

Bushy Tales

Dedicated to all who attended London Central High School
at Bushy Park, London England from
1952 to 1962



Issue #11

November 2019

Volume #19

Gary Schroeder (55), Founding Editor (1936-2016)

Bill Rumble, Editor email: BushyTales1@verizon.net

Pat Terpening (58) Owen, Assistant Editor email: nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net

Visit the Bushy Park Website at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

1953 – Volunteer Requested



1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@Atlanticbb.net

1955 – Volunteer Requested



1956 – Edie (Williams) Wingate
WingW@aol.com



1957 – Shirley (Huff) Dulski
sedulski@gmail.com



1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net



1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall446@gmail.com



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net



1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
Dona.Ritchie@att.net

A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening Owen nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net or me know, if you want to continue to receive the newsletter. Too many times we only find out when you send us an email saying you haven't received the newsletter in few months. Thanks, guys.

Memories of Bushy Park

Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at BushyPark.org Among the things you can see at this website is a “Guestbook”, in which many website visitors have left comments. There are many entries, dating back to April 2007.

Here is a direct link: [Bushy Park Guest Book](#)



From Ed Brown (58)

Jackie Brown (53) Kenny can no longer participate in the Bushy Park newsletter, as the 1953 representative, because of her ongoing battle with Dementia. She really enjoyed reading the monthly publication and probably had many more stories she could have shared being part of the first graduating class from Bushy Park High school. I sincerely hope someone from that class is able to step up and fill the void. Thanks to all who kept in touch with her over the years.
ED BROWN '58

###

In Honor of Veterans' Day 2019 **Stories of Our Readers' Parents' World War II Experiences**

From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

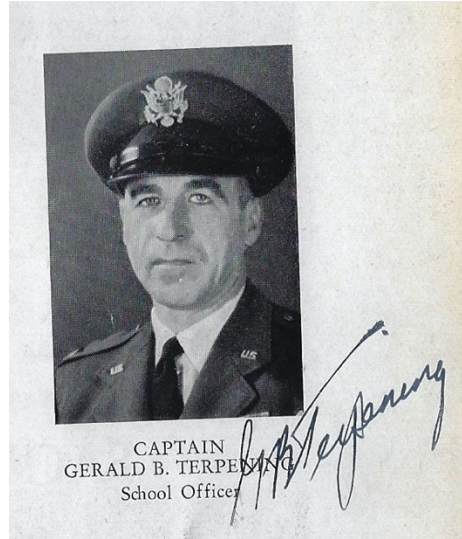
Dad went to OCS training in Miami, Florida, and on the last day they had to do something physical, and dad wasn't really into doing that sort of stuff, so he picked something that he thought would be somewhat easy – think it was called ‘push ball’. Well, the day comes, and they're all out on the field in their white shorts and tee-shirts, and he looks at the ball – and he's horrified – the following was taken from Wikipedia:

Pushball is a game played by two sides on a field usually 140 yards long and 50 yards wide, with a ball 6 feet in diameter and 50 pounds in weight. Occasionally, much heavier balls were used. The sides usually number eleven each, there being five forwards, two left-wings, two right-wings and two goalkeepers. [Wikipedia](#)

Dad didn't realize when he signed up, what he was signing up for. Well, they get on the field, and dad being over 6 feet tall was one of the taller players, and they're going down the field and all of a sudden, he's the only one holding up the ball. Needless to say, he broke his arm, and had to walk down the street to the dispensary. They put his right arm in a sling and off he goes, and meeting officers and saluting, not realizing (or knowing) that one didn't salute

with one's left hand. Anyway, because of the injury, he didn't go out with his group, and had to stay in Florida for several weeks longer.

During his time in WWII, he was assigned to a base in China. While there two rather wonderful things happened to him.



CAPTAIN
GERALD B. TERPENING
School Officer

2. It was a rainy, muddy, nasty day and he and his driver were traveling along on the muddy, nasty, rainy road, when he saw a fellow military person walking ahead so he had his driver stop and pick the traveler up. It turned out to be his older brother who was a pilot. They had a grand reunion.

3. General MacArthur was supposed to visit the base where dad was stationed, and as General MacArthur was taller than most Chinese, they made a special bed to accommodate his frame. Unfortunately, or fortunately for my dad, General MacArthur didn't show up and they gave the bed to my dad. He slept very comfortably after that!

###

From: Elsa Coleman (60) Blades

Colonel William Francis Coleman USAF

My father graduated from West Point in 1940. Upon graduation he was commissioned in the Coastal Artillery and recommissioned in the Army Air Corps and began flight training in 1941 at Maxwell airfield. He was deployed to Australia in March 1942 to fight the Japanese and I was born that summer in July.



Mar - Apr 1942 - WW II
Frank Coleman - Combat and
Maintenance crew plus others
33rd Squadron , Townsville Australia
Apr. 25

Unlike today there was no social media and the country was at war. Despite this, I am fortunate to have two pictures of him taken in May and June of 1942 at his base in Townsville, Australia with the 33rd Bombardment Squadron, 22nd Bombardment Group.

The First picture taken in Apr '42 shows him with members of his squadron in front of a B-26 Marin Marauder bomber the type flown

in 12 combat missions. The second picture labeled “Just before the Mission” taken in May ‘42 is a picture of his crew. It is safe to assume that this picture was taken before one of the missions he flew between April and May.



May 22, 1942 - WW II
Frank Coleman and crew
“Just before a mission.”
33rd Squadron, Townsville Australia
Age: 25

The third picture from the Panama City Herald taken in June 42, shows him in his West Point Uniform at Graduation. The Article reports on the Army Distinguished Service Cross (DSC) Award that he received. The DSC is the Army’s highest award for Valor. My father was never one to talk much about his time in the Pacific or this award other than to

say the squadron expected to receive intense enemy fire from the large Japanese defenses around the airfields and harbor. The missions over New Britain and New Guinea marked the beginning of the effort to defeat the Japanese. His DSC also cites a single plane mission on April 19 against the heavily defended Lakunai airdrome. He volunteered for this very dangerous, low altitude, single plane bombing mission.

His DSC citation reads in part

For extraordinary heroism in action over New Britain and New Guinea from April 9, 1942, to May 19th 1942. On April 9, Captain Coleman participated in a raid on Vunakanau airdrome at very low altitude. On April 19, he made a single plane attack on Lakunai airdrome. On May 1, he led a flight of 3 airplanes in an attack at Gasmata. These raids resulted in the destruction of hostile airplanes on the ground and in many casualties to enemy personnel. On May 2, Captain Coleman lead a flight of 3 airplanes to bomb shipping in Rabaul Harbor, scoring hits on two vessels. On May 19, he led a flight of five airplanes in an attack on the airdrome at Lae. In all of these actions, Captain Coleman displayed courage, skill and determination in the face of enemy opposition which caused damage to his airplane in all but one attack.



CITIZENS GIVE RAP RUBBER WAR EFFORT

Already Contributors With Few Asking For Payment

Service stations estimate that over 13 tons of rubber had been collected in Panama City during the week. Although many of the stations were not prepared for a great amount of rubber when the campaign last Monday reports that the rubber is being collected in steadily and most stations cooperating fully.

Boy Scout troops extend their willingness to cooperate in the drive, and other civic organizations are also aiding in the county-wide campaign.



DECORATED FOR GALLANTRY, Captain Frank Coleman, Army Air Force bomber pilot and native of Panama City, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by Lieut. Gen. George H. Brett, commander of United States Air Forces in Australia, according to word received here yesterday. Captain Coleman is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Coleman of this city. The above photograph was taken just prior to graduation from West Point.

MAYOR FAN NAMES RENTAL CONTROL BOARD

Captain McClellan, Look and B. F. Haug on Committee

A three-member Rental Control Committee has been appointed by Mayor H. G. to aid in solving existing rental problems in Panama City.

Named by Mayor Fan receive all rental complaints and make necessary arrangements. Members of the committee are: Captain A. McClellan, of Tyndall; W. F. Look and B. F. Haug of Panama City.

The committee was necessary after a number of complaints reported illegal holdings, said Mayor Fan. Receive Complaints. Duties of the committee consist of receiving the complaints and investigating possibilities for making them. It was announced that complaints will be accepted only in written affidavits signed and sealed by the public. They may be sent to the Rental Control Board, Panama City, Florida, or in person to any member of the board.

68 Day Period. Government committee staying to rent control.

The final picture is a Panama City News article dated June 42. It is a list of the 21 other airmen serving in Australia at that time who also received combat awards. Someone’s parents at Bushy Park may have served with my Father and are on that list.

**22 FLIERS DECORATED
BY BRETT FOR FEATS**

**General Scanlon Among U. S.
Heroes Honored in Australia**

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA, June 19 (UP)—Lieut. Gen. George H. Brett, commander of United States Air Forces in Australia, has decorated Brig. Gen. Martin F. Scanlon and twenty-one other officers and men for gallantry in action against the Japanese, it was announced today.

During a brief visit to this advance operational base General Brett presented a silver star to General Scanlon and awarded the following other decorations:

Distinguished Service Cross—Captain Frank P. Bostrom, San Antonio; Captain William F. Coleman, Dothan, Ala.; First Lieutenant Hoyt A. Jolly Jr., Gadsden, Ala.

Distinguished Flying Cross—Major William Lewis Jr., Salt Lake City; Captain Bostrom, Second Lieutenant Jack Carlson, Brownwood, Texas; Captain Harry E. Spieth Jr., Portland, Ore.; First Lieutenant William H. Campbell, Chicago; Private First Class Clyde L. Horn, Oakland, Calif.; Master Sergeant Karl G. Johansson, Sweden; Staff Sergeant John C. Had-dow, Pueblo, Col., and Captain Albert J. Moye, Corpus Christi, Texas. Lieutenant Carlson also received an oak-leaf cluster.

Silver Stars—Major Lewis; First Lieutenant Wilson L. Cook, Bradley, Okla.; First Lieutenant John T. Compton, Edinburg, Ind.; Second Lieutenant Harold E. Snider, Robinson, Ill.; Staff Sergeant Ralph E. Mouser, Oblong, Ill.

Soldiers' Medals—Technical Sergeant Billy C. Grubbe, Alverton,

Pa.; Corporal Merrill R. Hyde, Leesville, La.; Private First Class John W. Hamilton, Adamsville, Tenn.

Order of Purple Heart—Second Lieutenant Roy Gallaway, Austin, Texas; Sergeant Kenneth R. Gundling, Hannibal, Mo., and Sergeant Mouser.

June 19, 1942
Panama City News
Age: 25

###

From: Felicia Hardison (59) Londré

Dear Bill,

Thank you for inviting contributions about our parents' WWII service for the November issue.

My father, Colonel Felix M. Hardison, USAF (1912-1983), was the pilot of the Suzy-Q, a B-17e Flying Fortress; they were the first pilot and plane to circumnavigate the globe in wartime. It was thrilling for me when Bloomsbury Methuen decided to use a photograph of him on the cover of my 2018 book on 1940s American drama. The attached book cover shows him as Major Hardison on his return to the USA after combat in the Pacific at Hamilton Field, California, on 19 November 1942.

In 1947, he was stationed at the Pentagon on the Army General Staff when the Army Air Corps became the US Air Force. By 1950 within 10 years of graduating from West Point he had risen to the rank of Colonel which normally takes 20 years to achieve. In 1954, he commanded a Bomb Wing in the Strategic Air Command and set several transoceanic records. Following that tour in 1958 he attended the Imperial Defense College and was in the zone for promotion to General. Despite this opportunity he chose to resign his commission in 1960 to help his father who was dying from cancer.

As Tom Brokaw wrote, my father was part of the "Greatest Generation" and served his country willingly and with distinction. He died August 17, 2009 at the age of 91.

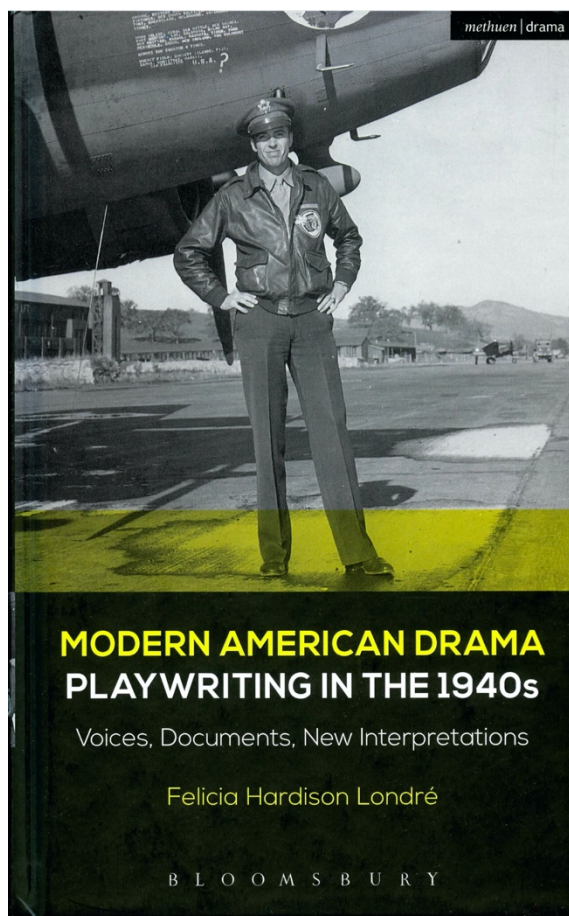
Here is a link to the publisher's page for the book:

<https://www.bloomsbury.com/us/modern-american-drama-playwriting-in-the-1940s-9781350017498/>

During the latter part of the war, my father served as American Air Attaché in Sweden. After assignments at various air bases and attendance at the Air War College, he became Director of Plans at South Ruislip and then Base Commander at Brize Norton in the U.K. from 1952 to 1956. He completed his SAC career as Base Commander at Lincoln AFB.

In case you should want more information, I have made nine PowerPoints to document my father's life.

Sincerely,
Felicia



Felicia Hardison Londré (Ph.D., Wisconsin)
Curators' Distinguished Professor Emerita of Theatre
Dean Emerita (2012-14), The College of Fellows of the
American Theatre (invested 1999)
University of Missouri-Kansas City: Missouri's Campus for the
Arts
James C. Olson Performing Arts Center, room 408
Honorary Patricia McIlrath Street
4949 Cherry Street
Kansas City MO 64110
Email: LondreF@umkc.edu
Office: 816-235-2781
2011 ATDS Betty Jean Jones Award for Outstanding Teacher
of American Theatre and Drama
2001 ATHE Outstanding Teacher of Theatre in Higher
Education
1998 Distinguished Alumna Award, The University of
Montana Alumni Association
Recent books: *Modern American Drama: Playwriting in
the 1940s* (Bloomsbury Methuen Drama, 2018)
and *Historical Dictionary of American Theatre:
Modernism*, 2nd edition, with James Fisher (Rowman &
Littlefield, 2018).
Still available: *The Enchanted Years of the Stage: Kansas
City at the Crossroads of American Theater, 1870-
1930* (University of Missouri Press, ISBN 978-0-8262-1709-7,
2007, only \$34.95) 83 illustrations. Publication of this book
was named one of the "Top 5" events in Theater for 2007
(*Kansas City Star*, 23 December 2007). Winner of the
Theatre Library Association's George Freedley Memorial
Book Award for 2007 and Jackson County Historical
Society's Education Award for 2007.

###

From: Lindsay Ervin (60)

Hi Bill and Pat,

Thanks for your great work in putting out "Bushy Tales"! You've been doing a "great" job and I always look forward to reading it. Just a side note from the September issue, was Jim Heck's (1960) story about coming from Wright Patterson AFB in 1957 and going to Bushy Park. In 1955 we came from Wright Patterson AFB to Bushy Park and left in June 1958, so I probably crossed paths with Jim in 1957 but just don't remember him. Interesting that both he and I had similar paths to Bushy Park. Your recent request in the September 2019

issue for some stories and photos about our parents relating to WW II is a nice idea. My dad, Lindsay James Ervin, was a doctor and while we were in London, was stationed at South Ruislip AFB as the hospital commander plus he did ENT medical services there. My story about my dad is not a "blood and guts" story about fighting, etc. in the war but a story of the type that is unique and is branded into one's memory for the rest of your life.

After college dad enlisted in the Army Air Corp. and when Congress created the US Air Force, in 1947, he decided to go with the Air Force. But while he was in the Army Air Corp he was stationed in Lubbock, Texas from around 1942 to 1948. As my dad would tell us, his "claim to fame" story was when he was stationed at Lubbock, Texas around mid 1943. They were having "war games" and performing various Army exercises from infantry movement to large cannon firings to many tanks going all over the place. My dad's responsibility was with the staging of fictitious victims with different injuries then have medical teams go into the field to treat the many different injuries then transport them back to the hospital. While going back to the hospital, with sirens and flashing lights going, that were stopped dead in their tracks by a long long line of tanks. Shortly after stopping and getting out of their ambulances and reviewing the situation, a jeep came roaring up to where they were standing. A general hopped out of the jeep, with holsters on each hip; each with a silver six shooter with ivory handles. It was General George S. Patton!!! He came over to where my dad and others were standing and asked, "Who's in charge here?" My dad said, "I am



Sir." He looked at dad and asked, "Lieutenant do you have an emergency here?" My dad said, "No Sir, these are just exercises all with fake injuries. So nobody is injured and we have no emergency." General Patton looked at him and said "Good. You know Lieutenant, having to stop and start all these tanks would use up a lot of fuel so if you don't mind waiting, I would like to keep my tanks moving. Would that be okay with you Lieutenant?" My dad said, "Oh yes Sir, we do not mind waiting if it saves you a lot of fuel." General Patton looked at him, smiled and said thank you Lieutenant." He then hopped back into his jeep and roared off. My dad and the rest of his staff just stood there, in shock from running into General George S. Patton. Shortly after these training exercises in Texas, General Patton went over to Northern Africa where he started waging tank war against the Germans that would make him famous.

Well Bill and Pat, that's the only WW II story I have. Hope everybody enjoys it. Thanks again for all your work with the Bushy Tales!!!

Take care.....Lindsay Ervin (1960)

Myself (Lindsay B. Ervin – age 1-½ and my dad (Lindsay James Ervin). This photo was taken when my dad was stationed near Lubbock, Texas around 1943

My dad, Lindsay James Ervin, when he was in ROTC at the University of South Dakota



###

From: Winnie Thomas (56) Constrastano:

RAY EDWARDS THOMAS WAS BORN 30 AUGUST 1918 IN JACKSONVILLE, FL., THE SON OF RAY THOMAS AND WINIFRED THERESA WYNDHAM. ON 17 MAY 1937 HE ENLISTED IN THE U.S.S. NAVY. HE MADE A CAREER OF NAVAL SERVICE SERVING 31 YEARS 5 MONTHS, RETIRING ON 1 AUGUST 1968. IN 1938 HE MARRIED ETHEL MAY ROGERS OF ANNAPOLIS, MD., THEY HAD FOUR CHILDREN. THE NAVAL CAREER OF RAY E. THOMAS SPANNED WORLD WAR II, KOREA AND VIETNAM. HE SERVED IN VARIOUS SHIPS AND STATIONS. THE PERIOD 1937 - 1940 HE SERVED IN THE U.S.S. REINA MERCEDES THE STATION SHIP AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS MD. IN 1938 THEIR DAUGHTER WINIFRED H. WAS BORN 21 DEC. 1938. IN MAY 1941 WAS TRANSFERRED TO NAVAL STATION, PHILA., PA., WHERE HE REENLISTED FOR DUTY IN THE NEW BATTLESHIP U.S.S. WASHINGTON BB-56 WHEN PLACED IN COMMISSION ON 15 MAY 1941. WHEN THE UNITED STATES ENTERED WW II THE WASHINGTON WAS ASSIGNED TO DUTY WITH THE BRITISH HOME FLEET BASED AT SCAPA FLOW IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS FOR A PERIOD OF ABOUT 5 MONTHS. WHERE THE FLEET COVERED CONVOYS TO MURMANSK, RUSSIA AND ENDEAVORED TO ENGAGE THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP VON TIRPITZ. IN THE MIDDLE OF 1942 THE WASHINGTON WAS DISPATCHED TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THE WASHINGTON TOOK PART IN THE THIRD BATTLE OF SAVO ISLAND OFF GUADCANAL THE NIGHT OF 14 - 15 NOVEMBER 1942 IN FEBRUARY 1943 HE RETURNED TO THE U.S. FOR ASSIGNMENT TO NEW CONSTRUCTION, THE U.S.S. SAN PABLO AVP-30 A SMALL SEA PLANE TENDER. IT WAS ABOARD THIS VESSEL HE WAS PROMOTED TO CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ON 1 AUGUST 1943 X SHORTLY THEREAFTER HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO FLEET AIR WING 17 HEADQTRS BASE ON PALM ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA NEAR TOWNSVILLE IN QUEENSLAND WHILE HERE HE WAS APPOINTED WARRANT OFFICER, 15 FEBRUARY 1944 HE RETURNED TO THE U.S. FOR NEW CONSTRUCTION THE U.S.S. OCONTO APA 189 PRIOR TO HIS RETURN TO THE U.S. THEIR SECOND DAUGHTER BETTY LOUISE WAS BORN IN SEATTLE, WASH. 14 JANUARY 1944. THE OCONTO WAS A TROOP TRANSPORT ATTACK, WHILE SERVING IN THIS SHIP HE PARTICIPATED IN LANDINGS IN THE PHILIPPINES AND OKINAWA WHILE IN THIS VESSEL HE WAS PROMOTED TO CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER, 1 JULY 1945. THIS SHIP ALSO FERRIED OCCUPATION TROOPS TO YOKOHAMA JAPAN AND THE NORTHERN ISLAND OF HOKAIDO, ALSO TO TIENSIN, CHINA. HE HELPED PLACE THE OCONTO OUT OF COMMISSION 1946 AT NORFOLK, VA. JUNE 1946 HE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE DUTY AT PEARL HARBOR ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU, HAWAII HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS AFTER PEARL HARBOR HE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE U.S.S. ADIRONDAK AGC 15 IN NORFOLK, VA. HE AND HIS FAMILY MADE THEIR HOME IN NORFOLK, VA., FROM 1948 - 1950. IN MAY 1950 HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE TO THE RESERVE FLEET IN GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FL., WHERE HE AND HIS FAMILY MADE THEIR HOME FOR TWO YEARS. IN MAY 1952 HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE U.S. NAVAL FACILITY, LONDON, ENGLAND WHILE STATIONED IN ENGLAND THEIR SON EDWARD RAY WAS BORN. IN 1954 HE RECEIVED ORDERS TO THE U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION, MILLINGTON, TENN., WHICH WAS THEIR HOME FOR TWO YEARS. IN EARLY 1957 WAS ORDERED TO THE U.S.S. VULCAN, AR 5 A REPAIR SHIP BASED IN NORFOLK, VA., ALSO A PERIOD OF TWO YEARS IT WAS DURING THIS ASSIGNMENT THEIR YOUNGEST SON DAVID LEE WAS BORN 2 SEPTEMBER 1957. IN 1959 HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION, SANFORD, FL., WHERE HE AND HIS FAMILY MADE THEIR HOME FOR TWO YEARS. IN APRIL 1961 HE RECEIVED ORDERS TO THE U.S.S. SARATOGA CVA-60 AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER. HE SERVED IN THIS VESSEL UNTIL APRIL 1963 WHEN HE RECEIVED ORDERS TO THE U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION, KINGSVILLE, TEXAS. IN DECEMBER 1964 HE RECEIVED ORDERS TO THE NAVAL AIR STATION, SANFORD, FL., WHERE HE SERVED UNTIL HIS RETIREMENT ON 1 AUGUST 1968. HE AND HIS FAMILY MADE THEIR RETIREMENT HOME IN SANFORD, FL.



In Loving Memory of

Ray E. Thomas

August 30, 1918 - June 10, 2010

*Beloved Husband, Father,
Grandfather and Great-Grandfather*

###

From: Penny Ohrman (61) Bernstein



County Men In Service



First Lieut. James C. Ohrman has arrived in U. S. from the South Pacific and recently was on furlough at the home of his wife daughter "Penny," 22 South street. Ohrman was educated in the Canal Zone and received appointment in the U. S. Air Corps at Maxwell, Pa. He has completed 42 months and is the recipient of the Air Medal three times. He is now at Greensboro, N. C.

JAMES C. OHRMAN

My dad served in the South Pacific during WWII. He was in the Army/Air Corp when it began and was based at one point in New Guinea. He was a bombardier and a navigator. He was with the Jolly Rogers and the name of his plane was the "Miss Kiwanis". I think the best way to say how he felt was to enclose the letter he wrote the second Christmas he missed with me.

Dad was of Swedish ancestry where they didn't see anything until Christmas morning. His parents stayed up all night baking, wrapping gifts, putting up the tree. So for him, he was very sentimental about Christmas you can read in this letter.

I have a letter written by him on Aug. 10 – the days after I was born that is very special as well.

COMMUNICATIONS 1944

JOLLY ROGERS
BEST DAMN HEAVY BOMB GROUP IN THE WORLD

Dear Daughter:
Here it is the second Christmas which you have been in this world and I for the second straight Christmas of your young life am away from you and your mother in a strange land. Last year I was at least in the state and could telephone your mother and ask about you but this year all I can do is think of you two and hope that the next you will bring us all together permanently.
I used to dream honey before you came of Xmas Eve when you would be in bed and your mother would trim a tree for you and have nice presents for you. I am sure your mother is doing that tonight but somehow it just doesn't seem right not being there.
Over here this evening in this little tropical island we had a little picnic. I along with hundreds of other prayed for



Letter sent to Penny on her second Christmas from her father. Jim

JOLLY ROGERS
BEST DAMN HEAVY BOMB GROUP IN THE WORLD

we loved ours at home and thanked God at you were safe in the land of plenty.
Penny I hope that by the time you are able to read this we are all together and that the only part of this war you will remember or know is what you read in history books.
Your mother isn't having it easy either and I know her whole life is wrapped up in us so if by some chance I should get back always take care of her and realize she too had to be a father and a mother to you
God permitting we will celebrate Christmas '45 in grand style. Goodnight honey, and Merry Xmas
Love

J. C. OHRMAN
400 BM SQD, 90 BM GROUP
JOLLY ROGER UNIT, APO 920
C/O - PM, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

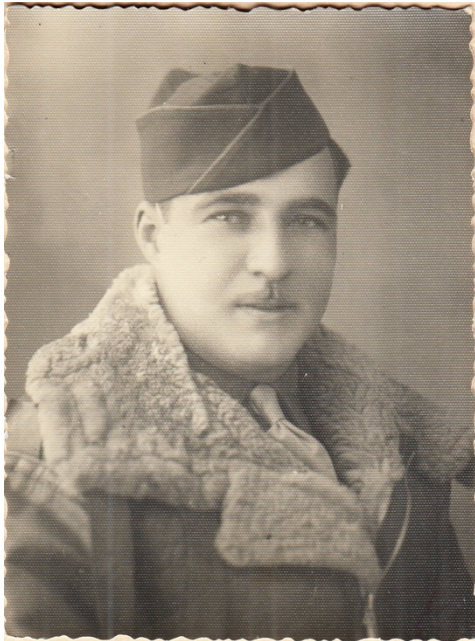
DEC 27 8 AM 1944
U.S. AIR MAIL 6¢

Miss "PENNY" OHRMAN
63 WETMORE AVE
MORRISTOWN
NEW JERSEY

From: Cheryl Sherry Burritt (57) Konjura

Bill,

Attached is a photo of my Dad taken in 1944...it is captioned on the back: "Somewhere in Italy".



Most of my life I was told that Dad served as a Tail-Gunner flying out of Bari, Italy during WWII. After the war ended, he left the Service, but was recalled in 1950 because of the Korean conflict and was sent to March AFB in California, where we joined him the following Spring. From there, we went to England where I became a Student and, later a 1957 graduate of Bushy Park Central High, while Dad was Teaching at the NCO Academy at West Drayton. In late '57 Dad was sent back to California, where he served as a Recruiter for the Air Force, then to Amarillo, Texas and then to Pensacola, Florida.

During the time when he should have been retiring, he was sent to Vietnam. We were told that he was teaching South Vietnamese soldiers to defend their country. He finally retired after that assignment.

What we didn't know until shortly before he died was that, much of the above while true to some extent, didn't tell the whole story.

When Dad followed a bunch of his buddies who were signing up to fight in WWII, Dad was pulled out of line. He had been a candidate for West Point which was pointed out to him at that time. Dad told them that he didn't care, that he wanted to join up and fight for our country. The men who had pulled him out of line were actually recruiting Dad to serve with the Secret Service. They would allow him to "sign up", then provide a service record that would be his cover.

So, Dad actually did fly some missions out of Bari, serve as a Recruiter and a Teacher...but during the war, Korea and Viet Nam...he was also going to many places around the Globe we knew nothing about. During Peace Time, when in the Air Force...he often made trips for the Air Force that had some cover but was actually still doing undercover work.

He was never able to tell us any of this until he was given clearance about a year before he died. The truth answered so many questions we had over the years which didn't seem to "add up". One of those was the fact that my Mom found some papers in his old trunk which listed him as "single" with "no family". She called me in tears thinking he'd lied on his enlistment papers. I pointed out that she had always received an allotment check so it must have been a mistake that Dad thought was funny, so he kept the papers. While in his 80's, Dad had some major health problems, so my brother had tried to look up his service record to get clarification on what medical services he was entitled to. The next thing my brother knew there were Air Police at his door demanding to know what he was doing on that Website. My brother explained and they told him that it was "Classified Information" and to "cease and desist"!

One of the most amazing incidents that Dad was able to tell me about was something that he did right before retirement. While supposedly serving as a teacher in Vietnam, he

was disguised as a native and had to sneak into Cambodia with a special report for the American forces there. He did this while in his late 60's!

We would love to know more of what he actually did, but I remember him telling me that there were many things he was not allowed to tell us, but also many things he preferred to forget.

From: Muriel DeStaffany (62) Karr (LHS)

My US Army Air Corps father Dale DeStaffany and WAC nurse anesthetist mother Isabelle Holmes met on one of those troop ships heading to England in 1943 with 10,000 soldiers and 80 nurses. The story is that when my father spotted my mother boarding, he had his buddy hold onto his legs so he could hang out a porthole and wave to attract her attention. She thought he was a jerk and tried to ignore him during the crossing. Her party of eight nurses had hoped to be stationed together but was split up. She loved her work but was lonely and



my father eventually won her over with his romantic letters. They married in Cheltenham, England in 1944 by special permission of General Eisenhower. The cook obtained a black-market egg to bake her a wedding cake. After becoming pregnant, my mother returned stateside on a ship that changed course every ten minutes to elude German torpedoes. My father first saw me three months after I was born, in the lobby of the Parker House Hotel in Boston, with a small crowd of strangers applauding the couple's tearful but happy reunion.

Muriel DeStaffany Karr, Lakenheath '62

Dale DeStaffany & Isabelle Holmes, about 1943, "somewhere in England"

From: John Kelly (61)

Hi Pat,

I am sending this from New Zealand, and I don't have all my back up material with me – anyway, my brother Jerry will forward the WWII info on our Dad & maybe add to it if I get your address wrong. The attachments below tell the story – Dad joined the Army 7th Calvary in 1938 and moved up from horses to tanks and finally flight status on B-24 Liberators as a flight engineer & top turret gunner – his mission statement is attached as part of a Certificate of Valor. During the Korean War Dad was a flight engineer on C-97 transport aircraft flying wounded men and passengers from Japan and Hawaii. He was very lucky, was not injured or wounded during the war and spent 30 years on active duty and another 10 years in civil service.

Jerry, my younger Steve and I all served in the Army with honorable discharges, my grandson is now in the Army and a son-in-law is also in the Army and my younger brother's grandson is a Navy Medic serving with the Marines. During WWII one of our Uncles served with the Marines on Guadalcanal and another Uncle served with the Army in Papua New Guinea and the Philippines.

Hope this is not too long, but the Kelly's have quite a history of service to our country.

Cheers from New Zealand,

John Kelly (61)

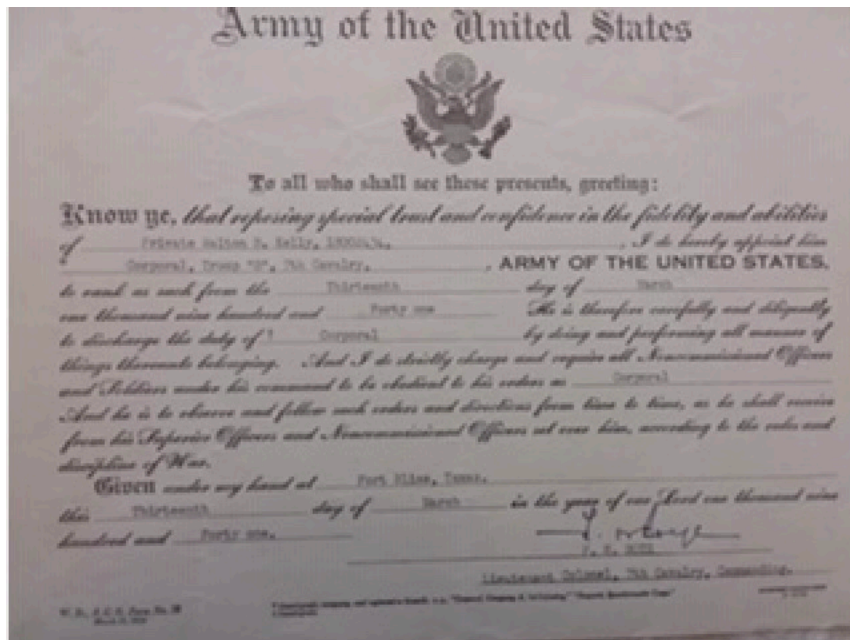


From: Jerry Kelly (58)

I hope you can put all this stuff together. Like most veterans they didn't talk much about the war after coming home. Dad was lucky in the sense that his first mission wasn't until July 1944 and at that time the German Air Force had been mostly shot out of the sky and dad said that he only saw fighters on two occasions, once by an Me-162 and two 109'' and the other was by about 35 Me-109''. The main danger was the anti-aircraft fire. Two members of the crew were killed and two or three of the B-24'' he and his crew flew in were shot up so bad that they were used for parts. One was a new B-24J that only made one mission before being scrapped. Dad said that Berlin had 760 heavy AA guns and dad'' 17th mission was to Berlin. Dad ended combat flying without getting so much as a scratch, but one nice chunk of steel got stuck in his turret but missed him.

I hope there is a lot of participation by the Brats who fought for our country. Take care, Jerry Kelly (58)

This picture is another on that I had not seen. It is the promotion from Private to Corporal on 13 March 1941. Dad had joined the Army in 1938 and was ready to get out when the war started. He was tired of the horses and transferred to the Army Air Corps. The unique thing was the unit he was in at the time. ''-Troop, 7th Cavalry. General Custer'' old outfit. I have only run on to two people that were in the horse Cavalry and that was my Platoon Sargent in basic training and an old barber in Albuquerque where I use to get my haircuts.



This letter was a surprise to me and will also be a surprise to brother Mike. I had heard that dad had turned down the chance to become an officer but had turned it down. I checked the dates on his mission board and he still had missions to fly to complete the 35 missions required.

10 November 1944

SUBJECT: Recommendation of Master Sergeant Walton B. Kelly
for Direct Commission as Second Lieutenant.

TO : Whom it may concern.

1. Master Sergeant Walton B. Kelly, 18002434, has been serving as an Aerial Engineer on a combat crew in this Squadron for a period of four months. Because of his rating which places him a grade above other Aerial Engineers in the Squadron, Sergeant Kelly has been observed very closely.
2. Sergeant Kelly performs his duties in the air in an excellent manner, displaying a high degree of technical knowledge as well as the ability to organize the enlisted members of his crew into a team.
3. On the ground Sergeant Kelly has shown superior military courtesy and bearing, proper appreciation of his rank and authority, and many other marks of a good soldier.
4. His experience with the Army together with certain inherent personal traits make him conspicuous as a Non-commissioned Officer.
5. I therefore heartily recommend him for a direct commission to perform the duties of a Squadron Gunnery Officer, which position is now vacant.

Glassel S. Stringfellow
GLASSELL S. STRINGFELLOW,
Lieut Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.



This is a picture of face of the menu for Christmas dinner 1942. Muroc became to be known as Edwards AFB years later. Dad was a staff sergeant at that time.



Hi, Pat:

I hope you are able to put the information that my brother and I have sent you. One thing that I didn't mention that the crew picture with the nose of the B-24 in the background is that of our father is the M/SGT in the front row on the right. Has there been a lot of response from the rest of the Brat community? I know that most of our parents have passed on.

Thanks, Jerry Kelly

From: Ellis Edward Young (58)

Four months after the sinking of the "Titanic", Lee Howard Young was born in Lincoln, Missouri. He attended and graduated from the local schools. He bought a gas station situated along Highway 65. Times were tough in the mid 30's and the business failed.

It was now 1938 and dad had joined the army, completed basic training in Arkansas and was transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas. His occupation (MOS) was a cook.

On New Year's Eve in 1939 the service club hosted a dance and Lee met Eleanor Foulke Kent of New Jersey. The romance flourished and later dad told his buddy "I'm going to marry that girl" and he did in 1939 in the Post Chapel.

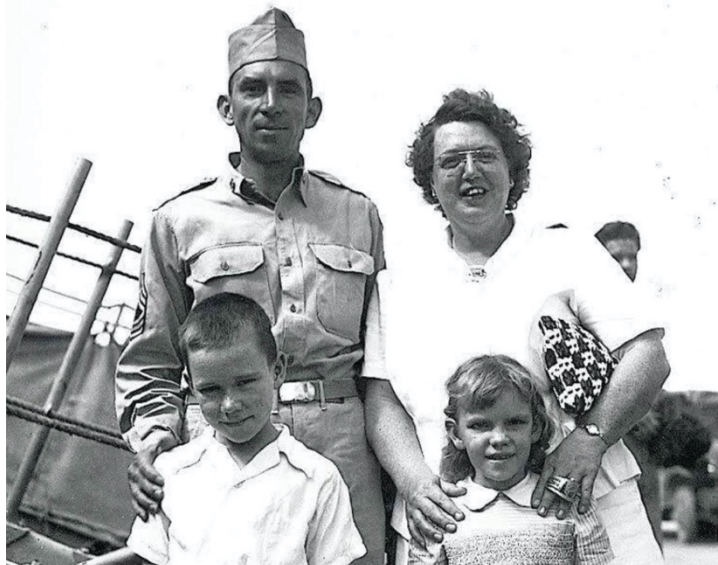
Dad had several stateside assignments relative to cooking, including the Baking School in Chicago. In 1941 the Young family had grown to three and found itself at Fort Holabird in Baltimore, Maryland. Dad had just started a week's leave of absence on December 7, 1941. The next day he received an urgent letter ordering him to return to duty immediately. He managed to stay in Maryland until my sister was born in 1942. In 1943 orders came down sending dad to New Guinea. Since dad was a cook he was never involved in hostile fire.

Instead of returning stateside when the war was over, dad was transferred to Okinawa. His family joined him there in 1948. Later that same year dad applied for a warrant officer commission in the Air Force. He was accepted and now was a WO1 Food Service Officer. A big deal for a lad from a small town in Missouri.



After the tour in Okinawa the family was stationed in:
Travis AFB, CA
Shilling AFB, KS
Lincoln AFB, NE
Fairford AFB, UK
West Drayton, UK
Westover AFB, MA and
Whiteman AFB, MO

So, from a small-town boy he retired in 1962 as a CW3. Not bad, not bad at all.



Same people but now the war is over. 1948

Lee H. Young with family 1943.



Headstone Vet Cemetery,
Tennessee



From: Tony Taylor (58)

My Parents During WWII

My dad was a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis in 1927 and shortly thereafter entered the Submarine Service. My mother was his hometown sweetheart from his Annapolis days. During the 1930s my parents lived mostly overseas wherever my father's duties would take them, including China, the Philippines, and twice in Honolulu where my brother was born. In the late 30's they lived just outside of Philadelphia where I was born during the time when my dad was overseeing the construction of a new submarine in the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard. From Philly he was assigned to New London, Conn. where he was scheduled to take command of another new sub that was being readied to join the fleet by end of '41. It was while we were living in New London that the war broke out with the bombing of Pearl Harbor and my dad took command of USS Haddock (SS231), one of a new class of fleet submarines and the first sub to have radar they could detect enemy aircraft.

As our dad went off to war, my mother, brother and I moved to a colonial brick home in Annapolis where we had a Victory Garden and I would often play on the parade and athletic fields of the Naval Academy. As my mother often told the story, there was one day when she had to go to the commissary across the Severn River and left me to play on the parade grounds in sight of a friend of hers who lived in quarters next to the field. Sometime later as she returned from her shopping, she saw me sitting under a tree sharing a sandwich with some workmen. She first stopped to visit her friend while I continued to sit with the workers and mentioned to her friend that she saw that I seemed to enjoy sitting with the Public Works men as they shared their lunch. With that her friend broke out laughing when she realized that my mother had mistakenly thought that the large stenciled letters on the backs of the workmen were "PW," for Public Works, when in fact the letters were actually "POW." I was sitting with a group of friendly German POWs who were under supervision from guards from the POW camp across the river near the commissary! It is a curious fact that 22 years later I married a German girl ten days after I graduated from the Naval Academy to begin my own naval career.



In the meantime, my father was in command of HADDOCK patrolling the South China Sea. From his three war patrols he was awarded the Silver Star and the Navy Cross (twice) for his wartime successes in sinking Japanese shipping. Subsequently he was awarded the Legion of Merit for his success in solving the problems with the errant Mk 14 torpedo which plagued the submarine force throughout the first 20 months of the war.

In '45 he was assigned to the staff of Admiral Halsey who was Commander Third Fleet on USS Missouri (BB63). Shortly after reporting aboard MISSOURI my father witnessed a Japanese Kamikaze suicide plane hit the ship, but with minor damage to the ship itself. As a member of Halsey's staff, my dad was an official member of the Surrender Ceremony on board MISSOURI on 2 September 1945 ending WWII. After the ceremony, he was sent ashore by Admiral Halsey to locate and repatriate all American submarine POWs being held by the Japanese, including one of his own Naval Academy classmates.



My father went on to serve more than 40 years in the Navy including being the Naval Attaché to the Court of St. James (the diplomatic title for assignments to Great Britain). It was during this time that I not only attended Bushy Park during my junior and senior years, but I met my future (German) bride, Gitta. We were married shortly after my own graduation from the Naval Academy in 1964.

Counting the total number of years that my father served, and

the years my brother and I served, we collectively served 95 years in the United States Navy. It has been a good life....

From: Elizabeth Leah Reed (60)

Sweeping the Mines

My dad, James Thomas “Tom” Reed, spent WWII in Washington, DC. He commuted daily from our little home in Arlington, Virginia, to BuShips (Bureau of Ships), housed in temporary buildings along Independence Avenue, about where the Viet Nam Memorial is today. My sister Nancy (Nancy Reed Gesswein, Class of 1956) remembers that he was never at home, but at the office six days a week, most Sundays, and brought work home at night. His area was minesweeping; his job was creating designs and specifications for naval minesweeping equipment. He also wrote operating instructions for naval mine removal, including how to clear a mine field without a mine sweeper.

As he always began the story, “We had mined the waters between Venezuela and Trinidad, but that meant the bauxite (aluminum ore) coming up from South America couldn’t go through. It was needed for our airplane production.” Yes, the mines did keep the U-Boats out of the Gulf of Paria. But also the bauxite ships. Many were blown up by U-Boats on the dangerous voyage up the east coast of Trinidad. The Navy was ordered to open a channel through the minefield to allow the bauxite ships a safer passage north. The mines had to be swept.

Contact mines that are chained together—chained moorings—float just under the water’s surface. When a ship catches the chain, the mines are drawn to the hull, contact is made with the trigger spikes, and the ship explodes. But the mines laid in the Gulf of Paria also had antennas on the surface that exploded the mine on contact. With this scheme, the normal wire sweeps could not cut the mines loose. Thus, the mined waters of Trinidad were too dangerous for a minesweeper to begin the job. A narrow path was needed first. My dad’s job was to figure out how to clear that path.

He did some research (the British had a method) and wrote the instructions: Use two 50-foot motor launches. Equip them with 100 fathoms of 1/4-inch minesweeping wire. Tow the wire between the boats to create a catenary (curve) to tap the mine antenna. Use floats to keep the sweep wire under the water’s surface and 50 feet from each boat. Proceed down the charted mine field.

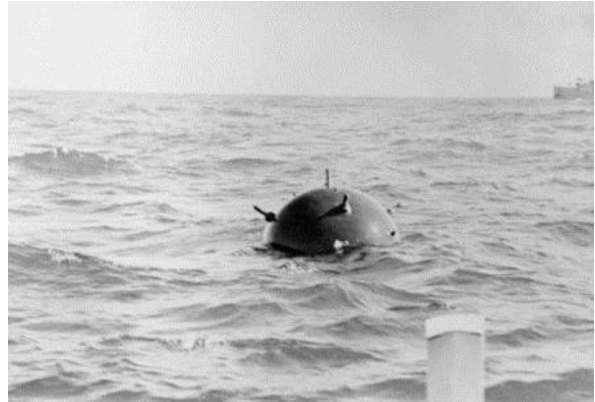
As the boats headed out to the mine field, the men could hear explosions in the distance; floating debris striking the mines. They approached the first row of mines and began their mission. On the first contact, a great geyser of water spewed into the sky accompanied by a deafening boom. Spray and smoke concealed the motor launches, which were rocking and vibrating violently. When all was calm again, the crew marked the spot with a buoy, then moved on. After a week, a buoyed channel was wide enough for the minesweepers to enter safely and finish the job.

The operation was a success. No injuries, just some equipment casualties. As my dad said, “there was no glamour, no contact with the enemy, just danger.”

He sent the equipment and instructions to the naval base in Trinidad, but they took no action. It seemed no one would take charge. “The Commander-in-Chief jumped on the people in Trinidad to complete the job as directed,” my dad said. After a few weeks, he and his fellow specialist at BuShips were sent to Trinidad to do it themselves.



**The Reeds, 1943 Arlington, Virginia Nancy, Nancy,
Elizabeth, Tom (Lt. Reed)**



Floating German Contact Mine WW II



Exploding Mine



WWII Navy Motor Launch

All the equipment was there ready to be assembled. They trained the assigned personnel. One complication: the signalman on one boat knew only semaphore; on the other boat, the signalman knew only blinker. Somehow, they managed.

From that time on, my dad was recognized as a moored minesweeping expert. After the war ended, he was stationed at various Naval installations where he applied his knowledge of mine sweeping. That's how we ended up at Bushy Park in the mid-1950s, I in seventh grade and Nancy in eleventh. Our dad had a two-year assignment at the Naval Attaché's office in London. His job: helping the Brits clear the last mines from their coasts.

From Patti Fawbush Webb ('58)

My father, Lt. Col. Andrew Tyler Fawbush was (1943) command officer of 320 Service Squadron (of 304 Service Group). Serviced and render 3rd Echelon Supply and Maintenance for a Heavy Bomber Group (B-17) flying combat missions from England. (1944) Executive Office and S-4 for 304 Service Group. Group contained two Air Service Teams supporting two Medium Bomber Groups flying combat missions from England and France. (1945) Commanding Officer 481st Air Service Group. Commanded 431 Air Service Group which furnished service and all 3rd Echelon Supply and Maintenance for Medium Bomber Group flying combat missions from France, Belgium, Holland and later forming part of USAF occupation forces in German.

Above are the facts. My father would not talk about memories. I know he went from England to the continent in the second wave of Normandy. I know he always told us part of his time his group supported air support for Patton's Tank Division.

The photo of my father with a building in the background was made in Belgium, I think.



From Bill Rumble (57):



**Captain Henry Peterson Rumble, USN
30 December 1911 – 25 January 1995**

My father was born in Philadelphia, PA. He graduated from high school in Maplewood, NJ. He entered the United States Naval Academy on 15 July 1929 and graduated 1 June 1933. Upon graduation and commissioning as an Ensign he was ordered to USS Concord (CL-10), a 10-year old Omaha-class light cruiser based in San Diego, CA. In 1935 my father met my mother and they were married on 15 June 1935. While on their honeymoon, my father was ordered to report to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA in July 1935. My older brother, Henry P. Rumble, Jr. (Pete, CHS Class 1955) was born. My father graduated from MIT in July 1938 with a master's degree in Naval Architecture & Marine

Engineering. His US Navy designation changed from Unrestricted Line Officer to Restricted Line Officer, EDO, Engineering Duty Officer.

In 1938 my father was ordered to Philadelphia Naval Shipyard, where among other duties he was involved in the construction of the USS Washington (BB-56), one of the North Carolina Class of fast battleships. It was commissioned 15 May 1941. My father was then ordered to US Naval Shipyard at Pearl Harbor, HI. We lived in Government quarters on a hillside overlooking Pearl Harbor and battleship row. On 7 December 1941, my father, mother, older brother and I were at our quarters near Pearl Harbor. My mother told me many times that the Japanese planes flew right over our house, so low that she could see the faces of the pilots. I have a piece of shrapnel that was found on our lawn after the attacks.

My father's job after the attacks, along with all the other officers attached to the shipyard, was to determine the extent of the damage to all ships in the harbor that day and immediately implement plans to repair and return to service as many vessels as possible, as quickly as possible. For his remaining two years there, he was involved in repair and modification of war-damaged vessels. What they and the shipyard work force were able to accomplish is amazing.



<https://pearlharbor.org/sunk-not-forgotten-american-ships-sank-pearl-harbor-attack/>

<https://pearlharbor.org/pearl-harbor-ships-on-december-7th/>

In 1942, my mother and older brother Pete and I returned to San Diego by Pan American Airways Flying Clipper aircraft. My mother refused to go by ship for fear of Japanese submarine attack. In 1944, my father was ordered to San Francisco Naval Shipyard. When he arrived in San Diego, I had no memory of him. It was night, blackout conditions prevailed. He was in his Navy Service Dress Blue uniform with a Navy-blue cap cover and had on dark glasses. From that point on, my father became my idol of a gentleman with integrity, an incredible work ethic, a positive outlook on life and how to achieve one's goals by persevering.

My father went on to serve in Preliminary Design in Washington, D.C. from 1947 – 1951. He was involved in the design of the USS Albacore (AGSS-569). This vessel's design changed the world of submarines forever. They became very fast, very quiet vessels.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Albacore_\(AGSS-569\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Albacore_(AGSS-569))

Then to Mare Island Naval Shipyard, Vallejo, CA, from 1951 to 1954. He then served as an Assistant Naval Attache in London from May 1954 to November 1955 (my time at Bushy Park). He then was ordered to Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, Kittery, ME from 1955 to 1958. Then back to Washington, D.C. for 10 months. He returned to Portsmouth Naval Shipyard as Commanding Officer in 1958 and served there until June 1960, when he retired from the

Navy. Subsequently, he worked 10 years at Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, CA. He was the lone former Naval person there. After Rand Corporation, my father went to work for Scripps Institution of Oceanography in their office in Point Loma (San Diego) as Naval Architect and Marine Engineer for all their ocean-going vessels. He retired at age 70 (mandatory retirement age for University of California employees, Scripps Institution was part of this system), however they kept him on as a consulting engineer until 1979. It was his dream job.



Henry Rumble 3rd from right, front row

--FINIS--