

YE OLDE 82ND FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 29

BOISE, IDAHO

MARCH 1994

THREE HUZZAHS FOR GEORGE MARVIN OUR ASSOCIATION'S NEW PRESIDENT

OF THE 97TH

THE PRIDE

GEORGE WAS BORN IN PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK ON DEC. 6, 1920. HE STUCK AROUND P.J. UNTIL HE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL. HIS DAD, A RESTAURANTEUR, WANTED TO SEND GEORGE TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY FOR RESTAURANT MANAGER TRAINING. HOWEVER, GEORGE WASN'T KEEN ON FOLLOWING IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

BESIDES, GEORGE COULD SEE STORM CLOUDS GATHERING IN EUROPE AND, SINCE HE WAS INTERESTED IN FLYING AIRPLANES, HE UP AND ENLISTED IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS AT MITCHELL FIELD AS A BUCK PRIVATE. IT WASN'T LONG AFTER HIS ENLISTMENT THAT HE FOUND HIMSELF ON HIS WAY TO FLYING SCHOOL.



GEORGE SAID HE WOUND UP AT MOSES LAKE, WASHINGTON BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE 82ND AND LEARNED HE HAD A LOT OF COMPANY FROM THE P-39 TRAINING BASE. THE 97TH TREATED HIM WELL AND - A POINT OF FACT - HE ALMOST MADE SQUADRON C.O. BUT THE GROUP COMMANDANT TURNED HIM DOWN BECAUSE, HE SAID, "THE SQUADRON C.O. IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MAJOR AND GEORGE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE A MAJOR!"

AFTER THE BIG WAR, GEORGE OPTED FOR A DISCHARGE AND RETURNED TO PORT JEFFERSON TO HELP OUT HIS DAD. HE KEPT HIS FINGER IN THE MILITARY PIE, HOWEVER, BY JOINING THE RESERVES AND FLEW T-6s OUT OF MITCHELL FIELD.

ONE DAY A GENTLEMAN WALKED INTO THE MARVIN'S BAR AND IMMEDIATELY ESPIED A 97TH INSIGNIA DISPLAYED PROMINENTLY ABOVE THE BAR. THE GENTLEMAN DREW HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL COLONELLY STATURE AND ASKED THE BAR TENDER WHAT GIVES WITH THE INSIGNIA. "OH," THE BT SAID, "THAT BELONGS TO THE BOSS - HE FLEW P-38s IN ITALY. AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS HOW JERRY LOEWENBERG FOUND GEORGE MARVIN.

GEORGE WAS CALLED UP FOR THE KOREA FRACAS AND DECIDED TO STAY IN (*HIS DAD HAD PASSED AWAY PRIOR TO THE KOREAN AFFAIR*). WHEN GEORGE RETIRED IN '73 HE FOUND A NICE LITTLE 4 ACRE PLOT NEAR SEDGWICK, MAINE AND STARTED RAISING POULTRY (*SOMETHING IN WHICH HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED*). HE LATER SERVED ON THE BOARD OF THE AMERICAN POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

GEORGE AND PADDY HAVE ONE DAUGHTER, MICHELE.

THE 82ND FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION

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THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

This is a statement of appreciation for our Newsletter Editors, our Writers and our Publishers -- past and present.

An organization's newsletters are the glue that holds the member's interest between gatherings at reunions or as smaller family-type groups (i.e., the 95th's meetings at Tyndall).

Letters to the Editor are NEWS and he has the license to edit and choose what is printed and so it should be. Staff may suggest - but censor?-- Never!

For years one RLL, a.k.a. as "Link" has contributed in an outstanding manner. (I still shudder when I remember that he almost gave up but reconsidered)

The NL person is the most important actor in an organization such as ours - and, Dick, before others read my foregoing message - I thank you for your efforts.

GEORGE

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OUR REJOINDER

What can we say? One morning we get broken up into little pieces and the next evening we get put back together. That's the nice thing about being any kind of an editor - we don't have to worry about buying a farm or counting the prickles in a bobbed wire fence.

The reason we are here is because an awful lot of guys - like it or not - had to worry about making it back to the pad. We don't know if we have any particular talent for gathering stories or writing them down -- but we're here and we try. Our hope is that in the end we make more folks happy than we make sad.

One thing to note is that we are using the "Third Person" instead of the big "I" more and more. This began after we read the decision of the Yamamoto Victory Board to the effect that it took the combined skills of each member of a large team to bring the Betty down. The 82nd was a great team 50 years ago and it is no less a team today.

THANKS GEORGE FOR YOUR MORE THAN
KIND WORDS -- and -- STRONG SUPPORT!

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OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE 82nd FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION from Steve Blake

I wanted to let you all know what a great time Marjorie and I had at the Seattle reunion. It was wonderful seeing old friends again (some of you we have known about ten years by now) and making new ones. What a privilege it was to be honored guests of the Association! Some of you may not realize that our room and various reunion activities were paid for by the Association (you!), and I can't tell you how much we appreciate it. For us, it was probably the best reunion yet.

I would also like to take this opportunity to officially (and belatedly) thank all the 82nd Fighter Group veterans who contributed material to the unit history. It is largely due to your input - recorded memories, photos, official documents, diaries, contemporary letters, etc. - that it turned out to be such a detailed, interesting, and entertaining history of one of the greatest fighter units of all time. John Stanaway and I couldn't have done such a good job without you, and the way so many of you came through for us really demonstrated the 82nd Fighter Group's "esprit de corps" - as strong as ever after fifty years! Thank you so much for your help and encouragement. Too, all of us owe a debt of gratitude to Dick Lingenfelter, Roy Norris, and the other officers of the 82nd Fighter Group History, Inc. It's because of them that the history is in print. The bottom line is that we all did it together.

Cheers!



Steve Blake

STEVE'S "LETTER TO THE EDITOR" TO "FRIENDS" MAGAZINE

Perimeter Policemen

From Steve Blake. Aliso Viejo, Calif.

I was very pleased to see Lee Lette's article, "Perimeter Policemen," in the latest (summer) issue of the *Journal*. I had advised Lee on its preparation and editing, at his request, and was thus already quite familiar with it. I am sorry to report that Lee passed away on June 3, a victim of lung cancer. I sadly assume, therefore, that he did not have a chance to see his article in print, to which he was looking forward.

I became acquainted with Lee while researching the recently published history of the 82nd Fighter Group. After meeting him in person at the 82nd's reunion in Denver in 1984 I corresponded with Lee regularly, and he contributed some excellent anecdotes and photos for the book. That was, I believe, the beginning of his brief writing "career." Lee was one of the outstanding P-38 pilots in the 97th Fighter Squadron during the spring and summer of 1944 and finished his tour with four confirmed aerial victories.

I also wanted to comment on Col. Thacker's interesting article, "Piggyback Rescue." He states therein that, "The earliest successful pickup may have been on September 1, 1944, in the Mediterranean Theater." Actually, there were at least two such rescues in the ETO/MTO prior to that. The first, which I believe to be the first involving USAAF fighter pilots in occupied Europe, took place on August 4, 1944. This incident took place in Romania, and the pilots involved were Lt. Dick Willsie and Flight Officer Dick Andrews of the 96th F.S.

The 355th F.G. history (8th A.F.) relat[es] a similar incident that took place on August 18, 1944. The author claims that this was "the first successful rescue of an American pilot in Europe." Not so, of course, as per the above; I doubt that the author would deny that Romania is in Europe. It *was* no doubt the first such rescue involving pilots of the 8th or 9th Air Forces (ETO).

THE BANDAID DEPARTMENT

In no way can this report even approach a complete summary of the aches and pains among our membership. As soon as we get this Newsletter out we are going to write to our President ("George" not "Whitewater"*) and plead with him to set up a working committee which will seek out and report to the the Executive Committee regarding the state of our 82nd Family's health. It's a highly important matter not only for our records but also for the framework it can give us for sharing concerns and prayers.

Fortunately, for the rest of us, Janet Charlou - Walt Carlson's daughter - has kept us up to speed regarding her dad. She recently reported to the Exec. Committee regarding Walt's transfer to a care center in Indiana which is about an hour's drive from Urbana. Upon receipt of his letter, Roy Norris got in his car and drove over to see Walt. If you don't know already, Roy is a volunteer hospital chaplain and knows something about visiting bed-ridden folks. Roy found Walt in what we would term an unbearable situation: he is attached permanently to an aspirator, his feet are secured to his bed, he has little use of his arms and - only with great difficulty - he can barely talk. Yet, Roy reports, Walt still retains his indomitable spirit that is known to those of us who have become acquainted with Walt at our Reunions. Walt has demonstrated the meaning of "Courage".

Amos Turner has had a tough time with the old bod. He had to forego the Seattle Reunion last summer because he had to have surgery on his hips. We've somehow lost his note in which he described his ordeal. As near as I can remember (and Reuben Koivuniemi corroborates) something went awry during or after surgery and Amos went into a coma! Heck, a lot of us go into comas (for example, when the CO hollars "Hey lazy bones - Front & Center!") but for **FOUR WEEKS!** In our book it takes a pretty tough old geezer to bounce back after something like that.

Francis Chapman had a total knee replacement last summer and he reports that - though slow - things are coming around. The Lattas (Ted & Dorothy) have been socked with respiratory problems as have many of our members -- and for those of you who have taken the recommended flu shots but have come down with a monsoon we hear you've got a lot of company. We & Jo Ann didn't take ours this years and haven't had a sniffle.

Funny thing. While chatting with Koivuniemi on another matter he asked us how we were. When we told him about our problem (see our story about *Helicobacter pylori* elsewhere in this NL) he said he had had the same thing - read about its cure in the New Yorker Magazine - took the prescribed antibiotics and now feels a 1,000% better.

* No disrespect or hidden meaning intended. I like both but both are procrastinators.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN J. BASS, 96th

TOM GRAY, 97th

ARNE INGEBRETSEN, 97th

*MIRIAM KIRTLEY
(Wife of Bob Kirtley,
former 95th C.O.)*

FRANK ROGERO, 96th

JOHN C. TATE, 96th

GEORGE W. TAYLOR, 95th

RUSSELL A. WELLER, 96th

So you folks out there who have been fighting peptic ulsters or bothersome dyspepsia -- let us know and we'll send you a copy of the article.

You may have read Ted Strong's report on Marge Hoelzel and that's good news. We haven't had any news about any of the other folks in the family who have been ailing. Please let us know of your own ups and downs, healthwise, and those that you hear about from friends.

LOOKING BACK ---

Africa, Here We Come! --- by Fred Montgomery & Ted Latta

The 82nd Fighter Group sailed from Liverpool England, in December, 1942 - the rumored destination: *NORTH AFRICA!* There we were, one Army Air Force unit among several thousand assorted U.S. troops aboard a former British cruise ship, the HMS Franconia, steaming at the speed of the slowest ships in our convoy through the stormy North Atlantic, the favorite hunting ground of A. Hitler's merciless underwater Wolf Pack.

No staterooms on that cruise. Just double-deck hammocks and only one deck above "Torpedo Junction", the water line. And it was sardinesville! No place to hang our clothes, so we left them on - boots and all - for most of the voyage, three weeks, counting dock time in Liverpool as we waited for all units to board and the convoy to form. Right there was where "Air Pollution" originated.

After our swift, smooth crossing of the Atlantic on the Queen Mary, the Franconia rode the always rough seas of the North Atlantic like a canoe in white water. Then *THE STORM* exploded, knocking all the bravado - and a lot of other things - out of many a Yankee landlubber. Also, a number of us suddenly remembered or invented prayers, like "Now I lay me down to sleep. Please don't consign me to the deep!"

Sea chow with the British Merchant Marine made that on the Q.M. seem like haute cuisine. The first breakfast during the storm further depleted the ranks of our rugged he-men when they cracked open those (100 yr?) hard-boiled eggs. They (first the eggs and then the GIs) were all shades of green, and they (the eggs) smelled a lot like our sleeping quarters.

Ted Latta, 96th Crew Chief, recalls another "messy" incident when his turn at KP came up. That duty was mainly that of "messenger", which meant carrying the food to your table from the galley, navigating down two flights of slippery metal stairs to our messing quarters in the hold. In Latta's words, "At the proper time I climbed those 'olden stairs (the "g" is dropped on purpose) two decks up to receive our viands.

"It was a rather abrupt surprise to find a watery, grey mess in the large chow pan. Upon inquiring, I was informed by the cook that our menu "pour le jour" was *TRIPE, no less!* With great trepidation I returned to the hold and presented my offerings to the eagerly waiting troops - and ducked quickly lest I be greeted with a mess. 'Twas only the fresh bread and the fact that - at the time - we were traversing the North Atlantic that somehow quelled our thoughts of mutiny."

Tripe, green eggs and equally fragrant mutton were offset by the good, fresh-baked bread and strong, hot tea. Without them at every meal we might have starved, though one of our crew (the late Frank Sutter) spent the entire voyage wrapped in his blankets on the cold, steel deck - with just enough strength to plead with every passerby to take his rifle and put him out of his misery. He might have stayed in Europe forever if he hadn't been able to scrounge a ride on a US bound, war-weary B-24 in May of '45.

After an eternity on the bounding main, we evaded the U-boats, survived the Limey chow, and most of us regained our sea legs (and stomachs) in the calm waters of the Mediterranean as we cruised past The Rock. Soon after passing The Rock we landed at Oran, Algeria, the very busy port of entry for most US troops in those early weeks of the North Africa invasion.

From the docks we carried or dragged our barracks bags, musette bags, gas masks and rifles for what seemed like ten miles, all uphill, to a staging area aptly named "Mud Hill" and known to all who passed that way as Mud Hell!

The only pleasant memories of that miserable place were the fact that the ground didn't pitch and roll and the wonderful alfresco showers. There were two available for our squadron of 200 or so very moldy GIs. So, as in all army maneuvers, we stood in line, in the mud, forever!

We had dug our clean underwear from our bags and had shed all but trousers and shoes. After "sweating out" the long shower line, we experienced our first "navy type" shower: two minutes to soap and scrub, one minute to rinse - in cold water, while standing inside a canvas shelter that extended from an average man's shoulders to his knees. Of course, the wind was blowing - but who cared? We were almost clean for the first time in weeks!

Cold "C" rations were a great improvement over Limey sea rations - though we missed their strong, hot tea with canned cow.

We slogged around Mud Hill a couple of days, waiting to be "staged", whatever that meant. Finally our transport arrived and we were herded aboard WWI French railroad cars called "40 & 8s". They were well air conditioned. Their sides consisted of

horizontal wood slats through which we had a great view of the countryside, and it was a pleasant surprise. Most of us had a mental picture of Africa as one, big sand dune, and instead we found ourselves jerking and swaying through green, wooded hills.

It was a deceptively pleasant introduction to the Dark Continent because we couldn't foresee all the fun in store as we leapfrogged across North Africa in pursuit of the Desert Fox, General Erwin Rommel.

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Lt. Harold Diel, 96th



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Photos are furnished by Tom Hitchcock who is Harold's cousin. Tom (see page 9, Aug. '93 Newsletter) is owner of Monogram Publishers of Sturbridge, MA and he turned us on to a book dealer who has moved 65 "Adoriminis". See page 118 re Harold.

Misery!

-- At the end of November our food processing machinery fell apart. We had had minor problems for the past 13 years which were mainly lack of appetite and an inability to sit down and consume a nice meal. In a letter to a longtime friend I described my situation (considerable pain, gas, etc.). Back came a letter from Paul which included a clip out of the Sept. issue of the New Yorker Magazine. *It fit my dilemma to a tee!* I made a copy for my doctor and mailed it to him as I was to visit him in a few days. When I saw him he said, "I know about *Helicobacter pylori*," and he wrote me a prescription for a two weeks supply of Achromycin and Metronidazole. Washing them down with gulps of Pepto-Bismol I took 100 pills in the two weeks and, my friends, I almost feel like a kid again. I'm not out of the woods yet but I have some of my taste buds back and have gain back 10 of the 20 pounds I lost in December and January. There was also an article in the Oct. Issue of the Readers Digest. I'm including this in your newsletter because many of you may have been treated over the years for peptic ulcers. Ladies & Gentlemen, peptic ulcers are caused by *H. pylori* - the same bacterium that has caused my misery! If you suffer from "*Upper GI*" problems I will be pleased to send you a copy of the New Yorker clip for you to give to your doctor. It is exceedingly well-written and if I can understand it anyone can. — r. l.

ROUGH AIR FROM THE LINK



First we would like you to meet our great grandson, Matt Womaek (1 yr.), of Columbus, Georgia. At the moment, Matt's dad may be on his way to Korea's DMZ for a hitch. Matt's granddad, our son Dick, Jr., put together HEINZ III, the 82nd's new word processor. We hope you will allow us a couple of musings. After twenty years plying the conservation and forestry business we moved to Idaho to take over a job in "Public Information". The job required a familiarity with both the spoken and written word and we had a lot of training in neither (*the boss was an old college friend*). At about that time we learned from a family history that our grandfather, our great grand-father & our great great grandfather had all been newspaper editors and/or publishers. Do you suppose some of our "writing" genes have found their way into Matt's little gene pool and perhaps someday he will wind up being the newsletter editor for a bunch of great guys?

The picture will show you how our word processor is set up to crank out all kinds of copy for the literary appetites of 82nd members. Right now, though, it ain't crankin' too better. Two weeks ago I was ready to heave the consarned thing out the cussed window. Instructions in the three books that were supplied with the three brand new components were written in Greek, Pakistani and Kamikaze. The general quality of this issue is certainly not what what was promised but we are making progress. Incidentally, many thanks for the coin of the realm that was sent in to help with costs. For those of you who have forgotten - you should know the account is still open.

ABOUT ADORIMINI -- Our inventory here in Boise is now, at 566 unsold histories! 16 month ago we had about 1,250 in our garage. Soon after the Nov. '93 Newsletter went out we got an order from a new dealer we hadn't heard from before. We had sent them a book for review several months prior and had given up on them. As of today they have moved 60 of our books. That means we have been able to reduce our indebtedness which is super nice but it also means that we have been able to spread here and abroad the heroic story of the 82nd Fighter Group. That's the bottom line. We are going to load up our bookmobile with a dozen or so boxes and see if we can't hawk a bunch of them at the National P-38 Association Meeting in Houston in May.

P-38 NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

"REUNION '94"

HOUSTON - HOTEL - DOUBLE TREE AT POST OAK, 12 THRU 15 MAY 1994

COME SEE A GATHERING OF P-38's. WE HAVE SIX, YES (6) LIGHTNINGS OF THE 7 FLYING P-38's IN THE WORLD (ONE IN ENGLAND) THAT WILL SWOOP-IN FOR THIS FANTASTIC, UNLIKELY EVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN, OCCASION.

EVENTS

TRIP TO THE LONE STAR FLIGHT MUSEUM, FAMOUS FOR ITS P-38 "PUTT PUTT MARU". FEATURED IN THE AIR SHOW, THE SIX P-38s CLIMAXED BY THE "WHITE LIGHTNING" AEROBATICS FLOWN BY LEFTY GARDNER, AND USAF JET FIGHTERS FLY-BY.

A HISTORY PANEL HONORING THE "GROUND SUPPORT" PERSONNEL OF WWII.

A DAY TRIP TO THE NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM AT SPACE CENTER HOUSTON.

BANQUET: FEATURING KEYNOTE SPEAKER GENERAL ROBERT F. McDERMOTT PRESIDENT EMERITUS USAA.

A PICTORIAL PRESENTATION BY THE LEADERS OF THE P-38 RECOVERY GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

GOLF, COCKTAIL PARTIES, GROUP AND SQUADRON (WAR STORY) GET TOGETHERS.

MANY THANKS TO THE P-38 OWNERS WHO HAVE COMMITTED THEIR AIRCRAFT TO OUR REUNION. THEY ARE:

PUTT PUTT MARU -----OWNER: LONE STAR FLIGHT MUSEUM

WHITE LIGHTNING -----OWNER: LEFTY GARDNER

SCATTERBRAIN KID II -----OWNER: CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE

INVASION STRIPES -----OWNER: WILLIAM LYON

MARGE -----OWNER: DAVID TALLICHET

JOLTIN JOSIE -----OWNER: ROBERT POND

DON'T MISS THIS EVENT. TO RECEIVE MORE INFORMATION SEND FOR RESERVATION APPLICATION. REGISTRATION FEE IS \$75. FOR ASSOCIATION MEMBERS, \$85. FOR NON-MEMBERS. MAIL REQUEST FOR REGISTRATION PACKET TO: P-38 NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, P.O. Box 1816, BURBANK, CA 91507

PLEASE SEND REUNION REGISTRATION INFORMATION TO:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____
STREET CITY STATE ZIP

I (AM) (AM NOT) A MEMBER OF THE P-38 NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

I WOULD LIKE INFORMATION ON HOW TO JOIN THE P-38 NATIONAL ASSOCIATION. YES:____ NO:____ (DUES \$20. PER YEAR)

"LIGHTNINGS STRIKE HOUSTON"

"LIGHTNINGS STRIKE HOUSTON"

M A I L C A L L ! !

CALL FROM TOM CARHART, 97th Pilot

(Ed's Note: This is a dirty trick but Tom tried to wedge his way into one of our very exclusive clubs and we rejected him as he needs more such instances to qualify. He called to tell us of locating Arne Ingebretsen only to learn of his death 10 years past. "Tom," we stopped him, "You already sent us that info and it has already been set in concrete!" "I DID??" "Scout's honor.")

Well, any how Dick, I understand there's a color photo of my plane, "Nicey Mom", that is floating around the 97th squadron someplace and I would sure like to see it or procure a copy of it. Before I went overseas our little daughter began to call her mother "Nicey Mom" and the name naturally went on the side of my plane. Along with the name was a big red heart - because my plane was the "Heart of the Squadron!"

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FROM DICK WILLSIE, Mr. Cool flew lots of things - but never into a rage!

Dick, the officers of the following fighter pilot associations: Jack Braun (P-51), John Rutherford (P-47) and myself have joined forces to give John Hartshorn (P-40) and his organization a boost so the P-40 can have a place in the Honor Court of The Air Force Academy. There will be no more such additions to the Honor Court.

It is my hope that members of the 82nd will join with other P-38 drivers to make the P-40 dream come true. After all, to many of us, the gallant Warhawk was a stepping stone to the other three great fighter planes. No amount has been specified but we suggest \$25 (tax deductible) should be your guide.

Make Checks Payable To: P-40 WARHAWK PILOTS ASSOCIATION Memorial Fund, and mail to CARY W. SALTER, 3625 Hawthorn Dr., Jackson, MS 39216.

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H E Y G U Y S - P A Y D U E S - \$15!

PHONE CALL TO STAN KUPCINSKAS, 96TH F1 Chf

Stan has always been one of our favorite people. He was often a visitor in our Foggia abode since Jerry Peeples was one of his Crew Chiefs.

Five years ago, while attending the 82nd Reunion on the Queen, Kup was struck down by a sudden heart problem and he had to return to Worchester, Mass. We check up on him once in a while.

Stan said he was fine. Weather permitting he gets to walk his doggie now and then. Several daughters look after him as well as his wife Aldona. We are confident that he is in good care.

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MORE STEVE BLAKE, 'Tis Rumored He Writes!

Maybe true because, next to our Baby Book - "A D O R I M I" IS #2!

Steve would like you to check out an article he has written for "Lightning Strikes" & which is called "Fugitive Lightning". It is about one Lt. Martin J. Monti, USAAF. Seems he claimed to have had friends in the 82nd so Steve wishes to know if Monti's name is familiar to any of you.

AWOL from Karachi he first tested the 82nd, was spurned and then purloined a P-38 F-5E at Pomigliano and promptly disappeared. If you don't already belong, join the P-38 National Association so you can read Steve's stories. Plenty darn good reason.

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FROM TOM CARHART, Fordcar

Sad news. McAdams, Cook and myself have been looking for Arne Ingebretsen for years. He was our tentmate while we were in the 97th. I finally found his brother Carl at El Macero, CA (near Davis) who informed me that Arne died about ten years ago. He leaves a daughter, Nancy MeMonagle, and a son, Paul - both in the Sacramento area.

We three have missed Arne but, in a sense, are content to know his fate.

Keep up the good work - you'll never fully realize how much we depend on you to keep all of us informed. Thank you.

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TINKER TAKE OFF

Oklahoma's Largest Weekly Newspaper

Published on Friday of each week by the Leader Press, 17 N. W. Third Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Opinions expressed herein by the publishers and writers are their own and are not to be considered an official expression of the department of the Air Force. The appearance of advertisements in this publication does not constitute an endorsement by the Department of the Air Force of the products or service advertised. Take Off is the only newspaper published and distributed in the interest of personnel of Tinker Air Force Base.

January 25, 1963

United States Air Force — Aerospace Power For Peace

Vol. 21—No. 3

GEEIA Commander to Retire

Colonel Richard A. Legg, commander, Central GEEIA region, will retire from the Air Force Jan. 31st, to end a career of 28½ years that began with his graduation from West Point in June 1934. His retirement will be marked by a parade which several of his former classmates will attend.

Col. Legg came to Tinker in April of 1961 from Hamilton AFB, Calif. where he served as Inspector General, 28th Air Division.

In the early days of World War II he was assigned as Fighter Commander in Java. When Java fell to the Japanese, he escaped to Australia. He was in command of an

evacuation point at Broome, Australia where he was responsible for evacuating military and civilian personnel from Java. He was commended by the Dutch Government for saving many orphans. He flew 80 combat missions in fighter aircraft over Java and New Guinea.

After the war he served as commander of various fighter groups in the European Theatre and the U.S.

Col. Legg holds the Distinguished Flying Cross with oak-leaf cluster, the Air Medal with two oak-leaf clusters, the Presidential Unit Citation with oak-leaf cluster and the Croix de guerre with palm.

During his two years at Tinker AFB, he has participated in base activities, having served as president of the Rod, Gun, and Bow Club and Prexy of the Base Aero Club.



CIVILIAN LIFE beckons Col. R. A. Legg, who retires next week.

FROM KAREN UTLEY, Dghtr of Col. Legg

I enjoyed talking with you this evening. Thank you for sharing that story about Dad. He was a great story teller himself. He said he got the 2nd and 4th rides in the 1st jet and that the Test Pilot got the 1st & 3rd. Dad said his first ride was awful as the plane felt like a dog so he took it around and landed right away. He expressed his disappointment so the TP looked it over and then suggested that Dad would get better performance if he could get both engines going instead of just one. But the TP took it up again (for ride #3) just to make sure there was nothing wrong. (For some reason Dad hadn't known he didn't have both engines running. P-38 pilots could always see their props turning!)

Since the jet's #3 flight was O.K. it was Dad's turn again. He got both engines going this time and was thrilled with the jet's performance. As he was flying around So. Calif. someplace he noticed a prop fighter plane above him and he figured it was going to try to pop him and it did. Dad executed a quick maneuver and was immediately on the prop's tail. After a bit, Dad pulled even with the kid and tossed him a salute - then poured coal to the jet and pulled away.

Dad suspected that when the kid landed his prop he told a wild story about trying to shake a crazy plane with no props!

I must say I really miss the stories and the fact that Dad could go anywhere and find someone who knew someone he knew. He was a grand soul.

(Ed's note: Isn't that beautiful? I hope my daughters can write half as lovingly about me some day.

The reason for Karen's call was that she wanted to order Adoriminis for herself, her sister and her niece! Bless your heart, Karen. - RLL)

FROM WALTER CARLSON (Via his daughter Janet Sharlau)

I want to thank all of you that have visited, called, sent cards and kept me and my family in your thoughts and prayers these last few months. On Mon., January 23, I was able to leave Covenant Hospital and was transferred to an extended nursing care facility in Crawfordsville, Indiana. It is about an hour's drive from my home in Urbana but it is the closest facility that will take patients who are on a ventilator. I am adjusting to my new room and care givers and am awaiting Spring and the opportunity to go outside.

As always, I like to get mail and, of course, would love visits from those of you who are close enough to come. My new address is:

Williamsburg Health Care, Inc.
1609 Lafayette Road
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN 47933

There are no restrictions on visitors or visiting times.

Again, I want to thank everyone for their remembrances during this time and I hope you come and see me.

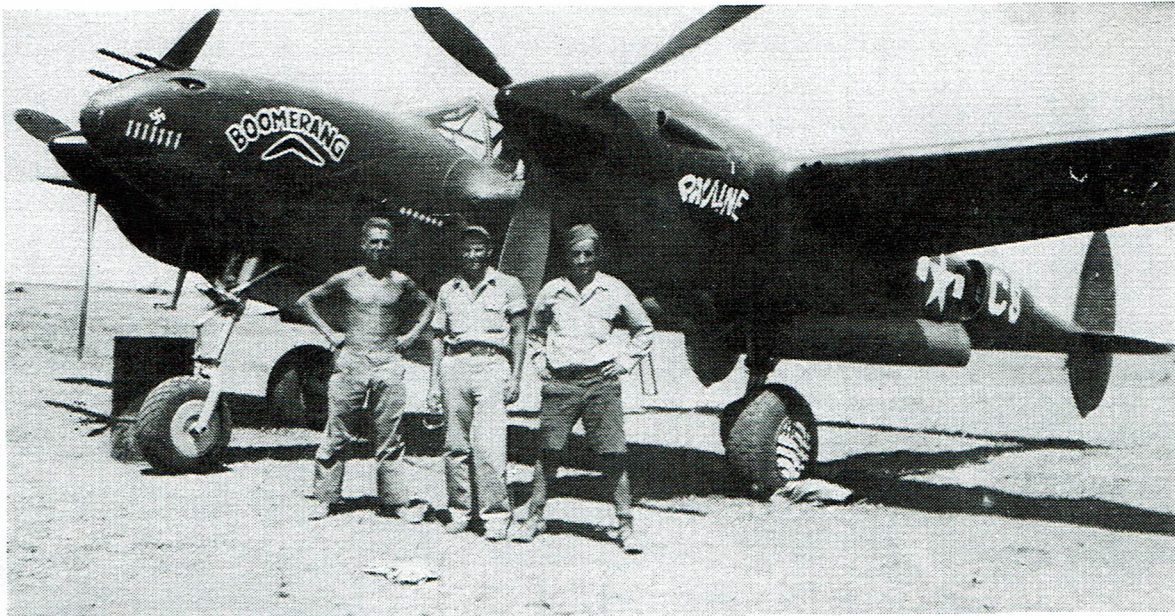
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FROM BOB CONGDON, 97th Pilot

These three guys saw me thru some rough times in '43. If any one reading this has any idea of who and where they are, I would appreciate hearing from you. Thanks!

(Ed's note: We also would like to know)

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97th Guys! PuhLEEz! IdEntify

FROM R.D. TUCK, 97th Crew Chief

(Ed's note: R.D. wrote a letter to M.D. Griffith via the good offices of the 82nd N.L. We couldn't help but read it even though it was M.D.'s property. I guess there's some sort of editorial privilege here. Because of such privilege, we were compelled to add our comments with another letter to M.D. and we thought we should share both letters with you.

First, though, we need to bring you up to speed. We reported in the August '93 N.L. the remarkable story of M.D.'s chance meeting with Olen Medley while both were traveling in New Mexico. M.D.'s brother, Robert - a 97th pilot, was KIA during a Roumania mission and M.D. has been trying to find 82nd folks since the end of the war.

This is our letter to M.D.: "We are forwarding R.D.'s letter to you but we feel a need to comment about it. So:

"We are struck by R.D.'s **"Heart"**! After fifty years he still remembers your brother with love, respect and admiration. For many of us the years seem to take their toll of memories of past events and personalities of those associated with those events - especially when those events were closely tied to a disagreeable lot in life. None of us were happy campers but 98.8% of us tried to do our jobs with a degree of excellence allowed by the circumstances. With the airplane crews this inevitably led to a welding of man and machine. Understandably, some pilots were reserved and crewmen were wary of closeness with them. Other pilots were open and friendly. Some simply didn't last long enough for strong attachments to

grow. Even considering the odds it's surprising how strong the bonds became between a pilot and his crew. I recently tried to arrange a liaison between a pilot and the brother of his deceased crew chief. For over a period of thirty missions they had been a strong, close team)"

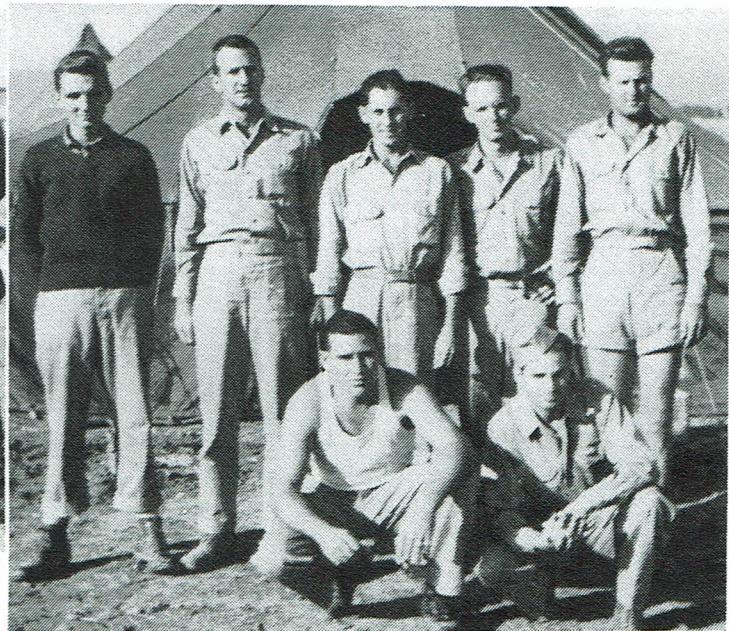
Now here's R.D.'s letter to M.D.

Sir: In regards to your brother Lt. Griffith of the 97th Fighter Squadron. I knew him as a pilot who flew my ship on Missions from Italy.

Lt. Griffith was a very wonderful man. All the enlisted men thought very highly of him and he was very courteous and very decent toward them. As far as we could tell he was a very good pilot during the time he flew our plane. We always said, "Only the good die young," and he was one of the best.

Lt. Col. Greene (Paul H.) flew my ship on the mission (July 26, 1944) on which we lost Lt. Griffith. When he did not return, Col. Greene told me he had talked on the radio to him as two ME 109s had him between them and he could not shake them. All these years I've wondered about him and I just recently learned he was KIA. You can be very proud of him and I was proud to have him fly my ship and to have known him. I am also proud to have been in the 82nd Fighter Group and of all the men in it.

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While in Foggia we often had visitors at meal times. They would take anything we would scrape off our mess kits into their containers.

(Both pictures courtesy of Ted Papermaster)

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96th MEDICS IN GROMBALIA

Top: Jim Smith, Ken Bauman, Dr. Ted Papermaster, Bill Knight & Gilbert Richey
Bottom: Bill (?) Rogers & Art Ryan

MRS. MARIAN W. ROGERO, Widow of Frank,
96th pilot

This is to let you and the 82nd Fighter Group Association that my husband, Frank D. Rogero, 96th Squadron, died on Dec. 8, 1993.

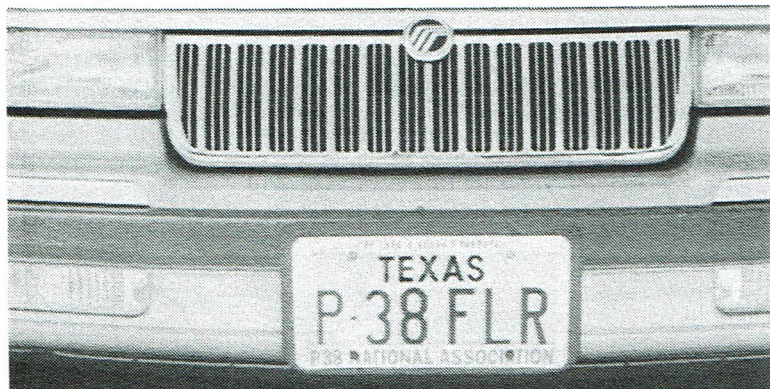
(Ed's note: Thanks Marian for your thoughtfulness in sharing with us. We grieve with you. We note that, with increasing frequency, our comrades are leaving us and as painful as it seems we know that such leaving is part of life. We hope you will join us in San Angelo)

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FROM PAUL "Jorgie" JORGENSEN, 97TH Pilot

Thought you might like to see the enclosed picture of my license plate. It's the talk of Lackland AFB.

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FROM TED PAPERMASTER, 96th & HQ Flt. Surg.

I really appreciate your kindness in publishing some of my scrivenings.* I wonder sometimes if I'm really a frustrated journalist who lacked the talent so had to go to medical school.

The report on your hematology counts I would have to refer to my hemo-oncologist daughter who graduated from the University of Minnesota Medical School in 1975. She has been practicing in the area for the past 12 years.

I'm also sorry to hear about Jerry Loewenburg and I trust he will continue to improve.

Like everyone else I, too, have been plagued by some of the effects of aging but I have managed to carry on a fairly active agenda. For example, I took my 12 year old twin grandsons up to Northern Minnesota last summer for a guided fishing trip. I took the opportunity to regale them with stories of how I, singlehandedly, won World War II.

By the way, this past Sept. 2 was the 50th anniversary of the famous Cancellio Raid. I remember Dr. Marvin Haw and I went along just for the ride in B-25s. Some ride!

Keep up the good work.

(* Ted, I don't know the meaning of "kindliness" - I kick little kids, puppy dogs and stomp on ugly cats - but I'm a sucker for a good story and that's what I get from you and most of the rest of the 82nd folks - but thanks anyway)

>> >> >>

FROM JERRY LOEWENBERG

Eighty Second Ftr. Grp's Pro Bono Familio

I want to offer all my abject apologies for failing to respond individually to the many guys in our 82nd Family who wrote to me during my travail. Most of these messages arrived in August. I was just too damn sick for too long as a result of the post-operative trauma following heart surgery. I fell into a four month long deep depression. Among the many Christmas Greetings I received were three from members who also were unable to attend the Seattle Reunion. These were Ted Latta, Dick Willsie and John Urech.

(Ed's note: Jerry's ordeal was shared by a number of us who have maintained strong lines of communications with Jerry since Roy Norris so cruelly wrested the office of Sec./Treas. from him seven years ago. It fell to our lot to notify some key folks around the country to hold off a while until Jerry could shake the depression beast off his shoulders. Imagine our elation then, when late in November I answered the phone and the caller said, "Dick this is Jerry!"

We would also like you to note that January marked another milestone for Jerry and Pat as they finally got by that pesky 39. Let us just say that J & P are the most senior of all our senior citizens.

We have three big huzzahs for Bruce Loewenberg who kept us up-to-date during his Dad's ordeal)

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FROM PEGGY RUEDI, Dghtr of John Perrone

This is to let you know that my father can no longer respond, on his own, to your notes and cards. Please, though, don't stop writing. I know that he appreciates news about and from all of his friends.

Life is short and precious.

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FROM TED STRONG, 97th

I really enjoy the "poop from the groop" provided in the Newsletter. I wish you to correct an error, however. My wife, Fleta, passed away on Nov. 27, '92 instead of Feb. 27, '92.

I just talked (11-27-93) to Marge Hoelzel. She arrived home today from the hospital after a very successful knee operation.

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FROM LEN PRATT, 97th Pilot

Blythe and I truly regretted missing the 1993 Reunion. Placing my 93 year old mother in a Florida nursing home with the associated maze of government red tape was frustrating and time consuming. Since I now feel like a quasi expert on this subject I would be pleased to help someone with a similar situation.

I want to join our Great Group with a load of thanks to Will and congrats to George.

Many kudos to you, also, for your outstanding and much needed endeavors.

(Ed's note: Len, thanks much for the kind words. I also appreciate the time it took for you to add the poem but it's necessary to omit all such because of space needs. I do, though, like to include original items our guys send in)

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THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST LETTERS THAT HAS COME BY THIS DESK EVER

FROM LEE THOMPSON, 95th Pilot, Phoenix, AZ

Jails here in Maricopa County have become a little crowded so a judge ordered that something be done to alleviate the situation; so Sheriff Arpaio decided to set up a tent city for the inmates. Of course, the prisoners don't like the tents (no phones, no TV, etc.) and are complaining loudly. The ACLU and some bleeding hearts from the media are complaining.

I copied some pictures* that are in Adorimini which depict our luxurious quarters in North Africa & Italy and sent them to the Sheriff.

This is his answer: "Dear Dr. Thompson: Maybe I should post the photocopies you sent at Tent City so the inmates can see the conditions our law-abiding soldiers endured during WWII. Don't worry that I will be persuaded by the naysayers to change my mind about the tents. They are cost effective and they are also a deterrent. I thank you and your wife for your continued support."

* For example: A pup-tent at Telergma, Mess kit washing time in Foggia, 97th Company Street in Foggia, The CO's tent in Foggia.

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FROM MRS. BOB BROWER, Widow of R.O., 96

Thanks for sending the newsletter. I enjoy reading it.

(Thanks, June)

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FROM GEORGE BOWERS, 95th Pilot

I'm not an odds maker so maybe you can figure the odds on what I'm about to relate. I'll start in July of 1944 when a group of P-47 pilots arrived overseas. Eight of the group went to the 95th Sq. and four of these into one tent and it wasn't long before we lost Ray Davis & Phil Brewer. The tent was filled again by the addition of Bill Hayduk & John Blumer. John wasn't one of the P-47 bunch as he was a trained P-38 pilot - but he arrived soon after we did.

We four, Duckwitz, Bowers, Hayduk and Blumer completed our tour and all went home in '45. In 1992 we got together (less John Blumer) for the 95th's "50th" at Tyndall AFB. At that time we talked about a Reunion just for the four of us.

- SO -

- NOV. 1993 -

Hayduk, Duckwitz & Bowers flew Hayduk's Cessna "210" to Dubuque, Iowa and then drove to John Blumer's home in Manchester. We had a great time - we met John's wife - we went to dinner and the next day to breakfast at the local American Legion and then - after many war stories - we left.

Then we went to New Orleans, via commercial airlines, where we were hosted by Don Hebert (pronounced Aybear) a 97th pilot. We toured all of New Orleans and had the best T-bone steaks ever to hit a frying pan. All this plus more war stories. And a good time was had by all.

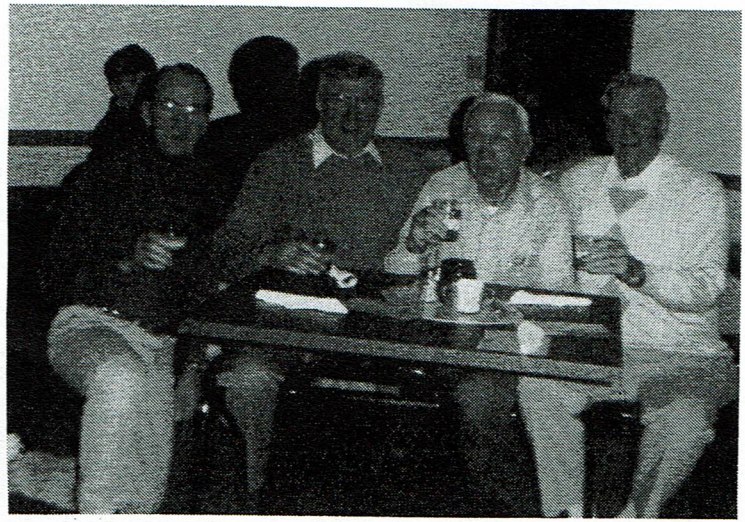
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FROM STEVE BLAKE, An obscure author

Enclosed is a copy of Lee Lette's article "Perimeter Policeman" that was printed posthumously by "The Friends Journal", the Air Force Museum's publications. As with the piece he wrote for the 82nd's Newsletter he knew before hand his article had been accepted. Suggest you excerpt it - if you wish - for the NL.

(Ed's note: the above paragraph is paraphrased because - momentarily - we can't find Steve's letter. In any case, the piece describes a hair raising story about one of Lee's missions while flying an F-80 over Korea from his Kyushu Base. When he and his flight were strafing North Korean troops in the Pusan area he suddenly found himself flying up-side down and heading for a piece of Korean real estate. After a shaky landing back in Kyushu his crew chief had to! extradite several board feet of Korean White Pine from a wing's leading edge. We can make copies of the article if you wish but Lee's piece is too long for the NL)

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Duckwitz, Hayduk, Blumer & Bowers

TO RICHARD KOLB, Editor, VFW Magazine

Chuck Luke forwarded your letter to us.

The 82nd Fighter Group, Inc. is pleased to donate the enclosed copy of the 82nd's History to the Veterans of Foreign Wars Magazine.

(Ed's note: We not only received a thank you note from Mr. Kolb but we also received a nice note from the VFW's Ex. VP. This is of concern to us because a lady of our acquaintance here in Boise is active in VFW Ladies Auxiliary and routinely takes one of our books to meetings she attends)

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FROM MONTY & MARGARET POWERS, 95th Nomads

(We are sorry, but we yust can't keep up with M&M. We read in their Christmas note that they will be back in the Holy Land in March. In any case, no more pictures of "Powlskiland". We don't want Peplinski and Ryland to get self-conscious)

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FROM JOSEPH A. PUETZ, 96th EM

Please send me Milt McCurry's study of "Prostate Cancer". I have a biopsy every year so will find it interesting.

You always do an excellent job on the Newsletter and I enjoy reading it. I will have to make one of the Reunions just to visit with you. Fred Graham called about Walt Carlson's illness so I sent Walt a card. I get a call from Rex Ortmann occasionally so I keep in touch. Fred, Rex and myself are all well.

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JUST HOW COLD WAS IT IN ST. CLAIR TOWNSHIP?

by Ted Latta (January 18, 1994)

It was so cold in St. Clair Township that the following events took place" I accidentally left our front porch light on overnight and when I realized what I had done I went to the switch in the living room and turned it off. Three hours later I went out to the porch to pick up our newspaper and the porch light was still burning. I came back into the house to try to turn it off once more but the god darned thing still kept on burning.

For the next few hours I tried to think of a way to get the thing turned off. Could I screw the light out of its socket and then warm it up in the microwave? On second thought I might have an explosion there which would blow glass through the oven. I even called some of my friends - but none of them had any suggestions. I pondered the problem for days but still the light glowed.

Then it came to me ... I could unscrew the bulb, take it into the bedroom and put it into the bed along with the electric blankets. I did just that but when we went to bed the crazy thing was still glowing!! Not only that but in the middle of the night the thing was still glowing and keeping me awake. I finally got up, put the bulb on the floor and put the waste basket over it. In the morning the bulb was still frozen and burning. The waste basket was softening up so I took the bulb into the kitchen and put a scrub pail over it. After four days I peeked under it and it had finally gone out. My problem now is: Will Edison charge me for all the electricity that bulb used up for those four days after I had turned off the switch?

I went outside to talk the problem over with my neighbor but it was so cold the words we were saying just froze up and we couldn't hear each other. I suppose that when spring comes the words will thaw out and we will be able to hear what we said.

A fellow went ice fishing out on the St. Clair River. He was using Jalapeno peppers for bait and all he managed to catch was a bagfull of ice cubes.

The only thing between St. Clair, Michigan and the North Pole is a barbed wire fence and that thing is down about half the time.

The above will illustrate just how cold it got in St. Clair Township...but it wasn't quite cold enough to freeze my computer!

FROM BOB HILDEBRANDT, 95th Pilot

(Ed's note: Bob is responding to our request for information regarding Elwood Howard, 95th Pilot. See page 17, Nov. '93 Newsletter)

Howard was a classmate of mine, Luke Field - 43K. I've looked through my records and learned only that he was from La Grange, Maine.

Gardner's flight led the 95th with Hayden and I leading the other two flights. I'm pretty sure Howard was in Hayden's flight. I saw him go in as we made our run. It was a screwed up mission from the start as we dropped our bombs on the wrong target and when we got to the right one they were waiting for us.

Some of us went down to the hospital at Bari to see Howard after he had been returned and he was in really bad shape. We were not sure he was going to make it. He told us he had been hit on his dive and the cockpit burst into flames. He thought the primer pump had been hit. All he could remember was that he popped the canopy and got the hell out. I'm enclosing the mission report:

Flak A few light bursts (inaccurate) at last flights but the plane that went down must have gotten a direct hit.

Losses Lt. Howard's plane caught fire as he pulled up from dive. He was seen to bail out, land safely and then run toward his crashed and burning plane with his parachute.

David Weld, Major
Intelligence Officer

(Ed's note [what? again?]: We are pleased to include herein Hildebrandt's special piece about the Class of '43 - Luke Field)

LUKE - 43K, THE HEART OF THE 82nd
Summer of 1944

95th -	96th -	97th -
Girling	Freestone	Aldridge
Haller	Sides	Arndt
Hardin		Darrow
Hawthorne	+	Davis
Hayden	Baker	Durell
Henry	Noel	Gordon
Hildebrandt	& about	Hebert
Howard	10 more	Sims

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FROM LU DEMERS, Widow of Julian, 95th

Please find check enclosed for two Adoriminis to be sent to my two sons, Rich and Joe.

(Ed's note: With great pleasure, Lu)

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page 16

FROM DEL RYLAND, 95TH Pilot

You must be hard up for material since you keep using Powskiland! More than likely Powers is bribing you.

(Ed's note: Del sent the note along with his Laser Jet kicker. He is referring to the picture of the tent belonging to Monty Powers, Larry Peplinski and Ryland. When we get frazzled and paper is flying all over the editorial room we usually can figure out a way to do some dumb thing to the poor old newsletter. I guess Powers has some sort of "Power" over me because it wasn't the 2nd time I've run that picture, Del, it was the 3rd time. Oh well, all you guys and gals should know Monty, Larry & Del pretty well by now - and after all, that's the name of the game isn't it??)

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FROM JOHN KANE, 96th Pilot

Enjoyed the latest edition of the NL. The Seattle Reunion was right up there amongst the best ones. Everything operated flawlessly except my door. On the first night of my stay I carefully made my way from the hospitality room only to find that my key wouldn't operate the lock! After several trips down to the desk I finally had to call Frances to have her open the door. After breakfast on Sunday - and with about an hour to go before our train was to leave the station - I went back to the room to retrieve our bags. Key no workee again! Back down to the desk, Boy!

After a noble try with the door, the service man entered the room next door, climbed from its balcony to ours and then opened the door. In spite of the delay, our taxi made it to the train on time.

What ever you do, don't tell this story to Dick Andrews as he was telling everyone that I was unlucky!

(ANDREWS: D o N o t R e a d T h i s)

I was certainly glad to read Dr. Papermaster's account of the Italian Training Plane. I have asked some people about it and no one had heard about it. Part of the story as I first heard is that it suffered a bullet hole in the coolant jacket of the engine - or maybe it was the engine block. The hole was braized shut and then the plane was flown. It began to lose power to the point it couldn't maintain sufficient RPMs. The story I heard was that the Group Commander grounded it because he didn't want to lose anyone in a crash.

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Jack Walker, left & Ewald Rudat Walker 82nd Pilot and Rudat ME 109 Pilot were on missions the same day in the same area.

FROM JACK WALKER, 97TH Pilot

Hope this finds all in good spirits and health. Dont know if you have this story or if you have used it - but do what you want with it.

Stoke up the fires and get in the wood. It's hot here in San Diego and the fires are fierce.

(Ed's note: The "this" Jack is referring to is a newspaper clip [no city or town indicated - but we assume it's Buffalo, NY] dated Aug. 1980. The story reviews the heroics of Sgt. John Barber of the 96th when he drove his burning gas truck away from the parked P-38s. It's a nice story an we will set it up for another section of the NL. Thanks Jack)

WHOOOPS!

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FROM JOE SHANNON (97th Pilot)

It is with a great deal of sadness that I report the loss of another veteran of the 82nd Group (97th Squadron). Thomas W. Gray passed away on December 16, 1993 after a courageous battle with cancer.

Tom and I had two overseas tours together during WWII (England, Mediterranean and CBI). Here in Birmingham, we managed to have lunch together every week until about a month before he died. He will be missed!

(Ed's note: We also received a phone call from Link & Midge Jones with the same news. Link & Tom didn't know each other while both were in Africa and at the same time but Link and Midge met Tom and his Mildred at the Atlanta Reunion and became fast friends.

In the Spring of '84 I was at the 1st Meeting of P-38 National Association & met Tom & Joe while I was setting up my Boise Reunion display. At the time, I thought, "Gee, these two guys are brothers with different "Sir" names)

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Betty & Monty
our San Angelo Hosts

George W. Taylor, 95th

CLARKSVILLE — George W. Taylor, Jr., age 73, of Clarksville died Oct. 21. He was a Farmer & Peach grower. Army Air Force Veteran of World War 2, awarded the Bronze Star Medal with 11 stars. Member of Johnson County Farm Bureau Board, Johnson County Farmer's Co-op, member of Belle Grove Masonic Lodge #410, Belle Grove Order of Eastern Star #56. American Legion Bunch Walton Post #22. Cattleman's Association, Ark. State Farm Bureau Board, Johnson County Peach Growers, Peach Festival Board, Fair Board Association, Mount Vernon building and Cemetery Boards, A.S.C. committee, F.H.A. Committee. He served 20 years as Justice of Peace in Quorum Court. Member of Horticultural Society. He had served 5 years on Johnson County Regional Hospital Board. He was an avid hunter & fisherman and

took great joy in seeing & watching deer and wild turkey. Memorials may be made to George Taylor, Jr. memorial Fund, c/o Johnson County Regional Hospital, 1100 East Poplar Clarksville, Ark. Survivors are wife Dorothy; 5 sons, Tom Taylor, Fairbanks, Alaska, Dr. George Taylor, III, Clarksville, Bill Taylor, Gentry, Ark., Dr. Richard Taylor, Berryville, Ark., Paul Taylor, Clarksville; 2 brothers, Miles Taylor, North Little Rock, Ruel Taylor, Clarksville; 2 sisters, Mrs. Earl (Mary Sue) Coats, Huntsville, Ark., Mrs. Jack (Sarah Neile) Colburn, North Little Rock; 12 grandchildren. Funeral services will be 10:00 a.m. today, at Hardwicke Funeral Chapel. Burial in Mt. Vernon Cemetery. Graveside services by Belle Grove Masonic Lodge #410. Hardwicke Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

FROM AL DEFORGE, 97th Pilot

While still trying to locate Bill Burgess (Pilot, 96th) I received a call from J.W. (Bill) Burgess who was with Group H.Q. (while attached to the 95) from June '42 to June '45. He knew nothing of our Association so I sent him my spare copy of Adorimini and maybe you can send him the latest copy of the Newsletter and maybe a roster. He thinks he might be able to make it to San Angelo.

(Ed's note: A short time after we received the above we got a check from JW for a copy of Adorimini. Al does good work. For those of you who might be interested here is JW's winter address: 6800 South Strand Ave., #325, YUMA, AZ 85364. His summer address is 1233 Crestview Lane, MISSOULA, MT 59803)

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S/Sgt James E. Obermiller

Kirtley

Lt. Milton Joel (Flight Leader)



Pilots of the 95th FS, 82nd FG based at Mines Field, CA during 1942, brushing up on their aircraft identification. From l to r are: S/Sgt. James E. Obermiller, Captain Robert E. Kirtley, S/Sgt Marshall E. Hyde, S/Sgt Charlie Langdon, S/Sgt Archie Mallette, and John Litchfield. (Courtesy of Col. Robert Kirtley)



FROM JIM OBERMILLER 95th Pilot

The first order of business is to congratulate you on a continuing excellent effort in the publishing of the NEWSLETTER. Secondly, to add my compliments to all hands who did such a great job on "Adorimini".

On the latter subject, however, I want to correct the record on a caption under the photo on page 6 where I was incorrectly identified as Bill Connor (middle row, sitting, left to right). No one should feel too badly, however, as this also occurs on page 13 of the book "P-38 Lightning" edited and published by Turner Publications of Paducah, KY. I informed Ceffarat when he published the 82nd's book. Some of the error, no doubt, was due to Col. Bob Kirtley's memory - and maybe this was because I was probably not one of the 95th's more stellar pilots, even though I was the first (I think) to check out in the P-38 while we were at Muroc - as recorded in my notes as 30 April 1942. I was fortunate enough to be one of the first to be commissioned (14 Sept. '42) and was simultaneously transferred to the South Pacific where I joined the 67th Fighter Squadron (P-39/P-400), later redesignated the 67th FS, 349th FG. So much for the detail - deemed pertinent or otherwise.

(Ed's notes: With a generous salutation like the above how can we not respond to Jim's desire to have the record straightened. We may take the liberty to reduce a photo or two to make the whole thing journalistically fitting. But, then again - maybe not. Roy's got lots of lire stashed away for just such reasonable causes.

Which brings us to one of the best phenom stories in the annals of war. We think it's been told already in one of our back issues but it deserves a repeat. Besides, our Librarian in charge of twice told tales is on a year's leave of absence and she's the only one who can run things backwards.

The story goes this way (if our memory serves us correctly): A certain Col. Marvin was flying around Nam one day looking for targets of opportunity when his Co-Pilot asked (for want of something intelligent to say) "What kind of plane did you fly in WWII, Col.?" The Col. replied, "I flew P-38s out of Italy. The Lightning was the ultimate in aeronautical design up to that time." The CP pilot then said, "Oh, my dad was a P-38 pilot." And now, of course, you can guess the rest of the story. Col. Terry Obermiller, later CO of the 82nd Fighter Training Wing at Willy, attended our Reunion in Denver with his Dad)

GO CART TOWER
From Jack Walker - Over



19 - Preliminary Schedule - 94

82ND FIGHTER GROUP ASSOCIATION REUNION

SAN ANGELO, TX, OCTOBER 5 TO 9

Wednesday, Oct. 5	2am	Welcoming Committee - Please be prepared to welcome Early Birds and Early Golfers.
	3am	Registration Desk opens off and on until 7pm.
Thursday, Oct. 6	8:30am	Bus loads for visit to working oil lease. Be sure you have a pair of old shoes along. The bus ride will take about a half hour. The owner of the lease will tell you about the square mile of wells in the lease.
	10am	Ride back to hotel to rest and change shoes.
	11am	Bus to Cactus Hotel -or- Walk the .6 mile to the Cactus along the river bank. The Cactus is Hilton's 2nd Hotel and is now being renovated.
		Lunch will be a buffet in the lobby of the Cactus. There will also be a presentation of locally-made western clothing and jewelry. Amazement is guaranteed.
		Afterwards, there will be some free time to shop in the old part of town or to stroll back to the Holiday Inn along the river or take the bus -- until:
	4pm	When we will bus to Fort Concho to immerse ourselves in some 1860's history. A TexMex meal will top off the evening.
Friday, Oct. 7	Morning	Buses load for Goodfellow AFB which has become a Security Training Base. There's a possibility for lunching at Goodfellow.
	L. Afternoon	Your obligation here is to work up a good appetite, because around 4ish we will be bussed to Lake Nasworthy for a Barbecue and Beans meal at the Goodfellow Rec Area at Lake Nasworthy.
	E. Evening	Bus back to Hotel for 82nd Hospitality.
Saturday, Oct. 8	9am	ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING There are a lot of options for the ladies during the morning. A menu of options will be ready for you on your arrival.
	Lunch	On your own. There may be optional activities after lunch.
	4pm	SQUADRON MEETINGS and then:
		ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT PERIOD.
	7ish	THE SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET!