

	<h1 style="text-align: center;">PROPWASH</h1> <p>PROPWASH is published for the dissemination of information about and for the members of Chapter 190 of the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA). President Joe Baldauf, Vice President Charles P. Cozelos, Secretary Bryan Tauchen, Treasurer Ed McWhiney, WebMaster Jeff Spencer.</p>	
<p>EAA Chapter 190</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><a href="http://eaa190.weebly.com/">http://eaa190.weebly.com/</a></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">April 2010</p>

**Photo of the Month:**



**“HEROS! To you we owe all. Thank You For Your Service.”**  
*Photo Courtesy of Wil Good.*

**Presidents Message:**

April has arrived and the sun is finally coming out and the weather looks great. All be it I will be TDY this Fly in Breakfast weekend.... Go figure. We have been quite busy even with some bad weather. Last 2 Saturday events have been well attended and lots of activity, unofficial tally is close to 100 aircraft flew in both February and March.

Now for April and activities planned:

- \* Jim H. and team laid the concrete and all looks great.
- \* We are getting 4 more tables each of which should seat 8.

I want to encourage more participation and more people to contribute to Chapter activities. Seems like the same 6 or 7 people are always carrying the load. Elections are coming in a few months and I want to see more people come up and volunteer for key positions. We will be talking about this very soon.

I am hoping to get Jamie Dodson for the next Tuesday evening social at FlyBoys. (see attachment). I’ve heard that evening meetings are better there than a trip to the Airport, Maybe May will change.

If we are to maintain our vitality, I want to see some more participation by those who come out to enjoy the Saturday events, but do not contribute to the organization. I am getting more pulled by work as well and need to encourage membership involvement and well as growth in order to keep things alive without placing an unreasonable burden on folks that work so hard to make the organization the best we can possibly be. Talk with those in Yellow jackets, talk with Charles, Jeff, Ed, George or myself. We want your participation, value your contributions and we do need your input.

## **Member Spotlight:**

Following is an article written by Jacquelyn Procter Reeves that appeared in issue #172 of the "Old Tennessee Valley Magazine and Mercantile Advertiser" it was entitled:

### ***Nightmare at Normandy***

Jacquelyn Procter Reeves

Harold McMurren was a teenager in the Walker County, Alabama town of Dora when America declared war on Germany and Japan. He was a model airplane enthusiast and wanted to join the Army Air Corps as soon as he graduated. But with no explanation, the Army Air Corps kept putting him off. For a year he waited, and during that time, he went to school to train as an airplane mechanic, worked at Tyndall Air Force Base, and continued to wait. But his patience was not to be rewarded with a stint in the Army Air Corps. Time ran out when the U. S. Army drafted him.

On May 21, 1943, Harold McMurren received his orders. He was sent to Mississippi as a member of the 519th Ordnance, then transferred into the 546th, an outfit trained to retrieve and repair heavy equipment damaged in combat. His specific job was to maintain the height finders, instruments designed to calculate the altitude of incoming enemy planes so that the operator could relay information back to the anti-aircraft battalion to adjust and reset fuses on shells fired at the planes. The instructions that came with the height finder suggested that, in case of a malfunction, the operator was to "put in the original crate and ship to the manufacturer." Fortunately, it was a hardy piece of equipment.

Harold's time in the United States lasted only a few months. In January 1944, he was sent to Europe to train for a special mission, code named Overlord. For several months, Harold and his fellow soldiers practiced on the beach near Plymouth, on the coast of England, loading and unloading on LSTs at night.

The teenager was a long way from his Walker County, Alabama home which had been in his family since 1830. Harold was ¼ Cherokee Indian and nearly everyone in his hometown was affiliated one way or another with the local coal mines. His father, however, was a conductor on the Frisco Railroad. But now the center of his world was no longer Alabama. Harold, like the rest of the world, had turned his attention to a world war and within a few months, he would be in the one of the most legendary assaults in history.

The Germans, in the meantime, believed the Allies were assembling a large fleet of tanks, trucks, and artillery, in order to invade France at the narrowest point of the English Channel near the French port of Pas-de-Calais. From the air, it looked as if hundreds were on the English shore readying for a massive invasion, a rumor promoted by double agents. In reality, they were all props that appeared genuine from a long distance away. The actual invasion was orchestrated to take place farther to the west on beaches code named Omaha, Utah, Gold, Juno, and Sword, or collectively, Normandy.

In early June, 19-year-old Harold McMurren boarded LST 419 and began his journey across the English Channel. The mission was classified as top secret. The men all knew they were part of something big, and during the journey to the coast of France, they were uncharacteristically reserved, quiet, perhaps reflective. At last they arrived, for better or worse, at their destination. As the gathering daylight of June 6, 1944 surrounded them, the Canadian, English, and American armies prepared to leave their vessels. Harold made a notation in his diary, a small leather-bound book he kept in his boot, "Invasion started 7:15 English time...." June 6, 1944 would soon be known to the world as D-Day.

Death was everywhere, bodies littering the beach, blood seeping into the sand beneath them and floating near the shore, gruesome reminders that many more would die before the day had finished. LST 419 landed on Utah Beach, exactly as they had practiced hundreds of times before. They were the lucky ones. Horror stories describing the mishaps and accidental deaths of allied soldiers are numerous and disturbing. But Corporal Harold McMurren stepped off the LST without getting his feet wet.

They were immediately in the line of heavy fire, but they could not give in to paralyzing fear. They went into auto-pilot, using the skills and knowledge that had been drilled into them. The foremost task at hand was to find cover near a sand dune before moving farther up the beach. They ran past the still bodies that littered the beach – men and boys who would never taste the glory of victory or see the smiling faces of their loved ones again. After three days of fierce fighting, the beach was finally in the hands of the Allies. They continued to move inland, taking more and more ground away from the occupying German forces.

In the midst of war and carnage, on June 10, Harold McMurren turned 20. He didn't even think about it. He went on to become a member of Patton's 3rd Army and his next major battle at Falaise Gap where 250,000 Germans were trapped in the Falaise Pocket. About 150,000 were taken as prisoners. In the meantime, as they continued toward the heart of France, he was among the soldiers sent into small towns to flush out German snipers and free the French civilians. In many of these small villages, some of the local women had taken up with the German soldiers voluntarily, sleeping with them, spying for them, getting food for them. After the Germans had been removed as prisoners or killed for resisting, the French civilians turned on the women who had cohabitated with the enemy. The women were stripped naked, their heads were shaved, and mercurochrome was poured onto their heads before they were marched through the village for all to see and applaud their shame.

The French civilians were grateful to the approaching Americans. Everywhere they came out to wave American flags as the soldiers gave the children their candy and soap to the adults. They gained several miles every day, fighting snipers through hedgerows, foxholes, and abandoned buildings. In the meantime, advance kitchens were set up along the way to feed the soldiers as they passed. Harold McMurren ate a meal at one of them and asked for a second helping of mashed potatoes. Shortly afterwards, he became ill and was sent to an American field hospital, then transferred to a French hospital where he remained for a week – a victim of arsenic poisoning. It was assumed that a German prisoner pressed into service to help feed the Americans had exacted his revenge.

Still the army marched on to another destination that had been in the hands of the Germans – Metz. The French city of about 100,000 people was located near the German border, and had been a strategic center for transportation and communication. When the U.S. military leaders met to discuss the strategy for taking Metz, General Patton said to keep sending the

men in, all he needed were enough trucks to bring back the dog tags of the dead to record as casualties. To those men who were sent to fight, the statement was neither comforting nor did it give them cause to respect Patton. (Between D-Day, June 6, 1944 and Sept 11, 1944, America lost 40,000 men killed in action, 20,000 listed as missing, and another 164,000 wounded.)

Hitler ordered his German army to hold the city of Metz at all costs. The Germans resisted fiercely, and Allied Third Army casualties neared a staggering 50%. By November 19, 1944, the tide had turned in favor of the Allies and the remaining Germans were gathered up to be sent to prison camps. The worst was far from over. The German Army, led by the 6th Panzer Army, was preparing for another battle, code-named Watch on the Rhine. It would be their answer to the D-Day Invasion earlier in the year and would become known by another more famous name – The Battle of the Bulge.

The winter of 1944-1945 was bitterly cold. Many of the GIs suffered with frozen feet compounded by boots that were anything but waterproof. McMurrin kept one pair of socks tucked in the waistband of his pants. As the socks on his feet became wet, he changed his socks to keep his feet warm and dry. It wasn't much, but it was all he could do to help keep the misery of the unbearable cold at bay. The armies made their way to an area near Ardennes, Belgium, and Luxembourg for the clash. The Allies had no idea what lay in store for them. Hitler had ordered his army to do whatever it took to brutalize, humiliate, and ultimately destroy the Allies. He ordered that no quarter be granted to captives.

The battle began on December 16. On December 17th, a convoy of about 30 trucks, most of which belonged to the American 285th Field Artillery Observation Battalion, was ambushed as they approached Ligneuville. They were forced to surrender and were taken to a field covered with several inches of pure white snow, along with other American GIs who had been captured by the German SS a few hours earlier. Without any warning, the Germans opened fire with machine guns. Panic ensued among the captive Americans and those who weren't killed outright tried to run. Some made their way to a nearby café, but it was torched and the soldiers shot them down as they tried to escape death by fire. Some of the GIs pretended to be dead and lie still on the frozen ground. The SS troops found them and shot them in the head. Of the approximately 120 soldiers captured that day, 88 bodies were found one month later.

Details of the incident, known as the Malmedy Massacre, quickly filtered down among Allied troops. Shock turned to anger and an unwritten rule was spread among the Americans – there would be no German SS or paratroopers taken alive.

The Battle of the Bulge, so named because the offensive line bulged into enemy territory, leaving those men surrounded on three sides by enemy fire, continued for a month. It was a struggle to the death for both sides and with the Germans steadily losing ground; a German victory was much needed to boost the morale of the Germans. In the end though, at a cost of 19,000 American lives, the Battle of the Bulge would be an Allied victory. As for Corporal Harold McMurrin however, he and many of the men he served with did not make it to Ardennes in time. Hampered by ice, snow, blizzards, and sickness, they were too late to become part of the fray.

On January 15, 1945 when American GIs came upon the field where the Malmedy Massacre had taken place, they found the scene surreal. With the ground already frozen and another blanket of snow across the field, the bodies and evidence had been perfectly pre-

served. Survivors of the massacre gave first-hand accounts, which were backed up by autopsies of the victims. Seventy-two bodies were found in the first two days in close proximity, another twelve were found between February and April in the surrounding field. Many had been shot in the head at close range; about ten had crushed skulls from a rifle butt. Nearly all had gunshot wounds from automatic weapons. The German Army had left the Malmedy Massacre and continued on, killing a proven number of over 100 civilians and nearly 400 prisoners of war. Other sources say the number was as high as 750.

In spite of their efforts of the German Army, the war was now winding down. The only Germans left to fight were boys and old men. The others were in prisoner-of-war camps or graves. Faced with a shortage of ammunition, German soldiers were using wooden bullets dipped in poison. Those who were found with them in their possession were shot on the spot. The inevitable end came with the surrender of Germany in May, 1945.

It was now time to turn attention to another enemy – Japan. Harold McMurrin received his orders and was preparing for the invasion of yet another continent when he heard the news that the atomic bomb had been dropped for the second time. Japan had surrendered and McMurrin was going home.

The staging areas prepared to ship the soldiers home were named after American cigarettes. Harold was assigned to Phillip Morris Camp where he was loaded into a victory ship for the long voyage. One day out, the ship was caught up in a horrendous storm that tossed the victory ship about like a toy. Waves crashed against the ship, time and time again, threatening to capsize it. When the anchor chain snapped from the intense force of wind and water, the soldiers wondered if they had survived battle only to die with the wrath of Mother Nature. At last, after 14 days at sea, they arrived at New York City, missing the parade that had been planned in their honor.

But the longshoremen who were tasked with helping bring the men ashore were on strike and refused. It was the last straw. While the battle weary soldiers watched helplessly from the ship, wanting nothing more than to get their feet solidly on American soil, the longshoremen picketed for higher wages. The relatives of the soldiers who had waited patiently for months or years took matters into their own hands. They surrounded the longshoremen and angrily threatened to throw them into the water if they refused to bring the men over. Apparently the longshoremen were adequately convinced!

Corporal Harold McMurrin returned home with two souvenirs. One was a patch he took from an SS trooper who initially refused to give it to him. Harold gave him 30 seconds to reconsider, and with a little persuasion, he did. The other was a .25 automatic which he took off of a captured German. Harold kept the pistol for many years until it was stolen from his home by someone hired to do work for him.

Harold was officially discharged on January 14, 1946. He makes his home in Huntsville with Ruth, his wife of 61 years with whom he has three children. In addition to the memories of war that no 19-year-old should ever witness, he carries with him the remembrances of the long winter of 1944 in his mind. One thing is certain - you will not hear Harold McMurrin complain about the August heat in Alabama.

*The article was printed in its entirety and with permission of the author.*

## Calendar of Events:

April 13	1800hrs	Chapter Meeting at FlyBoys	
April 13-18		Sun-N-Fun Lakeland FL.	<a href="http://www.Sun-N-Fun.org">www.Sun-N-Fun.org</a>
April 17	0730hrs	Fly-In Breakfast at Moontown Thunder Over Louisville	<a href="http://www.thunderoverlouisville.org/">www.thunderoverlouisville.org/</a>
May 11	1800hrs	Chapter Meeting	
May 15	0730hrs	Fly-In Breakfast at Moontown International Learn to Fly Day	
May 21		Annual Guntersville Splash-In	
May 28		Memphis In May Airshow	<a href="http://www.memphisinmay.org">www.memphisinmay.org</a>
June 15	1800hrs	Chapter Meeting	
June 19	0730hrs	Fly-In Breakfast at Moontown	
July 26 - Aug 1		AirAdventure Oshkosh	<a href="http://www.AirVenture.org">www.AirVenture.org</a>
Sept 18-19		Annual Grass Field Fly-In Moontown Airport	
Oct 9		The Great Georgia Airshow	
Oct 22-24		SERFI	<a href="http://www.SERFI.org">www.SERFI.org</a>

## Minutes of Last Meeting:

### This Months Meeting Program:

Who the heck is Jamie Dodson?



Jamie's first historical fiction novel *Flying Boats and Spies, a Nick Grant Adventure*, was published spring 2008. His second novel *The China Clipper* is scheduled for publication in the fall of 2009. Hollywood Production Company **Black Sheep Entertainment** has purchased a movie option for *Flying Boats and Spies*. He conducted

five years of extensive research on the era to insure accuracy. He is member of the **Pan Am Historical Foundation, the OSS Foundation, and Military Intelligence Corps Association.** He writes non-fiction for aviation and military magazines and is adjunct faculty member of the University of Alabama at Huntsville.

Jamie is a career Intelligence officer. He is worked Counter Intelligence, Special Intelligence, and Signals Intelligence for US Military and Allied Intelligence Services. He has served with Joint Special Operations, Airborne Infantry, Army Aviation, Air & Missile Defense, Military Police and Allied Intelligence Agencies. He has been involved in operations in Laos, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Germany, the United Kingdom, Hungary, Croatia, Bosnia, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Japan, Korea, Guam, Samoa, the Hawaiian Islands and at numerous locations across the US.

After retiring from active military service, Jamie worked as engineer for a large company before returning to the Army as a civilian Intelligence Officer and Technology Protection Engineer. Currently he serves with the Aviation and Missile Research, Development and Engineering Center (AMRDEC), Security & Intelligence Office, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. He holds a Systems Engineering Certificate from the University of Alabama, Huntsville, a Masters in Computers and Systems Management from Webster University, and a Bachelor's in Geospatial Science from the University of Colorado.

He is married to Joan Skawski-Dodson, faculty member of the University of Alabama, in Huntsville, and formerly of Chicago. They have traveled the world and lived on three continents with their three children Ian, Neil and Glenna. They have a spoiled Australian Sheppard named Gracie and have called Huntsville, Alabama home since 2001

## **Technical Corner:**

## **Young Eagles:**

The EAA Young Eagles Program was launched on July 30, 1992. Since then over 1.5 million young people (ages 8-17) have taken a Young Eagles flight. To date, some 42,000 EAA member pilots have flown one or more Young Eagles. By comparison, as of March 31st, 32 different Chapter 190 pilots have flown a total of 2,075 Young Eagle flights since the Program's inception. That's quite an achievement for the Chapter. From a personal standpoint, as both a Young Eagles pilot and the Chapter's Young Eagle Coordinator, I can tell you that sharing the joy and excitement of flight with young people is the most rewarding flying that I do. I have memories from Young Eagle flights that I will cherish for the rest of my life. If you would like to volunteer to fly Young Eagles, please let me know or send me an email. My contact information is on the EAA 190 web site. Jeff Spencer.

## **Flight Advisors NotePad:**

## **Joke of the Month:**

Sue and Bob, a pair of tight wads, lived in the mid west, and had been married for years.

Bob had always wanted to go flying. The desire deepened each time a barn stormer flew into town to offer rides.

Bob would ask, and Sue would say, "No way, fifty bucks is fifty bucks."

The years went by, and Bob figured he didn't have much longer, so he finally got Sue out to the show, explaining, it's free to watch, let's at least watch.

And once he got there Bob couldn't stand it any longer. Sue and Bob started arguing.

The Pilot, between flights, overheard, their problem, and said, "I'll tell you what, I'll take you up flying, and if you don't say a word the ride is on me, but if you make one sound, you pay the fifty dollars.

So off they flew. The Pilot doing as many rolls, and dives as he could.

Heading to the ground as fast as the plane could go, and pulling out of the dive at just the very last second. Not a word. Finally he admitted defeat and went back the airport.

As he flared for landing he hollered over his shoulder, "I'm surprised, why didn't you say anything?"

"Well I almost said something when Sue fell out, but she always tried to impress upon me that fifty bucks is fifty bucks."

## Projects Update:

The concrete was poured for the patio. On Saturday 27 March at 1000hrs Jim Harchanko, Jeff Spencer, Ed McWhiney, John Pospicil and Hannah Brock arrived to finish the patio. Jim had done the planning and design work for the patio as well as already constructed the form for the concrete. The truck finally arrived around 1045 and was guided around behind the FBO to the worksite by Hannah. John manned the chute pouring the mix where needed as Jim and Jeff shoveled and raked to get it where it belonged. Then it was worked into a wonderful deck under the awning that Jim took the lead on building last year. All and all it is another addition to the breakfasts and fly-in that gives Moontown that wonderful family feeling.



“The Cement Finally Arrives”



“Gettin It Poured”



“Trying To Get It Level”



“Lookin Good So Far”



“Jim, Hard At Work”



“Trying To Speed The Curing Process”

## Jon Moore:

At 1000hrs on Saturday 20 March 2010 EAA Chapter 190 and Moontown Airport formally dedicated the Radio Tower that stands prominently in the center of the airport to the memory of Jon Moore who passed away on 28 December 2009. Jon spent many hours up in the tower during fly-ins acting as 3M5 UNICOM. Jon’s passing has been a huge loss to the chapter, his presence and excellent council is missed.



Members of Jon’s Family at the Dedication of the Radio Tower at Moontown Airport “In Memory of Jon Moore”

## From the Editor:

The chapter is growing, and the PROPWASH is growing. This aint my chapter or anyone else’s. It belongs to all of us – equally. We recently had a question come up and once a few

folks voiced their opinions, everyone else involved jumped in agreeing. I took note of this because almost to a man everyone said, “well, I didn’t want to say anything but....”. Aw, come on, as I said it’s all our chapter. Voice your thoughts. I know the chapter officers are always thinking “what do the members want”, “what can we provide that would give the membership more value for their time and money”. That’s something we can’t do in a vacuum. Let us know of any “hmmm, I would like to see.....”.

We also have plenty of little tasks. From the obvious of conducting the monthly meetings, to the not so obvious... communication. There are a few areas in PROPWASH where I have a heading and no article. My job is not to write everything here, but to be a clearing house for chapter communications. I would like to see a few folks throw down a few sentences on, whatever topic you wish. The headings with no articles are just to provide ideas.

In short, please feel free to speak up! Recent history indicates that you probably aren’t the only thinking what you are. Consider passing on your thoughts or lessons learned about something for the PROPWASH, you have valuable knowledge that others would like to learn. Lastly, let us know any desires or “would like”s so that we can enhance the value of the chapter to all out members.