

HARLEY'S LEGACY

The beneficiaries are the Members & Friends of The 82nd Fighter Group Association

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Organization

Dayton

The Queen

Family
Style
Warmth

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NEWSLETTER EDITOR
(temporary vacancy)

ASSOCIATION BUSINESS ITEMS

Those of you who did not attend the San Angelo Reunion (and I was one of you) missed the reading of a letter in which I made a plea for a temporary (one year) release from my newsletter duties.

The letter was precipitated by what appeared to have been the on-set of a nervous breakdown (at least this was the opinion of a very knowledgeable [non-medical] friend of mine. If the diagnosis was accurate - it was, nonetheless, short-lived and relatively minor. But since it occurred during the preparation and mailing of the Sept. Newsletter we decided we had better slow down and consider some changes so we immediately canceled our San Angelo reservations.

I am happy to report to you that we are pretty much back on our feet. However, we (and the "we" includes Jo Ann as she is an invaluable part of this newsletter operation in many ways) took a good look and decided we really need these next 365 days to build back some of our physical, mental, emotional and spiritual energies so that in '96 we can do a better job for you.

Don't for a moment think this an easy way out for us. The 82nd has become part of our genes and we have pursued our humble efforts with a large measure of pride and satisfaction. It has also been great fun and your responses have made it that way. If you have accrued some enjoyment through all this baloney slicing -- consider our gains: We used to have a few dozen close friends here and there -- **NOW** we have several hundred!!

82nd DOLLAROSIS

Only about five years ago our Association's bank balance was above \$20,000 by a good bit. On July 1 of this year it was down to about \$16 thou. There are three major culprits: 1) The newsletter has been costing us about \$30 a page just to print (500 pages @ 6 cents) then there's another \$20 for postage, pictures, stationery items and telephone calls for each issue. So, you put the two together and you get 50 bucks a page & a 20 page newsletter will cost your Association 1,000 clammeros. If your newsletter editor sneezes and accidentally puts out a 50 pager you are in deep trouble buddy (that's not so funny because the current NL is 28 pages!).

Someone will inevitably say, "Hey, cut out all the nonsense in your rag and you'll save all kinds of marbles!" Good idea -- except that's the way Venus de Milo lost one of her arms!

(continued on page 5)

Pilot returns on a mission of joy

When Charles Lindbergh landed in France, they gave him a hero's parade.

When Woody Howard first landed in France, they put him in a horse-drawn cart under a load of turnips and hay and kept him under wraps until they could get rid of him.

Fifty years later, they wanted him back again.

And John Elwood "Woody" Howard, of Crystal Mountain and Yakima, wondered why the citizens and officials of Montelimar, France, even wanted to see him again. "I wondered why the French would want to see anyone who caused them so much trouble," he said.

But with all of France in the last couple of months celebrating the 50th anniversary of World War II liberations, the people of the small town of Montelimar wanted to reconnect with the former American pilot who crashed into their vineyards during a bombing run on Aug. 13, 1944.

The Maquis, or French resistance, had rescued Howard, nursed his wounds and moved him from hiding place to hiding place, right under the noses of German occupation troops. Howard was very much their first sign of the long-hoped-for liberation of France. And they have treasured that symbol for a half-century.

An 85-year-old former Maquis, Roger Tisserand, leader of Howard's rescuers, initiated an international search for Howard in 1992, telling his neighbors and friends that he wanted to see "his P-38 pilot" before he died.

The Howard he remembered was an only slightly seasoned, 22-year-old P-38 pilot who bailed out of a burning plane hit by anti-aircraft fire during a bombing run on parked German aircraft at Montelimar. He suffered first-, second- and third-degree burns and other injuries and barely was able to parachute to a nose-in-the-dirt landing. His nose.

After cutting the pilot from his parachute and dressing him in civilian clothes, they moved him through the countryside and hid him in barns and homes to escape detection. At one point, with Howard hiding under a tarp and load of vegetables and hay, his rescuers told a German patrol that "the pilot and plane had gone kaput in the Rhone River," Howard recalled.

In a makeshift "hospital" in the hills, two nurses daily cut away burned and rotted skin — a painful process — and redressed Howard's wounds. During his entire escape, the nurses and a Maquis remained at his

side, even sleeping on the floor next to his bed. One hiding place was "so close that we could feel the ground shake when German tanks began retreating," Howard recalled. Not long after, when the ground shook under Allied tanks, he was turned over to advancing American troops.

The entire episode was jammed with quirks and twists of fate, Howard recalled. Even before the mission, he got a replacement parachute even though the rigger said his was good. Turns out later, it wasn't. And on the morning of the fateful Montelimar raid, Howard said he "felt sorta funny, like I shouldn't be flying that day."

Because it was warm, and they came in at "about 100 feet over the deck to drop our cluster bombs," Howard said he wasn't wearing goggles or gloves or an oxygen mask — which might have protected him somewhat from cockpit flames. And when he climbed for altitude and bailed out, "I couldn't find the rip cord: it had been blown almost away, and I found only part of it on the opposite side."

That was the beginning of the end of his direct involvement in World War II. When other pilots were able to visit him later in an Allied hospital, one recalled that Howard "was in really bad shape. We were not sure he was going to make it."

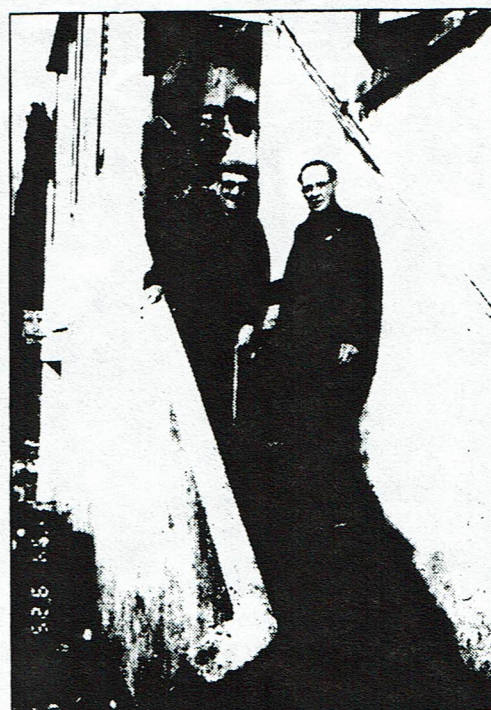
Howard was recalled during the Korean War, then became an Air Force finance officer and eventually went to work as a utility appraiser for Washington State, retiring in 1977. "I often thought of the bravery and the kindness of the people who had helped me, but I did not think that with my limited information there would be any way to locate them," he later wrote.

If the original crash left Howard badly burned and injured, the impact of the unexpected 50-year-reunion last month left him a tad weepy and overwhelmed with emotion. Howard recalled: "When we got to Montelimar, about 150 kilometers south of Lyon, they put me and my friend up at the Napoleon hotel. The mayor picked us up and took us to their city hall, and into a big room where there were more than 200 people standing and cheering.

"It was a very tearful, emotional thing ... for them, and for me."

In a two-week reunion, Howard was tracked by French newspapers and television crews and feted at several mass receptions. He received two huge medals and a clear plastic sculpture containing a chromed engine valve from his original P-38 "Lightning." Other parts of the plane are enshrined in a local museum.

And he met Roger Tisserand, the man who had said two years earlier that he wanted to see "his P-38 pilot" before he died. "He's 87 now, and he sure didn't look



Woody Howard, right, is reunited with the leader of his WWII rescuers, Roger Tisserand.

as though he's going to die any time soon!" Howard remarked.

Almost as overwhelming was the work and support of the 82nd Fighter Group Association, whose members helped track down Howard and then raised round-trip air fare to France for Howard and a friend. Before they found him, Howard said, "I didn't even know they existed." In an association newsletter solicitation to help finance Howard's trip to France, newsletter editor Dick Lingenfelter, of Boise, wrote:

"Why all the fuss? Woody is not only 'Woody,' but he is all of us who could have been Woody in his situation, but for the fateful toss of a coin ... it was Woody who took the rap and was the stand-in for all the rest of us.

"And again, the Maquis could have said, 'Oh, let the Krauts have him.' Instead they put their own lives on the line in rescuing him, hiding him, tending his wounds and then returning him to us."

It might all sound like narrow-screen, black-and-white war stories to many of us, but to those who lived it, and lived through it, Woody Howard's story has spanned an ocean and a half-century, and was written by real heroes.

■ Jon Hahn is a staff columnist who writes three times a week in the P-I.

HERE IS A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO GIVE YOU SOME OF THE AMAZING WOODY STORY

We had a story all typed up about Woody's adventure in France when the copy of Jon Hahn's account appeared in the mail a few days ago and we immediately trashed our version. Both Jon's and our stories cover but a fraction of Woody's and Virginia's weeklong binge in Montelimar. To begin with when they arrived in Montelimar they were not only suffering from "jet lag" but "jet SAC" as well. Upon their arrival they were ushered into the City Hall where 200 people were waiting to greet them. Of course they were warmed by such an enthusiastic reception which turned out to be just a taste of what was in store for them for the next six days. Long luncheons, long dinners, rides around the countryside and interviews with French TV reporters. They were showered with gifts and other expressions of affection from the townfolk. The high point for Woody, though, was meeting with Roger Tisserand - his rescuer on August 13, 1944.





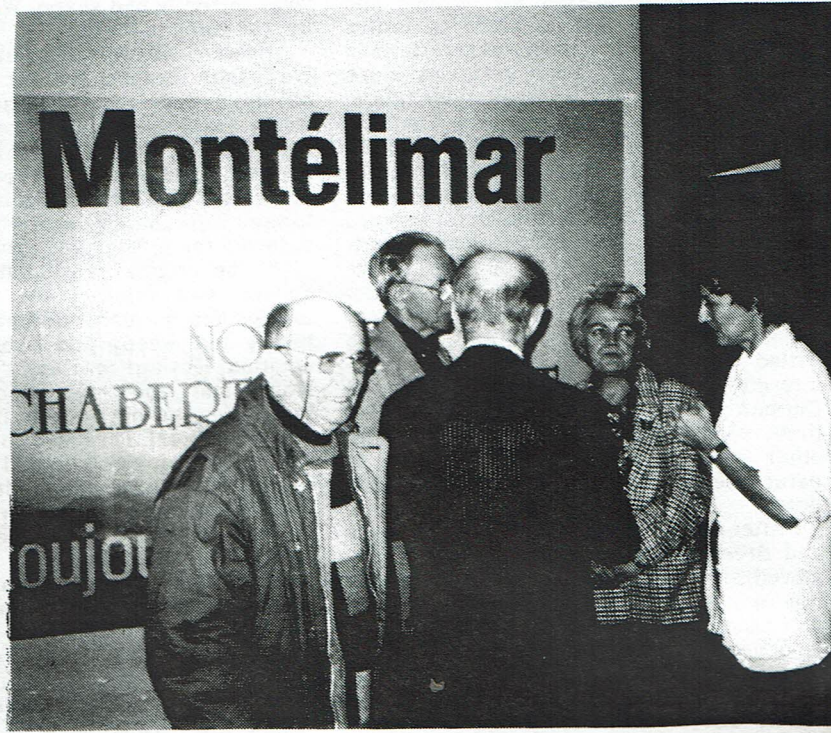
From left: M. T.'s son-in-law, Virginia, M. T., Mr. T's daughter & Woody



Bernard Cayrier & Roger Poncet with Woody in the middle
- A N D - Woody's T-33



Woody with Serge Blandin



CHARACTERS IN THE WOODY DRAMA

Roger Tisserand, Serge Blandin, Mayor Thierry Cornillet of Montelimar, The *warmhearted* citizens of Montelimar, Robert Hildebrandt, Charles Horne, and the good offices and members of the 82nd Fighter Group Association.

M. ROGER TISSERAND (1907 to Nov. 10, 1994)

The French Hero who risked his life hiding Elwood Howard from the Germans and kept a lifelong dream of seeing his "Pilote Americain" before he died. On Wed. evening, Nov. 16, we received a call from Woody with the news that he had received a note from Willy Bouchet that Roget had died Nov. 10 of leukemia.

(continued from page 2)

Another culprit is **DUES!** Our dues schedule was set back in the dark ages when you could buy a cup of joe for a nickel. I've been thinking about this and I was going to write a note to George and suggest that we dun all our life members \$10/year starting with '91. This is Biblical because the Good Book said a man's normal life span is "three score & ten" and our average birth-day is about 1920. So you lifers can get busy with your check books. We yearly payers ain't going to get off the hook either. We should get with the times and add \$10/yr. to our regular \$15/yr.

Inflation is a normal biological fact - just like gray hair and wrinkles - and we should deal with it sensibly. Our NL printing bill will be up circa 15% with this issue. Write to your Squadron Rep and tell him you're concerned about our 82nd family's financial health and that you would support (immediately) a sensible change in our dues schedule. I've changed my mind about writing to George -- because I have faith in you guys and I know you'll do it for me if not for por ol' Roy.

D I S I N T E R E S T

We know that there are some of our members who - flat out - do not have the financial ability to pay nominal dues but who enjoy keeping up with news about their WWII comrades. If we know this we have no problem keeping such members on our 82nd roster and newsletter mailing list; however, there are roughly 25% of our members who do not pay dues, have not attended a reunion and who have ignored correspondence regarding their interest in our Association.

This general situation was discussed at the business meeting in San Angelo and there were pros & cons. President George Marvin will be studying the matter during the months ahead.

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The 82nd Fighter Group Association NEWSLETTER

No. 32

Boise, Idaho

Nov. 1994

IN MEMORIUM

DANIEL D. FORD

JULIE GUSTAFSON

COELLA HOOVER

ANDREW JANASIK

SERRILL S. KEMBLE

HERMAN OTTERSTEDT

JACK RICHARDSON

ROBERT J. ROPER

JOSEPH SCHERER

JOSEPH M. STADNICKI

PAUL J. VALLIERE

HARLEY C. VAUGHN

JEAN WITTLITT

OBIT INFORMATION

ANDREW M. JANASIK

Andrew Janasik (known to his friends as "Rocky") was Chief of Engineering in the 95th. He had many friends in the Squadron - one of the best of whom was John "Jake" Hendrix who has kept us up to date on matters involving Rocky. Jake and Rocky worked together for Northrup in the Los Angeles area for many years. "Our kids were raised together," Jake said.

Rocky had been battling a liver ailment for many years and recently (in the middle of Sept.) discovered a swelling behind an ear and three weeks later (Oct. 10) was dead of a metastasi-

(continued on page 8)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BIG FENCE AND BACKGEAR

(Ed's note: One of the things I have really appreciated over the years has been the thoughtfulness of our members -- and even of some non-members - for sending material they feel might be suitable for including in the 82nd's Newsletter. Usually, I will make a note of the sender of the material but, too often, I get distracted and will later come across some interesting item and - lo and behold, I had neglected to make a notation of the sender. The following is of that nature. My thanks to the reader who sent the item in. It is from "SORTIE", The 15th Air Force Association's Newsletter. Oh, before I forget, please help by properly identifying items you send in by sender and source)

BIG FENCE RESCUES

This week (this was written in '44 or '45) the 341st Signal Co. and attached Nav Aids detachments, known as Big Fence, were awarded the Meritorious Service Plaque, the highest award authorized a unit of this type. The presentation was made by B.G. D.C. Strother at 15th Fighter Command. Big Fence has participated in one of the greatest stories of the aerial war over So. Europe and the Balkans by giving - in a matter of seconds - damaged or lost aircraft their exact position and the location of the nearest field. Big Fence has given such information to almost 4,000 aircraft (low on fuel or with engine failure) in a five-month period.

Would you believe that some of our pilots were unaware that the 82nd had a homer station in which your beleaguered editor worked (?) for several months? Such was called "BACKGEAR" and many many 82nd pilots were brought into Foggia 11 on an exact vector furnished by one of its operators. This was especially true during big mission days when command radio channels were too jammed for a Big Fence fix.

"Hello Backgear, hello Backgear. This is Cowtail Baker Mary requesting a vector for Gocart, over." "Hello Baker Mary, this is Backgear, give us a count, over." "Backgear, this is Baker Mary, 'one two-tie your shoe, three four-shut the door, five six-give me a fix. Over to you Backgear." "Hello Baker Mary, Hello, Baker Mary, fly 167 - repeat - fly 167 degrees, over."

(continued on page 9)

A UI phenomenon?

(Webster: "A rare fact or event or one of unique significance")

LET ME TAKE YOU to a Tunisian desert in July of '43 when I was an enlisted man with an Army Air Force P-38 group. I had recently been transferred to the unit and knew absolutely no one, and what's more, was not particularly welcomed by my new comrades.

It was hot - 115

degrees in the

shade and

there was no

shade! I

found some

refuge in a

Group HQ

pyramidal

tent where

reading mate-

rial had been set

aside. I was looking through

a Reader's Digest when a

shadow was cast from the

tent opening. I looked up and

was absolutely stunned.

There stood my best friend

from Lindley Hall! Lee

Ragland.

Understand that there was bedlam on the UI campus

following the bombing of

Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1942.

To take a wild guess, I would

say that by Feb. 1, '43, fully

half of the 2,000 male stu-

dents in residence in Decem-

ber had joined the armed

services or were drafted.

There was no time to get

addresses - it was "Ta ta, see

you after the war."

But there was Lee, and

we were hugging each other

(I never thought I'd ever hug

a guy). Lee was a P-38 pilot

and was in another squadron,

but we were able to spend a

lot of time together - be-

tween his escort missions.

Lee was lost in the Bay of

Naples on Sept. 5 while es-

corting B-25 bombers over

the Italian mainland. On Sept. 2, he had participated in a similar mission which turned out to be one of the biggest air battles in the Mediterranean Theater up to that time. The group's P-38s shot down 25 German and Italian fighter planes while protecting the bombers. Not a single bomber was touched while our group lost 11 planes and pilots. Lee was credited with shooting down two of the 25 enemy fighters, and the group was awarded a Presidential Citation for the action.

Six months later, the group was based near Foggia, Italy while its planes and pilots escorted

B-17s and B-24

during their raids over Ploest, Vienna, Regensburg and other strategic targets. I had become a Link Trainer Operator and was responsible for pilot instructment training. Understandably, I met a lot of the pilots. They didn't like having to get into the little toy flight simulators and having the canopy closed down on them. They tried various ploys with us in order to reduce the time they had to sit in darkness reading green glowing instruments. Invariably they would ask, "Where are you from, Sergeant?"

"Idaho, Lieutenant. Now get into the box."

One day one of them replied, "Hey, I'm from Idaho too." This was Chuck Luke, and he told me his dad was Dr. Luke - a UI physics professor. On another occasion, one of them said, "Say, we had a pilot in our squadron who was from Parma, Idaho and he was shot down over Parma, Italy

(P-38 group... Continued top of page

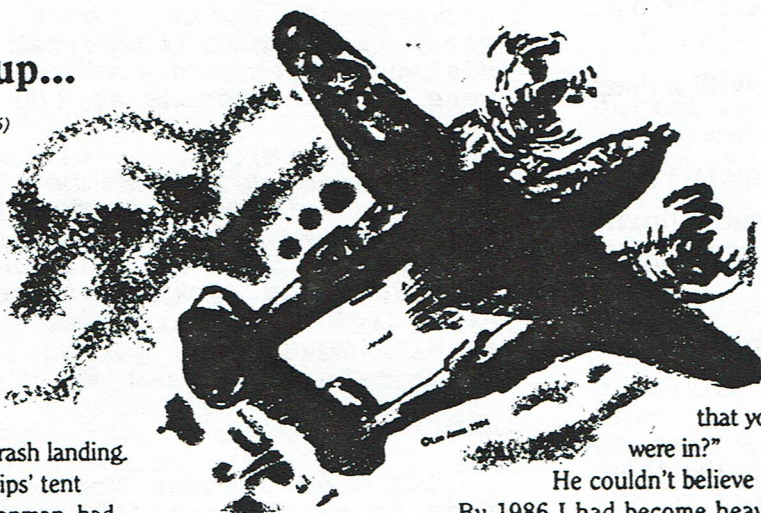
P-38 group...

(Continued from page 6)

Later I met Don Chase and Hank Phillips, both pilots from Coeur d'Alene. Another Idaho boy, Bill Smith, from Ketchum, was killed while making a crash landing. Chase's and Phillips' tent mate, Francis Chapman, had roots in Idaho.

Shift gears for a moment and join me here in Boise in 1983. I had just retired and began to wonder about the whereabouts of my old comrades from the Army Air Force P-38 group.

I learned the name of the pilot who had been shot down over Parma, Italy from a Boise friend who was originally from Parma, Idaho. This pilot had bailed out and spent the remainder of the war in a German POW camp. His name was Warren "Bud" Tolmie. Next I looked in a "Gem of the Mountains" and found Chuck Luke's name. I found his picture with other members of his fraternity (Fig). Would you believe that another name caught my eye on that same page? Warren "Bud" Tolmie! Then I looked in the UI Alumni Directory and found Luke's address in Bellevue, Wash. and got a number from Ma Bell and called. "This is Dick Lingenfelter, your Link Trainer man from Foggia, Italy."



that you were in?"

He couldn't believe it.

By 1986 I had become heavily

involved with my group's post-war association. In fact, in 1987, members of the association flocked to Boise for its annual reunion. Among the attendees were Don Chase and Bill Barr, also a P-38 pilot. While he was never a UI student, he taught entomology there.


Here, then, were six of us who had been members of the 82nd Fighter Group during World War II and who were also associated with UI.

*"Never forget what it took to make the journey
The pain, the work, the sacrifice and finally the growth.
Take pictures with your heart
for these pictures serve as a roadmap to lead you through life."*

— Excerpt from a poem written for members of the UI volleyball by Coach Tom Hilbert

"Yeah, I remember you. You went to U of I as I recall." I asked him if he knew Bud Tolmie. "Sure, he was a fraternity brother." "Did you know he was a P-38 pilot in the same squadron"

Now those of you who enjoy working with figures, can figure out probabilities of a small university — hidden up there in the Palouse hills — furnishing so many people to such an outstanding military unit (our planes and pilots destroyed more than 500 enemy aircraft in the air).

There's an addendum. The Veterans of Foreign Wars post in Roselle Park, N.J., is known as "The Jack and Lee Ragland Post". Jack, the youngest of the three Ragland brothers to attend UI, was killed while flying a B-17 over Europe during World War II. Both he and Jack will have their names engraved on the Normandy Memorial Wall in France. 

— An essay written by UI alumnus R.L. (Dick) Lingenfelter '42 of Boise



WE GET 'EM THE HARD WAY !!

George Marvin, Charlie Charlton and Ralph Embrey were invited by a local San Angelo TV station's studio for an interview.

If anyone can talk up a storm about the 82nd Fighter Group it has to be these three hombres.

Soon after the interview was aired someone in the Association received a phone call from a lady in town who had watched the interview.

She said, "My brother, C.E. "Ike" Eckermann, was in the 82nd Fighter Group and he used to tell me some unbelievable stories about all you guys!" (We can believe it, Laura)

She gave us Ike's address in Santa Maria, CA and Roy Norris has been in touch with him. His address is: 1297 Bauer and the Zip is 93455. He has no phone listed

Ike was in the 97th

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This little piece created many very interesting responses from several different quarters. First Chuck Luke & Bill Barr called to compliment me (actually, the UofI's editor greatly improved my draft). Francis Chapman called to say a couple of his USAF friends called him about the story. One of Jo Ann's friends knew Bud Tolmie. Best of all, tho, I sold a copy of "ADORIMINI" through the article!

NATIONAL P-38 ASSOCIATION NEWS

(continued from page 5)

Dick Willsie called us a few days ago with a couple of interesting items.

First, the Association will be moving its HQ to March Field AFB (now deactivated) where it will be close to the 15th AF Association HQ. I do not recall that Dick gave me an effective date of the move but I presume it will be in the Spring of ninety six.

Second, (and details Dick gave me over the phone - and which I wrote down - are missing) the next meeting of the National P-38 Association will commemorate the initial flight of the XP-38 which was from March Field in January of 1939. It is hoped this meeting will also see the unveiling of a replica of the P-38 that was erected at the Air Force Academy by the National P-38 Association.

Dick said that many members of the National P-38 Association had wanted to be included in the Memorial Plaque that was dedicated at the Academy and for whatever reason - didn't make it. They now have another chance at Riverside California.

The National P-38 Association will use the same sculptor who put together the P-38 at the Academy. Willsie said \$500 donees will be accepted for March Field's P-38 Monument regardless of having already participated in the financing of the Academy's Lightning.

((Joe Kuhn's new address is: 9336 Notts Ct., Little ton, CO 80124)

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DON'T BE SHEEPISH
PAY FOR D-EWES

sized lymphatic cancerous infection. His wife Ruth and their two daughters were at his bedside at the time of his death.

Rocky was a Life Member of our Association and had attended three and a half 82nd Reunions (we had a Mini-82nd Reunion in Everett, Washington in the late 80s) and Rocky assisted Chuck Luke with last year's reunion in Bellevue, Washington.

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DANIEL P. FORD

Dan died Tuesday Morning, August 30 from complications following a stroke. He was 78.

Danny, as he was known in the 96th Squadron, was assigned to Squadron Supply during his tour in the 96th. He had many friends in the Squadron and was proud to be one of the 4Fs which included the other 3Fs: Fisher, Flick and Focaretto -- all from Ohio. The four of them met together for the last time at the 92nd's '88 Reunion in Dayton. Tony passed away a year or so after Dayton and only two are left.

Besides his wife Marie, Dan leaves two sons, Gabriel of New York City and Philip of Campbell, Ohio. He also leaves his brother Ange, with whom he was in the tavern business.

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JACK RICHARDSON

Jack died of cancer on Feb. 10th, 1993. We apologize to Eva Jane for the "slip up" in failing to report this to our membership earlier.

On March 23, '93, Eva Jane sent the following note to Roy Norris: "Thank you for your kind and thoughtful note. Jack was very proud to have served with all of you and he had many happy and funny stories of those years that he related to me and to his daughter and son. There were difficult times, too, but being Jack, he wanted to share the warmth and companionship of that period of his life with us.

"He was a special man and we miss him - and we are trying to follow his example.

"I would be proud to remain on your honorary roster."

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(continued from page 6)

"This is Baker Mary, Backgear, I understand 167. Is this correct, over?"
"Backgear to Baker Mary, Roger and out."

One of us would go outside the van and look north and in a few minutes here would come a P-38 wagging his wings while buzzing our homer station.

I would almost swear on a stack of air muddles that this story is true: Great big mission coming back from southern Europe and there was a lot of noise on the air. Apparently a B-17 pilot couldn't get into Big Fence so he switched to intercom while his command button was stunk down -- and this is what we heard over Backgear's monitor, "Pilot to Navigator - can you give me a fix, Eddie?" "Sorry, Cap, I'm lost, too -- but there's a P-38 up ahead and those guys always know where they are!"

Perhaps some of you guys out there would like the names of the Homer Station Crew: T/Sgt. George Allen (97), Chief; S/Sgt. Bruce Ireland (96th), Operator; S/Sgt. Oscar Poindexter (97th), Operator; Sgt. C.F. "Pete" Neese, (97th) Operator and Cpl. C.A. Stewart (97th) Equipment Mntnce.

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SPECIALLY SELECTED LITTLE NOTES THAT CAME ALONG WITH THE "Five Buckeroos" for ol' WOODY

From Jerry Powell: I can't think of a "Gooder" cause.
\$ - \$ - \$

From Art Johnson: I just now received your letter about Woody's proposed trip to France and I just happened to have a "fin" so I'm throwing it into the pot.
\$ - \$ - \$

From Don Correa: Dear Dickie Boy -- Just got your note about sending Woody back to France. How come? I thought Adolph was outa there.

Now ... Dickie Boy, you're thinking, "Gee, there are two checks in here. H'mm, I guess poor ol' Don boy has gone completely 'Round the bend!'"

Not true (yet). Actually, I'm trying to get rid of this load of guilt I've been carrying around for four or five years. My buddy, Arnold Grover, had sent you my address at that time and you mailed me a whole bunch of news-letters and related items at your own expense but suggested I might help out with postage.

Well, you know, I intended to reply but I'm the world's worst procrastinator and, believe me, I wake up many time during the night only to find my pillow is soaked by the tears of remorse. So, Dickie Bird, please accept these \$s and buy some flowers for Jo Ann (OR - a hint - Steal 'em from a local park and save the loot for a life of debauchery) or use it for 82nd stuff.

Belated thanks to you for the many hours you spent keeping us current on instruments. I don't believe I ever told you about my experience on top of an overcast and over the Alps.

The morning of the mission, my Crew Chief on Baker Nellie -- I believe his name was Bekins (Ed's note: Pretty close, Don, it was Bekius and he died about ten years ago ["BEKINS" is a transfer and storage firm in Calif.] and he was also Don) -- told me he had installed a new artificial horizon and apologized for being unable to get it uncaged. So there I was on top of this overcast, in a tight turn, low on fuel in a tip tank, when the bottom engine quit. I was in the soup immediately with speed picking up. "Both throttles back, center the needle and ball, switch tanks and start hauling back on the yoke." The airspeed needle kept winding up and by the time I realized I had been on my back and was "Split S'ng", I shot out of the overcast, going straight down, and in a valley between two alps!. Either side and I would have been history.

Needless to say, I tooled around a while - collecting my wits and cleaning out the cockpit. Then came home underneath the clouds.

Sure glad you pushed that "Needle & Ball" stuff.

(Ed's note: Woody! All of the above [from the Correan] is entirely your fault! If you'd have been more careful while on that So. France mission and had dodged that piece of flak that lit you up -- then we wouldn't have had to write to guys [like the Correan] to pitch the guys for "fins" and they wouldn't have had the yen to write notes to me like the above! Please be more careful the next time!)
\$\$ \$\$ \$\$

From Ralph Simpson. I'm enclosing a check to help send Woody on his way with good wishes.
\$\$ \$\$ \$\$



Part of the 95th contingent at San Angelo



Part of the 96th San Angelo Bunch



Most of the 97th's San Angelo Crew

ATTENDEE'S LIST -- Betty & Monty Bardwell, Hosts

ADAMS, Bob & Vysta (95th)
 ANDERSON, Leslie & Veronica (96th)
 ARMSTRONG, Bill & Dorothy (95
 BAKER, Jim (96th)
 BARDWELL, Monty & Betty (96th)
 BEAN, Bill (95th)
 BOWERS, George Jr. (95th)
 BUCKLES, John & Raquel (96th)
 CAMPBELL, Bob (96th)
 CAPUTO, John (97th)
 CHAPMAN, Francis (96th)
 CHARLTON, Charlie & Ginny (97h)
 COLLIS, Martin & June (97th)
 COX, John (96th)
 CROSS, Raphen & Son (96th)
 CURRAN, Dick & Diane
 CUTHBERT, Harry & Lois (97th)
 DUNCAN, Jack (97th)
 ELLISON, Marcellus & Lucille (97th)
 EMBREY, Ralph (95th)
 FOLEY, Don & Regina (97th)
 FUQUA, Gordon & Kaki (97TH)
 GADBURY, Dick & Zeta (97th)
 GIERTZ, Lola, (95th & 96th)
 GRAHAM, Fred & Peggy (96th)
 HARDING, Ros & Lillian, (96th)
 HARMAN, Paul & Arkie (96th)
 HARMAN, Roy (97th)
 HEBERT, Don & Althea (95th)
 HENDRIX, Jake & Phyllis (95th)
 HERRICK, Ken (96th)
 HOLEMAN, Bill (96th)
 HOOD, Richard L. (97th)
 HOOPER, Sybil (96th)
 HOOVER, Travis (96th)
 HUGHES, Bryce & Margo (96th)
 HURLBUT, Frank & Connie (96th)
 ILES, Ray & Eulalia (97th)
 JONES, Lincoln (96th)
 JORGENSEN, Paul & Betty (97th)
 JOSLIN, Charles (97th)
 KINGERY, Meredith & June (96th)
 KIRKHAM, Don & Frances (97th)
 KUCZMARSKI, Len & Eloise (96th)

LAURIA, Phillip (97th)
 LEWIS, Gloria (97th)
 LITCHFIELD, John & Ysobel (97th)
 LOEWENBERG, Jerry (HQ)
 LUKE, Chuck & Judy (97th)
 MARVIN, George (97th)
 MASON, Ben & son Bill (HQ)
 MEDLEY, Olen & Betty (95th)
 MONSON, Gerald (97th)
 MONYHAN, Jim (96th)
 MORGAN, Claude & Fern (97th)
 MULLIN, Mel & Violet (95th)
 NORRIS, Roy & Jo Ann (96th)
 O'BRIEN, Hugh & Lucille (95th)
 OLIVER, Terry (*Blackie*) & Jesse (95th)
 OSTRONIK, Dick & Sylvia (96th)
 PALCZEWSKI, Stanley & Lucille (97th)
 PEPLINSKI, Larry (95th)
 PHILLIPS, Hank & Marlene (96th)
 PINSON, Charley & Bette (96th)
 POWERS, Monty & Margaret (95th)
 RIVEST, George & Connie (95TH)
 ROUTHIER, Romeo (96th)
 RUSSELL, Gene & Bettye (96th)
 RYLAND, Del & Maryanne (95th)
 SCHILDT, Bill (95th)
 SELLE, Fred & Shirley (96th)
 SIMS, Ed (97th)
 SLOAN, Dixie, (96th)
 SPENCE, T.O. & Mar-Jo (96th)
 STROZIER, Buddy & Jean (96th)
 SWENSON, Irv & Darlene (96th)
 TABACK, Pincus & Harriett (97th)
 TEEGARDEN, Dock & Dorothy (97th)
 TERRY, Harry & Mildred (97th)
 THOMPSON, Lute & Jackie (96th)
 TILLIPAUGH, Clayton & Beverley (96th)
 TURNER, Amos & Mary (96th & HQ)
 WALKER, Jack (97th)
 WARNE, Howard (97th)
 WILLIAMS, Johnson & Janie (97th)
 WOLFE, Fred (96th)
 ZURNEY, Walter (97th)

(continued from page 8)

ROBERT J. ROPER

Bob was a pilot in the 95th Squadron and he remained in the service after the war and retired at a Lt. Col. I have talked to his wife Emma and she said that her husband was very very proud of the U.S. Air Force and of his role in it. She said they had a big motor home and enjoyed traveling in it.

Emma said that Bob's legs had given out on him and that, lately, he had been confined to a wheel chair. She said he died of an aneurysm on June 16 of this year. He was 72.

Bob leaves his wife, Emma, and two children. The oldest son died a year ago.

>>> - <<<

PAUL J. VALLIERE,

Romeo Routhier sent us the newspaper announcement of Paul's death. Romeo had gone to New Hampshire from San Angelo to spend some time with friends and relatives. When he picked up the local paper - lo and behold, there was a news item about Paul's passing.

Paul was a pilot in the 96th and a life member of our Association. The only reunion he was able to attend was Atlanta in '86. We have had correspondence with Paul over the years and appreciated his input.

Paul died after a sudden illness on Oct. 11, 1994.

Paul Valliere spent 35 years with New Hampshire Distributors and before retiring he had been promoted to Sr. VP in charge of Marketing.

Paul served on the Church Council of Sacred Heart Church for ten years and was a member of Knights of Columbus for 35 years.

Paul's wife, Claire, to whom he was married for 52 years, died Mar. 26, '94, and both are survived by Paul, Jr., Donald T. and daughter Jane Boisvert -- plus five grandchildren.

>>> - <<<

HARLEY C. VAUGHN

Harley died of complications brought on by prostatitis on Sept. 22, 1994. If you haven't received the special mailing (following Harley's death) please let me know: Dick Lingenfelter, P.O. Box 5541, Boise, ID 83705 and I will send you a copy.

>>> - <<<

JULIA GUSTAFSON

Julie was the wife of Claude Gustafson, 96th pilot. Other details are unknown.

COELLA HOOVER

Coella was the wife of Travis Hoover, 96th pilot. No other details are known. You will note that Travis attended the San Angelo Reunion.

SERRILL S. KEMBLE

Serrill was a member of the 97th Squadron and an active member of our Association. We have no other information.

HERMAN "Skippy" OTTERSTEDT

Herman was the son-in-law of Jerry & Pat Loewenberg and died at the age of 68 on Nov. 1 of cancer. Skippy's widow, Lois, is the Loewenberg's only daughter and the great grandmother of Jerry's & Pat's great great grandsons.

Jerry had been looking forward to the Bellevue Reunion in '93 because that would have given him the chance to visit Lois & Skippy and their children. However, as you know, Jerry's health hit the skids at that time and he had to cancel all plans for the northwest.

JOSEPH SCHERER

Joe was in the 97th and we have no information regarding his passing.

JOSEPH M. STADNICKI

Joe was a member of the 97th Squadron. We have no details of his death. He wasn't an active member of the Association.

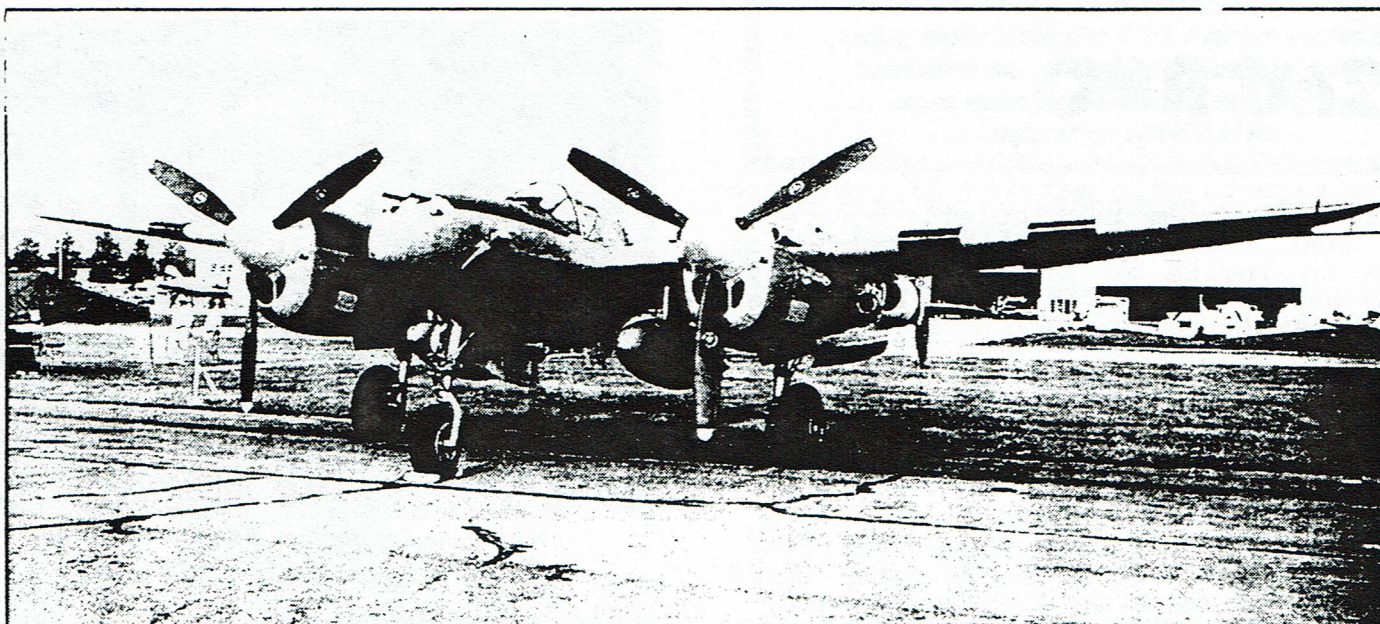
JEAN WITTLIFF

Jean was the widow of Major William W. Wittliff of the 97th Squadron. He was credited with three victories and completed his fifty.

We have no details of Jean's death.

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We had a nice note from Paul Valliere's daughter, Jane Boisvert, of St. Louis. Thanks, Jane, for your thoughtfulness.



Staff photo by Bill Wood

History: This P-38 Lightning on display at a recent air show holds symbolic significance for many World War II veterans.

Don't forget the proud 82nd

Gen. Merrill A. McPeak, the former chief of staff, declared that 1991 was the "Year of Organization."

I believe that one of his objectives had been to preserve the heritage of Air Force groups and squadrons going back before and during World War II by retaining the group and squadron numbers in the current Air Force structure.

During World War II I was a combat pilot in the 82nd Fighter Group (P-38 Lightning) that consisted of the 95th, 96th and 97th squadrons.

I recently had the opportunity to visit the 82nd Training Wing at Sheppard Air Force Base at Wichita Falls, Texas, and was warmly received by the wing commander and members of the wing history office.

There I learned that the 82nd Training Wing is a descendant of the 82nd Fighter Group of World War II and more recently of the late 82nd Flying Training Wing at Williams Air Force Base in Arizona (96th and 97th squadrons) that have been deactivated.

Although the 82nd had been deactivated and reactivated many times after World War II, it was always a flying organization.

But the 82nd at Sheppard is only a phantom organization with the 82nd flag in the wing commander's office and a copy of the history of the 82nd Fighter Group in the wing history office.

The wing structure at Sheppard now consists of groups and squadrons that have no relationship to the 82nd Fight-

er Group of World War II. Is this the way to preserve the heritage of a famous fighter group that had three distinguished unit citations and 548 combat aerial victories? I don't think so.

Squadrons of a combat group were an integral part of a group's heritage. But the 82nd's 96th and 97th squadrons have disappeared, and the history and memorabilia of the squadrons that were at Williams cannot be found.

Fortunately, the 95th Squadron still exists at Tyndall Air Force in Florida and has the huge task of maintaining the heritage the entire 82nd Fighter Group of World War II.

Paul Jorgensen

Retired lieutenant colonel
San Antonio, Texas

AIR FORCE TIMES, LETTERS-TO-THE-EDITOR,

NOVEMBER 14, 1994

HOW IS YOUR HISTORY DOING GUYS ?

Well, from where we sit, we think it's doing OK. Between, Mission Viejo, Cincinnati and Boise we have less than 500 books left. Things were pretty slow during the summer but it looks like the books are starting to move a little faster with December coming on. Roy moved a couple dozen books at San Angelo. We have three or four pretty good outlets as well as continued interest in purchasing ADORIMINI by our members. Remember that members may purchase copies at the rate of \$35 for the first copy and \$30 ea. for any additional. The History, Inc. includes shipping and handling in these prices. Your fame continues to spread the world over.

LETTERS-letters-LETTERS-Letters-LETTERS

82nd APO

Today is October 18, 1994, my friends, -- my parents were married 88 years ago today and I am particularly grateful for that. It was truly thoughtful of them to invite me into their family. I've had a ball in this old biological jaunt we all call **L I F E !!**

Today is also the birth of the 82nd Fighter Group Association's 32nd Newsletter and, hopefully, it isn't its last.

To begin with, I am totally stupefied! Why? Because you people out there continue to amaze me with your generosity and your pizzazz. See, I send out a simple little request to a about half of our members (just half because of time constraints) for five bucks to send a fellow 82nder to France and the world falls apart. Some heeded the request for "\$5 no more-no less" but others of you had a notion that we were going to refurbish the Queen Mary.

Woody got to France OK and I got a lot of super notes that most of you included with your checks. How lucky can a guy get?

You are truly a marvelous bunch of people. But, enough palaver - let's get on with the show:

FROM WATSON HOLLEY, 96th Pilot

Please include me in on the "Woody Fund". I'll sure be with him in spirit. I was looking forward to meeting you in person at the Reunion -- but that old devil "Arthur-itis" caught up with me. Hope the Ft. Walton Beach idea works out. I think I could make it to Florida.

<> <> <>

FROM CHAS. W. ELBERTY, 95th Pilot

Just a short note. I didn't get one of those pleading letters for "Woody's" trip. I'm running a little late but maybe you can add this to what is needed for his trip. Wish I was lucky enough to go along.

(Ed's note: Hey Chas. -- how about next year? Maybe the guys will spring for the both of us!)

<> <> <>



*Willy Bouchet (facing) & Phillippe Bouchet.
The silvered valve was Willy's idea.*

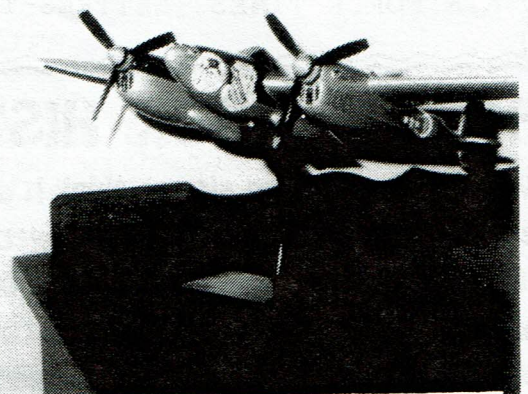
FROM JOHN & LEE URECH, 96TH & HQ

Just want to bring you up to date. John has been on his walker since he broke his hip in '93. His therapist says he'll never get back to just a cane. John is determined and says he'll show her.

You recall that our daughter's husband died last June ('93). She lived by herself for a while but couldn't handle it so she has moved in with us so I really have two patients. We both enjoy the newsletters and appreciate the work you put into it.

When I think of Emma Ireland and Walter Carlson, my problems don't seem too big. Take care and remember we love you!

<> <> <>



*Table Model (12 in. wing) presented to people of
Montelimar as gift from Woody*

FROM CLAYTON TILLAPAUGH, 96th Pilot

I was real shocked to learn of Tom Gray's passing. Tom was one of my roommates in Primary at Thompson-Robbins Field, West Helena, Arkansas in Feb. & March of '42. He and a boy named Haas and another named Guy Julian Thomas and I were assigned to one room. When we went to Basic at Greenville, Mississippi we were separated. Tom, then, went to Twin Engine Advanced at Columbus, Mississippi and Guy and I went to Single Engine Advanced at Craig Field, Selma, Alabama.

Tom was a good friend, always; I can easily look back with fond memories of our times together. I saw him only occasionally while we were in the 82nd at Berteaux and Souk el Arba as, being in different squadrons and on different schedules, we didn't have very much mutual time. Tom really fit in, though, as an 82nd fighter pilot.

I hope his wife will come to our reunions as she is a great girl and lots of fun. My wife and I will never forget the night at Stanley's Blue Grass in Asheville, NC -- along with Rube and Lee Holeman and the 6 year old dancing girl.

After having been a fighter pilot and the C.O. of the largest fighter squadron in the whole USAF I've had the opportunity to ingest some real "Panther Tinkle" and it has been my experience that the booze purchased for some of the past reunions has left something to be desired. So, may I suggest that our buyers spend a few more bucks and give us some good labels such as "Southern Comfort", "Seagrams VO", and "Old Grand Dad"!

(Ed's note: My sincere apologies to Tillie - who wrote a great letter - and to you readers for a drastic edit of his missive -- much of which had to be cut because it had to do with his hopes for the San Angelo Reunion. It was just totally impossible to include any letters of length and/or substance in the September NL which was prepared in a **F R E N Z I E !!**)

<> <> <>

A WORD TO THE WISE

One of our member pilots, according to a somewhat reliable source, has written a book about his WWII experiences and is currently talking to a publisher! **PICTURES AT 11**

Hank Phillips says arrangements are being made with the 95th Fighter Training Squadron for an Award Ceremony (as in past years) at the Saturday night Banquet at SANDESTIN

FROM HANS GEORG BRODESSER, Luftwaffe Pilot -- via Gil Cefaratt

It would be of great interest if the pilot who shot me down could be found.

It was May of '43 and Patton (or Bradley) was moving to the East and Montgomery to the north -- each toward Tunis. We were stationed at an airstrip about 30 km south of Hammamet (Ed's note: Probably Enfidaville as that was one of our targets while I was with the 321st BG).

Our job was to bomb American or British supply ships and I was a member of Bomber Squadron 51 and was flying JU 88s.

I believe that the USAAF was going to launch a big attack on Rommel's forces with more than 2,000 planes of all kinds. It may have been on May 5 that we took off because we never returned to that field -- we had orders to find ships (to bomb) and then fly to any airfield in France.

My crew and I did not spot any ships and so we decided to head for France. We had enough gas at the time.

Then this damned "Lightning" appeared out of the blue sky and attacked us several times. I tried to fly ten inches above the water but it didn't help. He got us and soon the right engine was aflame and he left us. I pulled up as high as possible and my crew bailed out. I then made a forced landing near my crew and we all made it safely into the rubber boat. The P-38 circled us, waved his wings and left.

To make the story short, a Spanish fishing boat saved us and we got interned by the Spanish on the Island of Ibiza. A week or so later the Spanish sent us to France as "unwanted persons".

(Ed's note: A perusal of "Adorimini"'s Appendix indicated that there were no JU-88s shot down by the 82nd pilots for ten days either side of May 5, '43. We will send a copy of this NL to Hans. Perhaps he'll wish to purchase one of our great books)

<> <> <>

10/11/94

- 16 -



— Harley Vaughn's plane (Vaughn)

"Twin Engine Injun"

FROM KEITH MORAN, An Aviation Historian

I became interested in the 82nd when a DFC was given to me by George Tough's family. He flew in the 82nd in the summer of '44. A couple of years later I found a Purple Heart medal in an antique shop. I bought and later found that it belonged to Joseph Porterfield, another 82nd Pilot. I bought a copy of "ADORIMINI" hoping to learn more about these two men. I would like to talk to anyone who knew these two pilots and I would also like to get a photo of them and/or their airplanes.

I have been interested in the 82nd for about three years now and I must say I wish I could meet some of the guys I have read about with so much respect. Lastly, how can I get a copy of the 95th's patch?

(Ed's note: I've had Keith's note for six months but it got lost in the constant paper storm I have to put up with in this business. So, you 95th guys out there -- if you have an extra patch you don't need - send it to Keith at 8303 Whitebury Way, SE, HUNTSVILLE, AL, 35802)

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FROM BILL WEAVER, 95th Pilot

Enclosed is a check for \$XX.00. I would like one copy of "Adorimini". Apply the balance to the "Dues" fund. 117 DeWindt Road, WINNETKA, IL 60093
<> <> <>

FROM FEDELE SACCOMANO, 96th EM

Today I am one month out of my hip replacement (Mar. '94) & I'm walking around with a cane but the best part is "NO PAIN". Alma has been a great nurse.

Il vostro amico del novanta sei! Capeesh?

<> <> <>

FROM HOWARD SCHELLENGER, Sqdrn Unk

Please send me the book "ADORIMINI". Check enclosed. How do I get squadron jackets?

(Ed's note: Due to the ravages of modern war -- a 2,000 lb. paper bomb blew up inside our editorial office -- we can't find hardly anything -- including our senses. So I can't intelligently answer Howard's ? about 82nd jackets.

There are two sources of jackets:

- 1) Here in Boise we currently have one small 95th windbreaker, one small 96th WB, 3 medium 96th WBs, 1 medium HQ (yellow) WB, 1 large HQ WB, and 3 XL HQ WBs. I have \$20 ea. in these but if any of you that are reading this would like one I would sure like to get rid of them for whatever you wish to pay.
- 2) For several years Jack Duncan has been selling or giving away a really nice jacket with the 82nd Insignia that identifies a particular reunion site. They are a light blue and are lined. Jack does this for love and I love the one he gave to me.

Not much of an answer, Howard, but it's the best I've got right now. Glad to have you on board anyhow.

<> <> <>

**Thought you would like
to know that Tom Car-
hart threw a Mini-97th
Reunion in No.
Amherst, MA this Fall**

TWO STORIES FROM ROY NORRIS'S MEMORY BOOK

A REMEMBRANCE OF P-39 FIGHTER TRAINING AT EPHRATA AAF BASE, WA

There is a spring-bound book that has been published about the Ephrata AAF Base. Contact Patricia J. Dunston , 97-Road, 18.5 NE, Soap Lake, WA 98851.

This book brought back fond memories. As a graduate of the quick and easy P-39 Fighter School some short stories come to mind. Much of our training was spent dogfighting and buzzing! That is - buzzing automobiles on the road miles from nowhere. A flight of four P-38s (an instructor and three of us junior birdmen) would hit the deck - line abreast - as if strafing a train. On one such flight I flew between a barn and a ranch house (below eave level) and, lo and behold, a farmer on a tractor dove for the ground - missed him!

Five of us chummed around together. We played handball together and were barracks mates too boot. We bought a 1931 Chevy four-door sedan for \$120 - it had yellow-spoked wheels plus a bald tire on the spare wheel - recessed on each front fender. It was a beaut. Our intent was to drive it to Van Nuys, CA for the next fighter training which was to be in P-38s.

Wow! The day we were to leave for Van Nuys, one of our group was found to be short 20 minutes of flying time and had to make it up. He wound up spinning in. I think we lost eight pilots that way. The remaining four of us left for the San Fernando Valley (Ed's note: Our son, Dickie Bird Jr., earned his pilot's license at age 15, at the Van Nuys Airport. His 1st passenger was his momma and she rode to the airport on the back of his Honda motorcycle. His instructor said, "Mrs. Dickie Bird, you have already had your exciting ride today!" Sorry Roy, just had to splice this bit in) and we backed the car up to the gas truck which fueled the BT-13 we used for instrument training. We were also given gas coupons. Pedal to the metal would result in a top speed of 45 mph!

When our P-38 training was completed we prepared for our trip to Bari and, upon arrival, I opted for the 82nd and the others went to the 1st Fighter. The reason I chose the 82nd was because during 1942 I was in the 82nd All-American Division (later the 82nd Airborne) and was the Squad Leader (as Cpl.) of a 60mm mortar team. My 1st ride in the air was in a CG-4A Troop Glider. On the landing the axle broke and came up through the floor - such was the life of the glider infantry. But, then, better things were to come.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN INVASION OF GREECE

The 82nd FG mission for this invasion was to provide cover for the C-47s that were towing CG-4As which were to land at Athens. The overcast was only a few 1,000 ft. above the Mediterranean and the gooney birds were hugging the ceiling. We couldn't cover them so we flew alongside - making lots of turns to slow down. Well, being an experienced glider soldier, I lowered wheels & flaps and slid into a tight formation with one of the gliders. Out popped some M-1s through the small plastic windows. I got the message and resumed my proper position.

After the birds had landed our group proceeded west to an island for refueling. Knowing we would be stopping in Greece I took along my cigarette ration (I am not a smoker) and then gave it to the man who was pumping gas into my plane. This man wore an open shirt and shorts made from burlap. His shoes were in shreds. The British Officer in charge of the refueling didn't approve. He said, You have made this bum a rich man!

SELL YOUR SECOND CAR AND SEND THE PROCEEDS TO POR OL' ROY

FROM CHARLIE HORNE, 97th Radioman

(Ed's note: Charlie wrote this letter Feb. 27, 1994 and somehow it got lost somewhere in the south forty. For your sakes and mine I'm glad I found it)

I have been meaning to write to you for some time to tell you how much I have enjoyed "ADORIMINI". I haven't read it all yet because my entrance into the 82nd didn't occur until April of '43 (we were in Berteaux then). In Aug. of '43 I made Cpl. and that filled the Radio Section's T.O. I did see the picture of Brian Aherne in "ADORIMINI" and I think I was the only one in the 97th to ask for a ticket for a play in Foggia. It was "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Katherine Cornell and Brian Aherne. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

In the summer of '44 one of the Sgts. in the Radio Section was cleaning his gun. It went off and put a hole in his foot. He was taken to the hospital and Sgt. Simpson came to tell me that Wagner would be going home and I would get his stripes. Two weeks later Wagner was back and walking around as good as before. That was the end of Sgt. Horne. My being low man on the totem pole made me eligible for all the jobs the low totem man got. I didn't mind, though, because there wasn't anything to do in the radio shack anyhow.

When we were at Souk el Arba the fellow who had the job of driving the Cletrac on the line gave his job up for another so they put me on it. I drove the Cletrac while we were at Souk el Arba but when we got to Grombalia I got bumped off of it for Wetzel.

When the 60th Troop Carriers flew most of our personnel to Italy, Wetzel wanted to go so guess who had to stay behind to look after the Cletrac? It happened this way: Capt. Waldrup, who was in charge of cleaning up Grombalia, asked me if I knew anything about the Cletrac and when I said, "No!", he said, "I know better!"

Well, the three Cletracs belonging to the 82nd were shipped to Italy on the HMS Norman Monarch, the dirtiest stinking boat in His Majesty's bloody Nyevy. We were six days from Phillipville, AL to Taranto, Italy where we unloaded. Capt. Waldrup told us, as he left for Lecce (pronounced "laychay"), that he would be back for us the next day. He didn't show.



Jess Miles, 97th (Poindexter)

The next morning I told the other two drivers (a 96th Buck and a 95th Staff) that I was splitting for Lecce (65 miles south) and they wanted to know where I was going to get gasoline. I told them I'd find it somewhere and took off. There was a Limey outfit at the top of the hill above Taranto and they filled me up.

Somebody was looking out for me because, later, and just as I was running out of gas I came upon an American unit in an olive orchard where a dozen 55 gal. drums were scattered around. I asked one of the black GIs on duty if they had any spare gas. He handed me a pump and said, "Hep yo sef". Well, old Horne had tipped up many such drums so it was no problem. After I got filled up I thanked my friends profusely and went merrily on my way. As I was leaving the gas area the other boys came along in their Cletracs and they got gassed up there, too.

I got to Lecce late in the afternoon and the boys had saved me a bunk in the stone barracks. I had 65 letters and 16 Christmas packages waiting for me.

(continued on page 20)

(continued from page 19)

The next morning I met Capt. Waldrup face to face and he had the oddest look on his face. He said, "I forgot all about you, how did you get here?" "Via the Cletrac," I replied.

I think it was soon after Christmas that 1st Sgt. Hastings told me he had some duty for me. I blew my top and wanted to know why I got all the dirty details. "Don't get excited, Charlie," he said, "You might enjoy this sortie." So I and three other GIs were sent into Lecce to patrol the cat houses which were out of bounds for U.S. and British military personnel!

(Ed's note: Y'all can use your imaginations to fill in the rest of Charlie's tale, but keep in mind that our great raconteur was also a good soldier!

Count them if you like, guys, (there's 120 lines) and you have every right to complain about so much space given to one guy's letter. However, very few letters submitted by EMS over the last seven years have given us quite the slant that Charlie's narrative gives us. Also, you should appreciate the fact that I've cut out a lot of stuff that didn't add to his story.



Unidentified 97th Cook (Poindexter)

One other thing, my friends, it was ol' Charlie who found Woody Howard for us (along with Hildebrandt's bean, too).

Now, it's time for a story from ol' Dickie Bird. Why? Because a Dickie Bird's gotta do what a Dickie Bird's gotta do!

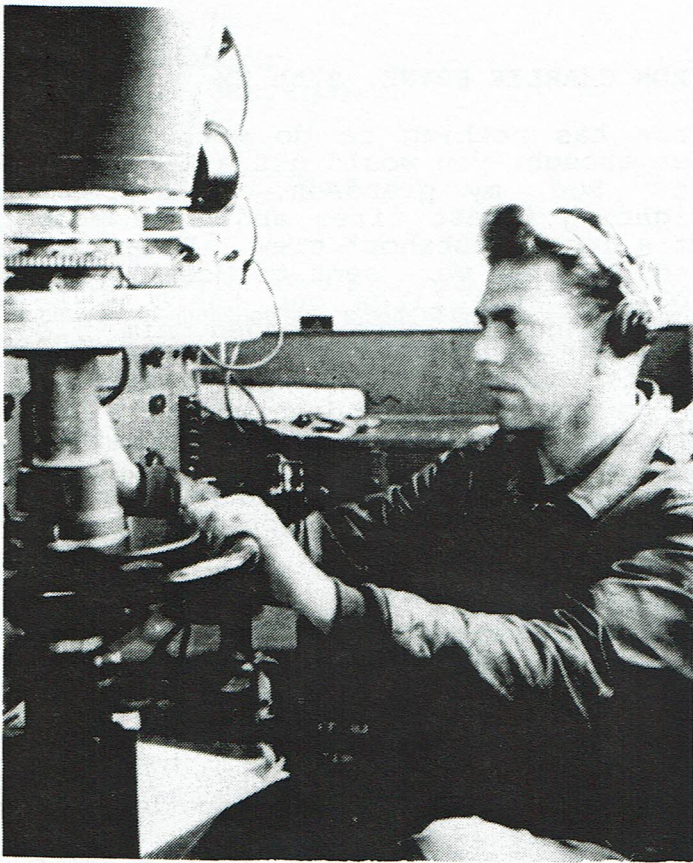
I guess I was about 16 and the movie "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Gloria Swanson, Frederick March and Charles Laughton, was showing at Bard Colorado Theater in Pasadena, CA. My mother was a fan of all three and she was also familiar with the play. So for the first and only time in my memory, I went to see a movie with both my parents. It was stark drama.

In those days, we were treated to a double feature with a vaudeville show spliced in between. My mother was a rigidly religious lady and bawdy comic and fan dancers weren't her cup of tea and the live show that night featured both. I fully expected my mother to get up and walk out but, surprisingly she squirmed a little bit, set her teeth and waited it out. Well, the fan dancer was absolutely beautiful and her dance was very discreet and when the comic came out with his gal momma was beginning to enjoy the show. During his routine the top Banana told the girl he wanted to give her a smooch. "Oh no," she said, "That's sinful!" "No it isn't." "Yes it is." He then said, "It's in the Bible." "Prove it." So he runs off stage and brings back a Bible and read from it (giving Chap. Verse) "She came off the desert tired and hungry and thirsty and he gave her food, drink and nectar!"

<> <> <>

Folks That Are Hurting & Ailing
Please know that we are aware of many of
your ills, aches & frailties and that we
hurt with you

**Please Let Your Squadron
Reps Know About Your
UPS & DOWNS**



C.F. "Pete" Neese, 97th Homer Station Operator (Poindexter)

FROM OLEN MEDLEY, 95th Crew Chief

This is another story in my continuing saga of coincidences:

I knew Marcel Williams some two or three years before I learned he was a P-38 pilot during the war. This was told to me by another P-38 pilot, Vic Varoda, who flew in the Burma Theater. Vic and I had gone to college at the same time, had some classes together and had crossed paths numerous times during our 30 years in the oil business and it never came out that he had been a P-38 pilot.

Marcel, Vic and I happened to belong to the same church here in Oklahoma City and Vic eventually told me that Marcel had been a P-38 pilot. Naturally, I started quizzing Marcel about his flying history - but, for a long time, I couldn't get much out of him. Well, my curiosity wouldn't let it lie and I kept pestering him.

Finally, one day, he started answering some of my questions and it got more interesting with each answer. Here are some of my questions and some of his answers:

1. Were you ever in combat?
Yes.
2. Where?
In North Africa.
3. When?

Oh, I arrived in Telergma circa June of '43.

4. Then you must have been in the 1st Fighter Group?
You've got it. The 27th FS.
5. I had to tell him that I had been in the 27th before becoming part of the cadre that formed the 95th FS and did he know so & so; & so & so, etc.
No, I was only a short timer.
6. Well, did you get to Foggia?
Yes, I was in Foggia for a short time.
7. After I told him I was in Foggia in early January of '44 he looked at me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye and he said, **Did you ever see the tail of a P-38 sticking out of a field on the road between Foggia and Manfredonia?**

Marcel was shot down during the fighter sweep (see pages 93 to 97 of "ADORIMINI") of Foggia's Luftwaffe redoubt and spent the remainder of WWII in a POW camp.

Dick, Marcel has written his story with the details of his being shot down and captured but it is too long to include in this letter. I guess as long as there are a few old vets still around there are going to be these "Small World" stories and I'm not so crusted by age that I don't still get a thrill from them.

(Ed's note: Olen, many mercis for sending your great story. May I suggest, though, that you send a copy of Marcel's story to Steve Blake as he is the P-38 Association's Historian)

<> <> <>

FROM JIM SUMNER, 96th Gun Camera Honcho

Jim was one of my best friends in the 96th and remains so today. He was passing on a letter he had received from another of my many 82nd friends which, in part, extolled the newsletter and the role it has played in our Association. Thanks, both of you.

We in the 82nd are a "connectional" group of mostly just good, common, ordinary, God fearing & USA loving folks who worked together during a terrible time in human history to help preserve democracy. 98.8% of us put our shoulder to the wheel to make the 82nd one of the greatest of our U.S. AAF's combat units. Jim personifies the webbing of kinship in the 82nd that covers our far-flung members like a warm, cozy blanket.

<> <> <>

FROM AL FLICK, 96th EM

I got a note in today's mail from Marie Ford, Dan's wife, that Dan had passed away on August 30, 1994. He was one of 4Fs from Ohio in the 96th. We were Leo Fisher, me, Tony Focareto and Dan. We got together in Ft. Logan, Colorado and continued together through Foggia. Dan and I have stayed in touch since Tony died three years ago. I've lost touch with Leo and hope this note to you will find him via the NL.

Please excuse the handwriting. I have eye trouble and am writing this in the dark. In closing, I would like to tell you of the very fine newsletter you send out.

P.S. What do you hear from Bruce Ireland?

(Ed's note: It's funny you should ask, Al, because just last evening I hooked up with Irish via ma bell because I was curious, too. Bruce reported that he is fine and that, though she is bed-ridden, Emma is fine too. He had to cut the conversation short because he was on KP duty. However, he said that on Sat. night, Oct. 8, he got a call from San Angelo and it was a bunch of guys from the 96th. He could remember talking to Buckles, Russell, Harding, Baker, Monyhan and some others he couldn't recall. I learned that this was T.O.'s idea. Bruce said "It sure was a big heartwarmer to talk to all those guys")
<> <> <>

FROM ROS HARDING, 96th Crew Chief

In starting this letter by putting the date down (Sept. 27) I realized it is the 52nd Anniversary of our sailing out of New York Harbor on the Queen Mary. Tempus sure fugit!

(Ed's note: Ros sent us a clip from the Melbourne, Florida NEWS. Ros had sent in info about the San Angelo Reunion. He got a call from John C. Grady of Palm Bay, FL who runs a locator service [for Military - Fraternal - Family]. His address is 613 Brisbane St. NE, PALM BAY, FL 32907. He suggests \$1 per name. John is in this activity as a hobby and needs only to cover his expenses.

If Ol' Dick can dig up some time he will run a few names to John and see what happens. For example, I've been curious about one of my 96th tent mates, Bob Rider. Thanks Ros)
<> <> <>

FROM CHARLIE HORNE, 97th EM

This has nothing to do with the 82nd but thought you would get a kick out of it. Bud, my grandson, is hipped on fighting forest fires and is a member of a local "hotshot" crew. Recently he and his crew were sent to McCall, Idaho to fight the fires out there. (Ed's note: And we sure needed him, too Charlie)

We have another grandson who is a paratrooper at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina.

Each of our married grandchildren have given us a great grandson and we enjoy spoiling them.

Baseball is over but we have football and my brother and I go see the U of Maine play in Orono which is about 20 miles away.

(Ed's note: Charlie, one of my golf buddies (Dick Geier) here in Boise played end on the UofM's football team back in the late fifties)
<> <> <>

FROM PAUL VAN OORDT, 96th Pilot (POW)

Sure wish I would have had someone handy to prevent my becoming a "guest" of Adolf in August of '43. My 21 month "leave" in his health spa will never be forgotten. Have just received my "Prisoner of War Commemorative Silver Dollar" from the U.S. Mint -- it sure is pretty. The proceeds go to the Andersonville Prison Memorial Museum.

(Eds note: My Jo Ann's great grandfather, Peter Hamilton, died at Andersonville Prison, Sept. 4, 1864, age 43. Maybe Paul will send us info re the \$)
<> <> <>

FROM WALTER CARPER, 96th Pilot

I wish you and Howard total success. If this works out, my wife is looking forward to another trip to Foggia. By the way, do you have a FAX # - I want to send you something?

(Ed's note: The real reason for Carper's letter is that he wants to go back to Foggia (and he's blaming this on his wife) and because he wants another opportunity to wake me up in the middle of the night to ask directions on how to find Herrick's and my friends there. Walt, remember? You gotta find the officer's club first!)
<> <> <>

Mr. Richard Lingenfelter
The 82nd Fighter Group Association
P.O. Box 5541
Boise, ID 83705

REGINA CLERI, INC.
60 WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL WAY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02114
22 August 1994 FAX (617) 720-0585

Dear Dick,

I am dictating this hurriedly to a nursing aide in this retirement home where I am finishing out my term of duty. Your injunction that "time is of the essence" gives me an excuse for not delaying on biographical details, save to say that I have passed my eighty-fifth birthday, recovered from one cancer operation, one broken hip and am monitoring a tricky cardiac challenge. Other than that, I am in pretty good shape.

I enjoy the newsletter and I thank you and your associates for the work you put into it. It is a state-of-the-art production. My time of service with the 82nd (and the 1st and 14th Groups--the whole 315th Wing) give me a sense of satisfaction; of being privileged to be with you. In *Adorimini*, you relate an incident around November 18, 1944, when a bomber from the 301st Bomber Group blew up over the 82nd HQ briefing room. I remember jeeping over to the falling pilot, administering the Last Rites to his broken body and gathering up with the servicing crew and the 82nd personnel as one bereaved, extended family; until the shock wore off and the 301st men went home. That incident moves me fifty years later--all the elements: youth, life, death, heroism, fraternity, compassion and all the nuances . . . Would that I had the pen to write worthily of them!

But, I must hurry on, so that you will get the enclosed check in time. I made the check out this way, but please sort it out any way you wish, for the Mission and for the Association.

God bless you and yours, the 82nd, the 1st and the 14th; all our comrades of yesterday. God bless America. May He help us to live in peace now and forever.

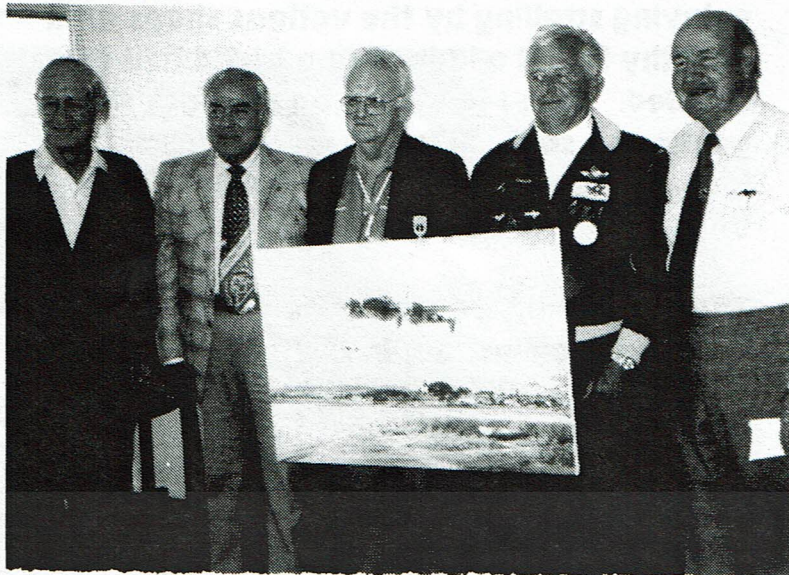
Let us pray for one another,

Fr. Philip J. Kearney

Philip J. Kearney

P.S. I am sending this along unproofread and unedited. All mistakes in spelling, all grammatical gaucheries, etc., et al., I blame on my poor amanuensis (who doesn't know what the word means).

P.P.S. Oh yes I do!



"COMING IN OVER THE ESTUARY"

by Robert Taylor -- signed at the Military Gallery, Oct. 4, 1994
L. to R: Tom Maloney, 27th Ftr. Squadron; Newell Roberts
& Jack Ilfrey both 94th Ftr. Squadron;
& Frank Hurlbut, the 96th Fighter Squadron

Jack Ilfrey, 94th Sq, 1st F.G. and presently the editor of the 20th Fighter Group's Newsletter sent the accompanying picture. The picture in the picture is entitled, "Coming In Over The Estuary" and was painted by Robert Taylor - an Englishman.

The unidentified man on the right, also an Englishman, represents "The Military Gallery" and was overseeing a signing of the picture by (our guess) American aces. The signing took place in Ojai, California 24 Oct. '94.

Newell Roberts, as we have recently learned, was Jack's C.O. while he was with the 94th Fighter Squadron.

<> <> --- <> <>

NEW MEMBERS

RAPHEN CROSS
HARRY L. CUTHBERT
C.E. ECKERMANN
JOHN GIRLING
ELWOOD HOWARD
BRUCE LOEWENBERG
EDWARD LOGUE
BILL MASON
JIM SCHELLIEN
JOHN SEBRING
(post WWII 82nd)
WILLIAM D. WEAVER
PHILLIP WYLLIE

Note:

Bruce, Bill & Phil are sons of reg. members. Ed. Logue was a Droop Snoot Bombardier.

FROM MARTIN COLLIS, 97th Pilot

I enjoy the hecky-darn (not the way he put it) out of your NL. Sorry I missed Houston but working my you know what off as a "retired" professional Engineer and land surveyor is rough.

The 1st FG's hero, Jack Ilfrey, and I grew up together in Houston and he introduced me to my present wife -- and I'll never forgive him for that -- I was enjoying life as a test pilot in Dallas at the time.

About the Reunion - can you provide bodyguards for endangered P-38 drivers in San Angelo? Reason: after Primary at Ballenger my class of '42-J took Basic at Goodfellow. We left a ---- of a lousy rep in San Angelo during about six months exposure of us to San Angelo. In fact the employees of the hotel were so happy to see us leave for Advanced they gave us a going away party as the roudiest cadets they'd ever seen. Some of those '42 people might still be around and I feel for my life if they catch me. **H E L P . . . !**
<> <> <>

FROM TED LATTA, (via J. Loewenberg)

(excerpted) I had a rather interesting day today (June 3, '94), I went with the Commander of my VFW Post to two of the schools in Marine City, Michigan to talk to the students about our WWII experiences. The students were just at the right age for us to dust off all those thrilling tales of our accomplishments and we came across looking pretty good. We also presented American Flags to the schools on behalf of our Post. On Memorial Day I was able to march the five miles of the Parade Course and to fire a salute in the two cemeteries in the area. We figure this is a good way to awaken those Civilian Types on the holiday. We did have a fly-over by a flock of thirty Canada Geese just as we were about to fire the salute. We do it up right.

I see piled up here on my desk about five 82nd letters that are due answers so I'll have to get to that task. At least I don't have to drop them off at the Censor's tent before posting them. I remember one evening while "over there" I got busy and wrote a total of six letters and dropped them off at the Censor's tent -- and that was the night his tent burned down and my letters were consumed.

Do take care of each other and remember that there are a couple of people here in the North Lands who think they are very lucky to number you both among our friends.

<> <> <>



Major D.W. MacDonald, Wayne Jorda, Major Harley Vaughn, Doc Mounce, Lt. Doug Crichton, Major Joel Wolfe, and an unidentified officer

A NOVEMBER 5 PHONE CALL FROM TED & DOROTHY LATTA

Ted said, "We've got something real exciting to tell you." Dorothy said, "Yes! Real exciting." Ted said, "You'll think we are putting you on - but it's true." Dorothy said, "Oh, it's true all right. I'm sure you can believe me if you can't believe Ted."

Ted continued, "We thought it was about time to visit the Mall in our new home town of Columbus, Indiana so we did. We were really enjoying strolling by the various shops until Dorothy found a knit shop a friend had recommended. Then I felt a tap on my back and a gentleman said, "Excuse me sir, but do you know a man by the name of Harley Vaughn?"
(Note: Ted was wearing his 96th windbreaker)

Ted answered, "I sure do! He was my Squadron Commander in North Africa." Then the man said, "Well, then you should know that my wife is his niece and she is standing right over there!"

Then Dorothy said, "We had a nice conversation with them both and Harley's niece said Harley was her favorite uncle. I think she said their name was Whitall."

Thanks Ted and Dorothy for a great story.

OUR ROSTER

Chuck Luke, our esteemed "Wroster Wrestler", has asked us to ask you to send directly to him all changes of your vital statistics data that are pertinent to your status with the 82nd Fighter Group Association.

If you don't wish to take the time to write, you may call him at (206) 747-5879 and give him the info or leave it on his answering machine. Otherwise his address is:

4600 SE 118th Avenue
BELLEVUE, WA 98006-2734

Keep in mind that you're still supposed to send such information to Roy Norris -- otherwise you'll get busted from Sgt. Member to Pvt. Member and you wouldn't want that!

While we are on this subject (and we're whispering this in your ear) try real hard to avoid sending such information to **ANY** newsletter editor -- especially this one. Reason: You are running a 98.72% chance that such will get lost.

<<< ||| >>>



Debriefing in Africa: Scattered around are Fred Wolfe, Ed Waters, Larry Liebers, Maj. Mac, P.D. Rodgers, Ray Lynn and Paul Cochran -- all 96th (Vaughn)

FROM UWE MAURMAIER, Book Buyer For
CHRISTIAN SCHMIDT, Fachbuchhandlung
MUNCHEN (Munich) CHOIMENY

Achtung! Bitte senden drei "ADORIMINI" sofort -- sonst der bigisch bertha vill go gebang right in der miedel uff Boise!! (We complied and I guess they got there because there's been no recent explosions in Boise)
<> <> <>

(Herr Maurmaier wished to have us send three copies of "ADORIMINI" to him via air freight. I complied except that the books were sent by surface mail. It costs \$25 per book via air to send such a heavy book. That would leave his firm less than \$5 profit per sale. We sent the books circa Aug. 15 and we've had no acknowledgement. Par for the course. Consider, though, my friends the wide coverage your WWII exploits have been getting. Copies of "ADORIMINI" can be found worldwide)

FROM DAVID J. DeVRIES, A fan

Last week I spent the day with Bill Schildt and he said I could get a copy of the 82nd Group History from you. Please find my enclosed check for \$49.95.
<> <> <>

FROM DON STOUTENBOROUGH, 95th Pilot
(for Woody but Woody never got it)

Since you, too, spent time in the Burn Ward at the Bari hospital - do you remember that the doctor who tended us was Col. Burn? Have a great trip.

(Ed's note: Woody had a great trip, Don -- thanks to you and many others)
<> <> <>

FROM HUGH O'BRIEN, 95th EM

One of my favorite epigrams (at age 81) is "KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK; JUST DON'T ASK ME TO HELP!"

Lucille thinks we both need to participate in your most laudable efforts on Woody's behalf. Here's the \$10 check (wish she would quit meddling).

Had a call just this afternoon from Ed Orr sending -- "Regrets! He said, "Dear friends from Germany were coming to visit just at the time of the reunion. Had hoped to bring them as guests but their itinerary won't permit it so Teresa and I are doubly disappointed."

Give Jo Ann our love.
<> <> <>

A Puff of Poppycock

The student asked the scholar,
What is a Dickie Bird?
They're never in the field guides,
They're never seen or heard!

The scholar told the student,
It's a species not so rare.
You can find them very common,
But stop looking in the air.

The student told the scholar,
I don't think I understand.
You mean it's not a bird of air,
I should look around on land?

"No, no," said the scholar,
It's not a bird at all.
It's just a puff of poppycock,
A jester's rhyming call.

—Dick E. Bird

The above verse is clipped from
"THE DICK E. BIRD NEWS". It
is published monthly out of the
beautiful state of Michigan &
it is just pure fun. I am in-
debted to the member who sent it
to me and I hope he will drop me
a note identifying himself.

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DULUTH, MN 55806



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FROM TINKER HUMPHRIES, 96th EM-at-large

Sorry I'm late with Woody's five spot.
I was at the lake when your letter
came. I've talked to Fred Graham a
couple of time. Sent him a picture
taken of a group at a night spot in DC.
(while I was still in the Service) The
picture included Red Eckert - a member
of Fred's crew.

(Eds note: I don't know if Tinker ever
so much as tightened a Zuss(?) fastener
-- but I do know his most valuable
contribution to the war effort was to
keep the 96th squadron's esprit de
corps up at a high level)

<> <> <>

FROM CHARLIE CHARLTON, 97th Pilot, VP
of our great 82nd Association and a
great reunion host

Thanks for your info on Harley Vaughn &
Tom Kelly. Very sobering news.

My mother saved all of my letters while
I was in the AAC. This enclosure will
be of interest to the readers of the
NL. I would like them returned,
please.

For those who are interested, my pic-
ture is on page 174 (in "ADORIMINI")
with Al DeForge. Al Weigler was the
fat little kid in the Squadron while I
was the skinny little kid (122 lbs.).

Dear Mom, Aug. 17, 1944
Here I am again tonight, getting to
be a habit, isn't it. Saw another good
show "Double Indemnity". I don't know
whether I told you or not.

Enclosed is an article out of the
"Stars and Stripes" which you've pro-
bably read but it might interest you to
know that I was in the deal, too. I
was one of the "other P-38s". Andrews
is a good friend of mine, he came over
with me - good guy. If you saw the
same feat duplicated in the movies, you
wouldn't believe it. I was just left
of the General when the picture was
taken.

Another mission today - makes 12.
Nite for now.

(Ed's note: Charlie enclosed the clip
of the Stars & Stripes piece about the
famous pick up of Dick Willsie in
Rumania by Dick Andrews. It's too
yellow to duplicate)

<> <> <>

FROM OLEN MEDLEY (What, again?)

(Copy of letter sent to Bardwell)

Please send Reunion info to Harry L.
Cuthbert -- 2101 Fountain View #58-C,
HOUSTON, TX 77057, (713) 785-8965.

Harry was Group Ops Officer the last
three months of the war at Foggia.

<> <> <>

FROM DICK HOOD, 97th Pilot

Sorry I'm late with Woody's \$5 but I
had to go to Sioux Falls to settle my
mother's estate. She passed away two
months before her 100th birthday. She
wasn't sick until six weeks before she
died.

I know that Woody will have a good
time. I was in France and Germany in
May and June. My grandson's at
Ramstein Air Base in Kaiserslautern.

<> <> <>



Lts. P.D. Rodgers & Ed "Shorty" Waters of 96th (Vaughn)

FROM BRYCE AND MARGO HUGHES, 96th Folks

A few months back I (Bryce) drove to Fletcher, Oklahoma and visited one of the 96th's parachute riggers and took my group pictures for him to see. He was excited to see someone from the 96th. This was Dave Claypool.

A couple of days ago I also talked to Fred Steinberg who lives in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. He received a new hip bone about three months ago and is getting along OK. However, he does have a heart problem. I have been trying to get him to go to the Reunion with us.

In regard to Woody, Margo wants to be involved so she's giving \$5 too.

>>> - <<<

(This is the last one, guys and gals and it's just about a year getting to you. Ted is one of my favorite writers and I lost his letter of a year or so ago in this paper morass I call an office)

FROM TED KAUFMAN, 96th Armorer and Logo Painter

Every time I receive your newsletter I sit down, roll back the years and relive my time with the 82nd FG. Of course, it's good times or if not -- how wonderful comparing the bad parts with today's times. Like sleeping between sheets on a good mattress. There is no comparison knowing you have all night to sleep - unlike night watch. In those days there was no strain. If you were on your feet all day -- I felt great without aches and pains. There's no comparison because I feel exactly the same today. I give thanks for those blessings. My problem lies with

my strength in walking distances. I get fatigued after walking a city block and have to rest as I proceed on my mile walks.

That's the reason you don't see me at the yearly Reunions. Also the food that the hotels serve is awful. Not once have we been served those delicious powdered eggs -- prepared in water. Have they served fried Spam?? This is my way of protesting other types of food not served. We all loved that good plus "C" Rations & cold toast.

You mentioned in your newsletter "Dirty Dan" from "Master Sergeant Dan" to "Private Dan" in one blow. It's still clear in my mind what happened the next day when I was ordered (by the Squadron CO) to remove M/Sgt. Daniels' name from the roster and add Private Daniels. I told him I just didn't have the heart to perform that duty. At the time I was setting the record for the length of time being a private.

Danny took it all very well and told me to go ahead and comply. I guess it wasn't so bad. I did the reprinting and the Air Force (with a lot of help from the 82nd) still won the war.

After the war I got married and went on a Honeymoon to Denver. While there I looked up Danny. The year is September '46 and I have a city map which I use to find his location. My experience in Africa and Italy stood me in good stead.

I enter this scene: It's a real nice district with all new brick houses - for beauty the homes exceed the shack you built in Foggia. They are all on one floor -- just like yours. I hope you don't feel slighted with my comparisons.

I rang the doorbell and to my great surprise and feeling Dan opened the door and was surprised to see me. He invited me in and we chatted while he was working. It was the first time I had ever seen him do anything that resembled work. I couldn't get used to it. Our conversation was short as he had to report to his job with the Post Office. We bade each other goodbye and I never saw or heard from him again. I grieved when I read in the newsletter that he had died a number of years ago.

Just wanted to keep in touch with you.

P.S. Even though I enjoy my memories of my hitch with the 82nd, I have decided not to reenlist.

<> <> <>

WELCOME TO SANDESTIN RESORT

Oct. 4 thru 8, 1995

(Hank & Marlene Phillips, Host & Hostess)

Hank says about THE INN -- "I have looked at the rooms and found them First Rate (\$64/ night) and the Hospitality Room will be on the 1st Floor overlooking the water's edge of Choctowhatchee Bay and the adjacent patio, gazebo and swimming pool.

Marlene says about golf -- "Hank picked out a neat golf course right adjacent to the Resort so no van rides guys & gals. Too bad, hunh?"

Hank says about Friday -- "I had a talk with Lt. Col. Bob Edmonds (95th FTS C.O.) and, with the usual 95th hospitality, we will have an interesting afternoon at Tyndall AFB on Friday with a barbeque (or maybe a steak fry) in the evening.

Marlene says about to-dos -- "There are zillions of fascinating things to do with your leisure time -- like museums in Pensacola, a "Climatic Hangar" at Eglin, and an Indian Mound. Shuttle buses will be running around all over the place.

Hank says about trnspttion - "An Amtrak stop is only 25 miles away and, with proper notice, the Inn will come and fetch you. (Note: John Kostyo has already contacted me about this and perhaps others will want to look into it) Flyers should consider booking your flights to Eglin/Okaloosa County Airport (25 minutes from the Inn). Car rentals are available. Motor homes must be parked some distance from the Inn.

Quoth Both Marlene & Hank - "We will do our best to get out a firm schedule in plenty of time to be of use to our members for their 1995 plans.

