

COMBAT AIR MUSEUM

Plane Talk



The Official Newsletter of the Combat Air Museum

February / March 2006 • Vol. 22, No. 2

Kansas military hero is the topic of Membership Luncheon

CAM member **Jack Vaughn** was our guest speaker at the December luncheon. His presentation was on **US Army General Frederick Funston**, whose childhood home is now a museum in Iola, Kansas. Jack grew up in southeast Kansas and over the years has driven countless times through Iola. He remembers when the home was located about five miles north of Iola, then to the city square had an interest in and why he was that his home was made into a us that a number written about and that Thomas film about Medal of Honor- the Philippines. actual event, the and is almost comical in today's vernacular.



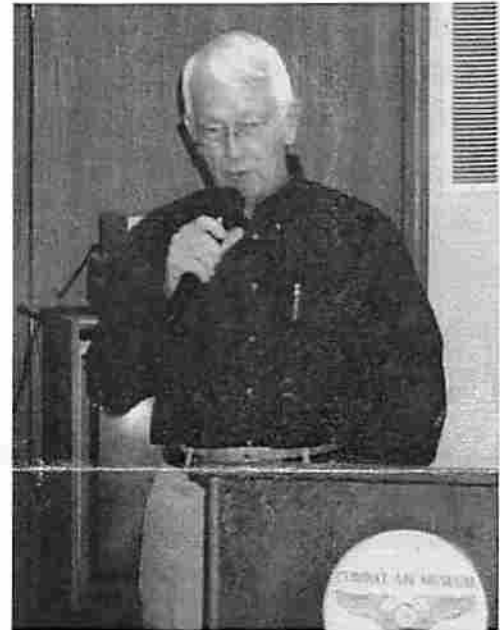
General Frederick Funston

when it was moved in 1994. He always who Funston was important enough preserved and museum. Jack told of books had been Frederick Funston Edison did an early Funston and his winning action in While based on an film was inaccurate

Funston was born November 9, 1865 in New Carlisle, Ohio and came to Kansas as a small boy in 1868. He grew up near Carlyle, Kansas, north of Iola. He was a person of small stature, standing at five feet four inches tall and about 120 pounds as an adult. He applied for admission to West Point Military Academy but failed physically (too small) and academically.

"Funston," continued on page 10

Funston photo courtesy of Major General Frederick Funston Boyhood Home and Museum website and The Kansas State Historical Society



Jack Vaughn tells CAM members about the life and times of General Frederick Funston.

Inside This Issue

<i>2006 Events Calendar</i>	2
<i>Message to CAM members</i>	2
<i>CAM says good-bye to two dear friends</i>	3
<i>Toy airplanes are flying off the workbenches at the Museum</i>	4-5
<i>New and Renewing Supporters</i>	5
<i>The Battle of Leyte Gulf</i>	6-9
<i>February/March Calendar of Events</i>	9
<i>CAM serves almost 10,000 visitors in 2005</i>	12
<i>Visitors</i>	12

Combat Air Museum

Forbes Field • Hangars 602 & 604
 P.O. Box 19142
 Topeka, KS 66619-0142
 Telephone (785) 862-3303
 FAX (785) 862-3304
 www.combatairmuseum.org

Provided by
 Rossini Management Systems, Inc.
 Email: combatairmuseum@aol.com

Museum Curator

Danny San Romani
Office Manager
 Jane Weinmann

Board of Directors

Dick Trupp - *Wing Commander*
 Gene Howerter - *Vice Wing Commander*
 Stu Entz - *Secretary*
 Bob Crapser
 Don Dawson
 Darrel Dougan
 Martin Moyer
 Stephen Wanamaker

Newsletter Editing & Design

Toni Dixon
 Dixon Communications
 (785)235-1605

Museum Hours

Monday - Saturday
 9 A.M. - 4:30 P.M.

Last Admission 3:30 P.M.

Sunday Noon - 4:30 P.M.

Last Admission 3:30 P.M.

Plane Talk, the official newsletter of Combat Air Museum of Topeka, Kansas, is published bi-monthly. Your questions and comments are welcomed.

Any information for **Plane Talk** should be submitted to CAM office.

2006 Events Calendar

Event dates subject to change

March

20-23 Aviation Education Class

April

29 Celebrity Pancake Feed

June

5-8 Aviation Education Class

July

10-13 Aviation Education Class

August

7-10 Aviation Education Class

September

Winged Foot 5K Run/Walk



The finished billboard on US 75, before the 77th Street exit.

To Combat Air Museum Members

Thanks for all the support you have given me and my family in the last 5 years or so. Thanks for all the donations to the Combat Air Museum. Words cannot express our thanks for all you have done.

Thanks,

The Bill Naylor Family

Cam says good-bye to two dear friends

We ended 2005 with the loss of two of our earliest members. **Mac Kreuter**, 79, CAM #245, passed away December 15 in Topeka and **Bill Naylor**, 80, #201, passed away December 26, also in Topeka. Both Mac and Bill were long time volunteers and contributors to the Museum until health conditions a few years ago prevented them from coming out.

Mac's and Bill's times as volunteers included a period in the Museum's history when they were part of a small cadre of volunteers who kept the place open for business. They often opened, operated and closed the Museum with few, if any, other people around to help.

Mac worked a period of time as a Gift Shop operator and performed a variety of tasks in support of air shows. He eventually stopped volunteering at the Museum but continued providing his support in other ways. The existence of our library, currently with over 1,500 books, had its beginnings due in part to Mac. Over the years, he donated over 300 books to the Museum, and those are the ones we have records on. There are undoubtedly a number of others he brought out and left with someone that were never recorded. Mac also donated over 40 videotapes dealing with military and civil aviation, World War II, and the Cold War.

Several artifacts in our collection came from Mac's service in the Army Air Corps during World War II. Then there were the many items Mac and his wife **Bonnie** brought out that had been discarded by businesses or other folks, items that were still quite useful and functional. A number of those are used today while others are stored for future use. A large number of donated items was also placed in the garage sales CAM used to hold, their sales bringing in funds for the Museum.

When we talk of Bill Naylor, we have to mention a family affair. One could seldom just say Bill. Since 1977, it has been Bill and **Mary**, Mary being Bill's lovely wife. Until he joined the Air Force, **Gary's** name was there, also. Gary is a son. In fact, it was he



Bill Naylor



Mac Kreuter

who got Mom and Dad to join CAM. Then, whenever Gary came back to Topeka on leave periods, we had **Susan, Desiree, Patricia, and Rachel** as part of the Naylor family volunteering at the Museum. But for the most part, it was Bill and Mary, and this couple did a lot of everything. While Mary worked (and still works) the Gift Shop, Bill did all manners of maintenance and repair, restoration, cleaning and building. He was always in motion working on something.

Bill and Mary were present for any type of fundraising function from pancake feeds to garage sales to air shows. It is a real brainteaser to think of a Museum activity that they did not take some part in.

Several years ago, Bill's health caused him to slow down a bit and he took on a "desk" job with his volunteer time at the Museum. His desk was actually a workbench in the 604 workshop, and there Bill sorted fasteners and hardware – hours at a time – sorting through cans and boxes of nuts, bolts, washers, screws, rivets and a myriad of other items. Once sorted, Bill put them in separate cans and jars and stored them on shelves.

Mac Kreuter and Bill Naylor were part of the "Greatest Generation" and they brought to the Museum a strong work ethic characteristic of that generation. Combat Air Museum is a better place because of their dedication, work, and contributions. We are grateful to Mac and Bill for having been here and making such a positive impact on our Museum and our lives. →



The completed product.

Toy airplanes are flying off the workbenches at the Museum

This Christmas, the carpenter and work shops were subcontracted out by Santa's Workshop to build toy wooden airplanes. **Martin Moyer** was Head Jolly Old Elf and a number of other volunteers joined in the project.

For a number of years, we have had a toddler's toy airplane on the Hangar 602 floor. Youngsters can sit on a seat and scoot the airplane around the floor. A caster tail wheel allows them to change direction. Martin used this plane to make patterns. He then went to work cutting out pieces and started building the first toy. **Amos Page** and **Dale Allen** assisted with the first prototype and have been involved in plane production since. Soon, Martin began experimenting with the toy's design, and new fuselage shapes came out.

Gene Howerter, Zak Amos, Dan Pulliam, Joe Higgins, and Danny San Romani joined in the work. As planes came off the erstwhile assembly line, other changes in design and accessories occurred. We can honestly say no two planes are exactly alike.

Multi-engine designs were built, and Martin made two tri-planes and a staggered wing design. Of course, the triplane went to the paint scheme of the Red Baron, and Jane Weinmann soon had a Snoopy and Woodstock that will go with the plane once their "flying gear" is complete.

The initial paint schemes were based on biplane trainers of World Wars I and II, and then a few special edition paint jobs were done. At one time, nine planes were in the workshop in various stages of construction and painting. A request was made for a John Deere

scheme, and John Deere colors were provided to do this.

Martin keeps track of the planes in a brown pocket notebook. Serial numbers are assigned to them and applied to their respective tail fins. The first two digits signify the year, the last two digits the sequential number. For example, 0501 meant the first toy plane built in 2005. By the end of the year we were up to 0518 and are currently building the 06 series.

Fourteen planes have sold to date: nine out of the Museum, four out of a local restaurant, and one out of a bingo hall. Martin has placed others at Billard Airport in Topeka.



Scooter planes under construction.

While the supply lasted, Martin built fuselages out of lumber he and **Don Dawson** acquired from a dumpster. A local university was replacing rollaway seating for a basketball court, and Martin and Don were trying to get the lumber out of the dumpster as fast as a bobcat was loading it in.

Martin and Gene will tell you that when you use old court seating, you get everything with it, including old bubble gum. Martin pointed this out to San Romani after he built the first triplane, but apparently forgot to tell Gene, who found it while painting the plane. As Gene



"Push me, Grandpa."

scraped the gum off the fuselage, he found it had coincidentally been placed over a depression in the wood, so he left some of it as body filler. Worked fine.

During the week after Christmas, we got feedback on how toddlers took to their new toy planes. One immediately sat on the seat facing rearwards—apparently more interested in where he had been than where he was going. This youngster also received a toy tool set and was seen performing maintenance on his plane. Another toddler sat on the seat and immediately put his feet between the wings and said, "Push me, Grandpa." [Shop Note: design and fabricate a tow bar for Grandpa.] A third toddler sat down, leaned forward and spun the plastic propeller. As long as the propeller spun, he scooted the plane around. When the propeller stopped, he stopped, then leaned over, spun the prop and scooted along again. This toddler also soon learned that accented hip action would turn his plane on a dime.

The toddler soon learned that accented hip action would turn his plane on a dime.

Post-season production continues, and we plan to have several examples available for the annual pancake feed. The basic trainer-type planes sell for \$45 and special edition paint schemes sell for \$55 including tax. ➔

New Supporters

The Braun Family
Marty, Terry, Matthew, Andrew, & Catherine
The Burkey Family
Drew, Elita, Giselle, Gerusha, Logan, Chole,
Anemone, Brigham, & Salix
The Crapser Family
Will, Erin, Morgan, Ethan, & Logan Kraig Rowe

Renewing Supporters

Oscar Albrecht
Jim & Mary Braun
Bill & Marcella Briery
Art Buchanan
Anderson & Edith Chandler
Charles Cutler
Don & Peggy Dawson
Len Faulconer
Dr. Paul & Jane Fortin
Eldon Geffert
L C Hinther
Bob & Mary Ann Kelly
Col. Hollis B. Logan (Ret)
The Mann Family
Larry, Nancy, Chelsea & Cameron
Roger & Lois Miller
William Morgan
Mary Naylor
The Naylor Family
Gary, Susan, Desiree, Patricia & Rachel
Marlin Nickerson
Ted Nolde
Carl & Betty Quarnstrom
The Sliter Family
Gerald, Jane, Kurt & Stefan
Tad Pritchett
Harlan Sweeten
The Torrey Family
Brent, Angela, Connor, Emily, Jennifer & Jason
Merton Wilch
Tom & Mary Anne Witty

➔ ➔ ➔

The Battle for Leyte Gulf

An eyewitness account of KITKUN BAY's part in the Battle of Leyte Gulf off Samar Island, Philippines on October 25, 1944

Second Installment

This is the second installment (printed as written) of an eyewitness account by LT(jg) **Charles F. Spalding** of the US escort aircraft carrier KITKUN BAY. Spalding wrote of KITKUN BAY's part in the Battle of Leyte Gulf off Samar Island, Philippines on October 25, 1944. A force of six US escort carriers and their seven escorts of destroyers and destroyer escorts were surprised by the appearance of a superior Japanese force with four battleships, eight cruisers and eleven destroyers. LT(jg) Spalding describes the running surface and air battle between these forces.

The first installment ended with LT(jg) Spalding talking with a fellow officer who was perched on a commode, reading a months-old sports section of a newspaper. We will recount this meeting and proceed from there with the account.

I leave this cheerless scene and go needlessly to the head. Two hundred and fifty pounds of Lt. McCabe are balanced on the toilet in what must be one of the most studied casual gestures ever assumed. Spread out before him is the sports edition of the Philadelphia Inquirer. This is October 25th. I calculate quickly that the paper is four months and thirteen days old.

"What do you think?" I ask again absurdly taking a seat beside him.

He turns his high head slightly like an interested St. Bernard and talks grandly as if he were the allied spokesman. "I have every confidence that we shall emerge safely from this."

"You go up and look at that cruiser off our port beam, and you'll lose some of that confidence."

"The hell there is!" he whispers hoarsely.

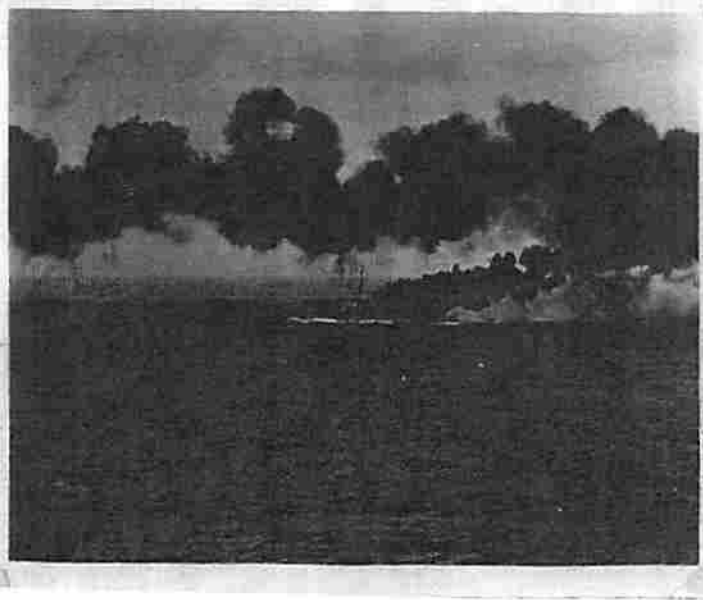
A thud is heard outside and a moment later it is announced tonelessly over the public address that we are now being fired upon ourselves.

"The Kitkun Bay is under fire."

The announcement is coupled with three more thuds in rapid succession. My stomach cramps. Crippled by terror, I crawl into a bunk and turn out the lights so as not to be seen. But this is worse. I can't mentally overcome my fright because we are literally helpless. God, there must be some way out?! But there is no way out. Without firepower we are even deprived a fighting chance. I wonder numbly if I will feel this

same panic forty years from now when age and sickness again bring death close enough to clasp. Forty years! Have I four of forty minutes? Who wants to live forever? Not forever, sargent [sic]. One hundred and six will do nicely.

Announcements come regularly over the public address system now. Chief Leddy and Yeoman Darcy keep the crew below decks advised of the battle's progress. "A salvo just exploded about a hundred feet off the port side."



Destroyer escort laying smoke screen.

"They're pretty close but they're doing no good. Our fellows are really putting out on the five inch."

Previously the Captain had given the Quixotic order: "When the Jap fleet comes within range, open up with our five inch." Gunner Davidson is firing the gun as if it were automatic, but he has no armor piercing shells, only anti-aircraft which will bounce like dried rice off the Japanese plating.

Somebody grumbles.

"Shoot it! Stick the goddam thing in the water and give us some speed!"

"A Jap battleship is pulling up behind."

The address system records every quaver in the announcer's voice.

"The last salvo straddled us," he croaks bravely.

Men walk rapidly through the passageway. I can't stand the darkness any longer. I follow Dee Witt out onto the forecastle. It is an incredible sight. Enemy cruisers are in plain view off our port and starboard quarter. Orange flame spurts from their guns at uneven intervals. They fire broadsides in salvos of six.

"Isn't that the Nachi, Oscar?" Someone asks Lt. Dresslar, the squadron's A.C.I. officer.

He squints over the side at the obvious silhouette [sic]. "That's the Nachi," he mumbles thickly and creeps back into hiding.

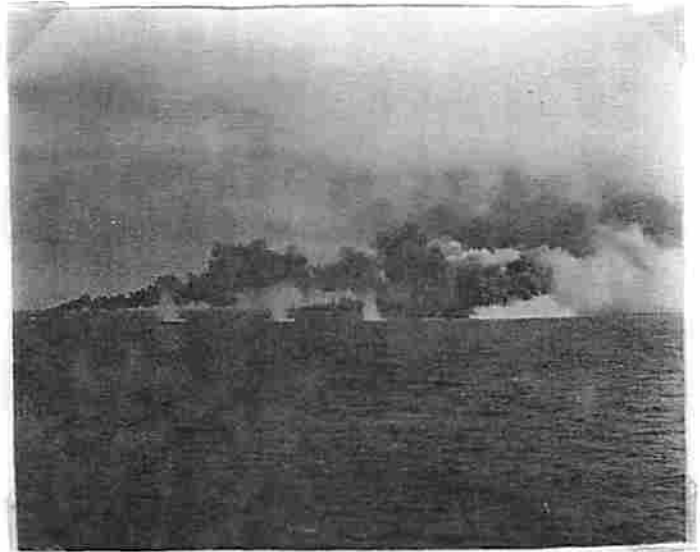
"Our destroyers and destroyer escorts have been ordered to make a torpedo attack."

The word is passed again. I watch incredulously and soon see the DE's, little bobbing bath tub toys they seem, wheel smartly and head back for the enemy. Struck dumb with admiration, the shelling momentarily goes unnoticed. It is a shaming tearful example of courage, discipline, and faith in command. Could anyone on this balmy day have dreamed that when the Jap fleet did come out it would be set upon by these tiny vessels!

The little craft slip outside the smokescreen. One tries impudently to head off a battleship. A direct hit sets it up on end. Cruiser fire surrounds two others.

An explosion aft raises our own ship clear of the water. The Admiral reduces the zig-zag to keep the rudder from jamming. Now a perfect straddle. The cruisers have approached to a distance of four miles. Directly ahead lies Samar Island. We can turn neither right nor left. We are being driven right onto the beach!

Captain Whitney orders small arms handed out to the crew. We cannot force the semi-circle the Japs have



Salvos landing among escort ships as they lay smoke screens.

drawn around us. Our planes have attacked. The escort vessels have attacked. All that keeps the enemy's force at bay are our four five-inch guns firing from the carrier fantails. The "Fanshaw Bay's" gun is out of commission.

Suddenly at 0913 the shelling stops.

"The cruisers - - - the cruisers are retiring."

"They can't be!" shouts the Captain incredulously.

In another ten minutes they could have annihilated our entire force.

"Cruisers are now nine miles, - opening."

"Cruisers at twelve miles."

continued on pages 8 and 9

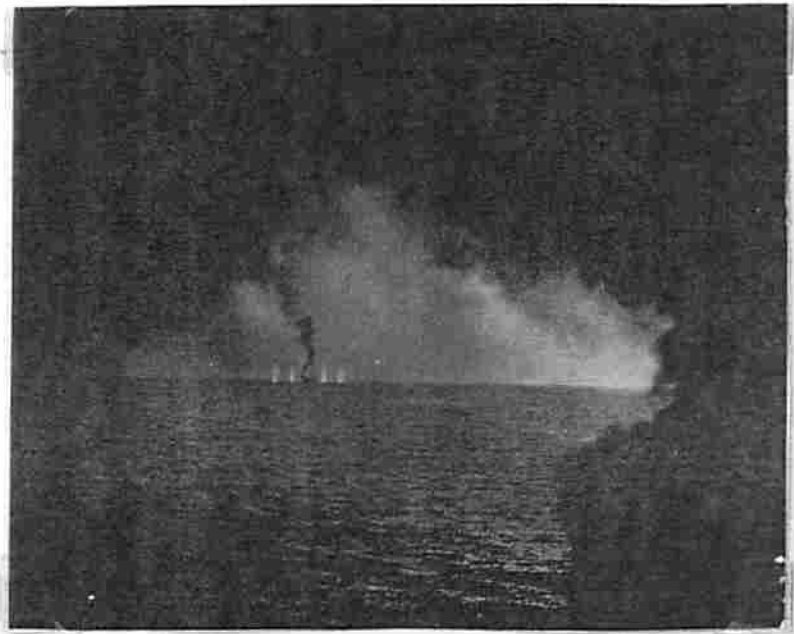


Salvos landing on KALININ BAY. Japanese cruiser to the right on the horizon.

KITKUN BAY fighters prepare for launch.



*Japanese suicide plane (kamikaze)
diving on KITKUN BAY.*



*Salvos straddling GAMBLER BAY.
Japanese cruiser to the right on the horizon.*

Battle for Leyte Gulf, continued from page 7

"The enemy has retired!" the announcer cries.

Wild cheers of relief rise out of the catwalks.

Falling limply against a railing I look down into the dark, impassive water scudding by below. Nature is coldly impersonal! I feel light, so light. The air is fresh.

I wonder why the Japs broke off, why they did not press a torpedo attack that would have gone necessarily unopposed. How in Heaven's name could five escort carriers, guarded only by seven small escort vessels, survive two and one half hours of shelling by major enemy units at almost point blank range? Will anybody believe it?

Flight quarters sound. Lt. Lock lands everybody safely aboard although the ship is seldom headed into the wind. Before we can learn how the pilots managed, the General Quarters bell clangs again.

"All hands stand by for an air attack!"

Black smudges against the gray sky indicate a carrier on the port side throwing up anti-aircraft fire. From nowhere four Zeros appear and coast slowly past at an altitude under eight hundred feet.

They are mistakenly regarded as friendly until Lt.(jg) Richter shouts frantically from air defense, "They're Zekes. They're Zekes!"

The guns open up behind and none are shot down. Nobody realizes they are decoys until the starboard guns



Salvos landing near KITKUN BAY

open up at a plane diving steeply on the ship. As the dive progresses, it appears that the pilot may have no intention of pulling out. Guns in his wings wink. People scatter. A gunner forward sags in his straps. I dive into the light lock amidships. The plane skims the bridge, crosses the deck, plunges through the catwalk, forward on the port side into the sea. There is a loud explosion.

"Fire! Fire on the hangar deck." the public address announces listlessly.

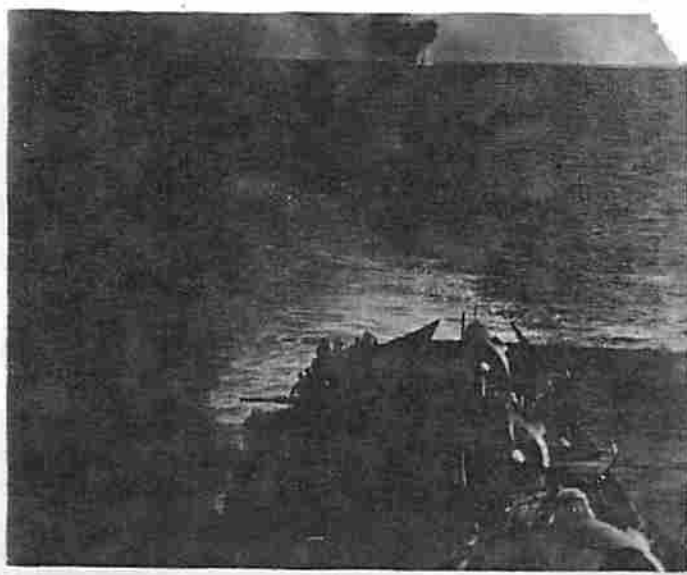
Continued next issue.

The air attack by land-based Japanese aircraft on Taffy 3 was not a part of Japanese Vice Admiral Kurita's Center Force that had chased the US carriers and their escorts. In fact, unless Kurita was looking rearward as his force departed the area, it is doubtful he even knew Taffy 3 was under an aerial attack.

The pilot diving his plane into KITKUN BAY was significant. Since the earliest days of World War II there were reports of Japanese pilots crashing their planes into Allied ships. However, these were considered isolated incidents of sacrifice and not routinely seen. This all changed on October 25, 1944.

Six days earlier, on October 19, Japanese Vice Admiral Takijiro Onishi, commander of Japan's First Air Fleet announced that due to the grave war situation the only way of assuring maximum effectiveness with meager strength was to form suicide attack units of Zero fighters with 550-pound bombs. Each plane would crash into an enemy aircraft carrier.

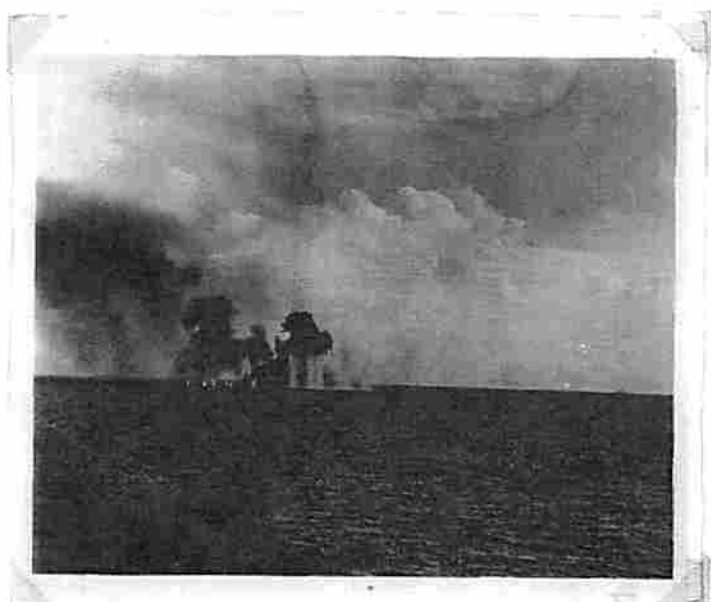
Thus was born a suicide air corps for Japan. The units were named *kamikaze* – translated as *Divine Wind* – after a legendary typhoon that destroyed an



GAMBIER BAY hit, afire and dropping out of formation. It sank 30 minutes later.

invading Mongol fleet approaching Japan in the 13th century. From now on suicide air attacks against Allied ships would be carried out as an official operation. More volunteers would come forth than planes were available, and all types of planes would eventually be used. The *kamikazes* had their baptism of fire at Leyte Gulf. Their full fury would be felt seven months later off Okinawa.

In the next issue of *Plane Talk* we will continue with the events of KITKUN BAY and Taffy 3 on October 25, 1944. →



GAMBIER BAY hit by salvos. Japanese cruiser to the right on the horizon.

February/March Calendar of Events

February

Monday, February 13

Membership Luncheon

Jean Wanner Education Conference

Center

11:30 a.m.

March

There is no Membership

Luncheon in March.

The next luncheon is

Monday,

April 10.



"Funston," continued from page 1

In 1884, at age 18, he taught one term at a country school near Iola. One of his more memorable times while teaching was taking on a school bully with a gun. Not only did Funston put down the bully, he had other students bailing out of school windows and running for the woods. He returned to high school and graduated in 1886. From there he went to The University of Kansas.

While at Kansas, Funston met and became friends with William Allen White, who later became a famed editor of the *Emporia [Kansas] Gazette*. Funston studied math and Spanish at Kansas, but dropped out due to lack of money after two semesters. He did a brief stint as a newspaper reporter in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Funston was a Republican and his newspaper boss was a Democrat. That, however, did not prevent young Funston from replacing a pro-Democrat article with a pro-Republican/anti-Democrat one, which cost him his job. Funston returned to the University of Kansas in 1889, but left the university in 1890 without a degree.

After his college experience Funston held various jobs including one as a Department of Agriculture botanist. As a botanist, he went on an assignment that took him to Death Valley for eight months. He also made two trips to Alaska, including one above the Arctic Circle.

He held another job as a railroad ticket collector/conductor, and his small stature may have played a part in a confrontation Funston had with a passenger. When Funston asked a cowboy for his ticket, the cowboy drew his gun and said he rode on that. Funston left the passenger car and returned with a rifle and told the cowboy he was going to punch his ticket. Funston threw the cowboy off the train and chased him down the tracks. By 1894, Funston was a Deputy Comptroller for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad.

Funston was in New York's Madison Square Garden in 1896 when he heard a speech by Cuban revolutionists about their fight against Spanish rule in Cuba. Finding a cause in their struggle, Funston found books on artillery and somehow managed to acquire a Hotchkiss cannon. He then trained himself on how to fire the weapon and joined the Cuban army as an artillery officer. Because of American neutrality at the time, Funston had to be smuggled into Cuba.



Twenty-three months later, he came home. He weighed a mere 80 pounds and suffered from malaria, typhoid, and other jungle illnesses. He had fought in 22 engagements against Spanish soldiers, had 17 horses shot from under him and had been shot through both lungs and an arm. He had also had a wood shard run through a hip that all but crippled him. He had risen to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Cuban Army.

Funston had a bit of a charmed life. The Spanish captured him, but his college courses and immersion in the Cuban Army paid off in that he could speak Spanish fluently. He was able to convince his captors that he was an American in the wrong place and just wanted to go home.

After the Spanish American War ended, the Philippines were ceded to the United States, and the US wanted to set up a democracy in the island nation. To help establish this, the 20th Kansas Volunteer Infantry was established in 1898. Funston was chosen as leader of the unit. The 20th was initially posted to the Presidio in San Francisco, California. At best, it was a rag tag outfit much ridiculed by both the regular Army and the populace of San Francisco. Funston (now a US Army Colonel) bought a book on military tactics, read it on the train trip en route to California to take command of the 20th, and put tenets of the book to use with the troops upon his arrival. He turned the 20th around and made it a top-notch unit.

Funston and the 20th Cavalry reported to General Arthur MacArthur upon their assignment to the Philippines. In February 1899 they fought their first battle with Filipino insurgents. Before returning to the US the "Fighting 20th" took part in 18 more battles. Three members of the unit, including Funston, earned the Medal of Honor, and at age 33 Funston was promoted to Brigadier General.

Funston and the 20th returned to the United States in the fall of 1899. He left one battle area behind and unwittingly entering another. A group of soldiers of the 20th had a bone to pick with him. Some were jealous of their commander, others apparently disgruntled they had not received medals and awards. This group circulated untrue stories about Funston's conduct and activities in the Philippines—ones that could have ended his career. However, many other soldiers of the 20th came forward and discredited the lies and provided the true story.

Funston returned to the Philippines once again to battle insurgents. The attacks and battles had been costly for both sides, with some six thousand US soldiers dead and some 50 thousand insurgents killed. Funston developed the equivalent of a special forces unit during his second tour in the Philippines. In March 1901, using a group of 90 loyal Filipinos, Funston and three other officers posed as prisoners in an attempt to meet with Aguinaldo, a key insurgent leader. Funston faked letters to Aguinaldo and the ruse worked. He met with the leader, a brief firefight ensued and Aguinaldo was captured, two weeks after Funston's journey began. Interestingly, and ultimately with great benefit, Funston and Aguinaldo became fast friends. The Filipino rebellion was shortened after the capture and Aguinaldo eventually served as an official in the new government.

Funston once again returned to the United States, this time as a national hero but with at least one critic. Mark Twain denounced Funston for taking food and hospitality from Aguinaldo, then tricking and capturing him.

Funston later served as Commanding Officer of the Department of California at the Presidio and was in this position when an earthquake devastated San Francisco in April 1906. He placed troops in the streets to stop looting and organized successful fire fighting efforts. Part of these efforts was the creation of firebreaks, made by blowing up houses to clear areas. He was later criticized for his methods and lack of authority to do this, but few people could argue with the success of his efforts.

In the spring of 1914, the three-year old Mexican civil war was causing problems along the US/Mexico border. Funston was placed in command of all US troops along the border. Then, in April, came the Vera Cruz incident. The crew of the USS DOLPHIN was arrested and briefly detained in this Mexican port. US President Woodrow Wilson demanded a formal apology and a 21-gun salute to the US Flag. Mexican leader Victoriano Huerta refused and sent a fleet of US ships to Vera Cruz. Wilson also learned that Germany was running guns to Huerta through Vera Cruz aboard a merchant ship and ordered the port seized, which US Navy and Marine Corps forces did. After a period of time, Funston, with some 5,000 troops, was ordered to Vera Cruz to relieve the Navy and Marines. He was then appointed Military Governor of Vera Cruz until November 1914. While in this position, Funston was able to convert a bitterly hostile populace into one

supportive of the US forces.

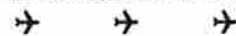
Funston was promoted to Major-General in 1916, becoming the highest ranking officer in the US Army. This year also found him once again along the US border with Mexico. Rebel Pancho Villa had executed 16 Americans in Mexico, then raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico. Funston established his headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, near San Antonio, and ordered Brigadier-General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing on a punitive expedition into Mexico to capture Villa and his rebels. Other subordinates of Funston's at this time included Captain Douglas MacArthur and Lieutenants George Patton and Dwight Eisenhower.

World War I began in 1914. The United States stayed out of the War until 1917. When the time came to form an American Expeditionary Force for deployment to France, many felt Funston would be the General to lead US troops into battle. But it was not to be. On February 19, 1917, while attending an opera in San Antonio, General Frederick Funston died of a heart attack at the age of 51.

Jack showed the audience a couple of photos held in CAM's collection. One, donated by Martin Moyer, showed a mass of civilian workers gathering to be paid at the construction site of Camp Funston on Fort Riley, Kansas in September 1917. The second photo was a panoramic view of buildings constructed and under construction at Camp Funston in August 1917.

Jack also had a DVD with a short biography of Frederick Funston that he played for the audience.

Frederick Funston was a famous person of his time, yet he seems to be not that well known today, even among Kansans. Perhaps the events and the magnitude of World War I overshadowed his accomplishments as a new crop of American heroes was born from that war.



**Join the
Combat Air Museum!
Your membership
and support
are important to us.**

Combat Air Museum serves almost 10,000 visitors in 2005

CAM ended 2005 with a total of **9,547** visitors, down 12.7% from last year. Lower attendance is something museums of all venues across the nation experienced. Locally, *The Topeka Capital-Journal* reported that city motels were seeing a rise in occupancy over the last quarter of 2005 and they expect that to continue and grow in numbers during 2006. We hope to see some returns from the anticipated increase of visitors to Topeka. Our neighbor to the south of Forbes Field, the Heartland Park Topeka racing complex, will have more events than ever during 2006, including the Sports Car Club of America Nationals, and again, we hope to benefit from the increased traffic at the raceway.

Of the 9,547 visitors from last year, 74% were from outside Topeka/Shawnee County. Thirty-three percent were from outside Kansas, and a bit over 2% were from outside the United States.

Our tour guides gave **65** scheduled tours to 1,805 visitors. →

Visit our website at
www.combatairmuseum.org

Visitors

During **November**

The Museum had

700 visitors

from **30** states

and

Bahamas

Canada

Italy

Russia

Switzerland

Thailand

During **December**

we had

369 visitors

from **24** states

and

Germany

Japan

New Zealand

→ → →



Combat Air Museum
 P.O. Box 19142
 Topeka, KS 66619-0142

Non-Profit Org.

USPOSTAGE

PAID

Topeka, KS 66603

Permit #181

11/11/2005

Topeka, KS