

THE UGLY ANGEL

Memorial Foundation Newsletter



Volume 9, Number 1

April 23, 2004

In Memoriam; March-May

In this issue we pay tribute to 3 enlisted crew members who gave their lives while trying to save others.

March 31, 1968

Dan Pessimer was an 0311 sergeant from West Virginia who was flying gunner with us as part of his shipping over package. **Ken Yantis**, from Philadelphia was a well liked and respected corporal and crew chief. Up front, Dave Jones and Tom Brownfield were trying to follow the Skipper through the mountains at approximately 0300 on an emergency medevac. When the situation suddenly went from bad to disastrous they tried to climb but ran out of luck and into the mountain. Both pilots suffered severe burns but lived. Ken and Dan died in the impact.

May 13, 1968

Six weeks later, Cpl Thomas Boyd III drowned when YL 8 departed USS Repose and blew its engine. Ron Harkless was HAC, Tom Thurber H2P, Steve Hucal c/c and Doc Jones corpsman. They had just dropped of a full load of severely wounded Marines; all of whom would have died if still aboard. Tom was unable to get his bullet bouncer off. His body washed ashore a few days later.

Incidentally I know of no photos of Dan Pessimer or Thomas Boyd. If anyone has something please let me know.

President's Message

Fellow Ugly's,

Well, as of today we have 75 day's until our gathering. As of 4/21/04 88 members, spouses and guests registered which is below the number of folks we have had for previous reunions. I trust that those who haven't yet registered simply haven't gotten around to it. I would encourage you to take a few minutes and get registered so as to make this as successful a reunion as those previous. I will be finalizing the Friday dinner arrangements in next two weeks. In that regard I will need to know how many people to plan on. That being the case it is quite important that you get signed up ASAP. You can expect an e-mail and or written (snail mail) communication outlining the details of the dinner shortly.

Another notable event will be held in August here in the Pacific NW. Specifically the "Hood to Coast Relay." For those of you not familiar with the NW this refers to Mt. Hood which is the tallest mountain in Oregon, 11,000.' This is a foot race that starts at Mt. Hood and works it way to the Pacific ocean covering some 190 + miles. The course is broken up int 6-7 mile legs where by each team member runs 2 or 3 legs. Marines from the 6th Engineer Btl. and the recruiting station in Portland, Or. have formed a team which will be sponsored by the Ugly Angels. Their shirts and support vehicles will bear our squadron logo. I am sure that they will do us proud.

Since our organization was formed there have been numerous events and projects taken on by our organization and contributed to by generous folks such as Gerald Hail. These endeavors took a great deal of planning, coordination and effort of those accepting the responsibility for seeing the mission through. These milestones were accomplished and we moved on. There is however a Gunny who has been at the "mission", from day one, of recording our history and keeping us informed through the newsletter.

He is as dedicated a Marine as you will find. As you read what follows, be thankful that he is on our team. Thanks Gunny Skinder! (editor's note-he made me do it-bob)
I hope all is well with each of you and your families and look forward to seeing you in July.
Semper Fi – Lew

Other Squadrons Have Got to be Wondering

Well aren't we famous? There probably haven't been that many articles written about the squadron since 1962 but suddenly there we were in National Geographic, the Pop A Smoke Newsletter and even the newspaper of the school where I work, the USC Times.

I have heard a fair amount of disappointment over the fact that National Geographic didn't repeat their earlier coverage of twenty odd pages but have been told by people in the business that if you even make it into a publication like the "Geographic", consider yourself very lucky.

Thanks to my old Scarface buddy, Brad for doing us up so handsomely in the latest Pop A Smoke. If you haven't seen it, it is probably an excellent reason why you ought to join our parent group which also does things like put on the big reunion every two years. We will talk about that before too long.

After the Okie Blast, Steve Luhrsen, Marine Major and son of Dave, Ugly pilot and Lieutenant, Class of 65-66, and I thought it would be fun to write a little article for the USC newspaper about how two faculty members got to share a ride with one of their fathers in a 40 year old aircraft. We submitted it but it didn't seem to grab the editor's imagination. However, he did assign an Army Viet Vet to see what he could do with it and I have to admit that the pro did a better job than the two amateurs. The tack he took was about how the Ugly Angles have managed to find one another and are probably as tight today with one another as we were 35 or 40 years ago. Have you ever noticed how envious others are of how we have pulled this off? I don't know of any other groups that do as well as we have.

Note from Mrs. Bray

1-24-04

The Ugly Angels,

Your kind thoughts and the beautiful red, white and blue floral arrangement were so very much appreciated by my sons and I.

Pat was so proud to be an "Ugly Angel." My sons put out a picture on the display table taken in Vietnam on his birthday. Someone made a sign saying Happy Birthday Major Bray, the ugliest Ugly Angel.

You are all such a wonderful group of people and I can never tell you how grateful I am that you honored him.

Sincerely,

Willa Bray

For those of you who didn't know Pat, he was OpsO,66-67. Mrs. Bray also included a photo, a news clipping and the funeral program. You can share memories with her by writing to 4674 Ivory Way, N.E., Salem, OR 97305

The Brotherhood

One night I was working and got an off campus call. A young woman from California was calling me to find some Ugliers to go to a party. The party was for Bob "Deak" Warner. If you didn't know Deak, I can only tell you he was the hot rodder in the class of 66-67; the one you pulled branches out of the landing gear when you got back. He was always fast and low. He showed up only a few years ago, just before the San Diego reunion. Not too long ago we heard that he was diagnosed with prostate cancer and then later that it had metastasized.

Miss Maggi Heath was calling us because she needed some guys to come to a business meeting where Deak was being honored. She had gotten a flag flown over the US Capitol and wanted a few of the guys from 362 to present it to Deak along with a certificate for his service in the Corps. I called President Lew and we decided to put out the call for volunteers. Three of Dick's classmates responded as well as Lew himself. Fellow pilot Dick Moser, YL 42 crew chief Bill Willey and retired Sgt. Major and former tweet, Mike Zacker answered the call.

You can imagine the scene. Over five hundred business associates are in attendance. Deak's son, Jeff, also a former Marine officer is giving a talk about the business and Deak's relation to it. He then shifted the conversation to how his father had raised them. Realizing that by now Deak was really puzzled; Jeff came clean and introduced Dick Moser who joined Deak on the stage. The three sergeants then marched down the center aisle to make the presentations.

From there I understand they all adjourned for a real Happy Hour. It sounded like a wonderful event. Let's be glad Maggi called us.

Found Family.

I have recently been in contact with the brother of Larry Houck. Larry was the co-pilot when Ben was wounded and the HAC of the lead aircraft in our worst accident, mentioned in the last newsletter. Gary Houck wrote back saying that he was Larry's younger brother by 3 ½ years and would like to get the newsletters and see what we were up to. Later he wrote back that he would appreciate it if we added Larry's wife, Elaine to our roster as she, her children and husband are very much a part of the Houck family. I found that to be extremely indicative of some wonderful values. If you have a reason to write to either Gary or Elaine, I will be glad to forward your address to them. I am going to send them a copy of the Memorial dedication film.

If anyone knows any other families of our "Fallen Angels," let me know.

Found FNGs

Jerome Baldwin, Corona, CA

Jack Bartlett, Centennial, CO

Dan Dain, Plano, TX

Steven D. Hill, Oceanside, CA

Roger Glenn, Dorchester, NB

Alan Love, Morris, IL

Charles Robinson, Rochester, MN

Robert Roy, Ashburnham, MA

We hope you can all make it to Reno and Welcome Home, Brothers!

Domestic Violence –everyone's problem

You never know when or where it will strike and you never know who it will be. We know now. On 1 April, walking through my own woods, I was run down by the 3 main members of my fire team—or at least two of the three. I still can't bring myself to believe that Sgt. Glory was involved. It is my suspicion that after failing to establish contact with the enemy Border Collie, Belle and 29 year old Simba, the yellow Lab next door, L/Cpl Clover and Perpetual Private Holly got "grabassing" around, forgot everything they ever knew and came between the gunny and terra firma at a pretty rapid clip. The next thing I knew, I had landed with my leg where it had never been before. I pulled myself up and the leg did the same thing again. This time I knew better so told the girls to "get Mom" which I had seen in the moves when I was somewhere between 6 and 10. They immediately turned into Guernseys munching the grass as only trained killers can. After a week of waiting for everything to mend I went in and had it looked at. A ruptured quadriceps tendon; three months in a brace (no driving) will have everything running just fine.

Visitors-

How do they know? There I was last Friday moping around and before I knew it, the Camps were inbound to visit the sick. Gene and Marcia, two daughters and a friend were on their annual "finding all the tinbenders" tour, this time to the Southeast. It was a great visit but got better when Gene discover that for once I had done as Willy had trained us. I had taken my Toro apart for an O&R, painted all the parts, new belts and blades but hadn't quite gotten her together when the above mentioned attack flattened me. He

refused to leave until we had her running like a top but the best part was that since I was laid up and was the senior corporal, I got the chair and gave him all the advice. I think we both got to Flashback City at about the same time. It was kind of funny.

Rusty's New Job

This obviously has been lifted lock stock and barrel from the EAA website. I don't think its plagiarism if I tell you first.

NAFI Selects New Executive Director

March 3, 2004 - Former military pilot and longtime flight instructor Rusty Sachs has joined the National Association of Flight Instructors as its new Executive Director. Rusty comes to NAFI from Signal Aviation Services, Lebanon, New Hampshire, where he served as Director of Training and Chief Pilot. A certificated flight instructor (CFI) since 1968, and a Master CFI since 1997, Rusty teaches single- and multi-engine, rotorcraft-helicopter, instrument airplane and helicopter. He has more than 3,200 hours of instruction time, and over 6,000 hours of flight time.



He's also a longtime EAA and NAFI member. "The first time I attended *Oshkosh* it was in *Rockford*," he quipped. "Actually, I've been to EAA AirVenture 21 out of the last 22 years and the only year I missed was the year my son refused to reschedule his wedding."

Rusty continued, "I have always admired NAFI and EAA, and I see this as my last chance to do something special on a national scale in aviation. This position fits in really well with what I believe and what I think general aviation should be. It's a great opportunity."

Rusty is a U.S. Marine Corps veteran and served as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam in 1966-1967. He logged 725 combat missions and 421 carrier landings and was honorably discharged with the rank of Captain in 1970.

Rusty has been a frequent lecturer at FAA aviation seminars, EAA Chapter meetings, and flight schools throughout the Northeast. For the past five years, he has provided some adjunct instruction in Combat Leadership at various Marine Corps installations, mostly at Quantico, Virginia.

A 1972 graduate of Harvard College, Rusty earned his Juris Doctor in 1978 from Vermont Law School and was a practicing attorney from 1979-2001. He also studied overseas at the Universite de Grenoble, France.

"NAFI is a vital organization; it has a lot of life to it," Rusty said. "And we're about to be hit by enormous growth with sport pilot/light-sport aircraft. There will be lots of transitioning ultralight instructors who will need a fraternity of instructors from whom they can draw expertise. We're working to make NAFI that fraternity."

Note: Weird Path to Success. Tom went from being our Founder and President to become the Vice President of the entire Association. Lew, the 3rd President was already the CEO of Summit Manufacturing and now Rusty has gone from 2nd President to Executive Director of one of the most important organizations in the world for Experimental Aircraft Flight Instructors. Go Figure! Maybe being Ugly really is good for your career.

Archie's Angels Photos

Long overdue for mention is a letter and photos I got from retired M/GySgt Bob Marshall, an air traffic controller aboard the Princeton in 1960. There are 4 photos taken from the tower of our a/c stacked, arriving and departing and off loading the troops. The location is Buckner Bay as they are embarking the landing force in preparation for the annual "Blue Star" exercise in Taiwan. In addition to our HUS's, there is the Princeton's own HRS and a Navy HUP.

A really lame excuse by now is that I had every intention of getting these pictures and his letter up on the web, but as you know, I am not doing so well in this department. Maybe next year!

Reunion Update

Remember, the reunion in Reno is coming early this year, July 8-11. You need to be a paid up Pop A Smoke member. If you aren't and haven't signed up, you have until 15 May to get signed up. Call J.D. Barber at 781-337-3239 or e-mail him at jdbarber@popasmoke.com.

The original hotel, The Reno Hilton is now full. Arrangements have been made with the Airport Plaza hotel to set aside 100 rooms for our use. The room rate is comparable to the Hiltons and is good for 8 thru 12 July. Shuttle service will be available both to and from the airport and the Reno Hilton. To reserve – and I wouldn't wait – call (775) 348-6370 and give then code USMCV.

Attendees registered as of 4/21:

Members Name	No Reg
ALTENO, LEONIDAS J.	2
BARNES, LEW	1
BARTLETT, RICHARD W.	2
BLOWERS, DOUGLAS E.	2
BROWNFIELD, THOMAS J.	1
CAIN, ALAN D.	2

CASCIO, BENJAMIN R.	2		
CLARK, GERALD L.	2		
DAIN, DANIEL W.	2		
DAVIDSON SR, RICHARD M.	2		
EAMES, PAUL E.	2		
FEENEY, ROBERT J.	2	X	(GUEST'S NAME)
FERGUSON, DONALD G.	2	X	(DUES DUE)
FORD, JOHN K.	1		
GALL, RON E.	2		
GEHWEILER, RICHARD W.	1		
GONNEVILLE, JEAN G.	2		
GRAY, CURTIS A.	1		
HAMMACK, THOMAS R.	2		
HEWES, WILLIAM T.	1		
HOUGHTON JR, RICHARD L.	1		
HOUGLUM, DANIEL D	1		
JOHNS, BOBBY J.	2		
JONES II, RALPH	1		
JONES, DAVID A.	2		
KOTTKAMP, JERRY W.	2		
LANGLEY, EDWARD T.	2		
LOSEY, JAMES L.	1		
MC NAIR, BILLY J.	2		
MCNAIR, BILL	1	X	(REGISTRATION FEE)
NEWMAN, ROY E.	1	X	(REG. FORM- WILL SEND)
NEWTON, WILLIAM L.	1		
PERRYMAN, JAMES M.	2		
PLUMMER, JAMES R.	2		
REESE, WILLIAM E.	2		
SCANLON, GERALD P.	2		
SHOOPMAN, DAVID	1		
SKINDER, BOB	1		
SOUTHWORTH, EDWARD G.	2		
SPROULE, WILLIAM D.	3		
STREET, JAMES H.	2		
THURBER, TOM L.	2		
TYGART, DARRELL L.	2		
WALDRIDGE, WILBERT	2		
WALTERS, FRANK	2		
WATERS, WILLIAM L.	2		
WILLIAMS, JOSEPH R.	1		
WIMMLER, CHARLES A.	4		
WOOD, CHARLES H.	1		
YORK, DELMAN F.	2		
ZACKER, MICHAEL G.	2		

People with X next to their name need to contact JD Barber at the above listed contact points.

Political Commentary Not Necessary

About a dozen of you have written in to complain about un-requested and unwanted political correspondence from other members. According to our figures our members range from their mid 50s to almost their 90. Most seem to have figured out who they are and how they'll vote by now. Please give us all a break and don't blindly forward stuff, especially political stuff unless you really know that someone has an interest. Thanks!!

says, "Can you hear that?" I could, but didn't hear any difference. "Well," she says, "that's the rain inside." "Oh," I says. The damage to our sunroom and living room was pretty spectacular but the results were good. I found a type of tin roof coating in Old House Journal that was outstanding and it turned out that it wasn't the leaking roof but some old siding in one of the valleys that was causing all of the trouble. I learned later that the previous owners had battled this problem for all the time they lived there and it probably existed from many years before they inherited the place.

Finding a good covering however didn't solve the problem of getting up on top of a 35 foot tin roof, repairing it, preparing it and then painting it. I figured I would start slow and low and build up some momentum as well as courage and experience so I started screwing around with the porch roofs. They were nice, almost flat and low but I always knew that someday I was going to have to build something to get me way up there.

I also have quite a few mechanical mowers, whackers, trimmers and tillers. Usually they are all right but when they break I am not much of a mechanic and if I get them running that's good. Having turned 60, I decided it was time to get my life in order and straighten out the problem areas. I saw this book by Briggs and Stratton on small engine repair and decided this was a good start. It was for sure but there was a side benny. There was a picture of a small, rentable aerial lift. Boy, did that get my mind working on the roof problem. It turns out that the little one wasn't such a good idea as every time you needed to move it you had to come down and hitch it to the truck. After some discussion I settled on one of the big 60 foot Genies. What a kick that was. I took Spring Beak off, March 8-15th. It took a day or two to get used to it but I could get to almost every point on all the roofs, 35 feet up and 25 feet in.

Generally I spent 6 hours each day changing old nails for screws, sanding and priming and then the last two or three hours rolling the paint on. Madilyn was away the whole week but I was careful. On the last day I used the thing to cut a few branches and then I was going to take it over to the post office to see if I could do anything with my dead pine that was hanging over their back yard. Behind the house there are two power lines, an old pole barn, a pond and my propane tank plus a lot of bushes, with and without thorns. There was also a hole in the driveway. Keep in mind also that I am driving from the bucket, fully 20 feet from the front wheels and steering is with a little stick with a thumb toggle for direction. Watching everything, I am sure you could understand how I happened to miss seeing the right front wheel gently nudging the old pole barn in a direction she hadn't been in quite awhile.

A quick glance showed me that the other 6 poles were upright but the one that was kitty corner to the victim had an identical posture. I figured that I'd get on over to the post office and take care of that mere 80 footer in a few hours and then come back and nudge this problem child back where she belonged.

I hadn't been at the PO too long when I heard a noise that I was pretty sure was a branch sliding down my newly painted roof but I had a tree to fix, here. In a few minutes I realized that I needed some ropes to get these 100 pound branches down without killing someone. I auto'ed down and hopped the fence and, boy, was I ever surprised to see the pole barn laying all over the place. It's highest point was about even with my shoulders. I called Madilyn who was out shopping and asked if she wouldn't mind picking me up some beer—and then asked, "just how attached to that old barn were you?"

One last thing; before painting the roof it was covered in 25-year-old Rustoleum primer; flat brown, rusty and ugly. I painted the roof the prettiest barn red you have ever seen. A week later was International Yellow Pollen Week. In case you don't know; gorgeous barn red covered with yellow pollen comes out to look exactly like 25-year-old Rustoleum primer; flat brown, rusty and ugly.

And that's all I can think of at the moment.

Talk to you in a month or so, I expect.

Bob Skinder

20 Claytor Rd.

Hopkins, SC 29061

rskinder@att.net 803-783-3019