANA, IL 61801
(217) 328-1894

JACK DUNCAN - 97TH SQUADRON
309 PECAN DRIVE
SCHEERTZ, TX 78154
(512) 658-6007

1993 REUNION CHAIRMAN
CHUCK LUKE
4600 118 S.E.
BELLEVUE, WA 98006
(206) 747-5879

ROSTER

RALPH C. EMBREY
7865 E. MISSISSIPPI 1203
DENVER, CO 86231

NEWSLETTER EDITOR
DICK LINGENFELTER
P.O. BOX 5541
BOISE, ID 83705
(208) 344-7742

Nanette

How many more Nanettes are out there amidst our most adroit and gifted membership? Are there more Logans, more Kens, more Audreys or more Montys? These jewels with pen or typewriter are most welcome to this editorship. I must believe there's more of you who have the sense of story and the skills to share the same with our comrades. It also helps to have proud Daddies, Grandpas, Spouses and friends to keep our Newsletter fresh.

And to you, Nanetter Medley FORRESTER, thanks for having a proud Daddy.

DEPARTMENT OF "WHOOPS" !!

Attention All Optomists

In the last Issue of the 82nd Newsletter we printed a piece on Page 2 entitled "Hold For 2000 !"

It was almost totally inaccurate. Following is a corrected rewrite

During the Business Meeting in St. Louis, President Will Hattendorf proposed a wonderfully unique idea for our Association to consider.

Will said he had been approached by Dick Willsie, Pres. of the National P-38 Association, who is actively promoting a joint reunion of all P-38 groups/squadrons in the year 2000! Willsie told Will the idea is being warmly received by organizations contacted so far.

Will emphasized that the proposed "One Time" affair would not preempt our regular reunion schedule and, hopefully, the 82nd's reunion that year can be scheduled to tie in with the joint affair so our available members can easily attend both.

(continued on page 4, col. 2)

A FEW WORDS FROM OUR PRESIDENT:

As we look ahead into '93, it appears that Charles and Judy Luke are well along with their plans for our Seattle Reunion. This will be a great opportunity for our membership to see some of the magnificent country in the Northwest - as well as expanding one's travels into Canada and/or Alaska. With this 1993 Reunion we will have pretty well covered the far reaches of our mainland - except for the extreme Northeast which may be remedied in the years ahead.

Hopefully, we'll be able to select the '94 Reunion site by early spring of '93. It is anticipated that the '94 site will be somewhat inland rather than along either of the east or west coasts.

In looking back at the St. Louis Reunion it was most gratifying to again have a sizable group of "First Timers" attending. Now that we have found each other it is hoped you all will join us at future reunions.

Our Reunions have been made "extra" stimulating and fun because of the attendance of personnel from the active Squadrons. To all of you from Tyndall and Williams AFBs --- many thanks for your continued interest and support and a very special note of appreciation to the Tyndall group for executing the FLY-BY along the River - it was beautiful.

Betty joins me in extending Warmest Greetings to you all!

Will

**SWEET
DREAMS**

82nd

On Mar. 31, 1993 Williams AFB will close its gates for good and, with John Kingsley (42-C) representing you and me, the 82nd Fighter Training Wing will take off for the Never Never Land of Slumbering Memories. Proud, vivid but never nascent memories they are. Strong threads of History are tightly wound around them; Terror and Adventure are part of them; Excitement and Romance are part of them. Two important ingredients are Duty and Patriotism. Love and Fierce Pride are woven into the fabric of our beloved 82nd's new resting place. The Spirits of all those whose lives were so deeply entrenched in her missions go with her to her new abode - never forgetting. Faces - written with so many different emotions - flit by one's recollections as do sounds, odors, tents, tentmates, mud, Lister bags, atabrine tablets, messmates, fly-overs, vino, dust, "hey johnnies", salutes, passes to town and all the other large and small bits and pieces that went together to make that special and unique 82nd mosaic.

SOME NEWSLETTER ITEMS

It is now Monday, Feb. 1, 1993 and I have been telling everybody that I was going to start on the March Newsletter on Feb. 1 so here I am. And here you are. Ain't we both lucky?

First, I have to say "Thanks Buddy" for all the kudos and other nice words that came in from you guys for the "Gateway Arch Cover". That was really fun for me and the Nikon really helped. Funny thing, I took the picture into my photo people here in Boise and told them what I wanted to do with it and they said "Mission Impossible". In the 82nd, we don't know the meaning of the term - right?

Needless to say, they were surprised when they saw the result.

The prize winning critique of the cover came from Arky Harman (wife of Paul, 96th Crew Chief) in a note to Jo Ann. She said, "When I looked at that cover for the first time I said to Paul, 'Paul, I don't remember those P-38s flying through that arch and I was on the boat with everybody else.' And Paul said, 'Arky, if it's in Dick's newsletter, it's true.'"

We're going to try a couple of new wrinkles in this newsletter and I think they will make it a nicer 82nd house organ for you. 1) We will set aside at least one and not more than two pages for:

The 82nd Pre-Flite

which was the name of the Group Newsletter that was published in Foggia. Steve Blake copied them for us when he was going thru some Air Force records. Some of them are almost illegible but we'll do the best we can.

2) We'll change the format of the Mail Bag Department a little. Instead of introducing each letter "From Fred Montgomery" or "From Paul Peck" like we have been doing, we will simply drop the "From". Then, we will add an identifier so all will know of whom we are reading, thus: Dick Hassenpfeffer, HQ Nitpicker (at least one of you guys out there will know of whom we are talking)

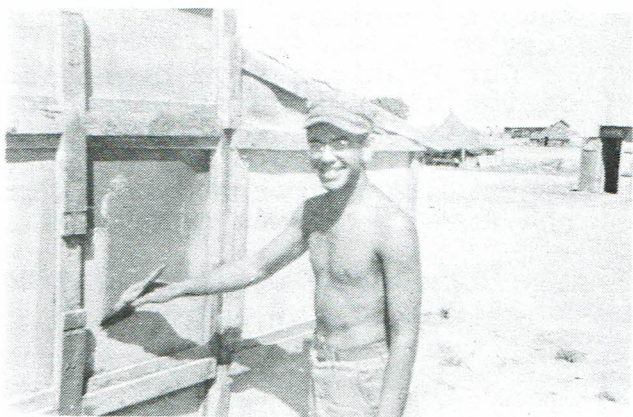
A note of appreciation to Paul Peck, the Editor of the 57th Bomb Wing Association's Newsletter, for the first idea; and to Fred Montgomery, the 96th's version of John Stinebock for the "ident" suggestion. We joke around a lot in this rag but in all seriousness, Fred Montgomery is one of the finest writers in this or any other organization. You will find many of his vignettes in our History

and many of the chapters have felt the touch of his proofing skills.

Hey guys and gals, there's a lot of exciting things going on around the group. We will try to touch on as many of these goings on as is reasonable.

As we sit here and contemplate our great organization we can't help but think how lucky we are to have this job. Biologically we have a family of five children + spices, sixteen GKs and two GGks but spiritually we have a family of about 500 members P L U S those wonderful Chiefs of Staff. Jo Ann and I bask in your love and friendship and we keep hoping the Executive Committee doesn't conspire to dismiss us.

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A Ding-a-Ling Edits A Foggia 11 Shack

(continued from page 2)

Of course, no place or specific date has been suggested.

This idea was put into the form of a motion and passed unanimously. We will monitor all plans for the big party in a subsequent newsletter.

Stretchers and wheelchairs will be most welcome.

(President's P.S.: Dick, this will put credit for the idea where it belongs and perhaps create further interest among our members in "hanging in there" until the year 2000!

One of our members called me last week and guaranteed to meet me at the proposed joint meeting. I accepted the challenge)

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ADORIMINI

OR

The Word Has Gotten Out

So far to three foreign countries: South America, Italy and Great Britain. We could have added "North Dakota" but Ike would have stomped us a good one.

We know none of you guys are interested in figures so here are some facts (those have to be "ball park" facts - a ball park that would take an SST a week to fly over) about what has been happening with "Adorimini" sales:

We ordered 1,500 books but just as the pressman was about to press the stop button, he sneezed, and - before he could recover - we had 1,724! Very roughly here's how the Inventory stacks up as of Mar. 1, 1993: 842 in boxes in Boise & 100 in Aliso Viejo, CA (the mud mountain on which Steve Blake thrives); Dealers (on consignment) - 40, (or purchased outright) - 58; Dispensation (partial payment for authorship) - 30; individual sales to members, friends and incidental purchasers - 650.

All printing and publishing costs have been paid. Roy has spent weeks trying to resolve the financial complexities of our operation. At this writing our kitty holds about \$4,000. Our responsibility to those members who helped with \$s in addition to those put up for purchases total about \$14,000. When this sum is satisfied the History Board will negotiate with Steve regarding his and John Stanaway's interests.

We sent a complimentary book to Jack Ilfrey who is the Editor of the "King's Cliffe Remembered" - the 20th Fighter Group's Newsletter. Jack was the Mediterranean's first Ace out of the 1st Fighter Group in Africa. Cliff Bishop is one of Jack's fans and read Jack's excellent review of Adorimini and then ordered ten of our books for his East Anglia Book Shoppe near London. We just recently, too, received an inquiry from a WWII historian in Lyon, France. Glendor McAdams, a 97th, pilot has the only copy we know of that is south of the Equator. The Falcone Famiglia of Foggia, Italy have a copy of Adorimini that was furnished by a couple of anomminolus donars and - last but not least - Romeo Routhier (96th soldier of fortune) reads himself to sleep every night with one in Guatemala, C.A.

So, mios compadraydados, your fame is spreading far and wide.
(We now see that it's getting late)

A Last Salute

Time is slipping by us and we can do no more at this hour than to give mention of the passing of some of our friends. We will try, in a future newsletter, to render a proper Obit. Please advise us of omissions.

BETTY BAKER

ROBERT O. BROWER

MILES HOELZEL

RICHARD KERLEY

Mighty Missives From The MAIL BAG

HARRISON B. DICKIE (Sorry, no other data)

I have recently joined the 82nd Fighter Group Association. In conferring with Roy Norris he said you had copies of the 82nd History. Enclosed please find my check for same.

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RALPH SIMPSON, 95th

I am writing (Dec. 10) to inquire about my two copies of "The 82nd Fighter Group History" that I have not yet received. I received the Newsletter yesterday and everyone mentioned getting their copy.

(Ed's note: Ralph didn't say it because he's a gentleman - like all our members are - but reading between the lines we could tell he was plenty ticked - real PLENTY t i c k e d. Can't blame him a bit. Here he picks up the newsletter and reads that everyone else in the group are reading H I S books!

Ralph, if it is any solace, you weren't alone. One of our very high officials - [at least 3.5"] - lost a very important document under a pile of papers in his cell. He sneezed - papers flew all over - and the document, with your's and several other's names, landed on top)

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BERNARD L. "Bull" BARBER, 96th Pilot

I got your message - Loud & Clear! I do enjoy reading the Newsletter and wish to continue receiving it. I will forward a check to the Sec./Treas. soon! Also, if I'm not too late, I wish to purchase a History book and am enclosing a check.

Thanks for the warning shot.

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THIS IS A GOOD A PLACE AS ANY

To jab you a little bit about what may be a delinquent account with us. Fifteen bucks a year is an absolute steal for what you are getting. SO LIGHTEN UP ONCE!

ALBERT RIZZO, 97th Pilot

Some years ago Tom Kelly came across Dr. Albert Rizzo, MD at Davis-Monthan AFB. Kelly's info found its way to Boise and we tried to make connections with Al but failed. Then, a couple of months ago, a note came from Walter Zurney with Rizzo's phone # and with the suggestion the Doc might be interested in buying a History. Another call was tried at the time with no result - but a couple of days ago we hit paydirt.

Al Rizzo was assigned to the 97th in the late spring of '44. He flew 13 missions before being transferred to a weather recon outfit at Bari. As a result of a hairy recon mission, Al was awarded a DFC.

Al has his copy of Adorimini now and Roy Norris has his membership check. Would you believe we can read the Doc's writing? Thanks Tom & Walt for your efforts.

Al's wife died very recently of acute leukemia. I know he has our condolences.

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JOHN D. MULLINS, Pilot & VP 1st FG Assoc.

Robin Hansen (71st pilot & S/Tr 1st FG) wrote and suggested I get on your mailing list for the Newsletter.

My group of replacement pilots (June '44) was divided among the 3 P-38 Groups. I was assigned to 1st FG, 94th Squadron.

I'm sending \$25 to you as I don't know your dues structure. If you need more let me know.

(Ed's note: A G-note will do, John, only send it to me and not to Roy Norris - he's a spendthrift)

(Ed's real note: John, my readers think I'm just joking)

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LINK JONES, 96th pilot

Thanks for the phone call the other night. I still haven't had a chance to continue our discussion or meet with John Perrone (96th pilot) in regard to stocking the History at the Nut Tree Inn but hope to do so soon. (The Nut Tree Inn is a Tourist Trap between Sacramento and San Francisco and it has a big section devoted only to military books & other materials RLL)

We had a pleasant surprise last week when Charlie and Bette Pinson stopped by during their "motor home tour of the west". It was good to see them.

(continue Link Jones on page 7)

(continue Jones from page 6)

Dick, a couple of my 1st Fighter Group friends, Robin Hansen (Sec./Treas of the 1st FG Association) and Hank Schneider have been in contact with me about our group getting together with their group sometime before the year 2,000 when an all Group meeting is planned.

As you know, both of our groups (plus the 14th) flew on common missions when we were in North Africa (they were just over the hill from us when we were in Telergma). Robin's suggestion of separate reunions at a common site and time span has merit. Other alternatives include an overlapping reunion or a combined reunion.

Hansen said their group has already selected the Fall of '94 at Colorado Springs as site for their next reunion (they only meet every other year) and suggested the two groups get together at that time and place.

This sure sounds like a great idea to Hank Schneider and me. When he was with us here in San Jose, I asked Pinson what he thought of it. He thought it would be a good idea if the logistics could be worked out.

If we really wanted to get carried away we could also include the other P-38 units that operated in the Mediterranean; i.e. the 14th FG and the Recon folks.

Something for our guys to think about.

(Ed's note: We have heard some rumblings in this area. Though we aren't a part of the 82nd's decision making machinery we think it's a jolly good idea. Link suggested we would need to have someone in that area of Colorado to jump into the maw and play host. We will tell you this right now that there's a fellow who lives up in Denver that will move to Zabú if someone approaches him who even LOOKS like a Reunion Host Seeker.

Being Military Reunion Watchers we see many such being run by non-residents. The Denver fella could furnish the combined 1st & 82nd Reunion Committee the name of the folks that helped run the 82nd's Denver Reunion.

We vote to give it a chance to gel.

It should be mentioned here that in the St. Louis Business Meeting someone said we hadn't been in Texas for a while and another Texophile volunteered San Angelo. Roy Norris said no decision was made.

In any case, someone should get on the ball NOW! Thanks, Link, for bringing this most important matter to our attention)

ACTIVE DUTY AWARDS At The St. Louis Reunion

WILLIAMS AFB

S/Sgt. Jeffrey D. Drazil

Sgt. Drazil is an Aerospace Physiology Specialist. He was assigned to the Aerospace Physiology Unit, 82nd Medical Squadron at Williams AFB. A native of Portland, OR - where he graduated from Gresham High - Drazil enlisted in '83 and had basic training at Lackland AFB and then technical training at Brooks.

In his assignment at Willy, Sgt. Drazil assisted pilots to understand the physiological effects of flight but he also served on the Base Search and Rescue Team and his other job-related specialties are too numerous to mention. Drazil's ongoing commitment to the U.S. Air Force, both on and off duty, earned him recognition as the Outstanding NCO at Williams AFB for the year 1991.

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Capt. Craig A. Andreas

A T-38 Instructor Pilot, Capt. Andreas was assigned to the 97th FTS at Willy. He was born in Marysville, OH and earned a B.S. in Microbiology from Ohio State University. After OCS at Lackland he earned his wings at Willy and was then assigned to the 97th as an Instructor Pilot.

Capt. Andreas has held many positions in the 97th including: Runway Supervision, Functional Check Flight Pilot, Asst. Chief Check Flight and, finally, Chief Check Flight. His unique ability to teach coupled with a deep concern for his cadets has made him Willy's Outstanding Officer of the Year for 1991.

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TYNDALL AFB

T/Sgt. Robert S. Lamielle

The 95th Fighter Squadron is proud to announce T/Sgt. Robert S. Lamielle as The Most Valuable NCO in the Squadron. His flight line maintenance initiatives and contagious enthusiasm for maintaining our F-15 Fleet permeate the Squadron.

Sgt. Lamielle was born in Canton, OH and grew up in Melbourne, FL. He enlisted in '77 and trained at Chanute AFB. Subsequently he served at Randolph AFB, pulled a year's hitch in Korea and wound up at Tyndall in January of '89.

“OLD

SLOW

ROLL”



Hail to the jeep!
Could we have
won without it?

by JOHN HENDRIX

One day, long ago, in a place known as Berteaux, Rocky and Fred were driving by a large dirt mound, which was used to "Test Fire" P-38 guns. Fred said, "I wonder if this Jeep could climb that mound?" Rocky said, "Let's see." After doing a "slow roll" over the top, the two sergeants limped away and had the Jeep (known from then on as "Slow Roll") hauled to Transportation where many hours of spare time were spent in repairing same. They were never able to acquire a windshield so "Slow Roll" was a very cool ride.

As time went by "Slow Roll" became "A" Flight's official flag ship to lead pilots to their proper parking spots. One day, in Grombalia, a "throttle happy" pilot got too close and Jack lost a sizable portion of "Slow Roll's" aft section. At a later date - while on an official search and rescue mission to Tunis one night - Jake made a sudden left turn and left Floyd rolling across the street with skinned hands and knees. Floyd enjoyed that so much he did a repeat performance when Jack made a sudden left turn sometime later in Lecce.

"Slow Roll" gave Jack, Jake & Floyd a very interesting ride from Galentina to Foggia where her luck changed for the better. It seems that "Slow Roll" found an unattended and nearly new English Jeep parked on the Troia Road. Being a very considerate Jeep, "Slow Roll" assisted that lonely and unfortunate Jeep to 95th Transportation. A short time later, and by some strange coincidence, "Slow Roll" was sporting a "nearly new" body and a badly banged up Jeep, sans windshield, was found unattended on the Troia Road.

Some English military men came by and insisted on checking all our Jeeps but were unable to locate their lost vehicle. Jake & Floyd sure enjoyed a couple of days in Ariano while the English checked our Jeeps. Jack used a weapons carrier to handle "A" Flight activities. Oh, almost forgot, "Slow Roll" surely looked proud with that nearly new body, paint job and new windshield.



RUTH DONOHOO, Widow of Tom, 96th Pilot

(Ed's note: Ruth furnished us with a check list of 96th folks who have been hurting. Most are touched on in other notes so will continue with the remainder of her note)

As suggested, I took my book and the news release to our local "weekly" newspaper and the enclosed was in this week's issue. It is a homey newspaper that has been in one family for three generations. My daughter works there and enjoys it very much.

P.S. I think I may have sold a book to a neighbor. He wants it to give to the Army Aviation Museum at Ft. Rucker.

See you in Seattle.

(Ed's note: Ruthie's "Weekly" published the news release in full and added a little note about her and Tommy. Such warms the cockles of our hearts. Several have reported in with info about the way they have used the "history news release". Hope more of you follow Ruth's example)

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TED LATTA, 96th Crew Chief

What better way to take some time on this Inauguration Day - which is smack dab between the birthdays of R.E. Lee & Stonewall Jackson (Jan. 19th & 21st) - than to spend it with one of the friends with whom I shared a bit of our Country's history. With that, I'll dismiss History 101 and get on with the great task facing me - namely cranking out a few lines of greetings to my compatriots.

Right now I'm looking out on about 6 inches of snow that's been around for about a week. Guess I'll go out and give my snow fence a jump start so it'll keep the snow away from my hearth. 'Tis nothing I can't tolerate when I sit in my heated abode and contemplate and harken back on those Januaries I spent in the Targhee National Forest near Alpine, Idaho (whoops there, Tedio. I've been in every little town and village in Idaho - except Alpine and the reason is that there ain't no Alpine, Idaho - and the reason for that is because Alpine is right across the border in Wyoming. Jo Ann and I stayed in that Alpine one night - right on the Snake River - when we were on our way to a meeting with some wild-eyed kangaroos). That was back in the thirties whilst I was in the Three Ceas. I distinctly remember one night it got so cold that all our stove fires froze up and the cooks ground them up and put them in the chili the next summer.

As you can see from the Port Huron, MI "TIMES HAROLD", the fat is in the fire. We now know how those P-38s made it through the St. Louis Arch.

(Ed's note: Sorry guys that I have to take up valuable newsletter space with these Ed's notes but I have to protect the integrity of this publication. Ted sent a clip from the "Times Harold" which showed a Navy Tom Cat taking off from a freighter sailing down the St. Clair River - obviously a computerized composite. Ted must have been one of the many 82nd River Boaters who had been lulled to sleep during our Mississquoi River Cruise and didn't see those beautiful P-38s fly thru the Arch. Zounds!)

Teds's letter continues: We had a letter yesterday from Jim Metcalf (a recently found 96er) with the news he had undergone a hernia op. He said they went through his naval and I must write and ask him, "How come an 82nd guy is cavorting with a bunch of sailors?" Maybe lifting forks full of Spam did it. If any of you find a cache of Spam - send it to Metcalf.

(Note to Dorothy: Jo Ann & I don't think you should sign Ted's letters)

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DICK & SYLVIA OSTRONIK, 96th Pilot & CO

We met up with Bette & Charles Pinson in Laughlin, Nevada. We welcomed in the New Year and stayed several days. Now we are going down to Baja for several weeks and there will be six motor homes of us.

We do some fishing and distribute clothing.

(Ed's note: Sylvia implied the Pinsons would accompany them to Baja if Dick could fix C & B's sick motor home. B & C later appeared in San Jose where they visited with Link & Midge Jones. Then off to Hawaii - don't think they'll find any 82nders there, though)

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TOM CARHART, 97th Pilot

Enjoyed our little chat today. Am enclosing \$100 for three more of those great history books. My congratulations to all concerned.

I'm also enclosing a picture taken in Oct. '91 at Viareggio, Italy where I competed in the World's Masters Rowing Championships and was lucky enough to be in on the Gold Medal Crew of "Four With Coxswain" - all over 70!

Seemed bizarre that 46 years earlier the Jerry AA had zeroed in on my section (and scattered us). I took minor hits but they got our attention; and now I was within sight of that minor occurrence - but was much more relaxed.

(Continue Carhart on page 13)



Prop Wash...

by Fred Montgomery

HIGH TIMES! That trip to the top of the St. Louis Gateway Arch was one of the greatest experiences in our young lives -- and the film of its incredible construction, from architect Saarinen's drawing board to securing the final center section, 630 feet above the ground -- that was frosting on the fantastic cake. For sure it was the highlight of the 82nd's 50th Anniversary reunion, which was the Montgomerys' eleventh.

Number eleven? Seems impossible. But I'll never forget the first familiar face I saw as Ethel and I walked into the lobby of the International Inn, Orlando on March 4, 1982. There, like the rising sun, was the unlined, almost unchanged "happy face" of Bruce Ireland, 96th communications specialist. Everyone else, though faintly familiar, required mutual introductions. And ever since that day, reunion time has just gotten better and better. Every year the family circle gets closer, the friendships deeper.

But in the best of families discipline is necessary once in a while, so here are a few words that won't win me any new friends, but somebody's got to tell it like it is. I'm talking about talking when you should be listening or at least allowing those around you to listen. It's called common courtesy, and people our age should have learned it long ago. Famous example: "Nobody ever told us that!" Oh, yes, they did, my friend, but you were running your mouth, so you and eight or ten people around you missed the announcement. Now, if the shoe fits you, feel free to kick my tail, but please remember my message at the next Association business meeting in Seattle -- and at the banquet! I look forward to seeing all of you there and hearing what the speakers have to say. Thanks fellers.

* * * * *

(ed's note:

Making an editorial comment about one of Fred Montgomery's pieces of classic literature is like addressing a chocolate nut sundae in Souk El Arba (*in July*) and saying, "What, no napkin?" Fred thought the piece should have been in the Nov. Issue of the Newsletter while it was fresh in your memories. Right! Except by Labor Day you would have forgotten his crisp reprimand.

Tell you what. We'll fix up a nice little poster for Chuck Luke's Bulletin Board in Seattle - if he will tolerate same.

As my great great grandpa used to say as he dawdled me on his knee. "Dickie Bird," he'd say, "A word to the wise is sufficient." Or was it Snoopy who said that?)

~r1.

MEDAL MISSION!

by Ken Herrick

We were volunteered for this mission by some HQ colonel who wouldn't be going along. If we succeeded, he would undoubtedly get a medal for his brilliant idea.

It seems the bombers were ill-suited to take out a bridge essential to the flow of enemy transportation, deep in the Austrian mountains. The bridge was at the bottom end of a deep valley and pretty well hidden by verticle cliffs.

Our mission was to destroy the bridge with a dive bombing attack. Why we were expected to have more success than the bombers was hard for a combat novice to fathom - especially one who is going on his first dive bombing mission. Each bomber had two guys to fly, another to bomb and lots of guys to shoot. All they did was bomb and they were experienced at it. They flew straight and level and had an exceptionally sophisticated and accurate bomb sight.

Our P-38s had only one guy to do it all - fly, bomb and shoot. We had no bombsight - period! We would be in a steep dive when we bombed instead of flying straight and level and I had no experience in bombing. In aerial warfare, experience counts heavily.

You did have a gun sight that you were to line up on the target in your dive. Then you pulled back on the wheel so that the nose of the plane started to come up and "just after the target disappears under the nose you press the bomb release button". Are you kidding me? The "just after the target disappears . . ." is a fighter plane's equivalent of the Norden Bombsight? The words, "Ours not to reason why, Ours but to do or die," come immediately to mind.

So we were off - our squadron of sixteen planes - in flights of four and I was flying wingman on the fourth flight leader. The bridge was at an altitude of about 4,000 feet and we were briefed to start our dive on it at 13,000 feet. We needed that 9,000 feet difference to have sufficient time in the dive to get lined up on the target, drop the bombs and still be able to pull out before mother earth smacked you in the face.

Trouble was that when we arrived at the bridge there was an overcast at 11,000 feet into which we dared not disappear. We needed to see the bridge as we started our dive. The narrowness of the valley precluded our normal dive pattern - further complicating our task. We circled under the overcast far enough away from the bridge to be out of range of its defenders' anti-aircraft guns while our squadron leader made a feasibility decision. Could we dive, drop with some degree of accuracy and still pull out in time from 11,000 feet instead of 13,000.

Only one way to find out - try it! Since our squadron leader would go first we were confident he had used his very best thought process. The rest of us would follow in single file - strung out one behind the other. As the #1 plane was dropping his bombs and then starting to pull up, #2 was to start his dive followed by the rest in numerical order. Since I was #14 in line I had ample time to watch those ahead of me.

As each plane started its dive the guardians of the bridge opened up with everything they had. They continued firing at the diving plane until they switched their fire to the next plane coming down at them. They knew exactly how high we were as we started our dives because of the overcast and they knew our dive direction to the bridge. As I watched the other planes ahead of me diving in turn, it reminded me of an amusement park shooting gallery. You know! Where the little metal ducks go slowly by - evenly spaced in single file - as the gunners blaze away.

The duck's direction and speed are all the same and, with a little practice in leading the ducks, shooters begin to score some hits. Since I was to be duck #14 it occurred to me that by the time it was my turn to play target the bridge gunners would have had all the time they needed to be right on. As I watched, one plane failed to pull out of its dive and another pulled out with one engine on fire. My hypothesis was confirmed. Is there an honorable way out of this? I am afraid not! All my squadron mates are watching.

All too soon I see my flight leader pulling up to the 11,000 foot overcast to start his dive. I'm a few hundred yards behind him. How time flies when you're having fun! Now it is my turn. What I wouldn't give right now to trade places with the colonel who thought up this mission.

I become very intent and intense.. Today we call it "being focused". Keep the bridge in sight; squeeze out the last foot of altitude between the overcast (it could just be the difference between living and dying). Kill off all possible air speed; gun sight on; crank elevator trim back. Now I start my dive.

(continue Herrick on page 12)

There is the bridge. Work the wheel and rudder pedals to center it in the gun sight; keep pushing the wheel forward to overcome the elevator trim. Here come the ground fire tracers. Boy, they look like they are going to hit me right between the eyes - little balls of orange getting bigger and bigger as the distance between us rapidly narrows. To those gunners my plane must look like a bulls-eye getting larger and larger. How can they miss?

I push in a little left rudder. The nose and tail of my plane now line up pointing to the left of the bridge - even though my line of flight has not changed. Maybe those gunners will lead my nose and miss me. Upcoming tracers are still getting bigger and at the last instant appear to swerve a couple of feet to my right. I can't stand just being a sitting duck. I'll fire my guns back at them - but, of course, I'll be way off target. But they may not know that and when they see my nose light up with tracers pouring toward them - they should be getting a little bit nervous - like I am. The smell of my gunpowder somehow makes me feel better. Have to push harder and harder on the wheel to overcome the elevator tab and keep in my steep dive.

Get the gunsight lined up on the bridge! But I don't want to get so intent on the bridge that I wait too long to drop the bombs and pull up. The ground is unforgiving. Fear is turning to terror, impeding my ability to get the bridge centered in my gunsight. What is my altitude now? What is my air speed? Out of the corner of my eye I see the altimeter needle going around counterclockwise like crazy. Also, the air speed needle is moving ever more quickly to the right - showing my rapidly increasing speed.

The ground is getting too close; can't wait any longer! Even up the left rudder; check needle and ball for alignment; bridge is not quite centered in my gunsight. Ease back on the wheel. The bridge has just disappeared under the nose; press the bomb release! Let go of the wheel. Now the elevator tab takes control - forcing the nose of the plane to come up. As this occurs, the G forces build and I "grey out". I am still semiconscious but I can't see because too much blood has left my head. It is not an unpleasant feeling and it becomes extremely pleasant as the Gs lessen and sight returns. I am headed up instead of down. There is sky and there is earth. There is no one shooting at me now. It is over! I am alive and I am safe.

I care not that the colonel won't get his medal!

IN THE SPOTLIGHT
- John Pando -

82nd Pre-Flite Vol. I, No. 1

The first character to be placed in the spotlight is Guy Bourgeois of the 95th Medics. Guy is the recent recipient of the Soldiers Medal which is awarded to those men who perform acts that endanger their lives while not in conflict with the enemy. The 10th day of Feb., 1915 was a great day in the annals of Lockport, Louisiana for on that day the subject of this column first saw the light of day. Like most boys Guy sat through 12 years of school and graduated from H.S. in 1932.

If you fellows are wondering where Guy acquired his quick wit and snappy comeback you need wonder no longer. He was a pharmacist in civilian life and this position afforded him an excellent opportunity to observe the antics of drugstore cowboys. For the benefit of you GIs from New York, a drugstore cowboy is a person who twirls his watch chain and whistles at the passing females from the front of the corner newstand that "youse guys" made your operations headquarters.

It will please the men of the 95th to know that Guy's knowledge of drugs is the result of 10 years civilian experience and not the result of a classification clerk's mistake. Bourgeois intends to establish his own drugstore when he returns to civilian life.

(continued on page 20)

(Carhart continued from page 9)

This past Oct. I was lucky to participate again in the "Worlds" in Cologne, Germany (reason why I wasn't at St. Louis) and lucked out again when me and my partner won the Gold in "Pairs"! Next October I hope to compete in Vienna, Austria. My last sight of Vienna was in 1945. I was flying "Wild Man" Dolan's wing and we were shooting up barges on the Danube. This trip should be calmer.



CARHART & FRIEND IN ITALY

for the

1991 World's Masters Championships

These were held on "Lago di Massaciuccoli" near Viareggio just north of Pisa and south of Spezia. "Joe", the manager of the restaurant, is pointing to a mural of the planes of Admiral Italo Balbo. They trained here in '32 & '33 then flew non-stop to New York with no aborts! Really something in those days.

I only hope that May and I can make it to Seattle. Chuck Luke will do an outstanding job (as long as Judy helps him).

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JERRY LOEWENBERG, Mr. 82nd F.G. Assoc.

Right after our conversation (via ma Bell) I called John Buckles to inquire about John Urech. Buck said John had gotten out of the hospital on Jan. 1 so I called the Urechs again (Ed's note: he had tried previously because he had heard John was ailing) and first talked to Lee and then she put Johnny on the phone. Although he felt a little weak, he said, he also felt he had fully recovered from a series of strokes. Both Buckles and Urech plan to attend the Seattle Reunion.

So do I - God willing.

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LINCOLN D. JONES - A letter to Steve Blake

Congratulations on the 82nd History Book "Adorimini". We of the 82nd all know the tremendous amount of time and effort you put into this venture. Those of us who got to know you over the years felt your dedication to the project was overwhelming. I don't know of another Fighter Group that has a more complete historical account of itself as that presented in your book. A job well done.

You might be interested in a personal sidelight as well as a minor correction: I have always been kidded about being the youngest pilot in the outfit but never paid much attention to it. Finally, after all these years, I'm beginning to think perhaps I was. I became a cadet just after turning 18 and was commissioned Sept. 18, '42 (BD 12-4-23). I checked out in P-38s at Muroc Oct. 16 with further training at Glendale and San Diego. Several us from 42-I were sent to Africa on Xmas of '42 (just after I turned 19) & were assigned to the 14th F.G. in mid January. I soon moved over to the 82nd where your story of me begins.

On page 35 of Adorimini you state, "Lt. Jones was probably the youngest pilot in the 82nd at the time. Barely 21 he looked even younger." That should read, "Barely 19."! This is a trivial correction; however, just for the fun of it, I plan to write to the National P-38 Association or the Air Force Historical Society to determine if I actually was the youngest P-38 pilot and/or commissioned WWII pilot. Move over George Bush!

Again, thank you for your dedication and devotion to our P-38 Group.

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ACES OF GREENE COUNTY

Flying high: Fighter ace reminisces

By BROOKSANY STEED
DAILY GAZETTE staff writer

With the canopy of the P-38 fighter shot out, Dixie Sloan was flying in an exposed cockpit — and the left engine was gone.

Looking over his shoulder, he realized the German fighter had also damaged the plane's horizontal stabilizer.

"I knew if that broke off, I'd have no control over the plane," Sloan recalled recently in his Xenia Township home.

"So I hit the deck to avoid radar detection."

He banked his hand over his sky blue sofa to illustrate how low to the ground he was flying.

Signalling to an American B-25 bomber, Sloan hoped to be escorted back across the Mediterranean Sea by the larger aircraft.

"I had to get out of Italy and back to North Africa. I didn't think I could make it," Sloan admitted. "I figured if I went down under the bomber, he could plot my position and I'd have a better chance of getting picked up."

No such luck. With the shore in view, a German DO 217 sighted the bomber with a wounded fighter and attacked.

Sloan pulled out from under the bomber and "blew that fighter into a million pieces" — his 12th confirmed World War II victory.

"My mission was to protect the bomber and I was still doing it," Sloan said.

A shocked B-25 crew, to this day, wonders how Sloan got the fighter on one engine.

"That's why, when people ask me," Sloan said, "I say the P-38 was a pretty damn good airplane."

It takes five victories to be named an ace pilot and Sloan had more than twice that number by the time he flew his 50th mission and was able to return to the states.

A leading ace with the Twelfth Air Force, 96th Squadron, Sloan returned to California to train P-38 pilots and eventually flew in the Berlin Airlift.

He retired in 1963 a lieutenant colonel and since then has lived in Greene County. He has received many distinguished services medals including the highly esteemed Air Force Cross.

Richard Willis of California, also a member of the 96th Squadron, said he was always suprised by Sloan's



Sloan recently. Sloan, an ace pilot with 12 victories during the war, has received many distinguished service medals including the Air Force Cross and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He retired in 1963 from WPAFB and now lives at 3301 Route 35 East.

ability.

"He was so young looking that you didn't expect him to be as spectacular as he was," Willis said. "Dixie shot down aircraft with an ability that others just didn't have."

Sloan, whose first name is actually William, said he was dubbed "Dixie" because of his southern drawl.

"Back in 1939, most Army air corps assigned to Langley Field were from Pennsylvania. I was from Richmond, Va. Dixie just kind of stuck. I don't think most people even know my first name is William."

Sloan graduated as a "flying sergeant" March 7, 1942. He was married the same day.

"I named all my planes 'Snooks' after Shirley," Sloan said. "She was a good Air Force wife."

"It was just a term of endearment I had for her," his smile said it was something more — a memory too sweet for print.

The two were married until her death six years ago. Her portrait still hangs in the living room.

"Anyone who says they're not afraid in combat is a damn liar," Sloan continued. "People are trying to kill you and in North Africa we didn't have air superiority by any means. Only three of the original people in my squadron made it back."

There were 36 original members, including Sloan's best friend Lt. "Shorty" Zubarik, also an ace pilot with eight victories.

"S and Z, we were at the tail end of everything — tail

end Charlie they used to call us."

Zubarik was shot down over Italy.

"We got separated. I didn't even know until I got back," Sloan remembered. "Shorty and his wingman, neither one came back."

Sloan gave orders to have his plane refueled and flew back alone to look for Zubarik.

"I thought I knew where he had gone down and I was going to fly him out of there, but I couldn't find him."

Sloan pointed to a picture of himself in 1943 after his 50th mission. He was smiling — knowing he was heading home.

"See this pouch? People thought that was an extra clip for my 45 (pistol), but it was a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of bourbon. Shorty and I were going to drink it after our 50th missions, but of course, he never made it."

Sloan was shot down four times himself — he adds a half for the time he came back without his left engine.

"One time I had to walk back with a camel caravan," he said. "I gave them a \$50 gold piece I had in my survival kit to hide me."

The killing never bothered him, even though Sloan said he could often see his opponents face to face.

Flying in an overcast sky, a German fighter dropped down out of the clouds.

"He was practically flying formation with me," Sloan said.

Unable to get behind the fighter to shoot him down, Sloan rolled down his window and shot at the German plane with his pistol.

"I know I didn't hit him," Sloan said, laughing. "But he saluted me and went back up into the clouds."

After the war, Sloan was staying at Plattsburg Air Force Base in New York when a pitcher of ice water woke him early one morning.

"I woke up fighting," Sloan said. Shorty Zubarik, who had spent several years in a German prison camp, had been repatriated after the war.

"He didn't want to talk too much about that time, and I didn't ask him. He said he saw me come after him the day he was shot down, but they had covered his airplane."

The two had that drink after all.



Leader of the pack

Above, Ace WWII pilot William "Dixie" Sloan stands in front of his P-38 fighter plane "Snooks IV" following his 50th mission in 1943. In his hip pouch, Sloan claims he carried a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of bourbon that he planned to drink after his final mission. Below, a WWII billboard keeps score for the 96th Squadron. Sloan was a leading pilot for the Twelfth Air Force with 12 WWII victories.

BILL & GAIL GLOWACKI (95th)

Want all their friends to know they have bought a home in an Adult Community in South Jersey. They are 10 miles west of Tom's River, N.J. and the new address is?

10 Brentwood Street
WHITING, NJ 08759
(908) 350-8922

And, they want to see all of you in SEATTLE!

We receive many great stories from our members - and we appreciate them; however, accompanying photographs are often copies of copies. Please try to furnish us with sharp pictures and we can give you better newsletters. - r.l.

JOE KUHN, "Lightning Strikes" Editor

A great 82nd FG book. See page 13 (in current issue of Lightning Strikes) for my write-up as per our conversation a few months ago. I appreciate the copy of "Adorimini" you sent for our archives.

(Ed's note: Joe's generous review has generated three sales so far. Joe was a pilot in the 370th Fighter Group in England and was one of the original organizers and 1st President of the National P-38 Association)

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REUBEN KOIVUNIELMI, 96th Armorer

Enclosed is a check for another copy of Adorimini.

By the way, I didn't make the St. Louis roster in the Newsletter. However, even with that omission, the Newsletter is still interesting. In fact, I got so engrossed with it after it arrived I forgot to take my 10:00 pills!!

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Mrs. ANITA KERLEY, widow of Richard, 97th

Please take Richard's name off your roster. He passed away on April 21, 1991 as a result of an eight year bout with congestive heart failure.

We attended the Dayton Reunion in '88 but that was the only one he was able to attend.

We miss him terribly but our generation is fast becoming extinct - along with all our moral values, patriotic feelings and the determination to do what is right.

Thank you much.

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CARMA KOCH, Widow of Lester, 97th

(Ed's note: Carma moved to Texas after Lester's death and we began sending our newsletters to her there. The last one, however, came back with Carma's new address supplied. We dropped her a card to ask if she still wished to receive the newsletter)

Dick: I thought I had changed all addresses but one got away. I'm glad though that my copy of Adorimini was sent to my old Oregon address. My new one is: 2120 Robins Lane #25, SALEM, OR 97306.

Maybe I'll make it to Seattle!

(Ed's note #2: How about some of you ladies out there leaning on Carma to make good on her "Maybe". And if some of you haven't been since the loss of your mate - think about joining Carma and the others. The rest of us need your beauty and charm)

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GIL CEFARATT, Lockheed man & Associate
Member of our Association

HAPPY HOLIDAYS and BEST WISHES
For The New Year
To The Men and Women
of

The 82nd FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION
*

(Thanks Gil, we appreciate your thoughts)

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JOSEPH A. DOLAN, Attorney. Pomona, CA

Please send ADORIMINI, check enclosed.

Wuz a P-38 pilot in N. Africa, into Italy, raid on Foggia, on air patrols around Rome which was declared an "Open City" during the Sicily invasion. Was picked up by a Med group after a forced landing between the lines and taken to a hospital in Sicily. It was the one in which Patton slapped a soldier. I could not believe their (the other patients) account of the incident but never repeated it - even stateside - until after it broke in the papers.

I had been in tanks before pilot training and had tangled with Patton & his pistols and regular army groups in Georgia and Louisiana while on southern maneuvers - right up until Pearl Harbor. So was not surprised at his behavior but still could not believe the army doctors' tale. But it happened.

Hey! Enuff awreddy ... send book, flaps down three - in green - turning on final ... Space Ace Dolan - Pettifogger!

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CARL R. YOUNG (USMC)

Your Group Newsletters are shared with me by Henry (Hank) Dearing of the 95th. I enjoy reading about your outfit, past and present. Henry also shared your great publication ADORIMINI which I thoroughly enjoyed.

(continue Carl on page 16)

(Serge continued from page 16)

Among these I noted one relating to a P-38 Lightning that went down on August 13, 1944 at Chateaufort-du-Rhone (Drome). The pilot was Lt. John Howard who has been supposed to be a member of the 82nd FG.

I would be grateful if you would tell me if John Howard is now a member of your Association or if his name is mentioned the group records.

I would also be interested in a book on the history of your group but failed to find any title so far.

If there is anything I can do in behalf of your Association please do not hesitate to contact me. Thank you for your help.

(Ed's note: This AM - Feb. 24 - I mailed copies of the pages from Adorimini which contain the information we have on Howard. However, it is not "John" Howard, nor Jacques Howard (96th) he is seeking. Rather it is Elwood Howard of the 97th. So if any of you 97th folks can remember anything about Elwood Howard please let us know. It might help enhance our relations with France)

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ANDY BLAKLEY, 96th Pilot

I was recently in an L.A. Hospital following gall bladder surgery. On my last day there, a black man was moved into my room - after having had a stroke. During the rest of the day we chatted about odds and ends.

As I put on my flight jacket with a P-38 insignia he asked, "15th Air Force?"!

It turned out he was a P-51 pilot and was stationed near Foggia - so there was a lot of reminiscence sharing. His Commander was Col. Benjamin Davis; later the well-known Gen. Davis.

I mentioned we used to "mock-dog fight" with the P-51 pilots and that during one hot episode over the area a P-51 caught fire and the pilot tried to make it back to the base. The base tower called me and stated the pilot didn't make it.

My roommate at the hospital, Bill Pitts, stated he was one of the men who tried to get the pilot out of the burning P-51. He had been watching our dog fight! How about that for a coincidence.

(Ed's note: That's a great one! We believe all will agree. Andy, send us Bill's address and we'll send him a copy of this newsletter)

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BILL BARR, 95th Pilot

Enclosed is the \$15 check for The Book. I'm looking forward to getting it and finding out how the University of Idaho Library feels about it.

(Ed's note: Bill went halvers with us on one ADORIMINI to be donated to the U of I's Library. Bill is a retired UofI professor of Entomology and several other 82nd people attended: Chuck Luke and Jo Ann and I are graduates and other attendees include Warren Tolmie (97th Pilot & POW), Don Chase (96th Pilot) and Lee Ragland (95th Pilot & KIA). Jim Ross (post WWII 82nd Pilot at Grenier AFB also attended the UofI. We know of no other College or University in the U.S. that furnished as many or more people to the 82nd as the UofI)

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BOB CARPENTER, 95th Pilot

I was preparing to send in my order for copies of the "82nd Fighter Group History"

Now I can't do it!

The reason is I have just read in the "Mail Call" section of the last newsletter - in a footnote under Jerry Cavanaugh's note - that I had been killed on June 16, 1944!

I must notify, as soon as possible, my wife, eight children, nineteen grandchildren and one great grandchild that they don't exist!

I did get shot down on my 40th mission on that date but did survive after two months in a Budapest Hospital, solitary confinement in a Budapest civilian prison and another nine months in German prison camps.

Although I have attended three 82nd Reunions I won't be able to make Asheville because I will be operated on for prostate cancer on August 29. The doctors tell me I'll have another good 15 years after the cancer is removed - so will see you in at later Reunions.

God Bless

(Ed's note: As you have already guessed, Bob wrote this letter fully two and one half years ago. Somehow, I had lost it somewhere in my cavernous 82nd Newsletter files. A phone call to his digs in Florida revealed that his cancer operation was a complete success. He plans to make it to Seattle.

You will note, of course, the touching report of a very special reunion Bob had)

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Plain doughnuts, special reunion

WWII American POW, kind Hungarian girl meet again after 48 years

By Mark Shaffer
The Arizona Republic

✦ **MARANA** — The little, plain doughnuts given to Robert Carpenter as he stepped off the airplane in Tucson on Friday night brought back a lot of memories.

Carpenter had received the same kind of doughnuts from a young Hungarian woman

who had treated his wounds the first night he was a World War II prisoner of war.

The two had not seen each other for 48 years until Friday, when Anna Egyud Winslow, 64, now of Downey, Calif., gave him the plate of doughnuts before they went to the Evergreen Air Show in Pinal Air Park.

Carpenter's eyes moistened as he looked at

another plate of doughnuts during ceremonies Saturday honoring the reunion of the two. Little flags of Arizona, the United States and Hungary were stuck to the doughnuts by toothpicks.

"It makes me proud to be an American," said Carpenter, 69, who owns a plumbing-

— See PLAIN, page A16



Mark Shaffer/The Arizona Republic

Over a plate of doughnuts near Tucson on Saturday, Robert Carpenter and Anna Egyud Winslow fill each other in on their lives since they last saw one another, when he was shot down during World War II and she was a Hungarian teen-ager who took food to his jail cell.

Plain doughnuts taste special to former POW

— PLAIN, from page A1

supply business in Ann Arbor, Mich. "And it makes me wonder how we were able to hook up again after all these years."

Winslow said she wondered for years what had happened to the lanky lieutenant who was an Army Air Forces pilot.

"They responded by saying that there would be no food until he was issued a ration card. I knew that could have been days," Winslow said. "So, I went to my home, and my mother made doughnuts and pork chops for him. I took them up to the guards in a packet, and they took them and slammed the door in my face."

Winslow said she saw Carpenter

"I remembered his name all those years," Winslow said. "I inquired with the Air Force 10 years ago and again five years ago, but they weren't very helpful."

The two met after Carpenter's P-38 fighter plane was shot down over occupied Hungary by German aircraft.

Carpenter had flown 40 missions over Europe when he took off from an airfield near Rome on the morning of June 16, 1944, as part of an escort for bombers flying a mission to Vienna.

En route, the planes were attacked by a squadron of German Me-109s.

"There was a dogfight for a couple of minutes, and we thought they had left," Carpenter said. "I relaxed a little bit and reached down to get a cigarette out of my pant roll."

But two German planes dropped from beneath the clouds and raked his cockpit with machine-gun fire. Carpenter said he remembers only the skin on his neck and arms catching fire and his trying desperately to control his plane. He said he crashed in a wheat field and was surrounded by farmers armed with shotguns. He was taken to a hospital in the nearby village of Zamardi, Hungary.

Winslow had heard the gunfire and explosions. She said that word spread like wildfire that an American pilot had been taken prisoner.

"It was like a man from the moon or something. Everybody wanted to see him," said Winslow, who was 15 at the time. "They (Germans) were looking for someone to speak English, and I had taken classes. So, they gave me first-aid materials and asked me to fix him up."

While tending his wounds, she said, she heard Carpenter tell his Nazi SS interrogators only that he was hungry

the next morning being escorted to the town's train station by members of the Hungarian security forces, who were collaborating with the Germans, who had occupied Hungary in 1940.

Carpenter said he was to undergo a tortuous yearlong odyssey of little food in prisons and a forced march by German troops back to Germany, always moving ahead of advancing columns of the Soviet Red Army. Carpenter said he finally escaped and linked up with U.S. troops in Bavaria.

Winslow lived under communist rule for 11 years in Budapest, Hungary, before escaping to Austria during the 1956 Hungarian uprising. Within months, she was living in the United States, where she began a successful career as an engineer researching gaskets for companies in Ohio and California.

"I always wondered what happened to Robert Carpenter," she said.

The big break came during this past summer when she visited Pinal Air Park during a trip to Tucson and noticed the park's large collection of warplanes used during World War II.

Winslow said she met Arnold "Schnozz" Mayer, customer-service representative for Evergreen Air Center. He was acquainted with a California historian who had addresses for many former P-38 pilots.

"Within two weeks, I had his address. It was an overwhelming feeling," Winslow said. "My mother is 84 now, but she decided that it would be a good idea to make the same kind of doughnuts and take them to him."

Carpenter said he was shocked when he learned he would again be meeting the kind Hungarian girl from his past.

"I called her up on Labor Day morning," said Carpenter, hugging Winslow tightly. "I just said, 'Good morning, thank you for the doughnuts.'"

**FOR ALL OF YOU OUT THERE WHO ARE LAID LOW BY THE VICISSITUDES (we old doggies used a simpler term) OF LIFE
— TAKE HEART, WE ARE PULLING FOR YOU!**

WALTER ZURNEY, 97th Pilot

Please send me another copy of "Adorimini". It was so good talking to you the other night and - I can tell you for sure - your call was a surprise.

I will give Al Rizzo a call - I'm sure he will want a book. Have you received an order from Fred Gong? I talked to him after Christmas and told him at that time to get his order in.

Thanks for a good job.

(Ed's note: Walt might have been surprised at our call because he wrote us a letter a year ago to tell us "to get off Steve Blakes's back!" We took no offense at the "scolding" because it was simply our job to keep the pressure on Steve and we're sure Steve understood.

Here's another very very important point: Walt, in taking a sincere interest in the mission of our Association, was just doing **HIS** job, too. It is our hope that all of our members will always feel free to give us the dickens - constructive or otherwise - whenever they have the notion)

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SAM CONWAY, 95th Pilot (2/10/93)

Just found this letter between my car seats - been here a couple of months!

SAM CONWAY, 95th Pilot (11/22/92)

Just re-read your Newsletter. I know I've been lax in paying dues and attending reunions but I've had some serious health problems such as (a second) by-pass operation and a total hip operation + a few semi-major operations; but, all is well now and I am back on the dance floor at 72!

I would like to remain on your Newsletter list and I *THINK* I put in a request for the History Book when it was first conceived. (Ed's note: We couldn't find a record of such but we sent him one anyhow)

I'll try to attend the Seattle Reunion.

Incidentally, I attended another reunion in Long Beach, California with the 452 Bomb Group. I was in that outfit flying Douglas B-26s - I got stuck in two wars.

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IN ITS 26th MONTH OVERSEAS, THE 82nd WELCOMES A NEW C.O.
AND DECORATES NINE GIS & SIX OFFICERS

Assuming command of the 82nd, Col. Richard A. Legg replaced Col. C.T. "Curly" Edwinson. Edwinson was reassigned Stateside after "rounding out a distinguished combat career with the 82nd". He formally received the DFC for "extraordinary achievement in aerial flight". Col. Legg took over his new post as a veteran fighter pilot after having seen service in the South Pacific.

In addition to Edwinson, DFCs were presented to 1st. Lt. Richard T. Andrews, 1st Lt. Robert Hildebrandt, 1st Lt. James D. Hebert (pronounced "Ay bear"), & 1st Lt. Kenneth R. Frost; 2nd Lt. John W. Girling was awarded the Purple Heart.

Among 82nd G.I.s. standing for a change on the receiving line - with a group presentation - were. for the Soldier's Medal, T/Sgt, Fred W. Gelonek, Sgt. Harry R. Curtis, S/Sgt Guy J. Bourgeois, and Corporal Donald R. Wilson.

Awarded Bronze Stars were M/Sgt Walter J. Heck, S/Sgt. Joseph G. Gates, S/Sgt. Gayle Hasenplaugh, S/Sgt. Sam Simonik and Cpl John Rye. Simonik was present for the Awards Ceremony because he had gone home.

<u>Church Services</u>	<u>Theater Schedule:</u>
Protestant - 1330	Sat., Dec. 9 - GI Movies (?)
Catholic - 1100	Sun., Dec. 10 - Hi Diddle
(both services will	Tue., Dec. 12 - Hi, Good Looking
be held in theater)	Thr., Dec. 13 - Double Indemnity

LATE BULLETIN !!

(as of March 10, '92)

We learned last evening during a chat with Meredith Embrey that Ralph was in the hospital awaiting surgery.

Meredith is concerned, of course, but said Ralph's Dr. was confident. The procedure will be to unblock the carotid arteries.

PAUL HOFER, Member, Nat. P-39 Association

Please send a copy of Adorimini. Check enclosed.

(Ed's note: Thanks Paul & thanks, too, to Joe Kuhn)

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RICHARD MEYER, Friend of Fred Selle, 96th

Fred gave me your name as the person to contact about obtaining a copy of the 82nd FG History. Fred allowed me to read his and I would like to have one for my library. Your kind attention is most appreciated.

(Ed's note: Boy do we love to get letters like Richard's. We also appreciate Fred)

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ARNOLD GROVER, 96TH Pilot

Just read our latest newsletter and want to compliment you on your work. I look forward to the newsletter and spend a lot of time reading and re-reading it to make sure I haven't missed anything. When I haven't been to the previous reunion I treasure it more.

I recieved my copy of the 82nd History and have spent several hours reading it. Since I was in the group the last few months of the war I have been most interested in reading about the early years. My tour - from Aug. '44 to Aug. '45 was a lark compared to the earlier period.



Arnold Grover

I'm enclosing a picture of me and my airplane. Alex Martin, a 96th pilot, painted the aircraft for me. I gave him a bottle of hootch for doing it.

I just thought of something we used to do coming back from some missions. Once we passed Udine and their flak batteries we would drop down and try to blow sail boats over. One time Floyd Jelke was flying my wing and as we started our dives I could see Jelke was making his passes too steep so I called him on the radio and warned him that I could see him mush at the bottom of his dive. He did get to close on one pass and snapped off about six feet of the boat's mast that stuck in his stabilizer. I asked him later what he told his crew chief and he said he told him he was strafing too low and hit a tree.

Jelke was killed flying a P-51 with the ANG after the war. Jelke's father was the oleo millionaire who made the canned combination of cheese and butter we ate so often. We always called that stuff "Jelke Butter". Jelke and John Kane were friends and had been P-40 pilots before coming to the 82nd.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

HEADQUARTERS 325TH FIGHTER WING (ACC)
TYNDALL AIR FORCE BASE, FLORIDA

95th Fighter Squadron/CC
330 Flightline Road
Tyndall AFB, Florida 32403-5123

Dear 82nd Group, especially the 95th "Boneheads." It has been a pleasure meeting you all over the last two years. The Denver and St Louis reunions were nothing short of fantastic. I hope those of you who made it here to Tyndall for Mr. Bones' 50th birthday last May had an equally good time.

Unfortunately, my time as 95th Commander is up and I will turn the squadron over to Lt Col Steve Goldfein on 29 Mar 93. You can be sure he will carry on the proud Bonehead tradition and I know you will welcome him as warmly as you did me.

I was truly blessed to have the good fortune to be the "Bonehead" Commander since my Dad, Donald V. Miller (USAF, ret, deceased) was the 97th Commander at Grenier AFB, NH from 1948-1949, the last two years the 95th, 96th, and 97th were all together as part of the 82nd Group!

Now that Williams AFB AZ is closing and the 96th & 97th with it, the 95th will remain the only active flying squadron from the 82nd Group-- and we intend to keep it that way! I understand the 82nd Wing/Group name will transfer to Shepherd AFB TX as part of Technical Training Center (not a flying unit).

We are always looking for more memorabilia to display so that we may continue the proud heritage. Our next reunion here at Tyndall is still undecided, but I'm sure the Boneheads will get the word out. Mr. Bones says that all 82nd Group folks are welcome, and you don't have to wait for a reunion; please stop by anytime you are in the area.

James F. Miller
JAMES F. MILLER
"Sundance"
"Bones 01"

T/Sgt. Lamielle is unsurpassed in performance and ability to motivate others. He is the cornerstone in the 95th's ability to perform its mission.

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Capt. Benjamin H. Cleveland

Capt. Cleveland was born in Smithfield, North Carolina and grew up in Marietta, South Carolina - receiving his commission through ROTC at The Citadel. He entered the Air Force in 1982.

Capt. Cleveland has served two hitches in the 95th, once as an Instructor Pilot and, more recently (1992) as both Instructor Pilot and Flight Commander.

Capt. Cleveland organized the "50 Year Golden Anniversary Reunion" for the 95th Fighter Squadron which was held in May of 1992. The Reunion was attended by Squadron Alumni from every era: WWII, Grenier AFB, Andrews AFB, Dover AFB and Tyndall. The Reunion was a huge success with 153 Bonehead Alumni and guests from out of town and 234 attending the Golden Anniversary Banquet.

TREASURER'S REPORT

QUARTERLY BALANCE OCT. 1 -- DEC. 31, 1992

BEGINNING BALANCE

CERTIFICATE DEPOSIT	\$19,362.15
CHECKING 57-000842	1,000.00
SAVINGS 53-001948	2,279.57
TOTAL BEGINNING NET WORTH	\$22,641.72

INCOME

DONATIONS	\$ 186.05
DUES LIFE	275.00
SUSTAINING	300.00
INTEREST	25.39
TOTAL INCOME	\$ 786.44

EXPENDITURES

MISC.	\$ 120.00
NAME TAGS	262.50
PHOTO COPYING	184.32
POSTAGE	375.00
PRINTING	752.13
STATIONARY	56.64
TELEPHONE	160.28
TOTAL EXPENDITURES	\$ 1,910.87

ENDING BALANCE

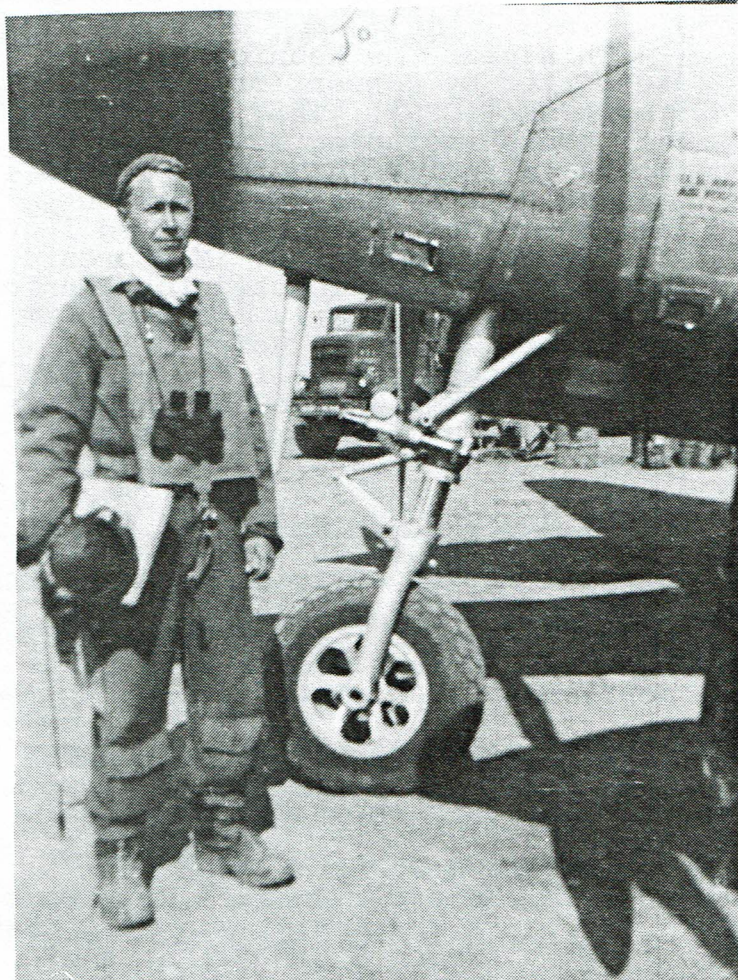
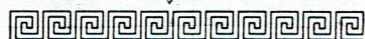
CERTIFICATE OF BALANCE	\$19,362.15
CHECKING 57-000842	1,002.34
SAVINGS 53-001948	1,152.80
TOTAL NET WORTH	\$21,517.29

Dues

LIFE - 169
SUSTAINING-1992-109, 1993-32,
1994-7, 1995-2
HONORARY - LIFE-7, 1992-4,
1993-3, 1994-1

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED,

Roy E. Norris
SECRETARY/TREASURER



**On the occasion of his 50th mission
Roy Norris with "Miss Jo Ann"**

SEATTLE

The 82nd Fighter Group Association Reunion is scheduled to be held in the Seattle, WA area starting on Thur. Sept. 2 and ending with a Goodbye Brunch the morning of Sept. 6. We will be meeting at the Red Lion Hotel in Bellevue which is 15-20 minutes from downtown Seattle by car or bus. Services at the newly redecorated hotel will include the usual hospitality room, meeting/registration rooms, two restaurants and shopping centers.

Complete medical facilities are available nearby including a Medic I Unit about five blocks from the hotel. Free parking is provided for RV owners staying in the Hotel. Metro buses connecting with express buses to Seattle stop in front of the hotel.

(continued overpage)

This year the Reunion is being supported by *Convention Services Northwest (CSN)*. They will handle all tours including several post tours as indicated below. They will assist us with the registration mailing - which will be mailed in the April time period. Mastercard or Visa will be accepted for Reunion activities. No early interest survey is planned. Hotel reservation forms will be included in the mailing. However, those wishing to name reservations by phone can call (206) 455-1300.

RV hookups are available at the Vasa Park Resort on Lake Sammamish or at the Issaquah Highlands. Both of these places are 15 to 20 minutes from the hotel. Call (206) 746-3260 for reservations and be sure to mention the 82nd.

1993 REUNION PRELIMINARY SCHEDULE

THURSDAY, September 2:

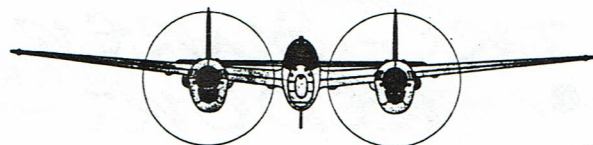
- 11 AM to 5:00 PM - Check In
- 1 PM - *Seattle Emerald City Tour*
 - 2 1/2 hours. You will hear about & see all of the highlights of our city.
- (To be repeated on Saturday AM)

FRIDAY, September 3:

- 9 AM - 5 PM - Check in.
- 8 AM - Golf at River Bend Golf Club at Kent, WA (30 min. drive).
- 9 AM - Boeing 747/767 Plant Tour #1. The Boeing Tour is limited by Boeing to the 1st 45 requests,
 - If there is enough interest in a *Museum of Flight* tour, both morning and afternoon tours will be arranged.
- 1 PM - Boeing 747/767 Plant Tour #2 (limit 45)
- 7 PM - Squadron Dinners followed by a Cabaret Musical - in the Seattle Life Style called, "Waiter, There's a Slug in my Latte."

SATURDAY, Sept. 4:

- 9 AM - Seattle City Tour (see Thur.)



- 6 PM Attitude adjustment in Ballroom
- 7 PM Group Banquet & Dancing with 10 piece band.

Otherwise, the day is open season for shoppers and gawkers until 4 PM!

- 4 PM - 9 PM - Motorcoaches depart for Tillicum Village Excursion for a narrated harbor tour to Blake Island and a truly authentic *Salmon Bake* with all the trimmings and entertainment afterwards.

The boat ride home will convince you that Seattle one of the U.S.'s most beautiful cities.

SUNDAY, Sept. 5:

- 10:30 AM - Business Meeting
- 11:00 AM - Motorcoach departs for ladies tour of Snoqualmie Falls & Gilman Village. The latter is unique shopping experience with 50+ shops.

6:00 - Cocktails in ballroom
7:00 - Group banquet & dance

MONDAY, Sept. 6:

- 6:30 AM - Post tour departure for Victoria, BC. This is a must.
- 8: AM to 10:30 AM - Farewell Brunch, Atrium Cafe.
- 8: AM to 6 PM - Post tour departure trip to Mt. Rainier Nat. Park. We travel by motorcoach half-way up the mountain. Bring lots of film because the scenery is breathtaking.

TUESDAY, Sept. 7:

- 9:AM - Post trip departure for Alaska 7-Day Cruise thru the Inland Passage. This is a once in a life-time experience.

For further information call Chuck Luke at (206) 747-5879