



# SIGNALS



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WWII - 1941 KOREA - 1952 VIETNAM - 1965

## New Orleans, Louisiana



Jackson Square is a historic park in the French Quarter of New Orleans. It was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1960, for its central role in the city's history, and as the site where in 1803 Louisiana was made United States territory pursuant to the Louisiana Purchase. In 2012 the American Planning Association designated Jackson Square as one of the Great Public Spaces in the US.



**MESSAGE FROM  
Chairman/President  
LTC Maxie G. Holt (R)**

### Do Over!



OK...2020 is over! If you've ever wished for memory-lapse to set

in...this is the time. As I think about 2020, the words of my Dad back on the farm seem appropriate: "I've been to three County Fairs and a Hog-Calling Contest, but I ain't never seen nothing like that!"

As I recall, this was the third time we have had to cancel a reunion. We canceled for the hurricane in Corpus Christi, Texas and for the big super storm that hit Charleston in 2017. As you know the 2020 Reunion was to be in New Orleans. We will keep that location for 2021.

So, as they say, 2020 is 'water under the bridge.' Let's move on. We have already begun the coordination for 2021. I expect we will have some detailed planning information by February and a Registration Form by May...at least, that's the goal.

I am looking forward to New Orleans and I sure hope to see you there. From Bourbon Street to the French Quarter, to the waterfront and the Casinos, there is plenty to do in THE BIG EASY. The WW2 Museum there is one of the best in the world. The Confederate Memorial Hall Museum will give you a fresh perspective on that divisive war. And...who can pass up the incredible food (can you spell, GUMBO?)

I know you have lots of choices about how to spend your time and money. Because of the way OCS molded us together as a group, I recommend you invest in our reunion in New Orleans, October 7-10, 2021. You will not regret your choice to attend...I guarantee it! ❖

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LTC Max G.  
Holt (R)

Association  
Chaplain

Class 02-67



### CORNER Terms and Conditions

Here we are...at the close of what will possibly be considered by many as the WORST YEAR EVER! Certainly, there have been other 'bad years.' Many of us can look back on years where war and maybe personal loss dominated our lives.

Of course, COVID-19 started us off with uncertainties and then confusion and then chaos. The mixed messages were frustrating...wash your hands, social distance OR wear a mask...social distance AND wear a mask...social distance but don't wear a mask, then yes, wear any face overing. You can go to a crowded store and ride in a very crowded airplane, but you can't play with your kids in the park, far from others, without a mask. You can't have a family gathering for the holidays. You CAN have a protest rally, but you CAN'T go to church. COVID has played into the political games of both sides. And we the American citizens are ill-informed and ill-equipped to sift through the minute and make a rational decision about the appropriate course of action that will best serve us. VERY FRUSTRATING! I'd vote to send all former Tac Officers to D.C. and grass-drill congress for about a week!

In my June article I mentioned the opening lines from Dickens' famous novel, A TALE OF TWO CITIES. He opened with: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity. It was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."

I am writing this as winter is approaching, before the election...but by now, the election is over (maybe!).

Holiday sounds are hopefully drowning out political fallout from the outcome. Whoever won...we will survive (I pray!). Hopefully, you are experiencing some level of Christmas or Hanukkah cheer, or whatever holiday you happen to be celebrating. The Christmas phrase, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN," is certainly appropriate this year. In the New Testament book of JOHN, Chapter 14, Verse 27, Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid."

There have been a few times when I have been afraid; I had an engine failure in a T-41 on my first solo cross-country training flight in Flight School – I was afraid. There were a few times on both tours in Vietnam when I was afraid. There have been accidents and family medical challenges over the years that left me with fear and uncertainty. I am grateful that the PEACE of God that Jesus spoke about was available to me and served to sustain me. I pray that you will seek that same peace with whatever you are facing this year.

Let's face it...2020 has been a bust! I've had more fun throwing up! So, I'm here-by refusing to enter 2021 without some Terms and Conditions. Whoever runs the calendar will have to sign on the dotted line that we will have no more of this foolishness...no more chaos! We often have to sign computer software agreements, so it's time for a New Year Agreement...

I want **TERMS & CONDITIONS!** ❖❖

### TAPS

They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them. (Written by Laurence Binyon)

**WWII Era** – 1-41: Hutton Gibson, 4-42: Henry Cataldo, 5-42: Charles Dominique, 7-42: Don Reimann, Arthur Simpson, 8-42: Robert Leslie, Abraham Schwartz, 10-42: Max Auerbach, William Breen, Elmer Hoffman,

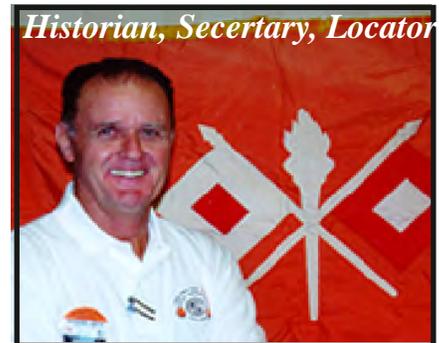
LTC Don Rabbott, Raymond Trapnell, 13-42: Harry Schriebman, 14-43: Truman Schoenberger, 16-43: Francis Loughrey, 17-43: Bernard Lerback, 21-43: James Suttles, 23-43: Raimon Conlisk, 24-43: Frederick Copeland, 25-43: Wilbert Stevenson, 26 43: COL Armand Carian, 28-43: MAJ Richard Yount, 32-44: Samuel Feinstein, 33-44: Henry Graff, LTC Don Rabbott, Raymond Trapnell, 13-42: Harry Schriebman, 14-43: Truman Schoenberger, 16-43: Francis Loughrey, 17-43: Bernard Lerback, 21-43: James Suttles, 23-43: Raimon Conlisk, 24-43: Frederick Copeland, 25-43: Wilbert Stevenson, 26 43: Armand Carian, 28-43: MAJ Richard Yount, 32-44: Samuel Feinstein, 33-44: Henry Graff, 35-44: Richard Bluhm, Kimball Cummings, Joseph Kane, Howard Parr 36-44: Martin Shor, MAJ Hubert Toupin, 37-44: Neil Bohner, 38-44: Bernard Bailyn, Chester Bernstein, James Hellmuth, Reuben Karol, 39-44: Robert Coleman, 40-44: MAJ Carl Fischer, 44-45: Louis Bernstein, 47-45: Samuel Herman, 54-46: Anthony Avallone, David Breck, 55-46: Floyd Oatman,

**Korean War Era** – 2-52: Samuel Horchow, 5-52: George Hamrick, 7-52: Mortimer Weis, 9-52: James Millar, 11-52: Harold Compton, 18-52: LTC William Denman, 24-53: John Larish, **Vietnam War Era** - 11-66: John Linnard, 14-66: COL Grover Craven, 18-66: John Fitzgerald, 5-67: Dennis Neal, 25-67: LTC Lester Crapse, 1-68: Moton "Pete" Peterson. ❖❖

### FROM THE CAVE

Richard Green

Historian, Secretary, Locator



As I sit here tonight, knowing that I'm late getting my input to Lee, for the November newsletter, I can't help but

wonder if “everyone” is as distracted and disgusted with the things going on in our country, as I am. The blame games, the name calling, the fake news reports, the censoring of one group, while supporting the other, etc. I’m just tired of it.. Especially the ‘Defund the Police” I have a grandchild who is a Cop, and a damned good one.. She works hard to keep the folks she deals with calm and collected, but sometimes that just “ain’t” possible. What she deals with every day is something most people can’t even imagine! (From a 300 pound crazy woman that had to be brought in, to answering calls when a baby has died.) Defund the police, hell no! Double their funding, triple the number of cops on the street and let them protect themselves from any and all who would do them harm.

I knew I was letting things get to me when I had to put stamps on a number of envelopes and decided to put the flag stamp upside down! Not all will know what that means, but I think it is appropriate at this time...

On a lighter note: A few days ago I received a package from my crew chief in Nam! Enclosed were three C-ration cans (never opened). Two were Cookies, Jam, and Cocoa Beverage Powder, and one was White Bread. I called to thank him and found that he had quite a few other cans, but was a bit “afraid” to open and try them. I told him there was no way that I was going to test these for him.. We have to find us a “Mikey” and let him try it. LOL! This is the same crew chief that found some 40 year old Christmas Coca Cola (still looks drinkable) and sent me a couple a few years back. He collects a lot of things and I’m fortunate that he still shares with me.

The virus “thing”... I do not know what to believe, but it looks like our country has done pretty well, all things considered. I got a little concerned when the number of deaths kept going up, but then I did some research. Approximately 2.5 million people died in both 2018 and 2019. That comes out as about 208,000 per month. So far for 2020, the number of deaths (I last saw reported) was 2.01 million. That comes out as 201.000

deaths per month. Somebody is doing some-thing right, except in a couple, or three states.

Florida gets a lot of negative comments re the number of deaths, but the media seems to ignore that Florida has a population of over 21,299,000+, with 20.5% of them over 65. While New York for example has 19,542,000+ and only 16.4% are over 65. I’m willing to bet that if figures were available for “over 80”, Florida would be leading the country! I chose that “80” age for good reason as it is coming at me like a damned runaway train and will hit me in December! You all know the saying “If I’d known I’d live this long, I would have taken better care of myself.

I forgot to mention that my old crew chief, called to ask me if I’d put up a political item, if he sent it to me. After clarifying what it was, I agreed. While everyone else in the neighborhood has this “little” signs sitting in the yard, I now have a 3 foot by 5 foot banner attached to the front of my house! It gets a lot of attention, but folks around here, mostly know that it ain’t to be messed with...LOL

In closing, I hope all are happy with the elections (back in November) and that this country can get back to some kind of normalcy, before it is too late, for anything to ever be worked out...

God bless us one and all.  
.....Richard Green



### Scholarship Program

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**Col. Preas L. Street, Class 18-67**

**Congratios** to our 2020 Scholarship Program recipients. We are happy to announce that for this program year we awarded five

(5) of our scholarships to some deserving young men and ladies to help them with their first year college expenses. This year’s awardees are **Kayleigh Caldwell, granddaughter of Jim Caldwell (04-67); Faith Smith, granddaughter of David Smith (07-67); Luke Rich, grandson of Charles Rich (21-67); Brendan Caldwell, grandson of Jim Caldwell (04-67); and Tobin Hushower, grandson of Jackie Norton Muncy and great grandson of Jack L. Norton, (08-42).** We wish all of our scholarship recipients for 2020 the very best of luck in your college endeavors. We know you face many challenges, especially in this time of a sweeping pandemic. May you meet these challenges bravely and enjoy much success.

To you, our members, who continue to support our scholarship program with your kind and generous donations, we thank you. Our sincere thanks to **Earl Tingle and Kenneth Hoag** for their monthly contributions to the fund. Also, thanks so much to the following donors (through the September 2020 accounting period): **Woody Barnes, Edward Grabowski, Laurence Kaplan, Robert Williams, Gertrude Odil, Ray Mabrey, Thomas Colthart, Joseph Gaddis, Donald Lowe, Richard Marks, Paul Oover-son, Charles Rich, Dale Epling, Vincent Hewitt, Theodore Hummel, Edward Lawn, Bobby Patterson, Marvin Stewart, Joseph Beckham, Roger Gross, Harry Manbeck, John Northup, Jon Noteboom, Dennis Okicich, Marilyn Smith (IMO LTC Al Smith), Richard Destefano, MG Dave Gust, Vincent Jones, Robert Little, Thomas Taber, Phillip Tavares, James, Tomko, and Henry Zgutowicz.** Thank you again to all of you. It goes without saying, but I always like to emphasize it, every donation, no matter the amount, is important

and appreciated. Again, please forgive me if I left anyone out OR botched the spelling of your name. Please let me know and I will get it right in the next newsletter. I believe the fund should be sufficient to handle the 2021 awards at this time--even if we have another year of multiple awards. Make a note that the application packets for the 2021 award year will be available around mid January 2021. Again, we continue to appreciate the support from all of you. REMEMBER, any donated amount is very welcome and no donation is too small to count! Once again, if you wish to donate to the scholarship fund, send your donations to **Richard Green, Secretary, at 190 SW Wren Court, Lake City, FL 32025**. You may add a donation to your membership dues check or make it a separate check. Either way, please annotate on the check the amount you are donating to the Scholarship Fund, as it is tax deductible. If you wish to make a donation in the memory of or in honor of a friend or loved one, please indicate such on your check and/or note to Richard.

Take care until next time. God Bless you all and God Bless America. ❖

### **Thanks From a 2020 Scholarship Recipient**

When one of our scholarship applicants is notified that he or she has been awarded a scholarship, they are asked to get in touch with me and provide information necessary to get the check to their school. Following is an excerpt from the letter from 2020 recipient, **Luke Rich** (grandson of **Charles Rich, Class 21-67**). Words like this just make our program seem even more important.

*“Colonel Street,*

*My grandfather has always been a very large part of my life.*

*I remember growing up he would always tell us stories of how the army made him the man he is today. The man that raised my father into the strong man he is today, who in turn raised me. Although I'm not sure where life will take me after college, I am certain of one thing. The United States Army, and the Signal Corps Officer Candidate School has played a very large role on who I am as a person. This scholarship just deepens my debt, and I am thankful beyond words.*

*Furthermore, the same stories my grandfather told me also showed me the difficulties he had to face. The same difficulties you must have faced. My grandfather told me that he was able to face these difficulties head on because of the love he had in his heart for his country. These obstacles that make service challenging, also make it extremely valuable. Therefore, not only as a scholarship recipient, but as a citizen of these United States, I want to extend my deepest gratitude to you Colonel Street.”*

*“Humbled and honored,”*

**Luke Rich**

*Preas Street (Class 18-67)  
Scholarship Chairman ❖*

## SIGNALS

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Articles and other items of interest for inclusion in this newsletter should be sent to the address below. For the next issue, Mar. 2020, material must reach the editor not later than 15 Feb., 2021. **NO exceptions!!** Editor: Major R. Lee Wheless (R), 12910 Trench Ct., Fredericksburg, VA 22407

**[Lwheless@comcast.net](mailto:Lwheless@comcast.net)**

**ASSOCIATION WEBSITE**  
**[www.armysignalocs.com](http://www.armysignalocs.com)**

If you encounter problems notify:

**[signalocsbw36@comcast.net](mailto:signalocsbw36@comcast.net)**

## **Readers Write In.**

**John Fitzgerald, Class 18-66**

*I recently received a request from John's wife Karen, asking how she'd go about getting the paperwork for John's Bronze Star from Vietnam. I gave her contact information and a few suggestions re contacting his local VA rep, the State Veterans rep as well as the National Military Personnel Records Center. Then I notified his classmates. That was August 28th.*

*Today (September 2) I received this information from Karen.....R.Green*

John retired from Pacific Machinery in 2004 (caterpillar dealer) where he had been the store manager and head salesman. We left Maui and moved to the Big Island of Hawaii in October 2004. Bought 20 acres, built a big barn and an arena as well as a house after living in the apartment for some years. he was a roper, in the heading position, our son Kimo heeler, as well as many other partners. He won 5 buckles as well as a saddle. We are founding members of Hawaii Carriage Driving Society. We have a lot of fun teaching others to drive. We raised cattle and sheep. as well as board horses for others.

Member of Rotary he was a past president while on Maui and is a current member of Rotary club of South Hilo. Always had a smile on his face a plethora of jokes to share. Always willing to help anyone.

I sadly have to report that John Passed away from a brain tumor and was buried today at the Veteran Cemetery in Hilo with military honors. He will be greatly missed.

***Aloha, Karen T. Fitzgerald***

*I write this because everyone needs to know that waiting until tomorrow to contact an old friend may be waiting too long. Give them a call,*

write them a note, but stay in touch, as those old friends, especially from our OCS days, were with us during a very meaningful and trying time.

.....**Richard Green**

**John “Jack” Kerr, Class 21-52**

What a pleasant surprise, Richard, when I found a copy of “Signals” in my mailbox. It has been several years since I have seen or heard from the group. In fact, I do not know how you got my address.

Anyway, I will fill you in on what has been happening with me. Right after I was discharged in October ‘53, I was lucky enough to land a job that started me off on a 40+ year in industrial advertising. I stayed in Pittsburgh and worked at a couple of good agencies on accounts such as USS, Alcoa, Westinghouse did and PPG. (All Pittsburgh stuff). The last ten years in that period I opened my own agency, “Jack Kerr and Associates”. By that time, I was ready for retirement and so I closed shop.



THEN the unique “retirement”. I happened to run into one of my print suppliers who told me of an opening that the Convention Bureau had at the Pittsburgh Airport. I applied, got the job, and then spent every

Monday for the next 24 years working as a Visitor Service Representative “selling” Pittsburgh to incoming folks.

Because of the pandemic, I was “released” in February of this year and have been staying in our apartment to avoid all those little red darts.

When I was not working, I took up sports officiating for the state of Pennsylvania. I officiated football (both High school and semi-pro) for 20 seasons and girl’s and boys’ volleyball for 40 seasons.

Over the years, I kept in touch with just two of my OCS classmates, Tom Barnett, and Dennis Day. Tom Barnett, who lives in Houston was constantly sending me hilarious stuff via E-mail. Unfortunately, Tom had a stroke in January. He’s OK but not quite up to par.

I hope this brings you up to speed and I am glad to be able to send you this little stipend.

**Cpt. Jack L. Norton, Class 08-42**

*The following message was received from **Jackie Muncy** ((daughter of Jack Norton)).*

Hello, Richard.

How are things going for you? Hope the new year is off to a good start. We are gaining daylight, so the end of this season is in sight.

I have some information I’d like to share with you. Without your help all those years ago, my dad’s history would not have been complete. For the past few years, I’ve been in contact with Mr. Richard Turner, of Colchester, England. He has the Boxted Air Museum. One thing has led to another; the result being I’ve sent dad’s uniform and memorabilia to Mr. Richard Turner. When speaking with him, he praised the US Army for coming to the aid of Europe and how much having the US there meant to all. The uniform,

in excellent condition, consists of 2 wool jackets, one of which is the Eisenhower jacket; his hat, shirt and tie. His Eisenhower jacket has his Captain’s bars and Signal Corps insignia on it. Probably never had been removed. Memorabilia consists of the Signal Corps group photo; his wooden desk plaque, medals and photos.

Thanks to you, your wonderful organization is helping keep history alive.

.....**Jackie Muncy**

**Army Uniform  
Arrived Colchester, England  
February 6th, 2020**



The package containing Captain Jack Lovene Norton’s WWII Army uniform, arrived in Colchester, England. From Colchester, it will be displayed at the Boxted Air Museum in Boxted, England. Due to the fact that not only did dad serve, the fact that he was with 354th Pioneer Mustang Fighter Group, and was the first to go to Boxted air field, the museum director, Mr. Richard Turner, will place it in its own display case. The other memorabilia will be placed in a 2nd display case. It is also the only uniform on display, which was worn at Boxted. The other memorabilia consists of dad’s Medals, his wooden desk placard and a couple of photos. Richard Turner has offered to open the museum, at any time, to any family member wishing to see dad’s display.

Richard Green, of the Signal Corps, was also instrumental and Signal Corps memorabilia will also be on display. Dad retained his affiliation with the Signal Corps throughout his service.

This culminates my 26 year journey of research and communications with members of dad’s 354th Group. Frank was instrumental to

it all, as well.

It began with receiving and finding in dad's wallet, (1993), his 354th membership card. As a side note, it also contained a photo of me taken a few months after my birth, in 1943. I was 2 years old before dad saw me.

Thanks to Producer, Jon Teboe, his DVD of dad was a great part of the journey. The journey of Dad's uniform ended up back where it mostly all began; Boxted, England.

### Jackie Norton Muncy

(Eldest of 4 siblings) Jackie; William, Edward and Jo. February 6, 2020



Before sending the Uniform, my youngest grandsons, 15 and 17, put on the jackets. I'll attach a photo. Tobin is 17; Jesse 15. It gave me perspective as to how slender dad was at 18+.

Take care; thanks again. ....Jackie

### Bill D. Reeve, Class 25-43

Thank you for your recent mailing. I especially appreciate the paper copies of "Graduates/Family Located" and the 3-page list of OCS graduates from class 25 of 1943. You have done an outstanding job of locating the status of this class, i.e. 385 members, 9 still living, 7 not found. I talked with Peyton

L. Morgan who also lives in Knoxville, TN. He is walking without wheelchair or walker support, and seems to be in good spirits. His son is living with him.

There's not much to tell about either of us. Peyton did radar maintenance in Europe. I had one of two teams that extended radio communication along the Burma Road into China.

On your Graduates/Family listing both Peyton and I have area codes 865.

### BG David Herrelko (USAF Retired)

wrote about his father WWII Instructor Frank Herrelko.

When I was growing up, the lessons my dad drove into us were serious and short ones, like: "Do it right, or get out of the way for a better man." and "ATTENTION TO DETAIL" and, when he was challenging us for perhaps stretching the truth, brought up with the question: "What you're telling me: HERRELKO HONEST?" (That one was the high standard he held us to, and the challenge usually made us break down and confess to whatever it was we had done.) The worst punishment was to disappoint him, and we tried not to.

About my Dad and the mule, Dad wrote to us:"During the rainy season, no one was allowed in the jungle except one platoon of the 33rd Infantry and one platoon of my signal company. We kept the telephone lines free from overgrowth in the jungle and were heavily medicated with a special medicine to protect us from jungle fever. One of my jobs was using a mule that carried two reels of cable wire to replace damaged wires on metal poles. Back in those days, soldiers wore campaign hats with large, stiff brims; however, we in the jungle wore helmet liners so the hat brims, when wet, would not touch the eighty volt power lines on the wet metal poles and shock us. One day, a Colonel came and gave us hell for not wearing our campaign hats. We tried to explain to him why that could be dangerous, but he decided to make his point by showing us how it should be done. It was raining, so he had a wet campaign hat. When he got to the top of the metal pole, using special metal pole climbers, his

wet hat brim touched both of the 80 volt power lines and shocked him so he fell thirty feet to the ground. After that, it was Ok for us not to wear the campaign hat while climbing wet metal telephone and power poles in the wet jungle.

"The mules that carried the reels of cable were stubborn and hard to control, but after shocking them a few times with eighty volts they would behave better, but we had to catch them because the shocking usually made them run away.

"When it was very dry in the jungles, it was difficult to get electrical results from ground stakes for communications. The Sergeant in charge gave us hell when he caught us pouring beer around the ground stakes, which he said was a waste of good beer. He told us to "Drink the beer, then piss around the ground stakes!" We did this, which worked just as well, and the beer was not wasted."

And about that first air-transportable Aircraft Control & Warning Center: "Early in 1942, I was reassigned to Drew Field, Florida (now Tampa International Airport) as the Officer in Charge (OIC) of the Aircraft Control & Warning Training Center. Immediately upon my arrival, a Colonel singled me out to attend an important meeting where they hoped to come up with the design for the first air transportable AC&W Center. When I arrived, a Lieutenant Colonel was demonstrating his version of such a design; it was a cumbersome thing with metal pipes threaded together for legs. One glance at it and I knew that it was too heavy, would not fit into the doors of a C-47 cargo aircraft, and that it had no provision for telephones to be attached for use of the plotters who would mark the aircraft on the map on the assembled table tops. When General Walter Franks asked if anyone had any comments, I stood up and told him that the design was too big, would not fit in the doors of a C-47, and was not very practical.

"The General asked the Colonel, Benjamin Stern, "Who the hell is that young upstart?" The Colonel told the

General that I was one of the four AC&W experts sent down from the Air Defense Command at Mitchel Field, NY. At that point, the General said, "OK, Lieutenant, you have the job to design and build, or have built, two Air Defense and Control Centers, one to go to the Philippine Islands and one to be used here to train personnel. He then asked me how much it would cost and when he could have them. I told him that I did not know because it had not been done before. He said, "Damn it, is it four hundred or four thousand dollars, and will it be one month or six months?" I gave him a safe money figure and a safe completion date. He then asked me what I needed. I told him I wanted two of the best Sergeant carpenters on base and access to the new aircraft hangar that is not being used for aircraft yet. He said OK, and to get to work.

"It was hot, so the two Sergeants and I often worked in our under shorts to make models that could be farmed out for mass production. One day, the General walked in and asked for the OIC, all the time looking straight at me. I saluted him and said who I was. He said it was not proper for me to be dressed as I was and gave me hell. I asked him if he wanted the project completed as promised, and he said yes. I told him, at the chance of being tried by a Court Martial, that this is the only way he would get the completed project on time. He looked at me and said, "You're not afraid of me, are you?" I told him I was not afraid of him, but that I respected him, and asked him why he asked me that question. He said, "Because you don't 'yes' me all the time, and I appreciate that. Too many officers 'yes' me all the time, even when they did not agree with me." He left me alone after that. I finished the project ahead of time and for less money than estimated. When I reported, he said, "Well, I see you overestimated and overpriced, but I thank you."

The funeral saw my Dad buried in his uniform; with all four children present. An honor guard of seven sharp airmen drove all the way up from Dover AFB, Delaware, to perform the graveside honors. If those seven troops are a sample of the young men and women on active duty these days, our armed services are still something to be proud of.

Another vignette from my Dad's life -- here, he tells about an episode from his early courtship of the girl who would become my Mom: Dad and Edith Brownlie were married at Drew Field in 1942 and lived together until her death in 2010. In late 1940, Dad visited my Mom's home in King of Prussia, PA, proudly wearing his new uniform as a freshly-minted Second Lieutenant.

"Later that month, I visited Edie for the first time as an officer, wearing my "Pinks and Greens" uniform and shoulder bars. Nobody noticed any difference or said anything, so I asked them if they noticed that I was dressed differently and was now an officer. Edie's mother answered by telling me that they had all new furniture in the living room and that I had not noticed it nor said anything about it. I learned something that day -- to be more observant and not to "blow my own horn" when I should not!"

Dad was 105 or, as he always liked to chime in, "and a half!" My sister was with him the afternoon (Saturday, 20 Oct) before he died in his sleep at 0423 hrs Sunday, 21 Oct 18. As she left, she told Dad that on their way out of town they would be stopping by Abrams Cemetery to police up the area around the family tombstones and place some flowers. Dad looked

**Association Officers & Directors**

	<p><b>LTC Maxie G. Holt</b>  <b>President &amp; Chairman, of Board</b>  <b>Association Chaplain</b>                  Class 02-67, USA Retired                  126 Wheat St.                  Martin, TN 38237                  (731) 819-4241  <a href="mailto:vietnampilot22@gmail.com">vietnampilot22@gmail.com</a></p>	
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*Officers and Directors in alphabetical order:*

	<p><b>Major Sam Herb</b>  <b>Legal Counsel</b>                  Class 02-67                  52 North Windward Ct.                  Taylors, SC 29687  <a href="mailto:samesq@ptd.net">samesq@ptd.net</a></p>	
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	<p><b>Major Richard Green</b>  <b>Secretary/Historian/Locator/</b>  <b>Membership/Bd of Directors</b>                  Class 02-67, USA Retired                  190 SW Wren Ct.                  Lake City, FL 32025                  (386) 752-6950  <a href="mailto:signalocsbw36@comcast.com">signalocsbw36@comcast.com</a></p>	
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	<p><b>LTC Earnest Robertson</b>  <b>Member, Board of Directors</b>  <b>Assistant Locator</b>                  "A" Co. Cmdr., USA Retired                  1413 Beaver Creek Road                  Alpharetta, GA 30022                  (470) 294-3542  <a href="mailto:LTCR79@bellsouth.net">LTCR79@bellsouth.net</a></p>	
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	<p><b>Colonel Preas L. Street</b>  <b>Treasurer/Scholarship Chairman,</b>  <b>Member, Board of Directors</b>                  Class 18-67, USA Retired                  135 Springlakes Dr.                  Martinez, GA 30907                  (706) 863-2007  <a href="mailto:preasstr@csranet.com">preasstr@csranet.com</a></p>	
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	<p><b>Colonel Earl Tingle</b>  <b>Quartermaster</b>                  Class 09-67, USA Retired                  2016 Spyglass Ln.                  New Smyrna Beach, FL 32169                  (386) 402-4288  <a href="mailto:82jumpmaster@gmail.com">82jumpmaster@gmail.com</a></p>	
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	<p><b>Major R. Lee Wheless</b>  <b>Newsletter Editor,</b>  <b>Member, Board of Directors</b>                  Class 13-66, USA Retired                  12910 Trench Ct.                  Fredericksburg, VA 22407                  (540) 840-1781  <a href="mailto:Lwheless@comcast.net">Lwheless@comcast.net</a></p>	
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**Major R. Lee Wheless (R)**  
**Sig. Corps OCS Assn.**  
**12910 Trench Ct.**  
**Fredericksburg, VA 22407**

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up, smiled a wonderful little smile, and said, "Tell Edie I said hello". (Edie was his wife of so many years, and our Mom, who died in 2010... she was a wondrous, loving woman, always at Dad's side, helping us all with every Permanent Change of Station, keeping a family together in those difficult moves -- just by way of example, I attended 11 different schools from kindergarten through 12th grade, including four different high schools in four different cities.) Those words, "Tell Edie I said hello," are the last words anyone heard him say. I bet she had the porch light on for him. All best regards. /s/Dave Herrelko! ❖❖

**Don Lowe, Class 16-67 is still making these flags.**

The association will receive \$25 for each flag sold this way. Just mention this when ordering or use the coupon code of **OCS** when ordering online at [www.aBeautifulFlag.com/flags](http://www.aBeautifulFlag.com/flags).

The stars and emblems are carved into the wood, not painted. The flags are 36" x 19.5" and ready to be hung. 100% satisfaction guaranteed.

My 11-year-old grandson and I work together building these flags and have been doing this for over a year. We have built over 75 flags and sold them across the country, see all the flags we offer and testimonials at:

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**Don says "My 12-year-old grandson, Jeremiah, is my best salesman."**

Call me if you are interested or purchase directly from our website.

P.S. The Signal Corps Flag is my favorite. Don Lowe, Class 16-67.

[donlowe@cox.net](mailto:donlowe@cox.net)

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