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Greetings, Helpmates, patriotic Veteran's Day,

A lot of tragic water has flown over the dam since I last greeted you. I finished the last issue of the newsletter with news of the reunion, and much of the world activity is a reminder of 1941. Another axe to grind, another believed wrong has to be righted, another viewpoint is aired at any expense. The New York tragedy has taken us by surprise, again. It seems to me that we are too trusting, too good, too generous, too understanding and probably too dumb, to get along easily in this losing world. I have received numerous E-mails from various contacts with an address which was given by a Canadian citizen about our leniency, our generosity, and our extraordinary trusting traits, and we just get abuse, criticism, and pleas of neglect for our efforts. Seems true to me. But I am just a taxpayer, supporting all of the do-good dealers we elect.

Well, most of you have already heard of the bad luck I had on my way home from the reunion with the Zimmers. The car is being fixed in WV, and everyone in the world is on my back to get in touch with them, and they never return my calls. So I survive, with considerable doubt about the business world and their manners. My son Dave lost a lot of sleep getting his dad home, but he is young enough to weather that.

I just made a quantum leap in my aging world. I decided that I could stand one more car to get me through my increasing old age. I looked the field over, and the Buick people were adamant in their monetary demands, so I looked elsewhere. I have always had good luck with Buicks, and hated to leave the fold, but I got a Mercury Grand Marquis instead. It is about the same size as the LeSabre, and I don't think it rides as good, but son John

Okayed it, so I went and done it. It was considerably less expensive than the Buick, too, and it uses regular unleaded, not a minor consideration in the high prices of gasoline these days. It is a light blue, and I will have another kind of car to complain about. Babe drove several Mustang cars, and liked them. Then we started Olds and Buicks.

I have had several E-mails from David Hawkins about Elmer Worden. He is in touch with the tribal leaders, and they told him that if he would write to Elmer at the tribal registration facility, it would either be picked up, or ignored. I suspect that is what we will try, as he may be ill, or out of touch, or both. I will keep the progress of this endeavor in these pages if any new developments occur. Dave and Virginia are getting ready to go down to their Texas winter base in the near future. I am going to send this issue to them down there.

Further word from David informs me that he has been in touch with Elmer, and he does not know why the last newsletter was sent back to me. David tells me that his PO box is 79-1, and I have been sending it to PO box 79. I have made this change in the address file, so will see if this works. David and Virginia are going to Kashena in late October, and intend visiting with Elmer at that time. Give him regards from us all, and we are glad that he is in good condition, medically, and that he is to stay that way.

I had written to Jerri Polson requesting the first few pages of a history which Ronnie wrote after the war, and which was incomplete at my end. She sent me the missing pages immediately, and I enjoyed reading it very much. I had found one area which gave the list of those transferred out just before

the Bulge, and I have sent that item to John W. to put with the material on the internet. Jerri seems to be in good condition, and sends a big "Hello" to everyone.

Just attended a reunion of the family which Babe claimed. There were about 29 people there, and that is nearly all of the membership of her family. I got my head sunburned badly, but I always do. I rarely get out into the bright sunshine, and get burned on every occasion when I do. Babe loved the sun, and would get black after most of her trips to the south.

The new car is doing fine. Have 100 miles on it, and counting. I have always owned GM products, except for Babe's first Mustang. Will take my Buick to Florida, and give the Olds 98 to some organization or other to get rid of it. I have spent enough on it to have gotten a new one, but it is handy to have around, believe me.

After a quick trip, I have returned. I was not able to join the group on the west coast for a lunch, because they all had something else to do. What with doctor visits, church or social engagements, family problems, and the like, the older folks are busier now than they ever seemed to be earlier in life.

For the first time in my life I got my mortgage problem solved again, I think. I have a very nice realtor handling my affairs down in New Port Richey, but she has trouble keeping one of my accounts on track. I give her all the leeway in the world, but the young folks who took over the property have trouble keeping payments current. It gives me a reason to hit the west coast, tho, So I just am a good landlord, and let them catch up on the interest.

I called Paul Martin on the last Wednesday I was there, and got no response. I know the number was correct, because I had checked it last time down. The Hartleys were in the midst of doctor visits, and when the Ralcewiches were finally cornered, they had some problems. Dorothy's sister was moved over to Florida from California, but things still are touch and go there.

Ray, Marge and I had our usual game of Mhingg, and Marge really trounced us on the

first day, then Ray did the same on the 2nd. I am glad to play this complicated game, but I am not able to even scratch the surface of their expertise. They put up with me, tho.

George Ralcewich was finally located on my last day there, and was telling us that he had been in touch with Moe Sweetgall, and Janet and hoped they would be able to meet with us on a future date, nearer their Sarasota location. We set Nov. 10 for the fateful date, and so we will meet there at 2 PM at the local Cracker Barrel with as many of the group as we can muster for our west coast brigade lunch.

I spent most of the first week at the condo in New Smyrna Beach. I tried to reach George Ford, but either misdialed, or got a wrong #, as the nice lady who answered assured me that she wasn't Mrs. Ford, but hoped I could reach my number. Something came up, tho, and I did not get to retry for George. I will catch him later.

I gave my '88 Olds 98 to one of the local high schools in Winter Haven. They have a shop class there, and they accept donations of used cars for the students to work on. At the end of a school year, the top student is given the best of the fixup cars and the teacher hoped that my car was going to make the grade this year. They acknowledge the gift, and I will be able to take a small amount off my tax burden next year. I will drive my Buick down on the next visit, and leave the new Mercury in St. Louis for use there.

I received a nice note from the Zimmer family with news that they seem to have no bad effects from the accident we had. They are going to visit an Amish region in Kentucky in the near future, and will probably take other short trips from time to time. Both are reasonably healthy at the present time, and send regards to all of the group.

I would like to set a few lines from a recent letter I received from Mildred Carney down to characterize the recent reunion, and the surrounding events.

REMEMBRANCES OF A SWEET & BITTER REUNION

"Almost feeling guilty-being there for a good time, while the nation was weeping for the victims of the terrorists attack - until the two ca-

sino attendants saw the 284th badge pinned on my purse. So proud they were they stroked my arm in appreciation. Almost as if to say "it's OK. He won your right to have a good time".

"The longing for the news to see if anybody was miraculously saved."

"The waitress who couldn't get away. When we would discuss the latest, her eyes would tear up."

"The group at the other end of the restaurant singing patriotic songs during breakfast."

"All the camaraderie, the good laughs of "we're not going to let those terrorists get us down".

"It was a good reunion, sweet and bitter, but great."

Thanks Mildred. You put it down just right.

I also received a nice note from Alice Edwards, a former nurse, and a good supporter of Helpmate now living in the Rockford, IL area. I had received some kitty money from her, and the bank will not cash a check written with Helpmate, or Message Center, as payee. So I had thanked her for the support, and she was sending me a replacement check, which I will be able to cash.

She tells me that she enjoys writing short stories, and has been published using a pseudonym. She writes mostly about some former patients, and uses a historic or Christian type theme. She hates computers (ugh!!), but has a friend who sends E-mails for her. If I could have her E-mail me some of her work, I might be tempted to let the group in on her talent. I could easily convert an E-mail file to apply to a newsletter, I think. In any event, Alice, I would be delighted to have you send me some of the writing you do. Surprise me!!!!

Thanks again for the donation, and for your interest in our group. Maybe you could put in print some of your husband's war stories.

The west coast brigade is going to have a luncheon in Sarasota on the 10th of Nov., and I am in no way going to be able to make it. There are several things I must do in relation to getting my old car in shape to donate it, and other things are needing to be done before I can vacate St. Louis for warmer climates. I am in touch with Ray Crismond, and I have sent

an E-mail with this general content, and hope that when I finally do get down we can get one of our delightful meetings planned. I will probably be going down with some friends, and they can share the driving chores with me. I used to take the family down in one long drive. It took 15 or so hours, but with other drivers, it was easier than pulling up for a night at a motel, and all the confusion which that brought about. Will see. I will come back to St. Louis for Xmas, and then go back down if the condo is open in January.

The news is getting slim. The Zimmers are going to the Kentucky Region for a visit soon, and they will receive a visit from one of the sons who will probably spend much of his time at the local race track.

No other news to report at this time. I am going to put a page into this issue with pictures of the Dominion Monarch. I do not remember much of that crossing, except that we were in charge of giving shots for syphilis to some of the troops who sailed with us. I also remember how much fish we had, and how little I liked eating mutton. We had some duty in the ship's sick bay, too, and so got to eat 3 meals a day, instead of 2 (when we were on duty).

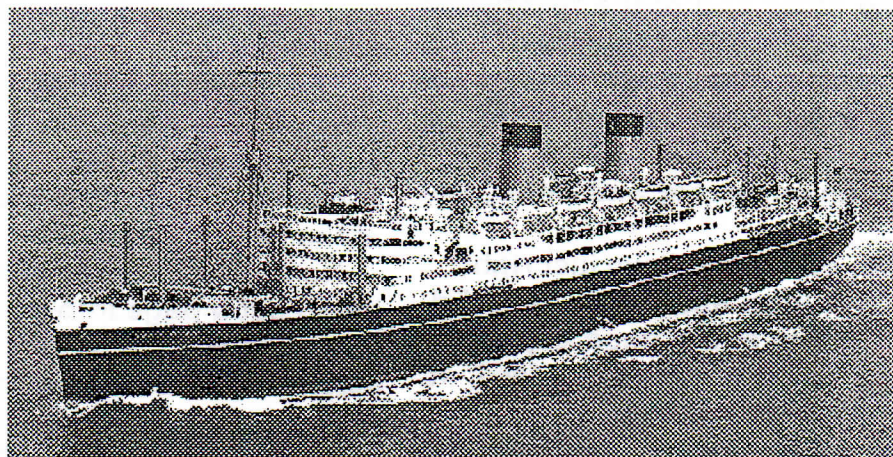
I have gotten the negatives which Ray Crismond received with his reunion pictures printed, and I am going to send them on to John W. for possible inclusion in our website. There are several of the boardwalk, and of the group which should be able to be scanned into files, and placed on the website. John will let me know if they can be used.

As I mentioned, I am going to place the pix of the Dominion Monarch on the back of this sheet and finish this issue before I get some other project under my wing. The message on the last page is an indication of the way things are, and I would love putting more black and white on any issue if anyone wrote, or called, or sent me a telepathic message which I could include in the issue. Maybe next lifetime.

Take care of yourselves, and stay healthy.

Azever

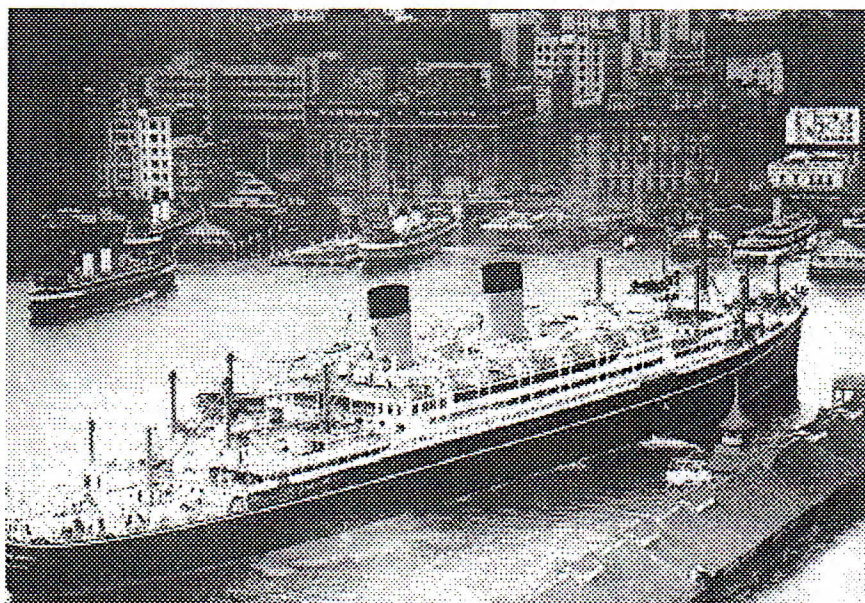
JBS



Q.S.M.V. Dominion Monarch

The quadruple screw motor vessel *Dominion Monarch* was the most powerful motor liner in the world and in her time, the largest ship in the Australasian trade. With a unique passenger to crew ratio, she offered a quality of service that has never been equalled.

She was a most unusual ship; her design was basically that of a very large cargo-passenger liner, a factor emphasised by her comparatively small passenger complement. Although other vessels of her type had been built previously, and were ordered after her, *Dominion Monarch* was the largest liner of this format ever built.



Above and below: Circular Quay, Sydney. Maiden voyage, March 1939.

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**YOUR NOTE
WOULD
SURELY BE
APPRECIATED**

*Have Reunion Pix ready to come
up to you. Thank.
J.M.*

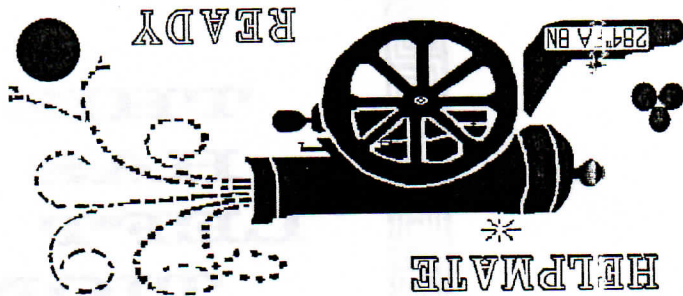
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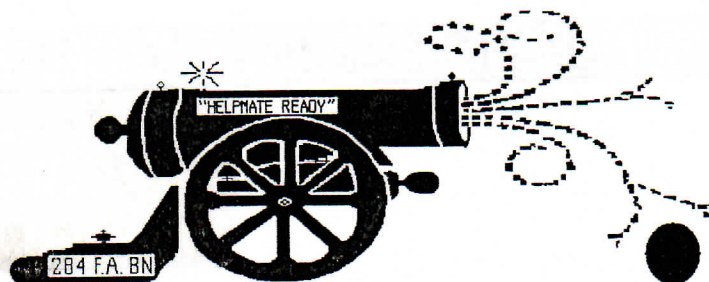


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HAPPY THANKSGIVING



TO ALL OF OUR GROUP

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