

C-7A Caribou Association



Volume 18, Issue 2

November 2007

18th C-7A Caribou Association Reunion – A Big Success

The 18th Caribou Association Reunion saw 179 members, with 37 first timers, descend on the Holiday Inn Riverwalk from September 6-9. The 535th had the largest increases compared with 2006. After registration, members and their guests renewed old acquaintances and greeted new friends in the War Room. Refreshments abounded and a buzz of excitement filled the room with plans for the next day. Many groups explored the River Walk before a last beer or glass of wine before retiring.

Coffee and Continental Breakfast items started each day. The weather was perfect to check out the Alamo or other attractions. Logos could be spotted on caps and polo shirts throughout downtown San Antonio.

The Memorabilia room was crowded with eager shoppers and Jim Meyer was almost overwhelmed by the demand. Many items were quickly sold out even though Jim laid in extra stock. The War Room was a beehive of activity into the

late evening hours.

Chris Nevins presided over the business meeting on Saturday morning. See a summary of the minutes elsewhere in this newsletter. The minutes and reports are on our web site. After the Business Meeting, we were treated to a presentation by three representatives of the reactivated 535th Airlift Squadron equipped with C-17's at Hickam AFB, Hawaii. Maj. Axtell, Lt. Hoelscher, and SSgt Murray gave us a briefing on the mission and capabilities of their unit. They showed an outstanding video of their operations. All members are invited to visit the 535th AS if you are in Hawaii.

Group pictures were taken on the patio by the pool and most members at the reunion were included. Check them out on our web site. Socializing followed and then the 324 attendees found their seats for the banquet. The Honor Guard from the AFROTC unit at The University of Texas at San Antonio posted the colors, followed by the singing of our National Anthem. Jon Drury gave the invocation and the entire Banquet room fell silent for the POW/MIA Memorial. After the very somber period of respect for our fallen comrades, there were toasts and a presentation of the Honorary Lifetime Member certificate to Bob Dugan. His certificate had not been formally presented to him. Dave Hutchens will receive his HLM at the 2008 reunion.

The keynote speaker was one of our own, General John Jumper, recently retired Chief of Staff of the Air Force. The General first spoke about our common experience of flying the Caribou

in Vietnam. He recalled the aircraft capabilities, our missions, and the skills of the aircrews, maintenance personnel, and the other members of our units. He had many of the same thrills and challenges each of us experienced. Then, he shared his insights about today's aircraft, missions, aircrew skills, etc. Our guests from the 535th AS were noticeably moved as he told us about how we should be proud of the men and women of today's Air Force who face similar, yet modern, challenges in defending our freedom around the world. Finally, he called on the AFROTC cadets to respond to their opportunities and challenges to serve our nation. The cadets, scattered around the room, each at a table with a group of us, beamed with pride at being recognized by "the boss" who urged them to respond in their Air Force careers, as those who have gone before them, in service to our nation. General Jumper enthralled everyone in the room with his insights and candid remarks. After his short, extemporaneous remarks, he took questions from the audience. Everyone in the room was totally captivated by his remarks. The candlelight service was followed by Lee Corfield singing "God Bless the USA."

Many thanks to the folks and their crews who made this reunion a success: Wilson Petefish (registration); Alicia Hanavan (reception, snacks, banquet); Jim Meyer (memorabilia); Al Cunliffe (pictures); Bill Buesking (beer, donuts); Dick Besley (color guard); Chris Nevins (MC); Jay Baker (speaker intro); Bob Davis, Sonny Spurger, and Jon

Continued on Page 3

In This Issue

Association Business	Page 2
Business Meeting Minutes.....	Page 3
Last Check Ride.....	Page 5
Reunion 2008.....	Page 7
Ops Challenges	Page 8
The Crew Chief.....	Page 10
Gear Up – Again!	Page 11
Aviator's Last Flight	Page 14
Aviation Heaven.....	Page 15
Party Hootch at CRB	Page 16
Old Aviators	Page 20
Red Neck Pilot.....	Page 21
Angel of Da Nang	Page 22
Reunion Survey.....	Page 27
By-Laws Ballot	Page 28

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

Elected Officers and Board Members....

President/Chairman of Board - Peter Bird [535, 71]
Vice President/Board Member - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Treasurer/Board Member - Bill Buesking [535, 70]
Secretary/Board Member - Al Cunliffe [458, 68]
Board Member at Large - Mike Murphy [537, 68]
Board Member at Large - Jerry York [537, 67]
Board Member at Large - Fred Dimon [535, 68]

Appointed Positions

Bereavement Chairman - Jay Baker [535, 66]
Chaplains - Sonny Spurger [537, 68], Jon Drury [537, 68]
Historian - Robert Blaylock [457,70]
Parliamentarian - Wilson Petefish [535, 68]
Newsletter Editor - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Reunion 2008 Planner - Tom McHugh [537, 69]
Reunion Advisor - Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]
Webmaster - Peter Bird [535, 71]
President Emeritus - Nick Evanish [457, 66]
Chaplain Emeritus - Bob Davis [457, 69]

Squadron Representatives...

457th Royal Moulton [457, 66], phone 540-720-7092
 457th Mike Thibodo [457, 70], phone 651-483-9799
 458th Lee Corfield [458, 69], phone 724-775-3027
 458th Al Cunliffe [458, 68], phone 334-285-7706
 459th Bob Cummings [459, 66], phone 865-938-7290
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 536th Dana Kelly [536, 70], phone 407-656-4536
 536th Chuck Harris [536, 68], phone 325-465-8096
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\$10.00 dues are payable each January. Send your check to Bill Buesking (address above).

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

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President's Corner

Many of you know me, but with all of our recent new members I expect many do not. I have been involved in the Association for nearly ten years now, and I decided to try sitting in the left seat for a term. I have been in the right seat, the back seat, and even turned some wrenches (albeit technical ones) over my time. Although I may have a reputation for being that cantankerous old Yankee who lives in the woods in New Hampshire, my only goal has been the growth and improvement of our Association. I hope to continue that quest in the coming year.

Even though I had the great misfortune to miss it, we just had the largest reunion in our history come off without a hitch in San Antonio. Many thanks to the diligent and tireless efforts of Bill Buesking, Pat and Alicia Hanavan, Wilson Petefish, Jay Baker, Jim Meyer, and all the others who contributed so much effort to its success. Believe it or not, the preparations are well underway for our 19th reunion at the National Museum of the United States Air Force in Dayton, Ohio, set for 29 Sep to 3 Oct 2008. Keep your eye on the web site for details as they develop and start making your plans now!



Just as was the case last year, we had two of the people elected to office at the business meeting resign rather unexpectedly. I am pleased to report that Al Cunliffe (458, 68) and Fred Dimon (535, 68) have graciously agreed to serve as Secretary and At Large Member, respectively (their pictures and resumes are on our website). This change highlights one of the biggest challenges we face as an organization. We have grown from a small and very informal group into a corporation with over 700 active members in what seems like just a few years. If you enjoy the reunions, the newsletters, the web site, and the memorabilia we offer, try to remember that someone had to do all that work! We sure could use any help anyone is willing to offer. If you would like to volunteer, just contact anyone on the Board and we'll find a way to put your talents to good use. We use some humorous titles for our positions. "Board" brings to mind a bunch of guys in three-piece suits sitting around a big conference table and not doing much. In reality, we are wearing hip boots and hosing down the cargo bay to get rid of the spilled nouc mam, tiger balm, and various other substances! In between those sessions, we plan the reunion, get the newsletters done, update the web site, and keep the memorabilia in good supply.

Enough of the hard sell; enjoy the newsletter and I look forward to meeting many of you in Dayton next fall. Meanwhile, the Board will be working hard to assure another successful reunion, trying to find other sites for memorial plaques, working to get the Nominating Committee and Audit Committees staffed, and considering the best ways to address the issues raised by last year's Audit Committee.

Regards,
 Peter Bird (535, 71)

from Reunion on Page 1

Drury (candlelight); and Pat Hanavan (momentos, ceremonies).

The common words heard as folks departed were "Great reunion!" and "See you next year in Dayton."

Business Meeting Minutes – Summary

by Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]

Wilson Petefish announced at 9:00 AM that a quorum was obtained. Chris Nevins, President, called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. The pledge of allegiance was followed by an invocation by Sonny Spurger. A motion to adopt the agenda as published was made, seconded, and passed.

Secretary's Report: Wayne DeLawter: Board motions were summarized, details are in the Secretary's Report on the web site. Reading of the minutes for the 2006 business meeting was waived and the minutes were approved as recorded.

Bereavement Committee Report: Chris Nevins: read Jay Baker's report.

2007 Reunion Committee Report: Bill Buesking gave a detailed rundown on the statistics and logistics of the reunion. The complete report is on the web site. A drawing was held for the 14 free room nights. Winners were: Robert Hopkins, 458; Lester Curtis, 483; Robert Betz, 535; Rich Yamashiro, 458; Keith Ryland, 537; James Bailey, AFAT2; Max Allison, 537; John Matthews, 4449;; Allen Cathell, 535; Dick Besley, 535; Wayne DeLawter, 458; Joseph Faulkner, 535; Ray Tanner, 458; Herman Rios, 537.

Roster Report: Pat Hanavan reported: USAF (698), HLM (7), US Army (3); Honorary Assoc. Members (widows)-34. Honorary Friends of the Assn. (not members)-30, VNAF-2, Friends of the Association (not members)-3, Honorary Members (KIA in Vietnam)-39,

Deceased-260, Inactive (dues not current)-228, Non-Members (never been a member)-1028. Total-2332

Audit Committee Report: Earl Reynolds reported that no gross errors or malfeasance were found, the Committee made recommendations, which the Board will consider carefully. The full report is on the web site.

Treasurer's Report: See other pages of this newsletter and the web site.

Nominating Committee: Bob Dugan: presented the slate for 2007-2008: Peter Bird, President; Pat Hanavan, Vice President; Bill Buesking, Treasurer; Randall Smith, Secretary; George Harmon, Mike Murphy, and Jerry York, Members at Large.

Unfinished Business:

1. Replacement Plaques are being mounted at Dyess and Hill AFB. There was a missing name and have been recast. The Dyess plaque has already been remounted and we expect the Hill plaque to be remounted shortly.
2. Memorials at other locations: A Memorial Bench has been placed at The National Museum of the USAF and will be dedicated at next year's reunion. The Board is still researching locations and the information will be given to the next Board.

New Business: No proposed Board Motions or Member Motions.

Floor Nominations for Board Positions: None.

Election of Board Members: Sonny Spurger suggested that as there is a single slate of candidates that the slate be accepted by acclamation. Parliamentarian said a second is not needed. Unanimously approved.

Discussion of 2008 Reunion in Dayton, Ohio: Wayne DeLawter gave a summary of the status of the 2008 re-

union planning for Dayton. His report is on the web site.

Open Informal Discussion: The floor was opened for informal discussion by members: None

Adjournment: Randy Smith moved that the meeting be adjourned at 1043, seconded, and unanimously approved.

Wallabies

Jim Hope and Jack Saux [536| 66]

The Aussies were flying Caribous too. Their Squadron Commander landed one short and wrecked it. He came to our CO and asked if he could borrow an airplane for a few days until he could get a new one flown in. Lt Col Zwiefel told him he'd have to check with higher headquarters, but meantime we would fly some missions for him. We never got permission to lend him a plane, but we became good friends with the Aussies.

They came over to our squadron for a party and went into great detail about a drinking race. We lined up on each side of the bar. The first guy was to chug-a-lug his beer and to be sure it was all gone he was to turn it upside down over his head, then put his glass down and the next guy was to proceed. They went over the rules several times and then said GO. All the Aussies picked up their beer, poured it over their heads and said "We won."

One of their tricks was to stand on a chair and put their head into the revolving fan to see how quickly they could stop it. "Stop The Fan" is a test of skill, courage, finesse, and, in my (Jack Saux) case, an abundance of enthusiasm fueled by Bombay Gin. The warrior stands under the fan blades. Lesson #1, the closer one gets to the end of the arc, the more flexible are the blades. Near the center, they do not give. I was not aware of this when selected for combat. Lesson #2, one slowly extends his head to the point where he can feel the

Continued on Page 7

C-7A CARIBOU ASSOCIATION INCOME AND EXPENSE STATEMENT

JAN THRU AUG 2007

INCOME

Bou Tax 8 Months, Jan through Aug		7,720.00
Reunion Receipts, May through Aug (1)		17,547.00
Memorabilia Sales Jan through Aug	2,133.00	
Beginning Inventory, 1 Jan 07 (Cost)	3,079.53	
Plus Purchases (Cost)	2,816.00	
Less Sales (Cost)	-1,404.71	-1,404.71
Ending Inventory 31Aug 07(Cost)	4,490.82	
Postage Account Beginning	258.90	
Postage Account Withdraw (2)	-15.00	
Postage Deposit	250.00	
Less Postage Expense for Memorabilia	-254.21	-254.21
Postage Account End	239.69	
Net Association Donation	474.08	474.08
Returned Postage Check		7.80
Interest Income		701.68
TOTAL INCOME		26,450.56

PAYMENTS FROM C-7 ACCOUNT

Memorabilia Purchases	2,816.00	
Hope Hotel Deposit - 2008 Reunion	500.00	
Memorabilia Refunds	8.00	
Total Payments to Asset Accounts		3,324.00
Publication/Printing/Mailing of Mail Outs	2,124.55	
Replacement Plaques - Dyess and Hill	3,050.00	
Memorial Bench - WPAFB Museum	2,625.00	
Flowers	60.00	
Total Expense Payments from C-7 Account		7,859.55
Total Payments from C-7 Account		11,183.55
Bank Charge for Deposit over 100 Checks in One Month		44.00
TOTAL PAYMENTS FROM C-7 ACCOUNT		11,227.55
REUNION EXPENSES/ REUNION ACCOUNT (1)	10,355.71	
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO EXPENSES - LINES 30, 32, 34		18,259.26
NET INCOME 8 MONTHS - JAN THROUGH AUG 2007		8,191.30

(1) Reunion Account Contains \$640.00 Bou Tax Receipts, \$500.00 deposit from the C-7 Account, \$144.96 carried fwd and \$282.00 due to members who cancelled. \$7,409.29 remains from Reunion Receipts and is expected to be used for reunion expenses. That leaves \$37,889.88 Total Association Assets.

(2) Postage Account withdrawals were made to return cash to persons who sent checks for Memorabilia Orders with payments which exceeded the lowered price structure. Cash was returned with the items ordered that were mailed.

C-7A CARIBOU ASSOCIATION STATEMENT OF ASSETS
31 AUGUST 2007

ASSETS**CHECKING/SAVINGS/Bank of America**

C-7A Caribou Account Texas	\$5,709.35
C-7A Reunion Account Texas (1)	\$8,976.25
CD 1036 Plus Acc Int	\$10,143.49
CD 0930 Plus Acc Int	\$15,239.57

TOTAL CHECKING/SAVINGS	\$40,068.66
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OTHER ASSETS

2008 Reunion Deposit - Hope Hotel	\$500.00
Merchandise Inventory – At Cost	\$4,490.82
Pre-Paid Postage/Packaging Account	\$239.69

TOTAL OTHER ASSETS	\$5,230.51
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TOTAL ASSETS	\$45,299.17
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LIABILITIES

TOTAL ASSETS 31 DECEMBER 2006	\$37,107.87
INCOME FOR 8 MONTHS THROUGH AUGUST 2007	\$8,191.30
TOTAL ASSETS 1 SEPTEMBER 2007 (1)	\$45,299.17

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Last Check Ride

Author Unknown

I hope there's a place way up in the sky, where old fliers can go on the day that they die.

A place where a guy can buy a cold beer, for a friend and comrade whose memory is dear.

A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread, nor an FAA type would be caught dead. Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke, where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke.

The kind of a place where a lady could go, and feel safe and protected by the men she would know.

There must be a place where old flyers go, when their flying is finished, and their airspeed gets low.

Where the whiskey is old and the women are young, and songs about flying and dying are sung.

Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before, and they'd call out your name as you came through the door.

Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad, and relate to others, "He was quite a good lad."

And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy, you had not seen in years, though he taught you to fly. He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear, and say, "Welcome, my son, I'm pleased

that you're here."

For this is the place where true flyers come, when their journey is over, and their war has been won.

They've come here at last to be safe and alone, from the government clerk, and the management clone. Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise, where all hours are happy, and they're all good ole' boys.

You can relax with a cold one, maybe deal from a deck, this is Heaven, son..... You've passed your last check!"

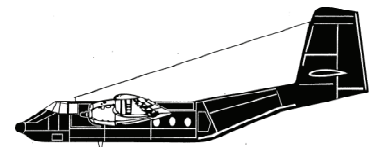


Reunion 2008 – Attendees

- Abrams, Aubray and Judy
 Allison, Max and Shirley
 Alten, Larry and Deborah
 Archibeque, Francisco
 and Marcella
 Bailey, Jim
 Baker, Jay and Diane
 Balak, Alvin and Audrea
 *Barnes, Bill
 Besley, Dick and Linda
 Betz, Robert and Pamela
 Black, Ralph and Grizelda
 Boston, Doug and Ellen
 *Boswell, Lance and Ginner
 Bowen, Brian
 Bowers, Bob and Evelyn
 *Boyd, Lloyd and Yolanda
 Brabant, Michael
 Breslin, Edward
 Brooks, Patrick and Lesley
 Brunz, Wayne and Joyce
 Buesking, Bill and Mae
 *Cathell, Allen
 Chapman, Dean and Marcia
 Collins, Tom and Chantell
 Combest, Bill
 Comer, Dennis and Diana
 Corfield, Lee and Donna
 *Corley, Bob and Wendy
 *Cormack, David
 Cowee, Bruce
 *Cowgill, John
 Craig, John and Nadine
 Cunliffe, Al and Shirley
 *Curtis, Lester
 Dana, Don and Dorothy
 Davis, Jim and Dot
 Davis, Robert and Georgia
 DeLawter, Wayne and Patty
 *Dimon, Frederick
 Drury, Jon and Beverly
 Dugan, Bob and Pat
 DuVall, William and Edeltraud
 Elsasser, Steve and Sue
 *Enfinger, Ureal and Verlene
 Erchinger, Ralph and Ellie
 Erickson, Mark
 Faubus, Stoney and Melva
 Faulkner, Joe
 Fillmore, Kenneth and Sandy
 *Fischer, Earl and Diane
 Flood, Donald
 Ford, Pat
 Foster, Donald and Muriel
 *Fox, Gary and Sharon
 Frank, Ted
 Gerrity, Bruce
 Ghizzoni, Alan
 Girod, Alan
 Godek, Frank
 Gould, Michael
 Graetch, Joe
 Graham, Justin and Nadine
 Griffin, Don and Sue
 Grissom, Kelly and Susan
 Habiger, Gene and Barbara
 Haigler, Steven and Mary
 Ham, Ron
 Hamrin, Bob
 Hanavan, Pat and Alicia
 Harmon, George
 Harris, Charles
 Harry, John
 Havins, Felton and Mary
 Catherine
 Heard, Wyatt and Annell
 Helterbran, Glenn and June
 Henwood, Chuck and Dolores
 *Hodgins, Paul and Gale
 *Hoisington, Kent and Shirley
 *Holman, Paul and Pam
 Hopkins, Robert and Eula Mae
 *Jackson, Larry and Judy
 Jumper, John
 Karamanian, John
 *Kassen, Carl and Sammy
 Kelley, Steve
 Kelly, Dana
 Kopplin, William
 *Korose, Robert
 *LaBove, Adam and Joy
 *Lavelle, Mike
 *Leppert, Greg and Jane
 Lester, Ron
 Lipscomb, Robert and Dodie
 Manire, Bill and B J.
 Martinez, Juan
 Martwig, Larry and Marva
 *Mascaro, Kenneth
 Matthews, John and Helen
 McCorkle, Ronald
 McDonald, Jim and Marcia
 Mednansky, Edward
 Mellert, Dave and Kaye
 Messner, Mike
 Meyer, James and Julie
 Miller, Robert and Janice
 Molohosky, Serge and Lynn
 Moore, George
 *Moros, Pete
 Murphy, Michae
 Myers, Harold
 Myers, James and Carol
 *Nartz, Vic
 Nassr, Mike and Bobbie
 Neumayer, Bob and Iola
 Neutzling, Thomas and Cheryl
 Nevins, Chris
 *Nguyen, Hung and Thanh-Mai
 Nicklas, Nick and Kathleen
 Obermiller, Terry and Candy
 *Owens, Stan and Carolyn
 Oxley, Art and Marie
 Pacholka, Ken
 Peoples, Paul
 Perry, Bill
 Petefish, Wilson and Betty
 Pfanner, John and Susan
 *Phillips, Pat and Barbara
 *Piercy, Jeff
 *Pluta, Steve and Cathy
 *Quillope, Andrew
 Quinn, Billy
 Rawlings, George and Joan
 Reynolds, Earl
 Rice, Albert
 Riess, Mike
 *Rikeman, Pete and Mary
 Rios, Herman and Cathy
 Rodda, Allen and Bonnie
 Ryland, Keith and Opal
 *Sanger, Gary
 Scamardo, Johnny and Ginger
 Schiff, Larry
 Shanahan, Allen and Karen
 *Siegfried, Ron and Jan
 Slade, Bob and Wynell
 Smith, Randy and Chris
 Smolinski, Jerry
 Snodgrass, Tom and Kathy
 Spann, Link
 Spurger, Sonny and Cindy
 Strickland, James
 Sutton, Dave
 Tanner, Ray
 Tawes, John and Fran
 Taylor, Curry
 Terrill, Donald and Daphne
 Teske, John and Elaine
 Tompkins, Staton and Debbie
 Tost, Charlie
 *Tran, Gam Van and Kathy
 Tuck, Wayne and Denise
 Turk, Will and Jerry
 Urbanovsky, Richard and Robin
 Vanness, Charles
 Vickery, John and Pat
 Vondersmith, William
 *Waldron, Bob and Ginny
 Watkins, Miles
 Wayland, Roger and Tara
 Weidman, Bud and Gloria
 *Westman, John and Deborah
 Wever, Gary and Restie
 *Williams, Bill
 Wilson, Hugh
 Witthoeft, Paul
 Woodbury, Roger
 Woznicki, Franklin
 Yamashiro, Richard and Vicki
 Yost, Daniel and Arlene
 Zahradka, Joseph
 Zender, Paul
 Plus 40 guests
 * indicates first reunion

Unit Attendees

457th - 18 483rd - 8
 458th - 24 4449th - 4
 459th - 21 18th - 2
 535th - 33 VNAF - 2
 536th - 23 908th - 1
 537th - 42 AFAT-2 - 1



Attendance by State

State	Count	State	Count
TX.....	41	OR.....	3
CA.....	17	OK.....	3
FL.....	14	IA.....	2
VA.....	7	ND.....	2
PA.....	6	UT.....	2
MI.....	5	MD.....	2
GA.....	5	LA.....	2
AL.....	4	IL.....	2
NE.....	4	SC.....	2
NJ.....	4	WI.....	2
KS.....	4	MS.....	2
NV.....	4	AR.....	1
CO.....	4	CT.....	1
MO.....	4	DE.....	1
TN.....	4	HI.....	1
AZ.....	4	ID.....	1
WA.....	4	NH.....	1
OH.....	4	MN.....	1
NC.....	3	NY.....	1
NM.....	3		

Wallabies (from Page 3)

whoosh of the blades passing overhead. Even more slowly, stretching the vertebrae to barely place the very top of your head into the plane of rotation, you allow a blade to glance off the top. This slows the fan, establishes the exact height of the blades, and enables the damned fool to extend a bit more, take a second “thwack.” slowing the fan to the point where the final extension and third “thwack” stops it. Lt Col Akin told me to stop the fan. I missed the instructions on the “game,” so I climbed on the bar and stuck my head into the fan. My recollection of the events of the evening are crystal clear up to that moment. After the impact, I admit there are some gaps. I am told that I took an unscheduled nap on the bar. Several of the Aussies had never seen a “one thwack stop” before and wanted to show their appreciation by purchasing beer for me. Actually, they poured the beer over me since I was napping at the time.

Reunion 2008

All About Aviation

by Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]
and Tom McHugh [537, 69]

Caribou Sep 28 – Oct 3, 2008 in Dayton, OH is when and where it will be happening. This will be a reunion unlike any before! There will be events that the ladies will enjoy and tours of many aviation sites.

Our Command Post (Hope Hotel) is in the center of where American aviation began. One of the major attractions on our agenda is the National Museum of the USAF (NMUSAF) that is HUGE and growing. If you’ve never been there, it will blow your mind. If it has been a few years since you’ve been there, you will be amazed at how it has expanded. You will see the field and apparatus where Orville and Wilbur developed and tested their Wright Flyer. Springing ahead 50 or 60 years, you will see many planes of our time, including our beloved C-7A.

On Monday, September 28th, we will have registration in the afternoon, followed by a deli buffet welcome reception in our War Room. After Tuesday’s activities, the hotel will serve us a sit down, plated dinner. We are working on the details of another group lunch or dinner in conjunction with the tours on Wednesday. The War Room will be stocked with snacks and refreshments throughout the reunion.

On the day of our banquet, Thursday, we will dedicate our C-7A Caribou Association memorial bench that is located along a covered walkway at the museum entrance. Following the memorial dedication, the NMUSAF will be closed to the public and our Association will have private access to it with a cocktail hour under and surrounding the C-7A Caribou. By the way, the Caribou isn’t open to the public, but during our cocktail hour our Bou will be fully accessible to our attendees. After the cocktail hour, you will experience the most impressive dinner setting of your life — dinner “Under the Wings” within sight of our Bou.

Cost of this reunion will be quite a deal — actually cheap because of our tax-exempt status, reasonably priced hotel and convention center, and attractions that are free. The Hope Hotel room and parking charge per night is only \$71.19 (tax and all fees included). The Hope Hotel will provide you with a complimentary continental breakfast each morning! If you want a full breakfast or luncheon buffet, we have negotiated a special price of \$7.40 in the hotel’s Spanky Bar and Grill.

We haven’t calculated all the costs, but we will have one registration fee that will cover all the costs except the hotel room (you will make your own hotel reservations). We guarantee one thing – if you would like seeing historical sites surrounding the birthplace of USAF airplanes and X-planes in the world, while being with old friends to reminisce about our war, you will love this reunion!

Vietnam Project

Several of our members have participated in the Vietnam Project of Texas Tech University and found it to be a rewarding experience. You can find them at <http://www.vietnam.ttu.edu/vietnamcenter/>.

Tell Your Story

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

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

Waiting anxiously — Your editor
pathanavan@aol.com
210-279-0226

Ops Challenges

by Ed Breslin [537,67]

I relate these tales as the memory of an old man permits. One sunny day started out like all others with the crew getting ready for a long day on the line in our C-7A. I arrived at 537th squadron ops, Phu Cat, with other flight engineers (FEs) scheduled to fly. After getting my gear and weapon, I went to Ops and checked the board, half hoping we wouldn't be flying the cargo run which was on the board the night before, but, there it was — cargo.

This meant flying around with large, clumsy boxes and pallets all day. Load the plane. Fly to the next stop. Unload the plane. The routine seemed endless. Not like flying pax, which involved passengers from base camp into I Corps — a lot less physical work, but more interesting. We left Phu Cat for the An Khe, the 1st Cavalry Division's old base camp, only 29 miles away. Cargo loading was usually done with the engines running to save time, since the plane didn't have to be restarted, and the FE didn't have to put the tail stand in to keep the plane from sitting down on its tail as heavy objects were loaded on the cargo ramp. The copilot would usually help the FE with loading and tying down the load. Most pilots got very good at this job, and I'm sure they never knew how much we appreciated their help with this physically demanding task. It was always hot (about 120° F) in the cargo compartment while on the ground. We were all glad to spend as little time on the ground, since it was cooler at altitude.

The first one to the plane was usually the FE, bringing his M-16, flight helmet, steel helmet, flack jacket, ammunition, survival vest, 3 gallon water jug with ice water, tool bag, flight manual, and checklist. The FE ran a preflight check of all systems and inspected the exterior and interior of the plane to make sure it was safe and airworthy for a hard day of flying in primitive combat conditions. Soon after the FE did his

checks, the pilots arrived and ran their checklist. This day, my pilots were LtCol La Pierre, a congenial bear of a fellow, and a second lieutenant who shall remain nameless.

When we were ready to fly, the pilots started the engines and got tower clearance to taxi out to the beautiful, new 10,000 foot concrete runway at Phu Cat. This runway was a far cry from the runways we would operate from for the rest of the day. Most of the runways were built by the French during their bid to retain possession of French Indochina, as they called Vietnam. The French had the peculiar notion that all runways should lie north-south, regardless of the prevailing wind. The prevailing winds in Vietnam are fairly consistently off the South China Sea, an important factor in my story.

After a short takeoff roll and an uneventful 15 minute flight, we arrived at An Khe. The Army rep told me he had a load of troops for the big Army field hospital at Qui Nhon. The way things were done, the Army rep told the FE what the next load was and where it was going. The FE relayed this to the pilots in the cockpit. The FE was responsible for determining the suitability of the load, considering such factors as available cargo space, compatibility of the load with passengers, fuel load on board, center of gravity, etc.

With just a few troops to haul, we left the engines running, got the pax briefed and seated and taxied out. The runway at An Khe was a nice, long, blacktop affair which posed no challenge to a pilot with the consummate skills of LtCol La Pierre. Almost as soon as we were airborne, we were letting down for the approach to Qui Nhon.

After turning off the runway, I climbed up through the roof hatch to help the pilots observe ground traffic. This was standard procedure, since six eyes were better than four when operating in congested areas, which was usually the case. We parked in the cargo loading area and I dispatched the passengers out the back of the plane

and the pilots shut down the engines to wait for the cargo to arrive. At Qui Nhon, you never knew what to expect. The Army guys often viewed the airplane as a deuce and a half truck with wings. They would load it until it was full, without regard for the max gross weight. So, we always tested a pallet before we would take the load. With a little experience, an FE could ask the Army rep what was on a pallet and tell by the contents how much it weighed. A good rule of thumb was that one man could lift the corner of a 1500 pound pallet just a bit off the ground. If you couldn't budge it, it was pretty heavy, a lot more than 1500 pounds, and needed to be properly weighed before we could take it.

On this day, the Army drove happily up to the back of the Caribou with a load of truck springs. These were steel spring sets stacked four across and four sets high. My suspicions were aroused, so I jumped down and told the forklift driver to set the pallet on the ground and back off. Then, I tried to lift the pallet. It was like lifting a block of steel. I asked the copilot to get on the corner of the pallet with me to see if we could lift it together. Nothing. I rejected the load. much to the dismay of the Army guys who had to take it back and weigh the springs properly so they could get them on a C-130, or maybe even a C-141!

After this illustrious start to the day, we waited until the Army brought out a more suitable load: the infamous helmet liners. Now, helmet liners don't weigh very much. In fact, a very large crate, measuring almost the entire cube of the cargo compartment went at a staggering 800 pounds — clumsy, but light. You had to be careful to place it correctly to avoid moving the aircraft center of gravity (CG) too far forward, especially first thing in the morning with a full fuel load. The lieutenant and I put a chain gate on the big crate to secure it, while the colonel went to check the weather. When he got back, we got the aircraft into the air for Camp Evans.

When we were in the air and I fin-

ished my paperwork, I took out my KA-BAR knife and carved a small identifying number into the side of the box. We suspected that the Army was shipping the same boxes back and forth to pad aircraft utilization. I never saw any confirmed evidence to support this notion. You would have to get the same box back on the plane going in the opposite direction with the same contents to be sure. I never did.

As we came up on Camp Evans, the copilot checked the weather and reported to the colonel that we were going to have maximum crosswinds on landing. Not above the 18 knots limit, but right at it. In Vietnam, the wind blows mostly east to west. If you had a wind that was just above the allowable 18 knots, but it wasn't directly at 90 degrees to your flight path, you could calculate the crosswind component. Today it was within limits; just barely.

A Caribou pilot usually has his left hand on the yolk and his right hand on the overhead throttles when landing. With the rudder pedals and aileron, he can align the aircraft with the centerline of the runway while compensating for the crosswind component. As soon as the gear touches down, the pilot gives aileron control to the copilot, who turns the yolk to hold an aileron into the wind, so the pilot can get his left hand on the nosewheel steering, keeping his right hand on the throttles to control engine power.

On this particular landing it happened that, because of rudder input, the yolk was centered with no aileron into the wind as control was transferred from the pilot to the inexperienced lieutenant. The lieutenant immediately turned the wrong aileron into the wind, effectively making the effect of the crosswind stronger! The aircraft was rolling down the runway at about 75 knots and swerved directly at the parking area, where all kinds of fuel trucks, aircraft, people, and other obstacles awaited us.

On takeoff and just before landing,

the FE is required to strap into the first passenger seat behind the pilot. This precludes a view out the front of the aircraft, but facilitates a good view out the cargo compartment windows on the left side of the aircraft. From my vantage point I felt the aircraft lurch violently to the left and I could see we were no longer going directly down the runway, but were going toward the parking ramp at great speed! The Camp Evans runway was dirt, covered with black oil, and only 60 feet wide. Not much room for error. I could see the terrified look on the faces of the grunts as the aircraft careened toward them, obviously under less than complete control. It was that close to disaster.

Colonel La Pierre yelled, "I GOT IT, I GOT IT!" as he took control of the yoke. Applying max power and regaining directional control of the aircraft, the colonel was able to use the remaining runway to get us back in the air. Executing a perfect go-around, the colonel explained to the lieutenant that he had put in the wrong aileron in terms that were very easy to understand. Then he calmly proceeded to make an uneventful approach and we landed safely on the second try.

C-7A Model

Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

Several of you asked me at the reunion about the source of my C-7A model. It was given to me by my children for a birthday present. The source is Motion Models. The contact point is Joel. You can reach him at 800-866-3172. My customized (tail markings, squadron logo, name) 12" model is on their website: <http://www.motionmodels.com/afjet/mmc-661.jpg>.

The cost is \$300 plus shipping, stand, etc. A small discount applies if you mention our Association.



Pucker Factor

by Darrold Paulson [537,69]

I was on what we called the Blue Ribbon team as the avionics tech and we went out and recovered any Bou that broke down at a forward fire base (the Army didn't like them hanging around). One time, we offloaded the cargo at a base before heading to fix a Bou and as we taxied down the short runway for takeoff, mortar shells started falling on the runway behind us. Needless to say, we were all lifting, trying to help the bird off the ground before we got clobbered.

One time, a crew was delivering a steer in a crate via a parachute drop. The bottom of the crate was not too sturdy and the steer went through it when the chute opened. He bellowed on the way down, but it was instant hamburger. Not sure who was supposed to get the steer.

Another time we did a drop at night and took out the perimeter fence instead of putting it on the runway. Always a fun time for the Army guys on the ground!

Class Act

At the Vietnam Wall we saw something unbelievable. We noticed three small index cards at the base of the Wall. I knelt down for a closer look and saw that a four-star general's rank was pinned to each card. The cards were personally addressed and said something like:

*These are Yours, not mine!
With Love and Respect,
Your Platoon Leader,
Pete Pace, 1 Oct*

The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs had laid down his rank for his boys who died in Nam! 1 Oct was also the same

Good News!!!

The next newsletter heralds the return of the "Mail Call" column, featuring our own Dave Hutchens as correspondent-at-large.



Little Known Facts About Crew Chiefs

- hates Mondays, loves Fridays
- drinks a lot of beer!
- can sleep while working on aircraft
- can fix leaks with just a rag
- never told the truth to QA!
- spits everywhere
- knows exactly when the club opens and closes
- hates expeditors!
- when asked, was never assigned to the aircraft he is working on
- can push the -6 to hell and back
- has killed at least one specialist
- washes hands before bathroom use!
- repairs blown out boot with safety wire and F-4 tape!
- when working an 8-hour day, thinks cutback
- eats lunch with dirty hands

Check Your E-mail

If you have an e-mail address, please check our website <http://www.c-7acaribou.com/> and make sure that the email address shown there is current. If it is wrong, send the correct address to

pathanavan@aol.com.

Enlisted Milestones

1899 William (Billy) Mitchell, future Medal of Honor and prophet of American air power, enlists in the Wisconsin Volunteers as a private.

1941 MSgt Ralph Gray develops the

high altitude fuel pressure regulator.

15 Jan 1957 A1C Eugene Preiss is the first person to fly around the world backwards.

24 Feb 1969 A1C John L. Levitow saves the crew of Spooky 71. He became the lowest ranking Airman to

receive the Medal of Honor.

18 Jan 1971 TSgt Leroy M. Wright receives Air Force Cross for rescue attempt at Son Tay POW camp.

1 Jul 1986 Former A3C Larry D. Welch assumes the position of Chief of Staff, United States Air Force.

Gear Up – Again!

by Alan C. Gravel [536, 70]

Late in my tour, the chief of standardization was a Major Fry. He came from the C-141 upgrade school at Altus AFB, OK. He was, coincidentally, a man of small stature, but as personable and nice an officer as I ever met. At the time I was a lieutenant Instructor Pilot.

The Caribou Inspect and Repair As Necessary (IRAN) facility was located at Don Muong airfield in Bangkok, Thailand. Caribous were also used in Thailand to fly a scheduled courier or diplomatic run. Each morning, a C-7A would depart Bangkok, fly a loop to the north, landing at five or six airfields to drop off and pick up passengers, light cargo, and packages. In 1970, an aircraft commander would catch a hop to Bangkok, fly for one week as co-pilot and then one week as aircraft commander, and then return to CRB. It was a coveted assignment in that it amounted to an unofficial R&R. The whole arrangement worked well because the need to shuttle crews back and forth for the diplomatic run and the need to shuttle aircraft back and forth for IRAN dovetailed nicely.

I was never lucky enough to be chosen for this duty, but my roommate and best friend was. During his week as co-pilot, he flew with an aircraft commander who had been one of our classmates in C-7A upgrade training at Dyess AFB. One day, as they were taking off from Chiang Mai, Thailand, the top hatch flew open just as they lifted off. Procedure was to enter the traffic pattern, land, secure the hatch, and then take off again. In practice, it was possible to kick left rudder which would alter the air flow over the fuselage and cause the hatch to close. The flight engineer could then secure the latch.

On that day, the aircraft commander elected to simply put the aircraft back down on the runway, secure the hatch, taxi back around, and take off again. With about 5,000 feet of runway ahead of him, this might have been a good de-

cision except that the gear had already been retracted. The gear-up landing destroyed both propellers and engines, scraped all the antennas off the belly of the aircraft, and created numerous small and large holes in the fuselage. One prop tip came through the fuselage just above the head of a Thai passenger. Luckily, there were no injuries.

Understandably, this incident was embarrassing to the Caribou operation in Bangkok and to the US mission in Thailand. An all-out effort was launched to get the damaged Caribou out of Chiang Mai as quickly as possible. Major Fry came to my quarters at CRB and asked if I wanted to go with him as his co-pilot to fly the damaged C-7A to Bangkok for repair. He knew I had an engineering degree and thought that might be handy as we inspected the aircraft to determine if it was flightworthy. I jumped at the chance.

We boarded a C-130 with two engines, two props, mechanics, tools, etc. and flew to Chiang Mai the next morning. The mechanics got to work while we went into town. The mechanics worked all night and the next morning. Both engines and props had been changed and other repairs made. Most holes had been closed with metallized tape. The bottom hatch had been seriously damaged. The structure around the hatch was ok, so they closed it and taped over the area (about 3 sq ft).

We did a careful pre-flight and took off to do a double prop feathering and engine shutdown. The plan was to land, make any necessary repairs, top off with fuel, and take off again for Bangkok. Everything went so well, we decided to just go on to Bangkok. We had no weather radar, only one VHF radio, and one ADF.

It was early afternoon and the typical thunderstorms began to cook up. A large thunderstorm developed ahead of us. We eased to the west, the visibility got worse, and it got very dark. We diverted so far off our course that we wondered if we were over Burma and fuel became a concern. The storm

got bigger as we went farther west. Major Fry suggested that we might return to Chiang Mai and asked what I thought. I suggested that we press on for another ten minutes and that if I couldn't figure out exactly where we were with enough fuel for Bangkok, then we should turn back. For about 5-6 minutes, no one said a word on the intercom. It was as pregnant a silence as I have ever experienced. Then a 3 foot square of tape blew off of the bottom hatch, making a booming sound that must have drained every drop of blood from my face. I know it had that effect on Major Fry — he was as white as a sheet. After a few seconds we figured out what had happened and had a good laugh.

All this time, I was doing some serious chart reading trying desperately to figure out where we were. Then, I saw a large, concrete hydroelectric dam (like Hoover Dam) off to the west of our track. There could be only one of those in the vicinity, so I found it on the chart and plotted a course for Bangkok. We finally passed the center of the big storm and saw some lighter sky to the south. We raised a Thai air controller at Takhli on the VHF and were able to tune an ADF station in Bangkok. Things were looking good except that we were seriously low on fuel.

We declared an emergency with Don Muang tower and requested a straight-in approach. We decided to leave flaps and gear up until the last minute to conserve fuel. At about 1/4 to 1/2 mile, we put down some flaps and lowered the landing gear. Two green lights on the mains, no green light on the nose gear. We quickly agreed that we were not going around — it had been landed gear-up once and it could be landed gear-up again — much better than fuel starvation on go-around.

Just before the main gear touched down, the nose gear light came on — must have been some air in the system. Just another routine landing!!!

Bou Meets Huey

by Bruce Cowee [458,68]

One of my most memorable flights in the Caribou was on January 15, 1969. Right out of Pilot Training, I had been in-country since early June 1968, and with about 500 hours in the airplane, I had just entered the Aircraft Commander upgrade program. As a high-time copilot, I was scheduled to fly some pretty exciting missions, the one on January 15, 1969 being right up at the top of the list. The evening of January 14, I was a late addition to the next morning's flying schedule to fly co-pilot for the Wing Commander, Col. Fred Christenson, on a very unusual pre-dawn launch to Bu Krak. We were to fly a maintenance team (ed note: Pat Hanavan, George Stevenson, David Merrill, Vince Verastro, Don Bednarski, and William Osborne) to make a temporary repair on a Bou that had landed the day before and suffered some wing-tip damage. That was all I knew — the airplane at Bu Krak was damaged and unflyable, had spent the night on the dirt unloading area outside the security of the camp, and it needed to be fixed and flown back to Cam Ranh Bay ASAP. Bu Krak sat right on the Cambodian border, so close to the Ho Chi Minh Trail that the Green Berets in the camp told that they could hear the vehicle traffic on the trail at night.

The briefing was very early the morning of January 15 and we took off in A/C 171 at 4:30AM with call sign LAW 466. It was pitch dark and this was exciting in itself as we seldom, if ever, flew at night. There was no low altitude airway system in South Vietnam and all our flying was under VFR (Visual Flight Rules). The majority of the camps we flew into were designated for daytime only operation; they were unlighted, the runways were outside the perimeter and security of the camp, and they were generally unsuited for night operations unless there was a severe tactical emergency. As I recall, our annual instrument flight check was

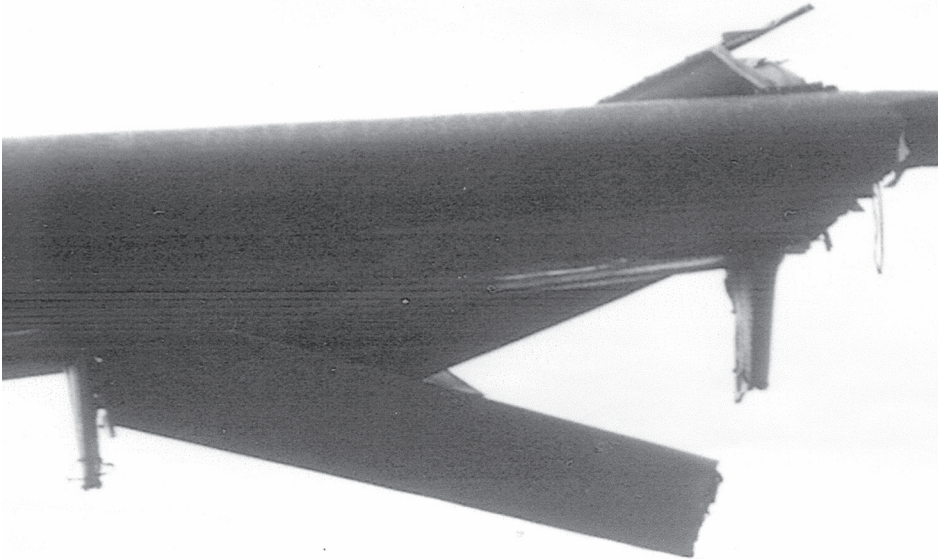


waived for the year as we seldom flew under IFR (Instrument Flight Rules), and for our daily flying, we never filed an IFR Flight Plan. The plan discussed at the briefing was to arrive at Bu Krak at sunrise, inspect the damage to the damaged airplane, drop off the maintenance crew, then return to Ban Me Thuot to continue the mission. It was a good plan, but finding Bu Krak in the dark, or early sunrise was going to be a challenge for me as the "designated navigator." Daytime flying was a different story in VFR conditions, with a lot of ground references and landmarks to help us find the camps. After 6 months of flying nearly 100 hours per month, the terrain was very familiar, making daytime navigation pretty simple. This mission was going to require a mix of TACAN and dead reckoning.

We would fly outbound from CRB

(Cam Ranh Bay) until we intercepted a course to BMT (Ban Me Thuot), then the tricky part, fly a course outbound from BMT until we reached Bu Krak, which, according to the Tactical Aerodrome Directory (TAD), was located 55 Nautical Miles out the 242 degree radial. It sounds simple but the BMT TACAN, Channel 117, had a nasty habit of losing its signal and breaking lock about 15-20 miles short of the Cambodian border, leaving ground references essential for finding the camp. The other nagging concern I had was the timing of our takeoff from CRB. I thought we might be too early and it would still be dark when we reached Bu Krak. I wasn't consulted on these details, especially when flying with the Wing Commander, so off we went.

We started out with a good signal from Channel 71, and headed toward BMT. The next challenge was Channel 117.



We got a good signal and a lock after a while, then flew inbound to the station. It was still pitch dark and the only lights below were from an occasional fire on the ground and random tracer fire from some ground engagement, fortunately not aimed at us. We finally saw the lights of Ban Me Thuot and crossed over Channel 117 – so far so good. Anticipating that the TACAN might lose its signal and break lock enroute to Bu Krak, we intercepted the 242 degree course outbound, figured a heading to hold the course, started a time hack over the station, and headed outbound. It was still very dark outside as we headed toward Bu Krak, the Cambodian border, and red lines and hash marks on our map marking the border – no Fly Zone!!!, “Do not cross under any circumstances!!!, Danger!!! Etc.” I calculated a rough ground speed, heading, and time to fly the 55 nautical miles, but we weren’t going to find or land at Bu Krak in the dark, so we drove on westbound, waiting for the sun to rise. Channel 117 broke lock about 25 miles short of Bu Krak, so on we flew, flying the predetermined heading and watching the time tick along.

The sun started to come up, but all we could see was low ground fog with beautiful green trees sticking up through the fog. I knew Bu Krak was

on a little hill that I could recognize, but it was no where in front of us. I called the camp on the FM radio, but got no response, so on we drove to the west. I knew we had flown too far west and were over Cambodia, but it took a while to convince Col Christenson to turn around and head back east. We finally made a 180 degree turn and got out of there. We flew for about 15 minutes, calling Bu Krak on the radio and looking for that hill that should be visible above the fog. Then, there it was, right on the nose. The camp answered our radio call, clearing us for landing and told us they heard us fly overhead about 30 minutes earlier. So much for my navigation – the heading and timing worked out pretty well, but we left Cam Ranh Bay about 30 minutes too early.

The most interesting part of the story was what we found on the ground at Bu Krak, and fortunately I had my camera to record it. The Caribou was missing 2-3 feet (ed: actually, over 6 feet) of the left wing tip and a good part of that was imbedded in the rotor blade of a UH-1 Huey parked nearby. The various stories I heard ranged from a mid-air collision on landing to a taxi accident, but the bottom line was a missing wing-tip (see pic to the left) and a Caribou that was not flyable. We inspected the damage, dropped off the

maintenance crew, and continued the 466 mission.

The repair was successful and the Bou was flown out of Bu Krak on January 18. What a tribute to our Caribou team!! All I can claim success for is one of my only IFR in-country navigation legs, from CRB to Bu Krak. The heading and timing worked out fine, but it was dark and we flew right over Bu Krak and about 30 miles into Cambodia. I can also claim about 30 minutes of flying time over Cambodia at a time when I thought it could have been a serious offense. Little did I know!!

As a postscript, my first landing at Bu Krak was in early July 1968 as a new co-pilot with Major Hunter Hackney, who was later awarded the Air Force Cross for a night air drop at Due Lap. He was one of those calm, cool, guys whom I tried to emulate when I upgraded to the left seat. On this first flight to Bu Krak, I dutifully read the TAD as we waited out a thunderstorm over the camp. I pointed out the note “Very slick, not recommended when wet.” Major Hackney smiled and said: “The runway is wet most of the time. Those guys in the camp need the stuff we’re carrying, so we’ll consider that note advisory in nature. Just remember, Bruce, when the book says the runway is clay/laterite like Bu Krak, and it is a safe assumption that it is a wet runway, it will be slicker than greased owl snot.” It was an honor to fly with guys like Hunter Hackney, may he rest in peace, and to work with the entire Caribou team. My flying career started out with the great Caribou foundation which saw me through the next 40 years.

[Your editor is in the pic on pg. 12, standing on the wing, inspecting the damage. See “*Good Guys Save Bou*” on pg. 18 of the March 2007 newsletter.]

Vote Now!!!

Please, remove the last sheet of this newsletter, vote on the two amendments to the By-Laws on page 28 and complete the Survery on page 27.

Aviator's Last Flight

by Stuart Witt

Feb. 17, 2007, 0350 curbside at 24th and M, Washington DC. 16 degrees with a light breeze. Going home after my second week of freezing temps. Fly my aircraft, ride a horse, climb a mountain and get back to living. I'm tired of the cold.

0425 paying the taxi fare at Dulles in front of the United Airlines counter, still cold.

0450 engaging the self-serve ticker machine and it delivers my ticket, baggage tag and boarding pass. Hmmm, that Marine is all dressed up early...? Oh, maybe,, Hmmm, "Good morning captain, you're looking sharp."

Pass security and to my gate for a quick decaf coffee and five hours sleep. A quick check of the flight status monitor and UA Flight 211 is on time. I'm up front, how bad can it be? Hmmm, that same Marine, he must be heading to Pendleton to see his lady at LAX for the long weekend all dressed up like that....? Or maybe not?

"Attention in the boarding area, we will begin boarding in 10 minutes, we have some additional duties to attend to this morning but we will have you out of here on time."

That captain now has five others with him. BINGO. I get it, he is not visiting his lady, he's an official escort. How I remember doing that once, CACO duty. I still remember the names of the victim and family. The Bruno family in Mojave .., all of them, wow, that was 24 years ago. I wonder if we will ever know who and why?

On board, 0600: "Good morning folks this is the captain. This morning we have been attending to some additional duties and I apologize for being 10 minutes late for pushback but believe me we will be early to LAX. This morning it is my sad pleasure to announce that 1st Lt. Jared Landaker, USMC, will be flying with us to his Big Bear home in Southern California.

"Jared lost his life over the skies of

Iraq earlier this month and today we have the honor of returning him home along with his mother, father, brother and uncles.

"Please join me in making the journey comfortable for the Landaker family and their uniformed escort. Now sit back and enjoy our ride, we are not expecting any turbulence until we reach the Rocky Mountains and at that time we will do what we can to ensure a smooth ride. For those interested you can listen in to our progress on button 9."

Up button 9: "Good morning UA 211 you are cleared to taxi, takeoff and cleared to LAX as filed." From the time we started rolling we never stopped. 1st Lt. Landaker began receiving his due.

Four hours and 35 minutes later, over Big Bear Mountain, the A320 makes a left roll and steep bank and then one to the right. Nice touch captain.

"Five minutes out from landing, the captain: "Ladies and gents, after landing I'm leaving the fasten seatbelt sign on and I ask everyone in advance to yield to the Landaker family. Please remain seated until all members have departed the aircraft. Thank you for your patience, we are 20 minutes early."

On roll out, I notice red lights, emergency vehicles everywhere. We are being escorted directly to our gate, no waiting anywhere, not even a pause. Out the left window, a dozen Marines in full dress blues. Highway Patrol, police, fire crews all in full dress with lights on. A true class act by everyone, down to a person, from coast to coast. Way to go United Airlines for doing the little things RIGHT, because they are the big things; Air Traffic Control for getting the message, to all law enforcement for your display of brotherhood.

When the family departed the aircraft everyone sat silent, then I heard a lady say, "God Bless You and your Family. Thank You." Then another, then another, then a somber round of applause. The captain read a prepared note from Mrs. Landaker to the effect, "Thank you all for your patience and

heartfelt concern for us and our son. We sincerely appreciate the sentiment. It is nice to have Jared home."

After departing the aircraft, I found myself, along with 30 others from our flight, looking for a window. Not a dry eye in the craft. All of us were bawling like babies. It was one of the most emotional moments of my life. We all stood silent and watched as Jared was taken by his honor guard to an awaiting hearse. Then the motorcade slowly made its way off the ramp.

I have finally seen the silent majority. It is deep within us all. Black, Brown, White, Yellow, Red, Purple, we are all children, parents, brothers, sisters, etc. ... we are an American family.

What you don't know is that on the flight I was tapped on the shoulder by Mrs. Landaker who introduced herself to me after I awoke. Her words were, "I understand you have sons in the service. Please tell them we appreciate their service. We are so proud of our kids who chose to serve at this time. We were so proud of Jared and today we find ourselves in a fog of disbelief. Jared was three days from returning home."

Early in our taxi out from the gate at Dulles, the gent next to me (a Fairfax City Council Member and acquaintance of the Thuot family) and I were talking to the flight attendant and mentioned that we had sons serving on active duty. "What do you say? How tragic, they must be devastated." He said many of the passengers had told him the same thing, so somewhere in the flight he shared his tidbits with Mrs. Landaker. Our flight attendant had been struggling with what to say, to find the right words, so he told the Landaker family of passengers who were parents of service members who connected with their grief as parents. After I gathered myself, I stepped back to their row, two behind me and introduced myself to Mr. Landaker (a Veteran of Southeast Asia as a Tanker) and Jared's uncle and brother. What a somber moment. Their Marine captain escort was a first rate

class act. He had been Jared's tactics instructor and volunteered for this assignment, as he said, "Sir, it is the least I could do, he was my friend and a great stick. He absolutely loved to fly, It's an honor to be here on his last flight."

1115: On my connecting flight, my mind raced. How lucky I was to have had an opportunity to fly my father to Spain and ride the carrier USS John F. Kennedy home in 1981. The same year Jared was born. How lucky I was to have my father on the crows landing when I made my final cat shot in an F-14. Jared's father never had that chance. Jared was at war, 10,000 miles away.

When Mr. Landaker and I were talking he shared with me, "When Jared was born he had no soft spot on his head and doctors feared he would be developmentally challenged. He became a physics major with honors, a high school and college athlete, and graduated with distinction from naval aviation flight school. He was short in stature, but a Marine all the way." Visit his life story on line at www.bigbear-grizzly.net. Bring tissue.

February 7, 2007, Anbar Province, Iraq. 1st Lt Jared Landaker, United States Marine Corps, Hero, from Big Bear, CA, gave his life in service to his country. Fatally wounded when his CH-46 helicopter was shot down by enemy fire, Jared and his crew all perished. His life was the ultimate sacrifice of a grateful military family and nation.

His death occurred at the same time as Anna Nicole Smith, a drug using person with a 7th grade education of no pedigree who dominated our news for two weeks while Jared became a number on CNN. And most unfortunately, Jared's death underscores a fact that we are a military at war, not a nation at war. Until we become a nation committed to winning the fight, and elect leaders with the spine to ask Americans to sacrifice in order to win, we shall remain committed to being a nation with a military at war, and nothing more. (And possibly no funding if congress has their way!)

1st Lt. Landaker, a man I came to know in the skies over America on 17 February 2007, from me to you, aviator to aviator, I am unbelievably humbled. It was my high honor to share your last flight. God bless you.

Aviator Heaven

- Everybody's a lieutenant, except God. He's a General or Admiral (as the mood strikes him!)
- You only come to work when you're going to fly.
- You fly three times a day, if you wish, except on Friday.
- You never run out of gas.
- You never run out of ammo.
- Your missions are one hour long (or longer if you desire) and no briefings are ever required.
- Sorties are air-to-air or air-to-ground, your choice.
- You shoot the gun on every mission.
- There are no check rides.
- It is always VFR, and there are never any ATC delays.
- You can fly down to 10 feet AGL, if you want.
- There are no "over G's."
- The airplanes never break.
- Never any Fatals ... I mean ... you're already there!
- There are never any duty officer assignments.
- You always fly overhead landing patterns with initial approach at 20 feet, then break left.
- You can go cross-country anytime you desire ... the farther the better.
- There are no ORI /UEIs.
- There are no flight surgeons.
- There are no Staff Jobs.
- There are no additional duties.
- Friday Happy Hour is mandatory.
- "Happy Hour" begins at 1400 and lasts until 0200+.
- The bartenders are all big bosomed, friendly blondes.
- Beer is free, but whiskey costs a nickel.
- The bar serves only Chivas Regal,

Jack Daniels and Beebeaters ... plus 500 kinds of beer.

- The girls are all friendly and each Aviator is allowed three.
- Country and Western music is free on the jukebox.
- You never lose your room key and your buddies never leave you stranded.
- The sun always shines, and you can put your hat in your pants pocket.
- Flight Suits are allowed in the O-Club at all times.
- The BX always has every item you ask for, most being free.
- There are never any crosswind landings, and the runways are always dry.
- Control tower flybys for wheels-up checks can be made at 600 kts.
- There are never any noise complaints.
- Full afterburner climbs over your house are encouraged.
- Fitness reports always contain the statement, "Outstanding Officer."
- Functions requiring mess dress never occur.
- All air traffic controllers are friendly and always provide priority handling.
- "ACE" status is conferred upon all Aviators entering Heaven.
- **And ... You Never Have To Grow Up!**

Pilot Gripes and Maintenance Actions

P: Left main tire almost needs replacement.

M: Almost replaced left main tire.

P: Mouse in cockpit.

M: Cat installed.

P: Something loose in cockpit

M: Something tightened in cockpit

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

M: Live bugs on back-order.

Party Hootch at CRB

by John Vickery [457,68]

Shortly after I reported for duty at the 457th in early January 1968, Cam Ranh Bay was visited by the Secretary of the Air Force (later Secretary of Defense) Harold Brown. I was asked by Lt. Col Steve Pisanos to be one of several 457th representatives at a cocktail party to be given at the Fighter Squadron's party hootch. During that event, I was standing near Colonel Mason (the 483rd Wing Commander) and Lt. Col. Pisanos (457th Commander) and heard them say words to the effect. "I sure wish we had a party hootch like this to entertain VIPs". I butted in and said, "I'll build us one". Their faces showed great surprise that this upstart major made such a declaration. They backed me into a corner and asked questions. I explained to them that I was involved in construction since Junior High School and put myself through college by working as a union journeyman stone and brick mason. Moreover, I helped my dad construct everything from homes to churches, doing framing, plumbing and just about anything else that needed doing.

At this point I had their attention. I said "There is one condition. I must have a fairly free reign to promise certain persons space available airlift to some of the neat places our C-7A aircraft took us, namely Manila, Bangkok, and Saigon to name a few." This was necessary since we would need help in the way of materials, heavy equipment, furniture, and other necessities. They agreed, with the following caveat, the new 457th party hootch must be much better than the one we were standing in (the fighter hootch) and it must be completed before Col. Mason rotated, which gave me until the Fall — in about eight months. I agreed.

My initial job was to sell the idea to the 457th troops and get them to promise to be the "Worker Bees". I received a very positive response from all of the Captains and Lieutenants. However,

the Majors and Lt. Colonels were less than impressed with the idea and basically said, "No thanks".

I drew up plans for a slab-based frame building which measured 50 by 35 ft. It would have a gabled roof of a tile-like composite common on many of buildings at Cam Ranh. It would have a restroom, card and game room, cocktail area, rattan tables and chairs, and an immense bar (nearly as long as the one in the O-Club). It would have Philippine mahogany wainscoting and a black-on-red flocked wall paper above that. There would be a tile floor and a wrought iron room divider. For CRB, it was first class.

How do you get the materials needed??? The 555th Red Horse Engineering Squadron traded heavy equipment to dig the sewer trench so that our junior officers could lay the pipe and connect to the base sewer system. They also poured the concrete in forms built by 457th troops. Triple Nickel engineers let us use their shops to finish our lumber and fabricate many of the items. They built and delivered the trusses and lifted them with a crane so that our junior officers could fasten them in place. Red Horse troops, in turn, took advantage of space available flights for their deserving airman to go for a while to "The World."

We needed air conditioning and an ice maker. The "donut dollies" at Nha Trang had four new large wall mounted air conditioners still in the crates. The Army guys at Qui Nhon had an ice maker that was broken (so they thought). By the time the dust settled, the 457th had two new air conditioners and an icemaker, the Army had an air conditioner, and the "donut dollies" had some airlift. We had one air conditioner left over for trading purposes. We adjusted the harvest cycle on the ice maker and it worked like a charm. Everyone was happy.

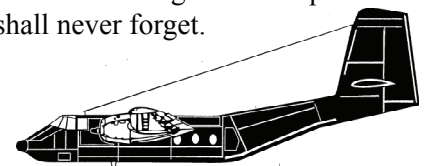
After my folks sent me my stone cutting tools, and after a furniture and wall paper run to Manila, a visit via truck to the stone quarry near the beach, and an

airlift of unfinished mahogany planks (thanks to the Pleiku Special Forces folks) — we were well on our way. We even acquired a popcorn machine in the trading that followed. The bar was stocked by acquiring the unused ration cards from the non-drinkers in the squadron and sold them at \$0.25 a drink (profits went to fund parties) — which, by the way, were attended by numerous Majors and Lt. Colonels.

We made our construction deadline thanks to the youngsters. They flew hard all day and after flying (and on their days off) worked under the lights at night, etc. I know the mission did not suffer. Rather, I think the diversion and pride brought about by their accomplishment aided morale and furthered the mission. I flew as an instructor pilot during that time, flew my share of the missions, and served a month as OIC in charge of our detachment at Pleiku.

I understand that after I rotated back to the world, the next generation of 457th officers built decks for BBQs and sunbathing around the place. I was truly honored when I heard that someone had constructed a brass plaque and placed it on the 50 foot long, floor to ceiling granite stone wall, which I built, behind the bar. The sign stated simply, "TRADER VIC'S" — built by Major John Vickery (1968). I never saw the plaque and don't know where it is. I would love to have it and/or any pictures of the hootch. The plaque may have disappeared when the Russian advisors took over the building during their stay following our pull out.

One thing is certain. I had but a small part in this particular Vietnam experience. My gratitude goes to the young officers who gave their sweat and sacrifice to make life more livable during our stay in RVN. Moreover, they gave me their friendship, advice and trust during a "life experience" I shall never forget.



Friday Morning at The Pentagon

by Joseph L. Galloway
McClatchey Newspapers

Here is something the media should be ashamed of for their indifference, and especially the New York Times conglomerate, which includes The Lakeland Ledger. Imagine this happening every Friday for four years and not one word of coverage by the media — shame on anti-Americanism practiced by brainwashed slaves for money.

It's that time of year again. Memorial Day weekend is the beginning of summer fun for most Americans, and as I've done before in this space, I want to pause to take note of the real reason there is a Memorial Day. It's meant to honor and pay our respects to those Americans who've given their lives in service to our nation, who stand in an unbroken line from Lexington's rude bridge to Cemetery Ridge to the Argonne Forest to the beaches of Normandy to the frozen Chosin Reservoir to the Ia Drang Valley to the sands of Kuwait to the streets of Baghdad.

Over the last 12 months, 1,042 soldiers, Marines, sailors, and Air Force personnel have given their lives in the terrible duty that is war. Thousands more have come home on stretchers, horribly wounded and facing months or years in military hospitals.

This week, I'm turning my space over to a good friend and former roommate, Army Lt. Col. Robert Bateman, who recently completed a yearlong tour of duty in Iraq and is now back at the Pentagon. Here's Lt. Col. Bateman's account of a little-known ceremony that fills the halls of the Army corridor of the Pentagon with cheers, applause and many tears every Friday morning. It first appeared on May 17 on the Weblog of media critic and pundit Eric Alterman at the Media Matters for America Web site.

"It is 110 yards from the "E" ring to the "A" ring of the Pentagon. This

section of the Pentagon is newly renovated; the floors shine, the hallway is broad, and the lighting is bright. At this instant the entire length of the corridor is packed with officers, a few sergeants and some civilians, all crammed tightly three and four deep against the walls. There are thousands here.

This hallway, more than any other, is the "Army" hallway. The G3 offices line one side, G2 the other, and G8 is around the corner. All Army. Moderate conversations flow in a low buzz. Friends who may not have seen each other for a few weeks, or a few years, spot each other, cross the way and renew. Everyone shifts to ensure an open path remains down the center.

The air conditioning system was not designed for this press of bodies in this area. The temperature is rising already. Nobody cares. 10:36 hours: The clapping starts at the E-Ring. That is the outermost of the five rings of the Pentagon and it is closest to the entrance to the building. This clapping is low, sustained, hearty. It is applause with a deep emotion behind it as it moves forward in a wave down the length of the hallway. A steady rolling wave of sound it is, moving at the pace of the soldier in the wheelchair who marks the forward edge with his presence. He is the first. He is missing the greater part of one leg, and some of his wounds are still suppurating. By his age, I expect that he is a private, or perhaps a private first class.

Captains, majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels meet his gaze and nod as they applaud, soldier to soldier. Three years ago when I described one of these events, those lining the hallways were somewhat different. The applause a little wilder, perhaps in private guilt for not having shared in the burden yet.

"Now almost everyone lining the hallway is, like the man in the wheelchair, also a combat veteran. This steadies the applause, but I think deepens the sentiment. We have all been there now. The soldier's chair is pushed by, I believe, a full colonel.

"Behind him, and stretching the length

from Rings E to A, come more of his peers, each private, corporal, or sergeant assisted as need be by a field grade officer.

11:00 hours: Twenty-four minutes of steady applause. My hands hurt, and I laugh to myself at how stupid that sounds in my own head. "My hands hurt." Shut up and clap. For twenty-four minutes, soldier after soldier has come down this hallway — 20, 25, 30. Fifty-three legs come with them, and perhaps only 52 hands or arms, but down this hall came 30 solid hearts.

They pass down this corridor of officers and applause, and then meet for a private lunch, at which they are the guests of honor, hosted by the generals. Some are wheeled along. Some insist upon getting out of their chairs, to march as best they can with their chin held up, down this hallway, through this most unique audience. Some are catching handshakes and smiling like a politician at a Fourth of July parade. More than a couple of them seem amazed and are smiling shyly.

There are families with them as well: the 18-year-old war-bride pushing her 19-year-old husband's wheelchair and not quite understanding why her husband is so affected by this, the boy she grew up with, now a man, who had never shed a tear is crying; the older immigrant Latino parents who have, perhaps more than their wounded mid-20's son, an appreciation for the emotion given on their son's behalf. No man in that hallway, walking or clapping, is ashamed by the silent tears on more than a few cheeks.

An Airborne Ranger wipes his eyes only to better see. A couple of the officers in this crowd have themselves been a part of this parade in the past.

These are our men, broken in body they may be, but they are our brothers, and we welcome them home. This parade has gone on, every single Friday, all year long, for more than four years." Did you know that? The media hasn't told this story.

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Return to Kwajalein

by Jan Paul Refienberg

Adapted from

Propliner Magazine, No. 3,
Summer 1987

How to herd five Caribous over 4200 miles of ocean

For more than twenty years, Caribou aircraft flew in support of the missile range situated at Kwajalein, deep in the Pacific Ocean. This is the story of how Jan Reifenberg and others ferried the last five Caribous from Kwajalein home to Oakland, CA for resale on the commercial market.

A cold Oregon rain beat against the kitchen window pane that January morning giving promise to even more storms building in the North Pacific. I was studying the bottom of my empty coffee cup when an unexpected telephone call brought me out of the gloom with an interesting offer. Several of the pilots who had flown on Kwajalein were getting together to bring back the five remaining de Havilland DHC-4 "Caribous," would I be interested? Another glance out of the window into the grey overcast convinced me that this indeed was a worthy endeavour; a chance to return to warm Kwajalein sun and again fly one of the great STOL transports. After hanging up, I realized that in my enthusiasm I had failed to ask some very elementary free lance questions. What was the condition of the aircraft, and what was the pay scale?

A FANTASTIC LOAD CARRIER

The DHC-4, or C-7A as the military designated it, was another of a long line of STOL [Short Take Off and Landing] aircraft produced by de Havilland of Canada. Powered by two Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasp R2000 7M2 engines it had a maximum gross weight of 28,500 lbs, and was designed to carry 31 passengers or 25 fully equipped troops. These were the published figures and like the venerable DC-3, it was capable of Herculean tasks when called on to do so. In an emergency

evacuation in Cambodia, I recall bringing out 59 indigenous personnel in a DHC-4, with 65 being the record! The de Havilland company built a total of 307 Caribous, of which the majority were purchased by the US Army, with 164 production models being ordered following the successful trials with five other aircraft.

The aircraft saw its most extensive use in Southeast Asia. The U.S. Army operated them in Vietnam until 1967, when the Air Force decided that they should be the only one in the tactical air delivery business. At the height of the conflict, six USAF squadrons were in operation, along with two from the Royal Australian Air Force. Companies such as Pacific Architects and Engineers and Air America also valued the Caribou for their operations. It was a rugged aircraft designed to get in and out of unimproved strips, and it did this extremely well. Most recently Caribous have gained a certain degree of notoriety for their activity in Central America. The cover story on a February 1987 issue of Newsweek magazine is entitled "Airdrops Over Nicaragua," and features pictures of one of the camouflaged DHC-4's.

Two days later I found myself boarding the 6 AM Air Micronesia flight in Honolulu. Three times a week this half freight, half passenger configured flight links the islands scattered across the broad face of the Western Pacific, with stops at Johnston Island, Majuro, Kwajalein, Korsae, Ponape, Truk, and Guam. After a brief stop at Johnston Island, the Boeing 727 puts down at Majuro, the capital of the Marshall Islands. My interest heightens as I notice what appears to be a restorable DC-3 in the livery of Western Pacific Airlines. A closer examination and a brief chat with one of the Australian pilots flying for Air Marshall Islands reveals that salt spray has caused severe corrosion to most of the airframe. My thoughts return to how long the Caribous have been stored, exposed to the elements. Forty five minutes later the 727 is on

final approach to Kwajalein and the beginning of a new adventure.

ARRIVAL IN KWAJALEIN

Every Pacific wanderer has his favorite atoll. It might be Bora Bora for its sheer beauty, or Ponape for the warmth of its native population, but Kwajalein can only be described as a piece of Americana relocated in the middle of the Pacific. Its well manicured lawns and palm lined streets make it an extremely pleasant place to live and work. No private vehicles are allowed on the island, making the bicycle the favorite mode of transportation. The lagoon and uninhabited islands in the chain serve as the target area for missiles launched from Vandenburg AFB in California. The missiles take about 26 minutes to cover the 4,200 miles. The Caribous will take three days and between 30 to 35 hours of flying time, if everything goes right, to cover the same distance. It is a strange mixture of the military and civilian on Kwajalein. The U.S. Army runs the island, but does so by contracting out to civilian firms. The aircraft bear Army markings, but are flown and maintained by contract crews. The highly technical "star wars" nature of the work on the island makes it a favorite lair for Russian ships monitoring the activities. The pilot's ready room is lined with pictures of Russian, or "brand X" as they are locally known, spy ships taken by the air crews.

After deplaning and going through the mandatory security briefing I am introduced to one of the new owners of the DHC-4's. Darryl Greenameyer, one of the true legends in American aviation, is a small man with a voracious appetite for work and getting the job done. From dawn to dusk he and a three man crew have worked changing engines, installing the ferry tanks, and cleaning off the cosmoline protectant sprayed on each aircraft. The DHC-4s have been in storage anywhere from 6-18 months. I have no sooner checked into my room when we are scheduled for a test flight of N9011R.

Darryl Greenameyer set the low alti-

tude speed record for propeller driven aircraft in a F8-F Bearcat at 483 mph. He also should have had the low altitude speed record for jet aircraft. In October 1976 near Tonopah, NV, Greenaneyer clocked an unofficial 1010 mph in a highly modified F-104 Starfighter. The record could not be certified by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale due to a malfunction of the timing equipment. Later, Greenaneyer had to eject from this same aircraft, ending the chances for a civilian built and flown aircraft to beat all the major world powers into the record books.

The former Lockheed test pilot takes an aggressive approach to everything in which he gets involved. I wonder if there is a cultural shock coming from the Mach 3+ Lockheed SR-71 to the 120 knot Caribou? After performing the functional check flight, we take up a heading for Namu atoll to the south, to log some time on a recent engine change. Namu forms a green chain of sparsely populated islands accessible only by boat and offers an insight into the traditional Micronesian life style.

EARLY MORNING DEPARTURE

After consulting the fuel consumption charts, it is determined that to make the Hawaiian islands, the wind factor cannot be more than a minus eleven knots. The following morning at 3 AM, the wind is directly on the nose at 21 knots. The decision is made to fly a two ship formation to Midway Island and refuel there. Although not on a direct course for Honolulu, it is far better than the other alternative of landing short. The Southern Cross shows up clearly to the southwest as last preparations are made and preflights completed. At 4:30 AM, N9011R begins its take off roll, followed a minute later by N9013M. At ferry weights exceeding 34,000 lbs., the DHC-4 manual states that the aircraft will climb seventeen feet per minute with one engine feathered and the other at maximum power. It also states that the time limit on maximum power is two minutes. The old saying

“Trust in God, and Pratt and Whitney” takes on a special significance during these flights.

The first leg of the flight is uneventful and affords the opportunity for some good air-to-air photography. A little over 10½ hours later, the two ship formation is cleared for approach to Midway Island. Midway is famous for the World War II battle that was fought there, which was the turning point in the war in the Pacific. More recently, the island has been known for its role as nesting ground for the albatross or gooney bird. These are the birds that return to the island only to mate, but somehow in the span between having babies forget how to land, generally ground looping or tumbling end over end. The navigator tells the story of the Navy deciding to resettle the birds due to the danger they posed to arriving aircraft. After lengthy logistic preparations, the gooneys were loaded up on transport aircraft and flown to their new home on a neighboring island. As the story goes, the birds beat the aircraft back to Midway and were there to greet them on final approach!

The leg between Midway and Honolulu gives the crew a good chance to get reacquainted with each other. Mike, the other pilot, is an Air Force Academy graduate and former F-4 Phantom pilot. His father was a P-47 pilot during World War II and a triple ace with 17 victories. A hard act to follow as Mike puts it. The navigator is a retired Navy fighter pilot and former Japan Airlines DC-8 captain. He and his son Fred Jr., who is a Hawaiian DC -9 captain, run Flight Contract Services based in Honolulu. Between them they have ferried everything from aging Learstars to factory new transports to all areas of the Pacific. His son became well known as Jock, the float plane pilot, in the opening scenes of the movie Raiders of the Lost Ark.

HALF WAY HOME

At 3 AM our two ship formation arrives unceremoniously at Honolulu

International Airport. After an hour wait for Customs and Agriculture to inspect the aircraft, the crews are finally cleared to leave for Waikiki, only to find that every hotel is filled to capacity. As we are resigning ourselves to sleeping in the aircraft, I remember a hotel we used to stay at during Christmas Island charter runs. It is located in the industrial section of the city and is directly off the departure end of 04R. The following morning, the other members of the crew remind me that the rooms were bug infested, the beds were too short, and that the hotel is a favorite retreat for Honolulu's ladies of the evening. Details, I mutter, details!

The following day is spent refuelling and oiling the aircraft for the last leg of our flight. The ferry system installed in these aircraft is very basic and very straightforward. An electric boost pump feeds fuel from the fuselage ferry tanks into the wing tanks behind each engine. The crew feeds both engines off one wing tank until it is down to 700 lbs. of fuel. Fuel is then transferred from the ferry tanks to that wing, and the process is repeated for the other wing. The back up system, should the boost pump fail, is a hand operated barrel pump. I hate to think of hand pumping avgas for the seventeen hour leg into Oakland, but it is amazing what your body is capable of when the adrenaline is flowing.

MAGNETO PROBLEMS

The following day on run up, the right magneto on the number two engine fails. The decision is made for N9013M to go on single ship. Two days later, after scouring the airport for parts, the navigator is able to rebuild the magneto and we are on our way again. In ferrying aircraft, problems which are normally considered insignificant in a one or two hour flight, assume graver proportions when you are nearing E.T.P. [equal time point] 1,000 miles out over the Pacific, and so it is with some concern that I view the main inverter tripping off the line just after take

off. Three hours later, the number two generator fails. It is still not a turn back situation, but one that definitely bears watching. At the next position report, the navigator recognizes his son's call sign. Ironically, his son is ferrying one of the new generation of de Havillands, the Dash 7, from the factory to Honolulu for Hawaiian Airlines. Going to a discreet VHF frequency. Fred Jr. gives us the bad news that at 11,000 feet we will probably be in the clouds and pick up some icing. Not welcome news since the de-icing boots were taken off years ago!

E.T.P. passes and we are now committed to proceed to Oakland. On long ferry flights, Mike and I trade off, each pilot flying a two hour shift. I am on my rest period and just nodding off to sleep when I look over to see Mike nodding off too. After I shake him awake, he assures me that he would have awakened if the airplane would have assumed any unusual attitudes. In the dim red glow of the cockpit lighting, the amber number one prop low oil light gets both our attentions. The DHC-4 utilizes a prop integral oil control, which is a separate unit located on the nose case of the engine. There is no provision for replenishing the prop oil in flight, and with insufficient oil there is no control over the propeller. There is nothing else to do, so we remove the offending light from the instrument panel.

Five hours from Oakland, we are in solid instrument conditions and picking up freezing rain. The windscreens are completely iced over, but there is nothing to see anyway. To make matters worse, due to a malfunction in the transfer system, we are only able to transfer fuel into the right wing. The thought crosses my mind that if we have to shutdown number one engine because of loss of propeller control, we would be in instrument conditions with no electrical power and would be limited to manual fuel transfer. The problem with ferrying aircraft is that you have too much time to dwell on such problems and the possibility of

them compounding. However, I do not relish the thought of flying the last four hours with a flashlight clenched between my teeth running back and forth to the barrel pump to transfer fuel.

4:30 AM and Oakland center clears us to descend to 5,000 feet. We are still in the clouds but at least out of icing conditions. Thirty minutes later we are cleared down to 3,000 feet and break out to the welcome glow of the lights of San Francisco. The crossing took 17.3 hours and it is a cold, fatigued crew that checks into the Oakland Airport Hilton. After a warm shower and a few hours rest, we are back on board the afternoon Continental flight heading back to Honolulu and the islands beyond. There are three more Caribous waiting to be ferried.

Ed. note: The next newsletter will have Jim Noone's story or ferrying 12

Wit and Wisdom

Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself.Mark Twain

For a nation to try to tax itself into prosperity is like a man standing in a bucket and trying to lift himself up by the handle.Winston Churchill

I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts.Will Rogers

A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul.George Bernard Shaw

A liberal is someone who feels a great debt to his fellow man, which debt he proposes to pay off with your money.G. Gordon Liddy

Democracy must be something more than two wolves and a sheep voting on what to have for dinner.James Bovard, *Civil Libertarian* (1994)

If you think health care is expensive now, wait until you see what it costs when it's free.P.J. O'Rourke

In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one part of the citizens to give to another.Voltaire (1764)

Old Aviators and Old Airplanes Never Die

This is a good little story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow who was 12 years old in Canada in 1967.

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a P-51 Mustang was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. airport, the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. Looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century.

His flight jacket was checkered, creased, and worn – it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn on its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check, the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time, I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use — "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!"

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked — I stepped back with the others. In moments, the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher.

One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre-flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds; we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not.

There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose — something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing!" said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight.



Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19, the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellishly fast into the air to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang." He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead Kingston." "Roger Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show! The controller looked at us. "What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!" The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permis-

sion for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3000 feet, stand by."

We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air.

At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood, she passed with the old American pilot saluting. Imagine. A salute! I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded. Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best. That America will return one day, I know it will. Until that time, I'll just send off this story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's lasted a lifetime.

Vote Now!!!

Please, remove the last sheet of this newsletter, vote on the two amendments to the By-Laws on page 28 and complete the Survey on page 27.

You Might Be A Red Neck Pilot If ...

- your stall warning plays "Dixie."
- your cross-country flight plan uses flea markets as check points.
- you think sectional charts should show trailer parks.
- you've used moonshine as avgas.
- you have mud flaps on your wheel pants.
- you think GPS stands for going perfectly straight.
- your toothpick keeps poking your mike.
- you constantly confuse Beechcraft with Beechnut.
- just before impact, you are heard saying, "Hey y'all, watch this!"
- you have a black airplane with a big #3 on the side.
- you've ever taxied around the airport drinking beer.
- you use a Purina feed bag for a windsock.
- you fuel your wizzbang 140 from a Mason jar.
- you wouldn't be caught dead flyin' a Grumman "Yankee."
- you refer to flying in formation as "We got ourselves a convoy!"
- there is a sign on the side of your aircraft advertising your septic tank service.
- your call sign is Redneck One.
- your pre-printed weight and balance sheet includes "case of Bud"
- you have ever incorporated sheet-rock into the repair of your aircraft.
- you respond to ATC with the phrase "That's a big 10-4!"
- you answer female controllers with "sugar" or "little darlin'".
- you have ever used a relief tube as a spittoon.
- you glance down at your belt buckle to help you remember your N-number.



Saving of Spooky 71

by John L. Frisbee

Heroism knows neither age nor rank. During World War II and Vietnam, five airmen earned the Medal of Honor. Junior among them was 23-year-old Airman First Class John L. Levitow, loadmaster on an AC-47 gunship, Spooky 71, that on the night of Feb. 24, 1969, went to the aid of besieged troops at Long Binh Army Base a few miles northeast of Saigon. It was John Levitow's 181st combat sortie.

Loadmaster Levitow was responsible for setting the ejection and ignition controls of the Mark-24 magnesium flares carried by USAF gunships. The flares provided illumination for troops on the ground, for the gunship's pilot to aim his three side-firing 7.62-mm Miniguns, and for fighters called in to help suppress enemy fire. Once the controls were set, the Mark-24, packed in a three-foot long metal tube weighing about 27 pounds, was passed to a gunner who triggered the arming mechanism and who tossed the tube out the plane's cargo door. Ten seconds after release, an explosive charge opened the flare's parachute, and in another 10 seconds the magnesium ignited, generating a light of 2,000,000 candlepower. At 4,000° F, the flare could burn through metal. Improperly handled, the Mark 24 could be painfully lethal.

Spooky 71 had been in the air for over 4 hours when Maj. Ken Carpenter, the aircraft commander came to where enemy mortars were laying down a heavy barrage. As the plane arrived, Levitow handed a flare to Amn. Ellis Owen, whose finger was through the safety pin ring preparatory to tossing the flare through the door when commanded.

Suddenly, Spooky 71 was rocked by a tremendous blast. An 82-mm mortar shell had exploded inside the gunship's right wing, showering the cargo compartment with shrapnel. All five crew members in the rear of the plane were hurled to the floor, bleed-

ing from shrapnel wounds. Spooky 71 fell into a steep, descending right turn, momentarily out of control. The flare, torn from Owen's hands by the blast, rolled around the aircraft floor fully armed amidst several thousand rounds of live ammunition.

Through a haze of pain and shock, Levitow, with 40 shrapnel wounds in his legs, side, and back, saw one of the crew lying perilously close to the open cargo door. As he dragged the man to safety, Levitow spied the armed, smoking flare rolling erratically around the cargo compartment. How long had it been since the safety pin was pulled — 5 seconds? Fifteen seconds?

Levitow had no way of knowing. In a matter of seconds, the flare would ignite, its intense heat turning the stricken gunship into an inferno. Weakened from loss of blood and partially paralyzed by his wounds, Levitow tried vainly to pick up the flare as it skidded around the floor. The plane was still in a 30-degree bank. Seconds ticked by. In desperation, he threw himself on the flare, dragged it to the open door, and pushed it out just as it ignited in a white-hot blaze. Levitow then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Carpenter managed to regain control of the gunship, its wings and fuselage riddled by 3,500 shrapnel holes, one of them 3 feet wide. Ambulances and a med evac helicopter were waiting at Bien Hoa when the battered plane landed with its five injured crewmen — two of them, including John Levitow, seriously wounded. Levitow was flown to a hospital in Japan. After he recovered, he flew 20 more combat missions before returning to the States to complete his enlistment as a C-141 loadmaster at Norton AFB, Calif.

On Armed Forces Day, May 14, 1970, President Nixon presented the Medal of Honor to Levitow at the White House. The young airman's heroism in the night sky over Vietnam added another chapter to the saga of valor that is a vital element of Air Force heritage.

Angel of Da Nang

by Pat Hanavan [535,68]

Lucy went to Vietnam, during the height of the fighting, at her own expense to serve her country. She was not a service member, a reporter, or a nurse. She was a private citizen who felt a sense of duty toward the troops engaged in the violent struggle called war. Her story is "refreshing, absolutely uplifting."

She spent a lot of time working at the China Beach USO, but more important was her work in the Da Nang hospital during the evenings. Lucy visited the seriously wounded in the Intensive Care Unit every day and evening, doing whatever she could to bring them comfort and peace of mind. Just listening to them, writing letters for those incapable of doing so, and often sitting [with them], giving them a sense of presence ... of caring. She did whatever was possible to alleviate their suffering and ease their mind. She was an angel, drifting and hovering among them. She found her niche, her means to serve, or as she said, "I need to repay my country, and these Marines that serve me." Even after returning to the States, she went to San Diego to visit her wounded Marines recovering in the Naval Hospital there.

When Lucy passed away, she left her estate to her wounded Marines. The most substantial amounts went to those most severely wounded and still recovering. She put her will where her heart was — a perfect example of the meshing of thought, word, deed, and love. She will not be forgotten. Lucy left a lot of footprints on the pages of life of many Marines. *Semper Fi*, Lucy.

Ed. note: Lucy was the widow of Charles Caldwell, Jr., (8/2/02-11/1/57) the coach of the undefeated Princeton football teams of 1950-51 and member of the College Football Hall of Fame. Excerpted from "The Light Side of Damnation" by William F. Lee, Author House, 2006. ISBN 1-4259-4473-6

Memorabilia

MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM

Contact Jim Meyer at jsmeyer3019@sbcglobal.net to check availability of items.

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

1. Polo Shirt*	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$18.00	Total: _____
2. Colored T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$15.00	Total: _____
3. Three-View T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
4. Denim Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$25.00	Total: _____
5. Denim Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
6. Baseball Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
7. 457 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
8. 458 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
9. 459 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
10. 535 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
11. 536 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
12. 537 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
13. 483 rd Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
14. Caribou Lapel Pin		Qty. _____ @ \$2.00	Total: _____
15. Caribou Poster (12" x 18")		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
16. Caribou Challenge Coin		Qty. _____ @ \$8.00	Total: _____

*Polo shirt colors: White, Gray, Yellow, Red, and Light Blue (please specify)

Total: _____

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

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

World War II Statistics

9,707,109,000 gallons of gas used (Jan 42-Aug 45)

459,750,000 rounds of ammo expended (Jan 42-Aug 45)

107,886,000 hours of flying time (Jan 43-Aug 45)

7,952,020 bombs dropped overseas (43-45)

2,057,244 tons of bombs dropped (Dec 41-Aug 45)

2,362,800 combat sorties (Dec 41-Aug 45)

299,230 aircraft accepted (Jan 40-Aug 45)

808,471 aircraft engines delivered (Jan 40-Aug 45)

799,972 propellers delivered (Jan 40-Aug 45)

410,259 enemy aircraft destroyed (Feb 42-Aug 45)

Tet Warning

by Ted Foster [536,67]

The night before the Tet offensive Jan of 1968, I was the operations officer for the 536th when I got a phone call from Headquarters that there was going to be an uprising that night and all VC and supporters would come out in the open and take over the villages and towns of South Vietnam. Then he said "What are you going to do about it?" I notified my Lt Col Zweifel, the squadron commander, and he decided to move every one out of our civilian quarters in Vung Tau to the Army airfield that we flew out of. We took blankets and sleeping bags to the ops building and

lay on the floor. We listened all night to a continuous "wop wop" of Army helicopters dropping flares to prevent sappers from sneaking onto the base.

About daylight, we got orders for both squadrons to load up about 100 South Vietnamese Marines and fly them to Saigon. We loaded them without making them click their rifle triggers. I was in the lead ship of about five airplanes and was surprised that we got a left hand pattern. Ordinarily we couldn't fly over Chinatown. We were on the final approach when I saw white streaks shooting across the far end of the runway. I said something about look at those white snakes crossing the runway. My crew chief said "Sir those

are rockets." That's when I began to think "What in the world am I doing here?" Since the gunfire was at the far end of the runway, I notified the planes behind me to land short. We went about half way up the runway, turned off, and let the Marines unload.

I taxied back on the runway 180 degrees from the landing direction and requested takeoff. The tower said "Not approved." There was no other traffic, so I told the other planes to follow me and we took off, away from the rockets. The last thing I heard from the tower was "I am going to violate you." I answered "Violate me." We never heard a thing about it.

Letter From Iraq

by a Marine in Iraq

This was written by my husband, Aaron, who is currently deployed to Iraq, about a recent comment made by Senator John Kerry. Pass it along, it might inspire someone else to speak up! — Michelle

One year ago, John Kerry said, "You know education, if you make the most of it, you study hard, you do your homework, and you make an effort to be smart, you can do well, and if you don't, you get stuck in Iraq."

So I wrote him a letter:

"I am a Sergeant in the United States Marine Corps. I am currently on my second tour in Iraq, a tour in which I volunteered for. I speak Arabic and Spanish and I plan to tackle Persian Farsi soon. I have a Bachelors and an Associates Degree and between deployments I am pursuing an M.B.A. In college I was a member of several academic honor societies, including the Golden Key Honor Society. I am not unique among the enlisted troops. Many of my enlisted colleagues include lawyers, teachers, mechanics, engineers, musicians and artists just to name a few. You say that your comments were directed towards the President and not us. If we were stupid Senator Kerry, we might have believed you.

I am not a victim of President Bush. I proudly serve him because he is my Commander and Chief. If it was you who was President, I would serve you just as faithfully. I serve America Senator Kerry, and I am also providing a service to the good people of Iraq. I have not terrorized them in the middle of the night, raped them or murdered them as you have accused me of before. I am doing my part to help them rebuild. My role is a simple one, but important. You see Senator Kerry, like it or not, we came here and removed a tyrant (who terrorized Iraqis in the middle of the night, and raped them

and murdered them). And we have a responsibility to see to it that another one doesn't take his place. The people of Iraq are recovering from an abusive relationship with a terrible government and it's going to take some time to help them recover from that. We can't treat this conflict like a microwave dinner and throw a temper tantrum because we feel like it's taking too long.

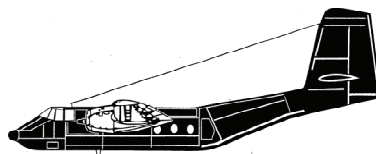
Senator Kerry, you don't have to agree with this war. You don't have to say nice things about those of us who choose to make sacrifices for the rights of every American rather than sit back and simply feel entitled to it. But please, Senator Kerry, if you're going to call me a stupid murdering rapist, stick by what you say. Don't tell me that I misunderstood or that you would never insult a veteran because you're one too. Having been there and done that does not give you a free pass to insult me.

My suggestion for you, Senator Kerry, is to remember that your speeches are recorded, and broadcast to us simpletons over here. You may want to write down what you want to say before you say it, maybe have somebody look at it before you say it and tell you what others might hear. Remember that we can't read your mind, if there are any misinterpretations in what you say, it's because you didn't communicate clearly.

Good luck to you, Senator Kerry, if nothing else, it's always entertaining to watch you try and climb out of the holes that you constantly dig for yourself.

Sincerely,

Somebody who is watching his daughter grow up in photographs so that you can have the right to say whatever you want about him."



Caribou Tax

Check the mailing label on this newsletter. If it does not show "2008" or later, then it is **TIME TO PAY** your Caribou Tax or this will be the **last** newsletter you will receive.

If you aren't up to date, you:

1. may have changed your address and the January 2007 post card reminder went to an old address
2. may have just sent in your check
3. may have forgotten to send your check
4. are one of the 251 roster names who should send 2008 dues **NOW**.
5. might be the one person on the roster whose information is wrong (probability = 0.0013)
6. may just have a slowly failing memory, like so many of us
7. **DO IT TODAY.** Write your \$10 check to the C-7A Caribou Association and send it to:

Bill Buesking
18520 Rustling Rdg
San Antonio, TX 78259-3641

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

1. You may have just missed a **great** reunion!
2. You will be missing newsletters like this one — filled with news about guys you flew with or busted knuckles with on the line, and stories worth telling at the bar.
3. Your \$10 will help the Association grow and put on other outstanding reunions like the one in Dayton from 28 Sep to 2 Oct, 2008.

Five Most Dangerous Things in the USAF

- An Airman saying, "I learned this in Basic Training ..."
- A Sergeant saying, "Trust me, sir..."
- A 2nd Lt saying, "Based on my experience ..."
- A Capt saying, "I was thinking ..."
- A CMS chuckling and saying, watch this **** ..."

To: All Active Voting Members of the C-7A Caribou Association
From: The C-7A Caribou Association Board
Subject: Proposed Changes to the By-Laws
Date: 30 November 2007

Under the mandate of the Pigeon Forge business meeting that tasked the Board with developing a formal Nominating Committee and due to changes in the IRS rules for a 501(c)19 organization such as our own, your Board has developed several proposed By-Laws amendments. In strict keeping with Article 7 of the By-Laws regarding amendments, we have decided to seek adoption of these changes by a mail vote open to all Active Voting Members. This document includes the wording of each amendment and an explanation of what it means. We have included the Board's vote on each amendment. For your overall guidance, it is safe to say that the Board urges all of you to vote in favor of these changes as we move into the future with a larger and stronger Association. The final page of this newsletter is the actual ballot, which is set up so that you can fold it in half, tape it shut, and mail it. We hope you will understand that asking you to place your own postage on it is a great savings to the Association and a small cost to each individual.

The current By-Laws may be found on the Association web site at: <http://www.c-7acaribou.com/by-laws.htm>.

Amendment 1 — Article 6

This amendment implements the Nominating Committee mandated by the membership. It was developed with the consultation of our first Nominating Committee and it is designed to assure a fair and equitable process for selecting candidates for office that is open to all and free of outside interference or influence. At the recommendation of the Nominating Committee, Article 6(1)a was changed to clarify that "general makeup" does not imply a quota system. It is difficult, at best, to find people willing to work on the Board, and having a strict quota system would only exacerbate that problem. The Board agreed with the Nominating Committee recommendation on this point. Paragraph 2 remains unchanged. Paragraph 3 has a wording change to more accurately reflect our actual situation. The original wording assumed that reunions would be held at intervals of approximately one year, but recent experience has shown that this is not always the case. Paragraph 4 is a new addition to Article 6, which establishes the framework for the Nominating Committee. This is a combination of the suggestions of the Nominating Committee and a long and arduous discussion by the Board. It represents the diligent and good-faith effort of ten people who have all worked long and hard in the best interests of the Association.

The proposed changes to Article 6 are:

Article 6. Management Structure

1. **Board of Directors.** The Association shall have a Board of Directors.
 - a. Election and Composition of the Board of Directors. The Board shall be elected by the active membership at the same time as the election of the Association Officers. The Board shall be composed of seven active members. The Board shall be composed of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and three (3) Board Members-at-Large. The Board should reflect the general make-up of the active membership, but shall not be subject to any quota system.
 - b. Number of Members of the Board of Directors. The number of the members of the Board may be changed, from time to time, by the vote of the active membership. The Board may select an active Association member to fill a vacancy on the Board during its term.
 - c. Chairman of the Board. The Board shall elect a Chairman who shall serve during its term. The Chairman shall coordinate issues, activities, motions, and receive the Board member's votes.
 - d. Authority of the Board of Directors. In the absence of specific direction by the active membership or the By-laws, the Board may decide and carry out actions in accordance with these By-laws and the vote of the active membership.
 - e. Actions by the Board. Actions by the Board shall be by the affirmative vote of a majority of the Board members. Any Board action may be vetoed by a vote of a majority of the active membership at an Association meeting in which a quorum is present. Actions taken by the Board prior to any rescission or veto shall not affect third parties.
2. **Officers and Appointments.** The Association Officers are: President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer.
 - a. Office Vacancy. Should an Office become vacant, the Board may appoint an Active Member to fill that vacancy until the next election of Officers.
 - b. Other Positions, Committees, and Offices. The Board or the active membership may establish, for specific purposes, other positions, committees, and offices. Active Members shall fill these positions and shall serve under such terms and

conditions as the Board deems appropriate.

3. **Terms of Office.** Association Officers and Board Members shall serve until the next election. There is no limitation on successive terms.

4. **Nominating Committee.** A nominating Committee shall prepare a slate of qualified candidates for an election.

- a. The Nominating Committee shall be appointed by the Board and shall consist of three active members who have previously served on the Board, but are not currently serving on the Board. One of the committee members shall serve a two-year term and the remaining members shall serve a one year term. No member of the Nominating Committee shall serve consecutive terms.
- b. The Nominating Committee shall produce a slate of candidates with not less than one name for each of the elected offices specified in these By-Laws.
- c. The Nominating Committee shall be autonomous in its deliberations and the Board shall not alter, by adding to or substituting their judgment for, any nomination made or not made. The Nominating Committee shall determine the slate of candidates to be presented at the election being held and the Board shall not have the authority to alter the slate presented by the Nominating Committee.
- d. The Nominating Committee shall make periodic progress reports to the Board and shall advise the Board monthly on whether or not it is on track to finish its work by a target date mutually agreed upon by the Nominating Committee and the Board at the time of its appointment. The Committee shall also present a formal report to the membership at the business meeting, prior to the election, certifying that the results are authentic, represent their work alone, and have not been altered in any way.
- e. The Nominating Committee shall serve until the election is held for which they were appointed.

The underlined text is the proposed change. All other parts of Article 6 are left as they were. The Board voted unanimously to propose this change for your consideration.

Amendment 2 — Article 4(2), paragraphs c and d

This amendment clarifies Article 4 in the area of “Other Relationships to the Association”. The change is in wording only and does not represent any change of meaning in the original document. We feel this is necessary because the IRS has tightened the membership requirements for 501(c)19 organizations and severely limited membership of non-veterans of the United States Armed Forces. We felt that by explicitly stating that “Honorary Friends of the Association” and “Friends of the Association” are not “members” of the Association, we could avoid any semantic disagreements with the IRS. As can be seen in the original wording, the title of each paragraph does not state that these classes are “members”, but the proposed wording explicitly states that they are not.

The proposed changes to Article 4:

Article 4

2. Other Categories of Relationship to the Association

- c. “Honorary Friends of the Association” are relatives (other than a spouse) of a deceased Active Member who shall be entitled to such benefits and privileges as determined by The Board, without any payment, but who shall not be members of the Association, and are not entitled to vote or serve as an Officer or Board Member.
- d. “Friends of the Association” are those who apply to receive newsletters or other products offered by the Association under such payments or terms as The Board may set, but who shall not be members of the Association, and are not entitled to vote or serve as an Officer or Board Member.

The underlined text is the proposed change. All other parts of Article 4 are left as they were. The Board voted unanimously to propose this change for your consideration.

Send your Bou Tax NOW – Details on page 24.

**Post-reunion survey – Please, record your responses in the right column/ Thank you for your input.
If you did not attend the 2007 reunion, skip questions 2-6.**

- 1. How did you hear about the reunion?
 - a. Newsletter
 - b. Web site
 - c. Other
- 2. How did you travel to the reunion?
 - a. Airplane
 - b. Private vehicle
 - c. Other
- 3. What would you do to improve the War Room?
 - a. Nothing
 - b. Larger
 - c. Smaller
- 4. Would you like to see any changes in the memorabilia room?
 - a. Larger inventory?
 - b. Advance sales where you order the memorabilia online and pick it up at the reunion?
 - c. Would you like to help Jim during the next reunion?
- 5. During the three days of the reunion did you have enough time to do all the things you wanted to do?
 - a. Yes
 - b. No, we stayed longer to enjoy the sights.

- 6. What are your thoughts on the Business Meeting?
 - a. Well prepared and not too long.
 - b. Reports were helpful and informative?
 - c. Agenda was helpful?
 - d. What changes would you like in the meeting?
- 7. Are you planning to attend 2008 reunion in Dayton?
- 8. Please rate your reunion experience. 1 being the worst and 10 being the best.
- 9. How do you like to spend your free time at a reunion?
 - a. Sharing experiences in the War Room
 - b. On my own, visiting interesting places in the area
 - c. Pre-planned tours to interesting places and entertainment in the area
- 10. How often should we have reunions?
 - a. Each year
 - b. Every two years
 - c. Every 3-5 years
- 11. Comments (Good or Bad)

1.	A	B	C							
2.	A	B	C							
3.	A	B	C							
4. a	Yes	No								
4. b	Yes	No								
4. c	Yes	No								
5.	Yes	No								
6. a	Yes	No								
6. b	Yes	No								
6. c	Yes	No								
6. d										
7.	Yes	No								
8.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9.	Yes	No								
10.	A	B	C							

Place
Stamp
Here

Al Cunliffe
2370 North Cobb Loop
Millbrook, AL 36054-3643

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

Address Service Requested



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

Please, clearly check your preference for each amendment.
 There should be one check mark in each row.

Amendment Number	Vote in favor of amendment	Vote against amendment
Amendment 1 - Nominating Committee	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Amendment 2 - Clarify Friends of the Association and Honorary Friends of the Association as non-members	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Vote Now!!!

Please, remove this sheet of the newsletter, vote on the two amendments to the By-Laws above, complete the Survey on page 27, then fold and mail to Al Cunliffe.