

# C-7A Caribou Association

Volume 27, Issue 1

## Extra! Extra! Extra!

### In This Issue

President's Corner .....	Page 2
Letter From Vietnam .....	Page 3
Donut Dollies! .....	Page 3
Tools Explained .....	Page 4
Good Friend .....	Page 4
Honoring Our Fallen Brothers .....	Page 4
Gravestones at Fort Sam .....	Page 7
Arty At Tra Bong .....	Page 10
Wild West In Vietnam .....	Page 10
Rain At Vung Tau .....	Page 10
CSAF Reading List .....	Page 10
Dragster Acceleration .....	Page 11
Caribou Gunship .....	Page 11
Epitaphs .....	Page 11
Next Air Force One .....	Page 12
C-7A ELINT/COMINT.....	Page 12
Old Pilot's Reflections .....	Page 13
Military Wives .....	Page 13
Oops! All Fall Down .....	Page 13
<i>Bon Mots</i> .....	Page 13
B-17 Navigator's Log .....	Page 14
Crash Landing .....	Page 14
Able Aeronaut Award .....	Page 14
Beef On The Hoof .....	Page 15
Forgotten Lessons .....	Page 15
Caribou Transition .....	Page 16
Different Approaches .....	Page 17
First Silver Star .....	Page 18
Letter To Dear Elsie .....	Page 18
Aviation Axioms .....	Page 18
No Forklift .....	Page 19
Flyin' The Bou .....	Page 20
Big Book .....	Page 21
Good Citizen .....	Page 21
A Pick Up In Hanoi .....	Page 22
Early Years At CRB .....	Page 24
Hit At Dau Tieng .....	Page 24
Veteran Burial Honors .....	Page 25
Snake Eater .....	Page 25
Red Rail Inn .....	Page 26

## D.C. Is The Place To Be

### Reunion 2016

Our 27<sup>th</sup> reunion will be in Herndon, VA (Washington, D.C.) from 7-11 September with bus trips to Udvar-Hazy Center (Smithsonian Air and Space Museum site), Vietnam Veterans Memorial ("The Wall"), the Air Force Memorial, and other landmarks and memorials.

Reunion headquarters will be at the Westin Washington Dulles Airport. Location: 2520 Wasser Terrace, Herndon, VA 20171, Phone: 571-485-4314 (front desk)

Cut-off date for reserving rooms in our block is 5 p.m. local on 21 July 2016.

Reservations **ONLY** by phone to 866-230-0106. No Internet reservations.

Single or double @	\$ 99.68
Triple	\$110.88
Quad	\$122.08

Rates are good for 2 days before and after reunion. Prices include 12% tax and breakfast.

The hotel has nearly 100% occupancy in September, so

### **MAKE YOUR RESERVATION TODAY!**

If you have a question, contact  
Pat Hanavan (210-479-0226)  
pathanavan@aol.com  
or  
John Tawes (770-447-4336)  
jtawes@gmail.com



**Nieuport 28C.1**



**B-29 Enola Gay**



**Space Shuttle**



## Correction

The article, **Feather #2**, and picture in the November newsletter **WERE NOT** specifically authorized by Col. Obermiller to be printed in the newsletter. The editor apologizes to him for not being clear about putting them in the newsletter.

## Letter From Vietnam

by Gene Haran, Jr. [458, 68]

Dear Kate,

I'm busy as ever over here in Cam Ranh Bay (CRB). I'm working 12 hours a day, seven days a week. I am exhausted. This place is really hurting now. There are only five of the old experienced troops left. So you can imagine the workload on us.

I am the TDY king over here. I just got off another one two days ago. I had an engine that was shot up and needed replacement. Nha Trang, was the base that I was at. It is headquarters for the 5<sup>th</sup> Special Forces, which we fly air support for. I will be going up there again the eighth of this month.

The squadron over here thinks I'm a mechanical genius. I hold a record for oil system change outs on our aircraft. That, quite possibly, is the worst job on this aircraft. It's long hours and very dirty. You are covered with oil from head to foot. Then, you have to take a cold shower. That doesn't hack the mission!

Kind of a miserable thing going to bed, sleeping on a cot, mosquitoes everywhere! I'm done with complaining for this letter.

I'm going to send you a picture of myself after a TDY. I doubt you would recognize your brother. I hope I will be able to make Mary's wedding. We shall see.

Well, Kate, I don't think I'll make any of the holidays. So I'll give you my regards now. I hope to see you next month. Gene Haran, Jr. [458, 68]

## Donut Dollies!

by "Larry" (Young) Hines  
[Red Cross. 68-69]

I was a Donut Dolly at Dong Ba Thin (18<sup>th</sup> Engineering Brigade Hq.) with the Army from Jul-Sep 68, at Cam Ranh Bay AB from Sep 68-Feb 69, and from Feb-Aug, 69 at Chu Lai with the Americal Division and at Hue-Phu Bai with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division. I was TDY in Chu Lai in May 69 when we were grounded for safety reasons (Ha!).



Cu Chi was not on my itinerary, but I wish I had gotten there. The Red Cross moved us 100 girls around to our 14-17 stations in country usually 3-4 times to keep us "fresh" and to reduce the chance of romance! (another Ha!).

I took many flights in Caribous to remote landing zones on Kool Aid and cookie runs. Many times we Donut Dollies helped push out the crates of chickens and other supplies (with attached parachutes) to the villagers below ... the Ban Me Thuout area among other locations.

Even though I was far from home, the Christmas season of 1968 was one of the best ever because I was one of the Donut Dollies who got to spend the entire day in the field, arriving in the specially-painted "Santa Bous" to deliver red and green "ditty bags" full of treats and little gifts for every soldier we saw. We wore Santa hats, and



"Santa" was on board with us too. The joy and excitement we shared with all the guys was a great experience. For the rest of my tour, it was fun to see those red and green bags still being used and appreciated on LZs and firebases. This was one of the best days of the Donut Dolly "mission" – to be "A Touch of Home in the Combat Zone."

I had a great experience in a restaurant yesterday, giving a DAR Pocket Flag to a gentleman wearing a 25<sup>th</sup> Division – Cu Chi, Vietnam Veteran cap. He was so surprised and touched. That is what I have tried to do all my life – lift spirits and morale, especially among those who feel like they are "the lost, the last, the least, and the lonely."

I have had a really great life so far – creeping up on my next birthday in April (YIKES!), but still giving every day my best! Even Donut Dollies on Social Security/Medicare are still trying to cheer up our troops!

Welcome Home!

"Larry" (Young) Hines

## 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.

**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

## Tools Explained

**CRAFTSMAN 1/2 x 24-INCH SCREWDRIVER:** A very large pry bar that inexplicably has an accurately machined screwdriver tip on the end opposite the handle.

**EIGHT-FOOT LONG YELLOW PINE 2X4:** Used for levering an automobile upward off of a trapped hydraulic jack handle.

**WELDING GLOVES:** Heavy duty leather gloves used to prolong the conduction of intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

**ELECTRIC HAND DRILL:** Normally used for spinning pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age.

**AIR COMPRESSOR:** A machine that takes energy produced in a power plant 200 miles away and transforms it into compressed air that travels by hose to a pneumatic impact wrench that grips rusty bolts which were last overtightened 30 years ago by someone and instantly rounds off their heads.

**INSPECTION LAMP:** The home mechanic's own tanning booth. Sometimes called a drop light, it is a good source of vitamin D, "the sunshine vitamin," which is not otherwise found under cars at night. Health benefits aside, its main purpose is to consume 40-watt light bulbs at about the same rate that 105 mm howitzer shells might be used during the first few hours of combat. More often dark than light, its name is somewhat misleading.

**RADIAL ARM SAW:** A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to scare neophytes into choosing another line of work.

**WHITWORTH SOCKETS:** Once used for working on older British cars and motorcycles, they are now used mainly for impersonating that 9/16 or 15/16 socket you've been searching for the last 45 minutes.

**DAMMIT TOOL:** Any handy tool that you grab and throw across the garage while yelling "DAMMIT" at the top of your lungs. It is also, most often, the next tool that you will need.

## Good Friend

by Tom Dawes [537, 70]

My boat is docked next to a retired Marine/Harrier pilot. I like him. Anybody reading this newsletter would like him as well. For several years after his retirement he was the director of our local Red Cross, well liked and respected in our community. He did an outstanding job. I serve on our county parks commission, so when he was recently appointed manager of our county Airports/Parks, I was tickled pink. Several years ago due to cost cutting these jobs were combined. Either job by itself is a handful, when combined it is a very demanding position. The last few guys were just filling squares.

Our new County Exec is retired USAF, a "can do guy" who isn't afraid to fire and rehire and get things done. Aside from his airport duties, my Marine buddy walked the entire 80 miles of County Park trails his first few weeks on the job. That is just the kind of guy he is and that is why he has been appointed by the new County Exec. He is all business at our monthly parks meetings. It is now mid-winter and I really hadn't had the opportunity to chat with him.

This weekend we had our winter dock party and we had a chance to talk about the Airports and Parks. He is so correct about the very real problems they both have. I asked him if he was enjoying his new job. I had a good chuckle when he said "Well, yes, but my first government job was so much simpler when the approved solution to problems was a low level strafing run". We proceeded to have another drink.



## Honoring Our Fallen Brothers

An average of 1,800 veterans die each day, and 10% of them are buried in the country's 133 national cemeteries, which are expected to set a record with 107,000 interments, including dependents, this year. And more national cemeteries are being built.

The Veterans Administration estimates that 566,000 Veterans in the United States and Puerto Rico died in 2014. Nineteen percent of U.S. Veterans chose to be buried in a national or state Veterans cemetery in FY 2014.

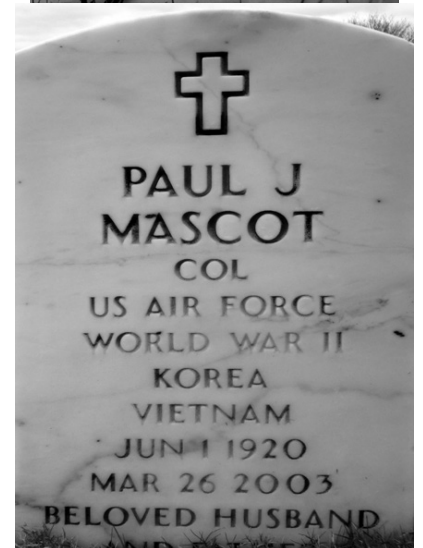
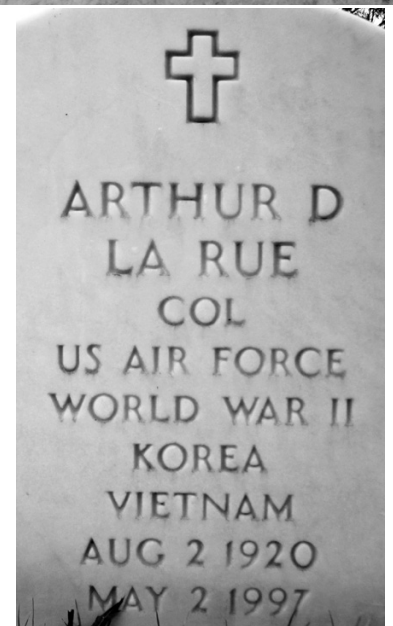
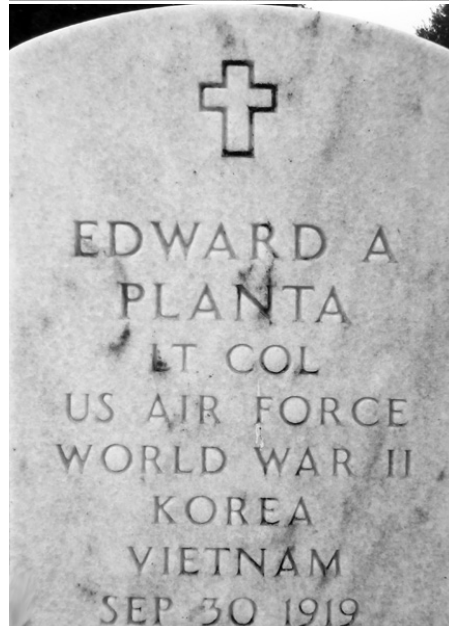
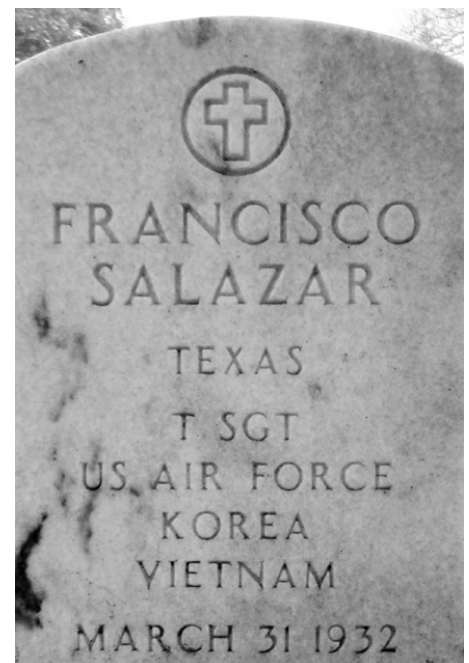
Since 1973, annual interments in VA national cemeteries have increased by more than 244 percent. On the 125,185 interments conducted in FY 2014, 64.5% were in the 20 busiest national cemeteries. Twenty of our Caribou brothers are buried at Arlington National Cemetery and 19 at Fort Sam Houston Natl. Cem. (pictures on pg. 5).

Of the 7202 names in our roster, **880 are deceased**, but we know the **burial location of only 165** (see our website and the current list on pages 6-9 of this newsletter). In keeping with the purpose of our Association "...to remember their service to the United States of America," it would be fitting to find the locations of the graves of our brothers-in-arms and visit them at least once a year, leaving evidence that they are not forgotten.

Something as simple as a small stone placed on top of the gravestone (a military tradition) would show they are remembered.

To this end, we are starting a project to find the graves of those we know are deceased. It is not a difficult task. All it takes is a little time each week, a computer, and an Internet connection. Anyone can do it. Five volunteers could do the job in time for Memorial Day.

**Contact Pat Hanavan (210-479-0226 or pathanavan@aol.com) to help. You will be provided the information and the simple steps for the task.**



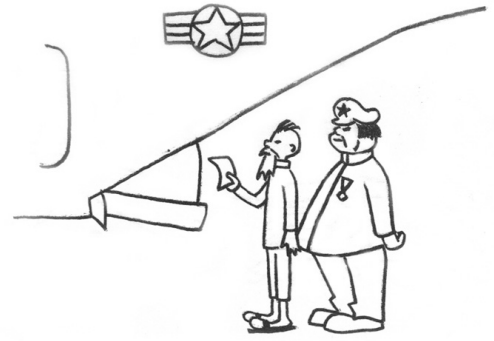
Rank	FirstName	MI	LastName	DOD	Unit	BouYr	Cemetery	Sect	Plot	City	State
MSG	Raul		Zuniga	1993-01-21	483	1970	Fort Richardson Natl Cem	I	O-153	Fort Richardson	AL
LTC	Gary	E	Wfersma	1971-03-19	536	1968	Union Cem			Frisco City	AL
CPT	Henry	O	Tidwell	1973-09-07	459	1969	Hopewell Cem			Hanceville	AL
TSG	Joel	B	Andrews	1986-01-01	483	1971	Greenwood Cem, Veterans	Fld of Honor		Montgomery	AL
SSG	Raymond	D	Hill	1986-12-17	537	1971	Greenwood Cem, Veterans	Fld of Honor		Montgomery	AL
LTC	Bernice	A	Dubose	1977-03-27	535	1967	Rosemere Cem			Opelika	AL
1LT	David	B	Bowling	1969-12-26	459	1969	Valley of the Sun Cem			Chandler	AZ
TSG	Algene	B	Fuller	1971-02-15	535	1970	Catheys Valley Cem			Catheys Valley	CA
1LT	Gary	S	Muffley	1975-02-01	535	1968	Pacific View Memorial Park			Corona del Mar	CA
TSG	Marlin	L	Stewart	2010-05-22	457	1966	Sacramento Valley Natl Cem	14	517	Dixon	CA
MSG	Daniel	A	Smith, Jr	1995-09-08	537	1968	Whitehurst-Lakewood Memorial Pk			Hughson	CA
SSG	Charles	R	McDaniel	2009-05-24	459	1966	Northern California Veterans Cem	10	408	Redding	CA
COL	Homer	A	Davis, Jr	2011-08-19	483	1968	Riverside Natl Cem	52A	3621	Riverside	CA
MSG	Fred	A	Edwards	2004-09-09	458	1968	Riverside Natl Cem	BA	Row B, 299	Riverside	CA
MAJ	William	J	Everhard	2006-08-08	Unk	1967	Riverside Natl Cem	BB	C-200	Riverside	CA
MSG	Chester	T	Feathers	1985-10-21	458	1968	Riverside Natl Cem	F	O 107	Riverside	CA
LTC	Robert	D	Hanlon	2009-11-17	457	1966	Riverside Natl Cem	62B	366	Riverside	CA
LTC	Forrest	J	Marvel	1984-10-17	483	1970	Riverside Natl Cem	12A	1873	Riverside	CA
LTC	Duane	F	Ohmann	1980-07-12	483	1966	Riverside Natl Cem	2	503	Riverside	CA
SMS	Elton	P	Strom	2005-11-10	483	1968	Riverside Natl Cem	49B	3671	Riverside	CA
LTC	Donald	E	Payne	1991-03-15	536	1967	Golden Gate Natl Cem	2B	1684	San Bruno	CA
MAJ	Robert	H	Dubberly	1970-11-11	459	1966	El Camino Mem Park			San Diego	CA
LTC	Jeffrey	D	Baker	1999-03-22	457	1966	USAFA			Colorado Springs	CO
MAJ	Thomas	D	Moore, Jr	1967-11-30	458	1967	USAFA	3	E-009	Colorado Springs	CO
COL	Tom	L	Nash, Jr	2000-03-29	483	1967	USAFA			Colorado Springs	CO
COL	William	G	Christensen	1998-10-16	483	1971	Fort Logan Natl Cem			Denver	CO
MAJ	Paul	J	Lucas, Jr	2012/05/01	459	1966	Fort Logan Natl Cem	26	51	Denver	CO
SSG	Ghassan		Hallaway	1976-01-14	536	1967	Wooster Cem			Danbury	CT
1LT	Marc	I	Sherman	1973-12-25	458	1970	Zion Hill Cem			Hartford	CT
MSG	George	S	Peard	2007-03-23	18	Unk	Florida National Cem	324	2726	Bushnell	FL
TSG	Clyde	T	Ryals	1982-09-14	537	1971	Beal Memorial Cem			Fort Walton Bea	FL
1LT	Donald	E	Penn, Jr	1986-11-05	458	1968	Shelfer Cem			Havana	FL
TSG	James	B	Barry	2002-07-25	459	1968	Riverside Memorial Park			Jacksonville	FL
COL	William	A	Ulrich	2011-04-03	483	1968	Jacksonville Natl Cem	2	1291	Jacksonville	FL
SSG	Thomas	J	Crowson	1972-05-07	536	1969	Pensacola Memorial Gardens	Last Supper	112	Pensacola	FL
SMS	Howard	A	Grooms	1987-01-24	537	1968	Barrancas Natl Cem	35	2827	Pensacola NAS	FL
SSG	Jack	E	Kiker	2008-03-29	457	1968	Barrancas Natl Cem	52	385	Pensacola NAS	FL
CPT	Julius	P	Jaeger	1970-04-06	457	1969	Marietta Natl Cem	U	165	Marietta	GA
MAJ	Albert	F	Fowler	1982-09-24	537	1971	Bethlehem Baptist Church Cem			Nance Springs	GA

Rank	FirstName	MI	LastName	DOD	Unit	BouYr	Cemetery	Sect	Plot	City	State
SMS	Clinton	E	Campbell	1988-08-31	537	1967	Natl Memorial Cem of the Pacific	I	454-E	Honolulu	HI
LTC	Clement	J	Lenhoff	1986-05-09	537	1967	Natl Mem Cem of Pacific	X	1008	Honolulu	HI
MSG	Russell	L	Klein	1970-04-04	458	1967	Marengo Cem			Marengo	IA
SSG	Stephen	T	Riedner	2014-01-07	537	1968	Abraham Lincoln National Cem	C7-1	A-37	Elwood	IL
MAJ	William	S	Dixon, Jr	1982-03-19	535	1971	Fort Sheridan Cem			Highwood	IL
SSG	Donald		James, Jr	1969-08-17	457	1969	Rice Cem	21		Elkhart	IN
SSG	James	L	Shepherd	1987-07-27	483	1970	Mount Auburn Cem	23	13-1	Topeka	KS
MAJ	Cazzy	C	Tatum, Jr	1973-03-21	458	1970	Fairview Cem	D		Bowling Green	KY
MSG	James	L	Dyson	1980-02	536	1969	Mount Kenton Cem	F		Paducah	KY
MSG	Luther	C	Morgan	1983-01-11	483	1971	Hillcrest Memorial Gardens	Masonic		Baker	LA
MAJ	Richard	W	Helmer, Jr	1990-03-11	537	1967	Vandenbergh Cem			Gretna	LA
SSG	James	D	Fuller	2000-01-14	535	1970	Big Woods Cem			Vinton	LA
MSG	Wayne	F	Vittorio	1982-05-22	536	1967	Port Hudson Natl Cem	E	238	Zachary	LA
MSG	John	M	Nelson	1980-10-08	537	1966	Vernon Grove Cem		C355-356	Milford	MA
CPT	Harl	V	Piety	1974-07-23	535	1966	Epiphany Episcopal Church Cem			Odenton	MD
LTC	Rupert	S	Richardson	1991-10-16	535	1968	Fort Custer Natl Cem	2	297	Augusta	MI
LTC	Richard	D	Kimball	1977-07-25	535	1969	Lakeview Cem			Eastport	MI
LTC	Michael	D	Rankin	1990-10-05	458	1970	Holy Sepulchre Cem	19	34D	Southfield	MI
SGT	Mark	A	Andrist	1985-05-16	536	1968	Evergreen Cem		D	Mantorville	MN
TSG	Marland	M	Diemert	1978-03-04	535	1967	Fort Snelling National Cem	O	1159	Minneapolis	MN
SGT	Barry	L	Goodell	1985-04-22	457	1969	Fort Snelling Natl Cem	R-1	0-1040	Minneapolis	MN
TSG	Edward	W	Zins	1973-03-10	536	1968	Fort. Snelling Natl Cem	N	5666	Minneapolis	MN
MSG	Robert	J	McGarry	1975-03-20	535	1970	Ava Cem	E, Row 23		Ava	MO
SGT	Thomas	W	Aegerter	1977-09-11	483	1970	Saint Paul's Evangelical Cem			Jamestown	MO
SMS	U	V	Lester	1978-05-08	535	1966	Masonic Cem			Piedmont	MO
SSG	Leonard	L	Alexander	2001-03-11	483	1966	Sunset Memorial Cem			Missoula	MT
COL	William	H	Mason	2003-06-23	483	1967	Woodlawn Cem			Blowing Rock	NC
LTC	James	R	Osborn	2012-12-03	537	1968	Coastal NC State Vet Cem			Jacksonville	NC
1LT	Robert	P	Wiesneth	1969-09-11	537	1969	Glendale Cem, New West Side Addition	53	Grave 1	Cedar Creek	NE
TSG	Hans	B	Seba	2009-02-23	483	1969	BG William C Doyle Mem Cem	O3	9471	Wrightstown	NJ
LTC	Edward	J	Thielen	1999-11-29	459	1966	Northern Nevada Veterans Mem Cem	3B	007	Fernley	NV
CPT	Wayne	P	Bundy	1968-10-03	537	1968	Woodlawn Cem			Canandaigua	NY
CPT	James	M	Murphy	1983-08-21	535	1971	St Francis Xavier Cem			Marcellus	NY
MAJ	Daniel	L	Zachary	2008-08-12	536	1968	Cement Cem			Cement	OK
LTC	Thomas	M	Bowe	2006-07-09	483	1970	Kolb Cem			Spencer	OK
SMS	Stanley	J	Piontek, Jr	2012-10-26	459	1968	Eagle Point Natl Cem	MH	17B	Eagle Point	OR
1LT	Martin	F	Eggert	1991-05-12	537	1969	Willamette Natl Cem	D	247	Portland	OR
CMS	Lawrence	N	Welter	1987-07-06	483	1971	St Mary Catholic Cem			Stayton	OR
SSG	David	J	Finch	1977-12-15	483	1970	West Hills Cem		Lower A14	Galeton	PA

Rank	FirstName	MI	LastName	DOD	Unit	BouYr	Cemetery	Sect	Plot	City	State
MSG	James	G	Fleck	1977-03-17	536	1970	Evergreen Cem			Gettysburg	PA
MSG	Leland	C	Hicks	1980-03-16	536	1969	Saint James Cem			Sewickley Hts	PA
LTC	Julius	B	Breeland	1983-05-08	483	1967	Beaufort Natl Cem	58	253	Beaufort	SC
SMS	George	G	Selbe	2002-08-11	537	1968	Beaufort Natl Cem	64	415A	Beaufort	SC
COL	Thomas	D	Moyle	1977-01-19	535	1970	Elmwood Memorial Gardens			Clumbia	SC
COL	James	M	Hinnant, Jr	1977-12-06	459	1970	Memorial Park	Devotion		Rock Hill	SC
MSG	Carl	D	Bailey	1987-06-10	535	1970	Graceland East Memorial Park	B		Simpsonville	SC
CMS	Richard	J	Coupe	2002-07-15	458	1968	Black Hills Natl Cem	O	624	Sturgis	SD
MSG	Earl	L	Larkins	1997-09-10	457	1968	Black Hills Natl Cem	G	2408	Sturgis	SD
TSG	Fred	J	Abegglen	1986-04-05	483	1970	Rest-Ever Mem Park			Bryan	TX
TSG	Billy	P	Owen	1984	537	1968	(?) Buffalo Gap Cem	4A		Buffalo Gap	TX
TSG	Marvin	L	Haile	1977-06-24	483	1970	Sand Hill Cem			Comanche Coun	TX
CMS	William	A	Kuehner	2008-12-12	535	1970	Dallas-Ft Worth Natl Cem	105	443	Dallas	TX
TSG	Jimmie		Martinez	2000-05-27	457	1966	Dallas-Fort Worth Natl Cem	Col-A, CT1	C70	Dallas	TX
MSG	Bruce	L	Presnell	2008-03-31	537	1968	Dallas-Fort Worth Natl Cem	22	965G	Dallas	TX
LTC	Andrew	L	Starling	1985-07-31	535	1969	Grove Hill Mem Park	6		Dallas	TX
CMS	Tedas	J	Zaccski	1969-03	535	1967	Fort Bliss Natl Cem (for wife, Violet)	BB	99	El Paso	TX
LTC	Walter	H	Perris	1976-04-15	537	1970	Greenwood Mem Park			Fort Worth	TX
MAJ	Richard	B	Wedesweiler	1978-10-13	535	1966	Greenwood Memorial Park	Woodlawn		Fort Worth	TX
SSG	Charles	W	Padier	2009-08-19	458	1967	Fulton Cem			Fulton	TX
A1C	Peter	G	DeAnda	2007-08-17	458	1968	Houston Natl Cem	S1	1625	Houston	TX
LTC	Albert	A	Cardinal	2011-04-08	536	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	71	625	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Joseph		Faulkner	2010-10-22	535	1967	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	CFF	61	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Frank	E	Gelsone	1974-03-27	536	1969	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	V	196	San Antonio	TX
CPT	Alan	E	Hendrickson	1967-08-03	459	1967	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	2B	3024	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Veskel	E	Johnson	2007-03-16	458	1967	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	42	1462	San Antonio	TX
COL	Arthur	D	LaRue	1997-05-02	483	1968	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	16	1882	San Antonio	TX
SSG	Daniel	P	Marlowe	1966-10-04	537	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	W	2795	San Antonio	TX
COL	Paul	J	Mascot	2003-03-26	483	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	29	312	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Robert	J	McGinn	1987-08-14	457	1970	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	14a	184	San Antonio	TX
COL	Slaughter	D	Mimms	1991-04-23	459	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	9	1398	San Antonio	TX
LTC	George	J	Peck	1994-01-12	536	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	21	1796	San Antonio	TX
COL	Wilson	M	Petefish	2009-02-23	535	1969	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	43	1174	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Edward	A	Planta	1989-10-02	535	1966	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	16	1112	San Antonio	TX
COL	George	D	Rawlings	2011-01-16	458	1967	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	49A	464	San Antonio	TX
MSG	William	E	Reaves	1999-01-23	483	1971	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	25	680	San Antonio	TX
LTC	Joseph	W	Stokes	1993-07-13	536	1968	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	19	374	San Antonio	TX
MSG	Willard	E	Wyatt	2001-10-19	457	1968	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	CS	57	San Antonio	TX
TSG	Francisco		Salazar	1973-11-22	458	1970	Fort Sam Houston Natl Cem	2B	3075	SanAntonio	TX



Rank	FirstName	MI	LastName	DOD	Unit	BouYr	Cemetery	Sect	Plot	City	State
2LT	Charles	B	Ross	1969-09-11	537	1969	Arlington Natl Cem	51	1635	Arlington	VA
COL	Donald	F	Becher	2002-09-08	459	1967	Arlington Natl Cem	68	1216	Arlington	VA
CPT	Robert	G	Bull, II	1968-08-26	457	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	46	690-1	Arlington	VA
MAJ	William	J	Clark, III	1967-11-30	458	1967	Arlington Natl Cem	8	6337 LH	Arlington	VA
TSG	Leon	M	Cornell	1973-07-28	483	1971	Arlington Natl Cem	53	887	Arlington	VA
LTC	John	J	Hanley	1980-07-10	535	1970	Arlington Natl Cem	64	4226	Arlington	VA
1LT	Ralph	W	Manners	1968-08-26	457	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	46	690-1	Arlington	VA
COL	Lowell	F	McAdoo	1984-06-30	459	1966	Arlington Natl Cem	66	3919	Arlington	VA
SSG	Shelby	K	Mills	1988-12-19	536	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	69	2877	Arlington	VA
LTC	James	L	Montgomery	2002-01-12	458	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	67	3948	Arlington	VA
COL	Neil	V	Raymond	2015-03-23	483	1971	Arlington Natl Cem	55	5487	Arlington	VA
SGT	David	F	Sleeper	1968-08-26	457	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	46	690-1	Arlington	VA
LTC	Keo	L	Snook	1985-01-27	458	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	60	3937	Arlington	VA
COL	George		Stalk	2006-09-26	459	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	62	2520	Arlington	VA
CPT	Allan	J	Stinson	1971-09-16	535	1966	Arlington Natl Cem	33	10782	Arlington	VA
SMS	Murray	L	Totty	1992-12-07	458	1968	Arlington Natl Cem	68	4608	Arlington	VA
SMS	Leo	D	Harrington	1991-07-12	537	1966	Arlington Natl Cem	4-0	1029A	Arlington	VA
TSG	Carl	R	Sturgill, Sr	2009-07-02	537	1968	Riverview Cem			East Stone Gap	VA
SMS	Lee	R	Giles	1979-01-28	458	1968	Hampton Natl Cem			Hampton	VA
TSG	Edward	P	Babcock	1973-08-28	458	1967	Maplewood Cem			Stockbridge	VT
LTC	Lewis	F	Gifford, Jr	2002-12-25	458	1966	Tahoma Natl Cem	Q	Row B, 101	Kent	WA
MSG	Calgen	A	Prescott	2011-03-18	537	1968	Tahoma Natl Cem	C	C-27	Kent	WA
CPT	James	L	Smith	1970-12-28	459	1969	Grace Lutheran Church Cem			Winchester	WI
TSG	William	L	Shepherd	1980-03-11	537	1969	Forest Lawn Cem			Pecks Mill	WV



"WE HAVE PAPER - WE GO SAIGON?"



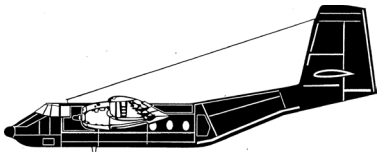
## Arty At Tra Bong

by Tom Dawes [537, 70]

In the spring of '71, control of Tra Bong was being assumed by the ARVN. There may have been some Americans remaining, but I just remember working with an ARVN tailpipe during that period.

We were landing at Tra Bong where they were firing their big guns. All of us remember the picture of the Caribou being hit by artillery at Ha Thanh in '67, so we were extra cautious when we confirmed that there was a check fire. The ARVN Tailpipe cleared us to proceed inbound and land. The check fire was confirmed again when we were about to turn downwind.

Turning base leg, I was looking right down the barrel of a very, very big piece of artillery when it fired! We could feel the shock wave as the shell passed. When we asked about the check fire, the ARVN guy on the radio said "It OK, Soul, we see you – we shoot over top." Well, we couldn't argue with that, they did miss – so not much was said and was soon forgotten.



## Wild West In Vietnam

by Don Foster [536, 67]  
and Jerry Pankonen [536, 66]

One senior officer in the squadron "bombed" with barrels of gas. He tried to mount a mortar in the back of a Caribou. He shot out the window and hit the prop hub, then put himself in for a DFC. He was wounded while flying low trying to kill men dressed in black with his M-16 while leaning out of the copilot window. No rules here! He gave a mean orientation flight at 100 feet north of Saigon. He called it contour flying. He kept saying: "See, they can't hit you."

## Fleeting Command

by Jerry Pankonen [536, 66]

The 536<sup>th</sup> Operations Officer retired. A recently promoted major (nice guy) was assigned as his replacement. He moved his stuff into the office and sat down in time to get a call from a Green Beret commander requesting C-7A support. The plan was to drop barrels of gas/napalm on entrenched VC in the Delta. The Army would then fly in immediately after the drop with helicopters, launch rockets to ignite the gas/napalm, and force the VC from their positions.

Our new Major agreed, asked for volunteers, took off, and dropped the barrels. Some barrels broke open, others did not. Helicopters arrived 2 hours later, the gas had evaporated, and rockets fired into the hill resulting in a hole, but no fires. The VC stayed entrenched. After the major returned to Vung Tau, he sat down in his new office and received a call from Headquarters at Cam Ranh Bay. Apparently, the Major did not clear his actions with them. They were upset and fired the new Operations Officer two to three days after he moved in. Botta Bing. Botta Boom. That's how it was in the war zone. Easy come – easy go!

## Rain At Vung Tau

by Charlie West [535, 66]

I was the third flight mechanic to get to Vung Tau, as I remember. I recall very clearly that when I arrived I went to that awful tent and only one guy was in it, Irvin Thornton. About 2:00 the first night, it started to rain or shall I say pour. Irvin and I had to get up and roll down the tent sides, our air conditioner. That was a nightly ordeal. Thank goodness for Red Horse and the hootches they built really quickly. We flew with the Army until late December. That was an experience. The airplanes were in really bad shape. We put problems in the forms and the Army crew chiefs just signed them off. If we wrote up red

X items, some guy would come out, look at it, put a red circle around the red X, and away we go. At that time, we parked on the lower end of the ramp. It was quite low in that area and when it rained, the tires were in water up to the brakes. The engines had to be run to dry the mags nearly every morning. Sure was glad when the Army was gone and the Air Force guys started to give us pretty good airplanes. Also, flying with the Army Warrant Officers was pretty wild.

## CSAF Reading List

- *Cybersecurity and Cyberwar: What Everyone Needs to Know* by P.W. Singer and Allan Friedman
- *Beer, Bacon and Bullets* by Gal Luft
- *No Place to Hide* by W. Lee Warren, M.D.
- *The Mission, the Men, and Me* by Pete Blaber
- *Once an Eagle* by Anton Myrer
- *The Boys in the Boat* by Daniel James Brown
- *Leadership and Self-Deception* by The Arbinger Institute
- *Focus: The Hidden Driver of Excellence* by Daniel Goleman
- *The Linchpin: Are You Indispensable?* by Seth Godin
- *Air Commanders* by John Andreas Olsen
- *Team of Rivals* by Doris Kearns Goodwin

## Aviation Axioms

- Takeoffs are optional. Landings are mandatory.
- Be wary when someone says, "Let me show you something."
- If an airplane crashes and doesn't catch fire it is usually out of gas.
- Learn from the mistakes of others. You won't live long enough to make all of them yourself.
- You can't rewrite the laws of aerodynamics.
- If something doesn't seem right it probably isn't.

## Dragster Acceleration

Nitromethane burns yellow. The spectacular white flame seen above the stacks at night is raw burning hydrogen, dissociated from atmospheric water vapor by the searing exhaust gases.

Dual magnetos supply 44 amps to each spark plug. This is the output of an arc welder in each cylinder.

Spark plug electrodes are totally consumed during a pass. After half-way, the engine is dieseling from compression plus the glow of exhaust valves at 1400 degrees F. The engine can only be shut down by cutting the fuel flow.

If spark momentarily fails early in the run, unburned nitro builds up in the affected cylinders and then explodes with sufficient force to blow cylinder heads off the block in pieces or split the block in half.

In order to exceed 300 mph in 4.5 seconds dragsters must accelerate an average of over 4G's. In order to reach 200 mph well before half-track, the launch acceleration approaches 8 G's.

Dragsters reach over 300 miles per hour before you have completed reading this sentence.

Top Fuel Engines turn approximately 540 revolutions from light to light!

Including the burnout the engine must only survive 900 revolutions under load.

The redline is actually quite high at 9500 rpm.

The Bottom Line: Assuming all the equipment is paid off, the crew worked for free, and for once NOTHING BLOWS UP, each run costs an estimated \$1,000.00 per second.

The current Top Fuel dragster elapsed time record is 3.680 seconds for the quarter mile on 8/23/15 by Antron Brown. The top speed record is 332.75 mph (535.5 km/hr) on 8/23/15 by Spencer Massey.

### Putting all of this into perspective:

You are driving the average \$140,000 Lingenfelter "twin-turbo" powered Corvette Z06.

Over a mile up the road, a Top Fuel dragster is staged and ready to launch down a quarter mile strip as you pass. You have the advantage of a flying start. You run the 'Vette hard up through the gears and blast across the starting line and past the dragster at an honest 200 mph.

The 'tree' goes green for both of you at that moment. The dragster launches and starts after you. You keep your foot down hard, but you hear an incredibly brutal whine that sears your eardrums and within 3 seconds the dragster catches and passes you. He beats you to the finish line, a quarter mile away from where you just passed him.

Think about it, from a standing start, the dragster spotted you 200 mph and not only caught, but nearly blasted you off the road when he passed you within a mere 1320 foot long race course.

*That, folks, is acceleration.*

## Caribou Gunship

by Jerry Pankonen [536, 66]

Our squadron commander, aka "Crash," mounted a 30 cal. machine gun in the rear of the cargo compartment of the Caribou. He had us fly training runs over the ocean and shoot at 55 gallon barrels that we dropped in the water. When we fired the gun, the plane shook as if it were going to come apart and we hung on for dear life. The gun finally broke away from the mount and fell to floor of the Bou. End of the Caribou gun ship.

## Epitaphs

Here lies Johnny Yeast.  
Pardon him for not rising.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Blake,  
Stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

In a Silver City, NV, cemetery:

Here lays The Kid,  
We planted him raw.  
He was quick on the trigger,  
But slow on the draw.

## 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!**

## Red Cross In Vietnam



**Color Me  
BUSY!**

## YouTube Must-See

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/3kIMTJRgyn0?autoplay=1>

## Next Air Force One

by Secretary of the Air Force  
Public Affairs

The Boeing Company was awarded a contract on January 29 for risk reduction activities for the Presidential Aircraft Recapitalization program, which will field the next Air Force One.

This is the first contract the Air Force has awarded for this program. Additional modifications will be made to this contract in the future to purchase the commercial 747-8 aircraft, as well as to design, modify and test those aircraft to meet the presidential mission.



These efforts are the first step in a deliberate process to control program risks and life cycle costs. These activities will include the definition of detailed requirements and design trade-offs required to support informed decisions that will lead to a lower risk Engineering and Manufacturing Development program and lower life cycle costs.

“This is the start of our contractual relationship with Boeing. It will allow Boeing to begin working on what will be the next Air Force One,” said Col. Amy McCain, the Presidential Aircraft Recapitalization program manager. “This initial effort is about reducing risk, really understanding where the tough work will be, finding affordability opportunities, and getting the best value for the taxpayer, while continuing to meet the needs of the President.”

The Secretary of the Air Force has made it clear that affordability will be a

key element of the Presidential Aircraft Recapitalization program.

“We will continue to insist upon program affordability through cost conscious procurement practices,” said Secretary of the Air Force Deborah Lee James.

“The presidential aircraft is one of the most visible symbols of the United States of America at home and abroad. We will ensure the next Air Force One meets the necessary capabilities established to execute the presidential support mission, while reflecting the office of the President of the United States of America consistent with the

national public interest.”

The Air Force wants to own enough of the technical baseline to permit competition for modifications and sustainment throughout the aircraft’s planned 30 year life cycle. Competition can keep costs down, spur innovation, and provide technical options.

“We are focused on ensuring this program is affordable,” McCain said. “This contract gets us started on determining how to modify a 747-8 to become the next Air Force One, and finding opportunities for cost reduction through detailed requirements choices, competition of subsystems, and in the sustainment of the aircraft after it has been fielded.”

“The current fleet of VC-25A presidential aircraft has performed exceptionally well, a testament to the Airmen who support, maintain and fly the aircraft,” James said. “Yet, it is time to replace them.”

## C-7A ELINT/COMINT

Project SURE THING/Gofer Delta was initiated in October 65 in response to an Army Security Agency (ASA) request. The goal was to configure CV-2 Caribou 61-2600 to provide ELINT coverage from 250 MHz to 26 GHz and COMINT coverage from 20 MHz to 2 GHz using off-the-shelf components.

The Bendix Eclipse-Pioneer Division fitted the aircraft with an autopilot and the Ryan Aeronautical Company provided coupling between the autopilot and the already installed doppler navigation system. The system was shipped to Germany in April 1966 and became operational in June.

SURE THING had a Loral AN/ALQ-53 surveillance system and VHF receivers for the voice intercept. AN/ALQ is the designation for Airborne Countermeasures Multipurpose/Special Equipment. Many of the features on the bird were brand new technology and Ryan Aircraft had a civilian technician on site to maintain the doppler navigation system.

The call sign was “Sure Thing.” There were West German radar sites in the south, but the crew had to have positive American radar coverage to go south or immediately turn to a heading of 240 degrees and exit the ADIZ. Each month, a scheduling conference was held to agree to dates, times, and tracks of all NATO surveillance aircraft. If there was an indication that there was some unusual activity across the border, they could request a special mission authorization from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The crew got linguistic support (German, Russian, Polish, Czech) from Herzo Base (318<sup>th</sup> ASA Battalion).

C-7A S/N 61-2600 was assigned to the USAF 7406 Support Group at Rhine-Main (2/5/69 -7/30/70) in support of the Army’s 507<sup>th</sup> USASA Group, West Germany.

Source: *The U.S. Army’s Fleet of Special Electronic Mission Aircraft (SEMA)* by Dennis Buley.

## Old Pilot's Reflections

Pilots are people who drive airplanes for other people who can't fly.

Passengers are people who say they fly, but really just ride.

Fighter Pilots are steely eyed, weapons systems managers who kill bad people and break things. However, they can also be very charming and personable. The average fighter pilot, despite sometimes having a swaggering exterior, is very much capable of such feelings as love, affection, intimacy and caring. (However, these feelings don't involve anyone else.)

Flying is a hard way to earn an easy living.

Both optimists and pessimists contribute to society. The optimist invents the airplane; the pessimist, the parachute.

Death is just nature's way of telling you to watch your airspace.

As a pilot only two bad things can happen to you (and one of them will):

- a. One day you will walk out to the aircraft, knowing it is your last flight.
- b. One day you will walk out to the aircraft, not knowing it is your last flight.

There are rules and there are laws:

- The rules are made by men who think that they know how to fly your airplane better than you.
- The laws (of physics) were ordained by God.
- You can and sometimes should suspend the rules, but you can never suspend the laws.

About Rules:

a. The rules are a good place to hide if you don't have a better idea and the talent to execute it.

b. If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance (e.g., if you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge.)

Before flight, make sure your bladder is empty and your fuel tanks are full.

He who demands everything that his aircraft can give him is a pilot; he who demands one iota more is a fool.

There are certain aircraft sounds that can only be heard at night and over the ocean. Most of them are scary.

The aircraft limits are only there in case there is another flight by that particular aircraft. If subsequent flights do not appear likely, there are no limits.

"If the Wright brothers were alive today, Wilbur would have to fire Orville to reduce costs."

In the Alaskan bush, I'd rather have a two-hour bladder and three hours of gas than vice versa.

An old pilot is one who remembers when flying was dangerous and sex was safe.

Airlines have really changed. Now, a flight attendant can get a pilot pregnant.

I've flown in both pilot seats. Can someone tell me why the other one is always occupied by an idiot?

And my favorite: You have to make up your mind about growing up and becoming a pilot. You can't do both.

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## Military Wives

by Gen. Peter Pace, USMC

We (military men) travel overseas; they worry about us. They stay home and pray. They don't know when we are in trouble, so they think we're in trouble all the time! When we come home safely – probably because of their prayers – they stand in the background when we get our awards and decorations and pretend they had nothing to do with it, whereas, in fact, they did. Truly, they serve the nation as well as anybody that ever wears a uniform.

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## Oops! All Fall Down

by Jack King, Jr [535, 67]

I was working as a Crew Chief while grounded for a medical issue and I attempted to get up onto the wing by the steps on the side of the aircraft. As I put my foot on the wet wing, I went airborne without the Caribou. My landing was not smooth. I felt so foolish that I didn't go to the medic for about 3 days. By that time, the pain was worse than my embarrassment. So much for an instructor showing safety techniques!

## Bon Mots

by Steven Wright

If you're not familiar with the work of Steven Wright, he's the famous erudite scientist who once said,

"I woke up one morning and all of my stuff had been stolen and replaced by exact duplicates."

His mind sees things differently than most of us do. Here are some of his gems ...

I'd kill for a Nobel Peace Prize.

Half the people you know are below average.

99% of lawyers give the rest a bad name.

82.7% of all statistics are made up on the spot.

If you want the rainbow, you have got to put up with the rain.

All those who believe in psychokinesis, raise my hand.

The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

I almost had a psychic girlfriend ... but she left me before we met.

Ok, so what's the speed of darkness?

How do you tell when you're out of invisible ink?

I intend to live forever ... so far, so good.

My mechanic told me, "I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder."

Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?

The problem with the gene pool is that there is no lifeguard.

Everyone has a photographic memory; some just don't have film.

If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.

And the all-time favorite ...

If your car could travel at the speed of light, would your headlights work?

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## Epitaph

The children of Israel wanted bread,  
And the Lord sent them manna.  
Clark Wallace wanted a wife,  
And the Devil sent him Anna.

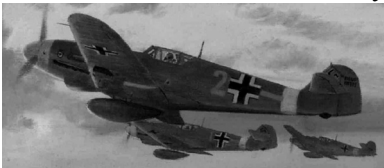
## B-17 Navigator's Log



11-3-43 Mission #8.

Wilhelmshaven, Germany. Target was submarine pens and sub construction docks. Pathfinder mission through clouds. Briefed at 0730. Took off at 0930. Left England at 1130. P-47 and P-38 escort all the way. 500-600 B-17's on raid, also a group of B-24's. First raid the 24's have gone on. Biggest raid so far in the ETO. Over 1000 planes involved. Saw only a few German fighters and were not bothered much by them. Flak over the target was not too thick, but very accurate.

One minute after bombs away, a



Fortress in the group above us was hit by flak in the gas tank and dove straight down, burning. Just before it went into the undercast, it exploded into a million pieces. Nobody got out.

One minute later, another B-17 went down through the clouds with a German fighter on its tail. Ninety miles from the English coast, we found out that the gas line to our #1 engine had been hit by flak and was losing gas fast. About 10 more miles and the engine quit, so we had to drop out of formation. Lucky we were over North Atlantic and not Germany. #2 engine was also spitting smoke.

We made it home o.k., along with the three engines. It was a good show. Flares, AA guns, etc., just like a 4<sup>th</sup> of July display. We saw six German bombers burn and go down. They must have had a lot of bombers over tonight. They got the power supply [at the airfield], so we had no lights here. Went to the dance at the club after the red alert was over. Good punch to drink.

## Crash Landing

From: Joe Kurtyka [459, 66]

On 14 March 1967, we were still operating from the 3000 foot dirt runway, the PSP parking ramp, and maintenance tents in "Ellisville." A C-7A S/N 62-4170, loaded with Army combat troops, made a wheels-up landing. The left wing and the left landing gear were on fire.

As the Army troops rushed out the rear, weapons looking to be ready to fire, they were met by tens of Air Force maintenance troops armed with cameras. Admitting they had never heard of Phu Cat, the troops appeared as shocked to see us as we did to see them.

From: Pat Howe [459, 66]:

The Caribou was flown by Lt. Philip Jach and Maj. Robert Dubberly who were enroute from Pleiku to Qui Nhon, if my memory is correct. They were struck by ground fire at cruise altitude, which would have been about 1500 feet above the ground, near the pass between An Khe and Phu Cat when the left engine caught on fire and the propeller would not feather.

Being on one engine is not a good situation for the under-performing Bou [especially with a load]. There is a [500 foot] hill immediately off the end of the runway. They weren't able to maintain altitude on one engine with the wind-milling propeller and flew the airplane in ground effect at very low altitude over the hill. They put the aircraft on the runway, but did not have the altitude to put the gear down.



Caribou S/N 62-4170 at Phu Cat

## Able Aeronaut Award

Major Robert H. Dubberly, 1/Lt Philip E. Jach, and SSgt Melvin P. Wolpert received the PACAF Able Aeronaut Award for their outstanding airmanship during an in-flight emergency on their 14 March 1967 mission (S/N 62-4170). Lt Jach's citation describes the action:

"First Lieutenant Philip E. Jach distinguished himself by meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Copilot at Phu Cat Air Base, Republic of Vietnam on 14 March 1967. On that date, Lieutenant Jach was copilot on a routine passenger flight when number one engine exploded into flames and the propeller failed to feather, making continued [flight] impossible. Lieutenant Jach's masterful aircraft control under extremely demanding conditions of directional stability and severe vibrations and his superb knowledge of emergency procedures assisted immeasurably in allowing the Aircraft Commander ample time to correct the emergency condition and successfully accomplish a crash landing."

## Epitaphs

John Penny's epitaph:

Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,  
Dig 6 feet deep and thou wilt find a Penny.

=====  
An English lawyer's epitaph:

Sir John Strange.  
Here lies an honest lawyer,  
And that is Strange.

=====  
Remember man, as you walk by,  
As you are now, so once was I.  
As I am now, so shall you be,  
Remember this and follow me.  
To which someone replied by writing  
on the tombstone:

To follow you I'll not consent,  
Until I know which way you went.

## Beef On The Hoof

*Caribou Courier*  
Issue No. 3, July 1967

A new “first” was scored by the 457 TAS at Pleiku AB by having to chase a 400 pound Special Forces “fresh meat” load down the ramp. The 400 pounds of “fresh meat” consisted of one each four-legged, two-horned, ill-tempered Brahma bull. When that much bull gets going, look out!

It all started when the bull disagreed with the proposed air shipment to Mang Buk. He rapidly departed the Caribou loading area heading east down the ramp. As he picked up steam through the ALCE area, hundreds of passengers tried taking off without the aircraft and wide paths appeared without hesitation. It was in the A-1 area that the one-bull-stampede was turned by the “Jeep riding” Special Forces cowboys.

The stampede was only turned, however, not corralled. He continued westbound with new vigor. The tower refused to give departure clearance and crash vehicles offered to cool him down, but he still traveled. The “follow-me” truck tried their luck, but either the bull couldn’t read or he didn’t know the phrase “Di Bo Cung Toi.”

Still westbound through the Caribou area at about 20 mph, he let himself get cornered. Have you ever seen a Special Forces Sergeant leading a bull with a tie-down strap, trying to break the 100 yard dash record? You can’t imagine the human speed until there’s 400 pounds of rapidly gaining bull right behind.

Needless to say, the bull was loose again and proceeded to demonstrate how to go through concertina wire barriers. From all appearances, the Air Force compound was his next frolicking area. At this time, you might say the “load” was seen going over the hill – and next seen coming back tied to a Jeep. The rest of the loading consisted of brute force and tie-down straps.

It seems that the squadron coach was down the ramp now, signing up track

teams, broken field runners, and bull-fighters. An Airman of the squadron got the first “Ole” with only 20 feet warning notice and a moment of stark terror with the right leg of his fatigues ripped!

Lt. Col. Russell L. Hobbs (Aircraft Commander), 1/Lt. Nathan S. Smith (Copilot), and SSgt. James R. Martin (Flight Engineer) watched this whole show from a vantage point near the Caribou. “When we finally unloaded that mean \*%\$@! at Mang Buk, the last we saw of him, he was going away fast with two Montagnards in tow.”

## Forgotten Lessons

by Bruce Buono [458, 70]

Those who flew at Dak Seang are well aware how the poor tactics and leadership that put them forward led to the losses we suffered. However, the new tactics, i.e., night low altitude release by single ships allowed us to continue supporting the camp without losses. Some may recall that beside being flown with no lights, the maintenance team painted the aircraft bellies black.

The B-52 tactics of Linebacker II were flawed as was the leadership that enforced them. If you listen to the inter plane intercom, you can hear the crew conversation and communications with the wave lead who got through. Fast forward to DESERT STORM. I was the maintenance chief of the tanker and bomber aircraft at Diego Garcia where we had 20 B-52’s bombing Iraqi targets. The directed tactic was high altitude, three ship cells (similar to Vietnam). Our bomber crews, with support of the wing commander, overruled that and they flew low altitude with multiple axes of attack. They maintained heading after strikes to keep ECM jamming on the SAM sites. The bomb bays were blacked out as were the cockpits and night vision goggles (NVGs) were used. No heavy damage was received throughout the campaign.

We had a lesson from the sapper attacks on Bien Hoa where loaded

aircraft and munitions in the open led to massive fratricide. That led to regulations for bunkers and quantity distance restrictions (QDR).

Leadership during DESERT SHIELD wanted us to increase the number of B-52’s at Diego Garcia despite limited ramp space. This would violate the QDR for the ramp. The approval level for the acceptance of risk was CSAF. I refused to sign off on it as did my wing commander. We offered our Numbered Air Force LG the option to put it forward to the CSAF. He did not and we remained at 20. The option they asked us to use at that point was to park the added bombers on the parallel taxiway (former runway) nose to tail. We again refused. Some 10 days into the bombing campaign one of our bombers ran off the edge of the runway due to hydraulic failure and hydroplaning. The remaining 2 aircraft in the cell landed on the parallel taxiway as they were minimum fuel and no tankers were available. That option might have been unavailable had the taxiway been reconfigured for parking.

Some lessons have been learned – you just need old heads around to recall them.

The Diego Garcia incident has more to it in that part of the reason the B-52 ran off the runway is that he had to land downwind as there was a bunch of coral blown onto the other end of the runway. That was caused by a Air National Guard KC-10 crew landing without notice (no tower operational) and no Supervisor Of Flying around to tell them the runway was flooded. He skidded off the hard surface and forced it back on the runway with a combination of reverse and forward thrust. The crew never reported the runway departure or damage to the bird. They parked and went to bed with no one knowing they were back. My maintenance folks woke me to show the aircraft damage and I viewed the runway mess. What a night. We had loads of fun pulling the B-52 back onto the runway from the mud and coral.

## Caribou Transition

by Jay Baker [535, 66]

Part 1

My Vietnam journey began in June 1966. I was stationed at McGuire AFB, NJ, assigned as an aircraft maintenance officer in a C-141A organizational maintenance squadron, a fairly boring experience when you are a junior lieutenant. I needed something more challenging or it would be four and out.



Then it happened. Wing Personnel contacted the squadron orderly room with a message that I had orders and I needed to contact them ASAP. I high-tailed it to Wing Personnel Assignments section and an NCO greeted me. I stated my name and reason for being there. The NCO quickly returned with my orders, "Report to Fort Benning, GA for two weeks training in August." "Why Fort Benning?" I asked. "Here are your orders" was the reply.

With orders in hand, I discovered that I was scheduled to attend a two week CV-2 De Havilland Caribou aircraft familiarization course. The aircraft was being transferred from the Army to the Air Force and thus the reason for my assignment. Upon course completion, I would PCS to Vietnam and report to the 6252 Operations Squadron, Tan Son Nhut AB where I would be in casual status until I was assigned to one of the operating sites of the Army CV-2's.

In early August, I relocated my wife and two small children to Springfield, IL and a week later drove non-stop to Fort Benning arriving around 9 p.m. At the front gate, I asked for directions to the VOQs and, after an hour searching in the dark, I found the small building that housed the Non-Commissioned Officer of the Day. I entered, but no one was at the front desk – now what? I went around the desk and knocked on the door and was about to leave when the door finally opened. There stood a disgruntled Army sergeant. I was in civilian clothes and identified myself, stating my purpose. He gave me the barracks building number where I was staying and I asked if he could provide a map, "No sir," was his indifferent reply. "Well can YOU tell me where the building is located?" And he provided some obscure instructions. I was on my way to much needed rest.

I drove for another hour attempting to find my sleeping quarters, but what I encountered were ubiquitous WWII Army barracks with sparse lighting and barely readable building numbers. Around midnight, using my car headlights, I found the building and entered a very quiet two story building and proceeded to the second floor to my assigned room number. In the room, I found a thin uncomfortable looking mattress with no sheets and one olive drab blanket. Frustrated and tired, I thought "Screw it," and went to bed.

The next morning, I headed to the barracks community shower without a towel and there, to my surprise, were several other maintenance officers some of whom I knew. They experienced the same frustration that I had. All were without towels, drying themselves with toilet paper. After dressing, I found out that an Army bus would be transporting us to billeting for check-in and administrative details. That being done, we were transported by bus to an isolated classroom several miles away situated in the red Georgia clay. We were met by a De Havilland contractor who would conduct the two weeks

of class on the CV-2. After class, we were transported to an off-base motel complete with a swimming pool.

Fast forward to early September 1966 and my arrival at Ton Son Nhut AB where eventually we received our assignments. An Air Force Chief Warrant Officer named Mr. Washington handed me reassignment orders directing me to report to the 57<sup>th</sup> Aviation Company, Vung Tau Air Base, RVN. One of the other maintenance officers asked me where I was assigned and I stated Vung Tau. He then asked if I wanted to switch assignments which I thought was strange. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Pleiku" he replied.

I made a quick inquiry to Mr. Washington about my assignment which proved fruitful and the next day I and a few others were leaving the oppressive Saigon heat on a Caribou bound for Vung Tau. We were accompanied by a 57<sup>th</sup> Aviation Company (57 AvCo) Captain and Army pilot who had the additional duty of Company admin officer. It was a short flight with the cargo door open so we could see the lush Vietnam landscape while the captain filled us in on the vicissitudes of Vung Tau.

After arrival, Gerry Byers, the maintenance officer assigned to the 61 AvCo and I were assigned a room together at a contract hotel in downtown Vung Tau. The 57 AvCo contract hotel building was next door. Early the next morning I met my 57<sup>th</sup> Aviation Company counterpart, Capt. Rick Johnson, for breakfast at a very nice rooftop self-help open air dining facility at the 57<sup>th</sup> contract quarters. Rick was an affable southerner with an engaging smile and he welcomed me to the unit. He was a Caribou pilot with the additional duty of Company aircraft maintenance officer. As we were dining, an Army major approached and Rick immediately introduced me to the Company Commander, Maj. Maynard A. Austin. He welcomed me with a firm handshake and a smile, asked Rick a few ques-

**Continued on Page 17**



## Bou Transition (from Page 16)

tions, and went on his way.

I told Rick that I wanted to shadow him but if he needed me to do anything or get out of his way, just let me know. "Follow me" he stated cordially and off we went to take a quick tour of the airfield and the maintenance facilities. After the tour we went to a 0800 staff meeting with Major Austin. It was at this meeting where I first met my new USAF boss, Lt. Col. Leo Ehman. One of the things I noted in the beginning of my tour was that there was some understandable animosity among the Army guys about the Air Force taking over their beloved Caribou. Major Austin, a very proud and tough man, handled the situation like a professional. Col. Ehman was more of a politician, but the two personalities made our transition very smooth. I later heard that this was not the case in all units.

Each day, a few more aircraft maintenance types were arriving at the unit and an Air Force Red Horse team was on site either building or improving on the existing Army facilities. I was the only aircraft maintenance officer assigned to the 535<sup>th</sup> which provided me with a challenging opportunity. Lt. Col. Gerry Ottem later arrived as the Chief of Maintenance and was assigned to the 536<sup>th</sup>, as was Lieutenant Don McClave and the aforementioned Lieutenant Gerry Byers who was assigned as the maintenance control officer. The Field Maintenance and Avionics guys were also assigned to the 536<sup>th</sup>.

I soon found out how challenging my new job would be when my Army counterpart, Rick Johnson, was notified of a stateside emergency and he departed the unit, ending his Vietnam tour about three months early. Now, I was working for Maj. Austin and I'll never forget the first day I was solely in charge of both the Army and Air Force maintenance troops. I went to the flight line around 0600 to get an aircraft status briefing from my temporarily appointed Line Chief, SMSgt. U.V Lester. Sgt. Lester

was a very experienced and knowledgeable NCO. We had 10 missions scheduled that day, but could only cover 7 or at the most 8. I asked why and he told me that four aircraft were backed up at the docks and 4 others were out of commission for a variety of reasons. The dock birds were backed up due to the 57th Aviation company's cannibalization policy. As soon as an aircraft was scheduled for periodic maintenance, Army mechanics would cannibalize the incoming dock aircraft and put the parts on the outgoing aircraft. I talked this over with SMSgt. Lester and CMSgt. Ted Zacceschi, a crusty old chief who was my maintenance superintendent. We all agreed that the cannibalization policy as it existed had to be discontinued, because it did not put enough pressure on the supply system.

About a week later after we started the policy, I received an early morning call on the Army field telephone in my office and it was Maj. Austin, "Baker," he exclaimed, "You're in a bucket of S\*\*T. Get to my office ASAP." I took both Chief "Z", as I called him, and SMSgt. Lester for support and was glad I did. Maj. Austin was fuming and I introduced him to my top NCOs. They calmly explained the situation and I defended them. Maj. Austin was not a happy man, but his senior maintenance NCO, a fellow named Wilson, concurred with our explanation and action. He stated "these guys know what they are doing." I saw a glint of sadness in Maj. Austin's eye and I'm sure Sgt. Wilson's well meaning and honest remarks had to hurt his pride. A few weeks later, we heard that an enterprising Air Force supply team had found an entire warehouse in Japan with nothing but Caribou parts. Thereafter, our phase dock worked like a well-oiled machine.

Things started rolling as more Air Force personnel arrived in the unit. Billeting got better – the Bung Lai hotel became our permanent abode. Our enlisted people lived in screened-in hootches adjacent to the airfield, as opposed to large Army tents. With Col.

Ehman's blessing, a bar was built in the Bung Lai and Col. Ehman appointed an older WWII veteran fighter pilot, Maj. Schween, as the club officer. He didn't fly much, but ran a good bar, hiring some very professional locals to manage it. We had decent food, drink, and, thanks to Capt. A. J. Stinson, a self-help poker table – a good place to come home to after a hard day's work. Two men were assigned to a room and, for the most part, Dave Lithgow and I roomed together. Dave was one smart guy, When we had a few beers, he would recite Shakespeare soliloquies – verbatim. I learned from Dave that his father, Arthur Lithgow, was the artistic director of the McCarter theater at Princeton. He also mentioned a brother, John, who attended Harvard and was an actor who, I later learned, would become famous.

### To Be Continued

## Different Approaches

One reason the uniformed 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.



## 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)

## First Silver Star

Issue No. 3, July 1967

Draft citation submitted to 7AF:

“Captain Peter J. Morant distinguished himself by gallantry in connection with military operations against an opposing armed force at Trai Bi Special Forces camp, Republic of Vietnam, on 30 August 1966. On that date, Captain Morant volunteered to participate on an emergency resupply mission of ammunition to the besieged Trai Bi Special Forces camp.

The aircraft departed the Nha Trang Air Base, Republic of Vietnam, in adverse weather conditions, requiring skill and keen judgment by Captain Morant to penetrate the hazardous mountain terrain and an 8,000 foot thick overcast with limited navigational aids. Trai Bi camp was located despite weather conditions. Radio contact was established with friendly ground forces and drop instructions requested. Friendly ground forces informed Captain Morant that the entire area was surrounded by unfriendly forces and that all areas were extremely hot with intense automatic weapons fire and small arms fire expected along all approaches to their drop zone.

Captain Morant learned that for the drop to be effective, he would be required to position the ammunition on the entrance gate, thus enabling the friendly forces access to the badly needed ammunition and affording some semblance of protection for the ground forces while obtaining these supplies. The only possible way for Captain Morant to accomplish this task, offering only meager protection for himself [and his crew], would be from an extremely low altitude and a completely defenseless airspeed of 100 knots.

Positioning his aircraft on final approach, a mere 300 feet above the tree tops, the initial drop configuration was established and the load declared hot by the crew chief [sic]. During the final stages of the approach, the aircraft was laced by automatic weapons fire

and the crew chief [was] wounded and disabled. Preserving his skill and judgment, Captain Morant quickly and meticulously explained drop procedures over interphone to another crew member available in the cargo area. The approach was continued despite the intense hostile fire and the drop executed perfectly with the ammunition landing only feet from the requested position. Altitude was gained and Captain Morant directed first-aid procedures that were applied to the crew chef.



With unparalleled loyalty for mission accomplishment and insurmountable courage, a second drop was executed at the same low, vulnerable altitude, and slow airspeed. This time the accuracy of unfriendly automatic weapons fire was immeasurable as five rounds entered the cockpit area.

With unselfish consideration for his safety, Captain Morant continued his approach and with superb airmanship and mastery of airdrop techniques expertly place the second load of ammunition on target.

Completing the mission, Captain Morant diverted to the Saigon area to expedite medical treatment for the wounded crew chief. A precautionary landing was made at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Republic of Vietnam, and medical aid [was] provided. An inspection of the aircraft found five hits in the cockpit area and numerous hits in the cargo area. By his gallantry and devotion to duty, Captain Morant has reflected great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.”

## Letter to Dear Elsie

Dear Elsie,

I've been assigned to this shop for four months and no one has ever come around and explained all about these new AFTO 349's. What's a guy supposed to do to get a little knowledge around here?

(Name withheld upon request)

Dear Withheld,

First, answer a few questions for me. How many of the 00-20 Series Tech Orders have you read? Have you ever been to AFM 66-1 school or even requested to go? Last question: Who have you asked for assistance? Knowledge comes to those who want it and it starts with a little thing called “Self-Help.”

No more comment,  
s/s Elsie

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## Aviation Axioms

- There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old, bold, pilots!
- The propeller is just a big fan in the front of the plane to keep the pilot cool. Want proof? Make it stop; then watch the pilot break out into a sweat.
- The last thing any “smart” pilot does before leaving the aircraft after making a gear up landing is to put the gear selection lever in the “down” position.
- No matter what else happens, fly the airplane. Forget all that stuff about thrust and drag, lift and gravity. An airplane flies because of money.
- It's better to be down here wishing you were up there, than up there wishing you were down here.
- If you're ever faced with a forced landing at night, turn on the landing lights to see the landing area. If you don't like what you see, turn 'em back off.
- A check ride ought to be like a skirt, short enough to be interesting, but still be long enough to cover everything.



## I Won't Back Down

*A tribute to the American Soldier.*

*Recorded by Johnny Cash*

*Written by Tom Petty*

Well, I won't back down.  
No, I won't back down.  
You can stand me up at the gates of hell,  
But I won't back down.

Gonna stand my ground, won't be turned around.  
And I'll keep this world from draggin' me down.  
Gonna stand my ground and I won't back down.

Hey, baby, there ain't no easy way out.  
Hey, I will stand my ground  
And I won't back down.

Well I know what's right, I got just one life.  
In a world that keeps on pushin' me around.  
But, I stand my ground and I won't back down.

Hey, baby, there ain't no easy way out.  
Hey, I will stand my ground  
And I won't back down.  
No, I won't back down.

## No Forklift

by John Gannon  
[458, 70]

One of the missions I flew not long after becoming and Aircraft Commander always stuck in my mind, but unfortunately not in my camera ... always tried to take it, but I forgot it this particular day.

As I recall ... it was a standard, basic supplies run from Tuy Hoa on the coast almost due west to a place I had never been before and unfortunately ... never went to again – Tieu Atar.

Believe me, the runway was something of a glorified road cut in half by 50 gallon drums to mark the touchdown zone and define the ends of the “runway.” Everything was uneventful until it came time to unload the aircraft ... didn't see any standard Army forklifts to pick up our palletized cargo. Waited for a little while ... didn't see any American troops to speak with ... primarily a Vietnamese Army post, apparently.

I looked up and what appeared to be a local villager was leading a couple of elephants (Asian elephants with the smaller ears) toward our airplane. They had harnesses attached to them. It wasn't long before he started hooking up the elephants to the pallets and dragging them from the plane, across the ground, over to an area where they removed the various items from the pallets for disbursement. The pallets were heavy, but they dragged them like there was nothing to it.

This was the first and last time I ever saw elephants used in the place of the ubiquitous fork lifts in Vietnam. I was so mad at myself for forgetting my camera. It was a real slice of life in rural Vietnam and I was sorry I couldn't capture it on film.



## I've Learned That . . .

By Andy Rooney

Money doesn't buy class.  
It's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.  
Under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.  
To ignore the facts does not change the facts.  
When you plan to get even with someone, you're only letting that person continue to hurt you.  
Love, not time, heals all wounds.  
The easiest way to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.  
Everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.  
No one is perfect until you fall in love with them.  
Life is tough, but I'm tougher.  
Opportunities are never lost; someone will take the ones you miss.

## Flyin' The Bou

by Mike Loughran [457, 71]

We had various categories of airfields in Vietnam based on the length of runway, terrain hazards, and other operational factors. The fields were in several categories, ranging from major controlled airports like Saigon to mud strips of 1000 feet by 50 feet wide, the minimum for Caribou. There was another special category, Type I Restricted, that presented challenges unique enough that a specific checkout for each particular airfield was necessary. Dak Pek was just such a place. While it was long enough, the hills on the edges of the runway, valleys, swirling winds, downdrafts, and terrain obstacles all added up to make it a Type I Restricted field.

I was on my Type I Restricted qualification for this field and a couple of others nearby. When we arrived overhead at Dak Pek, we saw a Caribou on the small ramp with engines running. The rules limited us to one aircraft on the ground at a time, so we asked him when he planned to leave so we could land. He thought we were his ride home since he was calling Hilda (the command post) to report a hard landing by his student ... and he did not think the airplane was flyable.



Well, some rules are just made to be broken. So, we landed to get these guys home. On first look, the damage was pretty clear – wrinkled skin under the wing fuselage juncture, leaking hydraulic fluid, and what looked like



wheel and tire damage.

The incident eventually reached the level of convening an accident investigation board at Cam Ranh Bay (CRB). My IP that day, Capt. Kenneth “Doc” Holiday and I testified, since we arrived at Dak Pek a short time after the hard landing. We had a short landing too. I think what happened was the loss of effective headwinds when getting in the lee side of the hills on the right side of the runway, plus lower airspeed and a relatively higher sink rate than normal.

Additionally, I think the student pilot pulled power off a bit early under these conditions. But, then again, there were reasons for specific airfield checkouts in the Type I Restricted category and this event was more proof of that policy.

As events progressed, some of our maintenance folks from Cam Ranh Bay went to Dak Pek to fix the airplane. As I recall, that trip consisted of an aircraft survey and approval for a one-time flight to home station where it could really be repaired under more favorable conditions. A few days later, I saw that airplane again ... still at Dak Pek. It seemed that it sat there for about a week while the wheels turned to decide how to proceed with the repairs.

Since I was now qualified at Dak Pek, or maybe the only qualified pilot avail-

able that day, I was tagged to bring the broken Bou back home.

Part of the planning for that sortie included a lengthy session with our maintainers on the status of the plane. Since a maintenance team from CRB went to Dak Pek, the [Form] 781 was available at CRB. The result was to take more guys and equipment with us to finish the deferred wheel, tire, and hydraulic work. The basic structure was deemed to be safe enough for the one-time flight home.

We could never really resolve what that might involve before it was time for the ride up to Dak Pek. Once we arrived there, my flight crew and maintainers spent a lot of extra time looking in places, behind panels that were not part of normal preflights and just generally poking into nooks and crannies that no one had seen for a long time. I think we created a unique preflight card that day, but the motivation was there. What else could you do to take up the time while very able maintenance troops were spending their energy on the hydraulic, wheels, and higher? All right, drop us off, wish us luck, and we waved him goodbye.

The item that caught my attention the most was not in the 781 however.

**Continued on Page 21**

## Flyin' The Bou (from Page 20)

As we were leaving, the NCOIC said: "Captain, you better check for booby traps too."

In case of any problems, we could always call on the HF radio for help or, if airborne, we planned to limp into Pleiku which was less than an hour away. Once we were alone, we all discovered just how quiet it can be in the boonies, without the sound of Caribou engines. The silence between outgoing artillery rounds was almost deafening. Our airplane was the main attraction as the Montagnard kids did a great job of doing Quality Control of the repair job. The flight home was uneventful, but it was a relief to lift off and capture pictures of Dak Pek as we departed.



**Fourth of July, 1968 Opening of Red Tail Inn**

## Epitaphs

Here lies the body of our Anna,  
Done to death by a banana.  
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low, but  
the skin of the thing that made her go.

Under the sod and under the trees,  
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.  
He is not here, there's only the pod,  
Pease shelled out and went to God.

Looked up the elevator shaft to see  
if the car was on the way down. It was.

### **7<sup>th</sup> AF DFC Citation S.O. G-0762, 31 Mar 1972**

Captain Michael F. Loughran distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Aircraft Commander at Thien Ngon, Republic of Vietnam, on 27 September 1971. On that date, Captain Loughran flew a resupply mission to deliver urgently needed food and ammunition. Despite the fact that the base had been under constant attack for several days, Captain Loughran courageously accomplished this vital airlift mission without loss of personnel or equipment. The professional competence, aerial skill and devotion to duty displayed by Captain Loughran reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

## Big Book

by Dannie Jones [483, 68]

I was a NAV technician at Phu Cat Air Base in 1968-69. The two man room where I lived was partially closed off with wood and screen, but did not have a door. We had radios, a small fridge, and other things we wanted to protect, but could not come up with any material to make a door.

I went by the library one day and noticed that they were building a larger building for a new library beside the old one. Near the building were two pallets of 4 foot by 8 foot  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch plywood sheets. I thought, "Hey, they won't miss just one and I need one."

Late that evening, my buddy and I went to get a sheet of that plywood. We picked it up and started carrying it down the sidewalk by the old library. I looked up and here comes a Colonel walking down the sidewalk right toward us. I knew we were in real trouble.

We kept walking. He stepped off the sidewalk to let us by. We said, "Good evening, Colonel" and he just stared at us. Finally, he said as we walked by "That is a mighty big book you have there, Airmen." We said, "Yes sir, Colonel" and kept walking. As soon as we got back to the barracks, we quickly sawed that plywood and hung the door.

## Good Citizen

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.

I will serve on a jury when asked.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

Remember ... **FREEDOM IS  
EVERYBODY'S JOB!**

## A Pick Up In Hanoi

from *Frontlines of Freedom*

A little background first: I had flown in and out of Hanoi twice before – flying out of U-Tapao Air Base, Thailand – with the peace negotiating team. Both times, we were ordered to wear civilian clothes and be nice to them. They took our pictures as we sat around a table for a briefing. The infamous “Rabbit” was in charge. At least that’s who we thought it was. Big ears. They then took us to a hotel and fed us in a banquet room. The food was delicious and we were ordered to drink their beer when offered. It didn’t taste too bad and was only about 2-3% so the brass weren’t concerned about us being able to fly afterwards.

Then they took us to museums – their War Museum on the first mission. They had parts of our warplanes that had been shot down and also showed us the gun where “Hanoi Jane” Fonda sat for that infamous picture. I don’t know if it was the real gun or not – didn’t matter – I think they just wanted a reaction. They got none from any of us. We were allowed to take photos of certain areas. They wouldn’t let us take pix of their rail marshaling yard which was full of bomb craters and wrecked engines – I got some anyway with my little Minox spy camera.

On the next trip, they took us to the Peace Museum. Absolutely stunning!!! Lots of HUGE white jade figures. A beautiful museum. Our bombs never got close to it. Strangely enough – they told us that the wrecked train yard was where they were fixing their engines. If you didn’t know better, it could have looked true. There was not a single bomb crater outside of the yard. All buildings were intact! A lot more happened there, but I don’t want to bore you with all the details. They were very proud of their many manhole covers in the sidewalks which they used to hide from our bombing raids. All three trips were interesting!

Anyway, that was why I was chosen

to lead a two ship formation to retrieve our Heroes. I just happened to be TDY at U-Tapao from Clark Air Base where I was stationed. That should set the stage – a little too wordy, but it should help you to understand my involvement.

I was one of only a few crew members on either plane to have been there before. Our Mission Commander was Col. Novas and we had a one star on board with an open line to President Nixon. It was a fairly high priority mission. After stopping in Saigon for a final briefing, our two C-130E’s (with augmented crews) left Tan Son Nhut Air Base and went “feet wet” up the coast of Vietnam. We stayed about 30 miles off the coast so as not to bother anyone. We hit the mouth of the Red River and turned upstream toward our destination – Gia Lam Airport just east of Hanoi.

We were encountering broken clouds which were getting worse. After going over Thuan Nghiep, the river straightens out considerably so I requested that we drop to about 1500 feet so I could better make out the landmarks – both on radar, but mainly visual – when I could see the ground. I wasn’t about to trust the radio aids from Gia Lam nor Hanoi. Before we descended, we could easily make out Hai Phong harbor on our radar about 40 miles to the northeast, so we were on track.

We made contact with Hanoi and advised them of our impending approach into their territory. This had all been pre-arranged, so no problem there. It was on up-river that they started screwing around with us and trying to subtly get us confused. They were trying to get us lost and force us to abort the mission so they could say we caused an international incident by not picking up those who died in captivity when everything had been arranged. That’s another reason I had been picked to lead. They tried to spoof us on earlier missions by moving the ADF and VORTAC ever so slightly to locations which would cause us to fly into restricted airspace. In fact, a crew a few weeks earlier bought the

spoof and was threatened with a “shoot down” if they didn’t abort the mission, so that made this mission even more critical. If you were watching closely enough, you could see the needles quiver a little each time they changed location. They were good at it though, so I had the other navigator continually watch for that in case we lost visual or radar contact.

I had my head out the front, searching for ground fixes. Then, they really tried to get us fouled up. The second plane was following closely, mainly by keeping us on their radar – depending on us to lead them in. Hanoi Approach Control called us and told us to take up a heading to final. The pilot started to turn and I virtually screamed into the mike “Negative, Negative – Maintain Heading.” That was the first of three times they tried to get us to turn too soon. After the second time, Col. Novas told the pilot to ignore the tower and go by my direction only. I knew we were still about 30-45 miles out and they were doing their best to get us off course and lost in that bad weather with low ceilings and get us to an area with which we were not familiar. The weather was really bad – the cloud cover was closer to “full” than “broken”. We would get a break in the undercast every mile or so. We descended to about 1000 feet which helped some.

Now – remember that bridge that they tried so hard to take down during the war? We lost a lot of Thuds and F-4’s there. That bridge and a huge sand bar about 3 miles downstream were my aiming points. I was getting a little concerned when they weren’t coming in view as fast as I thought they should. Guess I was just overly anxious. I checked the radar and found both about 15 miles ahead. I alerted the pilot to be ready to turn and he relayed to #2 that we would turn in a couple of minutes. Approach Control had given up trying to get us to turn early after a few scoldings from them that we were ignoring

**Continued on Page 23**

## Pick Up In Hanoi (from Page 22)

their instructions. We did not answer.

We descended a little farther so I could get a visual on both the sand bar and the bridge. I remembered where we had turned on my earlier approaches. We flew about 30 seconds past the sand bar and, with the bridge in sight, I told the pilot to turn to the appropriate heading – I seem to recall it was 335 degrees – but I'm not sure now. Descent was begun and both planes broke out at about 750 feet. There it was – right in front of us. I strapped myself in. The other aircraft radioed a "Tally Ho" so we knew everything was fine – or so we thought.

After we landed, Ground Control took over and marshaled us to the proper area to pick up the remains of our guys. There were two green tents and they were having us come in and turn so that our prop wash would flow directly on the tents – probably blowing them away. Our Aircraft Commander called for neutral props and warned the second aircraft to do likewise. Both planes coasted in to a nice easy stop in the right place – I'm sure to the disappointment of the marshaling crews.

Col. Novas made the decision on the spot to set up an Honor Guard in front of each tent. This time, we were in our Class A's and were not under orders to associate with the enemy. We all felt better about that! He sent us out, two at a time, at 15 minute intervals. Each pair did facing movements to relieve the previous pair as time dictated. The first pair at our tent was Col. Novas and our pilot. The tent flaps were tied wide open.

What the first set of Honor Guards, and ultimately all of us, saw was several stacks of green boxes with a rock on them with white painted names and dates. The sight was shocking and really ticked us off. Unfortunately, I do not remember any of the names. The boxes – which in reality were coffins – were about 30 inches by 18 inches by 18 inches. It tore us up to think that

our guys who had suffered so much were in those tiny green boxes. We all decided individually and as a team that the Vietnamese would never touch our fallen comrades again.

The Honor Guard rotation was maintained for well over two hours while the final release papers were being signed at their government offices in downtown Hanoi. Obviously, the North Vietnamese didn't know what to think of the Honor Guard. We saw the guys who had been our escorts on earlier trips. They smiled and waved at us. We glared back at them. Some civilians tried to get close to watch – they were chased back over the dikes by armed guards.

We were finally given the OK to load our precious cargo onto the waiting C-130's – their cargo ramps open, sat waiting. As the word came that we could begin returning our guys to American soil – in this case – our C-130's, the North Vietnamese moved in to begin loading. We immediately formed a cordon around the tents and, though unarmed, we motioned for them to stop and basically dared the armed NVA troops to try us. They stopped with a puzzled look on their faces – but never tried to cross the line. They had touched our Heroes for the last time.

It was early evening by then and the General was back by then and became part of our new makeshift Honor Guard – set up on both sides of the ramps. I was part of three pairs who tenderly picked up a "coffin" with its' "headstone" and proceeded up the ramp. Two more were inside the plane to place an American flag over each man as he came on board. We exited thru the crew door to go retrieve another Hero. The General led the others on either side of the ramps in a "Hand Salute" as each box of remains passed on board. I don't remember exactly how many bodies we recovered – seems like 36 – but each was treated with ultimate respect. We took our time to make sure all were properly honored. It took a considerable amount of time, but we didn't care. We

did it right.

We all boarded finally and buttoned up the aircraft. As we were getting all four turning, I noticed the pilot had a wicked smile on his face. I listened on a discreet channel while he suggested to the other pilot to change pitch after they began moving and turn the planes so that the prop wash would now hit the tents and the Vietnam officials and soldiers gathered around them. The turn was smooth, slow, and graceful until the loadmaster gave the word. Suddenly, eight turboprops were at full forward pitch for about 3-5 seconds and brakes on. They changed the pitch back to the taxi setting, but we got turned around in time to see the tents flying and some of the folks we left were on the ground.

We received departure instructions from the tower and thus began an uneventful trip back to Saigon and on to U-Tapao to the identification folks stationed there. The General informed President Nixon that extraction had been completed successfully. Further ID would be performed at Hickam AFB, as necessary.

Our Heroes were taken to Hickam AFB by C-141's. I have talked to many people about this extraction of our fallen comrades – and to a man – they thought that the C-141's did the entire mission. I hope someone will set the story straight someday. In fact, I have never seen anything about C-130's being involved with the extraction of the first of those who died in captivity. Believe me – I know they were!

I may have missed something about it because I had to get busy for my PCS stateside move the next month. I have never heard anything about that mission since.

Well, that's about it. As I said, a lot more little things happened on all three trips – even some funny things on the first two, but that third mission was the best thing I ever did in my 24 year USAF career. Sorry to be so wordy, and focused on "I" & "me," but I'm not sure how else I could tell it with any conviction.

## Early Years At CRB

by Bill McCarron [483, 67]

During '67-'68, the men of the 483 TAW gave a lot of time to the kids in Khanh Hoa Province. The Scout program was well supported and did well despite the awful happenings during Tet. Their trip to Cam Ranh Bay and C-7A flight was a great respite from the war. We worked with the six adults, especially the Scoutmaster. We stayed out of the way as much as possible.

The other thing we did was to help establish the Protestant Men of the Chapel Orphanage. The Catholic men helped out at the Love of the Cross orphanage. Between the two, about 200 kids were in residence. We took them



time to be a member of the 483 TAW. We were forming the Wing – establishing the Caribou as a reliable, dependable airplane with dedicated users. We



a wide variety of things including rice, vegetables, ice cream, milk, toothpaste and toothbrushes, medical supplies,, and blankets. They were often robbed by the VC.

As Protocol Officer, I drove Col. Mason to the Bob Hope show and got to meet Bob Hope, Raquel Welch, and Miss Peru. Wow!

The years 1967-1968 were a great

worked closely with Col. Ventres of the C-130 group (all TDY) and especially with the Army.

For our first birthday party, just before Tet, I got the C-141 guys at Elmendorf AFB, AK to send us Caribou horns and meat. They sent 400 pounds of Caribou Sausage and a great set of horns. Well done to them. Col. Mason was sure happy. It was a great party!

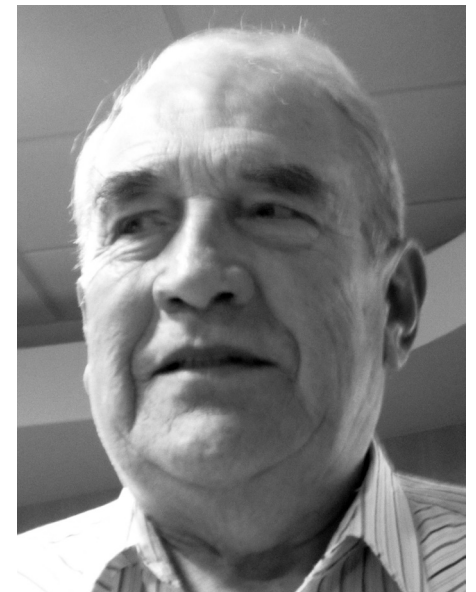
## Hit At Dau Tieng

by Dick Besley [535, 67]

The Michelin rubber plantation was a VC/NVA sanctuary and assembly point. In June 1968 I was with a newly-assigned pilot (Lt. Col. James W. Buckley, Jr., who was to be our Ops. Officer) on his first mission. At that time, we did all our training on missions, not local flights at Vung Tau. So, after off-loading ammo and cargo at Dau Tieng, I elected to take-off, make a pattern and a practice landing for him. Well, when we lined up on final again [he was flying] I could see activity well off the airstrip ... several people running. He did a touch-and-go, but on the "go" we heard "chink-chink-chink" sounds.

The flight mechanic came on intercom and reported hearing something striking the plane. I took the airplane, banked sharply, and told Blinker Control at Tan Son Nhut that we were returning to Vung Tau for maintenance.

Good thing we did. We found over a dozen small arms punctures in the wing/fuselage, but the self-sealing tanks had worked! We heard from others to avoid rubber plantations for practicing landings. I did. It was clear that the French owners paid off the VC in exchange for "protection." But it was never in the NOTAMS!





## Veteran Burial Honors

by Terri Moon Cronk  
DoD News, Defense Media  
Activity, January 22, 2016

WASHINGTON (AFNS) -- Planning funerals for military veterans and retirees can be overwhelming for their families, and the Defense Department's director of casualty and mortuary affairs wants family members to familiarize themselves in advance, when possible, to know what to expect with military funeral honors.

Deborah S. Skillman said families should learn about military funeral honors eligibility ahead of time to know what choices are available. She also recommended that family members should ensure they have access to the veteran's discharge papers, also called DD Form 214, to prove eligibility.

It's also critical for family members who want military funeral honors to tell the funeral director, who can make the request for them, Skillman said. The honors are not automatic, and must be requested through the veteran's branch of service, she noted.

"Families (also) need to know DOD is going to be there when the honors are requested," Skillman added.

DOD policy is mandated by law to provide a minimum of a two-person uniformed detail to present the core elements of the funeral honors ceremony, and one service member must represent the veteran's branch of service, she said. The core elements include playing taps, folding the American flag and presenting the flag to the family.

Burials with military funeral honors can be conducted at national, veterans' or private cemeteries, she said.

Options exist if resources permit

"While DOD is required to provide a (two-service-member) detail, policy encourages each service secretary to provide additional elements, such as the firing team and pallbearers, if resources permit. However, full honors are always provided for active-duty deaths," Skillman said.

"Military honors may consist of three-rifle volleys by a firing team," she said, and added that veteran service organizations often participate in burials with military honors to serve as pallbearers and to provide a firing team.

The Veterans Affairs Department also offers other benefits, such as headstones, Skillman said.

"We want to honor every eligible service member and make sure (the uniformed service members) are there to render honors," Skillman said.

Here are the team sizes and what they provide, if resources allow:

- 7: Provides for six- or seven-member firing party, six pallbearers, two to six flag folding detail, one to present the flag, one to initiate taps.

- 6: Provides for six in firing party, six pallbearers, two to six flag folding detail, one to present the flag, one to initiate taps.

- 5: Provides for three in stationary firing party, two for flag folding and presentation detail, one from either flag or firing detail can initiate taps.

- 4: Provides for three in firing party, two to leave and tend to flag while one dedicated to taps.

- 3: Provides for three in firing party, two leave to tend to flag and also initiate taps – minimum for a firing party.

- 2: Legal minimum – cannot execute firing party, as weapons must be attended at all times. The two-person team can accomplish taps, flag folding and flag presentation.

## Snake Eater

by Bryan Bruton [483, 68]

My last experience with a Snake Eater was in Korea. My team was stashed in the meat department of an old commissary for five weeks. We found some carpet and this long metal pole that we wanted to slip under our mattresses and make a place to hang our clothes.

Well, the Snake Eater volunteered to climb up this pole (1" electrical pipe) and cut the wire hanging off the top

so we could get the pole down. Right before the big bang and the flash, I remember my Warrant Officer saying "Watch this." The guy told us that his knife would cut through anything and, if the wire was hot, he would not feel it. I guess he was right, because he was out for a couple minutes and his hand was shiny, ebony black.

The electricity ripped a bite-sized hole in the blade of his knife. He did cut through the wire though, so we thanked him and carried the pole in. His team was stashed in the commissary as well. After a vote, we decided he could move in with us. Something those guys rarely do is leave their team, but we had quiet, carpeted quarters. His hand was still in a bandage when we left five weeks later.

After the first week, we were basically finished with what we were sent there to do. He, on the other hand, was off, walking through the hills and dales of South Korea quite a bit. He'd come back for a day, get cleaned up, and then go off again.

Someone caught wind of us hiding out and turned us into evaluators for a Military Police brigade headquarters and a couple of their battalions. With that, I got to have a white band on my hat and helmet and got to sleep in a tent for three days.

## Epitaphs

Here lies an Atheist, all dressed up  
And no place to go.

Here lies Ezekial Aikle, Age 102.  
Only the good die young.

Here lies Ann Mann, who lived an old  
maid, but died an old Mann.

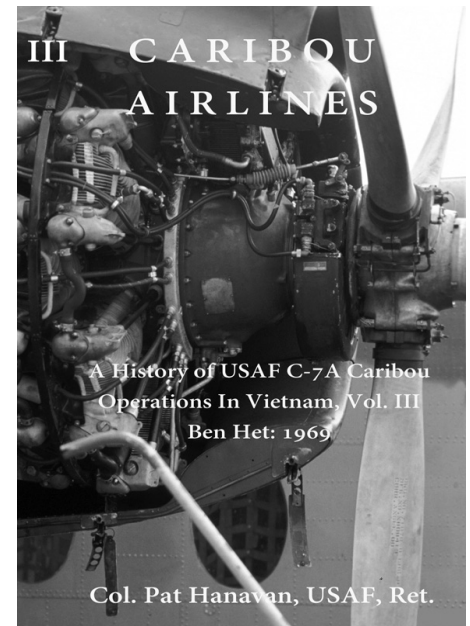
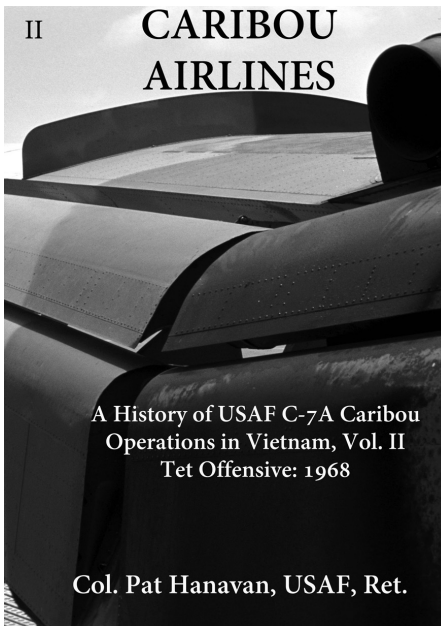
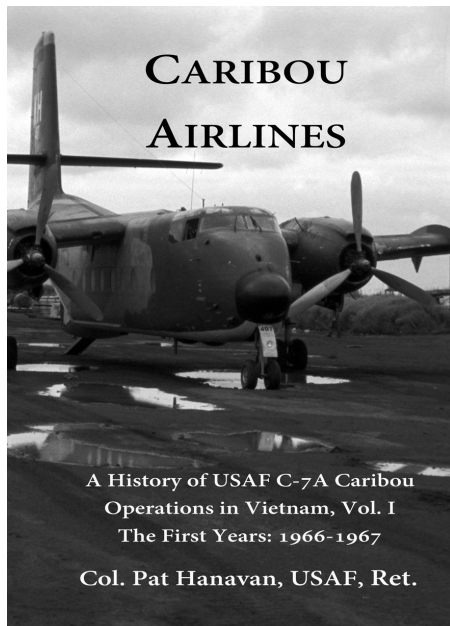
On a tombstone in Boothill Cemetery,  
Tombstone, AZ:

Here lies Lester Moore.

Four slugs from a 44.

No Les, No more.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of June, Jonathan Fiddle  
went out of tune.



*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.

## Red Tail Inn

by Denis DeMonte [458, 68]

Construction of the Red Tail Inn was started around the middle of May 1968. My involvement with the construction began shortly thereafter. Things started off slowly. There were days that we only had 3 or 4 guys working on it. I would put in a full day on the flight line and then spend a couple of hours on the Party Hootch.

At first, there didn't seem to be a lot of interest in building the Party Hootch. As time went by, more guys came out to help after they were finished on the flight line. Remember that our primary job was to keep our Caribous in good working order and in the air. The Party Hootch was really taking shape and was looking good toward the end of June

'68 when I received orders for a TDY to our mission site in Nha Trang in support of the 5<sup>th</sup> Special Forces. I was in Nha Trang about a week when I was called into the office and was told that I was to be on the next Caribou back to Cam Ranh Bay. No explanation was given.

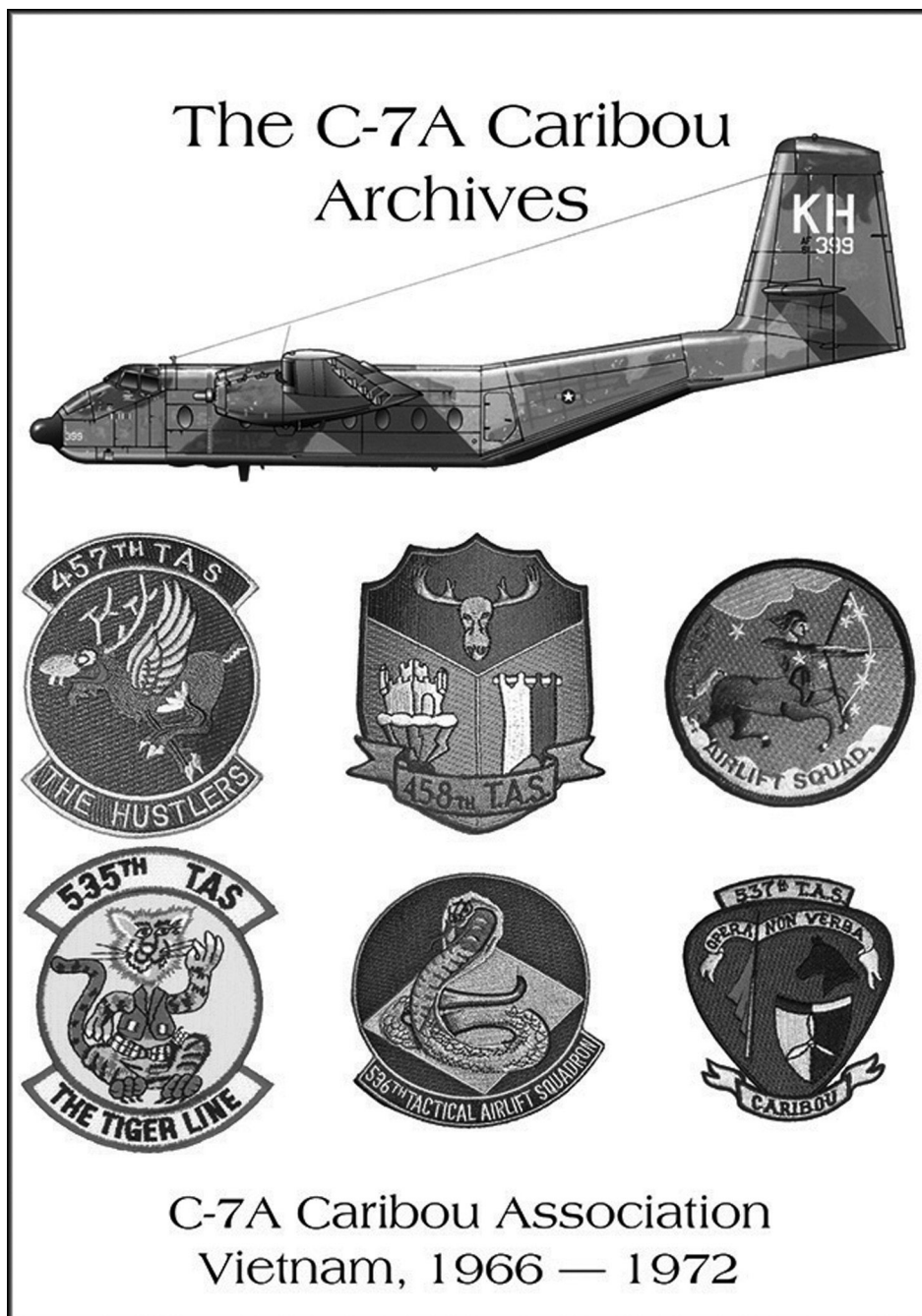
When I arrived back at Cam Ranh, I was informed that I would be working on the Party Hootch full time until it was finished. Our First Sergeant, SMS Earl Churchill, wanted to have the grand opening on July 4<sup>th</sup>. I think we finished the construction of the party hootch around July 1. We still had to furnish the inside and stock the bar. If I remember correctly, the bar was built by the Navy guys.

On July 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup>, a bunch of us took a pickup to the BX to buy the grocer-

ies to stock the Bar. Those of us that didn't use our ration cards for ourselves would use them to supply the alcohol for the bar. As planned, the Red Tail Inn opened on July 4<sup>th</sup> 1968. I was one of the first bartenders. (See photo on page 21.)



**483 TAW Lighter**

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