

# C-7A Caribou Association

Volume 26, Issue 2

## Caribou Dazzles at Travis Heritage Center

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Our reunion in Sacramento was very enjoyable despite some rough spots in room assignments because of the forest fire crisis in Northern California. The visit to the State of California Railroad Museum, Old Sacramento, and Sutter Creek was highlighted by awesome railroad rolling stock, fabulous toy trains, wine tasting, and an old fashioned ice cream parlor.

The dedication of our memorial bench at the Travis Heritage Museum and lunch after were organized by Bob and Ruth Whitehouse. Touring the museum (small, but high quality exhibits) and seeing our beloved Caribou so well restored was a treat. Newspaper and press coverage of the event was well done.

The banquet was highlighted by award of Honorary Life Member status to our outgoing Treasurer, Mike Murphy, who served the Association so well for eight years. Our guest speaker, Ed Thacher, was a Radio Telephone Operator with MACV. He observed the friendly fire shoot down of C-7A S/N 62-4161 on 3 August 1967 near Ha Thanh with the loss of Capt. Alan E. Hendrickson, Capt. John D. Wiley, and TSgt. Zane A. Carter. He returned to Vietnam in 2013 to place a memorial near the location where the Bou was brought down by a 155 mm round.

Some of the feedback by members on the reunion was: "Outstanding," "Super reunion," "Perfect venue," "Great friendliness, relaxing and well planned," "Especially poignant ... excellent job restoring the Caribou," "Renewed some friendships and made some more," "Overall, a resounding success!" "Enjoyed the tours and museums," "Really enjoyed the reunion," and "Looking forward to next year."



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

### Elected Officers and Board Members...

Chairman of Board/Vice President - Peter Bird [535, 71]  
President/Board Member - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]  
Treasurer/Board Member - Jess Cogley [535, 68]  
Secretary/Board Member - Al Cunliffe [458, 68]  
Board Member at Large - Doug Boston [458, 68]  
Board Member at Large - Wayne Brunz [535, 67]  
Board Member at Large - John Tawes [537, 69]

### Appointed Positions

Bereavement Chairman - Jay Baker [535, 66]  
Chaplains - Jon Drury [537, 68], Sonny Spurger [537, 68]  
Historian - Pat Hanavan [535,68]  
Newsletter Editor - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]  
Assistant Newsletter Editor - Ron Lester [459, 67]  
Newsletter Editor Emeritus - Dave Hutchens [459, 69]  
Reunion 2016 Planners - John and Fran Tawes [537, 69]  
Doug and Ellen Boston [458, 68]  
Webmaster - Peter Bird [535, 71]  
President Emeritus - Nick Evanish [457, 66]  
Chaplain Emeritus - Bob Davis [457, 69]

### Squadron Representatives...

457<sup>th</sup> Royal Moulton [457, 66], phone 540-720-7092  
457<sup>th</sup> Mike Thibodo [457, 70], phone 651-483-9799  
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537<sup>th</sup> George Harmon [537, 69], phone 417-368-2549  
483<sup>rd</sup> Gary Miller [483, 68], phone 262-634-4117  
4449<sup>th</sup> Bill Buesking [535, 70], phone 210-403-2635  
18<sup>th</sup> AP Bill Buesking [535, 70], phone 210-403-2635

Members are encouraged to communicate with the Editor of the Newsletter. Send change of address, phone number, or e-mail address to:

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

\$10.00 dues are payable each January.

Write your check to **C-7A Caribou Association** (not Jess Cogley) and send it to:

Jess Cogley  
244 Mecca Dr  
San Antonio, TX 78232-2209  
jesscogley@att.net Phone: 210-494-7437

## President's Corner

This year's reunion would not have been as successful without the extraordinary work done during the reunion by Ken Mascaro, John and Fran Tawes, Wayne and Joyce Brunz, Doug Boston, and Chuck Harris. We owe a resounding "Hear! Hear! Bravo Zulu!" to each of them.



We have the hotel contract signed for Reunion 2016 in D.C. (7-11 September) and John Tawes is working on finding a bus company to take us to the various sights, including: the Vietnam Wall, Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, Smithsonian Air and Space Museum (Udvar-Hazy Annex), U.S. National Archives Museum, Iwo Jima Memorial, and a driving tour to see the major memorials, perhaps including some quick stops. John and Ellen Tawes will manage execution of the reunion.

Planning is underway for Reunion 2017. Survey of the Hilton Tucson East was done in September. The facility is excellent and suits our needs perfectly. However, there is an unresolved problem with state liquor law in Arizona. We are working to resolve this difficulty.

As a backup for 2017, preliminary investigation is underway for possible location of the reunion in Colorado Springs or Denver. In 2017 it will be fifty years since the Air Force assumed operational control of the C-7A Caribou under the 483<sup>rd</sup> Troop Carrier Wing, later renamed the 483<sup>rd</sup> Tactical Airlift Wing. Since there were at least 10 Vietnam era Caribou pilots who graduated from the United States Air Force Academy (USAFA). Two of them, Capt. Robert G. Bull, II and 1/Lt Theron C. Fehrenbach, II, were KIA in Vietnam. It would be fitting to honor them during the reunion by placing a memorial bench (naming all of our 39 lost brothers) along the Heritage Trail at the USAFA. This possibility is being looked into.



## Minutes of 2015 Business Meeting

John Tawes, Acting Secretary, announced at 10:11 PST that a quorum, 70 members, was present. President Pat Hanavan called the meeting to order at 10:12 PST.

The Pledge of Allegiance was led by Pat Hanavan.

The Invocation was given by John Drury.

A motion to adopt the agenda as published was made by Chris Nevins, seconded by Bill McCarron, and passed unanimously.

A motion to accept the minutes of the 2014 business meeting as published on the Association website and included in the registration packet was made by Mike Murphy, seconded by T.J. Hainkel, and passed unanimously.

### Officer and Committee Reports:

*Secretary Report:* Pat Hanavan, speaking for Al Cunliffe who was unable to attend, discussed the Association's practice of keeping three complete sets of records as a precaution against any events that could cause the loss of a set.

*Audit Committee Report:* Pat Hanavan noted that the audit committee report was included in the registration packet. No significant findings were noted.

*Treasurer's Report:* Mike Murphy noted that the Treasurer's report was also included in the registration packet. Pat Hanavan and Mike Murphy then led a discussion on the potential of switching the Association's banking business to USAA. Further information on this issue will be forthcoming.

*Roster Report:* Pat Hanavan noted that this information was also included in the registration packet and commented that there were many individuals who were not members of the Association that could be contacted and made aware of our organization.

*Reunion Committee Report:* Doug Boston and John Tawes discussed the

location (Westin Hotel near Dulles Airport) of the 2016 Reunion and tentative plans for activities. Reunion will be 7-11 September.

*Nominating Committee Report:* Chris Nevins explained the nominating committee process and reported on the activities for the past year. The ballot was included in the registration packet.

**Old Business:** Pat Hanavan reported that a proposed By-Laws amendment was included in the last newsletter and 98% of the votes were in favor of the change. This year's election is governed by that change.

*Caribou Airlines:* Pat Hanavan explained that the next book (Volume IV) is delayed due to discrepancies in official Air Force records that he recently discovered. Volume IV should be available next year.

*Reunions:* Tucson is likely for 2017 and future possibilities include Dayton, OH, Colorado Springs, CO, and San Diego, CA. A lively discussion followed with several members, including Bob Dugan, Frank Godek, and T. J. Hainkel, offering suggestions such as Kansas City and Oklahoma City. Pat Hanavan noted that many locations have been suggested in the past but, so far, no one has stepped forward with specific ideas and on-the-ground work in support of one of the suggestions. Pat also said that he receives, on a regular basis, information from various hotels soliciting our business.

### New Business:

The chair opened the floor for discussions. Pat Brooks moved that the Association donate \$500 to the Travis Heritage Museum to help restore/maintain the Caribou. Larry Stuppy seconded the motion. The motion was passed by acclamation. There was a discussion on whether the funds will be used to help restore the Caribou or would just be put into the museum's general restoration fund. The consensus was that we are unable to determine the answer to that question at this time.

Stoney Faubus explained the status of C-7A 63-9765 at Edwards AFB.

Although the Flight Test Center has denied that a Caribou was tested by the Center, he provided evidence to the Center that a C-7 underwent flight testing to establish performance data for T.O. 1C-7A-1 to meet Air Force standards. A motion was made, seconded, and approved to donate \$1000 to the museum at the Flight Test Center specifically in honor of Dick Scobee [535, 68] who graduated from the school and was the Commander of the Challenger Space Shuttle when it was lost on the STS-51L flight.

### Nominating Committee.

Chris Nevins presented the candidates for election as listed on the handout. Stoney Faubus made a motion to elect the listed candidates by acclamation. Bill McCarron seconded that motion. The motion was approved by acclamation. The candidates elected are as follows:

President:	Pat Hanavan
Vice President:	Peter Bird
Treasurer:	Jess Cogley
Secretary:	Al Cunliff
At-Large Members:	Doug Boston Wayne Brunz John Tawes

### Free Room Nights:

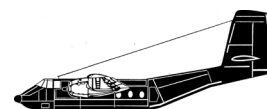
Drawings for eight free room nights were made: The winners were: Gary Fox, George Harmon, Bruce Cowee, Bill Ricks, T. J. Hainkel, Greg Leppert, Gary Sanger, Ken Kimseu, and Allen Cathell.

### General Discussion: none

The meeting was adjourned at 11:25  
Respectfully submitted,

John Tawes, Acting for Al Cunliffe,  
Secretary.

**Note:** In October, the Board learned that USAA still will not set up an account for a non-profit organization of veterans, so the Association voted to move our accounts to Frost Bank in San Antonio. Fees are lower and services are better at Frost.



## 2015 Reunion

### Attendance by Name

Aubray and Judy Abrams  
 Dick Baird  
 Al and Audrea Balak  
 Doug Boston  
 Bob and Evelyn Bowers  
 and guest Bill Bowers  
 Pat and Lesley Brooks  
 and guest Tim Brooks  
 Wayne and Joyce Brunz  
 Allen Cathell  
 Tom and Chantell Collins  
 Mike and Sandy Cooney  
 Bruce Cowee  
 John Craig  
 Don and Dottie Dana  
 Red and Brigitte Danielson  
 Bob and Peggy Davis  
 Wayne and Patty DeLawter  
 Denis and Pamela DelMonte  
 Jon and Bev Drury  
 Roy and Burma Dunn  
 \* Jean and Linda Eaton  
 George and Kim Embre  
 Stoney and Melva Faubus  
 Gary and Sharon Fox  
 Larry and Tricia Garrison and guests  
 Dimitry Karsos, Brookelyn Ziegler,  
 Ron and Elizabeth Sassano,  
 and Lori Hiller  
 Hal and Angie Gayer  
 Frank Godek and guests Ellie Matthews  
 and Olivia Alvarez  
 T.J. and Cheryl Hainkel  
 Pat and Alicia Hanavan and guests  
 Michael and Rebecca Hanavan  
 George Harmon  
 Chuck Harris  
 Rick and Debbie Hedrick and guest  
 Jason Hedrick  
 Glenn Helterbran and guests  
 Bonnie Helterbran, Gregg Helterbran,  
 and Cindy George  
 Marty Hillman and Margie Wright  
 Joe and Mary Anne Hines and guests  
 Michael Siegfried and Linda Nugent  
 Ken and Lou Hocutt  
 John Karamanian  
 Kenneth and Wanda Kimseu and guests  
 Robert and Dee Levy, and Dave and  
 Debbie Larson

Mike LaVelle and guest Maria Perez  
 Greg Leppert  
 Larry Martwig  
 Ken Mascaro  
 Bill McCarron  
 Mac and Sue Anne McCorkle  
 Bob and Janice Miller  
 Mike and Sandy Murphy  
 Harold and Regena Myers  
 Bob and Iola Neumayer  
 Chris Nevins  
 Nick and Kathy Nicklas  
 Rick and Antoinette Patterson  
 John and Susan Pfanner  
 Pat and Barbara Phillips  
 John and Pam Record  
 Earl Reynolds  
 Bill and Marinee Ricks  
 Mary Beth Riedner  
 Mike Riese  
 Russell Riggleman  
 Al and Bonnie Rodda  
 Keith Ryland  
 \* Otis Sams  
 Gary Sanger  
 Doug Schoenhals  
 \* Tim and Laura Schweigart  
 Allen Shanahan  
 Tom and Kathy Snodgrass  
 Bob Sonick  
 Link and Jean Spann  
 Bob "LZ" Strang  
 \* Larry Stuppy  
 Ray Tanner  
 John and Fran Tawes  
 Curry Taylor  
 Ed Thacher (guest, speaker)  
 and George Thacher  
 Billy and Carol Tidmore  
 Staton and Deborah Tompkins  
 Charlie and Lois Tost  
 \* Wayne and Nancy Triplett  
 Bob and Ginny Waldron  
 Roger and Tara Wayland  
 \* Len Weiner  
 John and Debbie Westman and guests  
 Jerry and Carol Peterson  
 Gary and Restie Wever  
 \* Bob and Ruth Whitehouse  
 Jim Williams  
 Clyde Wilson and guest Sam Chastain  
 Paul Witthoef and Mary Buenrostro  
 Frank Woznicki

Dan Yost

\* indicates first time attendee

Guests:

Junior AFROTC color guard of  
*San Juan High School:*

Cadet 2/Lt Oscar Armella

Cadet SSgt Tanner Hargett

Cadet SSgt Tyler Benassi

Cadet SSgt Seth Palmertree

Cadet A1C Tyler Cofield

accompanied by

CMSgt (Ret) Maria Lacuesta-Siroin

### Attendance by State

AK	1	KY	1	NY	1
AL	2	LA	1	OH	1
AZ	3	MA	2	OK	3
CA	20	MD	1	OR	3
CO	1	MN	1	PA	1
CT	1	MO	3	TN	2
FL	3	NC	2	TX	10
GA	4	ND	1	UT	2
HI	1	NE	3	VA	3
IA	1	NH	1	WA	3
IL	3	NM	1	WV	1
KS	1	NV	4		

### 2015 Reunion Attendance by Unit

457 Member/Spouse	8/5
458 Member/Spouse	14/9
459 Member/Spouse	12/10
483 Member/Spouse	6/3
535 Member/Spouse	17/13
536 Member/Spouse	10/4
537 Member/Spouse	24/10
Guests of Members	25
Total	171

### 2016 Reunion

Reunion 2016 will be in Washington, D.C. with headquarters at the Westin Washington Dulles Airport, 2520 Wasser Terrace, Herndon, VA. Dates are 7-11 September. Single and double rooms are \$99.66 per night (includes taxes and breakfast). Phone 703-793-3366. Check website for details.

## Aviation Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
and out on the ramp,  
Not an airplane was stirring, not even  
a Champ.  
The aircraft were fastened to tie downs  
with care,  
In hopes that -- come morning -- they  
all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug  
in their spots,  
With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.  
I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally  
caught up,  
And settled down comfortably, resting  
my butt.

When the radio lit up with noise and  
with chatter,  
I turned up the scanner to see what was  
the matter.  
A voice clearly heard over static and  
snow,  
Called for clearance to land at the air-  
port below.

He barked his transmission so lively  
and quick,  
I'd have sworn that the call sign he used  
was "St. Nick."  
I ran to the panel to turn up the lights,  
The better to welcome this magical  
flight.

He called his position, no room for  
denial,  
"St. Nicholas One, turnin' left onto  
final."  
And what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,  
But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight

Rotax Reindeer!

With vectors to final, down the  
glideslope he came,  
As he passed all fixes, he called them  
by name:  
"Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini  
and Bacun!  
On Comet! On Cupid!" What pills was  
he takin'?

While controllers were sittin', and  
scratchin' their heads,  
They phoned to my office, and I heard  
it with dread,  
The message they left was both urgent  
and dour:  
"When Santa pulls in, have him please  
call the tower."

He landed like silk, with the sled run-  
ners sparking,  
Then I heard, "Left at Charlie," and,  
"Taxi to parking."  
He slowed to a taxi, turned off of  
three-oh,  
And stopped on the ramp with a "Ho!  
Ho! Ho! Ho!"

He stepped out of the sleigh, but  
before he could talk,  
I ran out to meet him with my best set  
of chocks.  
His red helmet and goggles were cov-  
ered with frost,  
And his beard was all blackened from  
reindeer exhaust.

His breath smelled like peppermint,  
gone slightly stale,  
And he puffed on a pipe, but he didn't  
inhale.  
His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled  
like jelly,  
His boots were as black as a crop-  
duster's belly.

He was chubby and plump, in his suit  
of bright red,  
And he asked me to "fill it, with hun-  
dred low-lead."  
He came dashing in from the snow-  
covered pump,  
I knew he was anxious for drainin' the  
sump.

I spoke not a word, but went straight  
to my work,  
And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled  
like a jerk.  
He came out of the restroom, and  
sighed in relief,  
Then he picked up a phone for a Flight  
Service brief.

And I thought as he silently scribed  
in his log,  
These reindeer could land in an eighth-  
mile fog.  
He completed his pre-flight, from the  
front to the rear,  
Then he put on his headset, and I heard  
him yell, "Clear!"

And laying a finger on his push-to-  
talk,  
He called up the tower for clearance  
and squawk.  
"Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound  
direction,  
Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's  
discretion"

He sped down the runway, the best  
of the best,  
"Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound  
from the west."  
Then I heard him proclaim, as he  
climbed through the night,  
"Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic  
in sight!"



Memorial Bench at Travis Heritage Center

Restored C-7A  
S/N 63-9719 at  
Travis Heritage  
Center, Travis AFB.

Restoration team led  
by Bob Zirzow re-  
stored cockpit and  
cabin, and painted  
the exterior.



## Jess Cogley [535, 68] Treasurer



Jesse W. Cogley, III was born in Mobile, AL in July 1943, but attended grades 1-12 in Patton, PA, graduating from Cambria Heights H.S. in 1961. After a year of Air Force enlisted time, Jesse was accepted into the class of 1966 at the Air Force Academy and, upon graduation, went to pilot training at Vance AFB, Enid, OK in class 68B.

After pilot training, Jesse was assigned to the 535<sup>th</sup> TAS at Vung Tau in May 1968. After SEA, he was assigned to March AFB flying the KC-135, had two Young Tiger tours, and upgraded to Instructor Pilot. He spent one year in operations at HQ 15<sup>th</sup> Air Force and was transferred to SAC HQ in 1973, assigning pilots in the KC-135 within SAC.

He was promoted to Major and moved to HQ AFMPC in 1975 as commander of a special test program assigning all crew members in the 135 system within the Air Force. In 1977, he resigned from the Air Force and became an Account Executive with E.F. Hutton in San Antonio. He spent time with Smith Barney, Thomson McKinnon, and Prudential Bache before moving to Raymond James & Associates in 2003 as a Senior Vice President of Investments.

He is currently the Senior Partner in CG Wealth Management of Raymond James & Associates. His wife, Karen,

daughters Jennifer, Jill, and Melissa and their husbands and children (5) all live within the metropolitan San Antonio area. Besides family activity, he stays active with reading, golf, and a prison ministry.

### Copilot Training

by Jess Cogley [535, 68]

#### Formation Flying

I think LtCol Guy Perham had more flying hours than I had days on earth when I was fortunate enough to be his copilot one day in June 1968. After a rather nondescript mission out of Vung Tau, we were returning to base via the South China Sea. Happening upon a Vietnamese power boat that was moving against the wind in choppy seas at about 15-20 knots, Col. Perham said, "Watch this!" and promptly dove toward the boat. The fishermen (?) looked terrified at first as we plummeted toward them, but their fearful looks soon turned to big smiles as we dropped gear and flaps at about 50 feet AGL and, with the aid of the strong wind, kept the Caribou in close formation with the starboard side of the boat. The crew waved at us as it was hard to believe how slow we were going, but I'm sure the incident gave credence to the claim that "bugs could hit us and live!"

#### Humble Pie with SFC Baja

As a young Lieutenant just out of flying training, one of my early goals was to accumulate as much flying time as quickly as I could. Imagine my frustration when I found out in the summer of 1968 (about a month after I arrived at the 535<sup>th</sup>) that I was going to spend a week TDY as a "ramp tramp" at Bien Hoa. That meant no flying for a week, probably living in a tent, and spending all day on the hot (and usually wet) Bien Hoa aircraft loading area. While I didn't have to sleep in a tent, the heat and no flying were certainly true.

The bright spot of my TDY, however, was the Army Special Forces liaison there by the name of Sgt. Baja. He was

a short man, spoke with a funny accent, and seemed old even for a Sergeant First Class.

One day he asked me, "Lieutenant, do you play chess?" Although I had played chess and knew the rules, I was by no means an expert at it. That lack of expertise soon became evident as our first games were over quickly and won easily by Sgt. Baja. It was only after he would admonish me from time to time as I was about to make a move – "Lieutenant, I wouldn't make that move!" – that the games would last any time at all.

Finally, Sgt. Baja said he would give me a better chance to win. He would sit in the corner, not look at the board, and I would make all the moves. There we were, Sgt Baja hollering out, "Queen's Knight three to Bishop four!" and me trying to figure out where the hell he was talking about, but eventually making the move.

Except that the games lasted longer due to the communication lag, the results were still the same – he beat the crap out of me. I couldn't stand it any more and asked him how he learned to play that way. With a grin on his face, he said, "In jail." It was only after he let me ponder that for a while that he confessed that during the Hungarian Revolution, his prison cell mate was Hungary's "Grandmaster of Chess." Since they had no equipment, they could only play in their minds!!

#### A Gift for Major Tanner

At the 535<sup>th</sup> TAS, we were fortunate to have a pilot, Major Jim Tanner, who was quite good at carpentry. This was important because the old hotel (Duy Tan Hotel) we were housed in not only didn't have hot water and air conditioning, but worse than that, had no bar to relax in!! Requisitioning material to build a bar seemed like something our squadron commander, Lt.Col. Joe Faulkner, would not want to sign for, so we made do with some old tables and chairs. The problem was that other

**Continued on Page 7**

## Copilot Training (from Page 6)

organizations, like the Aussies, had a great bar to carouse in, and it was embarrassing to all of us to bring guests to our poor establishment. This all brings us back to SFC Baja.

One day, while pursuing my boring duties as “ramp tramp” at Bien Hoa, Sgt. Baja said, “Lieutenant, come with me.” We got in his jeep and drove to a huge warehouse type building surrounded by a chain link fence and securely locked. Sgt. Baja had the keys necessary to get us through all the locks, opened the door, turned on the light and said to me, “Lieutenant, you can have anything in here that you want.”

My eyes opened wide as I gazed at mountains of ammunition, grenades, rockets, rifles, grease guns (M3A1 .45 caliber submachine gun), tents, clothing, jeeps – it was like an Army surplus store the size of WalMart.

My eyes wandered until they fell on a stack of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ” plywood in the corner. Had I been craftier, the war may have ended sooner, but Major Tanner built the best bar, with a limited amount of material, that I ever saw and the 535<sup>th</sup> could now proudly invite anybody to our establishment.

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## Write A Story

This newsletter was made possible by your responses to my requests that you write one or more pieces for the newsletter. Over the past 10 years that I have edited the newsletter, your submissions allowed me to build up a small backlog of unpublished items. THANKS for doing that. Keep it up!

**Right now, that backlog is diminished and I need more of your stories.** The more items you write, the more we will have to keep the newsletter interesting and exciting for all of us.

Please, **respond** to this request or when I ask you for an article or two. Don't wait, **PLEASE, DO IT NOW!**

## MAC Aviator Terms

by Maj. Garnett C. Brown, Jr.

(Continued from Mar. 2015 newsletter)

According to some of MAC's veteran aviators, the use of proven aeronautical terms is essential in order for the neophyte to establish himself as a *bone fide*, dyed-in-the-wool MAC aviator. Whether or not this is true, MAC aeronautical jargon has evolved into something approaching a separate vernacular. Gathered over the years, these phrases have been heard with repetition in virtually all crew-served aircraft – not all of them in MAC.

- Didn't you see that plane?
- What's that smell?
- Can we make it if we climb/descend?
- Engineer, turn the heat up/down.
- You on, Pilot/Nav/Load?
- Oh, shh...ucks!
- METO power. (Other good calls include climb, cruise, or descent power. (Try to void “takeoff power” calls in aircraft with panel engineers!)
- This baby really climbs when it's light/cold.
- Nav, that didn't mess up your three-star fix, did it?
- What country did you say <your choice of airfields> was in?
- Nav, how much crew rest/per diem will we get?
- Where are we, Nav? (or, from the Nav: Where are we, Pilot?)
- Pick any heading, Pilot. You've got three hundred and sixty to choose from.

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## Good Memories!

from Al Turner

When I was a kid, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. I remember one night in particular when she made breakfast after a long, hard day at work. On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage, and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for

his biscuit, smile at my mom, and ask me how my day was at school.

I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. I'll never forget what he said: “Honey, I love burned biscuits.”

Later that night, I went to kiss dad good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, “Your momma put in a long hard day at work today and she's real tired. Besides that, a burnt biscuit never hurt anyone!”

You know, life is full of imperfect things and imperfect people. I'm not the best at hardly anything and I forget birthdays and anniversaries just like everyone else. What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each other's faults and choosing to celebrate each other's differences is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship.

So, please pass me a biscuit. And yes, the burned one will do just fine! And please, pass this along to someone who has enriched your life. I just did!

Life is too short to wake up with regrets! Love the people who treat you right and forgive the ones who don't. They could just be having a hard day.

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## Time To Renew!!

Check the mailing label on this newsletter. If it does not show “2016” or later, then it is **TIME TO PAY** your Bou Tax or this will be the **last** newsletter you will receive.

If the year is before 2015, you may have: changed your address and the last newsletter went to an old address, or just sent in your check, or forgotten to send your check

**DO IT TODAY.**

Make your \$10 check to the **C-7A Caribou Association** and send it to:

Jess Cogley  
244 Mecca Dr  
San Antonio, TX 78232-2209



## C-7A S/N 62-4186 Crash at Vung Tau on 26 July 1969

### Short Flight!

by George Stevenson [483, 68]



On 26 July 1969, I was at Vung Tau from Cam Ranh Bay on a Quality Control inspection to see what procedures were or weren't being followed. We headed back to CRB on a Bou in the early afternoon.

I was a passenger in the back, seated on the left side just in front of the rear troop door. A passenger was seated forward and next to me. Several others were seated farther forward. We were carrying a built-up engine on a wheeled stand. The engine was well tied down and did not come loose in the crash.

Just after takeoff the #2 engine began backfiring. The pilots turned around and headed back to the Vung Tau run-

way. On final, at about 300 feet, the #2 engine quit and froze. A major power loss was evident. The copilot was in the left seat as they sometimes did. The throttles were pushed all the way forward causing the aircraft to roll to the right, crash in a rice paddy near the near end of the runway, and come apart.

The aircraft had rolled right and also yawed right somewhat, probably impacting the ground with the right side of the nose or the right wingtip and then cart-wheeled to the left.

When we came to a stop, my portion of the plane was pretty much right-side-up. The tail section broke loose and had slipped inside the fuselage and was just an inch or so in front of my knees.

I stepped out through the rear troop door next to my seat and onto a little levee that ran along the left side of the aircraft. I looked around and saw a guy lying on his back out of a window that came out of the plane. He was on the left side of the aircraft under the wing, out of the window past his waist and was trying to keep his head above water so he could breathe. I went over and held his head up. A couple of others came over and disentangled his legs from a bunch of cables. We extracted

him and put him on a dish-shaped cargo door from the back of the plane. We walked him to the end of the levee and then farther on in the water where it was hard for me to walk. Another guy grabbed the door, took my spot, and continued on to where a bunch of people showed up to take over and haul us out of there.

When I knew we were going to crash, my recollection is of reaching up with both hands and grabbing the bar that ran longitudinally along the aircraft at the top of the seat backs. The main thing I remember is thinking "Hang on Sloopy... Sloopy hang on" to the tune of the song by the same name.

### Feather #2

by Terry Obermiller [537, 69]

Upon arrival at Vung Tau on 26 July 1969, we were informed that a Caribou was down at Tay Ninh (my memory fails here as to the exact location) and we were being diverted there with a Caribou engine, a few maintenance personnel, and (as I recall) some Army troops for airfield security, if necessary.

We were informed that the airdrome was secure, but recent activity in the area called for this security measure. An aircraft sitting on an airfield was a



Continued on Page 9



## Feather #2 (from Page 8)

lucrative target if Charlie chose to make a statement, so this precaution made sense. None-the-less, it was billed as a routine run.

There was a standing rule that a qualified First Pilot (Jim Wohrer was one, awaiting upgrade to A/C, as I recall) could alternate sorties with a qualified A/C (me) on board. I flew the initial leg out of Phu Cat to Vung Tau. The 490 mission was a normal “canned” run, often a good start for a new A/C. Sometimes it went thru Cam Rahn Bay on the initial run or the return to Phu Cat.

With Jim flying from the left seat and me in the right seat, we took off on runway 36 (4900 feet) with a full load. At about 200-300 feet, with no more usable runway, the right engine began to run rough as indicated by the tachometer. I directed the Flight Engineer, TSgt. John E. White, Jr., to check #2 and he said the prop was turning, but the engine didn't seem normal.

Jim and I elected to return to the short field (right turn to runway 30 with 2050 feet) as it was the closest in sight and we were not gaining altitude. Upon the turn to final, to the best of my recollection, the engine quit. I made an attempt to feather the engine, which it did just prior to impact — much too late. Jim added power (a normal reaction) and the aircraft stalled and the aircraft wing hit the rice paddy. It was all over but the shoutin'!

The aircraft broke apart on impact with Jim's body found under water in the left seat and no helmet (probably caused by the radio racks behind the pilots' seats) and me above the water, in the right seat, intact with a badly damaged helmet still in place.

Following extensive medical operations for physical damage to my body, I was returned to flight status within 6 months and upgraded to Aircraft Commander in the C-130 at Dyess AFB shortly thereafter. I flew the C-130E, the O-2A, was an IP in the T-38 with over 1000 hours on three assignments,

and then the C-12A over a period of 30 years.

I have visited the Vietnam Memorial in D.C., on more than one occasion, standing by Jim's name, recalling his memory and service during a very unsettling period of our American history, remembering the 58,000+ military personnel of all services that gave their lives in defense of American policy at that time in our history.

I caution all Americans to be mindful when speaking with combat veterans who experienced a very traumatic event in those years that may have affected their lives, both physically and emotionally. I have first-hand knowledge of these issues, having helped numerous Vietnam Veterans over the years in their efforts to reconcile a personal crisis within their own lives and those associated with the VA regarding their Vietnam Service.

Editor: Let's raise our glasses in honor of our “absent comrade,”

**1/Lt. James F. Wohrer**

## Dragster Acceleration

One Top Fuel dragster 500 cubic inch Hemi engine makes more horsepower than the first 4 rows at the Daytona 500.

Under full throttle, a dragster engine consumes 1-1/2 gallons of nitromethane per second. A Boeing 747 engine consumes jet fuel at the same rate with 25% more horsepower produced.

A stock Dodge Hemi V-8 engine cannot produce enough power to drive the dragster supercharger.

With 3000 Cubic Feet per Minute of air being rammed in by the supercharger on overdrive, the fuel mixture is compressed into a near-solid form before ignition.

Cylinders run on the verge of hydraulic lock at full throttle.

At the stoichiometric 17:1 air/fuel mixture for nitromethane, the flame front temperature measures 7050° F.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

## Cool Things to Know

Butterflies taste with their feet.

Elephants are the only animals that can't jump.

Women blink nearly twice as much as men.

No word in the English language rhymes with MONTH.

Americans on average eat 18 acres of pizza every day.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

GO is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

No word in the English language rhymes with MONTH.

Married men live longer than single men do.

Girls have one less rib than men do.

During his or her lifetime, the average human will grow 590 miles of hair.

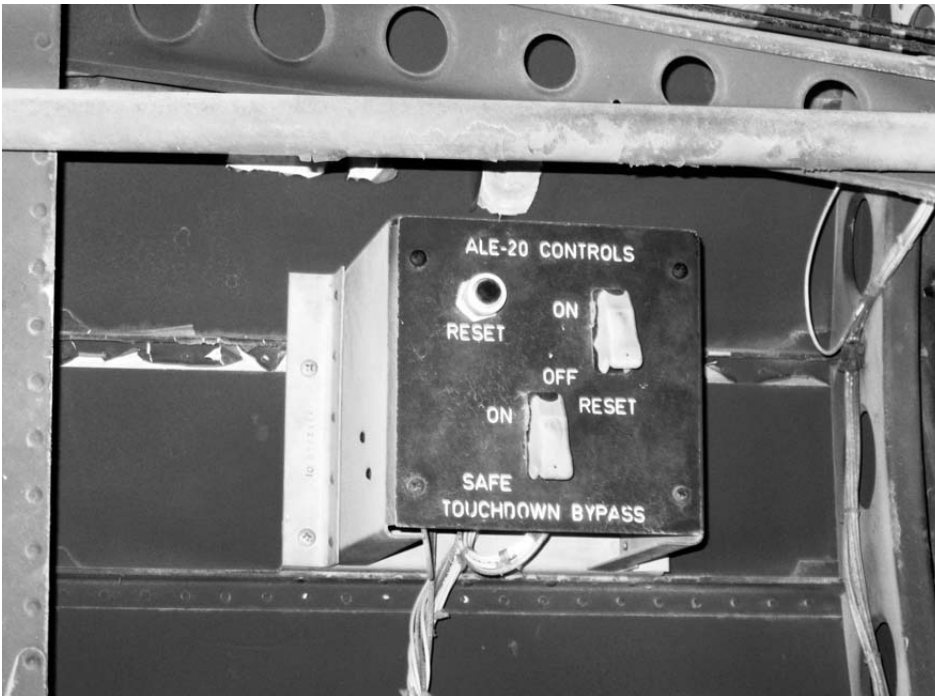


**If at first, you don't succeed –  
Call in an air strike!**

## What Did He Say?

One of the more verbose “short-timers” was cornered and asked about his tour in SEA/ Lt. David Lithgow [535, 66] (never at a loss for words), said, “I couldn't begin to tell you with appropriate language how much it would mean to me to be able to present what I have been trying to convey in the simplest phrases and within the imitations which encompass the greater portion of my immense vocabulary ... or, in other words, I just don't know what to say!” ... er, thank you, David.

## What? Why? When?



In September, I was in Tucson and visited Western International Aviation. They have five Caribou “hulks” (S/N 62-4150, 62-4182, 62-4183, 63-9739, 63-9755) stored for PEN Turbo Aviation in Cape May, NJ. Several of these aircraft have what appears to be a Class 2 modification (installation of an ALE-20 flare system) in the left rear of the cargo compartment above the ramp and a door in the fuselage under the tail, behind the cargo door. See the pictures above.

If anyone knows why this modification was made, what it was used for, or when it was done, please send me the information.

pathanavan@aol.com  
210-479-0226

## Oops!

by Bob Biggins [483, 69]

OOPS! was my response to a Southwest Airlines pilot about landing at the wrong airfield yesterday. I bet those Southwest pilots are in deep *kimchi*. In Germany, one would say “you’re really gonna get the schnitzel.”

I landed at the wrong airfield only once when I was flying the Bou in ‘69 and ‘70. We departed Saigon for a short laterite strip maybe 100 or so miles north. Weather was not too bad, probably 1500 broken with towering cumulus. As I descended, we broke TACAN lock. I spiraled down trying to stay VFR, looking for that north to south 1300 foot laterite strip with a very small cargo drop off square at the very southeast end of the strip.

On the second or third attempt to find the strip I saw just what I wanted to see. A north-south reddish dirt strip in the middle of jungle trees. There was no control tower. We scanned the area. No traffic, humans, or activity on the ground. So, I set up a base leg, landed to the north, did a 180, then taxied to the ramp.

At that time, the Special Forces team leader we had on board came up to the cockpit and said “THIS ISN’T FU&@)?G LAND BASE ALPHA KILO!” Well I got out of there *tout de suite*.

Shortly, I did locate Alpha Kilo, landed, and off-loaded the Special Forces guys. We never logged that landing or reported our quick stopover to Mother Hubbard, our Saigon based flight following agency.

To this day I do not know where I landed. Most likely in Cambodia which was a NO NO!

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## Good Book

*Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant* is considered to be the best biographical work of any United States president. His writing is precise, clear, and compelling to any history buff.

## Run-up Card

by Gary Albrecht [536, 66]

I think Zane Carter and I were the first Air Force enlisted members who were checked out and qualified to taxi the C-7A. We were instructed at Fort Benning when we trained on the aircraft. When I got to Vung Tau and an aircraft needed to be checked out, I would be called to taxi the aircraft to the run-up area and check it out.

When the Squadron finally got a Maintenance Officer assigned, he asked me to check him out on taxi and run-up. I did so. After that, he wouldn't allow me to taxi the aircraft.

## Miscellaneous Useful Information

by Andy Rooney

I've learned ...

That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

That when you're in love, it shows.

That just one person saying to me, "You've made my day," makes my day.

That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

That being kind is more important than being right.

That you should never say no to a gift from a child.

That I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help in some other way.

That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

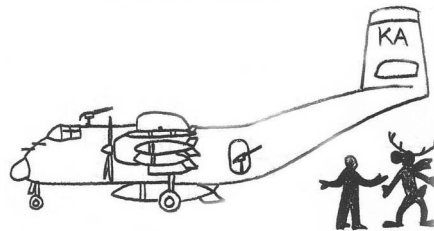
That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

That we should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.

## Stars and Stripes

Stars and Stripes got its start as a newspaper for Union troops during the Civil War and has been published continuously since 1942 in Europe and 1945 in the Pacific. Stripes reporters have been in the field with American soldiers, sailors, and airmen in World War II, Korea, the Cold War, Vietnam, the Gulf War, Bosnia, and Kosovo, and are now on assignment in the Middle East.

Stars and Stripes has one of the widest distributions of any newspaper in the world. Between the Pacific and European editions, Stars and Stripes services over 50 countries where there are bases, posts, service members, ships, or embassies.



**“Uh, Cap'n Seven,  
You'll Find A Slight  
Change On Your  
Frag Today!”**

## Language Barrier

One reason the Services have trouble operating jointly is that they don't speak the same language.

For example, if you told Navy personnel to “secure a building,” they would turn off the lights and lock the doors.

Army personnel would occupy the building so no one could enter.

Marines would assault the building, capture it, and defend it with suppressive fire and close combat.

The Air Force, on the other hand, would take out a three-year lease with an option to buy.

## Vietnam Flashback

by Jack Saux [536, 68]

My Vietnam tour was a long time ago (1966) and with all of the brain cells which have been wounded over the years by Bombay gin, red wine, and the normal aging process, it is amazing that I can remember lunch let alone an event from the distant past.

Today, my wife asked me to install a new bird feeder, one guaranteed to repel squirrels. Right! Step one was to dig a hole, and step two was to mix concrete to hold the post in place in the hole from step one. As I mixed the concrete with the crudest of tools and my hands and my mind flashed back to Vung Tau and the patio a couple of us made in front of “the club.”

I seem to recall that in exchange for beer, the Aussies provided the concrete for the project. As to where they got the concrete, I believe this was the origin of the Clinton policy of “Don't ask, don't tell.” The patio was huge and all of the concrete was mixed by foot in a bath tub acquired by some other shady exchange.

As I mixed the concrete here on my patio, I could almost hear the little Vietnamese children singing in the church across the street from our hotel. If I have to carry a memory from the war, that is not a bad one to have.

I do carry the scars from the concrete mission, one foot has never healed. If it was not the concrete which caused the problem, it might have been that all of my socks disappeared for one week out of the month every month.



## A Veteran Died Today

### Anonymous

He was getting old and paunchy  
And his hair was falling fast,  
And he sat around the Legion,  
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in  
And the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his buddies;  
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors  
His tales became a joke,  
All his buddies listened quietly  
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,  
For ol' Joe has passed away,  
And the world's a little poorer  
For a Veteran died today.

He won't be mourned by many,  
Just his children and his wife.  
For he lived an ordinary,  
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,  
Going quietly on his way;  
And the world won't note his passing,  
'Tho a Veteran died today.

When politicians leave this earth,  
Their bodies lie in state,  
While thousands note their passing,  
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories  
From the time that they were young,  
But the passing of a Veteran  
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution  
To the welfare of our land,  
Some jerk who breaks his promise  
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow  
Who in times of war and strife,  
Goes off to serve his country  
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend  
And the style in which he lives,  
Are often disproportionate,  
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Veteran,  
Who offered up his all,  
Is paid off with a medal  
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians  
With their compromise and ploys,  
Who won for us the freedom  
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,  
With your enemies at hand,  
Would you really want some cop-out,  
With his ever-waffling stand?

Or would you want a Veteran  
His home, his country, his kin,  
Just a common Veteran,  
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Veteran,  
And his ranks are growing thin,  
But his presence should remind us  
We may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,  
We find the Veteran's part,  
Is to clean up all the troubles  
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor  
While he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage  
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline  
In the paper that might say:  
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,  
A VETERAN DIED TODAY."

### FREEDOM AND VETERANS GO HAND IN HAND

## Aviation Axioms

• It's better to be down here wishing you were up there, than up there wishing you were down here.

- A check ride ought to be like a skirt, short enough to be interesting, but still be long enough to cover everything.
- Speed is life, altitude is life insurance. No one has ever collided with the sky!
- If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger; if you pull the stick back, they get smaller. (Unless you keep pulling the stick back – then they get bigger again.)
- The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.
- Flying is the second greatest thrill known to man. Landing is the first!
- IFR: I Follow Roads.
- A Marine knows he's landed with the wheels up when it takes full power to taxi.
- Those who hoot with the owls by night should not fly with the eagles by day.
- A helicopter is a collection of rotating parts going round and round and reciprocating parts going up and down – all of them trying to become random in motion.
- Things which do you no good in aviation: Altitude above you. Runway behind you. Fuel in the truck. Half a second ago. Approach plates in the car. The airspeed you don't have.
- Flying is not dangerous; crashing is dangerous.
- A good simulator check ride is like successful surgery on a corpse.
- Asking what a pilot thinks about the FAA is like asking a tree what it thinks about dogs.
- An airplane may disappoint a good pilot, but it won't surprise him.
- Good judgment comes from experience and experience comes from bad judgment.
- There are three simple rules for making a smooth landing. Unfortunately, no one knows what they are.
- It's best to keep the pointed end going forward as much as possible.
- Any attempt to stretch fuel is guaranteed to increase headwind.
- Try to keep the number of your landings equal to the number of your takeoffs.

## No One Ever Told Me

by Ted Hanchett [537, 68]

The day I received my commission from OTS, a SMSgt. saluted and said, "Congratulations! You are now a professional killer." But, nobody ever told me that I was a "Warrior." I wish they had.

The Bou was one of the best wartime assignments. It offered combat coupled with humanitarian experiences. The DHC-4 (C-7A) was probably the heaviest gross weight aircraft ever built to be able to land on dirt fields and stop in 600 feet. I wish someone had told me that before I began. I also wish they had told me that this is the aircraft where a pilot can truly learn how to fly.

After that in-country experience, I saw real combat in the B-52. I dodged SA-2's on about 14 missions and 2 Mig-21's one night about 15 miles south of China. I think we wounded one of them. No one ever told me how to react to such a situation beforehand.

I also learned that the old D model can go to its service ceiling of 54,000 feet and easily reach its max speed of .97 Mach. I also learned just a few years ago from an old Navy pilot that the B-52 once held a time-to-climb record just before the F-15 arrived. I wish I had been told that much sooner.

I think my crew can claim a first.



We destroyed an F-102 one night over Detroit. We jammed his uplink signal from ADC as he was being vectored onto us. He was flying hands-off on autopilot. His aircraft was bent beyond repair, but he survived.

On one training mission while stationed at Dyess in B-52's, we had a different flight plan. We flew the low-level mission in New Mexico until minimum fuel. As we departed the oil burner route

at 500 feet AGL to return to Dyess and land, I went full throttle and began the steepest climb I had experienced up to that point in my flying career. I think I was about 30 degrees nose up. I could not get ATC clearance quick enough before busting 18,000 feet, so I had to level off from the unbelievable climb. I wish someone had warned me.

Later I transitioned into FB-111's. My career just experienced something that many pilots never encounter. I had flown one of the slowest aircraft in the Air Force and now one of the fastest. I learned in the simulator just how much territory an aircraft will cover when doing a 360° turn to slow down from Mach 2.3 to just under 1.0 (it took 2 complete turns). No one told me before the simulator mission. I wish they had.

The FB-111 had to use two 360's to slow down because the pilot could not pull the throttles out of burner until subsonic due to a requirement to provide engine oil cooling. The max speed on the air brake was 1.4. Most pilots think that you can just pull the nose up to lose airspeed. Not the FB-111. In this case you would bust 90,000 feet before slowing to subsonic.

On nuclear alert in the early 1980's, I studied and planned for special missions into enemy territories as a first strike situation. No leader or general ever briefed that we were actually fighting a war. It turns out that we were fighting the "COLD WAR." I wish I had been told that during this time.

Today, I am still working for the Air Force Academy in a volunteer status as an Admissions Liaison Officer at age 72. I have been doing this for 27 years. The best thing I get from this job is that I get to tell young high school kids what to expect. I get to tell them that they are applying for a job to be a "warrior." I get to explain how the Academy is different from college in that it includes training to be a leader. I get to warn them what life is really about in the Air Force and the Academy.

I am getting even for all those leaders who failed to tell us what was going on.

## Mortars At Phu Cat

by Bob Grady [483, 69]

I was changing an instrument (don't remember which one) and was assisted by a friend of mine, Mike Mattiash, who had just been assigned to the 459<sup>th</sup> the day before. I jiggled the instrument panel and we proceeded to drop the wrong instrument. I was upset but realized I had done the same thing a month earlier. John Stymerski said everybody did it a least once.

We got the job done and headed for the chow hall. We were walking back to the barracks to play cards with a couple of comm/nav guys. It was just getting dark, maybe a little later. We cut between the two "X" shaped buildings. I believe one of them was the Airmen's Club. Mike and I were walking side-by-side and another Airman was walking about 25 feet behind us. We heard a "whump." Believing it was outgoing, we kept walking. We then heard a loud explosion followed by gravel or something spraying a building. We then knew it was incoming. We were headed for the ditch when the 3<sup>rd</sup> (?) round went over our heads and landed about 4-10 feet behind us. I was thrown into the building and stunned. I heard Mike calling and went to him and helped him put his belt around his leg to stop the blood flow. A ROK soldier pulled me away and took me, in his jeep, to the hospital. There I was treated by a very rude doctor. He insisted that my wounds were caused by running into a bunker or something similar. I did not care if I received a Purple Heart at the time and was glad to get away from the doctor. I assumed he HAD put me in for the Purple Heart.

I asked an orderly what had happened to Mike. He said he got a piece of shrapnel through his knee and was being sent home. I never heard what happened to the guy walking behind us. He looked like he was terribly wounded. I heard rumors that he didn't make it. I hope the

**Continued on Page 14**

## Mortars (from Page 13)

rumors were wrong. How we survived is a miracle.

The next evening we went to the outdoor theater to see a movie. I leaned back against the seat back and felt a lot of pain. A friend looked at my back and said I had a lot of small shrapnel wounds on my right hand back and shoulder. I went to the clinic to have my wounds evaluated.

The male nurse on hand said I had 30-60 small, BB sized wounds along the back-shoulder area. The blast actually blew fragments through my blouse without ripping it. He dug most of them out with a large needle and they filled a couple of pill bottles. He gave them to me for a souvenir. He said I was eligible for the Purple Heart and I told him I thought I had been put in for it the night before.

After I had the fragments removed, a friend and I went to the area where Mike and I were hit. I found the firing pin from the mortar. It hit about 4 feet from us according to the investigators. They said it was an 82 mm mortar and that most of the shrapnel went in the direction of flight. Lucky for us. They also said if it had been one of our 81 mm mortars, I wouldn't be telling this story.

I ended up with 10% disability for a crushed septum. Later, the VA awarded me another 10% for tinnitus as a result of ruptured eardrums caused by mortar blast.

## Another Plei Mei Tale

by Doug Clinton [458, 69]

Jon Drury's article, "Plei Mei Challenge," in the November 2012 issue brought back the memory of a run into that garden spot in December of 1970. It was my finis flight; I was headed home and back to C-141's.

My crew and I found ourselves at Pleiku with the very important war-time mission of shuttling Montagnard dependents from Plei Mei to Pleiku for

a day of shopping! Jon's 1968 description of that 1300 foot gash on a hill was applicable to late 1970 to include the cloud of dust stirred up by aggressive reverse thrust on landing.

It was a well coordinated mission because as soon as we shut down here they came, little women with their Non La hats, shopping baskets and children and, oh yes, the cloud of black flies. The Flight Engineer (FE) urged them up the ramp extensions and with some effort got the passengers into the troop seats and buckled in while the copilot and I waited in our seats to start engines.

Now, it was a turbulent day. In most cases, when hauling passengers it was the unenviable job of the Flight Engineer to clean up the mess if the passengers got airsick. As you may recall, we had seat cards written on one side in Vietnamese and the other in English but, of course, these people could read neither and they had no idea what the barf bags were that our FE handed out.

The preflight safety briefing was a challenge. For the life of me I cannot remember the FE's name, but I can see him plain as day demonstrating the function of a barf bag by holding it to his mouth and acting out regurgitation.

Okay, engines started, before takeoff check complete and off we go to Pleiku. "Gear - Up, Flaps - Up, Metro Power - Set, Climb Power - Set, Auto Feather - Off, Cargo Compartment and Engines"...done.

A moment of silence and the FE says on the interphone, "Hey Cap'n, turn around and look at this crap." I twisted around for a look into the cabin and our passengers had their barf bags clamped to their mouths breathing in and out to the point of near asphyxiation. Some children were holding the bags to the faces of younger siblings all believing this was necessary in order to breathe while flying in an airplane.

No one was passing out and barf bags were in the proper location, so we just left it that way. Our engineer did a good job of bridging the communications gap and avoiding a potential cleanup.

## C-130 In A Hurry

by Guy Perham [535, 67]

In 1968, I was tasked to perform a double engine change test flight at Vung Tau, so I got the FCF (Functional Check Flight) crew together. We completed our pre-flight on the bird and taxied out to the crosswind runway.

While taxiing I heard a C-130 crew call for taxiing instructions using a "Tac-E" prefix for priority. The tower told him to taxi into position and hold on the main runway.

We proceeded with our taxi and were cleared for takeoff. Rolling down the runway, we checked the engine instruments closely and took off. As we were climbing out the C-130 questioned the tower: "Weren't we cleared for takeoff?" There was a pause. I'm sure the tower controller was making sure the recorders were on before replying, "No, you were not cleared for takeoff, you were cleared to taxi into position and hold." Silence. I looked out the copilot's window and there was the "Tac-E" C-130 climbing out in a left hand turn. I had to level off to miss him.

I asked the tower if there was a problem and Tower answered with, "When you land, come-up and we'll fill you in on what happened." So, when we completed our flight, we reported to the tower.

We were told the C-130 took off without clearance and had passed very close behind us at midfield. Further, it turned-out that he was not on a legitimate Tac-E mission. In fact, he was empty, but wanted to get home ASAP.

An OHR (Operational Hazard Report) was filed, but we never heard another word. I suspect a VIP (Very Important Person) of sorts was flying the bird.

I was reminded about being briefed that our worst enemy wasn't Charlie, but Army aircraft and Army artillery. You can add C-130 MAC (Military Airlift Command) crews in a hurry to the most dangerous list.

## B-17 Navigator's Log



10-21-43 Mission #7.

Durben, Germany.

Someone was praying hard for us today. Left England at 1230, 28,000 feet, 44° below zero. Spitfire escort. Twenty minutes before the target, our #4 engine ran away and we couldn't feather it. Couldn't hold our altitude or stay in formation. We dropped down and turned back. Three minutes later,



four ME-109's picked us up.

We dove down to 12,000 feet trying to get away. Got into all the clouds we could. Vertical banks, and dives, climbs, etc.

The fighters came in at 5, 6, and 7 o'clock on our tail, making several passes. Riggs said he saw one explode and another go down in smoke. Couldn't get much speed, having only three engines and a head wind.

We dropped all our bombs in a field near Arras, France in order to get more speed. We zigzagged for the coast. Flak picked us up and followed us for 2 or 3 minutes, but did not hit us.

We finally hit the coast and 20 minutes later hit the English coast. Our tail gunner, Faber, was wounded. A 20 mm hit the tail. Bullets in his leg, buttocks, and side. Not much bleeding, so no first aid necessary.

Turned north up the coast for home, but our #4 engine was burning so we landed at the nearest field, Dettling, an RAF Spitfire field five miles south of the Thames River near London.

When we stopped rolling on landing, the engine was really spurting out fire.

# UNTOLD STORIES OF THE R.A.A.F. CARIBOU



Trying to put it out with fire extinguishers that we had, but couldn't. The field fire truck finally put it out. One tire was flat when we landed – bullet through it. Plane was riddled with holes. Must have been 200-300 holes in it, 20 mm cannon holes, maybe seven or eight.

Can't see how the tail and waist gunners got back alive. Holes within inches of them, dozens of them.

One 20 mm went through our bomb bay with our 12 incendiary bombs still there. Nose was not shot up much as they all attacked from the tail.

"Skinny" Frier turned back 10 minutes after we did and evidently went down as they haven't heard from him. He was in our squadron. Three gunners in our group died from anoxia on the raid. Their oxygen tubes came loose and they didn't know it.

Moral: Stay in formation, even if you have to get out and push.

## RAAF Caribou DVD

For 45 years, the DHC-4 Caribou was the workhorse of the RAAF. Starting in Vietnam, this small fleet of just 29 aircraft punched well above their weight - both at home and abroad.

Be it the dangers of war, floods and fire, or the difficulty of search and rescue, the Caribou and their crew played a vital role in Australia's history. This headline making airplane has earned its place in history as the only Australian military aircraft to ever be hijacked.

Affectionately known as Wallaby Airlines, the Bou and the Green Gravel Truck; the Caribou has been a quiet achiever – until now. At last this amazing story, spanning 5 decades, is told by those who witnessed history.

Those who knew her well, tell their personal and remarkable stories about their time in this beloved RAAF plane. \$20 from LACE Productions. Order at <http://untoldstories.cart.net.au>

## Getting Acclimated

by Mike Price [457, 70]

In late 1969, I was sent to C-7A Mechanic School and, as part of the school. I volunteered to take part in a one-week familiarization Flight Engineer training course. Shortly thereafter, I received my orders for Vietnam.

My initial experience in Vietnam came in early 1970 as I walked off the commercial airline ("Freedom Bird") which transported me and several other soldiers via Washington state, through Japan to Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam. It was the longest flight I had ever taken and I fell asleep and woke up four times.

As I exited the aircraft, I heard a series of loud explosions a distance from the aircraft. With that, I saw people running in all different directions. The Military Police immediately hustled us off the aircraft to a safe area in a large hangar where they informed us that the base had just been hit by two or three rockets.

Through my extended fifteen month tour in Vietnam, the Viet Cong harassed the base at least several times monthly by lobbing rocket and/or mortars at the base or by sending sappers in to blow-up the fuel dumps (JP-4 and 115/145 AVGAS fuel tanks).

I was immediately assigned as a mechanic (AFSC 43151A) to the 457<sup>th</sup> TAS (C-7A Caribou squadron), which was part of the 483 TAW at Cam Ranh Bay. At this time, there were only two Caribou squadrons of the 483 TAW (458 TAS and 457 TAS) at Cam Ranh Bay. Later in 1970, they brought in two other Squadrons, the 535<sup>th</sup> and 536<sup>th</sup>.

In the 457<sup>th</sup> area, I was assigned to a cot with a mosquito net in a 4-man hootch surrounded by 50-gallon barrels filled with sand. The hootches were located next to a "MASH" type hospital.

Helicopters were running in and out at all hours. My first month in-country was the toughest, as I got second degree sunburns on both arms as a result of the hundred degree heat. Further, I had to

learn to take cold showers and go to the head while an old black toothed *mama-san* strolled through the latrine from time to time.

Initially, I had a hard time trying to sleep at night. I swear that the mosquitoes were as big as Caribous and tried to penetrate my mosquito net. Also, I woke up to the sounds of large rats the size of cats looking for food in our hootch. I kept a K-bar knife close to my cot just in case I needed it.

As the junior man, a TSgt gave me a special assignment beyond my regular mechanic flight line duties. He informed me that the 457<sup>th</sup> was hosting a large party with our sister squadrons and it was my responsibility to build a hog pen. Further, I was to feed and care for the hogs until the party.

Being from Boston, my first questions were "What is a hog? What does a hog eat?" Well, this old southern TSgt climbed all over me as he proceeded to explain what hogs look like and where I would get their food (e.g., the chow hall sergeant.).

I guess the plan was for the Caribou flight crews to be on the lookout to make a deal for at least two hogs while flying the missions. In the squadron area near the latrine, I built a large rectangular pen. Further, I built two large rotisseries. The next day, one of the flight engineers brought in a male hog which we named Rufus.

Approximately one week later, another flight engineer brought in a second hog (a female) we named Ethel. Every morning after breakfast, the chow hall sergeant provided me with two buckets of food waste for Rufus and Ethel. As soon as they saw me, just like my pets, they started squealing and circling the pen until I fed them.

I cared for both of them for over three weeks as the squadron party approached. Three days prior to the party, the TSgt made arrangements to have the hogs prepared for the rotisseries. We boiled water in a 50-gallon barrel to shave the fur off the hogs after they were prepared. A Mechanic Special-

ist, who alleged to have worked in a slaughterhouse in Chicago and knew how to kill hogs, was summoned to the area. The specialists asked for a large ball peen hammer. He explained that he would straddle the hog, strike the hog between the eyes, and the hog would immediately die with little or no problems. According to the TSgt, the hog would then be gutted and placed in the boiling hot water, shaved, and placed on the rotisserie.

The killing of Rufus did not go well. The specialist struck Rufus not once but several times between the eyes until the TSgt pushed him aside, pulled out a .38 cal. revolver and shot Rufus in the head. It was a traumatic moment for us who took care for him. Watching this unfold, I was a total mess.

The other guys gutted Rufus and immediately placed him in the barrel of boiling water, pulled him out, and immediately started shaving him. It was at this time that I was told, "If you want to eat, start shaving the hog." This procedure was repeated several times until Rufus was completely shaved. Rufus was then placed on the rotisserie.

The TSgt told me to get Ethel out of the pen and bring her over to the area. It was decided that they would terminate her by tying her up by her hind legs upside down, cut her neck, and gut her at the same time. Unable to watch this, I decided to go back to my hootch rather than watch that, but that didn't save me from hearing Ethel's demise. I returned later when they were putting her on the rotisserie. My last assignments were to make sure the motor of the rotisserie rotated continuously and to keep the hot coals going.

The hogs slowly cooked for approximately two days. During this period, one of the officers requested the hog livers as he had a great recipe for liver and onions. My only memory of liver was when I was a kid and my father made me sit at the kitchen table for three hours until I ate a piece of liver. I

**Continued on Page 17**



## Acclimated (from Page 16)

hated it. The officer's liver and onions smelled so good, I just had to try it. It was delicious, although it made me think about Rufus and Ethel.

The TSgt brought a case of five pound packages of hamburger he happened to "find" during a mission. One of the Latino airmen from our squadron cooked a large pot of chili that smelled delicious. Upon tasting it, it burned from my lips down to my stomach. I don't know how people can eat things that hot, but everyone loved it.

The squadron party came and it was a big hit as everyone enjoyed the pork and other refreshments. Again, I tried a taste of pork, but my heart wasn't in it. It made me think of my pets, Rufus and Ethel.

The party was a huge success because it got all the Squadron Specialists and Mechanics together with the Pilots and Flight Engineers for a great time. That was the best part.

As time went on, I was promoted and transferred to the 535<sup>th</sup>, where I became a crew chief and was assigned to Caribou S/N 60-5441. Over the next several months, I went on several TDYs to Can Tho, Vung Tau, and Bangkok, completing my tour of duty in Vietnam in early 1972.

## You Might Be A Maintainer If . . .

You refer to QC as "the enemy."

You've wanted the jet to start just so you can warm up.

You can't remember half of your co-workers' real names, only their nicknames.

You fix 30 million dollar jets, but can't figure out what's wrong with your \$150 lawn mower!

Some of the tools in your toolbox at home are etched.

If the way you measure the cost of living in other countries is by the price of a beer at a bar.

## Who Said It Isn't A Risky Business

from Caribou Clarion, Feb. 1968

In February 1968, there was increased Viet Cong (VC) activity and cargo aircraft rushed supplies to bases and camps under attack. A C-7A Caribou was diverted from a regular mission to rush ammunition, automatic weapons, rations, and flak vests to a base at Dalat Cam Ly which was under attack.

Personnel in the Wing Command Post directed the 458<sup>th</sup> crew to proceed with caution. The Aircraft Commander was Maj. Phillip L. Grindstaff and the copilot was 1/Lt. John D. Weatherly.

After arriving over Dalat, the crew heard radio transmissions from a FAC directing air strikes just north of the airfield. Other transmissions indicated the camp was insecure. The aircraft was held until the FAC indicated a landing could be made, but the crew was also warned of a fire fight over the runway between the VC and the Americans.

In the first attempted landing, ground fire was so intense that the crew had to pull out to avoid the fire. After approaching again, the Caribou was landed and off-loaded within 10 minutes.

While on the ground, another attack was launched by the enemy and an immediate departure was ordered. Not, however, before the cargo was delivered.

Three days later, another C-7A crew was called on to make an urgency resupply drop at the same location. Capt. Joseph D. Borowski, Capt. Raymond A. Conitz, and SSgt. Elbert L. Brown, Sr. rushed the plane to Nha Trang where 4700 pounds of munitions were rigged for an air drop.

Arriving over Dalat, the crew was informed that a landing was preferred since security could not be provided for the drop area.

The Caribou crew turned off all lights and made a blackout descent, observing tracers as they approached.

Fifteen feet above the runway, the lights were turned on. Once safely down, the crew again extinguished the lights as they taxied to the ramp.

After unloading, the crew made a blackout takeoff and again noticed muzzle flashes as they left the area.

Once again, the Caribou crews delivered their needed cargo under hazardous conditions.

Note: For their heroic actions, the crews received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

## Mercury 13

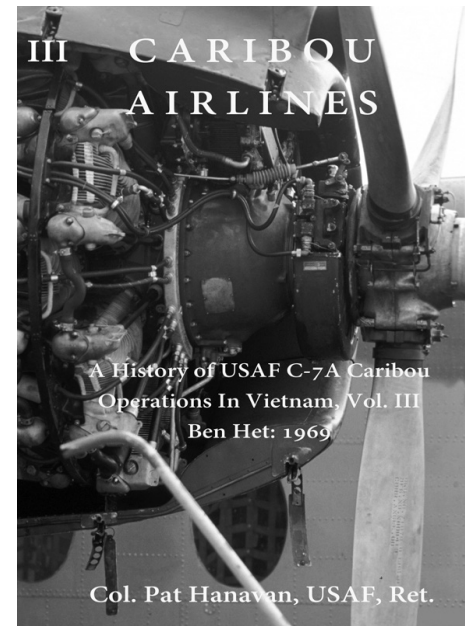
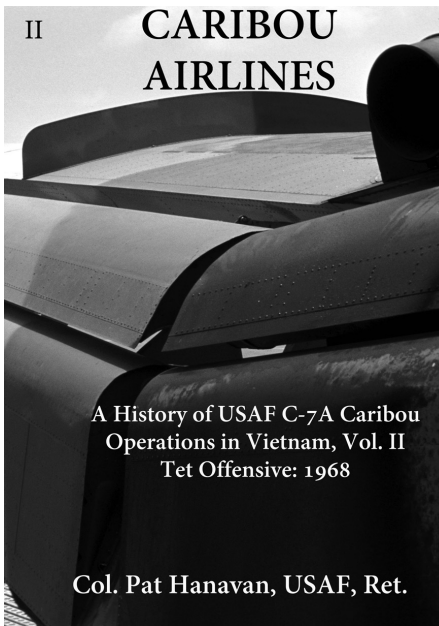
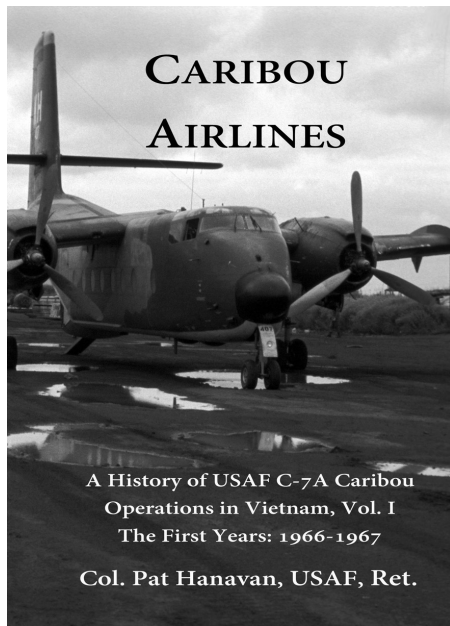
In the early 1960's, a group of women known as the First Lady Astronaut Trainees (FLATs), and also known as the "Mercury 13," trained to become astronauts for America's first human spaceflight program. The program was created by Dr. William Randolph Lovelace who helped develop the tests for NASA's male astronauts.

Thirteen women passed the rigorous physical examinations: Jerrie Cobb, Wally Funk, Irene Leverton, Myrtle "K" Cagle, Jane B. Hart, Gene Nora Stumbough, Jerri Sloan, Rhea Hurrle, Sarah Gorelick, Bernice "B" Trimble Steadman, Jan Dietrich, Marion Dietrich, and Jean Hixson.

A few days before they were to report to Pensacola, FL at the Naval School of Aviation Medicine to undergo advanced aeromedical examinations, the women received telegrams abruptly canceling the testing. In July 1962, the House Committee on Science and Astronautics decided that training female astronauts would hurt the space program. The women never flew to space.

It would not be until 20 years later, on June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1983, that the first American woman would fly to space.

Although the Mercury 13 never flew to space, their sacrifices and dedication have inspired 50 years of women who have had the opportunity to make history in space.



*Caribou Airlines* is a comprehensive history of USAF C-7A operations in Vietnam. It is about aircrews, crew chiefs, maintenance officers, line chiefs, maintainers, phase inspection personnel, specialty shop personnel, supply personnel, personal equipment specialists, administration and operations personnel, commanders, staff personnel, etc. They made it possible to deliver the troops, guns, ammunition, rations, beer, soda, equipment, animals, etc. to hundreds of bases on the battlefields of Vietnam.

The 483<sup>rd</sup> Tactical Airlift Wing and its squadrons were not an airline, per se. They were tasked with supporting Army and Marine units and other customers with air landed and air dropped supplies using pre-defined, emergency, and opportune sorties to front line locations where the supplies were needed.

The history of the Military Advisory Command, Vietnam (MACV); C-7A Caribou Association newsletters; and personal stories of those involved in C-7A operations provide the context for the books.

Volumes I, II, and III (print or Kindle) are available on Amazon.com. Signed copies of the books can be ordered from the author for \$20: Pat Hanavan, 12402 Winding Branch, San Antonio, TX 78230-2770. These three signed volumes are available now for \$50. The planned publication date of *Volume IV: 1970* is the fall of 2016.



**Lee Waters [535, 67] and Montagnards**

## Mail Drops

by Gary Albrecht [536, 66]

We were operating out of Can Tho one day. We were LAPES dropping lumber to a Special Forces camp somewhere. We made several sorties and on the final one of the day we put the camp mail sack on the load. The drag chute malfunctioned and the load was late exiting the aircraft.

The last thing I saw of the load was when it hit in a canal at the end of our drop zone. Lumber flew in all directions.

We were later informed that in the future we would make an extra pass and drop the mail. We weren't excited about that as it gave Charlie an extra chance to shoot at us.

## Fantastic Flying

by Greg Custer [458, 71]

My Bou experience began in 1971, with orders to Dyess AFB for C-7A training. I had been selected for upgrade to Aircraft Commander in the C-141, but that was delayed when I got my orders to Dyess.

After survival school at Fairchild and jungle survival at Clark, we headed to Cam Rahn Bay. In our group were a group of young Captains, several from UPT, and at the time we had no idea what the future would hold for us. After an in-country check out and rapid up-grades to Instructor Pilot, (eventually Flight Examiner) status, we were told that we would be part of a school to train Vietnamese personnel for the purpose of transferring Caribous to the VNAF. We spent three months at Cam Rahn Bay flying missions and gaining in-country experience, then the school began at Nha Trang.

After a couple of months there, we were moved to Phu Cat. I think we were moved in order to keep an American presence at Phu Cat, as by that time the base had been transferred to the Vietnamese. We were tasked with missions over the entire country. We originally planned to train several hundred pilots, but that was someone's pipe dream. My first student was Captain Dam, a wonderful man and an even better pilot. He had many thousands of hours in the C-47, had been educated at the Sorbonne in Paris, and was a joy to fly with. My next few student pilots were not quite as talented.

By the time we got to copilot training we were often working with pilots that had little experience flying, or operating machines in general. We learned not to ask if they knew how to do something, as the answer was always "Yes." Instead, we learned to say "Tell me how to fly that procedure turn." "Tell me your plan for this short field landing." After training a few copilots that were competent, we got to the point where we were checking out copilots if they

could handle the gear and the flaps.

I think there were twelve instructor pilots and we had a wonderful cadre of NCOs. I can't give enough credit to the enlisted troops that I worked with during my entire Caribou experience. Other than about six O-2 FACs and their crews, we seemed to be the only Americans on base. If we got rocketed it wasn't reported to U.S. intelligence so intelligence briefings never included rocketing at Phu Cat. On June 25, one of the FACs and one of my UPT instructors from Laughlin AFB, Dave Yoakum, flying an O-2, was shot down and killed by a SAM-7 very near the base. To lose a friend on that date knocked me down a little extra as I have always been aware that was the date General G. A. Custer died at the Little Bighorn. That was the farthest south we had evidence of SAM-7's at that time.

Several times we took small arms fire on final, as base security wasn't great. A round lodged in the wing spar, behind my head, and it was dug out and given to me by my crew chief with a hole drilled in it. It was a lucky charm on my dog tags for the rest of my flying career. When the weather was terrible or the missions risky, the Vietnamese pilots were less likely to show up. Then, missions ended up being flown by two American Instructor Pilots. For a couple of weeks we had no student pilots, as they became ill after swimming in the Phu Cat swimming pool that hadn't been treated chemically since the Americans had transferred the base.

The flying was fantastic. Memories of short field landings in beautiful mountain valleys, using short runways with drop-offs at both ends, supporting troops in dire need, avoiding boats and islands by using radar feet wet up the coast during the monsoon, and turning off the active at the beginning of the runway when the winds were strong at Cam Rahn Bay were all part of a great flying experience. The response we got from the troops on the ground was incredible, especially when their times were tough. Flying wounded or KIAs

was always sobering. It was a tough airplane, perfect for its task. It seemed no matter what you did to it, it went 120 knots, and 66 or 68 on final. After my year was up, I went back to the Starlifter for a short time, then separated to attend dental school.

For 17 years I did dentistry four days a week and flew two days a week in the Air National Guard, the last 10 years in the A-10. I got about a thousand hours in the A-10 in ten years. I think I got over a thousand hours in the Caribou in one.

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### *13<sup>th</sup> AF DFC Citation S.O. G-0651, 28 Nov 1972*

Captain Gregory B. Custer distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Instructor Pilot at Na Thanh, Republic of Vietnam, on 5 April 1972. On that day Captain Custer's exemplary knowledge and outstanding airmanship, displayed under extremely hazardous conditions, culminated in the successful resupply of essential food and ammunition to Na Thanh. Despite reported enemy activity in the area, Captain Custer was able to complete six sorely needed sorties into Ha Thanh. The professional competence, aerial skill and devotion to duty displayed by Captain Custer reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

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## Help!!!

Check your email address on our web site, <http://www.c-7acaribou.com/>. Send any change to:

[pathanavan@aol.com](mailto:pathanavan@aol.com)

## Just Long Enough

by Ron Lester [459, 67]

I am sure that everyone who flew into Tra Bong has a story to tell. I was fortunate to go there numerous times and this is my personal favorite. For those of you who never had the opportunity to test your flying skills at Tra Bong, the dirt runway and surrounding terrain deserve an introduction.

Tra Bong was in a narrow river valley west of Chu Lai. The terrain rose and the valley narrowed to the west. To the east, the terrain dropped down quickly to the rice paddies of the coastal plains and the valley opened wide.

The river meandered through the valley like a drunken snake and formed a large horseshoe bend around the plateau where the airfield sat. The runway crossed the mouth of the horseshoe with the river defining the field boundary at both the east and west ends of the runway. At the ends of the runway the ground disappeared quickly in sharp, steep slopes, dropping 20 to 30 feet (depending on whether it was the east or west end of the runway) to the river below. Landing short would definitely ruin your day. There was a large parking and off-load area mid-field on the north side of the runway.

The runway ran east-west and was generally aligned with the river valley. Approaches and takeoffs were almost always made toward the east since there were more and better options if you had to go around or if something happened on takeoff. If you were taking off a little heavy on a hot summer day, taking off to the east allowed you to drop down below the level of the runway after lift-off to pick-up a few additional knots before starting your climb out.

“Short” was the best description of the Tra Bong runway. As far as I know, it was the shortest C-7A airstrip in I Corps and II Corps and, I suspect, the shortest of any of the standard, approved C-7A strips in South Vietnam. Our squadron “book,” when I arrived in July 1967, listed Tra Bong as being

980 feet long and 40 feet wide. I have heard some say it was closer to 800 feet than 1,000 feet. The Tactical Airdrome Directory, dated 15 Nov 1967 on the C7-A Caribou Association website for Tra Bong, VA1-112 says 1000 feet long with 100 foot overruns at each end. You couldn’t prove it by me. The only Tra Bong overruns I knew were a few feet at each end of the runway grown over with tufts of grass. Certainly, there were no overruns discernably different than the runway itself.

A 1,000 foot runway with combined overruns of 200 feet would provide a possible usable surface of 1,200 feet. There were other airstrips we used in I Corps that were about 1,200 feet and they were long compared to Tra Bong. I do not believe, end to end, including any supposed overruns, that Tra Bong was longer than 1,000 feet. The 980 feet still works for me. In all, Tra Bong was a challenge for even the most experienced Caribou pilots.

Reverse was one of the key factors in the Bou’s ability to operate from short airfields and you certainly wouldn’t think of going to Tra Bong without it. The Caribou’s unique overhead throttle arrangement worked well once you became used to it. To reverse the propellers on landing, the pilot pulled the throttles back to idle (“Closed” position) with his right hand and then pushed the throttles up about one inch. Micro-switches activated auxiliary hydraulic pumps that moved the prop blades to reverse pitch. Once the props were in reverse, the blue Prop Reverse indicator lights on the pilot’s front panel illuminated and the pilot then pulled the throttles back towards the rear of the aircraft for “full reverse.”

There was a period in the spring of 1968 when I flew a lot as copilot with Capt. Dave Younkin while we were at the detachment at Da Nang. Dave was a big guy – 6’ 2” or so and 220 to 230 pounds. He had broad shoulders, huge thighs, and arms that looked like they belonged to Paul Bunyan. Somebody said he played offensive line in col-

lege. I don’t know if he did or not, but he definitely looked like he could play. In contrast to his imposing physical appearance, Dave was good natured and took things in stride, which was a good trait to have in Vietnam. I always enjoyed flying with him.

One afternoon, Dave and I had a sortie to Tra Bong. The weather was perfect – bright blue skies with a few white puffy clouds. It was not as hot as usual with little to no wind.

Standard load. Standard mission. Standard approach to the east. Standard landing.

We landed in the first few hundred feet of the runway. Dave promptly lowered the nose wheels to the ground, transferred the yoke to me, and grabbed the nose wheel steering wheel. I held the yoke forward as Dave pulled the throttles to idle and pushed them up to start the reverse sequence. I heard a curse word and glanced over at Dave. The propellers would not go into reverse. Dave pulled the throttles down and then pushed them up a second time – still no reverse. By this time, we were passed the mid-point of the runway and the end of the runway was coming at us at a pretty good clip. Dave was now applying maximum pressure on the brakes. On the third attempt, he jammed the throttles up. His face was red and I could see the veins in his neck as he tried to force the throttles up and into reverse, but no amount of brute force was going to make it happen. There was no reverse and no time left. Dave was standing on the brakes with all his might as the end of the runway disappeared. We stopped.

I looked out the windshield. The view was exactly the same as the view right after take-off. I could see the radome, the sky above, and the valley opening to the coastal plains. I could not see any ground beneath us. I looked out the copilot’s side window. I could see the mountain on the other side of the river as it sloped down to the riverbed.

**Continued on Page 21**

## Long Enough (from Page 20)

I could see no ground below us to the right. The tip of the radome was sticking over the precipice at the end of the runway. The nose wheels had to be a couple of feet from the edge of the cliff. We had come THAT close to doing a headfirst swan dive into the river at Tra Bong.

I looked at Dave. Dave looked at me. Neither one of us said anything. I looked down and started running the After Landing Checklist. Dave slowly pushed the throttles up. The propellers went onto reverse. We backed up until we had enough room to turn around and then taxied to the parking area.

I don't know how long Tra Bong really was, but that afternoon it was, just barely, long enough.

Final Note: I am not implying that Dave Younkin did anything wrong that afternoon. I am simply relating events as I remember them. I flew with Dave many times before and after that flight to Tra Bong and there were never any issues with reverse or anything else. I do not think his throttle technique was any different on that particular landing. Maintenance could not duplicate the problem nor could they find anything wrong with the prop reversing system.

### Stuff Happens!

## My First Day

by Tom Dawes [537, 70]

It was early July 1970 while in-processing at Cam Ranh I was told I was being assigned to the 537<sup>th</sup> up at Phu Cat AB. The next morning, it was just the crew and myself on a Caribou flying low level, feet wet, headed north to Phu Cat. The flight was memorable for several reasons. First, the coastline was the most beautiful I have ever seen. Second, I really liked the crew.

The A/C had just gotten orders for a 2<sup>nd</sup> tour as a FAC and needed to practice his low level flying. The copilot was a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt "newbie" like myself and the flight mechanic didn't make me feel

like a jerk when I had to use my helmet bag for an unintended purpose. (I never did get used to the malaria pills).

I was welcomed by the squadron commander who reminded me that the 537<sup>th</sup> had recently lost a plane and crew at Dak Seang and to never forget there was still a war going on. That got my attention.

My room had air conditioning. We shared our hooch with EC-47 pilots and the hooch next door had F-4 guys. It was a lot nicer than I expected. That afternoon, the base went on "yellow alert" which meant flak vests and helmets while outside. I would have been happy staying in my room, but there was a "round eye" USO show up at the O-Club and I was told not to miss it as this didn't happen all that often.

The place was packed and going nuts. When a very attractive blonde singer pulled an AC-119 "Shadow" squadron patch out from her panties and tossed it into the admiring crowd. There was a small riot. Things got worse when there were shouts of "Show us more!" and a hairy-chested guy in jungle fatigues took off his top and ran away with the tip jar. It was getting ugly, so I left early.

Meanwhile back at the hooch, the F-4 guys next door were having a barbecue. They complied with the flak vest and helmet regulation, but that was all they were wearing. I wasn't invited over and that was just fine with me.

I decided to have a beer and cigar (recently bought at Clark AB) before I was totally out of it. I went to the other side of the hooch so I wouldn't have to see a bunch of naked and drunk fighter pilots. Just as my mind was turning to more pleasant thoughts of home, there was a BOOM and a flash of light. IN-COMING!!! I was flat on my stomach when I heard laughter. The F-4 guys had thrown an M80 firecrackers over the roof. I was a "newbie" and they were having some fun. They told me to get my a\*\* over there and have a beer. I had several, but kept my clothes on.

That started a memorable year at Phu Cat.

## You May Be A Vietnam Veteran If ...

You still roll your sleeves down at night.

You know that intestinal fortitude isn't a health-food supplement.

You know that the military invented "one size fits all."

You know that "dust-off" is not a miraculous cleaning solvent.

You know that an "air-burst" has nothing to do with comical farts.

You know that "white mice" were the host constabulary.

You know that a Sky Pilot is a Soldier in the God Squad.

You know that MPC is legitimate "funny money."

You know that a military "Tattoo" is more than just skin art.

You know the Starlight Scope has nothing to do with astronomy.

You know the difference between rifles and guns.

You know that "Four Deuce" is not a dice game.

You know that "Deuce and a Half" is not a card game.

You know the difference between "Repeat" and "Say Again."

You know that "Military Intelligence" is a contradiction in terms.

You know that a "Free Fire Zone" was not the designated smoking area.

You know a walk through the "green" isn't a walk across the top paddock.

You know that "Rolling Thunder" is more than an electrical storm.

You know that "Friendly Fire," isn't.

You know that "Mission Impossible" was much more than a TV show.

You learned locals saying "Be Nice" meant many different things.

You discovered the M-60 isn't a free-way in the United Kingdom.

You discovered that "Rock 'N Roll" could be belt-fed.

You thought "We Gotta Get Outta This Place" was the new national anthem.

## 1947 Freedom Train

In 1947, the American Heritage Foundation sponsored the Freedom Train which toured the country so everyone could see the key documents and artifacts of our republic: the Declaration of Independence, George Washington's copy of the *Constitution*, the Bill of Rights, the Mayflower Compact, the *Magna Carta*, Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, George Washington's Farewell Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment (Women's Suffrage), the logbook of the U. S. Frigate *Constitution*, the Iwo Jima flag, and hundreds of other exhibits.

The printed guide for the tour included the Nine Promises of a Good Citizen:

1. I will vote at all elections. I will inform myself on candidates and issues and will use my greatest influence to see that honest and capable officials are elected. I will accept public office when I can serve my community or my country thereby.

2. I will serve on a jury when asked.

3. I will respect and obey the laws. I will assist public officials in preventing crime and the courts in giving evidence.

4. I will pay my taxes understandingly. (if not cheerfully).

5. I will work for peace, but will dutifully accept my responsibilities in time of war and will respect the Flag.

6. In thought, expression, and action, at home, at school and in all my contacts, I will avoid any group prejudice based on class, race, or religion.

7. I will support our system of free public education by doing everything I can to improve the schools in my own community.

8. I will try to make my community a better place in which to live.

9. I will practice and teach the principles of good citizenship right in my own home.

**Remember ...**

**FREEDOM IS  
EVERYBODY'S JOB!**



## Salute to the Men and Women of the Military. Thank You.

### Husband-Wife Tales

- I need to start paying closer attention to stuff. Found out today my wife and I have separate names for the cat.

- Child's experience: if a mother is laughing at the father's jokes, it means they have guests.

- I asked my wife if she ever fantasizes about me, she said yes – about me taking out the trash, mowing the lawn, and doing the dishes.

- Any married man should forget his mistakes, there's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

- Outvoted 1-1 by my wife again.

- Every time you talk to your wife, your mind should remember that... "This conversation will be recorded for Training and Quality purposes."

- The most dangerous room in the house really depends on where your wife is at the moment.

- Just asked my wife what she's "burning up for dinner" and it turned out to be all of my personal belongings.

- My wife and I had a two-hour fight about whether or not we were fighting.

### Sentry Duty

A new Airman was on sentry duty at the main gate. His orders were clear; no car was to enter unless it had a special sticker on the windshield.

A big Air Force car came up with a general seated in the back.

The sentry said, "Halt, who goes there?"

The chauffeur, a Staff Sergeant, says, "General Wheeler."

"I'm sorry, I can't let you through. You've got to have a sticker on the windshield."

The general said, "Drive on!"

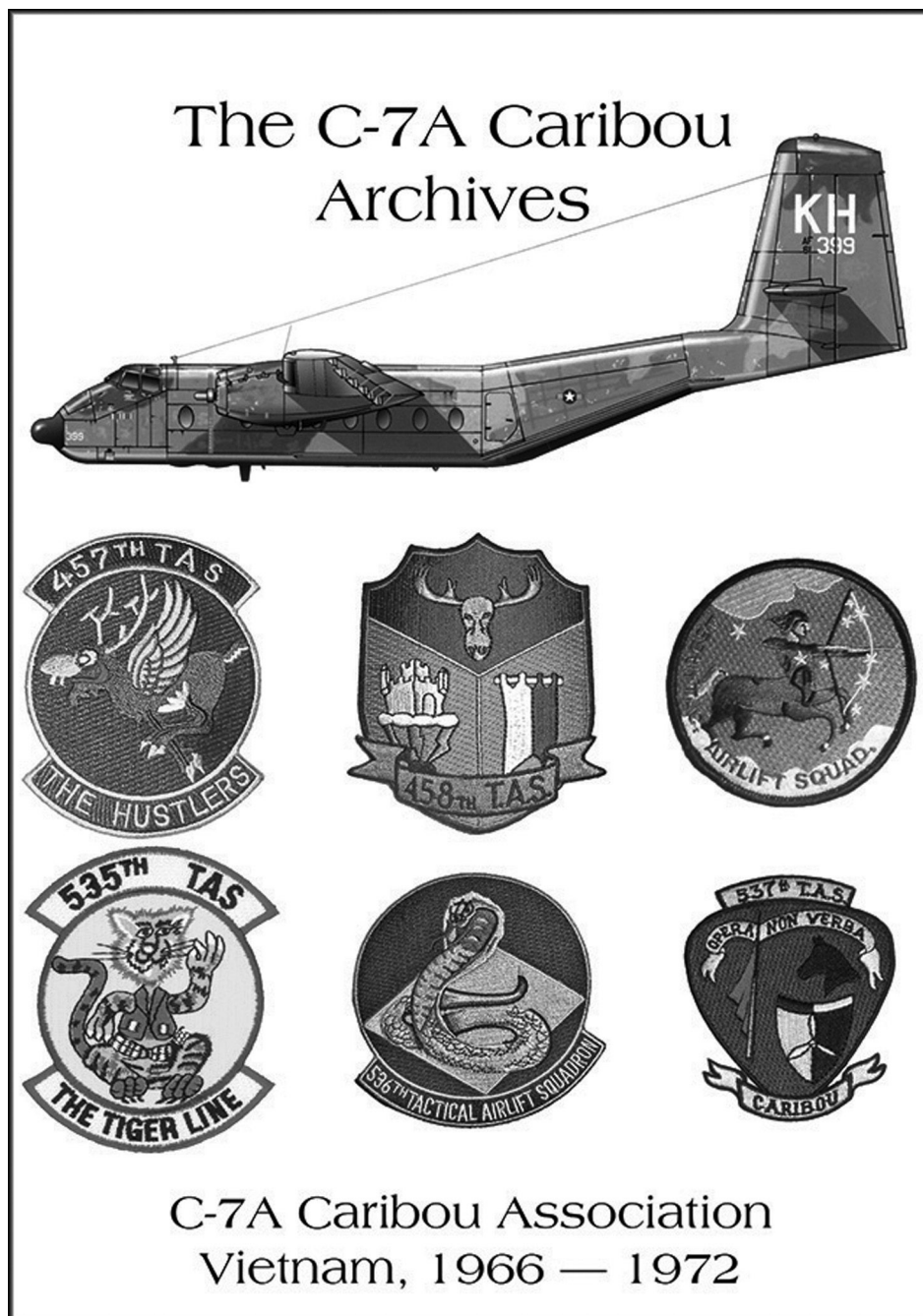
The sentry said, "Hold it! You really can't come through. I have orders to shoot if you try driving in without a sticker."

The general repeated, "I'm telling you, son, drive on."

The sentry walked up to the rear window and said, "General, I'm new at this. Do I shoot you or the driver?"

### Santa

I don't care who you are, old man., get those reindeer off my roof!

**C-7A DVD #2 – New!****New C-7A DVD****DISK 1:**

7AF  
834AD  
AFM 51-40  
AFR-64-4-Survival  
Air Base Defense  
Airman Magazine\Oct 1968  
Airman Magazine\Nov 1968  
Air\_War\_over\_South\_Vietnam\_1968-1975

Army Air Facilities 1973

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Cam Ranh Ammo Dump  
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Caribou Agreement (USAF and

USA)

Caribou Sales Brochure  
Caribou SEA newsletters\Caribou  
Courier and Clarion  
Caribou SEA newsletters\Surfside  
Sentinel

CRB\_Approach\_Plates  
DHC-4 Maintenance Manual  
DHC-4\_Type\_Certificate  
Indochina\_Atlas\_1970  
M16\_Comic\_Book  
Misc\_Manuals  
Squadron\_Signal\_C-7A  
Tactical\_Aerodrome\_Directory  
Tactical\_Airlift-Bowers  
TO\_1-1-4\_Aircraft\_Marking  
USAF Combat Wings

**Videos**

Video\Aussie Bou  
Video\C-7A Training  
Video\Cam Ranh  
Video\Gimli Crash  
Video\Gunter News  
Video\Radial Engine Animation  
Video\UPT  
Vietnam Campaigns  
Vietnam Gazeteer

**DISK 2**

City Maps  
Fire Bases  
Google Earth database (add-in)  
ONC\_K-10  
Series 1301 Charts  
Series\_1501\_Charts  
Series\_L509\_Charts  
Series\_L701\_L7014\_Maps  
Series\_L701\_L7014\_Maps\L7014\_17N  
Below\_17N  
Tactical\_VFR\_Chart  
Vietnam Country Maps

**Available on our web site:**

<http://www.c-7acaribou.com/memorabilia/memorabilia.htm>  
for \$8, shipped.

**3x-6x Denim Shirts**

Denim shirts in sizes 3x to 6x are now available for special order (not stocked). They are \$30 for short sleeve and \$35 for long sleeve.

## Rules for Civilians

Dear Civilians,

We know that the current state of affairs in our great nation has many civilians up in arms and excited to join the military. For those of you who can't join, you can still lend a hand. Here are a few of the areas where we would like your assistance:

1. The next time you see any adults talking (or wearing a hat) during the playing of the National Anthem – kick their a\*s.

2. When you witness, firsthand, someone burning the American Flag in protest – kick their a\*s.

3. Regardless of the rank they held while they served, pay the highest amount of respect to all veterans. If you see anyone doing otherwise, quietly pull them aside and explain how these veterans fought for the very freedom they bask in every second. Enlighten them on the many sacrifices these veterans made to make this nation great. Then hold them down while a disabled veteran kicks their a\*s.

4. (guys) If you were never in the military, DO NOT pretend that you were. Wearing battle dress uniforms (BDUs) or Jungle Fatigues, telling others that you used to be "Special Forces," and collecting GI Joe memorabilia might have been okay when you were seven years old. Now, it will only make you look stupid and get your a\*s kicked.

5. Next time you come across an Air Force member, do not ask "Do you fly a jet?" Not everyone in the Air Force is a pilot. Such ignorance deserves an a\*s kicking (children are exempt).

6. If you witness someone calling the U.S. Coast Guard "non-military," inform them of their mistake – and kick their a\*s.

7. Next time Old Glory (the U.S. flag) passes by during a parade, get on your feet and pay homage to her by placing your hand over your heart. Quietly thank the military member or veteran lucky enough to be carrying her – of course, failure to do either of those

could earn you a severe a\*s-kicking.

8. Don't try to discuss politics with a military member or a veteran. We are Americans and we all bleed the same, regardless of our party affiliation. Our Chain of Command is to include our Commander-In-Chief (CinC). The President (for those who didn't know) is our CinC regardless of political party. We have no inside track on what happens inside those big important buildings where all those representatives meet. All we know is that when those civilian representatives screw up the situation, they call upon the military to go straighten it out. If you keep asking us the same stupid questions repeatedly, you will get your a\*s kicked!

9. "Your mama wears combat boots" never made sense to me – stop saying it! If she did, she would most likely be a vet and therefore could kick your a\*s!

10. Bin Laden and the Taliban are not Communists, so stop saying "Let's go kill those Commies!" Stop asking us where they are! Crystal balls are not standard issue in the military.

11. "Flyboy" (Air Force), "Jarhead" (Marines), "Grunt" (Army), "Squid" (Navy), "Puddle Jumpers" (Coast Guard), etc., are terms of endearment we use describing each other. Unless you are a service member or vet, you have not earned the right to use them. Using them could get your a\*s kicked.

12. Last, but not least, whether or not you become a member of the military, support our troops and their families. Every Thanksgiving and religious holiday that you enjoy with family and friends, please remember that there are literally thousands of soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen far from home wishing they could be with their families. Thank God for our military and the sacrifices they make every day. Without them, our country would get it's a\*s kicked.

It's the Veteran, not the reporter, who has given us the freedom of the press. It's the Veteran, not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech. It's the

Veteran, not the campus organizer, who gives us the freedom to demonstrate. It's the Military who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who allows the protester to burn the flag.

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## My Time In Nam

by Steve Wilson [483, 70]

One time the rain was so bad that none of the weather radar worked on any of my 23 aircraft. They came in with not a single radar unit working.

I had to remove all the transceivers, check them in the shop, and let the waveguides dry out. The flight crews loved having a week off because they couldn't fly until everything dried out enough. One of the pilots even thanked me for the vacation and gave me a case of frozen steaks.

We also had three Shadow C-119's assigned to our base as well as six F-4's and I was only one person, so I spent many nights working on aircraft. Usually the repairs were perfect. I rejuvenated many of the TACAN units whose maintenance was sorely neglected. All worked fine when I left on 3 Jan 1971.

I also remember the darkness and the rain. Constant small arms fire around me at night. Sometimes I had to work in the dark on the flight line with light carts on. That definitely made me a little nervous. At the end of January, I jumped into a ditch during my first rocket attack. Too bad that the ditch was about 10 feet deep and I spent three days in Qui Nhon hospital and three more weeks in rehab at Cam Rahn Bay. I realized that there is no real place to hide from rockets, so I relaxed a lot after that first experience.

We took 164 rockets that year. I lost count of the mortars. Mostly they did minimal damage, but did kill one of my buddies. He was at the wrong place at the right time to meet his end.

The rest was just routine for the whole year I was there.

Always wished I could have piloted one of the Bous.



## Global Hawk vs. ISIS

USAF News Service

### Southwest Asia

As the morning sun beat down on its nearly 131-foot wingspan, the EQ-4 Global Hawk unmanned aircraft descended from its 60,000-foot perch for the 500<sup>th</sup> time, coming to rest at an undisclosed location in Southwest Asia on November 11, 2015.

The Veterans Day landing was a historic one for the Global Hawk. With its 500-sortie milestone and nearly



13,000 flight hours logged, this weapon system is living up to the nickname “workhorse.”

“We call this one the workhorse because it’s putting in all the hours,” said SSgt. Bradley, a 380<sup>th</sup> Expeditionary Aircraft Maintenance Squadron tactical aircraft maintainer craftsman.

“Reaching 500 flights is a pretty big accomplishment, especially for how new the fleet is.”

Battlefield commanders rely upon several different configurations of the Global Hawk to provide the intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance capabilities they require.

“These platforms are on both ends of the kill table, from developing targets to enabling strikes through communications they provide,” said Col. John, the 380<sup>th</sup> Expeditionary Operations Group commander.

Three RQ-4 Global Hawks were converted to an EQ-4 relay configuration carrying the Battlefield Airborne Communication Node (BACN) in 2009 to enhance communications between the operators on the ground and in the air.

“The EQ-4’s Global Hawk’s primary

mission is BACN, which is essentially a cell phone tower in the sky,” said MSgt. Matthew, the 380<sup>th</sup> EAMXS lead production superintendent. “There are three EQ-4s in the world and they are all located here in support of Operation Inherent Resolve.”

The Global Hawk helps fight the war against the Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant by enabling U.S. forces on the ground to radio in an air strike to friendly aircraft by bridging the communications gap from the ground to elevations as high as 60,000 feet.

“When you have guys on the ground fighting the war and you have the Global Hawk in the air acting as a satellite, it ensures the guys on the ground can talk to the guys in the air,” said Senior Airman Michael, a tactical aircraft maintainer journeyman. “Flying at altitudes of 60,000 feet gives the Global Hawk UAV an added level of security.”

The EQ-4 also provides connectivity between coalition partners, which is vital when attempting to de-conflict airspace and prioritize targets on the ground.

“If an allied F-16 Fighting Falcon aircraft needed to talk to one of our F-15’s, this Global Hawk enables them to do that,” Bradley said. “It will also allow allied troops on the ground to get in touch with our jets.”

Once the Global Hawk’s mission is complete it returns home where maintainers are able to complete ground maintenance within five hours to return the aircraft to mission ready. However, these aircraft are usually able to have a day off in between their 30-plus hour missions.

## The Times . . .

adapted by Gary Clark [459, 69]  
Sung to Bob Dylan’s  
*The Times They Are A Changin’*

### Refrain

Come gather round pilots where ever you roam

And admit that the change around you has grown

And accept it that soon the 459<sup>th</sup> will be gone

Though the best in the Wing they’ll be sayin

Their Spirit will live though the Squadron will be gone

For the times they are a changin.

Come writer and critics who prophesize with their pens

Keep your eyes wide open the chance won’t come again

To see the best all grouped here within Nothing will stop them from attainin

For the loser now will later to win

For the times they are a changin!

[Refrain]

The lines have been drawn, the order’s been cast

The 4-5-9<sup>th</sup> will be placed in the past

To all a-round it’s this thing I say

The best of squadrons is closein

These men will look back and remember this day

Though the times they are a changin!

[Refrain]

## Crew Chief Hootches

from Gene Haran [458, 68]



## Tools Explained

**DRILL PRESS:** A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, denting the freshly-painted project which you had carefully set in the corner where nothing could get to it.

**WIRE WHEEL:** Cleans paint off bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprints and hard-earned calluses from fingers in about the time it takes you to say, "Oh sh --."

**SKIL SAW:** A portable cutting tool used to make studs too short.

**PLIERS:** Used to round off bolt heads. Sometimes used in the creation of blood-blisters.

**BELT SANDER:** An electric sanding tool commonly used to convert minor touch-up jobs into major refinishing jobs.

**HACKSAW:** One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

**WISE-GRIPS:** Generally used after pliers to completely round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

**OXYACETYLENE TORCH:** Used almost entirely for lighting various flammable objects in your shop on fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside the wheel hub out of which you want to remove a bearing race.

**TABLE SAW:** A large stationary power tool commonly used to launch wood projectiles for testing wall integrity.

**HYDRAULIC FLOOR JACK:** Used for lowering an automobile to the ground after you have installed your new brake shoes, trapping the jack handle firmly under the bumper.

**BAND SAW:** A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to cut good aluminum sheet into smaller pieces that more easily fit into the trash can after you cut on the inside of the line instead of the outside edge.

**TWO-TON ENGINE HOIST:** A tool for testing the maximum tensile strength of everything you forgot to disconnect.

**PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER:** Normally used to stab the vacuum seals under lids or for opening old-style paper-and-tin oil cans and splashing oil on your shirt; but can also be used, as the name implies, to strip out Phillips screw heads.

**STRAIGHT SCREWDRIVER:** A tool for opening paint cans. Sometimes used to convert common slotted screws into non-removable screws and butchering your palms.

**PRY BAR:** A tool used to crumple the metal surrounding that clip or bracket you needed to remove in order to replace a 50 cent part.

**HOSE CUTTER:** A tool used to make hoses too short.

**HAMMER:** Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate the most expensive parts adjacent to the object we are trying to hit.

**UTILITY KNIFE:** Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on contents such as seats, vinyl records, liquids in plastic bottles, collector magazines, refund checks, and rubber or plastic parts. Especially useful for slicing work clothes, but only while in use.

**SON OF A B\*TCH TOOL:** Any handy tool that you grab and throw across the garage while yelling "Son of a b\*tch" at the top of your lungs. It is also, most often, the next tool that you will need.

**E-Z OUT BOLT AND STUD EXTRACTOR:** A tool ten times harder than any known drill bit that snaps neatly off in bolt holes thereby ending any possible future use.

## Ferry Flight

by Louis Setter [536, 67]

My first assignment after C-7A transition training was to help ferry a C-7A from the U.S. to Vietnam. There were three pilots and a loadmaster assigned to the ferry mission. We flew it to Hamilton AFB, CA where it was fitted with large rubber bladders taking up the complete cargo section of the airplane. Those two tanks held about 10 hours of fuel, plus we had another ten hours in our internal tanks, for a total of a little over 20 hours duration.

That number came to haunt us during the flight to Hawaii, because, with our slow cruise speed and a small headwind, it took us a little over 20 hours to get there, with very little reserve – probably less than an hour remaining when we landed.

We didn't know exactly how much fuel was in the tanks when we departed Hamilton. We didn't know our ground speed until we got to the weather ship radio beacon at the half way point. It was little more than an educated guess as to whether we had enough fuel. That was a very stupid way to operate, but that's all we had.

Two USAF Cessna O-2's flew in formation with us to Hawaii because their automatic direction finding (ADF) radio was weak and they could not receive Hawaii as well as we could. In fact, we could pick up the Hawaii beacon right after takeoff from Hamilton. We always knew the heading to Hawaii, but knew how far it was only when we passed the picket ship at the halfway point, which was little consolation.

We took off in the morning, flew all day, and that night, I recall that I could see the navigation lights of one O-2 blinking far off to our left, but had not heard from him for some time. I figured he was on autopilot and was fast asleep. He was a contractor ferry pilot and probably had not had much sleep lately. Those guys would report in to Wichita, pick up a new airplane from the factory,

**Continued on Page 27**

## Ferry Flight (from Page 26)

and take off by themselves. They got paid by the trip, so they pushed hard to complete as many as possible. They made good money. A few loud yells on the radio woke him up and he got back into formation.

About dawn, we landed in Hawaii, just over 20 hours after we took off. Our cruising speed was about 100 knots. I still remember that the distance from Hamilton AFB to Hickam AFB, Hawaii is exactly 2091 nautical miles, because I had flown it before in an F-84. That was another time I almost ran out of fuel. You never forget some numbers and some incidents.

We checked the weather to Wake Island, our next stop, and found we had thunderstorms and a headwind, so decided not to go. A few days later, we decided to risk it and made the trip ok. At our slow speed and low altitude, cruising at about 8,000 feet, the Pacific is a mighty big ocean. After landing in the Philippine Islands, we proceeded directly into Vietnam. We were each assigned to a squadron and began our one year tour in the combat zone. It turned out that I was one of the more experienced pilots in short field landings and takeoffs, so I did a lot of my flying into short fields and doing airdrops.

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## Kittinger Award

Pat Phillips [535, 68], Experimental Aircraft Association Lifetime Member and co-chairman of the EAA Legal Advisory Council, received the Greater Orlando Aviation Authority's Col. Joe Kittinger Award in 2014. He flew C-7A Caribou aircraft in all areas of Southeast Asia including 850 combat hours in Vietnam, then flew in virtually every nation in the free world as an aircraft commander and instructor pilot on Lockheed C-141 Starlifters. Pat is an ATP; a current FAA flight and ground instructor for both single, multi-engine airplanes, and instrument; and is an A&P mechanic.

## Speed Bumps

by Dana Kelly [536, 70]

After an exhausting day of flying the Delta, pilots from the 536<sup>th</sup> sat around the bar of their off-base residence complaining about one thing and another.

The Vung Tau air base commander, a U.S. Army Colonel seemed to have lost sight of the purpose of the war. In fact, he had stretched discarded tank treads across the base roads. These effectively became "speed bumps" capable of puncturing tires if crossed at more than 5 or 10 mph. Well "oiled" and feeling rather mischievous, a plan implemented to eradicate the problem.

About midnight, with the aid of the forklifts, the tank treads were lifted, rolled up, placed onto wooden pallets, and loaded onto the Caribous for the next morning's departures. This same Army Colonel made a ritual of watching with great pride every takeoff in the rising sunlight. This particular morning, he was livid as he discovered that his "speed bumps" were missing, but never figured that they might be on board his favorite morning viewing.

As the Caribous passed over the Mekong River or Delta, there were numerous calls of "Bombs Away!" back to squadron operations. Somewhere in the Delta are many U.S. Army tank treads buried very deep in the muck and mud.

Co-located with the USAF Caribous were those of the RAAF, whose commander was berated in person by the Army Colonel for stealing his "speed bumps." The Aussie commander never flinched, smiling internally about being accused of something that he had no knowledge of. That evening, the entire officer corps of the Aussie squadron descended on the 536<sup>th</sup> bar. Initially, it was feared that they were looking for some retribution. However, their commander thought his "arse" chewing over the removal of the "speed bumps" was just hilarious. A thorough and joyous evening was had by all and ended with a brief, indoor game of rugby (obviously won by our visitors).

## Combat Rescue

by Jon Drury [537, 68]

Early in my copilot phase, on 23 July 1968 we were flying "feet wet" off the coast of Hue, and had not yet come to our turn to fly in to Camp Evans over the *Street Without Joy* northeast of Hue. In front of our aircraft at our level (about 3000 ft.), I saw an explosion, and an F-4 descending and turning inland. I was saddened to see it crash into the beach at full speed. As we approached the place of the explosion, we saw a Jolly Green rescue chopper over the water picking up a downed flyer. We didn't know what we saw until later.

The F-4 pilot was Maj. Gen. Robert F. Worley, Vice Commander of 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force. The aircraft was an RF-4C fitted with cameras. As "Strobe Zero One," they had taken hostile ground fire flying a high-speed, low-level reconnaissance mission a long way from Da Nang, over North Vietnam. After receiving battle damage, evidently in the front of the aircraft, he flew out over the water, where they would have a better chance for rescue. He evidently felt that damage to the aircraft or the urgency of their wounds precluded landing. Away from a strip like Da Nang, there was no runway of the length needed by an F-4. He told the GIB (guy in back) to eject, which he did. That was the explosion we saw. After the incident, some speculated that Worley was either too badly wounded to eject or that a vacuum caused by the GIB's ejection had drawn fire or smoke from the battle damage back into his cockpit.

He was a man with a distinguished military career. When Pearl Harbor occurred, he was already a P-40 pilot in the Army Air Corps. His first command was the 314<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron. On one mission, he was shot down by the Luftwaffe, bellied in his aircraft, evaded capture, and returned on foot. He finished his combat tour commanding P-47N Thunderbolts, logged 120 combat missions and 215 hours, and was decorated with the Silver Star.

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### MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM

Contact Bryan Bruton at [bryanb@hughes.net](mailto:bryanb@hughes.net) to check availability of items.

Fill out this form and mail with a check to: **C-7A Caribou Association, c/o Bryan Bruton, 107 Hillcrest Dr, Burnet, TX 78611.**

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2. Colored T-Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$16.00	Total: _____
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4. Denim Shirt (short sleeve)	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$25.00	Total: _____
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6. Cap (Washed Navy)	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
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9. 458 <sup>th</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
10. 459 <sup>th</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
11. 535 <sup>th</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
12. 536 <sup>th</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
13. 537 <sup>th</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
14. 483 <sup>rd</sup> Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
15. C-7A DVD (1:10 long movie)		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
16. C-7A DVD #2 (documents, art, videos, charts, maps)		Qty. _____ @ \$8.00	Total: _____
17. C-7A Poster (12" x 18")		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
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\*Polo shirt colors: White, Gray, Yellow, Red, and Light Blue (please specify)

**Total:** \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Each amount above includes cost of purchasing item and domestic 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>