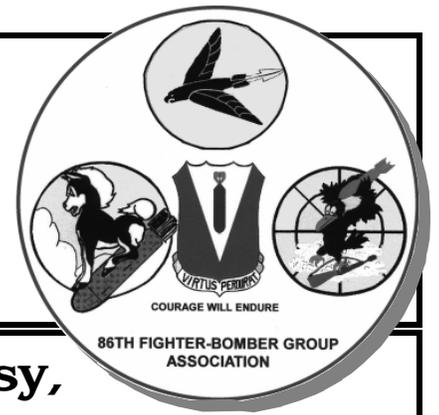


86TH FIGHTER-BOMBER GROUP ASSOCIATION

DECEMBER 2006 NEWSLETTER



**'Tis the season to be busy,
jolly, thoughtful, and thankful**



HEY, WE'RE STILL A GOING CONCERN — OKC A BIG WINNER

Our hopes for a big turnout at Oklahoma City became a reality when 30 comrades put in an appearance. Even with two late cancellations, this was an increase of three over last year at Minneapolis/St. Paul II. Overall attendance was up a gratifying 21 to 90, including a number of family members who are very interested in attending future reunions and helping to perpetuate the Association. As one of them said, "I'm a member of the country club here, but it is full of jerks. I'd much rather be a member of a group with good people. As long as there are reunions, we'll be there."

SO WHO WERE ALL THESE GOOD FOLKS? READ ON

- | | |
|--|---|
| (09) ALLEN, Bill & Carole | (24) FITZPATRICK, Jesse and son Ricky & wife Peggy, son Denny & wife Donna and grandsons Madison & Colton, and daughter Terry Vohs & grandson Brian |
| (19) ARMFIELD, George and Peg Wilson's sister Betty Carter | (18) GRISWOLD, Jim, Wanda & son Steve |
| (17) BARANEK, Carl & Jackie and daughter Debbie & Randy Rose | (08) HAILES, "Pappy" & son Michael |
| (25) BARENTINE, Fred & Bette | (17) HARRIS, Lyndal & Clarcie |
| (06) BIEBER, Walter & Barbara | (07) HARRISON, Cliff & Mickey |
| (17) BOTTEN, Jack & Charlotte Reid | (11) HOOD, Lyle & Mildred |
| (21) BOUCHARD, Hubie & Pauline and daughter USAF Col. Amy | (17) HOUSE, Billie, Bob & granddaughter Charlotte Hall |
| (06) BOWMAN, Bill & sister Mary (Jim's kids) | (26) HOWARD, Sid |
| (21) BRADFORD, Brad & Jimmie | (12) KNECHT, Gil & Clarice |
| (19) BROWN, Audrey | (26) MARGERUM, Glen & Karolyn |
| (12) BURGOON, Al & son Steve | (13) MAXEY, Vern and cousin Herb Steves & guest Breanne Coffin |
| (23) DELUCA, Louis & Angie | (11) MICHAUD, Jim |
| (14) DIANTONIO, Anna & daughter Carol Monaghan | (23) O'CONNOR, "Bucky" & Valerie |
| (23) DOLNY, John & Gisela | (19) PLOWDEN, Dick & Martha |
| *(01) DOTSON, Leon | (02) RICE, John |
| *(01) EYER, Helen and son Greg & daughter Nancy Deime | |

86th Fighter-Bomber Group Association

NEWSLETTER

Editor – Sidney B. Howard
Publisher – Martha M. Plowden

Vol. XXVII, No. 4

December 2006

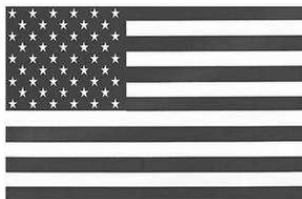
ELECTED OFFICERS — BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT

Glen E. Margerum
2845 Belleza Lane, Henderson, NV 89074-2471
(702) 361-3143; E-mail: ww2ros@cox.net

Secretary-Treasurer

Sidney B. Howard
211 Brownstone Drive
La Habra, CA 90631-7397
(714) 992-2504
E-mail: whisperingsid@sbcglobal.net



Vice President

Audrey R. Brown
7229 Cleve Avenue E.
Inver Grove Heights, MN 55076-4303
(651) 457-3086

Members-at-Large: Three-year term – Hubie Bouchard, H. E. “Brad” Bradford, Martha Plowden
Two-year term – Carl Baranek, Louis DeLuca, Jesse Fitzpatrick
One-year term – Audrey Brown, Sid Howard, Glen Margerum

Website: www.86fighterbombergroup.com

(List of reunion attendees continued from Page 1)

- (18) SENNEFF, John & Diane
- (09) SNIDER, Tim
- (25) TEEPLE, Bob & Tobi and daughter Bunny & husband John Sheffield
- (16) WIESSNER, Dick & Ruth Welsh
- (07) WILSON, Bill & Peg
- (13) WORLEY, Doyle & Marge Carroch
- (15) WRIGHT, Jess & Berniece and son Julius & wife Michelle, son Jess Jr. & wife Lisa

NOTES: Last minute cancellations were Jim Bowman and Bob Horrigan.

* First timer. Usual KP, guard and/or CQ duties waived due to Dotson’s advanced years.

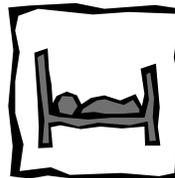
() Numbers in parentheses refer to the number of reunions attended.

STATISTICS

Veterans – 30, Spouses – 19,
Widows – 4, Family – 30, Guests – 7, Total - 90

WEDNESDAY – EARLY BIRD ARRIVAL DAY

I finally arrived at the Biltmore a little past 9:00 pm, instead of a 2:30 ETA, after a 15-hour odyssey from Ontario, CA via Phoenix, AZ, Houston and Dallas, TX. Southwest Airlines was so embarrassed they gave me a \$200 voucher against future flights. I ran into Jim and Wanda GRISWOLD with son Steve on the Biltmore courtesy van. When the driver heard us talking about “Bucky” and Valerie O’CONNOR, he said he had taken them to the hotel earlier in the day. The usual number of “old reliables” were there in force, but I was too beat to do much visiting, and hit the sack.



THURSDAY – THE OFFICIAL START OF THE REUNION

The morning started with a free Continental breakfast (juice, coffee and doughnuts) in the lobby, and moved on to registration in the spacious hospitality room, catching up on “doings” since last we assembled, and lunch on our own prior to the afternoon tour. The better part of two motor coaches was filled with 86’ers eager to see what OKC had to offer visitors. They were not disappointed. Our tour guides knew their city and did a fine job of filling us in on the sights. I personally was taken with the bigger than life outdoor sculptures depicting the opening of the Oklahoma Territory by the Sooners in 1907. The memorial at the site of the bombed-out Federal building was beautiful and impressive. A new Brick Town area of malls, waterways and baseball stadium featuring statues of Oklahoma natives Mickey Mantle, Warren Spahn, and Johnny Bench was interesting.

FRIDAY’S EVENTS

The morning tour of Tinker AFB, the far-flung Air Logistics Center, and the enormous No. 3001 Maintenance Building was enhanced by the knowledgeable and entertaining commentary of the Tinker AFB representatives. The tour concluded with an excellent buffet luncheon at the base club. (I don’t seem to recall food or accommodations like that in our WW II aptly named Mess Halls.)

All of the 86’ers at Oklahoma City want to express their thanks to our new friends who made the tours, transportation, and lunch so effective and enjoyable. They are retired Maj. Gen. Stanley NEWMAN and Col. James McCORMACK of the Oklahoma Air National Guard, Amy SCHIESS and Laverne SHAW, Tinker AFB representatives, and travel agent Carol JORDAN. Their handling of logistics for such a large group was commendable and appreciated.

THE HOSPITALITY ROOM

It is unforgivable of me to have gotten this far into this newsletter before complimenting the co-chairs of our Libations and Other Refreshments Committee, Pauline and Hubie BOUCHARD. They performed their usual acts of leg-erdemain in laying on a choice selection of drinks and finger food to suit every taste. Let’s hear it for the BOUCHARDs.

I must not forget thanks to Angie DELUCA for those dee-licious fresh-baked cookies that have become an annual tradition.

Prez MARGERUM and some of his henchmen did a fine job of dressing up the large room with our outsize Association banner, the Corsica banner, both *Last Man Bottles* and other memorabilia. John RICE, the man responsible for our website (www.86fighterbombergroup.com), and Tim SNIDER, longtime collector of 86th artifacts (including the original 527th jeep that was the hit of the Las Vegas reunion), were busy scanning data for the website and showing different war films, including that of 525th Squadron pilot Bob DREW.

SATURDAY – WINDUP DAY

In the morning an even half dozen of the fanatics who insist on pursuing that helpless (helpless?) little white ball around a large green expanse flailed away at the Tinker AFB course after (I was advised) some interesting repartee with the course managers. The hearty six were: Carl BARANEK, Walter BIEBER, Al BURGOON, Dick PLOWDEN, Randy ROSE, and John SENNEFF. As usual, no one was talking about their score or any sandbaggers. One of these years I hope to have something to report other than who was there.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

The Board convened after lunch Saturday in a pleasant tree-shaded area by the hotel swimming pool. Hubie BOUCHARD, H.E. “Brad” BRADFORD, and Martha PLOWDEN were elected to 3-year terms, replacing outgoing members Don COLLINS, Ed HILL, and John SENNEFF.

(Board of Directors Meeting continued from Page 3.)

The present officers, President Glen MARGERUM, Vice President Audrey BROWN, and Secretary-Treasurer Sid HOWARD were unanimously reelected to another one-year term.

Jim BOWMAN, who had been asked to study the feasibility of Indianapolis, IN as the site of our 2007 reunion, had to cancel his reservation after being hospitalized for a blood infection. (He has since been discharged and is recuperating at home.) His son Bill and daughter Mary "stood in" for him at OKC and reported that they had done sufficient work to determine that the Bowmans, as a family, would be pleased to host next year's reunion.

Following the precedent established with this year's reunion, the Bowmans responsibility will be limited to picking the hotel and handling all arrangements with it. This includes securing the lowest possible room rate and an adequate size hospitality room, making sure that we can bring in our own liquid refreshments, pricing the banquet meal, and selecting the menu. Prez MARGERUM and his Board members will be responsible for all other arrangements to ensure a successful get together.

There was considerable discussion about the need to restructure the Board to reflect the reality of the present. The idea would be to set up the Board to operate more along the traditional lines of the business world, with the officers not necessarily being WW II veterans. Over the next few months we will be reviewing our Constitution and By-laws. We need to determine what revisions are necessary to accomplish this purpose, with a view to producing a new document for approval by the membership prior to next year's reunion.

GROUP PIX SESSION

Overseeing the shooting of the traditional group picture of the vets, and the somewhat newer one of family and guests, was our own photography buff Cliff HARRISON. Getting the latter group squared away due to the large number of people took some doing, but after some more than usual "repositioning" of folks, Cliff was able to snap several shots.

I've already received the pix from Cliff, and I've still got some identification problems to re-

solve, but you will be receiving your copies (freebie on the Association) before you read this.

Last Minute Notice

Seven extra copies of the group picture of Family & Guests are available (for free) on a first-come, first-served basis.

SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET

My London Broil left something to be desired but the rest of the meal was excellent. Not complaining, you understand, because **nothing** can detract from the euphoric feeling I, and everyone else I'm sure, experience at these banquets that conclude another reunion. Everybody is all "gussied up" in their Sunday go-to-meeting best, looking at least 10 years younger, and the spirit of camaraderie is palpable.

The post-dinner program was presided over by Prez MARGERUM who reported on the actions of the Board of Directors outlined above. Sid HOWARD gave a brief financial report that indicates we remain a financially solvent organization. He guesstimated that the balance in the treasury, after settling all reunion expenses, would be in the range of \$8,000.

I had tied a string around my finger as a reminder to publicly recognize the fantastic job being done by Newsletter Publisher Martha PLOWDEN; then, of course, I forgot to follow through. So, I'm using this vehicle to make my amends to her. Martha stepped forward and volunteered to take a stab at filling the larger-than-life shoes of "Button" SMITH when he died in 2003, and the job she has done might be even a tad better than the old master. I feed her the raw material gathered from all you good people; she takes this conglomeration of "stuff" and massages it into presentable form, designing and laying out the finished product that you receive. Thanks, Martha. You're an original.

To wind up the program, Glen introduced our guest speaker, "Bird" Col. Amy M. BOUCHARD, direct from the Pentagon. We were very pleased that she was able to fit us into her busy schedule, and did so unbeknownst to her proud parents, our own Pauline & Hubie BOUCHARD.

(Saturday Night Banquet continued from Page 4.)

Amy is currently Associate Director Air Force Resources, involving logistics and worldwide planning to meet demands not faced in WW II. Her wide range of previous experience includes command of operational units in the field, as well as a stint in Special Forces. With the aid of big screen charts and other visuals, she drew us a picture of the vast scope of activities with which she is involved. It was both entertaining and educational. Thank you for being with us, Colonel. You are now officially a member of the Association.

HOSPITALITY ROOM/BANQUET JOTTINGS

✓ It was good to see Bill and Carole ALLEN again after an absence of three years. Bill has obviously made great strides in recovering from a stroke. ✓ Carl & Jackie BARANEK's daughter Debbie and husband Randy ROSE, with their enthusiastic participation in all the activities, are the type of young folks we're looking for to play an active role in the evolving new phase of the Association as the "old soldiers fade away." ✓ Old reliable "Brad" BRADFORD and I discussed an idea that might produce a few bucks for the exchequer, and swapped autobiographies that we had finally produced after years of procrastination. ✓ Shared a table with Veep Audrey BROWN at the banquet. Already a successful author with her first book in its second or third printing, she is working on her second one. ✓ I was looking forward to meeting Leon DOTSON after we finally tracked him down recently in Richland, WA. One of our original Meridian, MS pilots, he turned out to be a neat guy with an understated sense of humor belied by his put-on dead pan demeanor. ✓ A few months ago we located Helen EYER, not long after the death of her husband Dr. Willard J. EYER, 526 Pilot. We had a nice conversation about Olney, IL where she lives and its famous white squirrels. Also, that is where my employer, Baker Oil Tools, has had a branch operation for years. It was a pleasure to welcome her, her daughter Nancy and son Greg, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves. We hope to see them next year.

✓ Great to see Clyde "Pappy" HAILES, with son Michael, after an absence of several years. Many of you will recall that Hurricane Katrina totally destroyed his home and fishing camp in Pearlinton, MS. ✓ Enjoyed chatting with Clarice and Gil KNECHT, one of the few toilers in the vineyard and water bearers in the early days of the Association as Secretary-Treasurer of the 526 Squadron. This was their first reunion in a spell. ✓ No reunion would be complete without "Bucky" O'CONNOR who was there with Valerie for his 23rd reunion at 94 years young, as was the 525 Squadron's *Last Man Bottle*, custodianship for which he relinquished to Hubie Bouchard a couple of years ago. ✓ Always wonderful to see old friends Bob and Tobi TEEPLE who brought along daughter Bunny and husband John SHEFFIELD, Dick WIESSNER with the love of his life Ruth WELSH, Jess and Berniece WRIGHT, their sons Julius and Jess Jr. and their wives Michelle and Lisa, respectively, and, of course, Dick and Martha PLOWDEN. ✓ Finally, did anyone get a camera shot-of-the-year of the two Colonels embracing each other as if in France at the end of WW II ("Pappy" HAILES welcoming Amy BOUCHARD)? ✓ I've probably overlooked someone and extend my apologies to them. Just chalk up the lapse to another "senior moment."

SQUADRON NEWSLETTER BOOKLETS

In our last Newsletter we announced that copies of all the Newsletters issued by the Secretaries are available in spiral coil binders. These booklets were on display in the Hospitality Room in OKC, and a number were ordered for delivery. Cost (including postage) depends on the number of pages, as follows:

- 525th - 325 pages for \$32.00
- 526th - 185 pages for \$21.00
- 527th - 295 pages for \$30.00
- GHQ - 123 pages for \$16.00
- Group (May 1996 to present) - 220 pages for \$24.00

If you are interested in one of these booklets, please send a check payable to the 86th FBG Assn by December 31, 2006.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Todd FREECE, C.O. of the 527th Space Aggressor Squadron, who was with us at Branson, writes that he will miss our OKC gathering because "I am currently assigned as a student at the Navy War College in Newport, RI, which means I am at the behest of the school schedule. Please send my best to all in attendance. You guys are a great bunch and we've always been honored to follow in the footsteps of our WWII heroes with the bomb tossing crew on their chests."

POTPOURRI

It seems that reports of the demise of the **27th Fighter-Bomber Group Association** were somewhat premature. Secretary "Bulldog" Smith's Newsletter reports their October reunion in Wichita, KS was a well-planned success with 25 veterans plus a like number of family and guests attending. The members determined that they wanted a new president (Charles Dills of San Luis Obispo, CA was elected) and to have another reunion next year. Their roster contains some 230 names, compared to 346 on the 86th Active roster.

Bill GOSLIN (527 Pilot) was looking forward to attending his first reunion in Oklahoma City, but was called away to Wisconsin to take care of family business. To give you an idea of the kind of guy Bill was at a somewhat earlier age, we present the following 08/17/1949 report to *FLY-BOY* Editor Ed JUNG:

"Reading the accounts from some of the other boys makes my experience seem child's play, but for those to whom I never told the story, there may be a bit of interest and food for thought.

"We were to cut a bridge at Alexandria that afternoon and when briefing was finished we headed for the line. My plane was tied up and I didn't feel right about taking another because, like everyone else, I liked my own ship.

"Leaving Corsica was usually pleasant--it felt good to get out of the heat and dust, and the summer of 1944 was really hot. We headed for

north Italy, Taylor leading. It was a beautiful, clear afternoon and our target was to be wide open. I felt good and was looking forward to the usual gab-fest with my tent mates, B.B., George, Leland and Warren. We had lived together forever it seemed, and had discussed every subject possible, from religion to cooking and our mutual dislike of tropical butter.

"As we approached the Italian coast all was well, until my belly tank cut off and the engine conked out. It startled me and I thought, 'Boy, I'd hate to go down in the cold water'—that is, after I switched tanks and got back in formation. We crossed the coast and had just started inland when a hole suddenly appeared in my left wing. I called Taylor and told him about it. He asked if I was OK and said to go back to the base if I thought it was necessary. A few minutes later I could see the target—and also my right wing was being ventilated by ground fire. I thought maybe I had better get out of formation, but we were getting set for the dive, so I thought I'd go down in my proper position.

"Then a lot of things came to my mind, and being shaken up didn't help a bit. Those holes worried me—but not for long, because, while I was in the dive, that character on the back end of the ground defense jarred me about four or five times and smoke filled the cockpit fast. I pulled the bomb release while the bridge was in the sights, and then eased out of the dive as I was afraid I'd go straight in if I didn't move fast. The canopy was covered with oil and I couldn't see out, so I slid the hatch open for air and visibility. At first I thought I'd have to belly in, so I pulled the bomb release again to be sure the load was away. Then I called Taylor to tell him I wasn't going to get back—that I thought the ship was on fire.

"He said there weren't any flames yet and told me to bail, but it was too late for that because my chute was soaked with oil already, and the black stuff was pouring over the instrument panel and coating my face, goggles and everything else. The stick was so slippery I could hardly hold onto it. The boys pulled up along-

(Continued on Page 7)

side and above so I could fly in reference to them, as I couldn't see anything else, and I told Taylor I was going to fly to France if the ship would make it. He said, 'OK, I'll go with you'. The engine coughed a few times and I decided not to try going over the mountains, but rather to get out into the water if possible, so we all turned south at a steady climb. The engine kept running and I was quite relieved for a moment to think I'd gotten out of a close one, but in my anxiety to closely watch the squadron and keep an eye on the bursts that kept bouncing me, my radio lines became disconnected. Then I could visualize the after and burning, and I knew I couldn't jump because of the oil on my chute. Was I scared? Need I tell you? I didn't want to be captured, above all else.

"Upon discovering the line dangling, I plugged in again and told the flight I thought I could make it to the water. The coast came in view and we crossed over at about 7000 feet—flowers growing in the smoke plume behind me. I had put the nose down and let her go, hoping to get as far out as I could, for I felt certain the British would come in after me with air-sea rescue squads. The engine was bleeding badly, and rough, but still turning over so I began to climb again in order to have time enough to get ready if it quit. Air-sea rescue was notified and picked up the position—then the prop froze, and believe me, I didn't like the sight of a dead prop.

"I called the flight and said I was going down, cut everything off, checked my safety harness, unhooked my parachute chest strap and set the glide-flaps down. The ship got mushy and I wiped off the air-speed indicator just as I was about to stall out. All the way down I had to keep wiping that dial, as oil was still flowing down the panel. Then I thought of altitude and had to chance that my altimeter was OK, because there wasn't much time left before leveling off for ditching. The old girl sat down nice at about 120 MPH plus, but the shock almost broke my shoulders and stomach—even then it felt good to be almost down. The ship skipped over the water, made one take-off and I set it

down the second time to stay. The moment it stopped I went over the side, only to discover that I had forgotten to unhook my leg straps on the chute. My bottom came to surface and, for the life of me, I couldn't turn over. After taking on a bit of water, I made one big effort and came up right side—the plane was still floating.

"Somehow I pulled myself up on the right wing and began to get out of the chute. Just as I got undone it went down with me on the wing, and I felt pretty much alone. The dinghy I had was an English back-type, and I wore it primarily to move me closer to the foot pedals. (As you may recall, I do not quite reach 5'4" minimum for pilots—always gave me difficulty sitting on the edge of the seat.) I couldn't get the boat out of the pack and the waves were washing me good. I thought, 'enough of this' and pulled the case apart—then I couldn't find the CO₂ bottle. Boys, I was disgusted and tired, every move I made went wrong and then, for some reason, sharks came to my mind. (I found out later that there are none in the Mediterranean.) At the moment though I wanted to get into that boat.

"After finally locating the air bottle and inflating the boat, I was so tired I couldn't get into the confounded thing, so I pushed the small end under water until I could slide it under me. When I had bailed all the water out, I looked for a drinking water can, which was absent, and the candy bars were a mess. Thought I'd have a smoke—so I pulled out my water-tight case and found that to be OK but, while upside down, my lighter had fallen out of my pocket. All this happened rather fast but couldn't have taken more than 15 minutes from the time I hit the water, but it sure seemed like years.

"I was tired so I just rested for a while and looked up at the squadron circling my location. Their gas was getting low so I emptied the can of sea marker to let them know I was OK. They had to leave then, but I could see the PBY coming toward me. The air-sea rescue boys passed right over me and went about ten miles north, circled and came back. Just then a B-26 looked

(Continued on Page 8)

like one of the black ones I heard the Germans had and each time he ran at me I thought I was in his sights, but shortly realized he wasn't attempting to strafe. The PBY picked up the cue and located me, dropped four flares to box me in and came in for a landing. It was getting dark and I admired those guys setting that crate down on rough water. They hit hard about 300 feet away and began to search. Every time they went up on a wave, I'd be down in a trough. No luck the first time, so they took off again, found me and dropped four more flares, set a pattern and came in again to land.

"In the meantime I had dried out my 45 as best I could and got the three clips out. When they got close I fired into the air to get their attention but the wind was wrong and they couldn't hear the gun. I guess we'd been going round and round a couple of hours, or so it seemed, when the crash boat got into the search. It had come out from Corsica.

"After intensive searching they were about to give up as it was almost dark. I decided to take a chance and stand up in the dinghy, so I tied the two hand paddles together, stood up and waved them back and forth once. I saw a man on deck point toward me and just at that moment my dinghy collapsed and I went down into the water, but the boat was coming alongside, so I didn't care anymore. The skipper called me and asked if I could climb the rope net and I said 'yes'—but I couldn't pull up so they came after me. I remember one of the boys saying something similar to 'Blimey, he's burnt to a crisp' and another said, 'No, he's a colored boy.' It was the oil they were seeing of course and it was as close to night as possible without being night. Once on board, a shot or two of rum—a wash-down bath with alcohol (exterior) and into bed. They were really wonderful, believe me. We hit port at Bastia around 11:30 or near mid-night and there was an ambulance waiting at the dock to take me to the hospital, but I refused to ride with him unless he took me to the base. He finally agreed and we took off. Most of the guys were still awake when I got back and it was nice to walk into the club tent to see all."

ROSTER MAINTENANCE

Information in this section is intentionally omitted.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT— FIRST THREE QUARTERS 2006

BALANCE AT CLOSE OF PREVIOUS YEAR (123105)		\$8,688.63
Receipts for Three Quarters		
Annual Dues (13 @ \$10.00)	\$130.00	
Voluntary Contributions	\$430.00	
Minneapolis/St. Paul II Reunion Surplus	\$396.35	
Activities Reservation Forms (OKC Reunion)	\$3,688.00	
Bank Interest	<u>\$50.75</u>	
	\$4,695.10	
		<u>\$13,383.73</u>
Disbursements for Three Quarters		
Printing and Postage	\$1,499.17	
Bulk Mail Permit	\$160.00	
Phone (12 months)	\$59.24	
Office Supplies	\$193.41	
Computer Supplies	\$210.53	
OKC Reunion Bus Deposit	\$200.00	
Funeral Flowers	<u>\$224.06</u>	
	\$2,546.41	
BALANCE AT CLOSE OF THIRD QUARTER (093006)		<u>\$10,837.32</u>

FOOTNOTES TO FINANCIAL STATEMENT

1. \$10 Annual Dues, \$100 Lifetime (Cumulative).
2. Make checks payable to **86th FBG Assn.**
3. Dues payers since last Newsletter:
Perry BALDINO (527) LM-7151, Tony DOSSETT (525) VC in memory of Newell DOSSETT, Leon DOTSON (527) LM-7152 and VC, Jesse FITZPATRICK (526) VC, Clyde HAILES (526) VC, Bob HARRIGAN (525) dues and VC; Rich SINGLETON (527) dues, Doyle WORLEY (525) dues
4. VC = Voluntary Contribution.
5. **DON'T FORGET**, all contributions are tax deductible if you itemize deductions on your tax return.

SPECIAL NOTE

Jesse FITZPATRICK, our OKC host, made a voluntary contribution to the treasury of the not-inconsiderable telephone, postage, and incidental expenses he incurred in that position. THANKS Jesse!

SAD NEWS DEPARTMENT

CROW, Carl E. (527 Transp.) – According to his wife Mary, he died 07/31/06 following a long illness, including two years of chemotherapy. He had a military funeral. Carl was a Lifetime Member and attended one reunion.

DOSSETT, A. Newell (525 Welder) – He passed away 09/22/06 after a short hospital stay. This information came from his son Tony who requested that he be retained on the mailing list. Newell was a Lifetime Member, but did not attend any reunions.

HASTIE, Jean (527) – We were advised at the OKC reunion that the widow of Doyle HASTIE had passed away not long after his death in 1998. No particulars were available. No one at her address has ever returned the Newsletters that have been mailed all this time with advice that she was deceased.

NEWKUMET, Phil T. (525 Exec. Officer) – He died in Veterans Hospital circa 08/2006 according to

a former daughter-in-law. Phil was a regular at our reunions with 16 to his credit, the last in 1999. Shortly after that he had a leg amputated due to diabetes, and the other leg was amputated about a year ago. Phil was one of the “nice guys” and a true gentleman.

WALSH, Robert B. (527 A36 Pilot) – According to his wife Edna, he passed away 11/12/06 after a long battle with Alzheimer’s. Bob was an early and active supporter of the Association, having attended 12 reunions including the outstanding 1987 Seattle affair he and his late wife June hosted, followed by an Alaska cruise. One of our original Meridian, MS pilots, Bob was credited with coming up with the name “Invaders” for our A-36’s. A floral tribute from the Association was part of the funeral service.

WILSON, Clarence J. (GHQ Commun.) – His wife Laurine advised us that he died 10/11/06. He was a dues paying member who we located in Davenport, IA a few years ago and who never attended a reunion.



That’s it for now, so let me close by wishing you and your families the best ever Christmas and holiday season and to quote an old Irish blessing, one of my favorites, “May the road rise to meet you. May the sun shine warm upon your face, the rain fall softly on your fields, and until we meet again...may God hold you in the palm of his hand.”

Die Howard

