

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
Reserve History in Youngstown, Ohio

Active Duty and Reserve Experience

O.H. 79

COLONEL CHESTER AMEDIA

Interviewed

by

David S. Arms

on

March 1, 1976

COLONEL CHESTER AMEDIA

Chester Amedia was born in Erico, Pennsylvania on January 26, 1922. His family moved to the Youngstown area when he was six years old, and he was educated in both the public and parochial grade school systems. He graduated from St. Columba grade school in 1935, continued on to Hayes Junior High School, then went to Rayen for three years of high school, and finally graduated from Toledo Scott High School in Toledo, Ohio in 1939.

Returning to Youngstown in 1941, Chester Amedia worked for a while as craneman at the William D. Pollock Company. At this time he volunteered to join the Army of the United States, and went in as a private in September of 1942.

In April of 1943 Amedia got married and proceeded to his first assignment, the 88th Infantry Division at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, where he had "one of the greatest thrills of /his/ life" when he met the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Discovering that his main interest was flying, Amedia applied to the Army Air Corps for pilot training and was accepted. This began his flying career in the Army Air Corps, since the U.S. Air Force did not come into being as a separate branch of the U.S. Armed Forces until 1948.

Amedia returned to Youngstown again, and attended Youngstown University while working full time at the mill. He graduated from Y.U. with a B.A. degree in Business in 1948, and again in 1950 with

a B.S. degree in Education. He has been employed by the Youngstown Metropolitan Housing Authority from the year 1950 up to the present.

Amedia became affiliated with the Air Force Reserve as soon as he came out of the service, as he was one of the individuals who promoted the continuation of the reserves.

Amedia has received many honors during his active career such as Distinguished Alumnus (Y.U.), Boss of the Year (1971), Outstanding Ambassador (Chamber of Commerce, 1965), Colonel Boals Award (1967), and the Columbus Day Award (1973).

Amedia now attends St. Columba Cathedral, and his special interests are flying, classic cars, and vocational education.

ELIZABETH A. REITZEL
June 29, 1978

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Air Force Reserve Project

INTERVIEWEE: COLONEL CHESTER AMEDIA

INTERVIEWER: David Arms

SUBJECT: Air Force Reserve History in the Youngstown Area

DATE: March 1, 1976

ARMS: This is an interview with Mr. Chester Amedia for the Youngstown State University Oral History Project by David Arms in Youngstown, Ohio. It is March 1, 1976, at approximately 10:00 a.m. We are in his office at 118 East Wood Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Amedia, could you just give me a little background information on yourself, some of your personal history? Where were you born, brought up, educated?

AMEDIA: Well, I was born in Erico, Pennsylvania on January 26, 1922. My family moved into the Youngstown area in 1928. I was reared in the public school and then the parochial school system. I graduated from St. Columba grade school in 1935. I had such famous teachers as Sister Monica, Mother Francis, and Sister Helen. From there I went to Hayes and had famous teachers such as Matt Flowers, who is still living and Mr. Guyswhite. Then I proceeded to Rayen and had some famous teachers of Rayen School. Some I cherish very much, such as Mr. Barnhill who just died. He was my shop teacher. I had another fine friend in Miss Hamilton, Mr. Tear, and Mr. Hurr. I left Rayen in 1938 and went to Toledo, Ohio to finish my last year of education in high school.

Due to the death of an uncle I had to go up and help another uncle clean up two of his businesses. He had a coal yard. In those days, they used to sell coal, believe it or not. He also had a service station. I ran the service station and went to school nights. I

graduated from Toledo Scott Night School in 1939. I came back to Youngstown in 1941, and worked at the William B. Pollock Company as a craneman for a while.

At this time I volunteered for the Army of the United States. First, I went to Fort Hayes and started basic training, and then I proceeded to Camp Robinson, Arkansas. I went in as a private in September of 1942. Within three days I was in the real army down at Camp Robinson, Arkansas where I spent six weeks in what they call BIRTC (Basic Infantry Training Replacement Center). This was where they took a young man and turned him into a complete replacement for an overseas assignment. At the end of the six weeks I guess they decided that I had some talents. They decided to send me to non-com school. I went to a non-com school for two weeks, and then was sent to OCS. Believe it or not, in six months and seven days, from the time that I entered as a private, I became a second lieutenant graduating from Fort Benning. I wore those cross rifles and had a strong admiration for the army.

In April of 1943 I got married and then proceeded to my first assignment, the 88th Infantry Division at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. There I became a platoon leader in the 349th Infantry Regiment, and I was in Company C.

At Camp Gruber I had one of the greatest thrills of my life. I reported into Camp Gruber on Wednesday and was assigned as a platoon leader in a rifle company. On Sunday we were told that we had a very distinguished visitor coming into camp, and that we would march in full Division review. Low and behold it turned out to be none other than Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President of the United States. He was coming into our area while making a tour of all the southern army camps. I had the privilege of having been one of seven new officers that just joined the division, to sit down and eat chili on that Saturday afternoon with the President of the United States at a mess hall in one of the Engineer's group areas. To me, this was a very, very fine privilege. I still remember the President sitting there, smoking his cigarettes! They drove his red Buick up on a flat bed trailer truck, and I will never forget it. He sat there in that red Buick as we marched by and we gave him "eyes right." From there we went into the famous Louisiana maneuvers with General Hodges, the third army maneuvers. I became an umpire and was out in the field one day when a runner came up to me and said, "Are you Lieutenant Amedia?" I said, "Yes." He said that he had special orders for me out of Washington. I said, "What!" and I opened them up. They were orders transferring me to

the Army Air Corps. I had applied for the Army Air Corps to go into pilot training, and they caught up with me. I brought these down to my regimental commander and within one day he had me on leave for seven days on my way to my new assignment. I came home for a week and went back to San Antonio, Kelly Field. I went through the accelerated program. We were at pre-flight for just two weeks, where the normal cadet got it for eighteen weeks. I was sent right on out into a training unit, flying PT 19's at Stanford, Texas. From there I went to Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas, flying the BT-13, and then to advanced training at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas. I graduated twin engine in the AT-10.

I then went to transition training in C-47's out at Alliance, Nebraska and George Field, Illinois. Then I left from there for my overseas assignment, which was with the 1st Air Commando Group in the China India Burma Theater. I was there approximately eleven months and flew 153 combat missions. I got several flying decorations and awards including the distinguished Flying Cross twice. I was in five battle campaigns and flew the hump, which was a part time job for us. Whenever we were in between combat missions, they would put us on the hump.

DA: Did you go over this hump? What was the hump flight?

A: Oh yes, I had 33 trips over the hump.

DA: Now, what did this consist of?

A: Well, flying the hump, it was the Himalayas between Burma and China. It was the range of mountains between Myitkyina and Kunming. It was three hours and 45 minutes of very treacherous flying one way! We had to fly the south route, because we were flying C-47's. We couldn't get up over the mountains to the north. We had to face the enemies' challenges when flying the south route, because the "goonie bird" that we were flying could only go to 15,500 feet loaded and then that was a strain. There was one good fact there, the weather was such a horrible situation that the fighters couldn't come up. I only flew the hump on two occasions where I got to see the Burma Road below me, and that was in part.

We got jumped one day. I went into a big thunder storm rather than take his bullets. The weather was just very, very adverse all the time, the world's worst. You sit back now and wonder how you ever did it. You didn't have the electronic gear

that you have today in an aircraft. The navigational aid that you had was a "little bird dog." You had the "old coffee grinder radio" and that was it. You made your instrument let downs mostly by time and distance, and if everything was right, you got down between the mountain peaks into the valley. I enjoyed it. I will say this much, it made a heck of a good cautious pilot out of you very fast!

DA: Then you came back to Youngstown, is that it after that?

A: I came back to Girard, Ohio, and then went to Youngstown University. I finished Youngstown University in two years, going through days and nights, weekends, the whole system. In two years, I got my first degree in business administration, then a second degree in education the next year. During this time, I was working full time in the mill, and building a house. So I was a very busy boy. I graduated first from Youngstown University in 1948 and went to work for the City of Youngstown in their housing department for about a year. In 1950, I took this job with the Youngstown Metropolitan Housing Authority as Superintendent of Maintenance. I have been active with the Housing Authority since then. I have gone up through the ranks becoming the Deputy Director for development management, maintenance operation, and then Director in 1961.

DA: When did you become affiliated with the Air Force Reserve?

A: Well, it is a strange thing. I came right out of the service and I was one of the individuals that promoted the continuation of the reserves. At that time, there was a Reserve Officers Association. You paid a five dollar a year membership for which you got a magazine and that was about it. The reserves were not the type of reserves that they had in previous years before the war. They had an awful lot of equipment at the end of World War Two. Now this Reserve Officers Association really was very instrumental in getting the reserve units for the Air Force, Army, and Navy assigned to this particular area here. I took a very active part in the reserves.

To give you an idea how much interest there was at the end of World War Two. . . I'll never forget this. I got home in January of 1946. The first R.O.A. meeting was called in March, and it was up at the Amshe-Emeth Temple Auditorium on Elm Street, which is now a vacant temple. Over 500 reservists from this area responded to a little newspaper statement about the reserves coming into being again. At this particular

event, there was a gentleman by the name of Powers, who was a lawyer. He has since died. Ray Powers, a very fine gentleman, and also Robert Weimer, Ed Roberts, and John Oesch were there. John and Ed Roberts were lawyers. Also a Captain Wingate, who unfortunately because of ill health was not in the latter part of World War Two was there. He was a reservist that had been the last president of the reserve officers' association of Mahoning Chapter, when World War Two broke out. He lived in Struthers, and was an arrested TB case. He later died also. From this meeting with those leaders emanated the future of the reserves for this area. There was an election held, and I was elected secretary. I never will forget having to address approximately 500 letters monthly. In that day and age, it was a penny post card. We made a stamp and just rolled the message on a post card. Every card had to be hand addressed. Well, from there we got the ROA going again and as a result of the ROA, we were able to get some reserve units started.

Twenty-eight of us responded one day when an AT-6 landed at Youngstown Municipal Airport. Youngstown Municipal Airport, at that time, had runway 18, which was the main runway. Today it is just a little used taxi area. They had a very small terminal building out there. All they had was the big hanger, and the little unit side building, which is now the baggage section. That was it. It consisted of four rooms. We were able to talk the City of Youngstown out of one of these rooms and that became the liason office for our flying reserve unit which was really located at Cleveland Hopkins Airport. We were a part of the 443rd troop carrier squadron. They would send down AT-6's with instructor pilots, pick us up, fly us up to Cleveland, and we would do transition work out of the Cleveland Hopkins Airport. This would be on a Saturday, and again on a Sunday. We had no quarters, no place to stay, no pay, everything was just done from the standpoint of patriotism. The Air Force Reserve unit continued this way, and then in 1948 the unit moved to Pittsburgh. There we had AT-6's and AT-11's. We had four AT-6's assigned here to us at Youngstown. We actually kept them on the grass with tie-downs.

We had one sergeant who was a crew chief type, a line chief. He maintained them up here. When the airplane got down to where it needed something done, we would fly it down to Pittsburgh. Greater Pittsburgh Airport, at that time, was strictly an army airport. There was nobody flying out of that airport but the army. We were known as the 58th troop carrier squadron locally. We had an accident free record until one day

a fellow that worked in the tower went out and took one of our airplanes. He went out to buzz a train near Nutwood and he crashed. That was unfortunate. It was an unauthorized type of flight in part. We never did get all the details to it, but it was strictly a pilot error type thing. There were pictures in the rotogravure section of the Vindicator in 1948 that showed "Youngstown area pilots take to the air." It showed a beautiful formation of AT-6's and I am sitting in the third one. We had one of our good pilots named Walter Pitman, from the Erie area in another one. He later went into Korea and he got killed in a P-51. He was shot down there.

Well, our unit then was dissolved here with the coming of the C-46 unit at Pittsburgh. Those of us that remained went to Pittsburgh and we would commute. We would drive down, and again with no pay, strictly for flying. The Air Force, as you know, became it's own independent branch in 1948. It became a service of itself and we went into blue.

I never will forget in January of 1949 when I got a call one day asking if I could ferry a C-46 out to Burbank California and take an AT-11 back to Pittsburgh. So I talked it over with one of my friends from Youngstown who was in the reserves with me, Bob Pavone. At the time I was in between college classes. We drove down to Pittsburgh, took this C-46 off, and we got out to California two and one half days later. We had head winds of over 120 knots. Our ground speed was 90 miles per hour, then we were measuring everything in miles per hour rather than knots. At that time, there was a regulation which stated that you could not fly nights, nor could you fly instruments if you were going to ferry an airplane. The doggone weather at the San Bernadino Pass got so bad we were stuck in Burbank and Hollywood for ten days. Bob Pavone and I ended up sleeping in the Burbank terminal in our flying suits. The first night we stayed at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. After that we were going to come back, but we were running out of money. I think we hit Youngstown with about 17 cents when we made our trip back. We had all kinds of delays and problems en route mechanically. The C-46 took us out all right, but the AT-11 which had been rebuilt out at Burbank, was in bad shape. It is strange how things will happen.

I am sitting here telling you about this, but one thing I do remember is talking to the guy that last talked to Richard

Bong, the famous ace. Bong got killed taking off from Burbank Airport. What happened is he had a shooting star jet, and it lost a fuel pump on take off. As a result of his accident, the Air Force put on a set of auxiliary pumps that would cut in in the event of the failure of another. This fellow who worked as Controller told us that he was the last man to talk to Richard Bong before he crashed. We got back to Youngstown and, to make the story a little shorter, I took on this new job with the Housing Authority. It required my weekends to be on duty because of my being the Superintendent of Maintenance. I had a big responsibility, so I had to pull out of the unit in Pittsburgh. I left the unit, and two months later Korea broke and they were recalled to active duty.

Well, in the meantime, I got an assignment out of Cleveland with what is known as the VARTU Program, Volunteer Air Force Reserve Training Unit. We were able to get a unit established here in Youngstown where we would merely train on paper. We had guest lectures, and a Sergeant Feigel, who was actually our commander. Later on, we got a Lieutenant Colonel by the name of Hamilton, who was with the General Electric Lamp Company and is now in the Philippines with the same company. He became our commander and when he left and I was made commander, I was a captain.

Well, the VARTU units stayed solvent, but this was not my particular bulwark. I wanted to get into something connected more with actual flying. There was an operations unit in Cleveland that met once a month and it was located at 1500 Euclid Avenue. Here they actually had a good course in operations. I decided this was going to be my career area. So, I proceeded to talk to Harry Harris and Jack Lewis, two Youngstown area reserve captains. We would drive up to Cleveland at four o'clock on a Saturday morning, have breakfast, and be in place for our training sessions that would start at eight o'clock and it would break up at five o'clock that afternoon. We got no pay, we merely got points. Personally, I became the training officer in the unit and I learned an awful lot from that position. This was where we first started getting into the omni system for navigation. We got into a little bit of Loran and Shoran and of course, I had been exposed to radar in World War Two. We had a very, very fine commander by the name of Lieutenant Colonel Faye, who was a financial analyst for one of the rubber companies. He lived in Hudson, Ohio.

Well, following that, I would take a two week tour each year and they would send us up to Mitchel Field Air Force Base,

New York. There we got into actual flying, and I was always assigned to operations.

Then I became interested in trying to get a reserve unit here. We heard by the way of the grapevine when the Korean War was over, that they were planning on a flying unit to be somewhere, to service Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Akron, and the Youngstown area, because of the population. Having made friends with General Roger W. Browne, who was the commander at Mitchel Field for the 1st Air Force, I became his liason officer. There was an awful lot of political problems that developed here with the Youngstown Municipal Airport. It seems like the private fixed base operator along with some private pilots wanted no part of the military coming into Youngstown. There was a unit there, the 86th Interceptor Squadron Group, located at the base. They were flying first F80's then 84's, and then later 102's. The Air Force had spent considerable monies on lengthening the runway, putting up all of the present buildings that are out there with the exception of the main hanger, 412. The opposition all stemmed one morning when the airport manager walked out and saw an orange water tank, that is the present water tank there. It had been gray and he hadn't noticed it, and suddenly somebody was getting it painted orange. He suddenly noticed this obstacle to aviation. So, working with private flyer groups and the airlines, they tried to declare that the water tower was an obstacle to the good landing features that Youngstown Municipal Airport offered.

Since the regular Air Force was going to disband out here, they were going to close it down. Of course, there was quite a few patriots down here, John Oesch, Steve Ritz, Arsney Melnick, Bob Weimer, the late Attorney Robert Weimer, myself, and Colonel Ress, who is now retired. We didn't stand for this. I got an airplane a C-47, flew to Washington, and went right into the Pentagon. Of course, all of the previous time to this I had kept in touch with General Browne because I was his liason officer. There was also General Johnson, the Continental Air Commander (CONAC) who was a tenant at Mitchel Field. The decision finally came down that that hanger was going to be built here. However, we had a very powerful man in Congress, Michael Kirwan, who had certain political connections with some of the local people. Pressures were put on him by some of the local people at the airport not to permit the reserve unit to come in. Well, we went on into Washington again and we had an interview with a three-star general, General Hall.* Low and behold, as I walked in there,

* General William Hall

it was my old commander from the China India Burma Theater, and he heard us out. Two weeks later the decision was made and we came back to Youngstown. An under-secretary of the Air Force came into Youngstown and met with me, Major Weimer, and the special committee from ROA. We advised him that he should go up and talk with Mr. William Maag, the editor of the Vindicator, and he did. This man was a real diplomat. He came on a hot day in July. He took his jacket off, threw it over his shoulder, rolled his sleeves up, and met with Mr. Maag. A week later the announcement was made that the reserve unit would be here. That was the formulation of the 26th Fighter Bomber Squadron, which was going to become affiliated here with F-86-H's.

That was the unit that Colonel Hendricks was selected to be the commander of because he was an ace and had a lot of fighter time. In fact, I had a difficult time getting into the unit with the exception that General Browne sent a message to Major Mark Treat, who was the regular Air Force man assigned to be what they called the AFTRAC (Air Force Training Unit.) The reserve commander was Lieutenant Colonel Randall Hendricks. Major Mark Treat got a letter from Roger W. Browne that I had many qualifications in not only flying but in other areas, and he desired that I be assigned to this unit. So, with this I was almost forced upon these fighter pilots. It later turned out to be that we didn't have the fighters very long. We got checked out in the T-33 jet and got a F-86-H sent to us. We all looked at it with awe and dismay because we couldn't fly it right then, but we were all looking forward to the opportunity of getting the F-86-H's.

Colonel Hendricks, myself, Lieutenant Al Fowl, Jerry Parker, and some grounded troops went to summer camp. We flew T-33's up and were met by Major Mark Treat on the ramp at Grenier A.F.B., New Hampshire. He said, "Gentlemen, I have bad news for you. The mission of the Air Force Reserve is now going to be troop carrier and the mission of the National Guard is going to be fighters. We are going to C-119's." I didn't know too much about a C-119, except that it didn't have too good of a record in the Air Force, but we stuck with the unit.

We operated out of the lower hangar, which was the main hangar, building 412. We had an AFTRAC organization that supported us maintenancewise and also supported us in training. We proceeded with the transition, but many of our fighter pilots left us because they felt that there wasn't enough of a challenge to

fly the 119. However, those of us that stayed realized that there was more of a challenge. It was a very, very good airplane, but it was an unforgiving airplane. It was a systems airplane. You had two electrical systems, a high pressure and a low pressure hydraulic system. There was an AC and DC electrical system with three inverters and a very complicated fuel system. We found out as we went along with the C-119 that it was a tremendous airplane. Of course we took it in the reserves with an attitude that this is it, we have to live with it. We made many recommendations and there were many modifications to the airplane. They came out with a monitor buss on the electrical system which had been a problem. Also where we had the great big single tire nose wheel, they modified those with the dual little nose wheels. This took a lot of the shimmy out of it. They came in with a new dorsal fin system in the back on the rear vertical stabilizer, which gave it more stability in the air. It was a real good weather airplane, and I consider myself fortunate to have had the opportunity to fly a couple thousand hours in the reserves in that airplane.

We were not a flying club as we were when we first came out of the service. We got down to hard work. We had Swordfish missions which would take us anywhere from 17 to 21 hours in support. They were trying to develop the radar systems in defense and air traffic control. We would take a crew of four people; a pilot, a co-pilot, a navigator, and a crew chief. Our missions would take us either from Youngstown to Dover, Delaware, or from Youngstown to Andrews, and sometimes to Mitchel Field. We would fly 100 miles out over the ocean and then fly a race track pattern for maybe seven straight hours while they were calibrating the radar equipment. This was at high altitude on oxygen. We feel that many of us played a part in helping develop these radar units which were coming out of Lincoln Laboratories and other areas on the East Coast. On some of our missions, we would go out on cargo hauling missions for maybe four to six days. When you left home, you never knew where you were going to end up. We had an awful lot of over water flights to Panama, to Harmon, up to Newfoundland and Bermuda. Some of the Bermuda flights were very enchanting and very memorable. We had many squares we had to fill with regards to training requirements. For instance, you had to "shoot" so many approaches each six months, both day and night. You had so much weather time you had to get in and a certain number of formation missions. You also had so many drops of personnel and heavy equipment, and these usually brought us down to Fort Bragg. It would be

not unusual for a crew of three of us, or three crews to fly down to Lawson Field and support paratroopers of the regular army airborne. I can remember flying down one Friday night and dropping 842 paratroopers in one weekend, which was just Saturday and Sunday morning. We would do this at Fort Bragg, also, and Fort Campbell, Kentucky. The support that we gave the airborne was tremendous. There was always seven airplanes around the clock seven days a week from different units of the Air Force Reserve supporting the airborne missions on training.

Of course San Sidro broke and we hauled barbed wire and other equipment there. We were involved in Alabama and Mississippi when the federal government made the big decision to keep the university open. Whenever there was a flood somewhere and it was necessary to haul supplies, we were called out. When Cuba broke, our unit was not called. We were flying the C model of the C-119 then. Due to the part problems and inventory, every unit with G models was called on active duty. We were C1, which was the top rating for combat readiness. Many of the units recalled were C-3's. To this day I still say, and Randy supports me on this, that the reason for this was that we were C-1 and we didn't need the training. We could pull out at any time where the C-3 units had to be shaped up. We had some of the best mechanics and technicians. I think maybe Colonel Hendricks told you that in the early 1960's, they went from the AFTRAC concept to the air technician concept. They actually hired reservists and they worked full time. Well, I wasn't, I was called a pure reservist. We had alert systems that were developed which required certain people to be in an airplane and ready to take off within one hour's notice. This was my job and I lived close to the base. Sometimes on alert calls when from the time I got the call to the time I reported to the airplane, filed my clearance, did my walk around, started engines, we were sitting at the end of the runway, ready for take-off in less than one hour. Our mission at that time required at least three aircraft to be in this configuration. We had a very, very fine safety flying record and achieved the 25,000 hour mark. We had a big celebration over that. The United Veteran's Council saw fit to honor our organization with a huge banquet. There are many pictures that bring back to us many fine memories.

It was unfortunate that in December of 1968 we lost our first and only aircraft that was in our reserve unit, when an airplane hit that mountain in Puerto Rico. Flying many hours and

flying many missions, we had many emergencies but we were always able to come back with them. It brings back many memories as I sit here now, but I can honestly say it was a tremendous experience for me. I wouldn't take a million dollars for all of it.

A: How did your family feel about all of this?

CA: Well, I have a very fine, understanding wife. My wife and my children I think are better because of the Air Force. It took an awful lot of time on my part, and I can honestly say that I flew every Wednesday night. Every Saturday and every Sunday, three weekends a month, I was in a C-119 or at the air base. I had one weekend per month that I kept up with my family. It was kind of hard on my dog, he didn't understand it. It was kind of hard on my grass, because many times at night I would have to turn my car lights on and let the car idle while I would cut grass at eleven, twelve o'clock at night during the week. This was all so I could have the weekend free. I will say this, we visited every state in the union except Hawaii. I met many fine people and we had many fine experiences that I really cherish.

A: You would do it again in a minute, is that right?

CA: Oh, I would jump at it! The only reason that I got out was that I was up with my five years and my star didn't come through. I had it in the grasp of my hand, but lost it on account of a bleeding ulcer that I developed later. Through the reserves I met such great men as General Foulis. I had the privilege of meeting President Roosevelt in the army, and later Eisenhower, also I saw Nixon. I stood in the honor guard for President Hoover, and McArthur at their funerals. They didn't use our local unit but our home wing at Andrews Air Force was in Kennedy's Honor Guard. I was privileged with that one plaque you see on the wall that I cherish very much. I was chosen as the outstanding airman of three different groups. This was in competition with Pittsburgh, Washington, and Youngstown. So, personally I had some fine days.

A: Well, thank you, I think this was a very good interview.

CA: I will say this much, that the finest people in the world are reservists. I find this in all branches of the service. We had a close relationship with the Navy and the Army. We sup-

ported the Army when we could, and we supported the Navy when we could. The Marines are also included as is the Coast Guard.

End of Interview