



American Military Heritage Foundation

**Dedicated to preserving, in flying condition, a Vintage PV-2 Harpoon
in memory of all who fought on behalf of the United States of America**

**“To reach a port we must sail, sometimes with the wind, and
sometimes against it. But we must not drift or lie at anchor.”**

Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr.

Physician, poet

November 2020

Well this year will go down in history as one like no other in the recent past and I am not real sure just where to start with this newsletter. My wife and I are both type A personalities so sometimes, no make that all the time, we find it difficult to slow down and relax. We are always trying to figure out how to get something else done. However, there is a saying out there that goes something like this.

"Yesterday is gone so we cannot do anything with it. Tomorrow is not here yet so we cannot work on it. Therefore, all we have to work with is today." So, you see no matter how we divide up our time we only have today to work with and I am here to tell you that drives a Type A personality crazy at times. Please no negative comments here! We are now approaching what would normally be our busiest time of the year. You know that period between Thanksgiving and Christmas followed by New Year's Eve, where most everyone turns into that Type A personality.

Some of you are probably rolling your eyes and saying what does this have to do with the AMHF. OK, that is a fair question. First, we need to thank all those people that worked at the open house events. They represented the organization well, bringing in some much-needed funds, and introduced the AMHF to many people who had never heard of it or a PV-2 harpoon. Great job! There were also several things that came up during the open house events that the BOD needs to have a meeting to discuss and see how they might be implemented in future events at KMQJ or on the road. Again, thanks for a great job, we are all ambassadors for the AMHF and that includes all of you Type A's that do not want to admit it.

The plane is now parked, and maintenance/D-check has started with the goal of having it inspected and ready for crew training and the 2021 air show season. We are planning on all things being a go. There is no way for us to know what the Pandemic may or may not do, it seems to change daily with the evening news. With that said we are working with the goal of being ready to fly when air show season starts.

Some how I was given the task of heading up the D-Check this year. I am not real sure how that happened, maybe I did not run fast enough and for sure should not have talked to a certain individual at KGEZ some years back when the Harpoon was there for display. I will try my best to set a schedule and work it. I will try to set it for the whole month. However, with the holidays coming up that might prove a bit difficult. It would also be appreciated if you could take the time to let me know if you will be able to work that day. I know many of you are still in the work force and are unavailable during the week and I understand that. Saturday is the big day and knowing who is coming and who is not would be a great help in

planning. The bottom line here is we are going to need people to complete the D-check so all can enjoy the air show season.

If you have an idea that you believe will help the AMHF in anyway, please let someone know. It could just be the one to make some part of the organization run much better.

Well that takes care of the past month and the new month is here. We have no idea how Mother Nature may treat us, and she has her own agenda. I still have my super insulated coveralls. However, I really do not look forward to putting them on. I still have my red sock cap, so I am ready.

I do have another interview this month. It is most likely one of the most diverse and interesting that I have been given the opportunity or have the privilege to do. Again, this individual told me they did not do anything that would be of interest to anyone. I will let you the reader make that decision. This sort of backs up my statement that you never know what the person you are talking to or setting next to may have done!

Have a great month,

Gaylon

Martha “Marty” Goppert

Captain Army Nurse Corp “ANC”

Marty was born in Michigan and along with a sister raised on a farm. She was apparently daddy's girl because she helped her dad with the farming including feeding the hogs and taking care of other animals, farm chores, and driving the tractor helping to get the crops out. Her sister worked in the house with their mother.

After graduating from high school, she entered Hurley Hospital School of Nursing in Flint, Michigan receiving her diploma in 1962. I would have to say that after graduation from nursing school her life started picking up speed and I am not sure it has slowed down yet. In the first sixteen years after graduating from nursing school she had eleven different jobs and none of them in the same city. She even spent one year in London. Most of her nursing career was in Critical Care. Marty then entered the Army in the ANC.

Marty went through basic training at Ft. Sam Houston. The only thing she told me about that was that she did not like to yell, and the drill Sgt. became so upset with her he made her come up front and march beside him. Her response, "I am not going to yell I will talk loud but I am not going to yell." After completing basic training, she spent her first year at Letterman Army Hospital San Francisco, California. She was then transferred to Camp Drake Army Hospital outside of Tokyo, Japan for the next two years.

This hospital was receiving the critically wounded in from Vietnam. Marty worked in the Intense Opened Wounds Ward. This was one large room holding 30 soldiers. The focus was to get their wounds cleaned up so they could be sent back to the States. Their wounds were very extensive and most of these young soldiers were in the 18 to 25 age range. They would put them in a whirlpool to be cleaned up and then derided. The wounds were gross with missing body parts and large amounts of tissue. One of Marty's co-workers told her about seeing a colored soldier, that had lost both legs, trying to roll over and could not. A young deep south white soldier next to him reached across and said, "give me your hand I will help you roll over." These young soldiers were at that age where appearance and physical ability is so important. They would now be returning state side no longer feeling or looking like a complete person. While working at Letterman Hospital she had seen them come in and start rehab. Then get to the point they could get a pass and leave the hospital for a few days. Many would come back early not being able to take the looks and treatment from the outside world. The other side of this, was many could not be stabilized and would not make it. At first, they would fly two or three family members to Japan, then as things escalated, they cut it to one. Then she would see a young wife some in their teens show up by their selves with no one to give them support. All this effected Marty deeply and she does not want people to forget these soldiers who gave so much. However, I believe this is where her Christian faith helped with her job and helped her though this turbulent time.

Marty said she had never had any desire to fly but that also changed. In 1975 she married her husband Tex who was a Navy pilot, flew for United Airlines and was part of an Airshow called the Flying Circus. Now we are talking Stearman's, Waco's, and Fleet's, all open cockpits. They were involved with this for about twenty-five years and Marty flew in it for about the last 13 years after getting her license and logging the necessary time. They flew from a 1900 ft. grass strip and put on an airshow each Sunday, May through October. One day she said to her husband, "she needed to learn how to land the plane in case something happened to him." His comment, "landing is the hardest part so you might as well get your license." Before she got her pilot license, she would sell tickets or work the concession stand. After she got her license, she would hop rides and would have women ask to ride with her. If any men refused to ride with her, she never heard about it. At this point in history women pilots were not accepted like they are today and the same goes for male nurses. She told the story of her and her girlfriend flying into Ocean City, Maryland and taxied in and parked. Two men came out and asked where their husbands were; to which they replied at home. Her friend responded. "yes, we flew in and they even let us vote." So, things continue to change as time moves on. It was

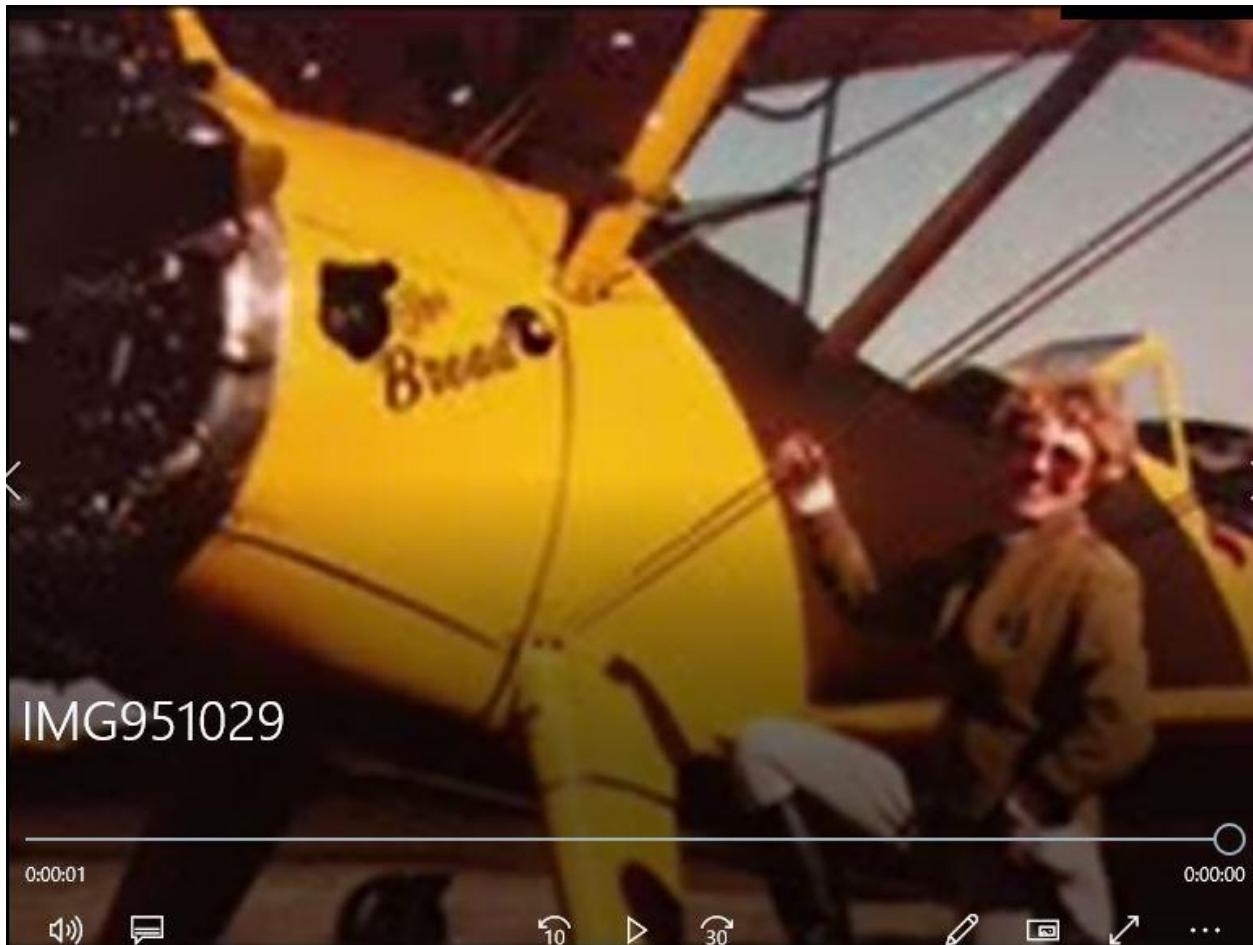
during this time that she added a BSN at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. In 1977 then her MSN in 1979. After receiving her MSN, she did some teaching.

You might guess this started another adventure and a list of ratings. Commercial, multi engine, and CFI. The multi engine was the interesting one. Marty decided she would like to add helicopter to her list. Her husband did not like this due to some of the accidents he had seen in the Navy, so it was causing problems. So, Marty said, "would you pay for my multi engine rating if I give up helicopters?" You might guess he said yes.

Well most of you know that a low time pilot with a fresh multi engine rating in their pocket is not going to land a job extremely easy. There was a not for profit group operating out of Virginia, Mercy Medical Airlift, flying twin Cessna's and they were using low time co-pilots. She tried to get on with them to build time. However, they told her they had all kinds of people wanting the same thing. She then just happened to mention that she was also a nurse. Now they needed nurses so she worked a deal where she was the nurse when the patient was on board then on the return trip, she would get the right seat, problem solved and multi time was building. After that she flew for one of the commuter lines for a period. Then her and her husband had an epiphany that with him flying for United and her flying the commuter schedule they were meeting each other coming and going and that was no way to live. Also 9/11 happened and the restrictions for flying in the Washington D.C. area became unreal. With that they left the Flying Circus and moved to San Antonio, Texas in 2003. While there she used her nursing talents again along with here Christian faith working as a Hospice nurse.

Four years later her husband passed, she stayed in San Antonia for another 11 years. She also started participating in some of the women only air races. These all had a crew of two and were generally in the 2500-mile range. She competed in some of these and then finally quit flying in 2014. She laughed and said, "these women were the friendliest people you would ever want to be around until the race started and strategy started taking place, Talk about competitive!" Sometime around 2014 she hung up her goggles sold her yellow Mustang kept the Suburban and migrated to Phoenix, AZ.

As we talked, she started laughing and came up with some interesting stories some from a woman's perspective. She was flying in her Stinson tail dragger one day and landed at an airport in Pennsylvania with a strong cross wind. When she walked into the FBO this young gentleman asked if she was flying that plane to which she replied yes. He said, "I always heard they were too difficult to fly so after seeing you do that, I think I can too." Marty responded, "I don't see why not." Another incident she was proud of was being interviewed for a book that was being done on female aviators.



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I would like to thank Marty for allowing me to tell her story and especially for her time in the ANC taking care of the wounded during an exceedingly difficult time in our country. I am thankful we have people like her to do that job and I am also thankful that I did not need their services. It was a pleasure to interview her and again this individual said she had not done anything that interesting. I will let you the reader decide.