

Seasons Greetings

from the entire Arnold Family

Dear :

This has been another very busy year for all of us. Hap is still flying F-4's, this year the world famous Photo Phantom, RF-4C, with the California Air National Guard's 163rd Tactical Reconnaissance Group at March ANGB. His callsign is now GRZLY 40, the great Silver-tipped Kodak Bear. He still would rather shoot with a gun than a camera; on the other hand, the camera bay holds all the luggage one could want and it is stressed to aircraft limits. From the for whatever its worth department, Hap's jet is the third RF-4C ever built.

We lost another jet and crew this year, Mike Steed and Mike McGann; bad news. Mark Gable, the mobileer who almost lost his right leg in the previous summer's first crash, is back walking and talking flying. He flew up to the Guard a few weeks ago with Hap. Looking real fine; good news.

The 163rd is said to be stuck in Recce for a long time, certainly the rest of Hap's career; the Wart Hogs are gone forever, we think; no more Tactical Conversion Group, we hope.

The Aviation and Marine insurance and accident investigation business has kept Hap busy, a trip to Guam, Colorado Springs and opening a new office in Long Beach, California. Two days a week on the average in Long Beach for Hap, three in San Diego, one and a half of the other two at the Guard. Dru has done quite a bit helping on the medical aspects of the accidents, a real plus for us.

The flying sweet potato, the Apache, is for sale now, in super condition, we might add. The company has a new plane, a C-55 Beechcraft Baron. Boy that rascal moves, 180 knots true, 55% power. San Francisco in two hours, Colorado Springs in four.

Dru's year has been more interesting than most. First, an Annual Tour with the reserves, two weeks at Elmendorf AFB, Anchorage, AK, that's Alaska, in January. A couple of reserve trips in between and then the Robotic Chicken Disease in the summer. The what? Well it is a "polyarthritic disease of unknown origin". So called because when one wakes up in the morning, one looks like a poorly done Japanese horror show version of a robotic chicken. Very painful and very scary. Funny in retrospect now that one knows one is getting better. The One LT will be well just in time to go to Desert Shield.

William still goes by "Rodo" at home these days, a shortened version of *Rodentosaurus Rex*. Our good friend Joan Jeffery brought some English comics early this year on one of her road trips. For some reason they really appealed to William and put his desire to read in high gear. Now he can read about Rats, Phantoms, Dinosaurs and anything that moves fast or roars, not just look at the pictures. Like Hap, he far prefers guns to cameras and shoots by himself now. He is still playing soccer, he still doesn't really care if they win or lose. After all, its just a game.

Unfortunately, our annual Christmas Party has been cancelled due to probable commitments to Desert Shield. We hope to have a replacement party in the Spring, when it is over over there.

We are all healthy (good enough for government work) and very happy. We are extremely conscious of just how lucky we are. This time of year, our thoughts turn to our friends. We wish we could have spent time with each of our friends this year, shared our year past and our thoughts of the future; that cannot be and so we rely on this letter. We wish the 's a very happy and joyous holiday season. May your God be with you as ours is with us.

Best wishes and Love,

Dru, Hap, William, Rat, Zaxxon, Rex, Marie, Zeke, Roy and Sabie