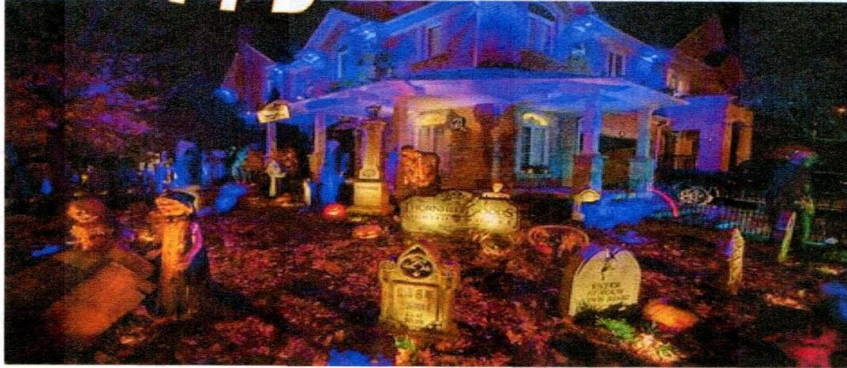


Happy Halloween



USS WILHOITE

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 2022

Hello USS Wilhoite Shipmates:

Hope that this finds you all doing well and has enjoyed the summer! Can't believe it is October and winter not far behind.

On this contest we had 6 people get correct answers. They were Cindy Thompson, Ben Yonkofski, William Owens, Robert Johnson, and Fred Gennetti and I had one that had correct answers, but no name. If someone did the contest and has not gotten you GC, please let me know.

On 2023 reunion information that I asked for we had 17 for San Diego and 17 will not attend. I am going to push ahead and finish planning reunion and hopefully another couple or two will please try to come. In this letter I'm enclosing some ideas and I need to know what you all want to do. I'll take it from there. I'm hoping that Tom is still planning on 2024 for our reunion.

We are not disbanding the USS Wilhoite at this time. Your donations are due now. If you want to see something different in newsletter, please let me know. It's your newsletter and I want to print what you want to read about.



This is a partial list of shipmates that I have on file. You will notice a date with your name, which means you have donated to the Association. If you do not plan on joining the Association, or no interest in the USS Wihoite, would you please let us know. All on this list will get a newsletter this quarter, but starting in 2023 with Postage and ink getting so expensive, only those that have donated will get a newsletter when the Jan, Feb Mar newsletter comes out.

Aittala Gene (2021)	Huckemeyer Harry W.	Shanahan, Jr. John (2023)
Alcorn Mike (2023)	Huff Roland (2023)	Shuck Donald L. (2023)
Anderson Henry	Huml Vincent (2023)	Silhan Peter (2023)
Austin Steve	Hydro John (2022)	Smith Raymond (2023)
Baker Billy (2022)	Intemann Gary	Strickland Gene
Berry David (2022)	Johnson Robert (2023)	Syverson Norris (2023)
Buckhalter Joe	Kaczmarek Julius	Thompson Ross (2024)
Bunker Rita (2022)	Knight James (2022)	Throm Larry (2023)
Burris Gary	Layton Geoffrey (2022)	Torriglia Paul (2024)
Cagle Richard	Long Leroy (2022)	Valiant Martha (2023)
Caldwell Brenda (2023)	Majerle Edward	West Tom (2021))
Caldwell John (2023)	Markley Ray (2022)	Wiseman Leonard (2019)
Candor Raymond (2022)	Mauldin Connie (2022)	Yonkofski Ben (2023)
Carlisle Fred (2019)	McKallagat Peter (2022)	
Compton Ed (2022)	Morlock Fred (2022)	
Cusato Paul (2023)	Morrissey Tom (2022)	
Dougher Thomas (2022)	Mullin James (2022)	
Dougher, Jr. Gerald	Murphy Obie (2022)	
Dutchuk John (2023)	O'Quin Edward	
Al Dyson (2022)	Owens William (2023)	
Eertmoed Donald	Papenfus William	
Endter Bill (2021)	Parker David (2023)	
Farber Mike	Payne Gary (2023)	
Frederiksen Geri (2023)	Payson David (2023)	
Gennetti Fred (2023)	Payton Johnny (2023)	
Gergens Steve (2022)	Pohl Art (2023)	
Gieda Mary (2021)	Rice Robert	
Hackenberg Richard	Rider Elisabeth (2023)	
Hagee Charles (2023)	Riggs Arthur	
Hawes Eugene (2022)	Robinson Lee (2022)	
Heller Richard (2022)	Rott Raymond (2022)	
Horch Linda (2023)	Ruel Donald A. (2023)	

If you feel that you have sent in your donation and is not marked by your name, be sure to let either Dana or me know.



Here is a Bouquet of flowers for the following in hopes it will make them feel better.

Richard Cagle
1748 Rose St. Trlr # 8
La Crosse, WI 54603

Bill Endter
07902 Sailboat blvd #405
Spouth Pasadena, FI 33707

William Owens
580 Lovers Lane
Stevenbenville, OH 43953

Gene Strickland
308 Legends Dr.
Lewisville, TX 7505

John Shanahan
441 Lincoln Hill Rd
Newtown, PA 18940

Roland Huff
7924 Greenbelt Circle
Urbandale, IA 50322

Robert Johnson
243 Summit Ave
Grafton, ND 58237



We have lost the following:

Shannon Pratt

Vern Valiant

Will Hayes

Kenneth Harris

Peter Cramer

Troy Dooley

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SHIPMATES NEWS



GO NAVY

SAILOR OF THE WEEK

BY DAVE PASON

I did a double-take when Chief Kerr told me that I had been chosen as Sailor of the Week in the Division. My reward, he said, was a trip to Manila in a Navy chopper and two days of R & R at a four-star hotel, all expenses paid by Uncle Sam.

Liberty in Manila was far beyond my experience base, so I was flabbergasted as my apparent good fortune. Arriving in Subic Bay, Philippines, after two days of steady steaming across the South China sea from Vietnam, meant for the sailors of the Wilhoite a night or two to unwind in Olongapo. Subic Bay and liberty in Olongapo were synonymous to the sailors of the Seventh Fleet. Manila wasn't even in the equation. Maybe for the officers and flyboys it was, but not for us.

Indeed, Olongapo was all we expected—or wanted—in a liberty town. When the sailors of the Wilhoite hit the beach in Olongapo (in my case it was usually with my fellow radarmen buddies John Wayne Bohon and John Shanahan), we didn't do a lot of sightseeing, nor did we bring our cameras along. Pictures of local attractions, didn't interest us. No, we were more interested in local attractions of a different kind—and lots of San Miguel beer.

I was chosen Sailor of the Week in OI Division, now that I think back on it, because I passed my RD3 exam, earning my first chevron, and liberty in Manila, the capital city of the Philippines, was my reward. So I would be accomplishing two firsts on this trip: my first time in Manila and my first ride in a helicopter.

The helicopter ride up to Manila was both sensational and scary, as I remember it. Without Bohon and Shanahan along for the ride, I felt lost, insecure. My fellow Sailors of the Week on the chopper, a Hospital Corpsman, a Signaller, an Engineman, a Boatswain's Mate, and a Quartermaster, were, for the most part, strangers to me, as I was to them. Oh, we'd seen each other many times on the ship, but not to speak to each other, other than a nod in recognition. For the most part, sailors stay with their own kind, within their own ratings and divisions, that is, the sailors they work with on a daily basis. Rare is the day, for example, you'll see a Quartermaster palming around with an Engineman.

We flew in right over the treetops, or in this case, jungle tops, on the way up to Manila. The dense tropical jungle reminded me of Vietnam. Choppers were everywhere in 'Nam, and they were constantly getting shot down. This trip between Subic Bay and Manila, being over so much wild jungle country, must've been similar in some ways to what our soldiers experienced riding choppers over the jungles in 'Nam. Of course, there wasn't

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anybody shooting at us from the ground here. Filipinos were our allies, going all the way back to World War II, and they let us stage much of our war in Vietnam from their country.

When we came in over Manila after about an hour of beating the air with the steady thwap-thwap-thwaping of our rotor blades, the city was spread out as far as the eye could see in all directions. There was nothing like it in 'Nam, unless maybe it looked similar flying over Saigon.

We landed at an Air Force base outside the city, and was I ever relieved to be on the ground again! During the last part of the ride, I became disoriented, dizzy, nauseated. It was my first time on a helicopter, and I haven't been on one since, not in 40 years. Even in the wildest seas, I never got seasick on the Wilhoite, and believe me, we ploughed through some rough seas during my time on her. But on this chopper ride, airsickness got me.

A navy bus took us to our hotel in the heart of Manila. It certainly lived up to my expectations—clean, well kept with all the creature comforts of home, including a big fancy lobby with plush chairs and fancy tables with gold scallops on them. I don't know if I'd rate it on par with a big-city U.S. hotel, though. After we checked in, we Sailors of the Week went our separate ways. As I mentioned before, we didn't seem to be an overly-friendly bunch.

Compared to the set-up I had on the Wilhoite—a middle rack, a footlocker, and a head just up the passageway—my hotel room was the cradle of luxury, complete with a TV that had two English-speaking channels that showed predominately American westerns.

Chief had warned me not to go too far at night, especially by myself, in Manila. "Remember, Payson, you're a petty officer now, so act like one," he probably said. Well, as it turned out, I should've listened to him. After all, he knew Manila, and he knew me.

The first day and a half in Manila I did okay, ranging farther and farther from the hotel on exploratory walks. The city itself sprawled on forever, it seemed, some of it modern and safe looking; but other parts I wandered into looked like the kind of places Chief warned me to stay out of. My dysfunctional sense of direction didn't help me in this situation, for I was reluctant to range too far from my home base lest I get lost in this strange and very foreign city, and that's exactly how I ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time. The establishment I ended up in, lost, was called U.S. Bar and Grill.

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According to its marquee, which had an American flag hanging from it, the bar catered to US servicemen. After my eyes adjusted to the dimly interior, the only other US military personnel to be found in the place were two U.S. marines, and I didn't know if I could count on them in a pinch. Besides, they each had a Filipino hostess-okay, bar girl-hanging off their shoulder, very charming ladies, I'm sure. And from my experience in Olongapo and other West Pac ports, I knew it wouldn't be long before one of their colleagues homed in on me.

Sliding up to the bar, I ordered a cheeseburger and fries, cooked American style, the Filipino bartender informed me in very precise English. When he disappeared into the back room, I realized he was also the cook. He returned from the back a few minutes later and struck up an amiable conversation with me, asking me questions like what ship was I on? Was this my first time in Manila? He was friendly enough, and I answered his questions, glad to have someone to talk to as I, all the while kept a wery eye on the bar girls and the two marines. "You want drink, Joe? the bartender/cook asked me. "I got American beer. Some Olympia."

Olympia! Though I knew I probably shouldn't, I said what the heck, yeah, give me one. Olympia, you see, is my "hometown" beer from Washington State, brewed from "Artesian" water. (Slogan: "It's the Water That Makes the Beer.") So I didn't see how I could pass it up. As I drank my "Oly," I noticed that a third bar girl had joined the other two who were entertaining the marines. She was sizing me up, giggling and giving me little waves, obviously making ready to move in for the kill. I ignored her and ordered another Olympia to wash down my cheeseburger with, which the bartender had just set in front of me. The burger and fries tasted pretty good and went down easily with the cold, frosty Olympia. So I had another one as I finished my fries. About this time I remembered what Chief told me: "Remember, don't get carried away, Payson, just keep it cool."

It was good advice from the Chief—advice I should've heeded.

"What?" I said. By now it was an hour or so later, and the bartender had just asked me if I wanted to meet her, the third bar girl, who was obviously alone and unattached. "Her name Susie. Nice girl," he said. "Well, let me have another Olympia first," I said, "and I'll think about it." What made this Olympia beer was especially tasty to me, I decided, was that it didn't have that formaldehyde taste that was so prevalent in American beer overseas. "Give me another one," I told the bartender, finishing up my food. Not the best burger I've had but passable. "Okay, I said, "tell Susie I'd like to meet her, and get me another Oly."

SAILOR OF THE WEEK

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By now nighttime had descended upon Manila and the U.S. Bar and Grill, and somewhere in my head the Chief's good advice was playing in a continuous loop, but I was no longer tuned in to it. Thanks to the Olympia beer and my own dumbness, my circuits had become crossed. "Susie" had me in her clutches after that, to the tune of 5 bucks a crack for her short glasses of tea, which she led me to believe were straight shots of bourbon whisky, the implication being that soon she would be as drunk as me, and then . . . well, who knew? I course I was well familiar with this game, having played it many times with other "nice" girls in West-Pac ports from Olongapo to Hong Kong. It was a game I always lost. "I love you no keed-ing, David, buy me drink."

Much later I had to switch to San Miguel beer because the Olympia was gone. Susie was working me for more drinks, and I was trying to tune in on my environment there in the U.S. Bar and Grill, somewhere in Manila, Philippines. For one thing I didn't see the marines around anymore. They were gone along with their charming hostesses. Nor did my blurry-eyed inventory reveal any U.S. sailors, marines or any other potentially allied personnel anywhere in the bar. I was on my own. Susie was separating me from my money at a rapid rate, and when I managed to focus in on the bartender, he seemed to be casting me a look of sympathy and/or warning, standing back in the shadows behind the bar, where he was washing glasses. Something in that look brought me back to some degree of sobriety and sensibility, and I told Susie it was time for me to go, to get back to my ship, though I really meant the hotel. "Oh, no, don't go, David, night is still young and you have much time to go before liberty is over. Please, David, buy me drink. I'm so proud you sailor of week, boy-son. I think I love you. No keed-ing."

I managed to push myself away from the table and get to my feet. "Have to get back to the ship," I mumbled, meaning the hotel, but they didn't know that; I barely knew it, in fact. Staggering sideways I found the door and went out. Susie was close behind me. But it was the wrong door—the back door instead of the front door. I was standing in the back alleyway behind the bar, trying to gather my faculties. And I had company, I noticed, for there, standing with Susie, were three or four rough-looking Filipino men. I remember them encircling me, and Susie standing behind them, directing them to move in for the kill. They had in mind, I'm sure, even after all these long years, to rob me. I don't think they wanted to literally hurt me. But we'll never know for sure, because just as they were about to grab me the ground disappeared from beneath my

SAILOR OF THE WEEK

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feet, and I stumbled head long into a Binjo ditch, an open sewer trench, which were common in the Philippines in place of indoor plumbing.

Believe me, it was a very sobering experience climbing out of that Binjo ditch, covered with you-know-what. Did I reek of it? Probably. For my would-be assailants of just moments ago now only wanted to get away from me, and they scattered into the night, taking Susie with them. I got my bearing, saw that I had fallen in the ditch, and planned my next move, which was to somehow get back to my hotel. It was my only refuge. If I had been here with Bohon and Shanahan, then none of this would've happened, I was certain.

Then from the shadows in the alley stepped the bartender, and he was my salvation that night, bringing me inside, helping to clean me up, and finally arranging for a taxi to take me back to my hotel. He told me he was worried about me from the beginning, that he didn't like the way things got done at the bar, how they preyed on U.S. servicemen. He vowed he would find another place to work after this experience. I could only thank him, admitting to him that I was in over my head on the whole deal and coming to Manila by myself had been a mistake. The taxi came and we said goodbye.

Safely back in my hotel room-by now it was the were morning hours - I was still shaken, but otherwise in good shape. I took a long hot shower to make me feel human again. The situation could have turned out much worse, no doubt about that. I'd been lucky and Chief Kerr had been right in all of his advice to me about being careful. I'd learned a valuable lesson from the experience, and for the rest of my days in the navy, I was always careful to be with a buddy in a foreign liberty port.

The next morning at 11:00 hours, the Sailor of the Week, still strangers for the most part, loaded into the chopper and made the hour flight back to Subic Bay, and from there to our various ships and duty stations in the area. This time I felt no signs of the air sickness that had plagued me on the trip up to Manila. I must say some of the others on the trip back looked none too good themselves. Is it possible they had suffered through their own ordeals, and like me had chosen not to share them? Yes, it is quite possible, I decided.

After I got back to the ship and settled in, I told Bohon and Shanahan about my ordeal, and they thought it was great fun. "Payson, you boot, when are you going to learn to do things right?" was the way Shanahan put it. They imagined the scene in the

SAILOR OF THE WEEK

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alley behind the Manila bar and what it must've been like when I took the plunge into that Binjo ditch, and they couldn't stop laughing and giving me a hard time, which, come to think of it, is what you'd expect from your navy buddies. I'd have acted the same way if something similar had happened to them, I'm sure.

The next day I grew dizzy and feverish and ended up in sickbay. The corpsman told me that I'd developed a nasty infection in my leg from the contaminated sewage from the Binjo ditch that had invaded an open sore on my leg. My leg was puffy and oozy, and the doc pumped me full of penicillin. I was in sickbay for several days, and for a while doc was very worried that the penicillin wasn't doing its job and knocking out the infection, which he described as a "deep edema infection." Chief Kerr visited me daily, as did Bohon and Shanahan and several of the other radarmen from OI Division.

Everything turned out okay in the end, though. My leg healed, and I went on to spend another year and a half on the Wilhoite, leaving her finally in early 1968.

It was the last time I was ever chosen Sailor of the Week.

The End

TOLD BY FRANK ROACH (We sure miss him)

One bright and sunny day aboard the WILHOITE while painting the deck on the fantail my now good friend Bill "Doc" West came strolling by. Being new aboard the ship (he reported aboard after I did) we struck up a casual conversation. After a while I asked him how long he was in the NAVY. After a few seconds he replied and I quote: "All me bloomin' life, seaman Roche! Me mother was a mermaid, me father was King Neptune. I was born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep. Seaweed and barnacles are me clothes. Every tooth in me head is a marlinspike; the hair on me head is hemp. Every bone in me body is a spar and when I spits, I spits tar! I'se hard, I is, I am, I are!"

I was going to say, "What are you some kind of nut." Then I realized that this was the guy who would be giving me shots and seeing to my overall health needs. True story? I don't know but according to naval personnel records his birth certificate is located in Davy Jones' Locker. I wrote to Davy Jones but the postal service returned it as addressee unknown.

Richard Scheeder

PO Box 94 Seabeck, WA., 98380

Wilhoite397@msn.com

360 830 5175

9/30/2022

Quilt of Valor Foundation

PO Box 191

Winterset, IA 50273

The purpose of this letter is to express my appreciation for the purpose and product of the QOV Foundation--- to recognize the valor of service members touched by war.

Until recently I was not aware of the organization or it's function. The widow of a shipmate from my first ship told me of the organization and its presentation of a special quilt to qualified vets nominated for recognition. I forgot the information until receiving a surprise phone call from a representative near my home. She wanted to set up a place to meet me to present a quilt to me. After discussing places to meet I suggested that I could go to her location to pick up the quilt to save her the trip---not realizing the meeting place was for a formal public ceremony.

My suggestion was refused and a restaurant near my home was agreed for me to meet to pick up the quilt.

Now the surprises started to overtake me. My wife and I arrived after your Presentation Team, Sandy, and Fay. Sandy recognized me from my oxygen equipment, she ran up and gave me a very surprising welcoming hug as we were seated. After some pleasant introductory discussion and food Sandy said it was time for the presentation. She stood up with the quilt indicating I also needed to

stand with her on the aisle for the presentation. At that point I realized I was totally in shock of the formal honor and emotion of the PRESENTATION CEREMONY. People at adjacent tables were paying close attention as she wrapped me in the quilt and read the presenting letter---with clear emotion in her expression and speech. Listening to the presentation I very clearly had trouble controlling my own emotions. I cannot swear to this but other people in the restaurant may have been clapping or passing generous comment while I was totally lost from reality in those moments as Sandy read the letter.

I am personally very proud of my performance while in the service, but I never deemed it worthy to receive the kind of recognition and appreciation provided me by your organization's presentation of a "QUILT OF VALOR".

It is a very patriotic designs as it covers me at night and proudly displays on my bed during daytime---See attached photo.



Sincerely,

Richard Scheeder

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Richard Scheeder".

P.S. Without respect to the definitions of valor and courage, George S. Patton is quoted as saying "Courage is fear holding on a minute longer"

Cc:

Kitsap QOV



ROLAND HUFF

This is the article that came with the picture! In 1955, he enlisted in the United States Navy at the age of 17. Basic Training was taken at the San Diego Naval Station. His Navy ratings were Electrician's Mate, Fireman and Machinist's Mate.

His first duty assignment was from December of 1955 to May of 1957 aboard the USS Badoeng Strait (CVE-116). This ship was an Escort Carrier. It was stationed out of Hunters Point, San Francisco.

Next, from May of 1957 to May of 1958, Roland was aboard the USS Wilhoite (DE-397). This was a Destroyer Escort. Home port was Seattle, Washington.

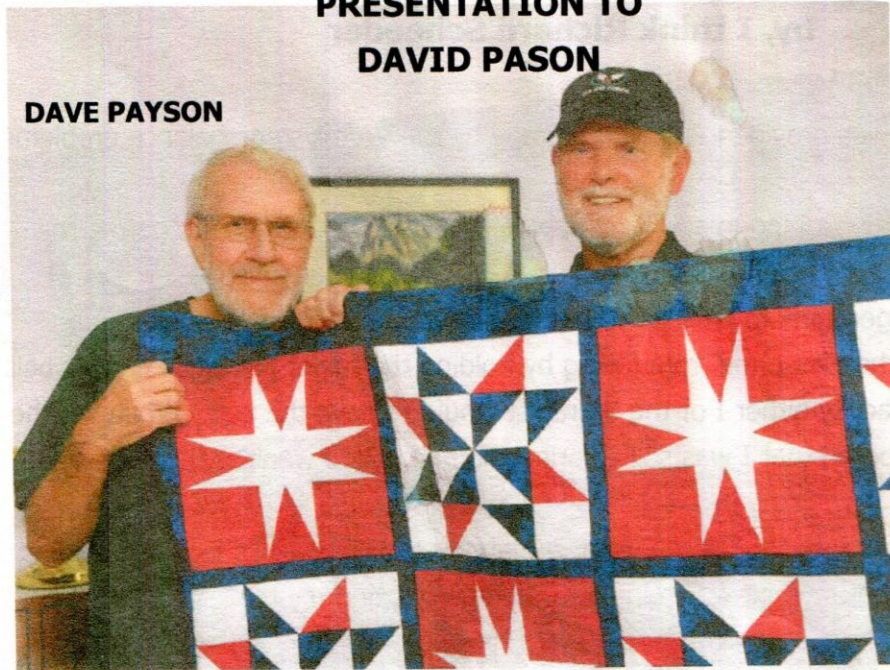
The last ship he served on was from May of 1958 to September 1959. It was the USS Forster (DE-334), also a Destroyer Escort. That home port was Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

While serving on each of these ships, they were involved in picket duty, patrolling the West coast of the United States and Hawaii. Usually, he was at sea for 30 days and back to port for 30 days. When Roland's Naval enlistment ended in 1959, he had attained the rank of 3rd Class Petty Officer (E3).

During his civilian career, he spent 50 years owning and operating an insurance company.

Roland's family was in attendance and thanked us for honoring his service.

**NATIONAL QUILTS OF VALOR
PRESENTATION TO
DAVID PASON**



DAVE PAYSON

Dave Payson accepting his Quilt from the National Quilt of Valor. These quilts are made by local quilt clubs all over the United States to be given to our Veterans for their service to their country.



This picture is with Paul and Sharon Cusato. Sharon makes quilts for our veterans that are in hospital. THANKS SHARON FOR ALL THAT YOU DO FOR OUR VETERANS!

ESCAPE

by, I think Richard Scheeder

It all started when I was provided Physical Therapy by the VA for some balance problems.

Each session started by signing in and then having a safety belt attached to permit the therapist to keep me from falling during the series of balance challenging exercises. I would lift up my oxygen tank to permit the belt to be fitted and tightened to my waist. The therapist could then keep me from falling by holding the tail of the white canvas belt. Before leaving the facility either I or the therapist would remove the belt. Whatever the reason of us remembered that I was still wearing the belt. Off I went to Home Depot.

As I entered the men's room at Home Depot, a man at one of the sinks looked over and asked me if I knew that my belt was hanging way down behind my butt.

I instantly knew it was my safety belt. I also realized I was the perfect picture of a old man who, shouldn't be alone in public. My instant idea was to make a reply, to divert the crazy old man picture to a comedic situation.

I did not achieve my goal. Engaging my mouth before my brain, I blurted out that "I just escaped my handlers and haven't had time to take it off. The change in the man's expression became more serious. This was the perfect time for me to make the situation into real trouble, and so I added loudly and forcefully "and I am not going back". By then I realized, by the darkening change in his expression that the man was taking my comments seriously and likely to report me to security. I quickly started to try to convince him I was joking and trying to explain the safety belt was a leftover from physical therapy. I do not think he was convinced. While he smiled he also made a fast and silent exit from the restroom with me close behind to beat security to the front door and my car.

All these years and I still have not learned to engage brain before mouth.

THOMAS MACK WILHOITE (USS WILHOITE NAMESAKE)

Thomas Mack Wilhoite—born on 12 February 1921 in Guthrie, Ky.—enlisted in the Naval Reserve on 16 June 1941 at Atlanta, Ga., and received his aviation indoctrination training at the Naval Reserve Air Base, Atlanta, Ga. On 7 August. He reported for flight instruction at the Naval Air Station (NAS), Pensacola, Fla., and was appointed an aviation cadet the following day. Transferred to NAS, Miami, Fla., on 15 January 1942 for further training, he became a naval aviator on 6 February. Three days later, he was commissioned an ensign and, at the end of February, reported to the Advanced Carrier Training Group, Atlantic Fleet, NAS, Norfolk, Va.



There, he joined Fighting Squadron (VF) 9, then fitting out and, in time, became the assistant navigation officer for that squadron. Operation "Torch"—the invasion of French North Africa—saw VF—9 assigned to the carrier Ranger (CV-4). Each section of the squadron drew assigned tasks on 8 November 1942, the first day of the landings; and Wilhoite flew one of five Grumman F4F-4 Wildcats which attacked the French airdrome at Rabat-Sale, the headquarters of the French air forces in Morocco. Despite heavy antiaircraft fire, he pressed home a determined attack and set three French bombers afire with his guns.

In a second strike directed at the Port Lyautey airdrome later that day, Wilhoite flew as part of the third flight and destroyed one fighter—a Dewoitine 520—by strafing. However, the Vichy ground gunners served their weapons well; and Wilhoite's Wildcat took hits from the intense flak and crashed about one mile from Port Lyautey.

Wilhoite received a Silver Star, posthumously, for displaying "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" during the strikes at Rabat-Sale and Port Lyautey. The accompanying citation also cited Wilhoite's "superb airmanship and tenacious devotion to duty" in pressing home his strafing attacks. Although he was killed in action, Wilhoite had played his part in the significant operations of VF-9 in neutralizing Vichy French air power that, if unhindered, could have severely hampered Operation "Torch."

In the darkest part of the night, a ship's captain cautiously piloted his warship through the fog-shrouded waters, with straining eyes he scanned the hazy darkness, searching for dangers lurking just out of sight.

Then his worst fears were realized when he saw a bright light straight ahead. It appeared to be a vessel on a collision course with his ship. To avert disaster he quickly radioed the oncoming vessel.

"This is Captain Jeremiah Smith," his voice cracked over the radio. "Please alter your course 10 degrees south! Over."

To the captain's amazement, the foggy image did not move. Instead, he heard back on the radio, "Captain Smith. This is Private Thomas Johnson. Please alter your course 10 degrees south! Over!!

Appalled at the audacity of the message, the captain shouted back over the radio, "Private Johnson, this is Captain Smith" I order you to immediately alter your course 10 degrees south! A second time the oncoming light did not budge.

"With all due respect Captain Smith," came the private's voice again, "I order you to alter your course immediately 10 degrees north! Over!

Angered and frustrated that this impudent sailor would endanger the lives of his men and crew, the captain growled back over the radio, "Private Johnson, I can have you court-martialed for this! For the last time, I command you on the authority of the United States government to alter your course 10 degrees to the South! I am a battleship!

The private's final transmission was chilling: "Captain Smith, sir, once again with all due respect, I command you to alter your course 10 degrees to the North!

I AM A LIGHTHOUSE!!!!

AS ONE OF OUR GREAT PRESIDENTS SAID:

"I believe with all my heart that standing up for America means standing up for God, who has so blessed our land. We need God's help to guide our nation through stormy seas. But we can't expect Him to protect America in a crisis, if we just leave HIM over on the shelf in our day-to-day living."

RONALD REAGAN

A FUNNY

One morning a husband returns to the cabin after several hours of fishing and decides to take a nap.

Although not familiar with the lake, the wife decides to take the boat out, since it is such a beautiful day. She motors out a short distance, anchors, and reads her book.

Along comes a Game Warden in his boat. He pulls up alongside this woman and says, "good morning ma'am, what are you doing? She answers "Reading my book" (thinking isn't that obvious).

He tells her she is in a restricted fishing area! "I'm sorry officer, but I'm not fishing, I'm reading".

Yes, but you have all the equipment. I'll have to write you up a ticket. "For reading my book" she replies?

Ma'ma you are in a restricted fishing area he informs her again! But I'm not fishing, I'm reading my book! "But you have all the equipment and could start at any moment. I'll still have to give you a ticket and you will have to pay a fine.

If you do that, I will have to charge you with sexual assault," says the woman., but I have not even touched you, says the Game Warden. "That is true, but you have all the equipment, for all I know you could start at any moment." Have a nice day ma'ma and immediately departs. Moral: Never argue with a woman who reads. It's likely she can also think.

**May God grant you always.....
A sunbeam to warm you,
A moonbeam to charm you,
A sheltering Angel, so nothing can harm you,
Laughter to cheer you,
Faithful friends near you,
and whenever you pray, Heaven to hear you."**

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ - A LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING

1. Alongside former President Frederik Willem de Klerk, which then President of South Africa won a Nobel prize for their work to peacefully and apart held in the country?

Ans. Nelson Mandela

2. How many cards are there in a pack of cards (not incl.jokers) Ans. 52

3. What Saints Day is celebrated (particularly in Ireland) on 17th March each

Ans. St Patrick's Day

4. What animal is Pumbaa in he Lion King? Ans. Warthog

5. What is the largest country by area in the world? ` ` Ans. Russia

6. In which country would you find Angel Falls, the highest waterfall on earth ? Ans. Venezuela

7. Patrick Mahomes became the first half a billion-dollar player when he signed a 10-year deal for the Kansas City Chief, but what sport was that in? Ans. American Football

8. Which is larger the Pacific or the Atlantic Ocean? Ans. Pacific Ocean

9. Dubbed the "King of Pop", which Artist released the album Thriller, which went on to be the bestselling album of all time? Ans. Michael Jackson

10. Which famous US singer was born in Tupelo, Mississippi in 1935 and died in 1977 in Graceland, Tennessee? Ans. Elvis Presley

11. Frasier, the multi-award-winning TV show was set in which US city? Ans. Seattle

12. What is the main-non-alcoholic ingredient of a White Russian Cocktail? Ans. Milk

13. What coloured vegetable is now mainly orange but can also be purple and yellow?

Ans. Carrots

14. What is main ingredient of bread? Ans. Flour

15. What is the largarest mammal currently inhabiting the earth? Ans. Blue Whale

16. What does the second amendment of the US Constitution state? Ans Right to bear arms

17. There are five colors of the Olympic Rings? What are they?

Ans. Red, Green, Black, Blue and Yellow

An old Veteran walks into a grocery store. Immediately, the cashier stops him, "sir, your barracks door is open." At first, he pays zero attention to her because he doesn't live in the barracks. So, he continues shopping until he spots a man stocking some shelves. He tells him what the cashier said and asks what she could've meant.

"He tells the Veteran that his fly is open".

After completing his shopping, he goes back to the same cashier and says, "ma'ma, you told me my barracks door was open. While you were looking, did you see a Marine standing at attention, saluting?"

The cashier replies, "no sir, I just saw an old, retired Veteran lying on two seabags."