

McMinnville Auto Club

Presents

ROUTE 99

Our Monthly Newsletter

Volume 7 Issue 12 November 2011



The CHRISTmas Celebration with Dinner and White Elephant exchange, will start the season for us all Thursday, December 15, 2011.

This year the members have been invited to the home of Don and Lea New to celebrate our CHRISTmas Dinner and The White Elephant exchange. Our gracious hosts will share with us their lovely and comfortable home at 2420 Crimson Ct. We will meet at 6 PM for a social hour and then our catered dinner will be served at 7 PM. Each person is required to donate \$10.00 towards the meal. The Club will be responsible for the additional expenses. You may bring your own alcoholic beverage as they will not be supplied. There will be door prizes and lots of fun. We do need a head count and a check by December 1, 2011. Each person needs to bring a gift wrapped white elephant. Keep cost of white elephant under \$10.00 American. The idea is to gift wrap any item (a garage sale item, a discard that someone gave you years ago, something new or unusual and entertaining) and bring it to the party to share.

Official Rules of White Elephant; Each person will be given a number. When your number is called choose a package from the pile of wrapped gifts. Open the gift and show everyone what you have received. Then you may sit down and the next number will be called. That person has an option to pick a new gift or take your gift. If they take your gift you must surrender it to them. You then will get up and pick another gift. Any gift can only be "Stolen" 2 times. At the end of the program you may trade with anyone who is willing to trade with you.

Don New and I had the privilege of spending quality time with MAJ Bruce P. Crandall who was the recipient of the Medal of Honor during a White House Ceremony on February 26, 2007 for his heroic actions in the Battle of La Drang.

During the time Don and I visited with him (knee to knee), about 45 minutes, was one of the most inspirational moments of our lives. We then sat front row, middle isle to listen to him tell his story and answer many questions of his military career.

After the evening was over he gave Don and I each a signed Medal of Honor Portraits of Valor Beyond the call of Duty. In my book he signed "To Ray, thanks for your support" signed "Bruce Crandall Snake 6 11/2/11"



Emblem painted on Major Crandall's Huey

One of the many great lessons we received from spending time with him was his humbleness. We left knowing what he did, and knowing in our hearts what others did, and even did more than he did but there were no witnesses, and they did not receive this Honor. I now look at each and every Vet in awe, knowing how they served and were

A very special thanks to our service men!

Jim Wixson did the ROTC bit, chose Air Force because it sounded most interesting and I wanted to learn to fly.

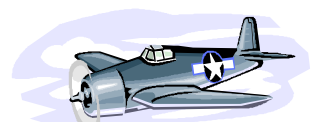
After graduation from Iowa State College (“Plow Tech”) I went through Primary Training in the boondocks of Columbus Mississippi, where I soloed in the PA-18 Super Cub, then graduated to the fearsome T-6, a reputed ground looper. Somehow I avoided that, even managed to land in the pitch dark of a moonless Mississippi night on a blacktop runway without lights (don’t ask me how), and was sent off to Big Spring Texas (they must have had a spring there, once), for Basic Training. Other trainees fondly referred to this remote desert area as the place “where you would insert the tube if you wanted to give the world an enema.” But I was too busy trying to learn to fly first the T-28, then the T-33 trainers. I must not have goofed up too badly, because one day I sat in the assembly hall with my surviving classmates and heard our names read off as Jet Fighter Pilots.

That was the good news. The bad news was that the Defense Department had decided that it was spending entirely too much money on us for our three-year enlistment, and as of that instant we could all hang up our wings on our dressing room mirrors if we did not immediately extend our enlistments by two more years! (Not that they would let us out, however – we would get to fly a desk for our remaining time.)

We, I figured that if they could screw us once, they could do it again and said thanks for the fun, but I’ll go home instead. (I had been able to get my Commercial FAA rating as a result of my training. As a matter of fact, while stationed at Columbus I went to the ramshackle Fixed Base Operation and bought time in ancient Taylor crafts and Champions. An old geezer there – a retired U. of Mississippi Aeronautical Engineering prof – ran the place, rebuilt the planes himself and personally checked us out before he turned us loose. How well I remember when he taped over the airspeed indicator one day while I was landing, (I thought my pants would never dry!)

Anyhow t he AF meant what it said about desks. Because I was then a freshly minted Mechanical Engineer (and greasy knuckle) I was assigned as Assistant Aircraft Maintenance Officer in Fayetteville North Carolina, an unintended break for me! Because the Real Aircraft Maintenance Officer was not a flyer, I got to check out the aircraft – and they had all kinds. My favorite duty was flying photo reconnaissance for the 101st Troop Carrier – they parachuted heavy cargo out of C-119s, and my job was to be right level with it when it hit the ground. I mowed the grass on that Landing Zone and those paratroopers hit the deck when they saw that crazy T-6 jock coming down the field! They had C-45s and of course C-119s – I even got to fly a C-45! (this got me my Multiengine rating.) But the Troop Carrier Squadrons were short of pilots and, even though I had not been to multi-engine training, I learned how to grab a fistful of throttles and hoist that whale full of unsuspecting troopers off the deck. (They all bailed out rather than risk the landing.)

All good things come to an end, and too soon I had to find real work, but while I was stationed there I fell in with some flying nuts and bought a Cessna 140 two-seater, with which I flew home to Iowa on leaves (even to Lake Laronge, one time.) Talk about angels watching over fools and drunks! Since then I have flown lots more planes, but my most fun was in soaring in high performance gliders, first in Germany then in Colorado and elsewhere. (But that’s another story.) Fun while it lasted – but no wars on at the time.



Dick Donahoo joined the Naval Reserve on December 15, 1958, when he was a senior at McMinnville High School. On December 9, 1959, he went to Treasure Island, California, to the Naval Receiving Station. He was there for about two weeks. Early Christmas morning, he traveled by train with other sailors to Long Beach, California which was to be his home port. He went aboard the USS Ernest G Small (DDR-838) late on Christmas day. He operated out of Long Beach and San Diego doing ASW (Anti-Submarine Warfare). During his time of active duty, he was on the deck force which performed outside maintenance to the ship and stood watches on the bridge. His general quarter station was mount #51, which was a twin 5" -38 gun mount where he worked as a projectile man. He also maintained, launched and recovered the motor whale boat. On May 17, 1960 he left for 6 months on a West Pacific (Western Pacific) cruise. He then went to Pearl Harbor, Midway, and then was diverted to Guam to stand plane guard for a possible rescue as President Eisenhower was flying to Japan for a visit. Due to the anti-nuclear demonstrations in Japan at that time the President returned to the states, and we stood plane guard a second time. He also sailed to Yokosuka, Japan, which was the home port during the cruise, and participated in the Formosa Patrol off Taiwan with USS Turner Joy (DD-951), USS McKean (DD-784 and USS Harry Hubbard (DD-748) . He patrolled this area for a couple of weeks at a time communicating with incoming ships to make sure they weren't trying to invade Taiwan. They also stood plane guard for USS Coral Sea (CV-43), and the Ticonderoga (CVA-14) and other various aircraft carriers in case any planes would go down into the ocean upon launch or landing. During the cruise we visited Hong Kong, China and various ports of Japan and ran from numerous typhoons. During the West Pacific Cruise, the ship was presented with their 2nd Battleship Efficiency "E" award. The ship returned to Long Beach on November 15, 1960. Around the first week of January, 1961 this ship headed for Hunters Point in San Francisco Bay into dry dock for a complete major overhaul. During this time, he also painted inside the compartments of the ship in the fall of 1961. The ship left San Francisco for the home port in Long Beach, California and went on to San Diego for under way training. He was then in charge of maintenance of the 01 level. It took him one week which seemed like forever, to paint the stack with a brush and roller. He left the ship about December 1, 1961 in Long Beach and came home to McMinnville a couple of weeks later. He was then was a member of the Naval Reserve Unit 13-11, which was an electronics radio division for the next three years. He was discharged December 31, 1964.



Jack Morgan contributed this story about his dad Mr. George Morgan who was a veteran of WWII. He joined the service January 1942, approximately one month after Pearl Harbor. He was sent to Ft. Riley, Kansas. Ft. Riley was an old horse Calvary fort from the 1800's and as late as 1942, there were still a lot of horses there. Dad grew up in southern Idaho on a farm and was very familiar with horses. He had used them for farming and had several of his own as he was growing up. As a young man Dad would take a horse and a pack and go hunting in the Idaho wilderness for weeks on end. When he arrived at Ft. Riley, he was placed in some barracks with a large group of men from New York. Most of these guys had never seen a live horse and didn't know one end of the horse from the other. When they found out Dad knew a quite a bit about horses, they put him in charge of all the horses.

After a few months, they got all the guys together and asked if any of them had driven a truck. Out of the entire group, Dad was the only one that knew how to drive large trucks with trailers. The DI asked Dad to take one out and show him what he could do. The DI was apparently so impressed with Dads performance that he told Dad that he was now his assistant and was told to teach the rest of the group how to drive trucks. Dad said this was quite a task and experience since a lot of the guys hadn't even driven a automobile, much less a truck. One day the DI asked Dad in and told him he was going to make Dad a two-star driver. The DI said "I would give you a three-star ranking (which was apparently as high as you could go as a driver) but I've never seen you perform a "looping-turn", (a looping turn is a maneuver that gets a truck and trailer around a corner so that the truck and trailer does not cut across the corner of the turn. Dad told me that he knew exactly what the DI was talking about and was perfectly capable of performing the maneuver, but Dad kept quiet and didn't say a word. Dad said he was afraid that if they found out how much he knew about truck mechanics and driving they might keep him there forever and he didn't want that.

In May of 1942, he was sent on to Camp Shelby in Mississippi. When they found out how much he knew about auto and truck mechanics they made him an instructor there. They kept him there as an instructor until late 1943, when Dad said "his luck had run out". In December 1943 he was told he was being sent overseas but not specifically where. He was simply told to report to New Orleans. At New Orleans he boarded a liberty ship, went down into the gulf of Mexico, through the Panama Canal and on to Hawaii. Dad said the trip took 21 days and although he didn't get sea sick, almost everyone else did. The Liberty ships were fairly shallow draft and wallowed terribly even in the fairest of weather. At Hawaii, he stayed about two months, stationed as part of the harbor and coastal defense. For a while he was posted on Diamond Head and Dad said it was quite a sight to look down on Honolulu and Waukee Beach.

In May 1944, he and about 5,000 other men were loaded on an old luxury liner. They then proceeded, unescorted to the Fife Islands and on to Australia. They went unescorted because this old liner was faster than any of the military ships and much faster than any submarine. From Australia, they proceeded on to New Guinea. Most of New Guinea was by then in allied hands, but Dad spent about two months there helping clean out pockets of Japs in Northern New Guinea and some of the outlying islands. In October 1944, he was loaded onto another Liberty ship and sent North to the Philippines and went in with the invasion force than went into Leyte. The landings at Leyte were very successful because they were able to split up the Japanese forces. Dad never spoke about the horrors and bad times he experienced during the war but would sometimes talk about the more comical things that happened.

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In another landing after Leyte, he said he and about 5 or 6 guys were approaching a beach with a small landing craft called a "weasel" (which was built by Studebaker). Coming in they hit some coral reefs and the landing craft started to slowly sink. One of the guys panicked and stepped off the side. Since he was fully loaded with a 50 pound backpack, fully clothed, gun and various other items, he immediately sank to the bottom. Dad said after he stopped laughing he reached down over the side of the landing craft, grabbed the guy by the collar at his jacket and pulled him back in the boat which was still afloat. Fortunately they were in water only about 10 foot deep. Tthe craft did sink and since Dad was the only one that knew how to swim, was able to get everyone to shore before this happened.

In another incident, he and a buddy were building a bridge at a river crossing. This just consisted of pushing up gravel and dirt out of the riverbed with a cat. They were in the process of doing this when Douglas MacArthur and his entourage came up and wanted to cross. Dad told the general, it would take about another 20 minutes to get enough gravel pushed up so they could cross. MacArthur impatiently told Dad to get out of the way and that it looked sufficient to cross. MacArthur told his driver to go across and immediately got stuck in the middle of the river in about three feet of water. The water was coming into the jeep getting the generals feet wet. The general then yelled at Dad's buddy to bring the cat over and push them out. The guy started across the river with the cat, put the blade down into the water and as he came up to the jeep, pushing a good wave of water, proceeded to fill MacArthur's jeep full of water. Now MacArthur was completely wet and madder than hell. Dad said he and his buddy kept the straightest faces they had ever kept. But as soon as MacArthur was out of sight, Dad said he and his buddy laughed for several days straight. MacArthur was not loved by the average soldier. Especially after he left Corregidor and left his men there.

Dad was at Leyte for about a month and then was sent North to Luzon at Subic Bay. He then came down into Bataan. In fact, his group, the 38th Calvary, were nick named the "Avengers of Bataan". After the war the Philippine government issued a special medal to these men in honor of the actions they took to liberate the Bataan pensular.

From Bataan, they were sent over to Manila and they were the first group to go into the city the. The Japanese had fortified the city and Dad said it took several days of tough street to street fighting to finally dislodge the Japs. They continued up to an area called Wa Wa Dam which was the water reservoir for Manila and cleaned it out of Japs.

From January 1945 for the next several months, Dad and the 38th Calvary proceeded up the west coast of Luzon cleaning out pockets of isolated Japs. Dad said they were fortunate they never ran into any large groups of Japs. Apparently, most of the Jap troops had been brought south into Bataan and Manila when the Americans had initially started the invasion.

When the Japs surrendered in August 1945, Dad was kept in the Philippines for an additional two months. He and a small force, along with an interpreter, went out to the smaller outlying islands trying to get these isolated groups to surrender. In most cases the Japs would not surrender so they were just left there, quarantined to die.

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In November 1945, Dad was finally sent home to Ft. Lewis in Washington and released from service.

In all, Dad was in “Combat Zones” for over 500 days. He was wounded at least twice, that we know of, (receiving 2 purple hearts and at least 3 silver stars for valor)

Dad would never talk about his times in combat, so we don’t know anything about this side of the war for him.

But in his case, he came home to live a full long life after the war. He knew that a lot of his friends did not have that opportunity.



Club Officers:

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

If you want more information please contact Northwest Car Events: www.upfrontimages.com. Check it out, it has all the car shows, swap meets, etc., in the Pacific Northwest.

December 3, 2011 Ed Banke's Machine Shop, 10:00 am to 1:00pm. Meet at the first Presbyterian Church parking lot 9:30am depart for Carlton. Lunch at Zippys in Yamhill at 12:00 noon.

December 15, 2011 6:00 pm Christmas celebration at Don & Lea's home, 2420 Crimson Ct. McMinnville Oregon 97128 6:00 pm Social hour (BYOB) 7:00pm dinner. 8:00pm gift exchange, each person to bring a White Elephant gift for our lively exchange.

Cost is \$10.00 per person to be paid by December 1, 2011 to confirm head count for catered meal.

Next board meeting:

First Thursday of every Month

December 1, 2011 @ 6:00 pm
734 NE Baker St McMinnville, Oregon 97128

Next club meeting

Don & Lea's 2420 Crimson Ct
McMinnville, Oregon 97128

Third Thursday of this Month only. Normally the Second Thursday of each Month.

This December 15, 2011 @ 6:00 pm is our annual Christmas party.

Classifieds:

1967 Buick special for sale. Original V-8 300 cu .in & 2-speed power-glide transmission. Original wheels & hubcaps. Vehicle currently has 350 cu-in V-8 & 3 speed automatic transmission. Good buy \$5,500.00. Contact Chris at: 503-435-9474 or email: dr_duck@comcast.net Check out our web site for a picture of this beautiful car.



One evening a granddaughter was talking to his grandmother about current events. The grandson asked his grandmother what she thought about the shootings at schools. The computer age, and things in general. The Grandmother replied. "Well, let me think a minute, I was born before:

Television penicillin polio shots frozen foods Xerox contact lenses Frisbees and the pill
There were no credit cards: laser beams ball-point pens Man had not yet invented: pantyhose
air conditioners dishwashers clothes dryers and the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air
and man hadn't yet walked on the moon.

Your Grandfather and I got married first....and then lived together. Every family had a father and a mother. Until I was 25 I called every man older than me, "Sir" and after I turned 25. I still called policemen and every man with a title, "Sir". We were before gay-rights, computer-dating, dual careers, daycare centers and group therapy. Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions. Serving your country was a privilege, living in this country was a bigger privilege. We thought fast food was what people ate during lent. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins. Draft dodgers were those who closed front doors as the evening breeze started. Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends not purchasing condominiums. We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CD's electric typewriters, yogurt, or guys wearing earrings.

We listened to Big Bands, Jack Benny, and the President's speeches on our radios. And I don't even remember any kid blowing his brains out listening to Tommy Dorsey. If you saw anything with Made In Japan on it, it was junk. The term "making out" referred to how you did on your school exam. Pizza Hut, McDonald's and instant coffee were unheard of. We had 5 & 10 cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice cream cones , phone calls, rides on a street car and a Pepsi were all a nickel. And it you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickel on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 post cards. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600.00;;; but who could afford one? Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon?

In my day: "grass" was mowed.

"Coke" was a cold drink.

"pot" was something your mother cooked in and

"rock music" was your grandmother's lullaby.

"Aids" were helpers in the Principal's office.

"chip" meant a piece of wood.

"hardware" was found in a hardware store and "software" wasn't even a word.

And we were the last generation to actually believe that a lady needed a husband to have a baby. No wonder people call us "old and confused" and say there is a generation gap.

How old do you think I am? I bet you have this old lady in mind...you are in for a shock!

Check page # 9 for the answer!!!

Our club expresses our appreciation to our sponsors and supporters and asks you, our club members, to patronize our sponsors, the ones who make our events possible.

Without them we could not put on our clubs events or make our donation to the "Free Community Dinner" held each Saturday night for the hungry and lonely families in our community, & Rock of Ages Retirement Center. We also support the Disabled American Veteran local program for our service men and women who are injured while serving our country.

We can use items for raffles and handouts for our car show participants. Our car shows draw from 75 to 150 participating cars with more than twice that many spectators.

Major Event Sponsor: \$250.00 or more, list on our Website and Monthly Newsletter. Your Banner will be on display at our two major car shows.

**Valley View Retirement Village 15600 SW
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**Grandmother
was 64 years old!!**



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Why Some Men Have Dogs and Not Wives

Do not let your wife see this!!!!

1. The later you are, the more excited your dogs are to see you.
2. Dogs don't notice if you call them by another dog's name.
3. Dogs like it if you leave a lot of things on the floor.
4. A dog's parents never visit.
5. Dogs agree that you have to raise your voice to get your point across.
6. You never have to wait for a dog; they're ready to go 24 hours a day.
7. Dogs find you amusing when you're drunk
8. Dogs like to go hunting and fishing.
9. A dog will not wake you up at night to ask, "If I died, would you get another dog?"
10. If a dog has babies, you can put an ad in the paper and give them away.

11. A dog will let you put a studded collar on it without calling you a pervert
12. If a dog smells another dog on you, they don't get mad. They just think it's interesting.
13. Dogs like to ride in the back of a pickup truck.

And last, but not least:

14. If a dog leaves, it won't take half of your stuff.

To test this theory: Lock your wife and your dog in the garage for an hour. Then open it and see who's happy to see you.

