



Rough Raider Newsletter



Spring 2012

News and Updates at:

500th Bomb Squadron
www.500thbsq-B25s.com
345th Bomb Group
www.345thbombgroup.org

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

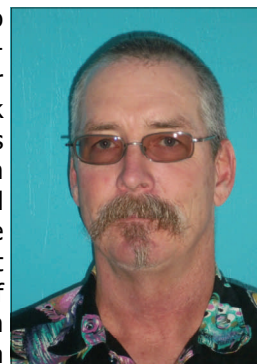
By Kelly McNichols

Many of you may not know that I have a farming operation in Kansas. Several years ago I invested in global positioning equipment which records data, controls functions in the field and drives various pieces of equipment. The GPS I use is actually de-tuned military technology. It's the same technology which allows bombs to be dropped down a smokestack. The implement is able to steer itself with offline accuracy of three to six inches. Consider this, in a field of 160 acres measuring one half mile by one half mile square, the machine can be off a theoretical line by six inches traveling at ten miles per hour. More expensive systems have a resolution of less than one inch. Most of the time the GPS is calculating its position by using information from 12 different satellites.

Even though I don't have this, two companies are marketing guidance systems in which the operator in one vehicle, in this instance a combine harvester, can assume driving control over a secondary vehicle. It is possible to control the tractor and grain cart within the field and change the speed and distance from the combine. Being able to do this allows the operator to position the tractor and grain cart in the ideal position to unload on the go into the cart. One company can do this without a person in the tractor at all. The combine can unload the grain into an unmanned tractor and grain cart while moving at a speed of three to five miles per hour. I hope the farmer has good liability insurance because no person is in the cab operating the other vehicle.

Some time back, I had a conversation with 500th BS member Bud "Big Boy" Rouse. Bud was a P-38 pilot with the 33rd FG 58th FS in Burma. He described one mission in which he was separated from the rest of the planes

and was forced to return to base by himself. If I remember correctly, it was dark or nearly so. He was also running low on fuel. He described the helpless feeling he had in knowing that he was at the end of his rope. Landing in the jungles of Burma was not a good option. Jim Stewart, Bud's son-in-law, filled me in on the story.



Kelly McNichols

Bud took off in a group of sixteen P-38s flying on a mission to Rangoon. Evidently his gyros were not operating correctly before takeoff, but not wanting to miss the mission and knowing there were other competent pilots involved, he went anyway. He figured that if he got into trouble he would just stay on the wing of another plane. The weather got bad and Bud became separated from the rest of the flight. He had a compass, so he flew a heading towards the Bay of Bengal. When he dropped through the clouds, it took a while before the bay was visible. He heard a faint radio signal from his direction finder and flew in that direction. It was dark when he found the base. As he landed, Bud ran out of fuel. He had cut it that close.

Soybean harvest several years ago, I found myself in a situation which reminded me of navigation problems that aircraft face. I was harvesting at night with a strong northerly wind. Every time I headed south, I lost all reference points since I could see nothing because of the dust. It was like looking in a tunnel twenty or so feet ahead. That was all I could see. I had my GPS navigation which

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Rough Raiders Newsletter
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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

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mapped where I had been in the field. Even though I couldn't see beyond a few feet ahead, I knew exactly where in the field I was because of the map. Not being able to physically see in the darkness wasn't a problem.

Contrast this to events in the SWPA during WWII. It is difficult for me to imagine flying while lost over water or in bad weather attempting to find the way back to base. I spoke with 500th BS navigators Harry Chused and Irv Horwitz and asked each how they found the way home if lost. Both men told me the same thing. They didn't get lost. They knew where they were at all times by dead reckoning and charting position with known compass headings based on the speed and direction of the plane. They could look at the movement of the waves and make course corrections for the winds. This information amazes me even more. There would have been times in combat when charting one's position would have been extremely difficult. Irv mentioned that when he was going down on 1/12/45 with Lynn Daker in #586 off Cadiz, he knew exactly where the plane was because Lynn needed that information to relay to the PBYs. I guess the Army did a good job picking its navigators because all were rescued except Desire Chatigny.

Pilot Bill Zimmerman told me that he didn't always have a navigator on board. He said the secret was not to get separated from the rest of the flight since the squadron navigator would be in the lead plane. Undoubtedly there would have been instances in which this would have been impossible to stay with the flight. I'm sure we rarely heard again from these planes which suffered mechanical damage or were lost without a navigator.

Rex Reheis told me that if lost, a pilot would turn ninety degrees from the direction of travel and fly for a set time. He would again turn ninety degrees and fly the same amount of time, doing this again and again. He said that chances were that you would see something recognizable. Buzz Wagner said that this was called the square box search. He indicated that you would fly what ever heading, say North for two minutes, East for two minutes, South for two and so on. If you didn't see something familiar, one would do the same thing for three minutes on each leg. He also mentioned that fuel was nearly always short so the opportunity to do this was limited.

I continue to be amazed at the exploits of these young men in WWII who were in their late teens and early twenties. Many have told me that at that age, they thought they were untouchable-that they would live forever. Looking around at the empty bunks I wonder if they thought their time would be next. Not all were untouchable.

NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS

Thank you to all who contribute to the Rough Raider. Because of all of your wonderful stories and pictures our newsletter is testimony to the legacy of all the great men and women who have sacrificed to make the 500th Bomb Squadron what it was and is today.

Please keep the articles and pictures coming to dylanwag@earthlink.net. We will be mailing the Rough Raider quarterly and it can be viewed and downloaded online at www.500thbsq-B25s.com.

BIAK

By *W.C. Zimmerman*

One time while on Biak, I was told to take the "Fat Cat" down to Townsville for fresh vegetables. I was told to check in with a certain individual who would arrange for the goodies and advise me when the load was ready to return.

I had never been to Townsville and did not know my way around. I did learn that the local pub got a beer allotment once each day, and a small amount it was. When the beer was gone the place was closed until the next day to open at a certain hour. I also learned that if a "Yank" went to the back door before the magic hour, the owner would let you in to get a "Head Start". I tried it and it worked. When the doors opened, the locals gave me a strange look but not a word of complaint.

When I was ready to depart, a Navy officer approached and inquired of my destination. When told it was Biak, he asked if I would take him along. The answer was, "Sure, hop aboard". The Lt. was stationed at Biak and was an "Executive Officer" on a PT boat and a bit late on returning to duty.

After landing the Lt. got my name and stated some day he would invite me down to his area for a meal.

Some days later I was in our tent (not assigned for flying) when someone told me a Navy guy was looking for me. It was my Navy friend who wanted to know if I was free to go with him for dinner. His "Mess Hall" was a Quonset hut, with white table cloth, napkins, china, silverware, the works. I don't remember what I had to eat, but I do remember there were several choices for the entrée and ice cream for dessert. All served by a steward in a white jacket. I made up my mind that if I was in another war I would join the Navy.

After dinner they took me on a PT boat and gave me a tour, asked if I

wanted a ride and I agreed, When they cleared the docks into open water, they opened the throttles and she bounced like a wild bronco. I had nothing to hang onto so I lay flat on the deck with my arms outstretched. The sailors were having a gay old time laughing at my discomfort. I figured it was a small price to pay for their entertainment after showing me a special fine evening.

500th OFFICERS CLUB FUND PARTY

By *Bergie Ritscher*

The Purpose of the mission was to dispose of the sum of money that had accumulated over the life of the 500th Bomb Squadron in the form of Officer Club Dues. The amount I believe was something like \$2500.00 According to existing regulations, any unspent funds that existed after a unit was disbanded, would have to be turned over to the Federal Government. Squadron Commander Paukovich, being an enterprising C.O., wouldn't allow that to happen. Marvin and I were sent to purchase as much booze and refreshments that the money would buy for a big Squadron prayer meeting. By a stroke of luck, a home town friend of mine (Herb Bubs Stohr) was stationed at Nickols Field near Manila and I looked him up and we spent some time together while at our rest home on Dewey Blvd. Herb was assigned to an Aviation Engineering outfit as a medic and was pretty well acquainted with Manila. In fact he was our guide on a couple of night sight seeing trips around town. I believe Harry Meyer and Roger Lovett may have been along. In fact, I believe Harry may have even been the driver of the squadron weapons carrier on occasion.

Bubs came up to Clark and spent a couple of days with us up there. While he was there, I was scheduled for a courier flight to 5th Bomber Command on Mindoro and got permission to take Bubs along. So when the Officer Club Dues money got threatened I felt that Bubs owed the

500th something and figured that with his position and knowledge of Manila he might be able to help us solve our dilemma.

With his knowledge of the town and perhaps access to some in house medicinal tonic and the use of his unit's jeep we were able to acquire enough booze to save the Officers Club Dues Fund. In order to deplete the Dues Fund we had to rely on a certain amount of Filipino Black Label. Upon return to le Shima there was a final Prayer Meeting that would top them all. All of our acquisitions were mixed together in a large kettle along with ample ice and whatever mix was available to make a Prayer Meeting never to be duplicated again.

Doc Fluery held office hours the next day. The crushed coral walkways were tough on the knees and elbows. All a small price to pay for saving the 500th Officers Club Funds from being confiscated.

To all the 500th Officers that contributed to The Officers Club Fund and weren't to the Final Prayer Meeting from all of us that were at the Final Meeting that didn't contribute to the fund. HERE'S A BELATED "CHEERS"

HEADQUARTERS
345TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (M) AAF
APO 745

22 October 1945

TRAVEL ORDERS)
NUMBER...26)

1. The following are placed on TDY at APO 75 for the purpose of carrying out orders of the Commanding Officer and will proceed via all ports en route to proper station, en route, travel by all available means.

1st Lt. HARVIN B. BESCH O-2127690
1st Lt. BERGIE A. RITSCHER O-766954

By order of Colonel DOOLITTLE:

GURVIS R. BRIDGEMAN,
Captain, Air Corps,
Adjutant.

OFFICIAL:

[Signature]
GURVIS R. BRIDGEMAN,
Captain, Air Corps,
Adjutant.

Here is copy of the 345th Bomb Group Travel Order 326 dated 22 October 1945 placing 1st Lt. Maarvin Besch and 1st Lt Bergie Ritscher on TDY to APO #75 (Manila P.I.) by military Aircraft to carry out orders of the Commanding Officer (Col. Doolittle 345th Bomb Group)



DIRECTORY UPDATE

By Harlan Hatfield

NEW EMAIL ADDRESSES:

Robert G Gerhardt is now : joan-robt@roadrunner.com

Charles "Bud" Gilmore is now : budg588@gmail.com

David Hughes is now : drtekni-cal@gmail.com

Sherry Fritzshall is now : sf.in.kcmo@gmail.com

Marcia Wysocky is now : pollockwysocky@gmail.com

PHONE NUMBER CHANGES:

Marcia Wysocky now only has a cell phone # is 1-920-209-3993

ADDRESS CHANGE:

Anne Luciano requested her address be changed back to: 190 Stone St., Maywood, NJ 12527 Phone is the same - 201-845-6488. She is a very lonely widow and would enjoy a phone call from any members who knew or met Pete at the conventions.

Esther J. Murphy new address is :
3000 39th Ave. Apt 101
Columbus NE 68501-2244

REMOVE:

Maxine Hagest Goodell passed away on 21 Dec., 2011

Mary Jane O'Brien Mail returned undeliverable no phone # no email available

Donna Tredway passed away on 12 Jun. 2007, one year after Bruce

NAME CORRECTION:

Wrong name was listed. Under New members Reheis John should be changed to Cady John.

DEATHS

Richard L. Pease passed away on Jan. 8th, 2012 His wife Gladys is now an HON/LIFE member.

VERNON SAWYER'S LEGACY

By Don Wagner

Prologue

Vernon Sawyer was a pilot in the 500th the last year of combat. Upon his return stateside he left the service and attended the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill where he majored in Urban Redevelopment and City Planning. Upon graduation he joined the city staff of Charlotte, NC. The following from the December 11, 1984 edition of The Charlotte Times gives him credit for being the leader in rebuilding downtown Charlotte. The following are excerpts from that article:

The detailed 25- year work history of Vernon L. Sawyer will be printed elsewhere before the city's veteran redevelopment official retires at the end of this month. Here, a few thoughts about the man, and his work to which he devoted his professional lifetime.

In the years Mr. Sawyer headed the city's redevelopment effort, he was a calm, earnest representative of a humane city using draconian means, and hamstrung by inhumane regulations, to achieve incompatible goals. The public commotion over urban renewal was expectable, but was still hard, terribly hard, on Mr. Sawyer. As point man for the city, he carried a heavy personal load for many years. Through it all, Mr. Sawyer remained "a true gentleman and one of the most genteel public officials" to anyone who had the opportunity to deal with him. It is natural for citizens and the city alike now to recall the successes, it was equally natural at the time for people who considered themselves pawns in the larger process to react angrily, and to identify all problems and frustrations with the lead man.

Mr. Sawyer, the lead man, absorbed most of that with equanimity. He remained open, and accessible. He helped ease the transition from slum-clearance ethic built on bulldozing entire neighborhoods to a renewal

emphasis built on far more substantive participation from resident citizens. Mr. Sawyer put great personal energies into making the system work, for individuals, and for the city.

One part of the renewal story is about law suits and restraining orders; court efforts to prod the city into making good on its promises that citizens forced to move from one squalid housing situation would not merely move into another squalid situation. Another part of the renewal story is about black families whose relocation checks became down payments on their first owned homes, and tickets into the emerging black middle class. That's a hard story to tell, but one of urban renewals last legacies. It is one in which we Hope Mr. Sawyer takes pride.

The city's downtown face has been recast, and Vernon Sawyer helped bring that about. City Council members could attach his name to a piece of today's brick-and-mortar. Better that they establish a self-sustaining emergency housing assistance program in his name that the upgrading of housing conditions to which Mr. Sawyer dedicated his life might continue.

Afterword

"Verne" Sawyer lives with his son "Rich" in a retirement community villa in Virginia Beach, VA. He's ever the smiling soft-spoken gentleman, and I'm proud to call him my friend. He and his son have attended my B-25 (strafer version) presentations in April each year at the Military Aviation Museum, in Virginia Beach. It is always my pleasure to introduce him to the audience as one of my old combat cohorts, and pleased at the audience's applause and acknowledgment of his WWII service. From Charlotte's tribute to him, it's obvious his dedicated service to his fellow citizens continued at the highest order in his after military career.

WHISPERS FROM THE SHADOWS

By Terry Weisshaar

Seventy years ago young men trained to go to war in the Southwest Pacific. Most made it back home. Others did not return and never got the chance to share their stories. Many never even had a marked grave. Their families never forgot them and never completely recovered from their loss. These men whisper from the past through letters home and diaries. This is a short account of the experiences of airmen and one airplane that did not make it home from the Southwest Pacific. This account is made possible by letters from Rowland Fowler to his sister Edna (Edna Goering is a member of the Association and kindly allowed publication of Rowland's letters) and diary entries from a diary kept by Jesse Shock.

Three squadrons of the 38th Bombardment Group (M) from Durand staged through Dobodura to join the 345th Group in a strike against Lorengau, shipping, and the Momote air-drome on 25 January (1944). Antiaircraft fire, although described as generally light and inaccurate, destroyed one B-25 over Salami Plantation, another over Lorengau, and crippled a third which made a water landing south of Manus. (U.S. Fifth Air Force History)

The B-25 destroyed over Salami Plan-



Dittum-Dattum's original crew in early 1943 shortly before leaving the United States. Left to right: Lt. Ross Hinchman, Lt. John Duggins, Lt. John McLean, Staff Sgt. Jesse Shock, Staff Sgt. Roland Fowler, Staff Sgt. George Culver. Only Hinchman, Shock and Culver survived the war.

tation was A/P 41-00312, an airplane called Dittum-Dattum II. All six crewmen on board were killed. Their remains were never recovered. Dittum-Dattum was one of "Three Little Fishes," ("Boom-Boom Dittum-Dattum, and Whattam-choo") that comprised Flight C of the 500th Bomb Squadron of the 345th Bomb Group of the 5th Army Air Force.

Roland Fowler, the original gunner on Dittum-Dattum, described the origin of his airplane's name in a letter to his sister Edna April 23, 1943. "Here are the names: "Boom-Boom," the flight leader's plane; "Dittum-Dattum," our plane; "Whattum Chew," the third. Get it? – The Three Little Fishes. Corny? We're fighting proud of the names."

Wilmer Rowland Fowler was known to his friends, affectionately, as "Squirrel." Roland wrote to his sister Edna frequently; his letters provide insights into the crew's experiences and thoughts as it prepared for war in the Pacific.

August 1, 1942 – Roland is in training at Tyndall Field, Florida and writes: "I am returning the check to home in the envelope with this epistle. I, being in the desert, am unable to find any place that will cash it. I go to Panama City each Saturday evening, but no store there will cash any check for a soldier. Patriotic Floridians, eh what? The post exchange accepts no checks either, even though I had mine ok'd by the commanding officer."

August 16, 1942, again from Tyndall, Roland comments on what it is like to be a soldier – "I, supposedly a college intellectual, one who has lived rather highly, one who has led an easy decent life, one who has never condescended very much – I have cleaned toilets, scrubbed floors, washed unpleasantly dirty handkerchiefs, slept on one sheet for several weeks, welcomed a half hour break in order to grab a

little rest, rubbed elbows with busloads of drunks, and taken a verbal lashing from inferior superiors. You've got to be able to mingle with the highest and the lowest. ... The good and the bad mix in the army."

Mike Freesty, who served as the gunner on *Rita's Wagon* in the 500th, would later marry Roland's sister, Edna. On December 7, 1942 their good friend S/Sgt. Bill Gorman, a gunner, was killed in a training accident nine miles southeast of Columbia Army Air Base. Gorman was one of seven crewmen on B-25 #41-13286 killed when the "airplane disintegrated in flight, probably due to excessive loadings caused by an abrupt pull out at high speed."

Rowland Fowler was chosen to escort Bill Gorman's body back to his home in Hillsborough, New Hampshire. Rowland sent Mike Freesty a postcard from Boston on December 9, 1942. "Dear Mike – I have an hour layover here. I'll be in Bill Gorman's hometown by 2400. I'm scared sh—less. The trip was ok, but I kept thinking of having to meet Bill's Mother. See you soon. – Squirrel"

Training accidents were not unusual. Roland wrote to his sister in January 1943: "Half an hour after I got out of the bomber (after a training flight), the plane took six men to death in the Atlantic. The instructor, however, lived through the crash and will recover. I had left two sweaters in the plane by mistake and have, as a result, lost them; but, of course, that's very trivial compared to the lives lost. Another ship was lost at Columbia, too. The 499th Bomb Squadron lost this one. Also, a plane flying from Columbia to Myrtle Beach crashed. Naturally in each of the latter cases, everyone was killed."

In April 1943 the 500th prepared for its move to the Pacific. From Walterboro, South Carolina, on April 3, 1943, Roland wrote to Edna, "I'm

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WHISPERS FROM THE SHADOWS

(Continued from page 5)

sending a photograph home of my crew. The co-pilot (Ross Hinchman) is much more handsome than he photographs. I'm not in my flying fatigues. What do you think of the pilot? This is the fightin'est bomber crew in the world, barring none."

Within a few months, half of the "fightin'est bomber crew in the world" would be dead. Dittum-Dattum I would not even make it to the war. On the other hand, during the next few months a new airplane, Dittum-Dattum II, and its crew would carry the war to the Japanese at places like Salamaua, Wewak, Borum, Rabaul and finally, Momote

Part II of **Whispers From The Shadows** will appear the Summer Issue of the Rough Raider.

GENE COLE

Gene Cole believes that he is the only Pearl Harbor Survivor to have served as a member of the 345th Bomb Group. If this claim is not correct, Gene would definitely like to know of anyone who may be able to challenge. Stationed at Bellows Field east of Honolulu with the 86th Observation Squadron the morning of December 7, 1941, Gene, along with fellow airmen had their breakfast interrupted. There was grumbling of how the Navy was playing games that morning. The game changed when several Japanese planes strafed the airfield. After taking cover, Gene's first thought as Crew Chief of the North American O-47As stationed there, was to get the planes ready. While running to the flight line, he thought that might not be the best plan. A squadron of P-40s from Wheeler happened to be at Bellows training. Four of the planes attempted to take off to meet the Japanese. All four were shot down killing two pilots. Two went in the nearby bay and were rescued later.

Gene trained as an aircraft mechanic at Chanute Field near Chicago. Following his training, he was designated as an instructor. After a time, a sharp-eared sergeant overheard Gene complaining about being an instructor. The sergeant suggested that Gene volunteer for the Foreign Service. The non-com named Panama, Philippines and Hawaii as possible stations of service. Hawaii was selected and ten days later he had his orders to go there. Gene came to understand after the start of the War, that he was that close to going to the Philippines. Before leaving, Gene told his friends that he would come back as an Air Cadet. After sailing from San Francisco, he was in Hawaii about a week later.

Because of the War, the requirements to be a pilot became less stringent over time. Gene wanted to become eligible for appointment as an Aviation Cadet. Since he did not have the required two years of college credits, one could qualify by taking the College Equivalent written tests which he successfully completed in October 1941. Telex messages arrived in late November confirming the appointment and stating that orders would follow. Then came December 7, 1941, orders did not arrive until February 1942.

The next stop was OCS in Miami, Florida. Coincidentally Rex Reheis was in the same class but the two didn't meet at that time. He graduated as a Second Lieutenant and was sent to Columbia, South Carolina as the Maintenance Officer for the training squadron. It was during this time that he met several members of the 345th Bomb Group training in B-25s there. From Miami, it was on to Florence, South Carolina with the 450th Bomb Squadron training unit with A-20s and A-26s.

It was about this time that Gene volunteered to go to the Pacific. Along with about twenty other men, he reported to Utah for training for a special mission in the Pacific. When the unit arrived in New Guinea, the opportunity for the mission had passed. Gene never found what the mission

was. From there, he requested to be assigned to the 345th Bomb Group since he had some time with the B-25 and he knew some of the airmen. He had to find his own way to Nadzab then to Hollandia, following the 345th. When he arrived there, he was told the Group had moved the previous week to Biak.

At Biak, Gene finally caught up with Rex Reheis. From Biak, the 500th BS moved to Tacloban then to San Marcelino. The 345thBG then traveled to Clark Field and finally Ie Shima when the war ended. Gene and Capt. Farnham Hessel were two maintenance officers assigned to the 500th Bomb Squadron to supervise the activities to keep the aircraft ready to meet the operating combat mission needs.

When the Japanese Betty Bombers left Ie Shima on the return trip from the Philippines, Gene was aboard the plane piloted by 500th BS Capt. Kenneth Waring. Stan Muniz was also on that flight. 499th BS Capt Vic Tatelman was co-pilot in the second B-25 piloted by Capt. Walter Naas in "Betty's Dream".

After the war was over, Brig. Gen. Clinton True, Commander 5th Bomber Command, requested that Gene and Capt. Frank McMullen be transferred to the Fifth Bomber Command. Both men were assigned duty to establish the command A-4 section for movement to Japan for basing near Tachikawa.

Gene returned to the States on the carrier USS Lexington arriving in Chicago by train in December 1945. His wife and brother met him at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois on the 24th. The trio negotiated icy roads and arrived his parents' home in Galena. Capt. Gene Cole remained in the service and retired as Lt. Col. in 1964. He then started a new career working for Rivera Motors Northwest, a Volkswagen, Porsche and Audi dealer serving the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Alaska. He retired in 1986.

Via phone conversation with Kelly Mc Nichols

MATTIE MAXINE GOODELL

By Conrad Keyes Jr.

DECEMBER 22, 2011
Roswell Daily Record-News Dept.

MATTIE MAXINE GOODELL
Mattie Maxine Green was a Jewel or Sweetheart in the Desert, depending on the actions taken by her every day of her 97 years. She was a wife to three different men with last names of Rideout, Hagest, and Goodell; and was just Aunt Max to many of her nephews and nieces and even Mom to her family "friends" who were raised in Albuquerque. Maxine was a member of the NM Hospital Auxillary and served for many years in those area hospitals.

Maxine, 97, joined the Lord, Wednesday, December 21, 2011, in Roswell at her last residence at La Villa following a stroke on Saturday night or Sunday morning of the second weekend before Christmas 2011. She was born in Tyler, Texas on November 14, 1914 and eventually became one of eight children to Barney Elbert Green, Sr. and Lucille Rushing Green.

She moved with her family to a New Mexico farm in East Grand Plains in 1924 and that family farmed there until 1937 when they moved to north of Artesia. The family farmed and owned the first dairy and creamery in the area. Maxine graduated from Roswell High School in 1931 and went to UNM for one year.

About 1938, she married "Scratchy" Rideout, who owned an automotive repair store in Artesia. He died when most of the nieces and nephews of Maxine's sisters and brothers were still quite young. He died in a small airplane near Hope, NM while hunting coyotes from the air.

Around 1957, she married Charlie M. Hagest Hagest and they lived in Las Vegas and Albuquerque and Charlie became the Owner and Officer of Rio Grande Title Company in the largest city in the state. Charlie died on April 18, 1982 at the Anna Kaseman Hospi-

tal in Albuquerque and is buried in Fairview Park Crematory. Maxine is an Honorary Life Member of the 500th Bomb Squadron Association from this marriage and Charlie was one of the "Rough Raiders".

On December 19, 1983, she married Lawrence Goodell at Ruidoso, NM and they lived on North Kentucky in Roswell until Larry died and was buried at South Park Cemetery in 2004. Larry was owner of an Insurance business and a NM State Representative from Roswell.

Maxine was preceded in death by her parents, two brothers – Donald at birth and Harold, and her sisters – Christine Tomlinson, Tommie Pirtle, and Billie Mays. Her living sister is Ada Joesphine (Jodie) Keyes of Ruidoso, and her living brother of Hagerman is Barney E. Green, Jr. Her nieces & nephews, and family friends of her & Charlie, and Lawrence's son; along with their current spouses (Max & Polly Tomlinson, Conrad Jr. & Tywilla Keyes, Nancy & Pete Pauley, Barney & Mary Mays, Ginger & Dick Lord, Harold & Gamba Green, Pam Angel, Gay & Ken Hirst; Maria and deceased husband Jorge de la Torre; and Larry Jr. & Lenore Goodell) are still alive and Maxine called each one of them throughout her quite active life at Villa del Rey for over 7 years and even while living at La Villa during the past 6 months.

A memorial service was held at LaGrone Funeral Chapel for family at 10:30 a.m., Wednesday, December 28, 2011, followed by a graveside service at South Park Cemetery, on the same day before Maxine will be buried with her second husband, Charlie, at the NM National Cemetery in Santa Fe at some later date.

Memorial contributions may be made to American Cancer Society, Vista Care Hospice, or First Methodist Church or to a favorite charity or university foundation.

Conrad Keyes Jr., U.S. Army
(retired from Reserves),
POA for Maxine Goodell,

IN MEMORIAM

Mattie Maxine Goodell
December 21, 2011 New Mexico

Richard L. Pease Jan. 8 2012
Medina New York

Joseph W. Symonds Jan. 27, 2012,
Defiance, Ohio

John R. Atwood Jan. 29, 2012

The 500th Association Family sends sincere condolences to the Goodell, Pease, Symonds and Atwood families and friends.

MILITARY AVIATION MUSEUM

Virginia Beach, Virginia.

**The Military Aviation Museum
presents
TWIN ENGINE THUNDER !!!**

**Come hear the story of the
Pilots and B-25s of the 500th
Bomb Squadron
345th Bomb Group of WWII**

**Saturday, April 14th, 2012 at
11:00 a.m.**

**The Military Aviation Museum is
pleased to announce:**

**A seminar hosted by WWII B-25
combat pilot
Col. Don "Buzz" Wagner USAF
(Ret)**

**THE EVENT INCLUDES A FLIGHT
DEMONSTRATION BY THE MILI-
TARY AVIATION**

Museum's B-25J "Wild Cargo"

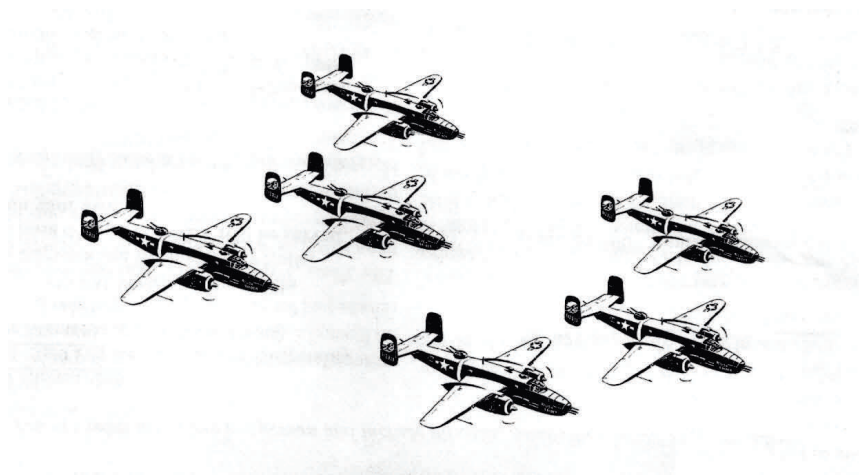
**Museum tickets may be pur-
chased for \$10.00 and include
admission to this special event**

500TH BOMB SQUADRON ASSOCIATION
6900 WEDDIGEN WAY
NORTH HIGHLANDS, CA 95660

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500TH BOMB SQUADRON

345TH BOMB GROUP/5TH AIR FORCE

UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE

11 NOVEMBER 1942-11 NOVEMBER 1945

NEW GUINEA•NORTHERN SOLOMONS•BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO•SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES•LUZON

WESTERN PACIFIC•CHINA•RYUKYUS•AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST JAPAN