



783rd Latrine O Gram

SEPTEMBER 2002

March 2008

Fifteenth Air Force
55th Bombardment Wing



JOHN U. WALKER



"John Walker was without a doubt the finest non com I ever had the privilege of serving with while in the service" spoken by Colonel Burt Andrus from the podium at the 1995 Nashville reunion.

The passing of John on Monday, January 7, 2008 took away the Senior 783rd Non Com who was so respected by each and every Air Crewman who ever flew a combat Mission. He fulfilled the demanding task of selecting the various crews for each mission with great professionalism considering the monumental difficulties his decisions involved. At 3:30am making the rounds

Continued

MICHAEL A. MAGAZZINE



MIKE MAGAZZINE MR 783RD DO IT ALL

Mike was not located in time to attend the first 783rd reunion. And showed up a day late for the 2nd at Dayton. Even tho late he took one look - rolled up his sleeves and said, "what can I do to help"? This typified his attitude when on the 'Hill' and throughout the remainder of his life. On the 'Hill' he worked on Pat Spradley's Ground Crew beginning with crewing Perry & The Pirates. Pat was a big tough former Golden Gloves boxer who was most demanding. Yet, Mike persevered meeting all of Pat's demands till the Squadron was ordered stateside. The same can be said for the remainder of his adult life. The 27 years professional career with Sohio Oil; his long service with

the Italian American Veterans where his abilities were rewarded with his being chosen both Post Commander & Commander of of the Department of Ohio; recognized for his long time service with the Knights of Columbus; a member & usher for 48 years at St Raphael's Church; a volunteer for the BP Blood Bank; served as a volunteer for the AARP income tax service; represented IAV Post 1 at Brecksville Hospital; all the time beginning with our Dayton reunion serving the 783RD as Treasurer, Vice President, President, a long time member of the Board, for multi years; as well preparing and having the Squadron directoies printed. With no other Squadron member coming close to his service and effort for the

Continued

John Walker Continued

to awaken the crew members scheduled for that day you would be awakened well before his arrival by the shouts from the first tents he visited, "get out of here you executioner" or other epithets of a similar nature. Yet, the guilty parties if fortunate to return that day by night fall would be offering to buy him a drink showing their respect for how he handled his job with both fairness and impartiality. After service he returned to his beloved Alabama. While attending college he was to meet his Miss Hill resulting in a marriage of a lifetime of love & respect. He went on to join Phifer Manufacturing and was to rise to a prominent position in management. In 1983 at the first reunion and formation of the Association he was appointed to the board of directors and served making many contributions. He was a member of the Tuscaloosa First Baptist Church as well as the Berry Baptist Church. With his beloved Miss Hill preceding him in death he is survived by sons John C. Walker & Michael H. Walker (Kelly); 2 brothers Robert L. & James E. Walker (Kellor); 3 grandsons Jason Walker (Brandy), Jonathan Walker (Karen) & Wesley; 5 great grandsons Jordan, Joey, John C., John W., & James Walker as well as many nieces & nephews & friends

WE HAVE LOST ANOTHER OF THE VERY BEST !

Mike Magazzine Continued

Squadron Association. Following his service days he returned home and married his devoted Sarah that became a life time partnership built on love & devotion. Toward the end when his health had declined with him weighing only some 80 pounds she was devoting every effort to his care and comfort. In addition to Sarah he is survived by son Michael, Jr (Karen); daughters Mary Francis Magazzine; Susan Payne (James); 7 grandchildren & 2 great grandchildren. A son Mark Magazzine preceded him in death. He was employed by Sohio Oil later taken over by BP Petroleum. Following 27 years of service he had risen to the position of Senior Computer Analyst when he retired. Following retirement they were to purchase a winter residence near Kissimmee, FL and were to enjoy traveling making several trips back to Italy; also a number of cruises where at least on one the entire tribe of Magazzines' were included. In death over 200 attended his service. This show of respect was the same as his arrival at the reunions when all of the attendees would make it a point to walk over and greet this devoted couple.

WE HAVE LOST A VERY SPECIAL 'PISON' !

ROBERT F. 'BOB' WILLS

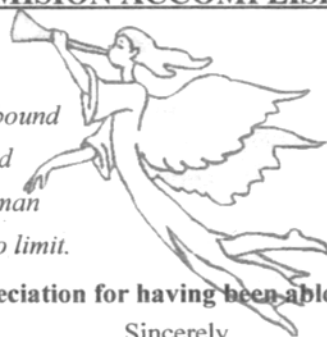


Bob made his final flight to Eagles Nest while sleeping early the morning of January 27, 2008 after waging a determined battle where he gave no quarter in a long time battle with big C; a bad heart; intestinal blockage; aneurysm of the aorta not to mention a number of other problems requiring a multitude of surgeries at his late age all the time refusing to restrict all of the health excesses he chose to enjoy. The nite before his final flite he journeyed down stairs and enjoyed a bowl of ice cream in the kitchen with his daughter Susan. Small in stature he played the game of life like a giant. On the 11/20/44 raid on Blechammer he was farmed out as CoPilot with another Squadron. Flying the 4 slot when Colonel Lokker blew up Bob's plane flew thru the debris emerging badly damaged with one of Lokker's wheels hanging from the nose turret necessitating an emergency

landing in Poland on a Russian fighter strip. The entire crew was interned by the Russians and held captive in a farm house for weeks before their liberation & return to the Squadron. At that time he was confronted with another traumatic event. While incarcerated his original crew had crashed on take off with all KIA. He displayed great courage & determination completing the remainder of his missions. Many years later your writer was to meet one of the crew from the Blechammer flite. On learning of our friendship he volunteered as to how the quick reaction of Bob taking control of the plane had saved them from certain disaster. The same can be said with his years of service as an officer and the financial contributions to the Association being the largest of any single member. Following his service days he was employed as a traveling Sales Rep specializing in sporting goods particularly hunting, fishing & skiing. Later he went into business for himself as the co-founder of the Alpine Ski Shop & St Lawrence Sales as well as being the sole proprietor of Dairy Bob's ice cream store in Royal Oak, MI. He is survived by daughters Susan Kinney (George) & Mary Ellen VanDeWalle; sons David Wills (Kathy) & Robert Wills (Ellen); and 8 grandchildren & 6 great grandchildren. **WE HAVE LOST ANOTHER OF THE VERY BEST-WHO DID IT HIS WAY**

TRIBUTE TO MIKE MAGAZZINE
MISION ACCOMPLISHED

*The angels in heaven rejoice
Tears, smiles and great memories abound
Accolades and praises are raised
As we salute a sweet Italian corpsman
Whose dedication to the 783rd had no limit.*



*The ground man took his final flight
To rest gently on a cloud in heaven
May Sarah and family be comforted
By the love for Mike that is felt by us all !*

With appreciation for having been able to know him

Sincerely,

LEO & BECKY MEYER

January 11, 2008

The writer wishes to extend his thanks & appreciation to the Magazzino & Wills family members who took time from their bereavement to keep us posted on their loved ones decline and furnished us the needed info appearing in the Taps Section above. Your efforts made our job both more pleasant and much easier. It revealed each family had been instructed to do so by Mike & Bob--2 considerate members . Consequently, since this is a volunteer job in the future we will only enter the info your designated family representative has voluntarily communicated Or you left on file. Otherwise, only your name will be shown as has been the practice of the other Squadrons newsletters. During the past 3 months the only info forwarded other than that described above was 2 sheets of 'one liners' that can be used for fillers received & appreciated from Wally Volkman ; notification of Irene Forsburg's operation reported in the Sick Call portion & the poem by Leo & Becky Meyer. Consequently, to help fill the necessary 7 pages you will have to accept some personal ramblings & thoughts from the 'Ole F/O'--punishment for your lack of support for your newsletter. **REMEMBER ! THE QUALITY OF YOUR NEWSLETTER DEPENDS ON EACH MEMBERS CONTRIBUTIONS !**

A LOOK BACK

In 1943 when your writer reported to then Captain Burton C. Andrus, Jr at McCook, NE little did he realize it would be such a long and important chapter in his life. Few individuals have enjoyed the great gift & opportunity it has afforded to rub elbows and come to know so many great individuals and characters . However, no gifts come without a price. Before Doc Kimball , Colonel Andrus & Johnny Knaus passed on each called an extracted our promise to keep the Squadron Association going as long as possible. These 3 individuals along with so many others like each member of the Greenwood & Petranek crews not to mention the above 3 deceased individuals along with the likes of Master Sgt Homer T. Green-28 years good time 3 years bad time , Paul Smith, 1st Sgt Jim Sexton, Art Tennille, Charlie Payne, Art Tennille. Vernon Leggett, Pop Blum, Monty Montgomery, Joe Rothwell, Brad Gordon, Dick Rogers to name a few of the many that contributed ever lasting lessons of life to a young Bombardier just passing from his teen age years. It must be remembered we too are slowly sliding down the 'slippery slope' of life with much of our 'get up and go--long ago having got up and went'.

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Today there are many indelible memories stored in our memory bank. In 1983 we arrived at the first reunion with great anticipation. Checking into the Motel we hurried over to the Orderly Room thinking we would receive a greeting from the same group of individuals who said good bye on our departure from the 'Hill'. What a disappointment ! Seated around the table was Bob Wills and a group--all total strangers. Naturally, Bob was showing off his photo collection . On display was a collection of photos showing the tufa block casas constructed long after our departure and totally alien. Adding to our confusion they were recalling names of their time on the 'Hill' completely unfamiliar. My first thought was--Dude, you are in the wrong place. Our near panic ended abruptly when Dwight Reid came ambling into the room. His warm greeting and introduction to the others eased our discomfort considerably. Especially, when he began naming the familiar names of the originals that would be arriving the following day.

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Shortly, Bob projected some movies he had made while on the "Hill" out on the patio of the O Club that produced many exclamations. Following the second showing Dwight inquired had I recognized myself? Responding no, Bob showed them once again and this time I not only recognized myself but more important realized the years hadn't been kind. Fate was to play a part later that afternoon. Bob ended up seated close by and we struck up a conversation. He allowed that we should have someone use one of those new high tech camcorders & shoot the entire reunion. For some reason his statement registered in our memory. Shortly thereafter Colonel Andrus arrived and was later to come over and advise he was having a dinner at his home that evening for the Squadron Staff Officers Doc Kimball, Paul Smith, Joh Knaus & Monty Montgomery ending with "you be there". Protesting as to having only been his Bombardier he replied, "you were the Camp Sanitation Officer doing a superior job in record time plus being my go to person for 'moon lite requisitions' ". One can imagine the stories that unfolded that evening that triggered our thoughts. Encountering Bob the next morning at breakfast I inquired as to the cost of shooting the reunion? He replied he had no idea but would make some inquiries. Later that day he gave a figure. After a moment of thought he was advised to get it done. He didn't realize our work as manager of exploration, drilling & production for a large integrated oil company necessitated making instant million dollar decisions daily & questioned did I realize the cost I was agreeing to. Five hundred dollars was no hill to climb. Later when Billy Bitterman, Frank Goplen, Stan Pace & Charlie Conlin were informed they immediately agreed to split the cost and the first of Bob's famous VCR tapes were the forerunners of all the others & discs he made with all the proceeds over the years donated to the Squadron Treasury.

Thru the years of working with Squadron affairs we were to share many experiences with many memories. Perhaps the most monumental occurred the morning after our Dayton Reunion. Bob was selected Trasurer & your writer President. The reunion chairman had been inherited previous to our selection & allowed a free hand with all arrangements & expenses. The first item the hotel auditor laid on the table was a \$1,000 statement for a glass of wine served each individual at the banquet immediately followed by 3 or 4 more amounting to far more than had been charged on the attendance tickets leaving the Squadron totally & completely bankrupt. The exclamation heard from Bob left us afraid to turn and check his condition not knowing whether he had suffered a stroke or had lost his kidneys in his knickers. With the Squadon funds being insufficient to cover the bills the problem was solved by writing a personal check in order to get out of town. Likewise, for the next year or so it took personal checks to cover the LOGs expenses. Few realized Bob & Sam departed Dayton with only a hope & prayer we could keep Blue Q flying.

Returning home Bob went to work making and peddling his VCR tapes in an attempt to restore solvency to the Treasury. By the time the Las Vegas reunion rolled around two years later with a PX well stocked via 'creative financing' he and his dear friend Jo Fox sold enough items out of their room by the pool to repay all debts and hand the Squadron a \$4,000 surplus. This was a record never equaled since.

Reverting back in time when the Squadron departed McCook for North Africa they received 15 airplanes for the 17 crews. The powers to be decreed the last two crews to join the Squadron would travel with the ground echelon. This sentenced your writer as a member of the Greenwood Crew the last to join the Squadron to a 22 day journey across the Atlantic on the Liberty Ship Walter Ranger. Instead of accepting this as a poke in the eye with a sharp stick it turned out to be a blessing. It enabled us to become acquainted with the ground echelon members a great group of guys. In addition to be entertained daily by Pop Green who daily dispensed humor each time he made a statment your writer was afforded the opportunity to become a close friend of the 'Ole Sgt'. Get Frank Goplen to tell you the story of Pop leaving his false teeth in the writers bed roll in Oran before his death. Also, we were afforded great musical entertainment by the one & only Emsco (sic) & Arky the oil truck driver. They would have made Willie Nelson stop and take notice of their musical abilities that helped make the voyage so memorable.

One of the greatest friendships made during this voyage was becoming a life long friend of John Walker. We were to share many time passing conversations that extended during our stay at Pantanella continuing untill his passing. At Colorado Springs during the dinner mentioned earlier at the residence of Colonel Andrus needless to say John's name was one of the subjects discussed. The question arose what he had done in civilian life and whether or not he would attend. The answer came the following day when the private Lear Jet of Phifer Manufacturing Company landed at the Colorado Springs International Airport and discharged it's lone passenger--John Walker one of the companies top officials

Following the Dayton financial fiasco John a Board member was to personally save the Squadron from another disaster. The Squadron had been sold another bad bill of goods for it's next reunion. When the hotel prices finally were revealed they could not pass the smell test. John had the good sense to pick up the phone and using his company's watts line called the intended hotel and suggesting he was possibly going to have a sales meeting for some 20 people & learned not only was the Squadron being strapped with room rates above rack rates but meal prices much higher than menu prices. This lead to cancellation and replacemnt with Las Vegas which proved to having been one of our best and most profitable gatherings. continued



The 'Luxury Cruise' from Norfolk, VA to Oran was quite eventful. The Liberty Ship SS Walter Ranger was anything but luxurious. Typical of war time operations not a single bar of salt water soap had been placed aboard. Try mixing regular or shaving soap with salt water and you get one big mess. Thus a reader can only imagine what some 350 troops that hadn't had a shower or decent shave looked and smelled like on disembarking in Oran after 22 days. During this cruise not knowing our destination one could imagine the number of 'Latrine O Grams' that were floating around each 24 hours. Arriving Oran one early afternoon the ship left the large convoy and weighed anchor out in the harbor over nite. We were finally advised no authority was aware of our arrival. Finally, later the following afternoon orders were received to unload. A map denoting a destination some 5 or 6 miles out of town was received and off we marched thru the middle of town with our steel helmets; gas masks; leggings; side arms & carbines along with a back pack consisting of 2 blankets & a shelter half plus a musette bag containing our personal possessions. By the time the center of town was reached many of the guys had broke ranks; secured a magnum of champagne before returning to the column. On reaching the far side of town those having acquired the champagne had discarded the gas mask itself into the street gutters and were using the canvas container to carry their liquid refreshments. Likewise, the short legged individuals such as Mike Magazine, Pop Green & your writer found themselves relegated to the rear of the the some 350 man column. By that time Pop Green due to his advanced age was dragging his carbine by the muzzle with the stock bouncing along the ground behind him. The reader need not be reminded the belly

aching & griping was led by the one & only Bo Bolinski accompanied by his famous black cloud , who had been bumped from flying over with his crew by John Knaus the Squadron Bombardier, and was in full crescendo.

With the long march starting so late in the afternoon you can be mindful of the hour the column finally reached it's destination well after dark and the condition of those that had swigged too much champagne. It is important too note the march began on a warm & sunny afternoon but when the sun set an unbelievable chilling to the bone cold began gripping each person even though all were in GI woolen clothing. During this long march was to mark the beginning of a long & muchly enjoyed relationship your writer was to have observing Mike assisting Pop Green along the way . This was to characterize Mike's life & time with the Squadron always lending a helping hand to others while never voicing a complaint.

What was to be home for some weeks to come turned out to be a number of tents & a GI Latrine, period. No cots not so much as a drop of water. Each individual equipped with only 2 GI Blankets and 1/2 of a GI pup tent in the pitch black of the North African nite the search began where one could lie with fewer than 6 to 8 large fist sized rocks poking ones body. Once one lay down to attempt sleep the miserable & mumbing cold gripped ones aching body plus the many stones on the ground poking their aching body regardless of the position attempted. Worse! There wasn't a single stick of wood even the size of a tooth pick available for a fire. Throughout the remainder of the nite each 30 seconds could be heard the loud bitching & griping of individuals living an unbelievable experience to be remembered the remainder of their lives. *More Continued Later*

The intent of the above rambling was to pay tribute to the passing of JOHN WALKER, MIKE MAGGAZZINE & BOB WILLS while attempting to partially present each of their many contributions to the Squadron.



IRENE FORSBERG-the 'Mamacita- of Del Forsberg recently under went very serious surgery where the 'Butchers' peeled her like a banana . Dr Gary Forsberg flew to Florida and reports with the seriousness of the surgery & considering her age she is waging a fantastic battle & recovery. Following a rehab stay she anticipates being able to return home & keep Del on the straight & narrow. Kay Huston & all the other lady golfers not to mention the men will breath a sigh of relief not having to do battle with the original 'Queen of Hustlers'.

MAKE A GREAT RECOVERY LADY !



"Giving money & power to government is like giving whiskey & car keys to teenagwe boys"--Gordon Liddy

OVER HAUL , REPAIR , REPLACEMENT PARTS ETC SECTION

NANCY FEELY YOUNG

The daughter of Weyland Feely the 50 mission Gunner on the Duckworth Crew & Treasurer of this outfit traveled to San Antonio for shoulder surgery by the famous surgeon Dr Burkart known world wide for accomplishing rotator cuff surgery microscopically. Going on the 'butcher block' at 11 am she was released to spend the nite with relatives at 6:30pm the same day. The following day found her up and about, shopping & enjoying a Valentine Days dinner that evening. With her husband Clarence having undergone a similar operation some years back one can't help but be suspicious of their bed room gymnastics. You kids try and behave. Weyland would be embarassed.

GET WELL SPECIAL LADY !

FRANK "BEAR' GOPLEN

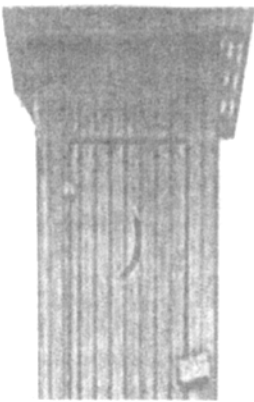
Will be remembered as a member of the Greenwood-Goplen Crew & one of your Board members scragged on the 7-19-44 raid on Munich when they made the mistake of taking Bo Bolinski and his famous black cloud along. Like so many others Gop joined the crowd in January getting a new store bought knee. The writer remembers well when John Walker would come around & awaken us for a mission Gop would reach under his cot & take a trench knife to a can of cold meat & vegetable stew C rations that had a inch of lard on top polishing it off before arising. His knee should have been well greased . His recovery is proceeding slow but sure.

ALL WISH THE BIG GUY-A GREAT RECOVERY!

CHARLESTON REUNION HAPPENING THAT NEEDS REPORTING

At that gathering when the whistle blew for the golf tournament there was only one foursome capable of teeing up. It consisted of Murv & Kay Huston, Clarence Young & the 'Ole F/O'. Kay was recovering from serious back surgery where two steel rods had been implanted along with other repairs to some problem vertebrae. Off the number one tee Kay busted a drive well beyond that of Murv. And-on almost each succeeding shot try as hard as he might Kay would out do Murv. When the sun set that afternoon Murv not only had endured having his ears lowered but his little behind beat like a tom tom . Murv returned to the hotel one dejected 'Ole Has Been'. One can just imagine the pillow talk that went on in the Huston room that evening. It was Murv's turn to go in the bath room and have a crying fit.

LATRINE O GRAMS STRAIGHT FROM 5 TH SEAT DOWN



ISADOR GERSTNER a Gunner on the Norm Lund Crew reported in from Cheyenne Wells, CO advising he will say hello to his 88TH birthday next month. Having been a reunion regular he was missed at Charleston. He advised his eye sight is fast failing him eliminating his getting out and elbowing with the speeders on the interstate in order to reach a big city airport for further travel. He only drives the back streets into the large metropolis of Cheyenne Wells where he parks and walks to his destination in town. As an old batchelor that must be some sight when 'Izzy' goes on the prowl and is in 'hot foot' pursuit of some 'Ole Widow'. Bet the entire town population turns out for that spectacle. Keep us posted if you have any luck Izzy !

BOB HAEFNER of the Haefner-Kara Crew the 16th Crew to join the Squadron and set the record for the original 17 by not only being the first to complete 50 missions-- but the only one to return all 10 crew original members back to the USA reported in from Peoria, AZ. He reported being under attack from a bad case of shingles preventing his attending Charleston and necessitated his having to move from Surprise, AZ and enter an Assisted Living facility. Worse! The shingles had forced his giving up the pursuit of 'cow pasture pool'. He advised he would celebrate his big double 8 BD in April. And-the good Lord willing he would join with us at the Buffalo, NY Round Up his original home town. Be sure and bring those good looking daughters Bobby Boy. **SEE BACK PAGE FOR HIS NEW ADDRESS & PHONE NUMBER**

See MEXICO'S/4J



By Bloomberg News

In 2004, Pemex's oil platforms in Cantarell produced 2.1 million barrels per day. By December 2007, production had fallen to only 1.2 mbd

FACTS WHY GASOLINE \$4/GALLON GOING TO \$5

Historically prior to and following WW II the American Independent Oil Operator discovered & produced 65% of all the USA production--enough to supply the USA's needs plus some other parts of the world. Early pioneer wildcatters like Colonel Drake who discovered oil in Pennsylvania; Colonel Lucas who discovered Spindletop; Dad Joiner who discovered East Texas--and later--those like H.L. Hunt-Placid Oil; Uncle Bob Welch-Fidelity Oil; H. R. Cullen-Quintana Oil; Big Joe Cullinan-American Republics Oil with the list going on and on. Prior to WW II they received the magnificent price of 40 cents/ barrel. From 1950 to 1980 the price ranged from \$2 to \$3 per barrel for USA produced oil.

From the 50s to the 80s Big Oil was the 7 Sisters--Gulf, Texaco, Sinclair, Humble, Mobil etc. They were primarily refiners buying oil from the Independents making gasoline & other refined products. They only drilled and accounted for 35% of all the USA production. During this period the unappreciative

American Drivers whined & cried at the cheap price he was paying. To satisfy the 'unappreciative' who couldn't accept the cheap prices being paid for a depletable & irreplaceable product the refiners began importing cheap foreign oil. This came from Saudi Arabia's, GhawarField the world's largest; Kuwait's, Bergen the world's 2nd largest field; later Cantarell, Mexico's the 3rd largest; Venezuela and production from a number of other countries.

To accommodate these cheaper imports and provide the whining American drivers required the refiners to receive Congressional & producing state regulatory commissions approval & support--politics and big money prevailed satisfying the drivers. The best example of the results was Texas being the largest producer at the time--was prorated one month to 4 days production at 60% allowables. These drastic production reductions on the Independent Oil Operators resulting in their being forced to sell out to the refiners at prices being pure theft. All the time the refiners were importing increasing amounts of foreign oil laid down at their door steps for \$1 per barrel meaning with an average price of 35 cents per barrel transportation costs the foreign producers were receiving only 65 cents per barrel for their irreplaceable production while the remaining American independents were receiving \$2-3/bl. And--all the time you the American driver were saying,"we don't care where the oil comes from so long as we get cheap gas". During all of this period when the geologists & engineers employed by the Independent Oil Operators being sold were being dumped & put out of work they publicly attempted to publicize why the coming shortage. No living American during this period with all of the various resulting news articles can plead to not having been made aware of the

consequences occurring today unless they first plead guilty to having less than 5th grade reading comprehension --or--they were deaf & dumb.

The above photo and facts recently publicized on Mexican production declines is but the tip of the ice-berg on world oil production capabilities today. It has been printed nation wide that Saudi's, Ghawar Field is daily being flooded with thousands of barrels of sea water to flush their drastically declining production. No American can deny having witnessed Sadam turn over 100 wells to atmosphere in Kuwait's, Bergen field during Desert Storm I. This resulted in it's drastic decline. Again the above referenced article is but a small portion of that appearing in papers all over the USA recently documenting the Mexican production decline. To offer the non believers a little food for thought--until recently Mexico was your 2nd largest supplier of oil. Today Saudi with their known declining production has replaced Mexico as 2nd and no other than your good friend Senior Chavez has moved into the 3rd spot with Mexico falling to 4th.

If you were a 'Mr or Ms American Driver 'and purchased gasoline from 1950-1980 look into the mirror and you will see the image of one guilty of complicity in a theft. Having chosen not to listen to those employed in oil production, who attempted warning you years in advance of today's events, instead you chose accepting the promises of politicians. In the next newsletter you will be given the details of how the politicians have given you the 'financial chingalero' with their ' Ethanol Rip Off ' offered as a cure for your gas price pains. Accept the documented fact--'increased world oil use far exceeds the present day replacement of world oil reserves'. With the USA producing only 30% of what you burn up daily you must expect to pay the price while the 'Big Brothers' you elected enjoy the benefits of your generously 'donated pelon'.

coming

"You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage-earner by pulling down the wage-payer. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Texican Hip Shot--" 'Government Hand Outs' is money taken from the productive and given to the non-productive in return for votes". OLE/F/O

Latrine O Gram Editor

Sam Marie

13306 Lobelia

San Antonio, TX 78232

poppop783@sbcglobal.net

REPEATING-YOUR NEWSLETTER DEPENDS ON INFORMATION YOU FURNISH

YOUR CONTINUED FAILURE NOT TO COOPERATE & SEND INFO ONLY MEANS MORE BULL POOP AS ABOVE

OR--REDUCING THE NUMBER OF ANNUAL NEWSLETTERS--YOUR CHOICE !

QUID FIT

OLE F/O

783 BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

DR GARY FORSBERG

2600 CHERRY HILL

SIERRA VISTA, AZ 85635

(RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED)



REPORT ADDRESS & PHONE CHANGES TO

TOM TENNILLE; 2067 N. JEFFERSON ST. MILLEDGEVILLE, GA 31061 478 452 1759

ADDRESS CORRECTIONS & ADDITIONS

Robert F. Haefner; 8550 W. Continentol Drive; Apt 123; Peoria, AZ 85382

Frank Goplen; 690 Jefferson; Zumbrota, MN 55992

AREA CODE CHANGES

PHONE CHANGES CORRECTIONS & ADDITIONS

Robert F. Haefner 623 546 9834

Frank Goplen 507-732-7168



783RD OFFICERS

**TOM TENNILLE-PRESIDENT
LEO MEYER- VICE PRESIDENT
NANCY YOUNG-TREASURER
BECKY MEYER-SECRETARY**

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