



Catalina Mountains Patriot

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Of the Military Order of the World Wars

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Interim Editor
Marlon Ruiz

PREAMBLE

**“To cherish the memories and associations
of the World Wars waged for humanity;...”**



Commander:

Jean Nelson, HPM



Adjutant:

Lt Col Richard Nelson



Treasurer:

CWO4 Robert Ozier



Asst. Treasurer:

COL Pedro Najera



Chaplain:

Jean Nelson, HPM



Judge Advocate:

COL Pedro Najera

Commander's Comments:

It is hard to realize we are at the end of the 2020-2021 operating year when we can hardly remember the happenings of the previous year.

So much didn't happen last year. Now it seems things are looking up and we are on the path to normalcy.

This Memorial Day I will attend the observance at East Lawn Palms Cemetery and lay a wreath for Catalina Mountains Chapter. The tribute will be live streamed at [facebook.com/eastlawnpalms](https://www.facebook.com/eastlawnpalms) on May 31, 2021, at 9:00 AM. I hope all of you have a meaningful Memorial Day.

We will be meeting at 11:30 on June 5 at Casa del Rio Restaraunt in person. It will be our last meeting until September and we have some important business to discuss. It is election month. The slate proposed is Ann Hollis for commander, Bob Ozier for treasurer, and Pedro Najera for assistant treasurer. There are no candidates for vice-commander and adjutant.

We are also going to vote on donating some of our treasure to worthwhile causes.

These are the proposed recipients:

\$2,500.00 to Esperanza en Escalante (Veterans)

\$2,500.00 to the Military Lounge at Tucson International Airport (Active Duty)

\$1,000.00 to the Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Marana (Tribute).

Please plan to attend this important meeting and let your opinion count.

This is my last meeting as your commander and I want you to know it has been an honor and privilege to represent such a wonderful group

of individuals and patriots. Thank you.

Commander Jean



Chaplain's Corner

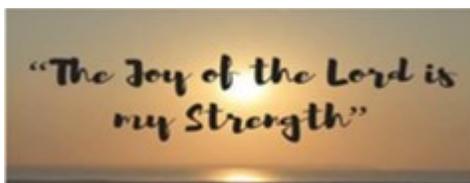
Psalm 90:1-2

"Lord, you have been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever you formed the earth and world, from everlasting to everlasting, you are God."

As God's children, we have much for which to be thankful. We are fortunate to live in a time and place like no other. Since the pandemic began our daily routine has shrunk and we have gotten so bogged down we forget to take time to reflect on the simple joys around us. As more of the world is opening up, we can find pleasure in so many ways. Remember that each day is a gift from God; rejoice and be glad in it. Finding happiness in small things is like finding hidden treasure. When we slowly leave the cocoon we have lived in for so long, keep your eyes open for the beauty of our surroundings. May you have many of God's surprises as we move into summer.

And may God bless you and keep you until we meet again in September.

Chaplain Jean



OBSERVING SCOLIOSIS AWARENESS MONTH



Every year, scoliosis sufferers and those close to them recognise the month of June as **Scoliosis Awareness Month**. This is an annual opportunity for people all over the world to come together, speak out about life with a curved spine, and educate others about what it means to have scoliosis.

[PLACE THE MOUSE POINTER ON THE BANNER AND LEFT CLICK FOR MORE CONTENT](#)

June is **Scoliosis Awareness Month**. Every year, scoliosis sufferers and those close to them recognise the month of June as Scoliosis Awareness Month. This is an annual opportunity for people all over the world to come together, speak out about life with a curved spine, and educate others about what it means to have scoliosis.

This month-long event culminates in [International Scoliosis Awareness Day](#), which falls on the last Saturday of June (meaning that the date to remember this year is **29th June 2019**). The UK Scoliosis Association (SAUK) launched International Scoliosis Awareness Day six years ago - here, in the organisation's own words, is why they did it:

"SAUK launched ISAD in 2013 to unite people across the world to create positive public awareness of scoliosis, promote education, and bring together those affected."

Commander Jean



Catalina Chapter of the MOWW

Meeting – 8 May 2021

This meeting was at Rich and Jean Nelson's home. Marlon attended over Zoom.

Next meeting: 5 June, at Casa del Rio. Remaining 2021 meetings will be at Casa del Rio

Commander Nelson opened with the invocation, pledge and preamble.

Commander's report:

Thanks to Marlon for continuing to write the chapter newsletter.

Marlon asks that newsletter articles be submitted by May 15th so he can have material in time to submit for national awards.

The chapter has a large account balance. Propose donating money to the following organizations, to be voted on in the June meeting. After the donations, the balance is enough to cover expenses for awards and AZYLC scholarships next year.

Esperanza - \$2,500

USO Lounge at Tucson International Airport - \$2,500

Marana Veteran's Cemetery - \$1,000 for a bench or chairs

AZYLC has been canceled for 2021

New officer elections will take place in June. Proposed slate is:

Commander: Anne Hollis

Adjutant: Vacant, need someone to replace Rich Nelson

Treasurer: Bob Ozier

Vice Treasurer: Pedro

Chaplain: Jean Nelson

Awards: Bob has attempted to contact all JROTC organizations in the area. He still hasn't heard back from University of AZ ROTC. Need to order medals for awards for next year.

AZ Corporation Commission: Bob is continuing to work on getting the chapter reinstated with the ACC. The chapter hasn't filed the annual report since 1999. Bob is working with an attorney to help resolve issues.

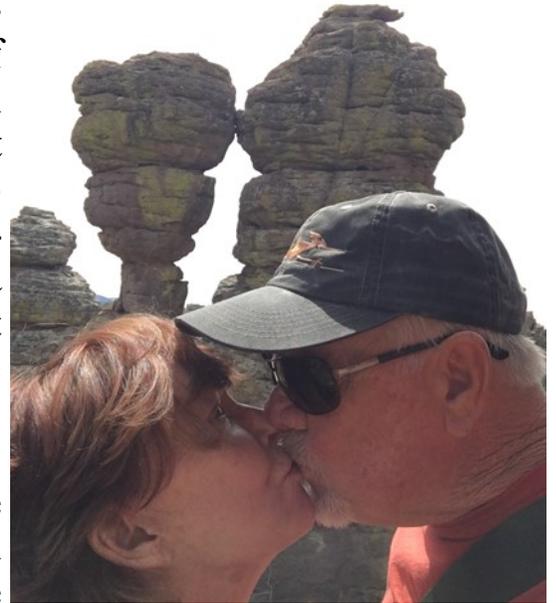
Marlon reported that the National website is being set up to archive chapter newsletters. Send any press releases or other news items to Marlon for submission for national awards.

Kirk Wallendorf (Maj, USAF Ret) was the guest speaker. He spoke about the Cold War, the role that the Intermediate Nuclear Force Treaty played in bringing about the end, and the Ground Launched Cruise Missile weapons system, and its role in the INF Treaty negotiations.

Jean thanked everyone for attending and closed with a benediction.

Historic Fort Bowie by Companion Joe Harris

Somewhere in the Superstition Mountains I overheard a fellow hiker mention how much he and his wife enjoyed the trails in the Chiricahua National Monument. It was said that the unusual and strange rock formations there was worth the effort to see them. We eventually planned a trip into Cochise County, but upon researching that area we discovered the ruins of Fort Bowie — now a national historic site. Both the monument and site seemed like a perfect way to exercise our legs and learn about southwestern history. We planned a three-day excursion that included a day hike in the Chiricahua National Monument, a short hike to the Fort Bowie National Historic Site and a walk inside Kartchner Caverns State Park.



Historic Fort Bowie was erected in 1864. The site was only a few hundred yards away from a natural spring named appropriately Apache Spring. This natural spring trickled clear cool rivulets of water from a crack in the earth's surface and it streamed down a ravine to a small canyon before disappearing back into the ground. Along the way trees and other plants grew making the site easy to identify against the backdrop of the dry Chihuahuan Desert.

Ancient peoples and then native Americans — Chiricahua Apaches — discovered the stream, and so it became a region of Apacheria. White men, traveling to the California gold fields, made a path by ever westward water sources, and the Apache Spring was no exception. Eventually a stagecoach route was established over the footpath. John Butterfield's Overland Mail service constructed a way station near the spring. Military forces from California headed eastward, used the route, and often bivouacked near the way station.

The Apache Indians watched closely as the traffic by the Apache Spring increased in frequency. Conflict was inevitable between the indigenous people and intruding whites thirsty for water and hungry for a new territory to be settled, and riches to be found.

The Indian Wars began just before the outbreak of the American Civil War. Cochise, chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, waged war against all access to the



Apache Spring. It was the Battle of Apache Pass that prompted the commander of the California Column (volunteer infantry and cavalry) to order the construction of a post for the protection of the Apache Spring and assert control over the water supply and the mountain pass for white travelers. The fortress was named Fort Bowie after Colonel George Washington Bowie, commander of the 5th Regiment, California Volunteers.

Although many such forts were established, Fort Bowie developed into a major garrison for the U.S. Army's attempts to contain the Apaches. The most memorable day in the fort's history marked the beginning of its demise. Geronimo, the last of the great Apache war chiefs, turned himself over to army officials in 1886 at Fort Bowie marking the end of the southern Indian Wars. In time, the fort was abandoned and local settlers claimed and relocated the timbers and other materials used in its construction. All that remains are some of the adobe walls.

[Activities](#) [Lifestyle](#)

NATIONAL MEN'S HEALTH MONTH – JUNE 2021

[Facebook](#) [Twitter](#) [Pinterest](#) < 160 SHARES[Previous
Holiday](#)[Next
Holiday](#)[Home](#) / [U.S.](#) / National Men's Health Month

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- [Why This Holiday Is Important](#)
- [How To Observe This Holiday](#)

June is National Men's Health Month! This month is all about encouraging the men in your life (including you, men out there!) to take care of their bodies by eating right, exercising, and working to prevent disease. The official symbol for the month is a blue ribbon and the purpose of Men's Health Month is to heighten the awareness of preventable health problems and encourage early detection and treatment of diseases including cancer, heart disease, and depression.

HOW TO OBSERVE NATIONAL MEN'S HEALTH MONTH

1. Tweak your diet

Men's Health Month is a great opportunity to change the way you eat. Cut back on alcohol this month or up your intake of healthy fermented foods like sauerkraut and kefir. You can do anything for a month, and if you do it for a month, you can do it for life!

2. Set some goals

Use this month to take stock of your health now and think about where you want it to be. Do you want to lose weight? Gain muscle? Simply eat more vegetables? Set small and achievable goals and work with your doctor to make them a reality.

3. Get educated

Take this opportunity to read about the common health issues that are specific to men and how you can prevent yourself from getting hurt! Check out the [CDC](#) for information on health issues that men face.

Oatman Odyssey

by

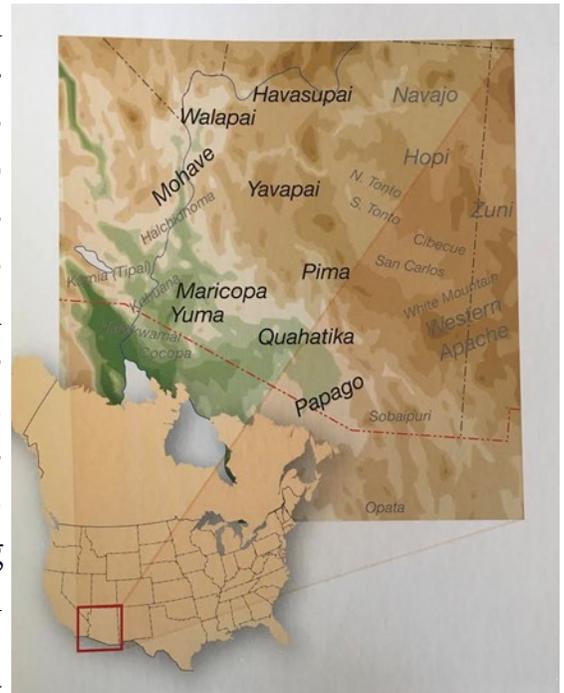
Companion Joe Harris, Catalina Mountains Chapter

— Part I —

Journey

On a jeep excursion along famous Route 66 through the town of Oatman, Arizona, I learned that this active gold mining town was named for Olive Oatman, but she nor any of the Oatman family ever lived there. I decided to investigate why the name Oatman was chosen for this gold mining community.

In 1850, Royce Oatman, with his wife and seven children departed Independence, Missouri, with a company of approximately fifty people. Following the Santa Fe Trail into the New Mexico Territory the family eventually arrived in what is today southern Arizona. Some of the party stayed in Tucson and the rest at the nearby Pima Indian villages. In 1851, Royce, not satisfied by his chances to survive and flourish in the desert, struck out with his family to reach California. They followed a road paralleling the Gila River west hoping to intersect with the Colorado River. According to reports, they were short on provisions, and the few cattle they owned were in poor condition. As no Indians in this area had been reported, Royce considered the road safe. After passing through what was then Maricopa Wells and upon reaching a flat above the Gila River, a party of nineteen Yavapai Indians (some say Apaches) walked into the Oatman camp and demanded food.

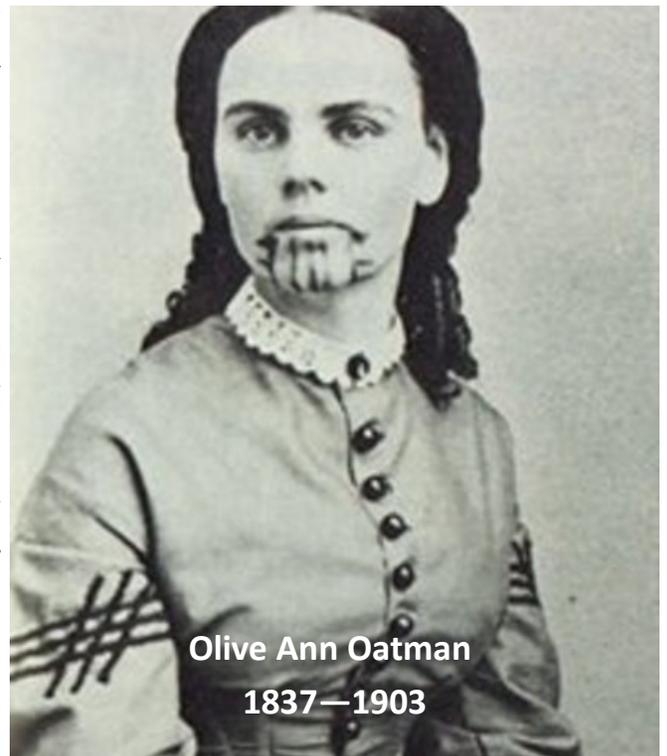


Ordeal

Royce Oatman protested the demand, but relented and gave the Indians some bread. The Indians demanded more food. Royce again protested. The Indians then gathered for a short council. When they finished their discussions they attacked the family murdering everyone except for two sisters, Olive, age fourteen, and Mary Ann, age ten, and a son, Lorenzo, age fifteen. Lorenzo was thought to be killed and left for dead with the other slain family members, but he later regained consciousness. Both Olive and Mary Ann were taken captive. Lorenzo backtracked to Maricopa Wells on foot for help. Several days later he and others returned to bury the bodies. A sign and granite tombstone are all that marks the massacre site and original mass grave. Here the bodies of the Oatman family were laid together and covered over with rocks forming a large cairn.

Olive and Mary Ann were enslaved by their captors and often beaten. In their new lives the young girls were expected to work. The Indians traded the sisters to the Mojave (Mohave) Indians who took them to their village on the Colorado River. This tribe treated the sisters more humanely. In time they began to assimilate. They were given blue chin tattoos — as was the custom of the Mojave.

The drought of 1853 caused many desert Indians to perish. Mary Ann grew too weak to accompany Olive as she gathered seeds, roots and other grains. She eventually died from starvation as did some other members of the Mojaves. Olive adjusted into the Mojave's culture during her years of captivity. She nearly lost her ability to speak English.

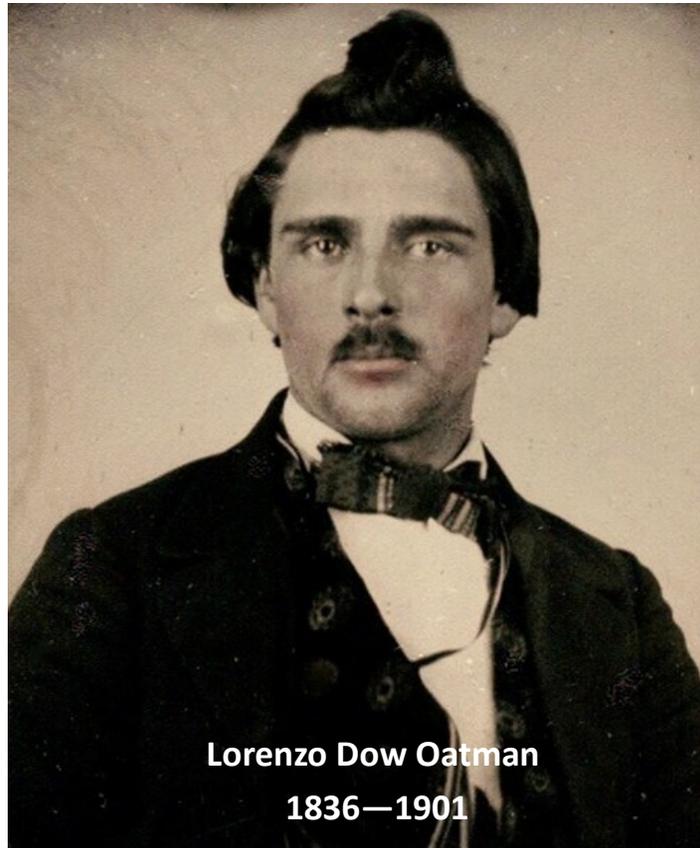


— Part III —

Quest

Upon burying his mother, father and four siblings, Lorenzo returned to the families that had stayed behind when his father insisted on moving toward California. He traveled to Fort Yuma where he immediately began to press for news of his sisters' whereabouts. Lorenzo eventually moved to San Francisco, California, but never ceased his efforts to search for his kindred.

Five years later, in early 1856, a Yuma Indian by the name of Francisco, told Fort Yuma authorities that he was aware of a white woman living with the Mojave Indians. The fort's commandant dispatched Francisco to the Mojave Valley in hopes of securing the captive's release. He was successful, and Olive was brought to the post. Within days the word of Olive's release reached Lorenzo. He and Olive were united at Fort Yuma.



Lorenzo Dow Oatman

1836—1901

— Part IV —

Conclusion

Returning to the east to live with relatives in Albany, New York and attending school, Olive quickly regained use of the English language. She shared her story with a California Methodist, Reverend Royal B. Stratton,



who chronicled her experience in a book called *Captivity of the Oatman Girls* (1857). She also used her own voice to share her harrowing story, giving lectures on her captivity and on customs of Native Americans. Olive eventually married John B. Fairchild in 1865 and relocated to Sherman, Texas. She remained there until her death in 1903.

Ted's Page

Meteorology or Climatology



In 2007 our daughter Willa and son-in-law Alan took Marie and I to a Chanute Airfield air show/open house where I would be holding a signing of my book, *Forecaster!* Then closed for years, Chanute was once a thriving Air Training Command base. Thousands of air-men had gone through its schools.

We walked past the entrance of the deserted brick building where the meteorology branch had been. Five times, in years long past, sent there from various operational Air Force bases, I went through that entrance to begin classes, each for a different meteorology-related specialty. I didn't



n't remember the name on the door arch, Truemper, it was probably put there after my time at the Chanute schools. It commemorated 2nd Lt. Walter Truemper who, with SSgt. Archibald Mathies, became a posthumous Medal of Honor recipient. On a terrible 1944 day, with their pilot so severely wounded he couldn't be moved, they tried to land their badly damaged aircraft. All three were killed. (Wikipedia).



My class in the Weather Observer School, conducted 20 May to 26 July 1946, was composed of draftees and enlistees, mostly 18-year-olds. From cities, small towns, farms, we

, we had one thing in common, all were lucky enough to score at the high end of the distribution in the Army's aptitude tests, making us eligible for Officer Candidate School and meteorology. In that severe military cost-reduction time, none of us were invited to OCS.

We appreciated being let into meteorology, a science then virtually unknown to the general public. Of those who were regular Army enlistees, as I was, not many would become reenlistees, probably discouraged by slow promotions. Enchanted by the mysteries of meteorology, at the end of the three-year enlistment I *would* reenlist, and those who also reenlisted would have interesting and challenging assignments.

In the close distance I saw the row of barracks in the old student squadron area

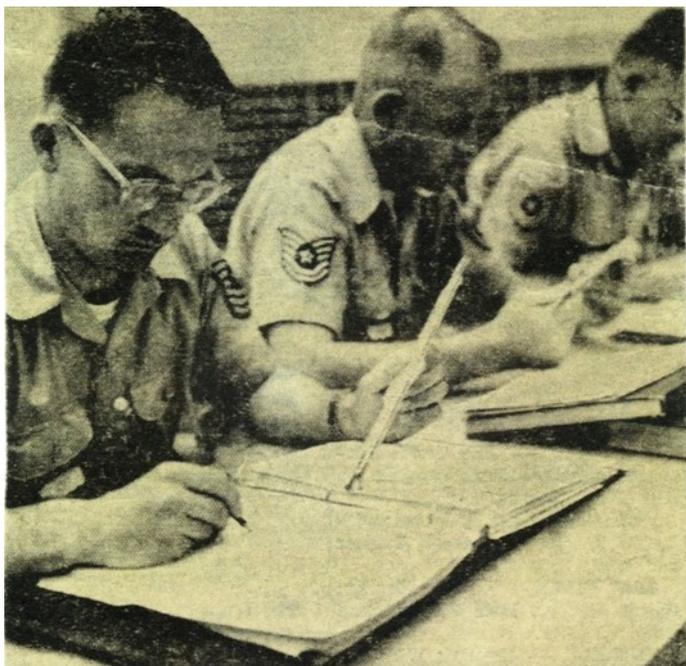


and clearly remembered one prophetic day when we weathermen-to-be sat on the curb beside the orderly room waiting for the rest of the class to appear, form up with us in columns, and march to the classroom. While we waited, our first sergeant emerged from his orderly room office, sat on the curb beside us, and

joined in our conversations, not what first sergeants usually did. Perhaps that is explained by his being, in addition to first sergeant, a weather forecaster, a meteorologist. Like many meteorologists, his job would have taught him humility.

One of the students asked: What is the difference between meteorology and climatology? Climatologists, the first sergeant said, merely looked up what had happened in the past while meteorologists studied the physics of the atmosphere so that they could predict what was going to happen. Like the general public of that time, we recruits didn't know anything about meteorology. Only a handful in the US Weather Bureau and the military knew of the strides then being taken, particularly in the US Army Air Force, to more completely understand meteorology. I listened attentively. It became clear we had been lucky to be selected for meteorology rather than climatology.

In our private discussions we meteorology recruits did adopt a certain snob-bishness. We believed the climatologist only needed to be equipped with enough brain power to walk safely across the street, while the weather-forecasting meteorologist was walking brilliance. I wasn't walking brilliance, but having been raised in farm country where weather variations could make



CLIMATOLOGY CLASS — MSgt. Theodore L. Cogut, left, TSgt. Jerry N. Jerome, center, and TSgt. William N. McNeill are attending the climatology class in the Forecasting Branch. Their course began on May 31 and they will graduate on Aug. 22. Mr. Howard F. Crombie is course instructor.

Note slide rule in my left hand. Chanute AFB, June 1961

for success or failure, I wasn't so interested in what was past but in what was to come. I wanted to be a weather forecaster.

There would be a succession of Chanute's meteorology-related schools. Only a few months after graduation from Weather Observer School, I was enrolled in their Weather Equipment/Teletype Technician School. Its teletype phase was conducted at Scott Field, Illinois. Then, a little more than a year after that graduation, I was selected for Chanute's six-month-long Weather Forecaster School. A rigorous course. Of a starting class of 100, only 60 finished, mathematics being the primary winnowing agent.

Two years after that graduation, it was back to Chanute for the Specialized High-Altitude Forecasting School, designed to prepare all USAF forecasters for the jet aircraft then entering the Air Force inventory. Though some of us would later go on to universities, even a meteorology graduate with a masters from a respected university would have said those who went through Air Training Command's meteorology program were provided with the best meteorological education available anywhere, including universities.

When not attending the schools, I worked forecaster shifts at many airfields: Westover Field, Massachusetts, Selfridge AFB and Oscoda AFB, Michigan, Dhahran Airfield, Saudi Arabia, Kindley Air Base Bermuda, and Pease AFB,

New Hampshire. At Pease, I soon found myself spending a lot of off-shift time poring over old station records, ferreting out more objective ways of forecasting Pease's too frequent zero-zero conditions, zero ceiling and zero visibility, brought on with the rolling in of sea fog or, in winter, with paralyzing snow depths that began with deepening of the Hatteras Wave. I was only doing it to make the Pease forecasting job a little easier. It must have convinced Colonel Cobb, the detachment commander, that I was a natural for Air Force climatology.

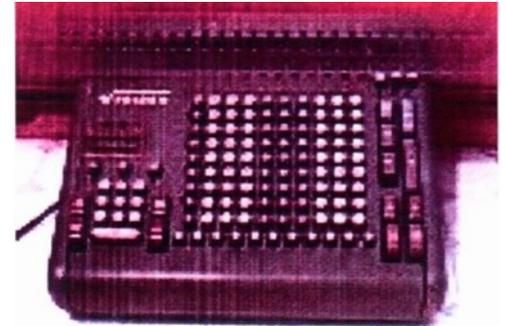
The old building that housed the Climatic Center was a block or two from the Capitol and had been a Civil War hospital. I was assigned to its Engineering Design Branch. Instead of a counter which I used to stand behind as I briefed aircrews, I had a desk, a chair mounted on swiveled wheels, and Marchand and Friden desk calculators (much easier to use than a slide rule). So this was what it was like when you officed near the head shed. An even more unusual difference: in order to better merge with the civil-servant meteorologists we worked with, we were told to wear civilian clothes.

The other Air Force types at the Center had also previously worked forecaster shifts, and were accustomed to having hard, real-time data. What I loved about those forecasting days of the past was the almost constant challenge to meet severe situations, something notably absent in climatology. But there *were* some challenges. It was in the search for meaningful data upon which to build answers to the climatological questions.

We had no real-time data. There were various requests, often involving entirely new and almost unbelievable subjects. Example: What would be the depth to which ground would freeze at certain locations? How did one get such data? We got it from an undertakers' association. Another: From records of wind direction, cloud ceiling and visibility obtained from the National Climatology Office at Asheville, North Carolina, I developed optimum runway orientations for both VFR (good weather) and IFR (instrument weather) for runway construction at Fort Story, Virginia. With sparse data, often only average and extreme temperatures, I and three other sergeants in our branch determined heating and cooling design points for U.S. military or U. S. civilian installations worldwide. There were times when we didn't have even that much information, yet, by using statistical analysis we were able to compile a vast

number of calculations and would have the results published as an Army, Navy, Air Force Manual.

Getting a request from the White House could quickly get your complete attention. For security reasons, the precise date for President Kennedy's overseas trips were unknown, so I could not base his weather outlook on actual real-time observed data as I would have done in meteorology. I read again the typical weather regimes published in climatology textbooks or anecdotal reports from persons who had visited his destinations. I objected to providing outlooks based on such vague information, but was told the president would only be using the outlook to give him a general idea, to know if he would need to pack an overcoat. Enclosed in an attractive folder, I believe the president would think the report professional, but it wasn't a forecast in the meteorological sense and I didn't like it. I recalled that when I made my only other presidential forecast I had real-time data. That was on Bermuda. The pilots I briefed were to fly Air Force One. From my many briefings of pilots, I had met many different personality types. President Eisenhower's pilot and copilot, in Air Force uniforms, impressed one as being self-assured, courteous, and having great respect for weather's limitations to flight. I did wonder, however, if their cuff links with presidential seal were part of a proper uniform.



Friden calculator (Wikipedia).

I yearned for those days in the past, days of working from real-time data to arrive at a meteorological prediction that the safety of the crews depended on — for the days of briefing and sweating out the return of aircraft — fighters, bombers, transports. Then, one day in 1964, while taking a document to the Pentagon, my answer to a climatology question, the possibility of a return to meteorology arose. It would be as an Army Artillery warrant officer, an instructor in ballistic meteorology at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Being a Ft. Sill instructor was pleasant duty, but it did involve being gone for two Vietnam War tours. Critical work, even if not forecasting.

Back in 1946, as we sat on the curb beside Chanute's student squadron orderly room, the first sergeant also said: "If you stay with meteorology, you'll never have dull work."

NEXT CHAPTER MEETING

YOU CAN EITHER CALL IN BY PHONE OR LOGIN USING YOUR COMPUTER BY JUST PLACING YOUR COMPUTER MOUSE POINTER OVER THE BLUE LINK PROVIDED BELOW AND “LEFT CLICK” ONCE

Jean Nelson is inviting you to a scheduled Zoom meeting. This will be a hybrid meeting with people meeting at Casa del Rio, 1060 South Pantano (intersection with 22nd), Tucson.

Topic: MOWW June meeting

Time: Jun 5, 2021 01:00 PM Arizona

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83670764026?pwd=M2I1VHJYMINIaGtxLzRqYWpNVnpJdz09>

Meeting ID: 836 7076 4026

Passcode: 025263

One tap mobile

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Meeting ID: 836 7076 4026

Passcode: 025263

Find your local number: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83670764026?pwd=M2I1VHJYMINIaGtxLzRqYWpNVnpJdz09>

NOTE: The Catalina Mountains Chapter will also be hosting their monthly MOWW Chapter Meeting at the Casa Del Rio Mexican Restaurant in east ucson— 1060 S. Pantano Road, Tucson, AZ 85710 / 520-296-2309. Questions contact Jean Nelson at: (520) 861-1749 or via email at: richandjean56@yahoo.com to get directions.