

SAM!

STATELINE AREA MODELERS

DECEMBER 2018



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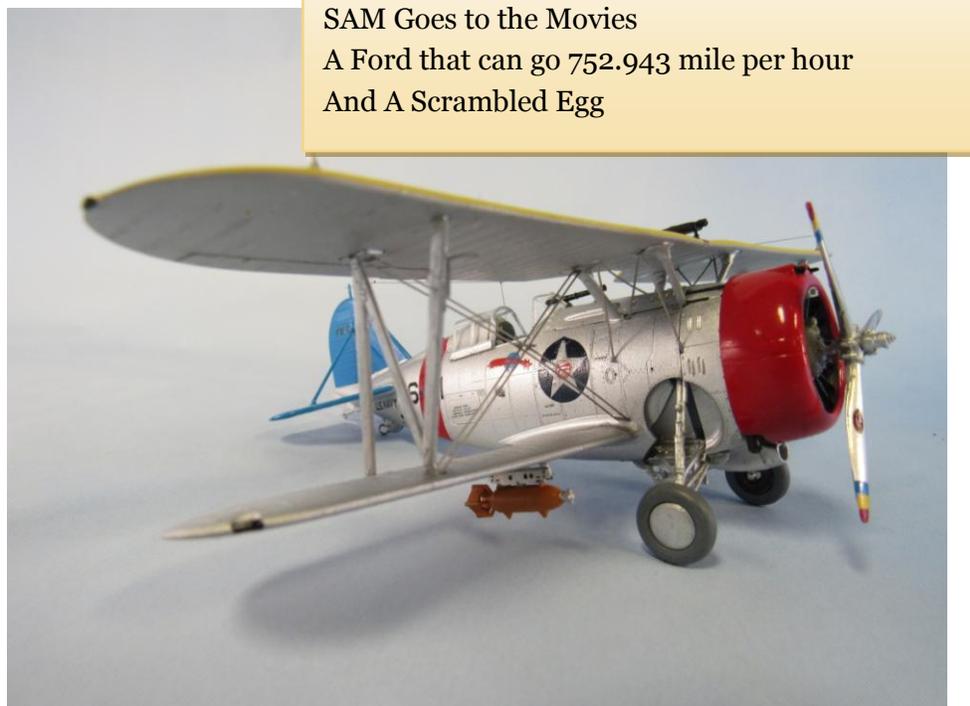
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*SAM meets at 7:00 p.m.
on the third Friday of
each month at the
Durand Methodist
Church,
102 East Main Street,
Durand, Illinois.
Enter at the east door.
Come visit us!*



In this issue

F-84 Wing Walkers and Marilyn Monroe
1970s ABC television and the Aleutian Campaign
Chrysler finds the fuel for Time Travel Machines
SAM Goes to the Movies
A Ford that can go 752.943 mile per hour
And A Scrambled Egg



Art Giovannoni's British Bren Carrier.

Art said he did this kit for my benefit! Which was to do more figures! Art said he had to reposition the arms so they would fit correct and cut off the thumb of the gunner so he would naturally hold the gun. After all the arms were in place he sprayed the figures with British Brown, using sprue attached to the bottom of the figures as paint holders. He then started on the shoes, spats, vest, put the helmets on and then did the flesh. He said he gives the soldiers who served in these vehicles a lot of credit as there was very thin armor. Art finally put together the vignette to display the model.

When Art talked about the soldiers it encouraged me to find one of their stories. Bob France served in the British Army and wrote of his experience in World War II that also included the Bren Carrier on the BBC archive of World War II memories, *WW2 People's War* and his account reminds us of the everyperson that served.

As years go by, you have more time to reflect on your life and the things you wish you had done and those you regret. One thing I wish I had done was to talk to my Pop, my Father, about his time in the First World War, instead of picking up snippets of happenings and experiences. So, if anyone is interested, here are some "snippets" from my war.....

When the Second World War started on 3rd September 1939, I was 13 years-of-age, well nearly 14, and I thought the war was for grown-ups and not for me. When the sirens sounded on that Sunday, my mother, Pop and Sister, Frances, and I made our way to the Anderson Shelter that my Pop and I had helped to build, it was a false alarm.

A year or so after that, my Pop joined the Home Guard and as I was now 15, he suggested I also joined, so I did. My first duty was to be shown how to load and fire the LE-Enfield rifle. I was then told to guard the reservoir at Tufnell Park, in North London. Many years later when I was on guard in Germany, I remembered that night and wondered how as a 15-year-old I would have acted if a German Paratrooper had landed beside me. My pants would have been the same colour as my uniform!

We lived in North London and for some considerable time little happened, apart from the London Blitz of course. Most of us would go down to the underground to sleep, and in the morning from a bridge, you could see the docks on fire. One night I remember going to our garden shelter and it was on that night the bombs dropped around us, one came so close that I threw myself on top of my Mother; she held me tight, but said nothing. The bomb landed on a garage at the top of our garden. It must have been 10 years later that she talked about the whistling bomb and said that she thought I was a brave lad that night.

When I was 17 most of my friends were older than me and had been called up to the Navy and the Air Force. Knowing I was next to go, I volunteered for the Navy. It was 1943 and the war in North Africa was over. As I was 18, and before I had a chance to get into the Navy, I got called up to the Army. My Pop wrote to Churchill and explained that it was a great mistake. The reply came from the Ministry telling me I was in the Army.



I went to Brentwood in Essex for Square Bashing, as it was then known, then to Chester where I was trained to fire a Mortar bomb, how to drive a Bren Gun Carrier, how to drive a ten-ton truck, how to assemble and fire a machine gun, how to ride a motor cycle over the Welsh hills and learning how to run and walk ten miles in two hours with a 56 lb pack on your back!

We were then sent to the Isle of Anglesey on manoeuvres. This was all for D-Day although I didn't know it at the time. I was then transferred to the Middlesex Regiment in the 51st Highlander Division, attached to the Black Watch and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. These two Scottish infantry regiments would call upon us when they needed machine guns to support their attacks. We then went South somewhere between Southampton and Portsmouth ports, put on what I thought were big ships and across the water nearer the beach we were transferred to landing craft and put on shore, then named "Sword". The Sword Beach was swarming with troops, although we were only concerned with our own company troops and the objective we were told to make for. We carried our machine guns and assembled them, alongside the Black Watch, and gave them covering fire. We moved along the beach inland and waited for the Bren Gun Carriers to arrive. These Carriers enabled us to secure some protection when manning the guns.



As we got into the hinterland I remember seeing my first French woman; she was all in black. I said hello and she spat on the ground. I said to our Lieutenant that was nice and he said we just shelled her farmhouse! The advance was slow and it took several weeks before we reached Caen. The town was completely devastated. One chap said God help France if it's all going to be like that. It is said that some 20,000 French people got killed during that period. The Falaise Gap was the next battle when we joined up with the Americans.

This was probably the first turning point since the D-Day landing. The encirclement by the British and American armies captured more than 100,000 Germans, and they say that just as many escaped capture to fight another day.

One of the exciting times was when we liberated Bruxelles. We drove our Bren Gun Carrier through the town and their lovely main square. The town was untouched and the people were going crazy. Unfortunately we didn't stay. So the excitement did not last.

The next move was The Battle of the Bulge and the 51st Division was sent to the Ardennes, near Liege. It was December and it was bitterly cold and heavy snow. Our overcoats were taken from us, the reason was that if we got too warm we would fall asleep. I would like to know the idiot who made that order!

We were promised tank suits but they never arrived. One night we took shelter in a chateau and proceeded to get shelled. The blast threw several of us off the ground. Fortunately we found plenty of good wine in the cellar to calm us down!

Our company got cut off from our Division and we made our way to some Americans who not only gave us blankets, but something I had never seen before. It was a whole chicken in a can. We then joined the Black Watch and took a little town called La Roche au Ardennes (I visited this town some 60 years later and the names of several men from the Middlesex and Black Watch were found in the museum. Mine has now been added).



In Holland we took a town called Shertogen Bosch and I went to a local barber for a hair cut. Two days later we were pushed out of the town. After a further two days we were back. The barber asked us if we were there to stay! His reason for asking? When we first arrived, the partisans rounded up women who collaborated with the Germans and shaved their heads. When we returned, many women were wearing head scarves.

After entering and leaving these European countries, in your own mind you formed an opinion of the people and their respective countries; we seemed to form an affinity for the Dutch. Perhaps it was because they spoke English which helped with the communication problem!

Also, by consensus of opinion, the Dutch women appeared to be more passionate and good lovers, or so I was reliably informed by all those who had personal experience!

The down side of Holland was that every time you dug a trench, water seemed to rise up from the ground. We needed to take bales of straw from the farm yards to soak up the water. Most unpleasant when trying to snatch a few hours of sleep.

At this stage, our despatch rider got killed so I was told as I was the only one who could ride a motor cycle, I became the Company's despatch rider. Around this time we were due to get seven days' leave. One of my friends, whose name was Butch, got married during his leave and we came back together.

One day shortly after our return, Butch and I went to our cook to get our tiffin in our mess tins. Butch walked in one direction and I in another. A shell came over and killed Butch, he was 19. Every 11th November, he's the one soldier I always remember.



We were now near the German Border and our machine guns were set up ready for an attack the following morning. During the night a German patrol entered our lines. The patrol took five of us prisoners. Returning to the German lines we fortunately encountered a Black Watch patrol. After a scuffle, the Germans fled into a forest. With our hands still on our heads, the Lieutenant from the Black Watch made us identify ourselves and took us back to our lines. That young Lieutenant is someone else I will never forget for different reasons.

Once into Germany we found many of the German prisoners very young and very old. We were dug in trenches just outside a small forest and were told that a number of Germans were in the forest. One of our Sergeants was in a trench, looked up open-mouthed to the two young Germans standing before him, one fired and the bullet went through his mouth and out through his cheek. Two of our chaps went after the Germans, and made sure they never shot anyone else. Our Sargeant went off to hospital and returned to us many weeks later.

The next move was to cross the Rhine and then we were between Arnhem and Nijmegen in the first amphibian vehicle I had ever been on. Once across the Rhine and established on the other side of the bank, Bailey Bridges were built and the tanks roared ahead. During this advance, riding my 500 BSA motor cycle, a shell burst not too far away and I had driven down a shell hole full of water. My old lovely BSA was done for. The REME replaced it with a 350 Matchless.

We advanced rapidly alongside sometimes The Black Watch and sometimes, The Scottish Highlanders. On many occasions, we would fire overhead of the infantry, in conjunction with artillery to soften their attack. We were taking prisoners so fast it was untrue. Soldiers were hiding in houses and on farms, dressed in civilian clothing, making out they were farm labourers. We advanced around towns such as Bremen and Bremerhaven, leaving other troops to occupy the towns. We eventually reached North Sea and settled in a little place called Coxhaven, a fishing village. It was there we were told that the war was finally over.

My thoughts were now to sit back and enjoy the benefits of victory. I was still only 19, going on 20 so I was not due for demob. The older soldiers stayed behind and I, with many more younger ones, was sent back to Belgium and were told we were going to Kentucky in America to train with the Americans, who would be the main force to invade Japan. As it was estimated that two million men would be lost, the terrible bombs were dropped and the war with Japan was over.

We were sent to Egypt to guard the Suez Canal. We camped in tents outside the Bitter Lakes; the nearest town was several miles away.



So, this is a synopsis of my war. I have left out all the good things that I experienced, I could not possibly tell you about them. They remain in my memory. You must remember it was a long war.

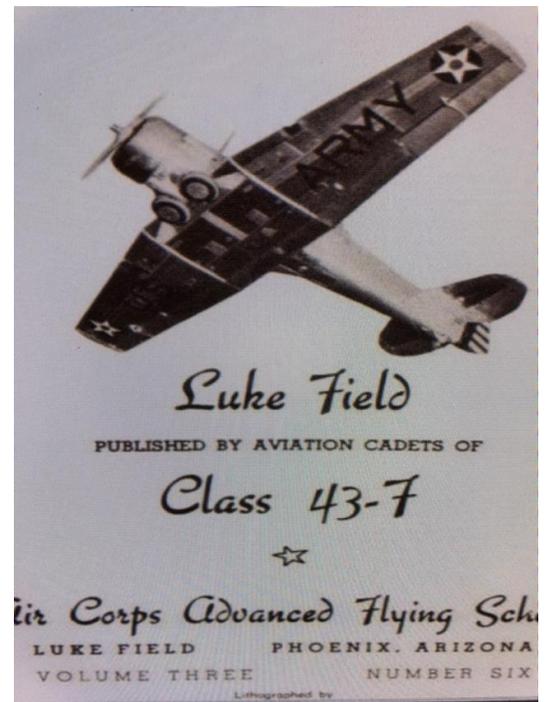
We all had different wars; some never left the first English posting; some had terrible wars, some were taken prisoners and suffered that way. In comparison to some, I had a good war, when I think of the ones who never came back.

So, that's my story, should it interest anyone and I must say, I have enjoyed reminiscing.

William George Henry France, *WW2 People's War*, May 2005. 'WW2 People's War is an online archive of wartime memories contributed by members of the public and gathered by the BBC. The archive can be found at bbc.co.uk/ww2peopleswar' and this extract is used by permission.



Dan Wagner's F-80 is a 70 year old model made of wood that Dan built in grade school. Dan flew the T-33 in basic and then the TF-80 in gunnery. Basic was at Lubbock Air Field (below T-33 at Lubbock in March, 1963) in Reese, Texas and Gunnery in the TF-80 at Luke Air Base in



Arizona and then checked out on the F-84. The F-84 didn't have a seat for the instructor, so he checked out with the instructor standing on the wing, the canopy open, with high speed runs down the runway! The second time he was on his own with only a chase plane (Left, Marilyn Monroe demonstrates standing and balance on the wing of the F-84).

Dan said the P-80 kit was essentially a block of wood that he would laboriously carve into the shape shown by the instructions.



Art's Kingfisher is in 1/72 scale and in the markings for a plane aboard the U.S.S. Mississippi (*Below right* OS2U's from the Mississippi circa 1940).



Thomas Moore (*Right*) worked extensively in television and was the Vice President of Programming for the ABC Network from 1956 to 1957 and President from 1957-1969. He was responsible for shows during this time such as *The Real McCoys*, *77 Sunset Strip*, *My Three Sons*, *The Flintstones*, *Ben Casey*, *The Untouchables*, *McHales Navy*, *Peyton Place*, *The Addams Family* and *Batman*.

But before this career Thomas flew Kingfishers in the miserable climate and conditions of the Aleutian Campaign and wrote of it in the article *North to Alaska* for the Kodiak Military History Museum in tribute to USNR LCDR Robert Ellis, an Alaskan bush pilot and owner of an Alaskan airline who, in 1941, was given 24 hours notice to report to Sitka, Alaska and establish a scouting squadron using the planes already there (which turned out to be only a Grumman JRF Goose and a brand new OS2U Kingfisher). But Moore writes "We got the message from Ellis: the Japanese were not our enemy; the Alaskan weather was. We were not going to be killed by the Japanese. If we died, it would be our own fault. The weather forecasts were inadequate at best. The charts were filled with errors. The planes had prewar instruments and radio equipment--no new features such as Loran and radar. The *Kingfisher* had no de-icing gear. We operated on wheels in the winter and floats in the summer, and each dry or wet configuration had its own problems. Tides of 24 feet were not uncommon, and the wind velocity could be deceptive, limitless and devastating. But the worst ogre of all was the fog, for it served no notice. It could form, descend, and blow in or out all within a matter of minutes. We soon learned that the threat of Aleutian weather had been understated."

Thomas writes of the primitive conditions for the plane, the real danger of death within 10 - 20 minutes in the water, buried caches of fuel reserves, dead reckoning navigation, holes in the bottom of the plane for rifles and bomb drops and more. And he also writes of the drudgery. "The routine at Cold Bay was similar to the one at Kodiak. We were there for the winter months, and the days were short on daylight. We had a hazy sunrise at 1100 and a hazy sunset at 1400. And that was on clear days. Clock time meant little. Mess hours were kept sacred, which meant breakfast and dinner were never held during daylight. The short periods of daylight made for longer sleeping hours, and the weather helped the cause. In checking the log, the longest period with no flights was from 6 February to 17 February 1944. We had a severe snowstorm, and it appeared that it would never end. The storm covered our huts, runways, jeeps and machinery. The wind could not be measured since all our wind instruments were blown away. The poker games ran long. In addition, we



were only 25 miles from the Pavlof Volcano, and the eruptions caused constant earthquakes. Unless the earthquake knocked someone down or banged the food off the table, we paid absolutely no attention to the tremors."



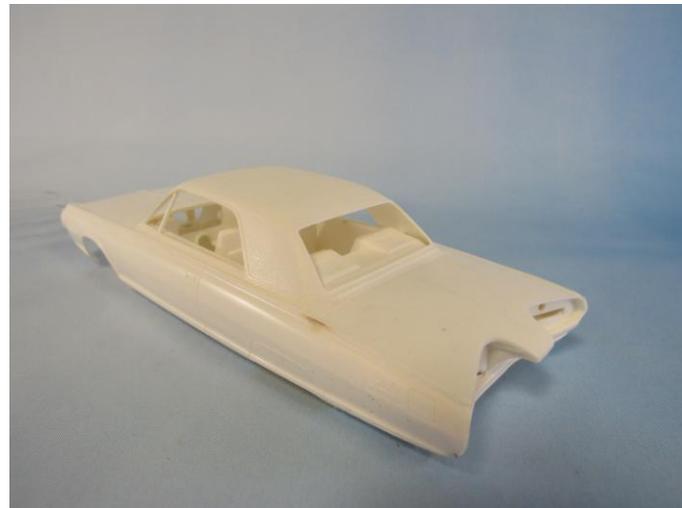
Thomas was awarded six Emmys and two Peabodys for broadcast excellence. After retiring from television he owned and operated a commercial wine vineyard at St. Helena, California.

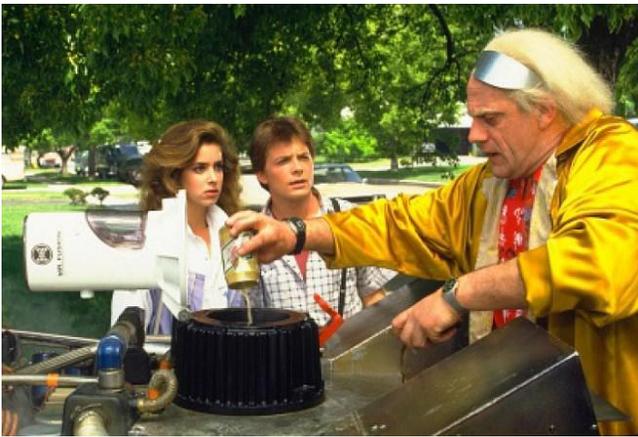
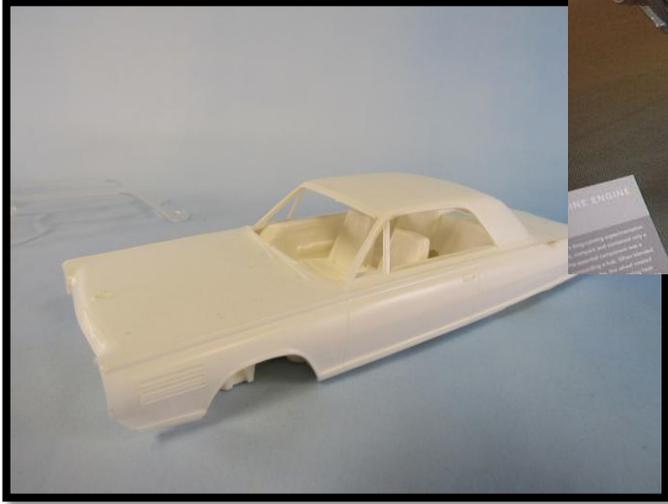
He passed away March 31, 2007. You can read his complete account at <http://www.kadiak.org/vs/vs70.html>

Ernie Petit brought in a replica of the first RC plane he had. And from his days of working in the industry he also had the kit of the 1972 Dodge Challenger--and was not sure if the mold even existed anymore.



...and then he showed us the 1963-1964 Chrysler Turbo car kit! Ernie owned the mold and had made mold shots!





The car's A-831 engine could operate on almost any type of fuel except leaded gas, and this included unleaded gas, diesel fuel, kerosene, jet fuel, furnace oil, soybean oil, perfume and reportedly tequila. By 2015 Dr. Emmett Brown was able to modify the plutonium powered time traveling machine in the 1983 DeLorean DMC-12 so that the 1.21 necessary gigawatts could also be created by such fuels as banana peels and beer (left) ostensibly to avoid repeating the previous problem of not being able to find readily available plutonium in 1955.



The challenges of powering time machines during jumps in the past was not unique to Marty and Doc Brown. When Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock travel to 1930 New York City in the Star Trek episode *City On The Edge Of Forever* they discover they must build a computer so that Mr. Spock can get the information from his tricorder of how Dr. McCoy changed the timeline in a way that let Germany win World War II. They get jobs as common laborers at the height of the Great Depression and Captain Kirk returns to their flat one afternoon to find Mr. Spock (left) almost complete with the computer except for one final piece.

Kirk: "I'm back, Spock. How's it going?"

Spock: "I'm glad you're back. **I must have some platinum.** A small block would be sufficient--about four or five pounds. I have determined that by passing certain circuits through it, using it as a duo-dynetic fuel core, I will be able.."

Kirk: "Mr. Spock, I hate to interrupt you, but these bags contain some assorted vegetables for you and a bologna and hard roll for me. They do not contain platinum or silver or gold. Nor are they likely to in the near future! May I remind you that nine-tenths of our combined salaries have already gone to fill your need for tubes and other equipment?"

We learn that not all time travel fuel can be affordable tequila.



If it Looks Like a Duck, Swims Like a Duck and Quacks Like a Duck Department

Art's J2F2 Duck was from the 1/48 Glencoe kit. Art said he had often heard that Glencoe kits were difficult and to avoid them--but he said this was a very enjoyable build for him.



Glencoe Models was created by Nick Argento (*left*, with parts of ship models) in 1987 with the intention of reissuing classic model kits from earlier years.



SAM Goes to the Movies: *The Late Night Double Feature Picture Show Department*

In our previous issue SAM wrote of the model helicopter that Colonel Blake presents to General

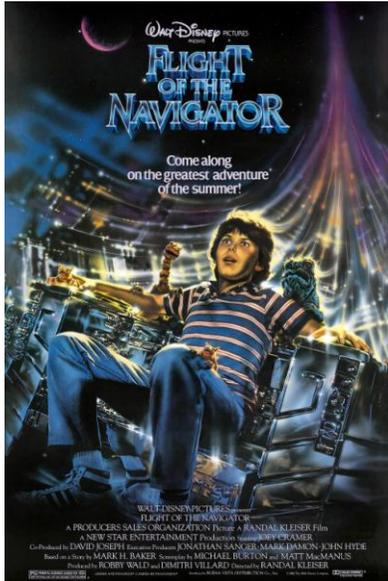
Hammond in the **1970 movie M*A*S*H**, but we couldn't locate a picture of it.

Fortunately *Turner Classic Movies* had the good foresight to play the movie at the end of November and we now have the image (*right*)!



Major Houlihan: (*About Hawkeye*) I wonder how such a degenerated person ever reached a position of authority in the Army Medical Corps.

Father Mulcahy: (*looks up from his bible*) He was drafted.



The 1986 film *Flight of the Navigator* (86% on *Rotten Tomatoes*) opens on **July 4, 1978**, when 12 year old David Freeman falls into a ravine while looking for his younger brother and loses consciousness. When he awakens, climbs out of the ravine and returns home, he discovers that it is now 1986 and while everyone has aged eight years, David is still 12 years old and it feels to him that he has only been away from home for just a few hours. His family show him the missing person posters they had put up in 1978, and they try to learn where David has been for the past eight years and why only a few hours have passed for him.

Earlier in the movie David is in his room with several of his models which includes the AMT 1/25 1959 Corvette model box (*right*).



The kit was originally released in 1960 with a



reissue in 1974 in the street rod series, so this kit would have been possible in a kid's room in 1978.

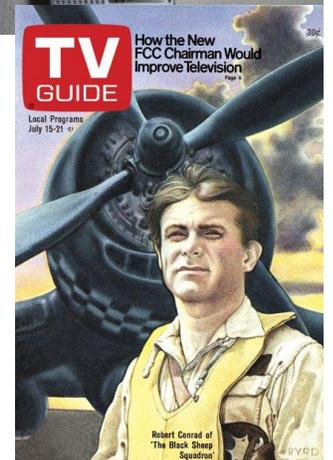


Also on July 4, 1978 Jimmy Carter was President, people were listening to Andy Gibb's *Shadow Dancing* on AM transistor radios, reading the newly released books *The Amityville Horror* and *War and Remembrance*, watching *Animal House*, *Superman*, *Grease* and *The Deer Hunter* at the movies.

The Bob Newhart Show, *Fantasy Island* and *Three's Company* were on TV. And they were playing the new *Space Invaders* video game at the arcades.



In David's house they would probably have the TV Guide for the upcoming week of July 15, 1978 (price .30) featuring Robert Conrad and his series *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, based on the story of Pappy Boyington and the VMF 214 squadron in the South Pacific during World War II. The Black Sheep squadron flew F4U Corsairs and the story of how they were cobbled together is interesting enough with the history of one of the planes in a past SAM newsletter. But also interesting was how they could obtain the Japanese Zero to be used in the series.



They couldn't get a Zero and they used the T-6 Texan which had a resemblance to the Zero. The T-6 was also used in the 1970 movie *Tora! Tora! Tora!* To depict Zeros.

Art brought in the SNJ, which was the T-6 in U.S. Navy service. The Zero used in the movie (left) was a heavily modified T-6 with the rear cockpit decked over and the canopy reconfigured to resemble the A6M. The engine cowling was reshaped and a different spinner added.



The windshield and upper deck were replaced, non-adjustable flaps added, slots cut in the fuselage side, wing tips reshaped using fibreglass, rudder profile changed and machine guns added.



The T-6 was also modified to depict the Nakajima B5N (Left). Source: <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=30583644>



Frank Gattolin's Skyray has a Ford base that references the moniker by which the F4D was known.

Frank saw his first one in 1956 while visiting an air base with his father, and the markings are as he would have his plane!

This is the 1/72 Hawk kit and Frank used rattle can paints with a final clear gloss.



Tom Crepeau's F3F is the Accurate Miniatures kit and he used a lot of photoetched parts. He also used two different aluminum colors to denote the fabric surfaces.



The unfortunate F3F-2 in the top right image is BuNo 0976, which is Tom's plane. The picture is after it's salvage on April 5, 1990 at the U.S. Naval Aviation Depot North Island, California. This F3F-2 was assigned to the U.S.



Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia on December 21, 1937 with a few more following assignments until January 17, 1938 when it was assigned to the VMF-2 at Naval Air Station in San Diego. On August 29, 1940 the plane was being piloted by 1st Lt. Bob Galer (*right*, later

Brigadier General) for carrier qualification with the U.S.S. Saratoga off the coast of California. On the landing approach Galer switched fuel tanks and the engine quit—he had to ditch and the plane sank 600 meters, where it lay until discovered in 1988. It was salvaged, restored and today is displayed at the National Museum of Aviation in Pensacola, Florida (*left*).



“The highly maneuverable Grumman F3F served as the Navy and Marine Corps' premier (and last biplane) fighter of the late 1930s. Used by both the Navy and Marine Corps, the stubby fighter served from 1936 to 1941. Only a handful remain, and the Museum's aircraft is of particular note—in August 1940, then-First Lieutenant Bob Galer, USMC, was forced to ditch this aircraft in the waters off San Diego. Discovered in 1988, the Museum's F3F was recovered and reunited with Galer, who in the interim had become a double ace during World War II, survived being shot down four times, received the Medal of Honor for heroism at Guadalcanal, and retired as a brigadier general. An inspection of the recovered aircraft during its extensive restoration by volunteers and staff at the San Diego Aerospace Museum verified that a valve malfunction had caused the mishap, absolving Galer of what had been presumed to be pilot error.” *Source: <http://www.navalaviationmuseum.org>*

I had to look up more on this aircraft and Bob Galer's fascinating story, which I found with his obituary...

Robert Galer, 91; Marine Pilot, Medal of Honor Winner
July 02, 2005 | Elaine Woo | Los AngelesTimes Staff Writer

Retired Brig. Gen. Robert E. Galer, who earned the Medal of Honor for daring aerial victories in the South Pacific as a Marine squadron leader during World War II, died of a stroke Monday at a Dallas hospital. He was 91.

During his command of the 244th Marine Fighter Squadron, Galer downed 11 enemy aircraft in 29 days over the Solomon Islands in 1942. He was shot down three times during World War II and once during the Korean War, surviving each time with little more than a few crushed ribs. Humble about his record, he often referred to himself as simply "the luckiest old Marine around."

His death leaves 121 living Medal of Honor recipients. Galer, a Seattle native, was an engineering major and All-American basketball player at the University of Washington. He joined the Marines right after obtaining his bachelor's degree in 1935. Inspired by his childhood hero, Charles Lindbergh, he became a naval aviator.



Maj Robert Galer with his ubiquitous baseball cap leans against his Wildcat. "Barbara Jane" was a high school sweetheart. (He didn't marry her.) The square panel directly beneath the aircraft's wing was an observational window.

Source:

https://www.nps.gov/parkhistory/online_books/npswapa/extContent/usmc/pcn-190-003122-00/sec11.htm

In December 1941, Galer was stationed at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, when Japanese planes swooped down on the American forces. With all their planes on fire, Galer and his fellow pilots were handed rifles and fired futilely at the incoming Zeros, the nimble Japanese fighter planes used in thousands of kamikaze attacks during the war. When the rest of his squadron was sent to Wake Island, he remained at Pearl Harbor as the only qualified landing signal officer in the Pacific. In August 1942, he was dispatched to Guadalcanal as commander of the 244th fighter squadron. Badly outnumbered, he and his team were engaged in ferocious aerial combat every day over the next month but scored an impressive record, in part because of a strategy Galer helped devise.

Galer's squadron flew the Grumman F4F Wildcat, which was outclassed by the superior Zeros in speed and agility. However, the American plane could match the Zero in a dive and had more firepower. Relying on Australian coast watchers who surreptitiously monitored the movements of Japanese forces, Galer ordered his Wildcats to climb to 28,000 feet and wait for word of approaching Zeros from a spotter watching the nearest Japanese airfield. "He'd call every morning and say something like, 'Twenty bombers and 20 fighters en route.' And we'd scramble," Galer recalled in a 2003 Dallas Morning News story.

The Marines learned to target the lead Japanese bomber because if it went down, the planes behind it would drop their bombs and flee. Nonetheless, American losses were high, with many pilots blacking out at the high altitude or taking hits in their slower, heavier Wildcats after completing their dive.

Galer once shot down three planes in less than a minute. In all, he was responsible for 11 of his squadron's 27 kills in September 1942. He shot down a total of 13 planes during the war. The last time he was shot down he swam for an hour to reach land. Islanders found him in a heap on the beach, put him in an outrigger canoe and returned him to a Marine outpost on Tulagi. He reached his base the next day in time to halt his colleagues' preparations for his memorial service.

Galer was awarded the Medal of Honor by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on March 24, 1943. Afterward, he was grounded because his superiors did not want to risk the life of a Medal of Honor recipient. Although he wanted to fly missions, he instead trained spotters who worked with ground units to help Marine pilots find targets. He also participated in three D-day landings -- at Iwo Jima,

Luzon and Okinawa. He returned to the skies in Korea in 1952, striking North Korean targets so successfully that he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. During his career he also received the Navy Cross, the Legion of Merit with Combat V, the Purple Heart, an Air Medal with 10 Gold Stars and the British Distinguished Flying Cross.

Galer flew his last mission on Aug. 5, 1952, when he "did a dumb thing" after leading his unit on a successful raid. "We were bombing and when we finished," he said, "I went back to take a picture. And this anti-aircraft gun, he nailed me." When he bailed from his plane, his foot caught on something and he smashed into the tail. He opened his parachute when he was only about 150 feet from the ground. With several cracked ribs and a badly sprained shoulder, Galer landed 100 miles behind enemy lines. A Navy helicopter rescued him after jockeying over rugged terrain and having its instruments knocked out by anti-aircraft flak.

After being promoted to brigadier general, he worked on guided missile development until his retirement in 1957. He lost five planes during his 23 years of service, all but one in combat. He crashed the fifth -- an F3F-2 -- in the waters off San Diego in 1940 when its engine failed during a test flight after repairs. He bailed out before it sank out of sight, and the Navy wrote off the plane as lost. In 1990, Galer was reunited with the plane after it was discovered by sailors searching for a downed helicopter. Galer, who was present as it was pulled from the sea, said it was "like seeing an old friend." The plane, one of the earliest to feature retractable landing gear, was missing a wing but was otherwise perfect, the only military model of the F3F-2 to survive the war years.

After leaving the military, Galer moved to Dallas as vice president of Ling-Temco-Vought, a conglomerate whose holdings include aerospace companies. He later worked in real estate as an executive at Bright & Co., owned by Harvey R. "Bum" Bright, former owner of the Dallas Cowboys. He is survived by his second wife, Sharon Alexander Galer of Dallas; four children; a brother; and six grandchildren.

Tom also brought his Curtiss P-6E Hawk in the markings of the 17th Pursuit Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group based at Selfridge Field, Michigan in 1932, in the famous snowy owl markings.



Scrambled Egg Department



The Pastor of the church that is so kind to give us a free meeting place, stopped in to the November meeting both to say hi and ask our help. While working with disadvantaged children in Hong Kong over 20 years ago, she was given the gift of a hand painted egg by the hospital. It survived until just recently, and she brought the pieces to see if we could repair it.

Having put together many an ACME type kit, we took on the challenge.

We were so close to success. Unfortunately a few pieces were missing. Not unlike the occasional ACME kit. But she was happy that some restoration was

possible, and we were happy that we could be helpful.



Neil Butler brought in his recent Gundam builds. One in mega size 1/48 scale, Unicorn Gundam in destory mode, and the same model in 1/144 scale RG kit, which was articulate with movable joints. Neil made the black lines with a highlighting pen.





Mike Redding built the 1963 ½ Corvette. Famous for the one year split window design, it was a car that Mike and his father would stare at in the dealership.



Joshua Phillips writes of the split window in a June 29, 2016 *Corvette Online* article that it was necessary to carry the spine (based on the aquatic Stingray)



down the rear of the car to tie the design all together. He writes, in part:

"...why, exactly, was such a timeless, iconic design ditched after only one model-year? Well, despite the unearthly beauty that we see in it today, the split-window design in the '63 Corvette was not too well received.

If you've ever had the opportunity to own, drive, or even sit in a split-window Corvette, you'll know firsthand that visibility becomes an immediate problem. This was one of the primary concerns of executives, engineers, and enthusiasts alike when the split-window was introduced.

The split itself sits dead in the middle of the driver's line of sight when looking in the rear-view mirror. As a result, the car's debut was accompanied by a barrage of complaints due to drivers not having a clue what's behind them when backing up – let alone driving down the road.

Of course, Mitchell and his design team were well aware of this issue during the car's concept stages. In the end, however, he won the boardroom standoff against the GM bean-counters and got his way with the first year of the C2.

During its production, however, another concern presented itself – manufacturing thousands upon thousands of cars with split rear windows proved to be a much larger headache than piecing together cars with a simpler, single-window design. Labor and complexity was essentially doubled in that area of the car, as two separate windows meant two sets of screws and weather-stripping, two panes of glass, and twice the install-labor time.

After a year of production with the design of the '63, Mitchell's determination to see his vision in effect was superseded by executive authority and the split-window was no more."

Source: <https://www.corvetteonline.com/features/history/three-things-you-need-to-know-about-the-split-window-corvette/>

Eric McClurg had his Hasegawa Hurrigan I at the November meeting. Eric painted it in colors for the early 1940's as a Commander's plane, which would have been kept clean and suffered little weathering at that time. Eric said it was one of the models that survived his move across country.



Eric also had a 1/35 M5 Antitank gun carriage. He said it had so many small parts he needed four hands to hold it and tiny tweezers to put the parts in place.

He only found two photos of the gun in action and the kit is based on factory drawings and it was a challenge for him to find out what the carriage looked like in the field.

Josh Burfield's son (I'm sorry--I forgot to note his name!) brought in his Bf-109 work in progress.

Josh is still working on his Galaxie with the body painted red with a white top. The car he is basing it on had chrome trim in the back which he replicated using sprue and a chrome pen.





This is my Tinker Bell metal miniature, but I can't recall the manufacturer. The challenge with this miniature is that the hands are molded to the key, and the weight of the metal body is heavy at the slender wrist attachments. After a sad failed attempt with superglue that cracked after the painting was completed, I properly used epoxy.

The figure depicts when Peter Pan has accidentally locked Tinker Bell in a drawer in the Darling's nursery while trying to find his shadow. This figure with a dagger at her ankle and a less than modest costume is far from the Disney version but more accurately reflects Sir James M. Barrie's book, which at times strays from a traditional children's book. "It was a girl called Tinker Bell exquisitely gowned in a skeleton leaf, cut low and square, through which her figure could be seen to the best advantage. She was slightly inclined to *embonpoint*" (Barrie, James. M.

Peter Pan.
December 27,
1904).

Embonpoint refers to the fleshy part of

a person, most commonly a woman's bosom, and the italics are original to Barrie's text!

The body is oil highlights over MetalMaster Enamel for the base color. The key is black enamel covered with Vallejo Brass and distressed, and the string is enamel with Vallejo wash and oil highlights. The wings were clear film that I covered with Tamiya Clear Blue. The blue shadows caused by the wings--no matter what I tried--made this very difficult to photograph!



The 54 mm metal figure Christmas Thief of Hearts from Darksword Miniatures was my second figure done over the holidays, and had the same problem where the heavy body is supported at the wrists in the same pose as Tinker Bell.



President's Notes

2018 is about to close, and our club has had a good year. As a little club we have grown in numbers and done several note worthy projects this past year. First with the help of our friends at Royal Hobby we raised almost \$2,000 for the United Melodist Ecumenical Counsel of Rockford. The Modeling skills of our talented members were put on display at the Durand School Library. Every type of model was there, to be enjoyed by the students. There are plans in the works to have displays in other schools in the area. With 5 of our members belonging to The International Plastic Modelers Society our club was able to become a chartered club of IPMS. Also business cards and hats with the club logo were ordered and distributed to the members. In the coming year Polo shirts with the clubs logo may possible. This year the club treasury has grown by having bimonthly raffles. All in all SAM has had a good year, but this is only the beginning of what we can do. Although our club had many silver clouds this year, there was one dark cloud. We lost one of our founding members Larry Johnson in November, after a long battle with cancer. His humor, creativity, and skills will be missed by all.

Bob Greenlee

Mail Department. SAM Gets Eletters

In the last issue I wrote about my visit to the haunted Mizpah Hotel in Tonopah, Nevada and its ghostly stories that include Senator Pittman and the legend that his body was kept there for several days in 1940 until the election results were in.



Our alert reader and friend Fred Horkey found the definitive story at the Las Vegas Sun's site!

Meet Sen. Key Pittman, D-Ghostville



[STEVE MARCUS](#)

The historic Mizpah hotel in Tonopah was built between 1907 and 1908 and is included on the National Registry of Historic Places.

By **Matt Huffman**

Wednesday, Sept. 18, 2013 | 11:19 a.m.

A few years ago, I was chatting with a clerk at the Jim Butler Inn about rumors about someone buying the then-shuttered Mizpah Hotel, which is next door. She had heard of it and thought it might happen. (It did; the Mizpah reopened not long after.) But as of then, she said, there was nothing going on at the Mizpah except the usual “activity.”

“Activity?” I asked, thinking at first of squatters or parties.

The clerk looked at me in disbelief. The historic hotel built in 1907, and location of many tales of Nevada history, was haunted.

Of course.

The clerk apparently saw the need to educate this urban rube on the history of the Mizpah, particularly the Lady in Red, a woman — some say a prostitute — who was supposedly killed in a crime of passion. And then, of course, was “the senator.”

“The senator?” I asked.

After another look of disbelief, she explained the story of Sen. Key Pittman’s death in 1940.

According to the story, which was memorialized in the famous (or infamous) 1963 book “The Green Felt Jungle,” the Democratic senator died at the Mizpah a few days before the election.

The Democrats didn’t want to lose the seat, so aides told no one, put his body in a bathtub and filled it with ice. A few days later, the dead man won re-election, and a Democrat was appointed after his death was announced days later.

And the clerk knew this by personal experience. Decades after the senator died, she was working at the Mizpah and was surprised by a figure suddenly. She quickly realized who it was and said, “Hello, senator!” but he just glided by, disappearing through a locked door.

And that, she said, was the truth.

Not to contradict the clerk, but there’s no evidence that the senator died before the election, was put on ice or was even in Tonopah when he died. Guy Rocha, the dogged Nevada historian and former state archivist, has that story on his list of Nevada myths.

What really happened?

Pittman had a massive heart attack during what Rocha said was a “drinking bout” at a Reno hotel the day before the election. After being examined by a doctor, he was quietly taken to a hospital and he died five days after winning re-election. That’s an account backed by Pittman’s personal doctor, whom Rocha interviewed, and other evidence, including the diary of Pittman’s wife.

But don’t let that ruin a good story.

The real question is: What is Pittman’s ghost doing in the Mizpah Hotel, 173 miles, as the ghost flies, from Reno?

Perhaps the senator enjoys the “activity.”

Source: <https://lasvegassun.com/features/finding-nevada/2013/sep/18/meet-sen-key-pittman-d-ghostville/>

Frank Gatollin sent in a picture of his Monocoupe 40. He wrote that it has a 40" wingspan and tissue covered and dope finish with air brushed colors of red and white, perhaps like the finish at the picture to the right.



Bob Greenlee sent in pictures of his completed Duck and A-37...



...and a Ford Bronco, that I think he told me was a Christmas gift for his brother-in-law.



We met for our Christmas Party on December 21, 2018!



Thank you, Mrs. Burfield, for taking the picture!

Below is one of the roads that lead to Durand, population 1,443 in a rural area of Illinois that brings together our club. Our membership reaches as far as the Chicago suburbs, Rockford, and deep into Wisconsin...



...for a great group of people who come together to share a hobby that intersects at history, art, fun, creativity, imagination and friendship.

And this is how we met Larry Johnson, who would travel 30 miles from Janesville, Wisconsin, part of the original group of about five people who would meet in Brian Channel's basement each month. Larry had a wonderfully dry humor and once told me a hilarious story about why squirrels race across the road in front of our cars, only to decide inches from the opposite curb that (oh no!) they can't make it in time and must race in front of car again back to the original far curb. I promise you it was incredibly funny the way Larry told it. I don't have his delivery.

The friendships created by this hobby are strong and, what is a bit special to our hobby, the passing of these friends are so often remembered in the National and Chapter IPMS newsletters. These friendships tell us so much about the people who find their way to this hobby.

Some of Larry's work is on these next pages. He had a review and models published in *Fine Scale Modeler*.



designer... even between assembly and finishing.

IBG Type 89 Kou

Although small, IBG's kit of the late gas-powered Type 89 is expertly engineered with only a few fiddly issues that are primarily due to the scale. Panel lines are finely engraved, and there is excellent rivet detail. A driver and a standing crewman are included.

I followed the directions with the exception of leaving the tracks until the end. I did have some problems assembling the running gear. Sprue gates and ejector-pin marks obscure four teeth on all halves of the drive sprockets and return idlers. I removed the gate from behind with a razor saw, then sanded the freed tooth to shape. Also, the return rollers have a minimal mating surface with the housings. Remove the axle and pin the wheels to the housings for a stronger bond.

The hull and turret went together easily and required no filler.

Due to the camouflage pattern's scale and complexity, painting the model took as much time as assembling it. The painting instructions are confusing: The tank pictured does not match the model in some areas, the colors look wrong compared to the paint and the box images, and the camouflage doesn't line up from side to top to side. Taking some creative license to resolve the mismatched pattern, I masked with Silly Putty and used Tamiya paints as called out on the instructions.

The decals were perfectly printed, went

down fine over a coat of Pledge FloorCare Multi-Surface Finish, and reacted well to Microscale Micro Set. Still, they are very thin and require care to position. I tried to move one and ... Tamiya flat white to the rescue!

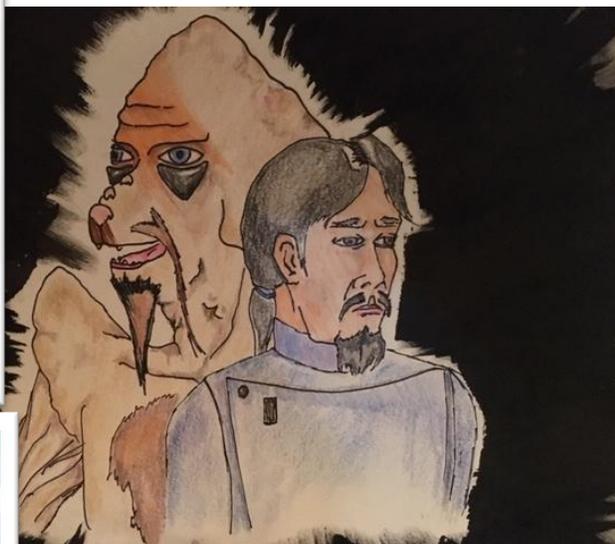
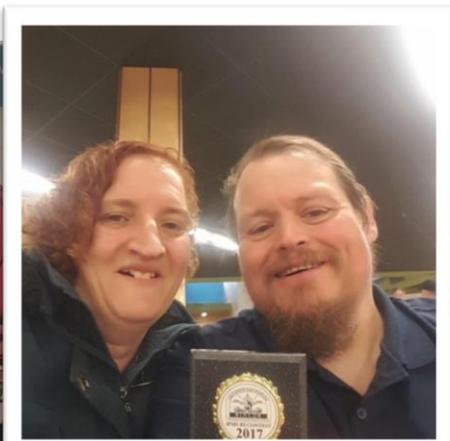
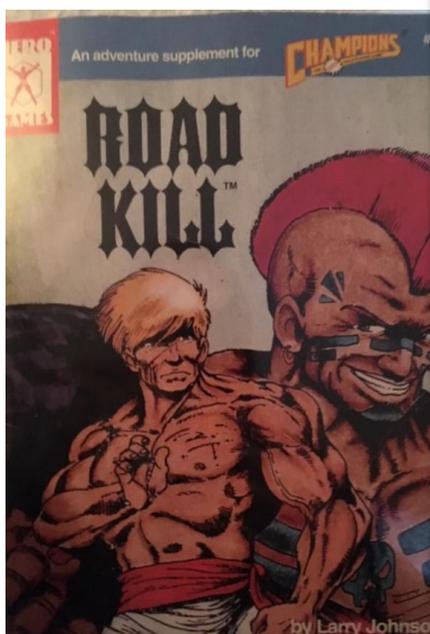
The model took 12 hours to build and scales out well with my references in height and width. But length is another story. Tip-to-tip, it matches Wikipedia's stated 18 feet, 10 inches — but Chris Foss' *Great Book of Tanks* (Zenith, ISBN 978-0-7603-1475-3) has it at 14 feet, 1 inch. This does match the length of the model from the forward edge of the hull to the rear-mounted storage box, disregarding the trench rail and the drive sprockets' extension past the hull. The model went together easily, but tiny parts and mating surfaces limit my recommendation to modelers with a few kits under their belts.

—Larry Johnson

Kit: No. 72040 **Scale:** 1/72
Mfg: IBG Models, www.ibgmodels.com
Price: \$19.95 **Comments:** Injection-molded, 163 parts (5 PEI, decals)
Pros: Finely modeled panel lines and rivets; link-and-length tracks **Cons:** No directions for figures; sprue gates detrimental to some parts (drive sprocket and return idler); minimal mating surfaces for some parts

www.FineScale.com 61





JANESVILLE - Larry G. Johnson Jr. 54 (known as George to family members) passed away Sunday, November 18 at his home in Janesville, WI. He was born August 20, 1964 in Woodstock, IL.

George was from McHenry, Illinois and worked for McHenry County College. He got a BS degree in Creative Writing from SNHU and was a tutor at LaFollette High School through the AmeriCorps program. He wrote poetry, short stories and novels. He authored and had published a role playing game book "Road Kill" in 1989. He was an avid fan of Science Fiction books and movies. George was a prize winning model builder and member of IPMS USA Region 5. He loved animals, especially his dogs, Sammy and Georgia and his cats, Thor and Loki.

George is survived by his wife Cynthia; daughter Stephanie Bergersen; parents, Larry (Ruby) Johnson Sr. and Gerry (Jack) Engel; sisters, Krisse (Tony) Gamboa and Kendra Hensley. He is also survived by his nieces, Justine and Danielle; a nephew, Denver Jr. and their families; as well as many aunts, cousins and friends.

He is preceded in death by his Mom and Dad, Phyllis and Bill Phillips; uncle, Terry Phillips; and niece, Chelsie Kumm.

A Celebration of Life is being planned for Saturday, December 8th, 2018 at Coleman's in Woodstock at 2 PM. In lieu of flowers, memorials are asked to be given to the family.





International Plastic Modelers' Society/USA Membership Application / Renewal Form

New Renewal IPMS #:

Name: _____

Address: _____

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Phone: _____ E-Mail: _____

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Junior (17 years or younger) \$17.00 _____ Date of Birth: _____

Adult One year \$30.00 _____

Two years \$58.00 _____

Three years \$86.00 _____

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Family (1 set of Journals) _____ ← Adult fee + \$5.00 # of cards? _____

Your Signature: _____

If recommended by an IPMS member, please provide his/her:

Name: _____ IPMS #: _____

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