

C-7A Caribou Association

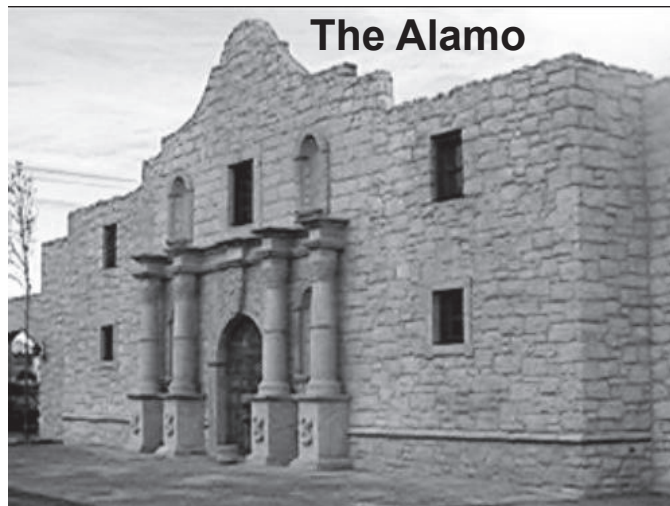
Volume 18, Issue 1

March 2007

18th Annual C-7A Caribou Association Reunion Set for Alamo City from September 6-9 — Y'all Come

Our 2007 Caribou Migration will be south to San Antonio, TX. We will be gathering once again with our ladies and guests for fellowship with our friends and to make new friends with many members of our Association who have joined and will be coming to a reunion for the first time. Location is the Holiday Inn Riverwalk Hotel on the San Antonio Riverwalk. It is an easy stroll to many activities along the banks of the river, shaded by giant cypress trees

and accented by lush tropical greenery. The banks of this lovely retreat are lined with sidewalk cafes, shops, galleries, and clubs. View the activities along the banks from a river cruise or just walk around and enjoy a cool drink or dine at one of the many restaurants along the way. Enjoy anything



The Alamo

from nachos to a 4-star meal. At night, the clubs overflow with music, dancing, and many other activities. Dozens of ethnic groups have given the city a multi-cultural legacy so there is a great variety of world cuisines to sample, including Texas BBQ and many other unique Tex-Mex menu items. As you

Win a Free Night!

Register with the Holiday Inn Riverwalk by **June 1st** for at least a three night stay and be eligible to win a **free night** at the hotel during your stay. We will have a drawing during our Banquet to determine the winner(s).

C-7A Caribou Association
18th Reunion

Holiday Inn Riverwalk
217 N. St. Mary's Street
San Antonio, TX 78205

888-615-0726 or 210-224-2500

Ask to book for the C-7 Reunion or code: CCA for Sept 6-9, 2007. Our special rate is \$95/night until Aug. 1.

stroll along the river enjoy the sounds of jazz, reggae, Tejano, county-western, and the many Mariachi bands that frequent the restaurants. Finally, don't forget to plan for a dinner or lunch at the revolving Tower of the Americas restaurant, located near the top of the 750 foot tower and enjoy a breathtaking view of the Alamo City and the Paseo Del Rio (Riverwalk).

San Antonio is a very popular convention and tourist destination. Hotel reservations are at a premium for locations on the Riverwalk. There are many activities in the downtown area within easy walking distance of the hotel to fill your free time. A visit to the Alamo is a must for everyone. There is no admission fee to walk around the grounds and listen to frequently scheduled talks about the history of the Alamo. The talks are provided by volunteers from the "Daughters of the Republic of Texas" who relate the events of the 13-day siege and the final fall of the fortress. El Mercado, La Villita, the Rivercenter Mall, and many other downtown area shops provide a unique shopping experience within easy walking distance. El Mercado is the largest Mexican market place outside of Mexico. La Villita is a picturesque village of artisans' workshops, galleries, and boutiques representing the multi-cultural flavor of San Antonio.

In This Issue

Association Business	Page 2
Reunion Schedule	Page 3
A Memorable Day	Page 5
Souvenir	Page 6
What Is a Vet	Page 8
Red Cross at Cu Chi	Page 10
Military Spouses	Page 12
Missing Jeep	Page 13
Ammo for Song Be	Page 14
Small Cargo Aircraft	Page 16
<i>Good Guys</i> Save Bou	Page 18
Gear Door Incident	Page 19
Bou Star Honored	Page 21
Restorers Recognized.....	Page 23
Charlie Brown's Story	Page 23

Continued on Page 3

**The C-7A Caribou Association Newsletter is
the official publication of the
C-7A Caribou Association.**

Elected Officers and Board Members....

President/Chairman of Board - Chris Nevins [458, 69]
Vice President/Board Member - Peter Bird [535, 71]
Treasurer/Board Member - Bill Buesking [535, 70]
Secretary/Board Member - Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]
Board Member at Large - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Board Member at Large - Al Cunliffe [458, 68]
Board Member at Large - Martin Hillman [459, 67]

Appointed Officers...

Bereavement Chairman - Jay Baker [535, 66]
Chaplains - Sonny Spurger [537, 68], Jon Drury [537, 68]
Historian - Robert Blaylock [457,70]
Parliamentarian - Wilson Petefish [535, 68]
Newsletter Editor - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Reunion 2007 Planner - Bill Buesking [535, 70]
Assistant Reunion 2007 Planner - Wilson Petefish [535, 68]
Reunion Advisor - Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]
Webmaster - Peter Bird [535, 71]
President Emeritus - Nick Evanish [457, 66]
Chaplain Emeritus - Bob Davis [457, 69]

Squadron Representatives...

457th Royal Moulton [457, 66], phone 540-720-7092
 457th Mike Thibodo [457, 70], phone 651-483-9799
 458th Lee Corfield [458, 69], phone 724-775-3027
 458th Al Cunliffe [458, 68], phone 334-285-7706
 459th Bob Cummings [459, 66], phone 865-938-7290
 535th Cliff Smith [535, 69], phone 804-453-3188
 535th Mike Messner [535, 70], phone 321-453-0816
 536th Dana Kelly [536, 70], phone 407-656-4536
 536th Chuck Harris [536, 68], phone 325-465-8096
 537th George Harmon [537, 69], phone 951-695-0630
 483rd Gary Miller [483, 68], phone 262-634-4117
 4449th Bill Buesking [535, 70], phone 210-403-2635
 18th AP Bill Buesking [535, 70], phone 210-403-2635

Please send any change of address, phone number, or e-mail address to:

Bill Buesking
 18520 Rustling Rdg
 San Antonio, TX 78259-3641
 wbuesk@earthlink.net

\$10.00 dues are payable annually. Send your check to Bill Buesking (address above).

All members are encouraged to communicate with the Editor of the Association Newsletter.

Pat Hanavan
 12402 Winding Branch
 San Antonio, TX 78230-2770
 pathanavan@aol.com
 210-479-0226 (home), 210-861-9353 (cell)

President's Corner

It is hard to believe that in only six months our Association will be celebrating and enjoying our 18th Annual C7A Caribou Association Reunion in San Antonio, Texas. With many warm memories from our April 2006 Reunion at Pigeon Forge, TN. our September 2007 Reunion promises to be even larger and more special than our last. Please look for more information about our upcoming Reunion in this newsletter.



Since our last reunion, your Board has been busy fulfilling the motions that were passed by you at Pigeon Forge. I am pleased to announce to you that our Association now has an Audit Committee chaired by Earl Reynolds and a Nominating Committee (Bob Dugan, Dave Hutchens, and Earl Reynolds). With the increase in the size of our organization it was necessary to make our procedures more formal to insure that the needs of the Association are met. We are well on our way to meeting those needs. The plaque replacement project is in progress with the expectation that the plaques will be purchased this spring and remounted by early summer. Research is complete on the other Caribous on display in CONUS and what we have learned is that there is a great variation in display methods from location to location, so we are still determining the best method of recognition for each aircraft.

Perhaps our greatest accomplishment as an Association has been finding more of you! By the hard work of Bill Buesking and our Squadron Representatives (see sidebar) we now have a total active and inactive membership of nearly 900 Caribou veterans! This is more than 100 additional members since this time last year and we continue to grow with each passing month. Do you have a friend or acquaintance that may not have heard of the C-7A Caribou Association? If so, please do encourage them to join so that they can share in the camaraderie and "war stories" we all enjoy.

This newsletter is filled with lots of great stories and information about upcoming events including our 2007 and 2008 Reunions, but I also encourage you to go to your Association web site at www.c-7acaribou.com to catch up not only on current information, but to enjoy the photos and memories of our mutual Caribou experience. I look forward to seeing all of you in San Antonio!

Fraternally,
 Chris Nevins [458, 69]

Walking in Downtown San Antonio

- 2 blocks to the Buckhorn Saloon
- 3 blocks to the Alamo
- 5 blocks to the Rivercenter Mall
- 5 blocks to La Villata and Market Square
- 7 blocks to the Institute of Texas Cultures
- 8 blocks to the Tower of the Americas

Reunion Schedule

Thursday - September 6 Check In

1300 - 2100 Registration and Socializing in the War Room

1800 - 2000 Reception with hors d'oeuvres

Friday - September 7 Check In

0700 - 1000 Coffee/Donuts in the War Room

1000 - 2300 Socialize in the War Room or enjoy Riverwalk activities

Saturday - September 8

0700 - 0900 Coffee/Donuts in the War Room

0900 - 1100 Business Meeting for Members

1100 - 1600 Socialize/Lunch on the River

1630 - 1800 Pictures

1800 - 1900 Social/Cocktail Hour in the Banquet Room

1900 - 2130 Banquet and Program Activities

2130 - 2300 Socialize in the War Room

Sunday - September 9

0700 - 1000 Coffee/Donuts in the War Room

from Reunion on Page 1

The Institute of Texas Cultures is on the Hemisphere Plaza grounds along with the Tower of the Americas where you can ride up to the observation deck overlooking the city or just walk through the gardens and the fountains around the base of the tower. The IMAX Theatre is in the River Center Mall. The Buckhorn Saloon and Museum on Houston Street is very close to the hotel and offers group discount rates, which could include a BBQ lunch with the Museum admission. There is so much to do and see along the Riverwalk and so little time in the short three days of the reunion.

There are many other attractions and tours available for anyone wishing to extend their vacation and arrive early or stay a day or so longer than the scheduled reunion period. The San Antonio Missions tour and a daylong tour to the city of Fredericksburg to visit the The National Museum of the Pacific War (the Admiral Nimitz State Historic Site) are available if anyone wishes to extend their stay in San Antonio. Our Reunion Registration Form will include a survey question on these

tours for a Sunday, 9 September trip. If there are enough requests we will assist in setting up the tours for those wishing to stay the extra day. Other attractions in the San Antonio area include Sea World, Splashtown, Six Flags Fiesta Texas, the San Antonio Zoo, Witte Museum, and more. We will have an information desk to provide driving, walking and public transportation information to other attractions. For some of these, there will be discount admission coupons available. Our information desk can also help to coordinate trips for our members who have transport and are willing to take other members along to visit the attractions.

There are many churches within easy walking distance. The information desk will have a schedule of service times available for those wishing to attend services on Sunday morning. San Fernando Cathedral is close and is a National Historic Site.

The average daily temperature in early September ranges from a high in the low 90's to a low of about 70. It is on the warm side, with humidity in the moderate to high range, so comfortable summer attire is the order of the day. The River Walk always

seems to be cooler during the summer afternoons and evenings and is an escape from the hustle and bustle of the city streets. In early September the Tourist Season is already starting to pick up with many visitors out for a walk to enjoy the attractions.

San Antonio International Airport is about 20 minutes by cab or shuttle to the hotel. A car is not needed unless you wish to explore and tour beyond the downtown area. If you drive, parking is available at the hotel garage, attached to the hotel with easy direct elevator access. The Holiday Inn Riverwalk offers a reduced daily parking rate of about \$10.00 per day including daily in and out access. Hotel check-in time is 4:00 pm, but they allow early check-in if rooms are available. If you are early, they will hold your luggage until check-in time and you can go to the 7th floor where a Caribou Crew will welcome you and assist you with Association Registration. A cool drink of beer, soda, or wine will be available in our War Room at the end of the hall on the 7th floor. Our Reception starts at 6:00 pm in our War Room with hors d'oeuvres.

Your Caribou Association registration fee includes coffee, donuts, and juice in the War Room on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday mornings, starting at 7:00 am. Soft drinks, beer and wine will also be provided on Friday and Saturday afternoons after 2:00. Drinks will not be available in the War Room during the Banquet, but there will be a cash bar for those desiring drinks during the Banquet. War Room soft drinks, beer, and wine will be available again after the Banquet.

The Reunion Flyer with Association Registration Forms will be mailed to all members about June 1st. Our 2007 Reunion Committee is made up of Bill Buesking, Pat Hanavan, Wilson Petefish, Jay Baker, and Jim Meyer. We welcome all to attend our 18th Annual Caribou Gathering.

First Year Ends for Caribous

Caribou Country Clarion,
Feb 1968, Vol 1-1, page 1
(Cam Ranh Bay, RVN)

Celebrating the culmination of their first year of operation, the 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing, Cam Ranh Bay Air Base, the Air Force's only C-7A unit, earned the praise of Lt. Gen. Bruce Palmer Jr, Deputy Commanding General of the U. S. Army, RVN.

Speaking to the men of the Caribou wing recently, General Palmer said, "Being a paratrooper, I feel at home with the Air Force ... you people are doing an outstanding job as far as the Army is concerned. One of the outstanding things about our Vietnam effort is the close cooperation between the services. One of the best examples of inter-service cooperation is right here at Cam Ranh Bay. We could not fight this war if it was not for the airlift support and tactical air power."

During the celebration, Brig. Gen. Burl W. McLaughlin, 834th Air Divi-

sion Commander, decorated Colonel William H. Mason, 483rd TAW Commander, with the Legion of Merit. Transferred from the Army to the Air Force on 1 Jan 1967, the wing logged over 100,000 flying hours while transporting 1,078,238 passengers, and 95,918 tons of cargo during their first year of operations. The wing has two squadrons each at Cam Ranh, Vung Tau, and Phu Cat.

In speaking of the year ahead, Mason said "Ever greater challenges face us. Improving our response to the user, insuring a safer operation, and achieving greater reliability are but some of the areas we will concentrate on. I want to commend all personnel of the 483rd TAW for their accomplishments during 1967."

"The outstanding record is yours to claim individually and collectively. Let's continue our efforts during 1968," he concluded.

Other guests included Maj. Gen. T.H. Scott Jr., Commanding General Army 1st Logistics Command and Col. W. E. Davis, Jr., 12th Tactical Fighter Wing Commander.

Paul was promoted..." At least one of her babies was born or a transfer was accomplished while she was alone. This causes her to suspect a secret pact between her husband and the military providing for a man to be overseas or on temporary duty at times such as these.

A military wife is international. She may be a Kansas farm girl, a French mademoiselle, a Japanese doll, or a German fraulein. When discussing service problems, they all speak the same language. She can be a great actress. To heartbroken children at transfer time, she gives an Academy Award performance: "New Mexico is going to be such fun! I hear they have In-

dian reservations...and tarantulas...and rattlesnakes." But her heart is breaking with theirs. She wonders if this is worth the sacrifice.

An ideal military wife has the patience of an angel, the flexibility of putty, the wisdom of a scholar and the stamina of a horse. If she dislikes money, it helps. She is sentimental, carrying her memories with her in an old footlocker. One might say she is a bigamist, sharing her husband with a demanding entity called "duty." When duty calls, she becomes No. 2 wife. Until she accepts this fact, her life can be miserable.

She is above all a woman who married a man who offered her the permanency of a gypsy, the miseries of loneliness, the frustration of conformity and the security of love. Sitting among her packing boxes with squabbling children nearby, she is sometimes willing to chuck it all in until she hears the firm step and cheerful voice of the lug who gave her all this.

Then she is happy to be ... his military wife.



Tell Your Story

There are hundreds of stories somewhere out there in Caribou land and we're all dying to hear them from you. You don't have to be a Pulitzer Prize winner to have us on the edge of our seats, reading your tale!

Jot down the essentials and send them by snail mail or write them up on your computer and send me an email. If you don't have a computer, call me and I'll call you back and write down the details as you spin the yarn, but **DO IT NOW.**

Waiting anxiously —

Your editor
pathanavan@aol.com
210-279-0226

A Reflection on the Military Wife

Unknown Source

A military wife is mostly girl. But there are times, such as when her husband is away and she is mowing the lawn or fixing a youngster's bike, that she begins to suspect she is also boy. She usually comes in three sizes: petite, plump and pregnant. During the early years of her marriage it is often hard to determine which size is her normal one. She has babies all over the world and measures time in terms of places as other women do in years. "It was in England that the children had the chicken pox. I was in Texas,

A Memorable Day

by Jim Fairweather [457, 66]

On September 11, 2001 I was in the air as pilot of a corporate jet carrying former President George H. W. Bush and his wife, Barbara. My wife, Joanne, a former high school English teacher and now a trained flight attendant, was asked to go along to provide cabin services.

About 30 minutes into the flight, our peaceful morning was interrupted by the ringing of our in-flight telephone. Our scheduler told me that there had been an airplane accident over New York City and that part of the wreckage had hit the World Trade Center. I immediately went back to inform the former President and his party.

By the time I returned to the cockpit, my copilot had tuned a broadcast station into the ADF and we listened in shock as we learned what really happened. By this time, the two high-jacked airplanes had hit the Twin Towers and there were reports of some sort of fire at the Pentagon. I returned to the cabin to tell the passengers the staggering news.

Chicago Center broadcast to all aircraft that U.S. airspace was closed and that all aircraft were to land immediately. This was not totally unexpected, but still came as a shock. I knew there were procedures to clear U.S. airspace in the event of enemy attack. I just never thought they would be implemented in these post-Cold War days.

I called the lead Secret Service agent to the cockpit and told him the situation. Milwaukee was straight ahead across the lake and I told him that I was going to land there unless he had a better plan. He left briefly to confer with the others and came back and told me that Milwaukee would be fine.

As we said goodbye to the former President (in the Milwaukee airport), I told him that I was sure my CEO would want to offer him continued use of the airplane and crew.

Next morning, I told my crew to get packed and be ready for anything. While at breakfast, my cell phone rang. It was the lead Secret Service agent wanting to know if we could fly the former President and first lady to their home in Kennebunkport, Maine.

The flight to Kennebunkport was uneventful, but was one of the strangest experiences I had in my 24 year aviation career. The only radio chatter occurred when we were turned over from one center to the next. As the saying goes, the silence was deafening. We made an uneventful landing at Sanford Airport near Kennebunkport and deplaned our passengers.

After we checked into the motel, our cell phone rang. It was the lead Secret Service agent asking if we would be available to join the former President and his wife for cocktails that evening at their home on Walker's Point. We were stunned.

I'm not sure what we expected, but we did not expect that we would be greeted by the former President himself. He invited us in and told us to make ourselves at home while he fixed drinks. We had expected a small gathering of us and the Secret Service, with a cameo appearance by the Bushes. What we got was a private two-hour visit with two of the most gracious and down-to-earth people I have ever met. To think that they would take the time to entertain us, even under normal circumstances, is incredible. Under the circumstances of September 11, 2001, it was mind-boggling.

The secure phone rang twice while we were there and we got up to leave only to be dissuaded by the former President. One of these calls was from their son, the President. After the call, the former President turned to his wife and told her that their son would be okay and that he had wonderful advisors. We were touched by the family moment. As we left, Joanne told Mrs. Bush that we would pray for her son and for his family. "Joanne, pray for our nation," she said.

Bou Pilots vs. F4 Pilots

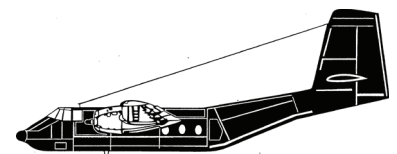
by Stan Bixler [483, 66]

In 1967, there was a confrontation between pilots of the F-4 wing at Cam Rhan Bay and the C-7A wing/squadron pilots. One of our Caribou pilots painted a large mural of one of our birds making a LAPES drop. The mural was hung in the Officer's Club along with a mural of the F-4.

The mural was removed from the club by F-4 pilots of the 12th TFW and deposited in the trash behind the Officer's Club. The mural was retrieved from the trash pile and returned to the 483rd TAW headquarters where it was displayed on the wall outside the office of the wing commander, Colonel Paul Mascot.

Not wanting the fighter jocks to think they could get away with this unwarranted action, the F-4 mural disappeared from the club and could not be found. The wing commander of the 12th TFW paid numerous visits to Col Mascot's office over a period of weeks, pleading for him to have the mural returned. Col. Mascot responded each time that he had no knowledge as to the whereabouts of the painting. In fact, it was in the storage area adjacent to his office.

Eventually, it was returned and the F-4 jocks no longer took our Bou pilots as someone to mess with. Does anyone know what happened to the mural?



Welcome Aboard

Ron Lester [459, 67] has joined the staff of our newsletter as contributor and assistant editor. His work can be seen as author of several pieces and editor of others in this issue.

Souvenir

by Ron Lester [459, 67]

Except for the collapsed gear and the sheared prop, the Bou we left at Quang Tri City [see The Rest of the Story on page 9] was in pretty good shape. However, the short runway; close proximity to the DMZ; and security issues made it difficult to impossible to repair the aircraft on-site and fly it out.

The recovery plan was to take the wings off and use a CH-54 Sky Crane helicopter to lift the fuselage and fly it to Phu Cat — a long haul from Quang Tri City. I later saw a photo of the Bou sling-loaded under the helicopter enroute home, but it never made it. I am not sure what happened or why, but the unlucky Bou was dropped from several thousand feet.



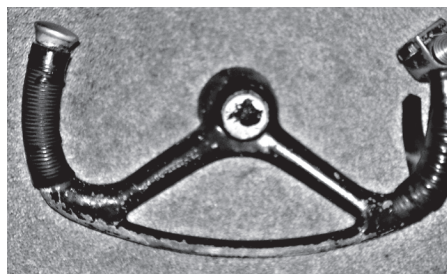
When I heard about the dropped Bou, I thought it was the end of the story, but it wasn't. Several weeks later, the aircraft crew chief came up to me and said, "I thought you might want to have this." He was holding the co-pilot's yoke from the lost Bou. A maintenance team went to the crash site to salvage what they could and the yoke was one of the items they brought back. The original trim button had been lost sometime during the Bou's helicopter adventure and the missing button had been replaced with a shiny new trim button. Other than that, it was clearly the same grungy looking yoke I had held during the Quang Tri landing, including the black electrical tape

that was wrapped around the lower left portion of the yoke. I gladly accepted the yoke from the crew chief.

I was among the first group of 459th co-pilots that arrived as brown bar co-pilots and were upgraded to aircraft commanders toward the end of our tours. Shortly after being made an aircraft commander, I had a run-in with one of the senior maintenance sergeants. I don't remember the exact discrepancy in dispute, but the bottom line is that I refused to accept a plane he thought I should take. He was not at all happy and I am sure he was thinking, "That smarta** Lt. has no business being an A/C anyway."

A month or so later, it was time to rotate home. You had to pack your bags and turn them in for inspection the day prior to departure. I had several "memento" items packed including the co-pilot's yoke, a copy of the Tactical Airdrome Directory, and an Army field jacket I had scrounged the first few weeks I was in-country.

It was late afternoon when I heard a knock and Col. Secret's large frame filled the door of my barrack's room. He had the co-pilot's yoke in his hand.



It seems my favorite maintenance sergeant had been in charge of out-bound bag inspection that day and my "mementos" had been confiscated. The sergeant had personally gone to Col. Secret and filed a complaint that I was illegally in possession of government property. Col. Secret gave me a short lecture on the proper and improper use

of government property. Taking government property out of country was not proper. He then growled something about "anyone who squeezed this not knowing if he was going to walk away or not deserves to have it" and stomped from the room.

I still have the yoke in an old foot locker that used to belong to my father.

Editor's note: Several Bous were "dropped" by Sky Cranes attempting to recover them.

Check Your E-mail

If you have an e-mail address, please check our website

<http://www.c-7acaribou.com/>

and make sure that the email address shown there is current. If it is wrong, send the correct address to pathanavan@aol.com.

Old Heads

by Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

In recent issues of the newsletter, we have featured stories about the "old heads" of the Caribou units. This series captures their stories while they are still with us. If you are a squadron commander, squadron operations officer, senior NCO, crew chief, "wing weenie," maintenance officer, or line chief — let our editor know who you are. If you know who any of these key individuals are, even if they are not on our roster, pass the information on to our editor. Our unit representatives use that information to search for "lost" comrades in arms and our newsletter staff can contact those we know about to interview them for articles in our newsletter. Caribous are becoming an endangered species, and I don't mean the four-legged ones.



- ★ an expert in barstool philosophy
- ★ taster of high priced food and cheap booze (or vice versa)
- ★ got an Article 15 for giving a distinguished passenger a prophylactic for a barf bag
- ★ career highlight was being recommended for a DFC only to have it downgraded to a verbal reprimand
- ★ can do anything except put wheels on a miscarriage or weld a crack of dawn, a legend in his own time



Military Wit and Wisdom

Basic Flying Rules: "Try to stay in the middle of the air. Do not go near the edges of it. The edges of the air can be recognized by the appearance of ground, buildings, sea, trees and interstellar space. It is much more difficult to fly there."

"The Piper Cub is the safest airplane in the world; it can just barely kill you." (Attributed to Max Stanley, Northrop test pilot)

"You know that your landing gear is up and locked when it takes full power to taxi to the terminal."

"A pilot who doesn't have any fear probably isn't flying his plane to its maximum." (Jon McBride, astronaut)

"If you're faced with a forced landing, fly the thing as far into the crash as possible." (Bob Hoover, renowned aerobatic and test pilot)

"Never fly in the same cockpit with someone braver than you."

"There is no reason to fly through a thunderstorm in peacetime." (Sign over squadron ops desk at Davis-Monthan AFB, AZ, 1970)

"If something hasn't broken on your helicopter, it's about to."

"Flying the airplane is more important than radioing your plight to a person on the ground who is incapable of understanding or doing anything about it."

Wallabies

by Jim Hope [536, 66]

The Aussies were flying Caribous too, out of Vung Tau. Their squadron commander landed one short and wrecked it. He came to Lt Col Zwiefel, our commander, and asked if he could borrow an airplane for a few days until he could get a new one flown in. The boss told him he'd have to check with higher headquarters, but meantime we

would fly some missions for him. We never did get permission to lend him a plane, but we got to be good friends with the Aussies.

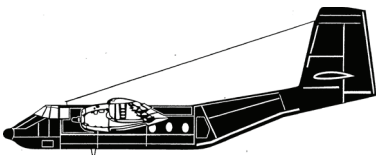
The Aussies came over to our squadron for a party and went into great detail about a drinking race. We lined up on each side of the bar. The first guy was to chug-a-lug his beer and to be

Continued on Page 8

Bous in SAC

by Ed Yewdall (537/458, 71)

I read with interest the article on Robert S. Hopkins in the January 2006 Caribou Association Newsletter. It reminded me of a story from my past. In late 1983, I was coming off a rated supplement tour as a Base Civil Engineer at Shemya AFB, Alaska, and returning to the cockpit as a KC-135 Aircraft Commander/Instructor Pilot at Grissom AFB, IN. When I was first introduced to my crew, my Co-Pilot was Lt. Robert S. Hopkins, III. (aka. Dr. Bob - he has a PhD in History). As we made small talk, he asked me what assignments I had and what aircraft I had flown. When I mentioned the C-7A Caribou as my first assignment out of pilot training, Dr. Bob's eyes widened. Finally, I thought — after years of blank looks at this point in the conversation, I finally found someone who was familiar with the Bou. With awe in his voice, he repeated "Wow, a Caribou," and then continued, "My dad flew Caribous."



Wallabies (from Page 7)

sure it was all gone, he was to turn it upside down over his head then put his glass down and the next guy was to proceed. They went over the rules several times and then said GO. All the Aussies picked up their beer, poured it over their heads and said, "We won."

One of their party tricks was to stand on a chair and put their heads into the revolving fan to see how quickly they could stop it. Jack Saux was about 5 foot 4, When he stuck his head up, the fan blades almost scalped him.

What Is A Vet?

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service: a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eyes. Others may carry the evidence inside them: a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg - or perhaps another sort of inner steel: the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity. Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet by looking.

What is a Vet? He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel. He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden planks, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel. She - or he - is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years in Da Nang. He is the POW who went away one person and came back another - or didn't come back AT ALL. He is the Quantico drill instructor who has never seen combat, but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no-account rednecks and gang members into Marines, and teaching them to watch each other's backs.

He is the parade-riding Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand. He is the career quartermaster who watches the ribbons and medals pass him by. He is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb Of the Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep. He is the old guy bagging groceries at the supermarket - palsied now and aggravatingly slow - who helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is the ordinary and yet an extraordinary human being - a person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so others would not have to sacrifice theirs. He is the soldier and a savior and a sword against the darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say Thank You. That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they could have been awarded or were awarded. Two little words that mean a lot, "THANK YOU."

Remember November 11th is Veterans Day. "It is the soldier, not the reporter, who has given us freedom of the press. It is the soldier, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech. It is the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate. It is the soldier, who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who allows the protestor to burn the flag."

Father Denis Edward O'Brien, USMC

Orders

Rosters, flight orders, special orders, etc. are useful resources in our search for C-7A personnel. Send them to your editor, who will scan them and return the originals and the scans to you.

Thanks

Images of airfields in Vietnam in this newsletter are from a PDF version of the TAD-70. Our own Peter Bird meticulously scanned and edited the TAD. Peter — Sierra Hotel!

The Rest of the Story

by Ron Lester [459, 67]

As a member of the 459th TAS, I had my share of flights to Khe Sanh and the article *Support Critical at Khe Sanh*, Vol. 17, Issue 2, brought back lots of memories. I would like to provide more detail, and some corrections, to the following statement in the article, "To add to the excitement of Tet, Joe experienced a double engine failure and ended up dead sticking his Bou into Quang Tri Lavang."

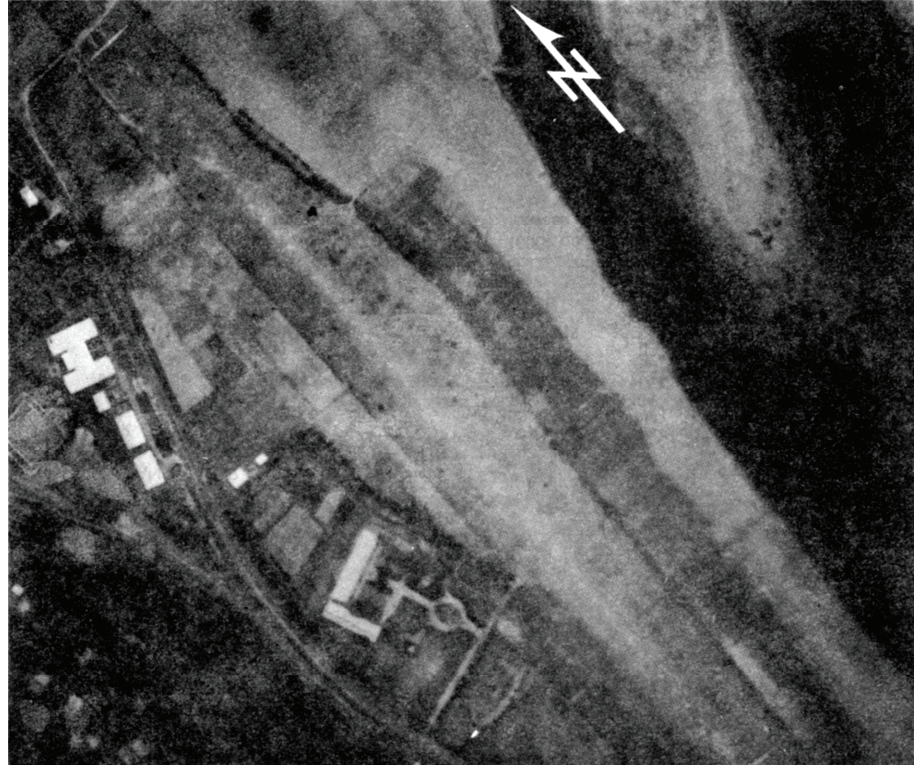
It was early in the morning of October 8, 1967, when Maj. Joe Dennehey and I took off from DaNang on the first flight of the day to take a load to Khe Sanh. I was a newly promoted 1st Lt. co-pilot, but was an experienced hand by that time, having arrived in-country the first week of July as a brown bar. There were angry clouds and numerous thunder bumpers as we proceeded north from Hue. The thunder bumpers increased in number and intensity as we left the coastal plain and crossed into the mountainous region, enroute to Khe Sanh. We tried unsuccessfully to find a path through the dark clouds and it became impossible to remain VFR. During these gyrations, we lost oil pressure on the right engine and the Flight Engineer visually confirmed the engine was covered with oil. We shutdown the engine and headed for the coast. Joe was not able to maintain altitude on the single engine and we were already at a low altitude when we finally broke-out of the clouds and could see the ground. A quick review of the terrain told us we were close to Quang Tri. It was obvious we weren't going far and our options were limited. Joe immediately decided to land at Quang Tri City.

Quang Tri Lavang was a different airfield than Quang Tri City and Lavang was closed for air operations, but I could be wrong about that. As I remember, Quang Tri City was on the

30 JULY 1967

102

QUANG TRI 1 VA1-79



northeast edge of the town. It was a dirt strip approximately 1,500 to 1,600 feet long and about 50 feet wide with no over-runs worth mentioning. The airfield was surrounded by several rows of barbed wire fences with mine fields at each end of the runway. The runway was basically aligned north-south and there was a ditch and culvert that ran under the runway a hundred feet or so from the north end.

Less than five minutes after we broke-out of the clouds, we were on final approach for a landing to the north. Joe certainly didn't want to land short (minefield) and going around was not a realistic option, so he wanted to make sure we made the runway. We touched down farther down the runway than usual for a short runway, but we still had plenty of room to stop under normal conditions; however, not much was normal that day. The runway was very slick due to recent heavy rains. Joe reversed the good engine and attempted to keep the aircraft on the runway while I held the yoke full-forward. Despite his efforts, the Bou slowly drifted left. The left gear

left the runway, but we continued to track down the runway. We were slowing down, but the end of the runway was coming up fast. Forward progress ended abruptly when the left gear hit a culvert. The landing gear collapsed and the working propeller sheared from its shaft upon impact with the ground. The freed prop spun up and over the left wing and impacted the left side of the fuselage – shattering the passenger window and tearing a large gash in the fuselage right where the Flight Engineer sat for landing.

I don't remember the Flight Engineer's name. He was a young, black NCO, broad-shouldered and solidly built. I don't know if it was from training, habit, or natural intelligence, but instead of sitting with his back to the window, the Flight Engineer strapped-in and sat side-ways, facing the rear of the aircraft with his back braced against the bulkhead in anticipation of a possible rough landing. His foresight saved him from serious injury and kept our day from being really tragic. As it was, we all walked away with only minor bumps and bruises.

Bous Assist Red Cross Ladies at Cu Chi

by Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

The district of Cu Chi, about 25 miles northwest of Saigon near the so-called "Iron Triangle," was the site of major supply routes (the Saigon River and Route 1) in and out of Saigon. The termination of the Ho Chi Minh Trail here gave Cu Chi and the nearby Ben Cat districts immense strategic value for the Viet Cong. The Ho Bo woods about three miles west of the Iron Triangle was known to have an unusually high concentration of Viet Cong troops. During Operation Crimp in 1966, B-52 bombers dropped 30-ton loads of high explosive onto the region of Cu Chi, effectively turning the once lush jungle into a pockmarked moonscape. The region was a "springboard for attacking Saigon." The area was used for infiltrating Saigon with intelligence agents, part cadres, and sabotage teams. The necessary troops and supplies assembled in the Cu Chi tunnels for the Tet Offensive of 1968.

There was never a direct order to build the tunnels; instead, they developed in response to a number of different circumstances, most importantly the military tactics of the French and U.S. The tunnels began in 1948 so that the Viet Minh could hide from French air and ground sweeps. Each hamlet built their own underground communications route through the hard clay. Over the years, the separate tunnels were slowly and meticulously connected and fortified. By 1965, there were over 120 miles of connected tunnels on three levels (some up to 23 feet deep), creating an underground complex for 16,000 guerilla fighters.

As the tunnel system grew, so did its complexity. Sleeping chambers, kitchens, and wells were built to house and feed the growing number of residents and rudimentary hospitals created to treat the wounded. Most of the supplies used to build and maintain the tunnels were stolen or scavenged from U.S. bases or troops. At the onset of the war, the Americans had a camp directly above the tunnels and could not understand where the sniper fire was coming from!

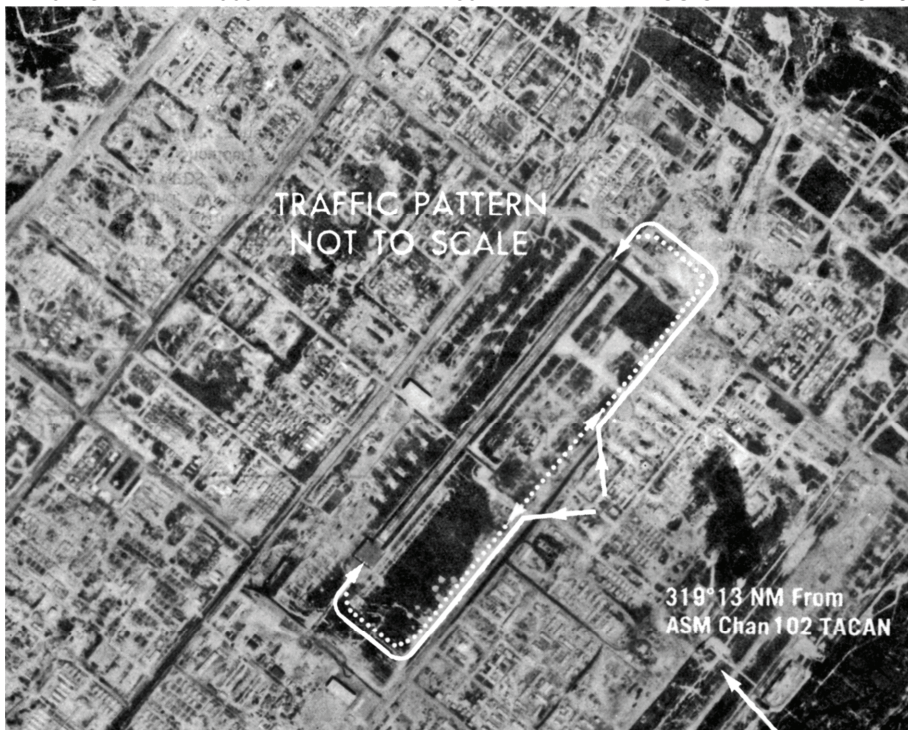
These places are better described as underground towns rather than just tunnels. The network reached several stories deep and housed up to 10,000 people who rarely saw daylight for years, coming out only at night to tend to their crops. The tunnels included first aid posts, storage rooms for weapons and food, kitchens, hospitals, living and storage areas, munitions factories, underground hideouts, shelters, and entrances to other tunnels, even classrooms and small theatres.

Countless couples were married and had children underground. What makes the tunnels even more amazing is that they were dug with hand tools and yet had primitive technologies like underwater trap doors and vents to disperse cooking smoke. The 10-13 foot thick roof could stand the weight of a 60 ton tank and the impact of 250 pound bombs. The tunnels are between 0.5 to 1 meter wide, just enough space for a person to walk along by bending over.

19 NOVEMBER 1969

230

CU CHI AAF VA3-207



During the Tet offensive of 1968, there were 14 Red Cross ladies based at Cu Chi, four working in the hospital and ten "Donut Dollies" flying around each day by C-7A and helicopter, bringing smiling faces and a touch of home to the GIs in the surrounding camps and bases. The Red Cross ladies at the hospital were led by Louise Brown, pictured above.

Each day, the 535th TAS was fragged for the Tong 422 mission operating from Cu Chi all day flying out-and-

Continued on Page 11

Cu Chi (from Page 10)

back sorties. At one point, supplies in the hospital were critically short because Army convoys weren't able to get through for many days and calls to the Red Cross in Saigon failed to get the needed supplies. Louise Brown, got in touch with the Caribou crew at Cu Chi that day, explaining the desperate plight. Tong 422 responded in a few hours, bringing the needed supplies from Saigon.

Louise Brown was the Protocol Director of the Cadet Wing at the Air Force Academy for nine years. Today, she is the Protocol Director at the Wilford Hall Medical Center, Lackland AFB, TX.

Screw Fly Program

by Vivian Cannon

Montgomery, AL Advertiser

provided by David Kowalski [908, 75]

It's a smelly, noisy, sweaty and almost boring job. Dropping sterile screwworm flies over Puerto Rico from the yawning tail section of a C-7A Caribou, flown by Alabama's 908th Tactical Airlift Group, has paid off though. This grim parasite – which lays eggs that feed on the living flesh of any warm blooded red animal instead of decayed matter has been almost completely wiped out of existence after hundreds of years of destruction here.

"There are no screw worms on the island now, except for two problem areas," stated Dr. Kenneth R. Thompson, who is heading the U. S. Department of Agriculture program to eradicate the pest. "We are, in fact, worried now when we don't get any cases. If we see even one case, we are back in the flying business."

"Weekend reservists" or air reserve technicians work full time, then fly with the 908th at Maxwell AFB, using a plane designed to drop men and supplies in the field and being used in

"Operation Coronet Roundup."

"These people have done a tremendous job," exclaimed Lt. Col. Jonathan Gardner, commander of the Montgomery unit with members from all over Alabama, as well as Florida, Georgia, Mississippi and even Texas. "They haven't missed a single sortie or lost a load of flies — and that is really something when you are 1,800 miles from home and have only limited support. They literally work under a shade tree, but the maintenance experience and initiative have been outstanding."

With a life cycle of about three weeks, the female fly lays some 400 eggs in the open wound of the cow or other warm-blooded animal. These eggs hatch in 8-12 hours and, as larvae for seven to 10 days, they grow in the living animal causing much pain and death if not treated. When the larvae go into the pupae stage, they fall to the ground and hatch out in about 5 days as flies – which mate and lay eggs one, two, or even three times, keeping up a cycle of reproduction and destruction.

Flies being dropped here to stop that reproduction have been bred in a plant in Mission, TX, where, during the pupae stage, they were exposed to radiation and sterilized to prevent any more eggs and eventually flies.

"We get 15 million of the sterilized pupae, on Friday," explained Dr. Thompson, the veterinarian-director with the U. S. Department of Agriculture which is co-funding the eradication of the parasite.

Stored in a refrigerated building at a controlled 75 degrees, the pupae are allowed to hatch into flies. When they are about 80-90 percent emerged; the temperature is brought down to about 60 degrees to hold the flies inactive until Sunday and Monday drop time.

Each small card-board box holds 2,000 of them. Special aluminum chutes are attached into the open tail section of the Caribou, and boxes of the humming, buzzing flies are loaded on board each of two C-7As assigned to the small detachment. One of the

planes is provided by the 908th and a second by its sister unit, the 918th TAG from Atlanta.

It is then the smelly; noisy, sweaty and boring job begins.

Headsets must be worn by the three-man crew to provide communication over the roar of the powerful engines, but nothing covers up the faintly sweet and cloying odor of the flies. It clings in the nose and even to the clothes for hours after the drop flight. Flight suits must be taped at the legs and fastened at the arms by the squeamish, and it does get hot and sweaty even with the open doors and windows.

Flying between 1,200 and 1,500 feet doesn't show the horror wreaked here by the screwworm fly. You see only the perfectly patterned fields much like those back home – where last year there were single cases of the parasite reported in AL, FL and GA. "They were probably imported cattle from Texas, along the Mexican border," stated Dr. Kenneth R. Thompson.

Right now, plans are being made to fly a similar program in Mexico where the fly provides a constant threat to the cattle industry in Texas, Arizona, and other border states.

This unit, which has reserve members from all over the state as well as neighboring states, has been providing both aircraft and people – either reservists or air reserve technicians who work full time with the unit – since June 1973. Some 55 people and 15 of the C-7A Caribou planes have participated in Operation Coronet Roundup.

"We rotate a plane every 60-75 days," stated the colonel, "and our men go on active duty there for two weeks or longer, as they desire." A lot of the mission's success has been due to the larger airplane's capability to mass drop the flies, which mate, but do not reproduce." To me, the important thing has been the breakthrough of eradicating an insect such as this without disturbing the rest of the environment," said Dr. Thompson.

Military Spouses

by Paige Swiney

It was just another harried Wednesday afternoon trip to the commissary. My husband was off teaching young men to fly. My daughters were going about their daily activities knowing I would return to them at the appointed time, bearing, among other things, their favorite fruit snacks, frozen pizza, and all the little extras that never had to be written down on a grocery list.

My grocery list, by the way, was in my 16-month-old daughter's mouth. Time was short and I was lamenting the fact that the next four aisles of needed items would pass by while I was trying to extract the last of my list from my daughter's mouth. I was totally distracted and nearly ran over an old man. This man clearly had no appreciation for the fact that I had 45 minutes left to finish the grocery shopping; pick up my 4-year old from tumbling class; and get to school where my 12-year-old and her car pool mates would be waiting.

I knew men didn't belong in a commissary, and this old guy was no exception. He stood in front of the soap selection staring blankly, as if he'd never had to choose a bar of soap in his life. I was ready to bark an order at him when I realized there was a tear on his face. Instantly, this grocery aisle roadblock transformed into a human in need ...

"Can I help you find something?" I asked.

He hesitated, and then told me he was looking for soap.

"Any one in particular?" I continued.

"Well, I'm trying to find my wife's brand of soap."

I started to loan him my cell phone to call her when he said, "She died a year ago, and I just want to smell her again."

Chills ran down my spine. I don't think the 22,000-pound Mother of all

Bombs could have had the same impact. As tears welled up in my eyes, my half-eaten grocery list didn't seem so important. Neither did fruit snacks or frozen pizza. I spent the remainder of my time in the commissary that day listening to a man tell the story of how important his wife was to him — how she took care of their children while he served our country. A retired, decorated World War II pilot who flew over 50 missions to protect Americans still needed the protection of a woman who served him at home.

My life was forever changed that day. Every time my husband works too late or leaves before the crack of dawn, I try to remember the sense of importance I felt that day in the commissary. Some times the monotony of laundry, housecleaning, grocery shopping and taxi driving leaves military wives feeling empty — the kind of emptiness that is rarely fulfilled when our husbands come home and don't want to or can't talk about work. We need to be reminded, at times, of the important role we fill for our family and for our country.

Over the years, I've talked a lot about military spouses ... how special they are and the price they pay for freedom too. The funny thing is — most military spouses don't consider themselves different from other spouses. They do what they have to do, bound together not by blood or merely friendship, but with a shared spirit whose origin is in the very essence of what love truly is.

Is there truly a difference? I think there is. You have to decide for yourself.

Other spouses get married and look forward to building equity in a home and putting down family roots. Military spouses get married and know they'll live in base housing or rent, and their roots must be short so they can be transplanted frequently. Other spouses decorate a home with flair and personality that will last a lifetime. Military

spouses decorate a home with flare tempered with the knowledge that no two base houses have the same size windows or same size rooms. Curtains have to be flexible and multiple sets are a plus. Furniture must fit like puzzle pieces.

Other spouses have living rooms that are immaculate and seldom used. Military spouses have living room/dining room combos that are immaculate for short periods and are the center of active family lives. (The coffee table got a scratch or two moving from Germany, but it still looks pretty good. Gives it character, don't you think?) Other spouses say good-bye to their spouse for a business trip and know they won't see them for a week. They are lonely, but can survive. Military spouses say good-bye to their deploying spouse and know they won't see them for months, or in case of a remote tour, for a whole year. They are lonely, but will survive.

Other spouses, when a washer hose blows off, call Maytag and then write a check out for having the hose reconnected. Military spouses will cut the water off and fix it themselves. Other spouses get used to saying "hello" to friends they see all the time. Military spouses get used to saying "good-bye" to friends made the last two years. Other spouses worry about whether their child will be class president next year. Military spouses worry about whether their child will be accepted in yet another school next year and whether that school will be the worst in the city ... again.

Other spouses can count on spouse participation in special events such as birthdays, anniversaries, concerts, football games, graduation, and even the birth of a child. Military spouses only count on each other, because they realize that the flag has to come first if freedom is to survive. It has to be that way.

Continued on Page 13

Military Spouses (from Page 12)

Other spouses put up yellow ribbons when the troops are imperiled across the globe and take them down when the troops come home. Military spouses wear yellow ribbons around their hearts that never go away. Other spouses worry about being late for mom's Thanksgiving dinner. Military spouses worry about getting back from Japan in time for dad's funeral.

The television program shows an elderly lady laying a card down in front of a long, black wall with names on it. The card simply says, "Happy Birthday, Sweetheart. You would have been sixty today." The lingering image touches the hearts of other spouses. The lady with the card is a military spouse and the wall is the Vietnam Memorial.

I would never say military spouses are better than other spouses are. But I will say there is a difference. I will say, without hesitation, that military spouses pay just as high a price for freedom as do their active duty husbands and wives. Perhaps the price they pay is even higher. Dying in service to our country isn't nearly as hard as loving someone who has died in service to our country, and having to live without them.

God bless our military spouses for all they freely give. They, also, serve.

God bless America

Missing Jeep

by *Anonymous Author*

While flying co-pilot one day for a former, but unnamed Bou driver, I discovered that I had heard about his infamous exploits in Vietnam, namely, the "procurement" of an Army jeep for a Caribou unit. I ran into the Army Major earlier at Ramey AFB in Puerto Rico from whom our ingenious Bou driver had procured the Jeep. The Army Major was complaining about how his jeep was stolen, but never knew who did it.

Iris 456

By unknown 536th TAS author
from Miles Watkins [536, 67]

Hello, Can Tho Tower

This is Iris 456.

Ole Charlie done shot my a**

I'm in an awful fix.

My tail is full of bullet holes,

One wing is falling off.

Put me through to Iris Ops,

Connect me with the SOF.

Well, hello Iris aircraft,

This is Can Tho tower.

I've got some real bad news

for you,

Your luck is turning sour.

Well, I'm in touch with Iris Ops

And this is what they say:

You're on your own, but bring

it home

Or there'll be hell to pay.

Now I've only got one engine

And I'm running out of gas.

I'm comin' in to Can Tho —

Tell them to kiss my a**.

Note: sung to the tune of the
"Wabash Cannonball"

Can anyone out in Caribou Country tell "the Rest of the Story?"

Editor's note: It is clear that our intrepid Bou driver exercised the art of "cumshaw," a nice word used to denote the misappropriation of materials. Sometimes it was something you needed for your job, but could not get through normal channels. Sometimes it was used for outright theft for personal use. According to the dictionary, "cumshaw" comes from the Chinese words "kan" (to be grateful) and "hsieh" (thanks), making the compound word "kam-sia", meaning "grateful thanks."

Look, Up in the Sky!

"It's a caribou!"

"Can't be, a large gregarious deer that usually has palmate antlers doesn't have wings and can't fly."



"No, I mean a Caribou ... an airplane."

Yes, Virginia, **Caribous** can fly, but we don't have many pictures of them in the air. You can help solve that problem.

If you have a slide or an electronic image of an airborne C-7A, **PLEASE** send it to the editor. We desperately need good airborne pictures of our favorite airplane. If you send a slide, I will scan it into an electronic image and return the slide to you along with the scanned image.

The Officer's Club at Warner Robins AFB needs a high quality image of an airborne Caribou to hang in its Daedalian Room. Warner Robins ALC was the system manager for the C-7A and it is fitting that our bird be prominently displayed in a place of honor.

My address, email, and phone are at the bottom of page 2 of this issue.

This "grateful thanks" was apparently an oft-heard phrase, the standard "thank you" of beggars in Chinese ports in the 19th century. Chinese ports were often visited by European and American ships in the 1800's. Sailors picked up the phrase as "cumshaw" or "kumshaw." It first appeared in English around 1839, used to mean not "grateful thanks," but as slang for a present, gratuity, or bribe. The more extended sense of "cumshaw" as meaning something obtained by unofficial or devious means first appeared in naval use around 1925.

Ammo for Song Be

by Pat Hanavan (535, 68)

During the Tet offensive in 1968, the airfield at Song Be was closed for over two weeks due to infiltration of VNA troops into the area. No cargo was airlifted into the base since the risk to inbound aircraft was deemed by the Airlift Control Center to be too great. Ammunition and other needed supplies were becoming critical.



My 535th TAS crew was fragged in III Corps for sorties shuttling out of and returning to Bien Hoa. I don't remember the call sign, but let's call it Tong 421, following the general pattern for call signs of 535th missions. After landing at Bien Hoa, Tong 421 was directed to the hot cargo ramp to load ammo for Song Be, about 70 miles north-northeast of Saigon. A C-123 and a C-130 were also loading ammo for Song Be. We got our aircraft loaded first and were on the run-up pad for departure when the tower advised us to return to the hot cargo ramp and offload. The C-123 and the C-130 were still loading when our Caribou got back to the ramp. Just after the forklift operator off-loaded the second pallet, the ramp loadmaster reversed the decision to offload and told us to reload, crank engines, and taxi for takeoff. The mission was back on and the race to get to Song Be was on!

The C-130 was already taxiing before our crew could get the engines started. The Hercules had about a ten minute head start and got off the ground before we could get to the active runway for takeoff. It looked like the race was over. The C-130 had a head start, the C-123 took off a few minutes later, and both larger aircraft had a big advantage

in groundspeed over a Caribou on the flight to Song Be.

When Tong 421 arrived in the vicinity of Song Be at 5000 feet AGL, we called the camp on their Fox Mike (FM) frequency. Neither the C-130 nor the C-123 was in the traffic pattern or talking to the camp on FM. The C-130 was flying around about 10 miles east of Song Be, apparently looking for the airfield through the broken cloud layer. The C-123 was nowhere to be seen. Game on!

We received clearance to land and confirmation that the traffic pattern was clear. I briefed the crew to prepare for a quick descent, ground LAPES (Low Altitude Parachute Extraction System) of the load, and immediate takeoff as the load cleared the ramp. We spiraled down over the runway, rolled out on a short final, and landed from south to north. The ramp was at the northeast corner of the runway so my copilot ran the Touch and Go checklist after clearing the runway with a 90 degree right turn onto the taxiway and an immediate 90 degree left turn onto the ramp.

As I stopped the aircraft, our flight mechanic announced on interphone that the cargo door was open, the ramp was in position, and the load was "ready to LAPES." I advanced the power, released the brakes, and the load dropped onto the ramp as the aircraft drove out from under it. I advanced the throttles for a rolling takeoff while making the second of two 90 degree left turns to line up on the runway. The C-123 came into view ahead of us on a long final. They reported being hit by small arms fire. Tong 421 lifted off, broke right, and made a spiral climb back over the camp to clear the camp for counter battery fire if necessary. When our Bou reached a "safe" altitude of 5000 feet AGL, I checked the stopwatch on the instrument panel. The time since we started the descent was just under 3 minutes.

We never saw the C-130 after the initial sighting, but we heard that aircraft declare an emergency on Guard,

reporting that they were hit by ZU-23 shells. Their left wing was on fire, but they were able to limp to Tay Ninh West where the pilot crash landed the aircraft gear-up on the grass, parallel to the main runway. The C-130 crew safely exited the burning aircraft just before the load of ammo blew up!

There may be some truth to the story that Caribous were not seen by the VC and the NVA to be as much of a threat as the C-130, C-123, and fighter aircraft. There was a common rumor that the VC hitched many rides on the Bou using forged papers. We were always VERY cautious about indigenous passengers, especially about weapons, ammunition, grenades, etc.

Three Bridges

by Jim Hope [536, 66]

The Caribous were officially transferred to the USAF on January 1, 1967. I was one of the blue-suiters in-country during the transition period from the Army to the Air Force and spent more time than I care to remember flying "the Army way." The two services seemed to have somewhat different approaches to flying!

We would often take-off from Vung Tau and find Saigon fogged in. Some Army pilots were on their second and third tours. They knew the terrain like the back of their hands and had developed what they called the 3-Bridges Approach to Runway 36 at Saigon.

This 3-Bridges Approach was:

1. Cross the 1st bridge at 1000'
 2. Turn to a certain heading for X amount of time and find the 2nd bridge
 3. Turn to the 3rd bridge which was next to a huge Buddha
 4. Depart the 3rd bridge heading 360 degrees and descend to 200 feet for X amount of time
 5. Look for the runway and hope you see it
- When you were making this ap-

Continued on Page 15

Three Bridges (from Page 14)

proach, Saigon tower would be telling the pilot the field was below minimums. The Bou pilot would exaggerate the truth and report that he was VFR. Guess that qualifies as “special VFR.” Anyway, it worked. The couple of times I flew the 3-Bridges Approach we broke out lined-up on final and all was well.

Army pilots seemed to be adverse to requesting and flying an instrument approach. Maybe Approach Control didn't like Bous flying IFR approaches because the Caribou was so slow it was hard to sequence them with fast-movers and big aircraft. I showed the Army guys that they could get an IFR approach by advising Approach Control that they could maintain 120 knots for easier sequencing. This required you to fly the Bou clean until final. Sometimes it was a mad scramble slowing down to get the gear and flaps set when you didn't break out until you reached 200 feet, but, in my view, it sure beat the 3-Bridges Approach.

One time, we were in the Saigon ALCE waiting for our load when a 3-Bridger did not break-out and went around — right across the long runway where a commercial airliner was making an approach. They missed each other, but it sure irritated the tower: “This field is IFR! There will be no more visual approaches to 36.”

We all bent the rules flying in Vietnam, but flying VFR in IFR conditions is a high risk option. You gotta have a little luck.



Wit and Wisdom from Military Manuals

“A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit.” - Army's magazine of preventive maintenance

About Pilots

1. As an aviator in flight you can do anything you want... As long as it's right... And we'll let you know if it's right after you get down.
2. Any flight over water in a single engine airplane will absolutely guarantee abnormal engine noises and vibrations.
3. There are Rules and there are Laws. The rules are made by men who think that they know better how to fly your airplane better than you. The Laws (of Physics) were made by the Great One. You can, and sometimes should, suspend the Rules, but you can never suspend the Laws.
4. More about Rules:
 - a. The rules are a good place to hide if you don't have a better idea and the talent to execute it.
 - b. If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance. (e.g., If you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge.)
5. About check rides:
 - a. The only real objective of a check ride is to complete it and get the flight examiner out of your airplane.
 - b. It has never occurred to any flight examiner that the examinee couldn't care less what the examiner's opinion is about his flying ability.

Thanksgiving Reflections of a Crew Chief

by Jim O'Reilly [537, 69]

Thanksgiving made me reflect back to what seemed like a different life. I was a C-7A Crew Chief (Sgt) in the 537th at Phu Cat. I was part of the large Caribou group that went from Sewart AFB, Tennessee when it closed to Dyess AFB, Texas during the summer of 1969 and eventually to Vietnam on Thanksgiving Day. I flew on missions with the crew several times throughout '69-70, seeing a lot of the “out-back.” Also spent time TDY at Pleiku and Chu Lai. Odd thing about Thanksgiving Day — it's the day I returned home from the Vietnam War, and the day my Dad returned home from World War II (Germany) — a time for all of us who served to honor our country and especially those who sacrificed so much.

Quick Swim

from Dave Hutchens [459, 69]

A minister, a priest, and a rabbi went for a hike one day. It was very hot. They were sweating and exhausted when they came upon a small lake. Since it was fairly secluded, they took off all their clothes and jumped in. Feeling refreshed, the trio decided to pick a few berries while enjoying their “freedom.” As they crossed an open area, who should come along but a group of ladies from town. Unable to get dressed in time, the minister and the priest covered their privates and the rabbi covered his face while they ran for cover. After the ladies left, the men got their clothes on. The minister and the priest asked the rabbi why he covered his face rather than his privates. The rabbi replied, “I don't know about you, but in MY congregation, it's my face they would recognize.”

“Aim towards the Enemy.” - Instruction printed on U.S. Rocket Launcher
 “When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend.” - U.S. Marine Corps

“If the enemy is in range, so are you.” - Infantry Journal

“Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate. The bombs are guaranteed always to hit the ground.” - USAF Ammo Troop

“It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed.” - U.S. Air Force Manual

Air Force, Army to Purchase Small Cargo Aircraft

by Staff Sgt. C. Todd Lopez
Air Force Print News

By 2010, both the Army and the Air Force may be flying the same aircraft to provide airlift inside places like Afghanistan and Iraq.

The Secretary of Defense has given approval for the Army and the Air Force to work together to purchase those aircraft. The Army has been calling it a "Future Cargo Aircraft," while the Air Force calls it a "Light Cargo Aircraft." But ultimately, those names will be gone in favor of "Joint Cargo Aircraft." And it won't just be the name that is the same.

The Joint Cargo Aircraft will be a small aircraft developed for both the Army and the Air Force. It will be smaller than the Air Force's C-130 Hercules, but larger than the Army's C-23 Sherpa. Most likely, the aircraft will be a variant of an aircraft already available in the civilian sector, modified for military use.

"What we are not going to do is go out and build, from the bottom up, a new airplane and take six or seven years to get it in the field," said Army Brig. Gen. Stephen Mundt, director of Army aviation. "We are looking for something to fill this capability gap now. We have issues with the airframe we have."

Purchasing an aircraft already being manufactured by a contractor would ensure a lower cost acquisition and a speedier delivery of the capability. Both the services agree the selection will be based on speed, range, capacity, and the ability to land on unimproved runways or in more austere locations.

"We have always focused on the same goal – to provide the combatant commanders with the tools they need to do the mission, and in the process of

developing new capabilities, be good stewards of our taxpayer's money," said Brig. Gen. Andrew S. Dichter, Air Force deputy director for joint integration. "By adopting a common platform, we believe we are doing just this." Delivery of aircraft to the Army could begin in 2008, to the Air Force in 2010.

There have been discussions about the purchase of nearly 150 of the aircraft, though that number could change based on any number of factors, including what is determined to be the unified commanders' requirements.

"At this point, there is general agreement the Army will proceed with about 75 aircraft," General Dichter said. "The Air Force will pick up, using the Army's initial requirement, to round out the fleet at about 145 aircraft."

For years, the Army has used the C-23 Sherpa, the C-12 Huron, and the C-26 Metroliner to provide "organic" intratheater airlift.

"Intratheater" means inside a theater of operations. For example, anything meant to fly exclusively inside Iraq today would be intratheater. "Organic" means exclusive to a service — the Army using Army aircraft to move Army supplies and people between Army units is considered organic.

The Army uses the Sherpa and other rotor-wing assets to move goods "the last tactical mile," the final distance between far out Army depots and the troops scattered in the field in places like Afghanistan and Iraq.

The Army's Sherpa fleet is getting old, though. At the same time, the aircraft is no longer meeting the new demands of the Army mission. The plane is not pressurized, for instance, so it has altitude restrictions. In addition, the aircraft has a short range that makes it difficult to get into the Southwest Asia theater of operations.

General Mundt said that because the aircraft isn't pressurized, it cannot be used for medical evacuation missions. Additionally, the aircraft is not large

enough to carry a standard Air Force cargo pallet. So pallets need to be broken down for use on the Sherpa.

The Air Force also needs new light-weight intratheater airlift. The Air Force has used the C-130 to do intratheater airlift for over 40 years now. But the aircraft is often too large for some aircraft movements today in support of the global war on terrorism.

The aircraft is frequently not carrying capacity loads, especially when something is needed immediately. There is a significant cost associated with loading up a C-130 with just one pallet of supplies, or 10 people to move when it can carry almost five times that amount. A smaller plane would be ideal for rapid movement of small amounts of cargo and personnel.

"In our experience in Afghanistan, where we have dispersed strongholds of U.S. forces, we don't have a good infrastructure with highways and roads and safe travel," General Dichter said. "That caused us to pause and look at how we do business and ask, 'Is there something here for both our services?' Yes, we see a place for the Air Force to embrace this mission and be part of it."

Evidence of the Air Force's need for light intratheater airlift capability came during Hurricane Katrina support efforts in and around New Orleans. Chief of Staff of the Air Force Gen. T. Michael Moseley realized the Air Force would have been able to put to good use an aircraft that can move a small amount of cargo a short distance from unimproved runways. In the case of Katrina, of course, it wasn't unimproved runways, but damaged runways — those covered with water and debris from the storm.

"Our senior leaders see a need for these aircraft," General Dichter said. "That is based on the commitments we have around the world. We are also sensitive to what we saw with Hur-

Continued on Page 17

Remembering Sons Lost During the Vietnam Era

by Alice C. Elwell,

Enterprise correspondent for
The Enterprise, South of Boston,
30 May 2006

The names of 15 Middleboro soldiers killed during the Vietnam era are engraved on a town memorial, but more than three decades after America pulled out of the Asian country, some people still wonder who these soldiers were.

The task of filling in the details about the men — their lives, their families, their ties to the town — fell to resident Robert N. Lessard, a Vietnam-era veteran, who belongs to a local veterans group and is active in veterans affairs.

And it has proved to be a daunting job, filled with dead ends, twists and turns, confusion and quirks. Scouring military records, Web sites and reliving the stories proved to be an emotional journey for Lessard.

“I wanted people to remember who these men were. Most lost their lives at such a young age, straight out of high school,” Lessard said.

While searching for information on William M. Smith, who was 21 when he disappeared in Vietnam, Lessard found the truth in military transcripts of U.S. interrogations of Viet Cong guards.

Smith died during a forced march to North Vietnam after being captured by the enemy.

“They killed him, they murdered him,” Lessard said. “He’s buried in the jungle somewhere, his body was never recovered.”

The search for another soldier, Larry Lee Stoner, started in Nebraska. Lessard couldn’t find a tie between the person he called “The Mystery Man,”

and Middleboro.

Stoner’s name is on the Vietnam Memorial wall in Washington, D.C., and etched into a stone in Middleboro.

But Lessard couldn’t find a connection between the man and the town. And just when he thought the search was at a dead end, he spoke to a town clerk in a small Nebraska town, and discovered there was another Larry Lee Stoner.

“What were the odds?” Lessard said.

“Our Stoner was killed in a radar plane off the New England coast, Veterans Day 1966,” Lessard said.

The Stoner he was looking for, a Pennsylvania native, was a crew member with Roger P. Kay. Both men married Middleboro girls who were cousins, Loretta Vaughan and Beverly Hudon. Lessard found the connection. “He married a hometown girl.”

Lessard’s search for another man, Zane Carter led him to a town in Maine. A local historian there researched Carter and located a daughter in Melrose, Mass.

According to Lessard’s research, Carter was in the service for more than 18 years. When he was sent to Vietnam, his wife bought a home on Perry Street in Middleboro. The day before the family was notified of his death, a photo was published of a plane as it was shot down. That plane was Carter’s.

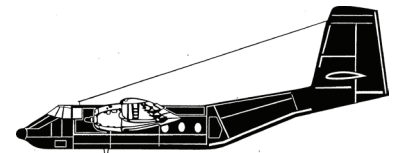
Memorial services will be held on Monday at the Veterans’ Memorial Park on the Town Hall lawn at approximately 11 a.m. after the parade. Booklets with a short biography of each soldier who died during the Vietnam era will be available.

“It’s about time they did something for the Vietnam veterans,” said 78-year-old Jayne (Olson) Stairs who now lives in Carver.

She lost her son a few weeks before he was due to be discharged.

Olson’s mother hasn’t attended veterans’ services or parades for many years because she said it’s too hard on her broken heart. But she’ll be in Middleboro on Monday.

Also on Memorial Day, veterans will dedicate a monument and add Bruce A. Rushforth’s name to the War Dead Memorial. His helicopter crashed off the Philippines while returning from a mission in February 2002. He was a 1984 graduate of Middleboro High School.



Cargo Aircraft (from Page 16)

ricane Katrina disaster relief and the emerging role of U.S. Northern Command and homeland defense.”

The Army and the Air Force had been working separately to develop a small-capacity, intratheater airlift capability. The Department of Defense asked the services to work together to develop the capability jointly.

For the Army, it means they will maintain and improve on their ability to move Army supplies out to the very troops that will use them: providing munitions, supplies, and personnel support to soldiers scattered out to the farthest reaches of the global war on terrorism.

For the Air Force, it means improved responsiveness, flexibility, and quality of service to the joint warfighter by pushing supplies out past established, improved runways. It means a new ability to do light cargo and personnel movements inside a theater of operations, and during humanitarian missions in the United States. And, it means doing those things at a cost far lower than the C-130 or the C-17.

Good Guys Save Bou

by Pat Hanavan [535,68]

On Tuesday morning, January 14, 1969, a C-7A from Cam Rahn Bay struck the rotor mast of a Huey on landing at Bu Krak, a Special Forces camp in II Corps, about 5 clicks from the Cambodian border. The runway (01 and 19) was 1700 ft of laterite and clay and 70 ft wide, making it a Type 1 airfield, C-7A only. The Huey was parked very close to the left edge of the runway, probably less than 10 ft, and there was insufficient clearance under the Bou's wing to prevent the wing from hitting the rotor mast. The contact cut off about 6 ft of the left wing.

An attempt was made to fly a survey team into Bu Krak in the afternoon, but the weather was bad and the aircraft could not land. The next morning, the six person recovery team arrived at Bu Krak to repair the aircraft and fly it back to Cam Rahn Bay. The left wing tip was completely cut away from the wing and was folded back, upside down, onto the rest of the wing and was attached only by the upper skin of the wing. The rotor mast had sliced the underside of the wing just outboard of wing rib 15, severing the outboard fore-flap and the aileron from the rest of the wing. The electrical connections to the left position light were severed and the outboard hinged leading edge was torn up beyond repair. Other than that, the aircraft seemed to be in good condition.

The recovery team brought the usual complement of tools and potentially useful raw materials, aluminum extrusions (T- and L-shaped), and sheet aluminum of various gauges. Work started immediately to cut the wing tip from the rest of the wing and to lay out a plan for rebuilding the wing tip. At lunch time, the team ate in the camp's mess hall with the Special Forces personnel. Bu Krak was the home base for an A-Team commanded by a Captain, whose name I do not recall. After supper he would assign fighting positions

and duties to each of us in case of a VC attack. If the camp siren went off, we would know where to go and how we could assist in defense of the camp. My assignment was to command the 180 degree sector of the camp opposite the point of attack. Right! What could a young Air Force Major do to "command" half of the camp, other than be alert and keep out of the way?

About 2 p.m. we were hard at work on the airplane. George Stephenson, my flight engineer in the Quality Control section at CRB, and I were on top of the wing, carefully removing rivets so that doublers of extruded aluminum could be attached to the skin and ribs to hold the rebuilt wing tip in place. We heard one "thump!" behind us, toward the south, then a second and a third. Turning around, we could see clouds of black smoke rising from several places on the ground. Then the camp siren wailed moanfully and we realized that the "thumps" were mortar rounds being walked toward our airplane by the VC attempting to destroy it before we could get it repaired and flown back to CRB. To this day I don't know how I got down from the top of the wing. The next thing I remember is being in the command post and hearing the camp's jeep-mounted 75 mm recoilless rifle cracking as it fired toward possible locations and then the sounds of 4.1 inch mortars screaming into the air as part of the camp's counter battery fire.

After the dust settled, we got back to work and I cranked up #1 engine for electrical power to call "Hilda" on the HF radio to request that a Caribou be sent the next morning to take me to CRB with a list of additional supplies we needed to get the job done, e.g., left aileron, outboard fore-flap, outboard leading edge, various kinds of sheet metal, fasteners. "Hilda" responded favorable to my request when I told the C-7 duty officer that we had been under attack by the VC trying to destroy the aircraft.

After evening chow there were six very attentive Air Force pukes lis-

tening, watching, and practicing the tasks assigned to us at our defensive positions as the Special Forces guys checked us out in mortar pits, ammunition storage bunkers, and gun positions.

On Thursday, a Caribou arrived and I went to CRB to get the needed materials. Major MT Smith (483rd Maintenance Control Officer) and the supply officer met the aircraft and I gave them our list and explained it to make sure it was understood. While the materials were being gathered and palletized, I went to my trailer and got a reverse "Caribou tax" to take back to the Special Forces guys. By early afternoon I was back at Bu Krak and we got on with the work of fixing our bird. That night, we ate steaks (the reverse Caribou tax) with the SF guys in the mess hall.

Nothing more was heard from the local VC on Friday or Saturday. We held our collective breaths as we checked the flaps and flight controls. The leading edge was really a challenge. We couldn't insert the piano wire hinge the way it should be, so we did what we could with the hinge wire and used safety wire where we couldn't get the hinge wire through the holes. Duct tape was used to cover the rough edges of our jury-rigged repairs. The sheet metal guys constructed a lower skin from raw aluminum sheets, tying the skin to the ribs and home-made stringers. The end result just might have been stronger than the original!

As we were finishing up, I asked one of the guys if he had a can of spray paint in his tool box. Magically, a can of zinc chromate paint appeared. I stood on an aero-stand and painted on the raw aluminum of the underside of the wing the following words: **"MADE IN BU KRAK BY THE GOOD GUYS"**. The 483 CAMS and FMS hootches at CRB were notable for the white picket fence surrounding the area and signs everywhere proclaiming "The Home of the Good Guys," complete with the silhouette of

Continued on Page 19

Good Guys (from Page 18)

a white cowboy hat.

About 3 p.m. on Saturday, we were finished and ready to take the aircraft back to CRB. I got the team together and told them that we would take off on runway 01 even though it was uphill because there was a mine field at the end of runway 19. Also, I would hold the aircraft on the ground until nearly the end of the runway so that we would have a good margin of speed above the takeoff speed at lift-off. That margin and the downward sloping terrain after takeoff would give time and altitude to get the aircraft trimmed up for any bad effects of wing warp or drag from our repairs. I also explained that this was a test hop and "the book" did not allow passengers or cargo on a test hop, but if they wanted to go back to CRB now, they should get their tool boxes and bags and get aboard, otherwise I would send an aircraft to pick them up the next morning.

A few minutes later we were aboard (with a copilot flown in that morning) and we made an uneventful takeoff and flight back to CRB. Several hundred guys were on the ramp as we taxied in, anxious to see the aircraft. There were smiles and slaps on the back when they saw our crudely painted message on the underside of the wing.

The accident wasn't a major accident because the total hours spent making the aircraft flight worthy were below the criteria for a major accident, to some extent because George and I were supervisors whose time did not "count." The hard work and devotion to duty by the recovery team was acknowledged by the award of the Bronze Star (7th AF Special Order G-1164, dated 24 March 1969) to every member of the recovery team (MSgt George Stevenson, TSgt David Merrill, TSgt Vince Verastro, SSgt Don Bednarski, A1C William Osborne, and myself). In every way, this team operated in the finest traditions of the Air Force and was truly SIERRA HOTEL!

Gear Door Incident

by Steve Haigler [537, 67]

The Caribou, especially in the hands of a very good pilot, was capable of some amazing things. I know from personal experience. It was early September 1968, and I was the Flight Engineer on a routine mission to An Khe with Capt. George Kulik, 1st Lt. John Teske, and one small pallet.

After takeoff, a noise from the right side of the aircraft got my attention. Performing my scanning duties, I noticed the right main gear door clamshell was open about 3-4 inches. I reported this to the pilots and each took turns coming to the cargo compartment to look. We talked the situation over and Capt. Kulik elected to recycle the gear. The nose and left gears came down, but the right didn't even move. He then retracted the gear. The nose and left gear operated OK, but the right gear didn't move. The pilots then made radio calls about our situation.

It was recommended that we fly to Cam Ranh Bay where they had a long runway with the right crash equipment and trained crash crews. We are also reminded to burn off our fuel in anticipation of a gear-up landing. I tied everything down, even the paper cups!

All suggestions discussed as our options were limited. At Cam Ranh Bay, we even tried a Bounce and Go, that Capt. Kulik performed flawlessly, but the gear never budged.

Since nothing was working, I suggested that we remove a window close to the right main gear; fashion a cargo strap on the end of a troop seat pole; and try to pull the gear door open. We all agreed it was risky, but what the Hell, it was worth a try.

When I had everything ready, Lt. Teske came back to the cargo compartment. Capt. Kulik slowed the aircraft to just above stall and Lt. Teske held my waist and legs while I leaned out into the slipstream to try to hook the cargo strap onto the inner landing gear

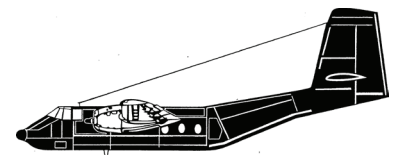
door. There was just enough clearance to hook the door. It took several attempts, but we finally hooked it. Then Lt. Teske and I tried to physically pull the door open - but to no avail.

We burned our fuel down while orbiting "feet wet" off Cam Ranh Bay. Our fuel was down to about 500 pounds, so the time had come to land. The pilots made a low pass to show the crash crews where the aircraft would touch down. The runway was foamed from 2000 to 8000 feet and we were told to land as close to the beginning of the foam because that was the thickest part.

The approach was perfect. We mechanically lowered the nose gear with the T-handle, figuring there might be enough clearance between the props and the ground. Just before touchdown, Capt. Kulik cut the engines and did a beautiful dead stick landing. I remember the grinding and skidding sound; with just the tips of the props hitting the ground, and the sharp smell of hot metal and foam. The plane came to rest right on centerline after skidding about 2500 feet. I waited for the pilots to exit the flight deck, then I jettisoned the two troop doors and we all jumped to the ground with no injuries.

Damage to the aircraft was extremely light. Because the power was off, the engines were not damaged. Only about an inch was ground off the prop blades, and Maintenance was able to dress the blades with minimum filing. The foam prevented a fire and very little sheet metal damage was done to the aft, left side fairing, near where the steady strut was pinned. In all, only about \$100.00 worth of damage was done. I believe the plane was flying the next day (see photo on p. 20).

Sorry guys, I don't remember the tail number, but it was the smoothest Nose-Gear Only landing I ever heard of and I am still proud I was part of it.



Capt. Julius Patrick Jaeger, USAF

457 TAS, C-7A 63-9746

Captain Jaeger was born in Los Angeles, CA on 4 January 1940. The oldest of 10 children, he moved to Atlanta with his family in 1953 and was enrolled in Marist School. He was the first president of The Catholic Youth Organization at Our Lady of Assumption Parish, obtained the rank of Eagle Scout in The Boy Scouts of America and played football on the Marist School team. Patrick attended Georgia Institute of Technology upon graduating from Marist, but received a full ROTC scholarship to the University of New Mexico and transferred, graduating in 1962 with a commission in the US Air Force. He reported to K. I. Sawyer AFB for training, served there as a B-52 navigator for three years and was then selected for pilot training.

After completing flight school at Wichita Falls, TX, Patrick received his wings and was assigned to San Bernardino, CA where he flew C-141 transports as a copilot.

Captain Jaeger received orders to Vietnam in 1969. Upon arrival, he was assigned to the 457th Tactical Airlift Squadron, 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing. Their mission was to support US and allied ground forces which primarily included Special Forces camps along

the Cambodian border. On 6 April 1970, one of these outposts, A-245, at Dak Seang was taken under siege. The NVA (North Vietnamese Army) committed four regiments and several supporting battalions to the battle.

Captain Jaeger courageously vol-

unteered to fly his unarmed C-7A transport (S/N 63-9476) into intense enemy fire to airdrop desperately needed supplies. After successfully delivering his valuable cargo, Patrick's plane was hit and destroyed, killing all three aboard. His mission helped to repel the enemy and save the camp.

Captain Jaeger's heroism, strength of character, selflessness, and patriotism reflect positively on his family and truly represent the finest traditions of the U.S. Air Force and our country. The Silver Star Medal was posthumously awarded to Captain Jaeger for his gallantry in action.

Other members of Captain Jaeger's crew were 1/Lt Theron C. Fehrenbach, II of Lafayette, LA and TSgt Gordon M. Gaylord of Woodstock, IL.



USAF Silver Star

Kulick, Teske, and Haigler Land C-7A on Foamed Runway at Cam Ranh Bay



Trivia Quiz

Pilots:

- When making a single engine landing, what is the recommended limit of flap extension (in degrees) until "landing is assured?"
- How many "shots" are available with the engine fire extinguishing system?
- What is the maximum amount of "usable fuel" that could be aboard the C-7A, according to the fuel quantity gauges?
- What are the names of the electrical buses on a C-7A?

Maintenance:

- How many flap/aileron surfaces are there on a C-7A (each wing)?
- Removal of an engine is mandatory if the RPM exceeds what value?
- What is the length of the ramp extensions (in inches)?
- How many fuel cells are in each wing?

(Answers on page 24)

Bou Star Honored

by Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

Air Force Association Wright Memorial Chapter 312 (Dayton, OH) honored a star of the Caribou family with its *Heritage Award* that recognizes the Air Force individual who has left a significant impact on the military aerospace community at Wright Patterson AFB.

The 2006 recipient is John Nowak, Lt Gen (ret), and CEO of LOGTEC, Inc. A long-time leader in the Dayton and Miami Valley community and supporter of Wright-Patterson AFB, John chaired the Dayton Development Coalition's Wright-Patt 2010/Base Realignment and Closure committee from 2002-04, and co-chaired the committee in 2005, contributing substantially to the retention of thousands of local jobs.

John unselfishly serves on numerous Boards of Directors, advises many professional and business organizations, and has received numerous personal recognitions and awards for community contributions and leadership. Gen Nowak's outstanding leadership in both the Air Force and private sector have resulted in unselfish and sustained excellence that benefited the Dayton Region and is the Heritage of the United States Air Force.

Before joining LOGTEC, General Nowak served 32 years in the USAF, leading every level of the logistics and supply chain and rebuilding AF logistics around responsive transportation and management information systems.

From Aug. 1968 to Aug. 1969, he was a squadron maintenance officer in the 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing, Cam Ranh Bay Air Base, South Vietnam.

Congratulations, John. Well Done, in the finest Caribou tradition.

Editor's note: John, did you ever figure out how to maintain the G-file correctly for the Caribou?

Checklists in Combat

by Fred Dimon [535, 68]

A very vivid memory of Lt Col Ed Stembridge stuck with me throughout my AF flying career and remains with me today in whatever little flying I still do — a lesson about the use of a checklist.

We were on final into Song Be and there were mortar rounds being walked down the runway (as well as the VC could do anyway). We landed and quickly dropped off our usual stuff, but we also had to pick-up some KIAs. I went back to help unload and load while the A/C kept everything ready in the cockpit. When everything was ready in the back, I rushed to the cockpit and jumped into my seat.

I was ready to get the hell out of Dodge right then, but Stem called for the checklist. My surprise must have shown in my expression, because he promptly explained to me that "more pilots get killed not running the checklist than ever get killed by mortars."

I have never forgotten those words.

Reunion 2008

by Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]

The C-7A Caribou Association Reunion in 2008 will be in Dayton, OH. Tom McHugh, a Dayton resident who is experienced in reunion planning is starting to put it together. He believes that September will be the optimum time. In addition to interesting aviation attractions and the standard reunion fellowship, we will be dedicating a memorial at the National Museum of the USAF to the Caribou crew members who made the ultimate sacrifice in Vietnam. We will have more information for you as we tie down the details. If you would like to help Tom or have suggestions for his reunion team, contact him at 937-429-3382 or tbmch@sbcglobal.net.

Aviation Truisms

- "When a flight is proceeding incredibly well, something was forgotten."
- "A smooth landing is mostly luck; two in a row is all luck; three in a row is prevarication."
- The three most common expressions (or famous last words) in aviation are: "Why is it doing that?" "Where are we?" and "Oh!"
- "Weather forecasts are horoscopes with numbers."
- "Without ammunition, the USAF would be just another expensive flying club."
- "The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire."
- "If the wings are traveling faster than the fuselage, it's probably a helicopter — and therefore, unsafe."
- "Airspeed, altitude and brains. Two are always needed to successfully complete the flight."
- "Never trade luck for skill."
- "When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash."
- "What is the similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots? If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies; If ATC screws up, ... the pilot dies."
- "Flashlights are tubular metal containers kept in a flight bag for the purpose of storing dead batteries."
- Advice given to RAF pilots during WWII: "When a crash seems inevitable, endeavor to strike the softest, cheapest object in the vicinity as slowly and gently as possible."
- "Just remember, if you crash because of weather, your funeral will be held on a sunny day."
- Every takeoff is optional. Every landing is mandatory.
- If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger. If you pull the stick back, they get smaller. That is, unless you keep pulling the stick all the way back, then they get bigger again

New and Lower Memorabilia Costs!!!

MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM

Contact Jim Meyer at jmeyer3019@sbcglobal.net to check availability of items.

Fill out this form and mail with a check to: C-7A Caribou Association, c/o Jim Meyer, 3019 Oneida, San Antonio, TX 78230.

1. Polo Shirt*	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$18.00	Total: _____
2. Colored T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$15.00	Total: _____
3. Three-View T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
4. Denim Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$25.00	Total: _____
5. Denim Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
6. Baseball Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
7. 457 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
8. 458 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
9. 459 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
10. 535 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
11. 536 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
12. 537 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
13. 483 rd Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
14. "Doc" Kugler Movie DVD		Qty. _____ @ \$8.00	Total: _____
15. Caribou Poster (12" x 18")		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
16. Caribou Challenge Coin		Qty. _____ @ \$8.00	Total: _____
*Polo shirt colors: White, Gray, Yellow, Red, and Light Blue (please specify)			Total: _____

Note: Each amount above includes cost of purchasing item for member and shipping. Any excess funds are a donation to the Association.

Photos of items can be seen on the web site: <http://www.c-7acaribou.com/memorabilia/memorabilia.htm>

Final Inspection

Author Unknown

The soldier stood and faced God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

"Step forward now, you soldier,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned
the other cheek?
To My Church have you
been true?"

The soldier squared his shoulders
and said,
"No, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry
guns,
Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep ...
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.

If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand."

There was a silence all around
the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.
As the soldier waited quietly,
For the judgement of his God.

"Step forward now, you soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.
Walk peacefully on Heaven's
streets,
You've done your time in Hell."

Charlie Brown's Story

Author Unknown

Charlie Brown was a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot with the 379th Bomber Group at Kimbolton, England. His B-17 was called "Ye Old Pub" and was in a terrible state, having been hit by flak and fighters. The compass was damaged and they were flying deeper over enemy territory instead of heading home to Kimbolton.

After flying over an enemy airfield, a Luftwaffe pilot named Franz Steigler was ordered to take off and shoot down the B-17. When he got near the B-17, he could not believe his eyes. In his words, he "had never seen a plane in such a bad state." The tail and rear section were severely damaged, and the tail gunner was wounded. The top gunner was all over the top of the fuselage. The nose was smashed and there were holes everywhere.

Even though he had ammunition, Franz flew to the side of the B-17 and looked at Charlie Brown, the pilot. Brown was scared and struggling to control his damaged and blood-stained plane.

Aware that they had no idea where they were going, Franz waved at Charlie to turn 180 degrees. Franz escorted and guided the stricken plane to and slightly over the North Sea towards England. He then saluted Charlie Brown and turned away, back to Europe.

When Franz landed he told his commanding officer that the plane had been shot down over the sea and never told the truth to anybody. Charlie Brown and the remains of his crew told all at their briefing, but were ordered never to talk about it.

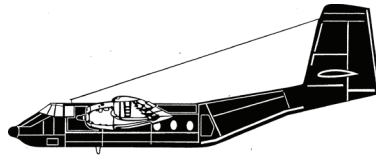
More than 40 years later, Charlie Brown wanted to find the Luftwaffe pilot who saved his crew. After years of research, he found Franz, who had



never talked about the incident, not even at post-war reunions.

They met in the USA at a 379th Bomber Group reunion, together with people who are alive today - all because Franz never fired his guns that day.

Research shows that Charlie Brown lived in Seattle and Franz Steigler had moved to Vancouver, BC after the war. When they finally met, they discovered they had lived less than 200 miles apart for the past 50 years!!



Restorers Recognized

by Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

On September 28, 2006 the Board recognized the accomplishments of the three volunteers who work so hard on the restoration of C-7A S/N 62-4193 at The National Museum of the USAF. On behalf of the C-7A Caribou Association, Pat Hanavan presented certificates to Carl Beach, Dick Grace, and Clarence Gifford.

The cockpit restoration was completed in 2005 and the cabin in 2006. The troop seats were reworked and the interior was made like new.

A jeep is now positioned on the rear ramp, looking like it is ready to be off-loaded and driven off to the waiting Special Forces team at one of the many SF camps throughout the Republic of Vietnam in the late 60's and early 70's.

Carl and Clarence (see picture below) were on hand at the museum for the presentation. They commented that "No one has ever done anything like this for us."



Caribou Tax

Check the mailing label below. If it says anything other than "2007" then you are **NOT CURRENT** on your Caribou Tax and this will be the **last** newsletter you will receive.

If you aren't current, you:

1. may have changed your address and the January post card reminder went to an old address
2. may have just sent in your check
3. may have forgotten to send your check
4. are one of 229 other "not current" names on the roster of 2276 survivors of the Bou experience
5. might be the one person on the roster whose information is wrong (probability = 0.0013)
6. may just have a slowly failing memory, like so many of us

7. DO IT TODAY. Write your \$10 check to the C-7A Caribou Association and send it to:
 Bill Buesking
 18520 Rustling Rdg
 San Antonio, TX 78259-3641

Why should you send your check **TODAY?**

1. You may have just missed a **great** reunion!
2. You will be missing newsletters like this one – filled with news about guys you flew with or busted knuckles with on the line, and stories worth telling at the bar.
3. None of us is getting younger.
4. Your \$10 will help the Association grow and put on other outstanding reunions like the one in San Antonio on 6-9 September.

Trivia Quiz
Answers

Pilot:
 a. 15 degrees (p. 3-30)
 b. 2 shots (p. 3-8)
 c. 6000 pounds (p. 1-13)
 d. Main, Secondary, Emergency, and Battery
 (Source: T.O. IC-7A-1)

Maintenance Answers:
 a. 8 flap/aileron sections per wing (p. 1-3)
 b. 3100 RPM (p. 5-4A)
 c. 120 inches (p. 4-43)
 d. 10 cells (p. 1-12)
 (Source: T.O. IC-7A-1)
 Editor's Note: Next quiz for maintenance personnel will be based on T.O. IC-7A-2, thanks to Hugh Garner [457, 69].

VITAL STATISTICS: March 2007

Check your vital statistics and mailing label to insure that the information is correct.

Send changes to:

C-7A Caribou Association
 Attn: Bill Buesking
 18520 Rustling Ridge
 San Antonio, TX 78259-3641

 TODAY'S DATE

TAX YEAR	SQUADRON ARRIVAL YR.	RANK	AREA CODE	TELEPHONE
LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	MIDDLE INITIAL		
STREET ADDRESS				
CITY	STATE	ZIP CODE PLUS 4	E-MAIL ADDRESS	

March 2007

12402 Winding Branch
 San Antonio, TX 78230-2770
 pathanavan@aol.com

Address Service Requested

C-7A CARIBOU



**ASSOCIATION
 VIETNAM**

Non Profit Org.
 U.S. Postage Paid
 Tulsa, OK
 Permit No. 1957