

Missouri State Society Daughters of the American Revolution Proudly Honors



Patriot of the Month

June 2019



Arthur E. Mahin

United States Army Air Force

Sponsored by:
Osage
Chapter

Arthur was drafted into the United States Army Air Force in February 1943 and served until February 1946. Attaining the rank of corporal, Arthur had several duty stations but spent most of his service time at Chatham Field, GA working as an aircraft mechanic.

Arthur's most memorable duty was as a funeral escort. He was so moved by the experience that he wrote *Reflections of Nineteen Forty-Four* and *A Pledge From Me to Enoch* which are attached below.

After his service, Arthur returned to Missouri, working as a farmer raising crops and cattle. He and his wife had two children. He was an active member of his local church and American Legion post until relocating to an assisted living facility.

Osage Daughters are very proud to honor and recognize Arthur E. Mahin as Patriot of the Month for his dedication, patriotism and service to our great nation.



REFLECTIONS OF NINETEEN FORTY-FOUR

I was reminded the other day of something memorable that happened back in nineteen forty-four.

Enoch and I shared a tent down at Clovis Airbase in New Mexico. We then shipped together to Smokey Hill Airbase in Kansas, then to Langley Field in Virginia. Enoch was a Georgia boy from Chatham Georgia and we moved to Chatham Field in Savannah, Georgia. We both worked on the flight line with the B 24's. He worked with the service crew and I worked at engine maintenance. We lived in the same barracks, he took the top bunk and I had the lower.

Enoch was a Christian, actually a preacher, and a guitar player, he played the actual tune. He was "gung ho" about everything that the Air Force could serve up, never complaining. While he was on the wing of the B 24, a 50 caliber was accidentally discharged from the top turret and the bullet caught him in the forehead.

The Captain of our squadron called me in and asked me if I would escort the body home. I don't know why an officer wasn't assigned this duty, but I guess there was a war going on and I was available. What I knew about military procedure was little to nothing, six weeks of close order drill and thirteen weeks of engine mechanics school, plus we had to stand inspection every Saturday morning.

My orders were to escort the body home, comfort the family and try to explain the accident. I stood by the gravesite while three preachers gave their sermons. The undertaker and I folded the flag, (he showed me how). I then stayed over night with his father, sister and brother in-law, thankfully he didn't have a mother.

This happened sixty-five years ago but I can still see the spray of red roses shaped like an airplane lying on the casket.

This is an introduction to the poem I wrote called "A Pledge from me to Enoch T."

Arthur E. Mahin, 2009

A PLEDGE FROM ME TO ENOCH T.

The good die young, the bad live long when what they do seems always wrong.

It may look odd if you take a glance that evil keeps getting another chance.

We never know what the future holds and day after day as time unfolds.

We find the path He would have us take and do what's right for His name's sake.

The days are long, the nights are dark as on this trail we do embark.

You won't get lost along the way if in His light you always stay.

The perils of the trek that you survive will seem as nothing when you arrive.

Why was it you, not me, who had to go, the reason is not for us to know.

So each day we do our best to see you have your peaceful rest.

We strive so hard this void to fill and only win when we do His will.

Now in His arms you are resting safe, my pledge to you is to keep the faith.....