C-7A Caribou Association

Volume 23, Issue 1

Katum: III Corps Hotspot!

The communist Tet-68 offensive threatened to disrupt the construction of Camps Thien Ngon and Katum, under the jurisdiction of Control Detachment B-32 at Tay Ninh. However, the main enemy thrusts were aimed at populated Vietnamese centers and only marginal raids were made to damage engineer equipment at the new camp sites.

Katum (VA3-287) is located approximately eight kilometers south of the Cambodian border in the South Vietnam province of Tay Ninh in III Corps Tactical Zone – a small camp measuring about 100 meters across , designed in the shape of a five-pointed star.

The camp consisted of three circular defensive berms, one within the other. The outer berm was manned by local indigenous Vietnamese civilian irregular troops who were part of the Civilian Indigenous Defense Group (CIDG). The second berm, inside the first, was manned by a mix of non-local Vietnamese and Cambodian soldiers. And the center berm was manned by Americans, Montagnards, and very trusted Vietnamese.

Between the outer and second berm the indigenous troops' families lived. Between the second and center berm lived the non-indigenous troops. Inside the center berm was the command post, a U.S. Army battery of 105 mm howitzers and the living quarters of the U.S. troops. Each of the berms provided a defensive ring manned with M-60 machine gun bunkers and firing positions.

The pace of the war in 1968 intensified again when the long-anticipated communist Third Offensive began on August 18 in Tay Ninh Province and then spread to other regions of the country. The most significant battle of this offensive occurred in the Central Highlands at Camp Duc Lap. From August 23 to 29, three North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regiments (66th, 95C, 320th) attempted to destroy the Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) camp as well as a nearby South Vietnamese district headquarters. Camp Duc Lap was partially overrun, but the camp defenders eventually regained all fallen positions with the help of counterattacking elements from both the 2nd and 5th Mobile Strike-Force Commands. The North Vietnamese were forced to retreat.

The greatest advantage of the mobile strike force concept for Special Forces group and company commanders was its ability to conduct far-ranging operations in areas beyond traditional tribal homelands. Indigenous mobile strike-force members were volunteers who received better training, higher pay, and equipment superior to those in normal camp defense forces.

The flexibility and high proficiency of these strike-force operations were highlighted by parachute jumps on Bunard, Nui Giai, and Nui Coto and the encounters at A Shau, Tong Le Chon, Duc Lap and Katum.

The enemy attempted to destroy several Special Forces camps north of Saigon in late 1968. The border-surveillance camp of Camp Katum in upper Tay Ninh Province was rocketed and mortared throughout August and September and close-assaulted twice by the 5th VC Sapper Battalion. The determined enemy ground forces were defeated only after heavy combat.

During the many attacks on Katum, thirteen Caribou crew members received the DFC for missions flown in support of the Special Forces troops and their supporting elements.

In This Issue

President's Corner ..... Page 2
Air Force Cross..... Page 3
My Year In Vietnam (Pt. 2) .. Page 4
Early 1st Cav Mission..... Page 5
Eels On The Ramp ..... Page 5
Short Timer ..... Page 5
Don't Hit the Beer Ship ..... Page 6
Firebase Katum ..... Page 7
Aviation Pioneer ..... Page 8
Siege At Duc Lap ..... Page 10
Paradise Lost ..... Page 11
Checklist Origin ..... Page 11
Best Air Transports ..... Page 12
Army Jobs ..... Page 13
R.C. Bou ..... Page 14
Ba Ngoi School..... Page 15
Oops! In The Ditch ..... Page 15
Landing On Foam ..... Page 15
Lifted By Air Bags..... Page 16
C-27J Spartan..... Page 16
RAAF Caribous. ..... Page 17
Caribou Medic ..... Page 17
Seagram's 7 Ritual..... Page 18
Flaps Or Not..... Page 18
LST To CRB ..... Page 19
Creative Requisitions..... Page 20
Ops In Cambodia ..... Page 20
Elevator Incident ..... Page 22
Rocket Magnet ..... Page 22
Hit During Drop ..... Page 23
Dak Seang At Night ..... Page 24
Hardship R&R ..... Page 25
Rolling Thunder ..... Page 26
Senior Humor ..... Page 27

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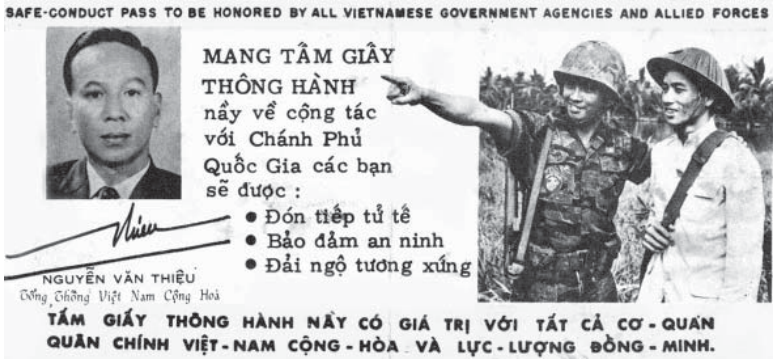
President's Corner

Reunion 2012 (17-21 Oct) is shaping up to be an exciting and outstanding event. Members who live in or near Dover, DE have responded to an invitation to form a local committee. They are working hard to make the reunion a success.

Some of the activities in the works are: Reception on Wednesday evening at the hotel. Bus and ferry excursion across the bay to Sunset Beach, NJ on Thursday for a special retreat ceremony honoring our 39 fallen brothers. Tour of the base and briefings on current Air Force airlift capability on Friday. Optional dinner is on tap at the hotel on Friday evening. On Saturday, we will visit the Air Mobility Command museum at Dover AFB and dedicate our memorial bench which is already in place near our Caribou. Some of the museum's aircraft will be open for us, our families, and friends to see and go inside, including the C-7A. Banquet Saturday evening at the hotel.

Reservations can be made now at the Holiday Inn, Dover, DE (302-747-5050). Mention the C-7A Caribou Association reunion to get our rate of $95.00 per night ($102.60 with tax). Rate good two days before and after the reunion.

Other activities are being considered, e.g., crab lunch or dinner on the waterfront.



Blood Chit

from Frank Pickart [536, 70]

Air Force Cross

in 7th AF News, 28 Aug 1968
from HQ PACAF

Of the 81 Air Force Crosses awarded up to March 1968, all but one – the first – were awarded for service in Vietnam.

Established by Congress in 1960, the Air Force Cross is the newest USAF decoration for heroism in combat. It was first awarded in 1962 to Maj Rudolf Anderson, Jr., for heroic action as a reconnaissance pilot during the Cuban missile crisis.

Criteria for the Air Force Cross is outlined as "Extraordinary heroism, not justifying the award of a Medal of Honor, while serving in any capacity with the Air Force; while engaged in an action against an enemy of the United States; or, while serving with friendly forces engaged in armed conflict against an opposing armed force in which the United States is not a belligerent party."

Like the Distinguished Service Cross and the Navy Cross, to which the Air Force Cross is parallel, it may be awarded to members of foreign military forces and to the American and foreign civilians serving with the Armed Forces of the United States.

First enlisted man to be presented the nation's second highest decoration was A1C William H. Pitsenbarger. This posthumous award was to a rescue and survival specialist aboard a helicopter in South Vietnam.

Seventy-four Air Force Crosses have been awarded since early 1965, when Air Force operations in Vietnam increased. During the first quarter of 1968, the Air Force Cross was awarded 22 times.

Note: Two C-7A Caribou crew members were awarded the Air Force Cross during the Vietnam War: Maj Hunter F. Hackney and Maj George C. Fink., Sr., both for action at Duc Lap in August 1968.

To date, the Air Force Cross has been awarded 192 times.

Caribous Support CIDG Duc Lap During 18-29 August 1968 Siege

Combat support missions flown by the 457th TAS and 458th TAS on 24-25 August 1968 to resupply the Civil Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) camp at Duc Lap resulted in the award of 2 Air Force Crosses, 2 Silver Stars, and 18 DFCs. Citations for many of these awards can be found at:

http://www.c-7acaribou.com/history/award_search.asp

My Year in Vietnam Part 2

by Frank Woznicki [536, 66]

Note: The first part of Frank's story was published in Newsletter 22-2.

It all started in 1966 when I was stationed at Langley AFB, VA as a flight mechanic in aerial spray ─ flying on C-123 aircraft, spraying mosquitoes and fire ants, and training flight crews to fly the Ranch Hand birds in Vietnam. We were TDY in one of the southern states spraying for mosquitoes when my hands and arms broke out in a rash and open sores. I had developed a reaction from so much exposure to the chemicals. We cut the mission short and returned to base. Luckily, in about a week, a MSgt was selected to go to Vietnam on the CV-2 as the Army called the Caribou. He did not want to go so I volunteered to go in his place.

Off to Ft Benning to CV-2 school. They put me in a maintenance class, not as a flight mechanic, so I completed the school, then off to Vietnam. The day I got there I checked in then went to the NCO Club to have a few. It was like old home week. A lot of my buddies that I had been stationed with in the last 13 years were there. The next morning my head was hurting a little as we made our way through the shot line and processed in. I asked to see the commander and told him I volunteered to go over as a flight mechanic not as a maintenance man. He said, "No problem" and sent me over to pick up my M-16 and .38 and assigned me to Vung Tau. I was on a Bou to Vung Tau the same day.

On a mission one day, we were hauling rockets of some kind or another and we made a landing in a field and taxied to the end and turned around to be ready for takeoff. In a few minutes, I saw a lot Vietnamese in black pajamas coming out of the woods, so I started pushing the rockets off the tail-gate to lighten the load for takeoff when I saw a U.S. GI coming toward us. What a relief that was. I thought Charlie had us that day. The Special Forces troop wasn't too happy. He was afraid I damaged the rockets!

Another time, we landed to pick up a Vietnamese that one of our vehicles hit. His skull was bashed in and would rise and fall with each heart beat. We were told that if he died before we got to Saigon not to tell them or they would take their time picking him up. He was still alive when we got there, but I don't know how. I did make friends with some of the Army flight mechanics that helped check me out on the Bou air drops and LowLEXes. The two that I remember were Ching and Vasques. Ching was from Hawaii. He was killed in his hut by horseplay with a M-79 grenade. One of his buddies tossed the grenade at him and said "catch," but Ching was putting on his pants and tripped when he caught it and it went off when he hit the floor. It shouldn't have armed at that distance or that speed. The M-79's were a piece of c*#p anyway.

Driscoll, another friend of mine in the Special Forces at Can Tho, went out on a sweep and was killed by a bouncing Betty mine. The VC stole the mines from us and used them against us. The last time I talked to him, he told me all he wanted to do was get home and go fishing with his son.

Vasques was from Puerto Rico. He got assigned to helicopters as a gunner and crew chief when the Air Force took over the Bou. One day, we were called off our regular mission for an emergency med-evac. The VC had shot down a bunch of choppers. If I remember right, it was between 10 and 14 of them. Anyway, as we were loading up the wounded, Vasques came walking up to me and he said he had three choppers shot out from him but he made it out. He was quite shaken and told me. "Look, they almost got me" as he showed me a bullet hole through his pant leg, though it did not hit his leg. He said he was waiting for another chopper to go out again and he still had his machine gun. I saw him one more time after that. He was crew chief on a general's plane. By the time they got all the wounded to us and loaded, it was dark. I looked out the window as we were taking off and it looked like the Fourth of July with all the tracers coming up at us, but we didn't take any hits. I helped the medic with the wounded, trying to stop the bleeding. They were shot up pretty bad, but we got them all to Saigon still alive.

One time, we had to resupply a Special Forces camp, landing on a strip of grass between two rice paddies. A bunch of Vietnamese in black pajamas came running out of the paddies. They jumped up the ramp into the plane and started unloading the supplies. It's a good thing they were friendlies as there was not enough room to take off straight ahead to get out of there. We had to back the Bou up with the engines and we only had about 8 to 10 feet on each side of the landing gear, or we would have gone into the paddies. After takeoff, I found a grenade pin on the floor of the aircraft. I heard about VC that pulled the pins on grenades and wedged them in a space on planes. The vibration would shake them loose and set them off. I checked the inside of the plane, but didn't find the grenade. It was a long day. I sweated out each takeoff and landing. I have carried my keys on that grenade ring ever since.

We supplied the mercenary forces under Maj. Meracheck and one day we were diverted from our mission to go to Monkey Mountain to pick up some troops. When we landed, it was Maj Meracheck and his mercenaries that needed a ride out. They had been in a fire fight and as it turned out it was with ARVN forces. The Major said he had not lost any men, but the ARVNs had. He was proud of that. His mercenaries were comprised of Cambodians. They had their teeth capped in gold and the teeth painted different colors. When they smiled, it looked like a rainbow when the sun shined on them. I was told

Continued on Page 5

My Year . . . (from Page 4)

that they have their teeth capped in gold as a way to save their pay.

Another time, we got a call that his troops were running out of ammo and supplies. It was getting dark, so Maj Peck set up a night flight to resupply them. They set up some lights you could see from the air, outside a little village. We were able to find them, so we made a go-around for an air drop to them, then went around again and made another drop. When we were finished, the pilot asked if the drops were on target and we were told they were though the last pallet went through the roof of the providence chief's house. Oh well, at least they didn't need to look for it.

Another time, a group of Special Forces was pinned down by enemy fire and one of our birds was hauling 55 gallon drums of fuel. They diverted and dropped the fuel on the VC and a fighter shot tracers into the area and it wiped out the VC. Another job well done. Shortly after that Maj Peck was relieved of command at Can Tho. We believed it was because he authorized us to do some of these things. That may be why we were known as Peck's Bad Boys.

On the 31st of December 1966, my father died and I was informed of it while at Can Tho. I got a flight on one of our Bous back to Vung Tau and packed while it waited for me. They flew me to Saigon to get a flight back to the States. I was back in Vietnam the second week of January and right back to Can Tho. While I was gone, they were short handed at Can Tho, so they had Troy Shankles go on a flight with a Special Forces troop and the bird got shoot up pretty bad. Troy was wounded and the Special Forces troop was hit. Troy and I were best buddies in Vietnam. I looked for Troy and found him through the internet and stopped to see him on my way to our reunion in Pigeon Forge. He looked much the same after 38 years . Some of the metal was still working its way out of him that year.

I volunteered for a tour to Thailand for 15 days. It's rough duty there, you know. We flew all through Thailand, resupplying our outposts. On one flight, we were flying over water the pilot decided he wanted to see if he could get low enough to the water to get the props to pick up water and make a rooster tail. Not being a avid swimmer, it was a little stressful and it didn't work. If our gear had been down, we would have been taxing on water. Later, he saw two little mountains peaks sticking up out of the water and decided to see if we could fly between them. We made it. I was kind of happy when we were flying over land again. We got extended one day longer in Thailand because Saigon got sapped and there were holes in the runway. We really hated that. Remember, Thailand was rough duty.

Another rough duty I had was flying the nurses from the German hospital ship Helga to Con Son island so they could go swimming. It would have been a lot better if the jelly fish had not been there. Troy and I did fly a few sorties to the villages of Vung Tau and Can Tho to check out the local brew. It made for bad heads the next morning.

The events here may not be in the sequence they happened, as the years have dulled my memory a little.

And that was my year in Vietnam.

Bou Author

Jack Saux [536, 66] has written two books which may interest you. *Clueless in New Orleans: Adventures in Adolescence* and *The Pilot and the Fairy Princess* are both available on Amazon.com.

Correction

From the editor: My remarks at the reunion banquet and the reprint in the last newsletter contained a typo. Tom Eller's name was incorrectly typed as Ron Eller. My apology to Tom. His name was listed in recognition of his DFCs (An Khe and LZ English) and his Airman's Medal (Phu Cat).

Early 1st Cav Mission

by Oscar Ray [537, 66]

I was one of the first USAF personnel assigned to the First Cavalry Division at An Khe in September 1966. It didn't take me long to get to know that the Army manuals on the Caribou would not meet the specifications set forth by the Air Force for technical data.

My first mission was to help evacuate a small village that the Vietcong was on their way to destroy. The Army sent three aircraft to evacuate the village. Mine was the first to land. We received 37 hits in my left stub wing about all were in the left wing flap.

We got all the villagers out without any wounded and got them to a village that was out of danger.

Eels On The Ramp

by Jack King [537, 65]

We delivered a pallet of eels to an outpost and the Vietnamese soldiers tried to carry the drums of eels off. The load was too heavy for them and all the live eels were dropped on the ramp. The scene that followed was right out of the old slapstick comedy movies. Eels were all over the ramp and the soldiers tried to pick them up, but the eels proved too slippery. We could only laugh until we cried. A little joy was welcome during the hot and stressful days of supporting the ground troops.

Short Timer

by Jim Wood [537, 66]

We flew sorties into a heavily defended and mountainous area in very bad weather about August 1967. I don't recall the name of the destination, but we landed at An Khe. An Army Major I knew was standing in line to board another Caribou. I took a short walk while my Bou was being refueled. When I got back, he was in line to board my aircraft. I said that I saw him at another plane. He replied that he knew I was short and wasn't going to take any chances, so he chose to fly with me. He was right. I rotated on August 14th.

B-17 Navigator's Log

9-28-43 Mission #1. Went to Rheims, France, 130 miles into France – an airfield. P-47 protection all the way. Complete undercast. Couldn't see the airfield so didn't drop bombs. Flak on the way and 10 Me-110's who did not attack us on the way back. Coming

back over England, a B-17 on our left got out of control and came up under another and its props cut its tail off completely – clean as a knife. Tail went up and the rest of the plane went up, over, and down. I watched out our left window – 7000 ft. They didn't have a chance. The other plane's wing came off and it spun down also. Just like a moving picture! 10 mi. East of London. Just then our #2 engine caught fire and we came in on 3 engines. Good landing, however. 24 to go!

More On Aussie Bous

by Don Melvin [18 Sq, 70]

"AERO," an Australian aviation magazine, reports that the Historical Aircraft Restoration Society (HARS) acquired two aircraft (A4-210 and A4-234) with two "spares packages" (composition not specified), one propeller, and **15 engines**. Unless that is a misprint, they should be okay for engines until the wings start falling off!

HARS also has a C-54/DC-4 they are restoring to flyable condition. It also uses the R-2000, so they should come in very handy. They got civil registrations VH-VBA and VH-VBB, for "Vietnam Boo Alpha" and "Bravo" respectively … ah! nostalgia!

Don't Hit The Beer Ship

Stars and Stripes, 14 Mar 1967

Once a month, a small ship leaves Manila for South Vietnam, loaded to the gunwales with a cargo that some soldiers consider to be as important as ammunition. It is **beer**.

In the past two months, the ship, *San Miguel Brewer*, has landed nearly four million cans of beer in South Vietnam, and frequently dodged bullets to do so.

"We were delivering beer to the 9th Infantry Division at My Tho and shells were flying over head," said Capt Lorenzo Calulo, master of the ship. "The Viet Cong were on the other side of the river shooting back, but no one shoots at us. They know we are the beer ship."

During that episode, soldiers from the 9th Infantry came aboard for a few cans of cold beer during a respite in the fighting. "We are always getting people on board who want some cold beer," said Calulo.

"The other day we were 20 miles up the Mekong River and some U.S. planes sank a sampan about 50 yards from us. A U.S. Navy patrol boat picked up about 40 people thought to be Viet Cong, and then came along side and asked if we had any beer. Of course we gave them a couple of cases. I don't know if they shared it with the VC."

San Miguel Brewery, the owners of the ship, claim it is the only ship in the world that carries nothing but beer as its cargo, At the moment, the 1,330 ton vessel is in Manila Bay being painted white. "We think it will be safer than the grey color we have at present," said Calulo. "White is the color of hospital ships. We're not a hospital ship, but at least we carry a form of medication."

Most of the beer carried by the *Brewer* is consigned to PXs and clubs in the battle areas. The shipment of Philippine beer to South Vietnam has caused come international problems, involving the Philippine government, Gen. William C. Westmoreland's headquarters and American brewing companies.

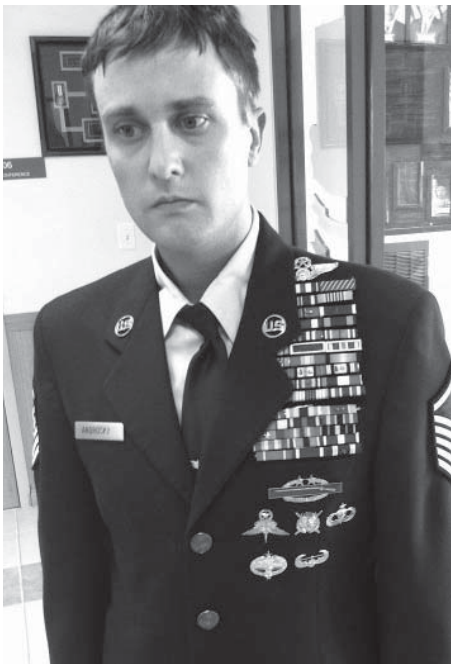
The general policy of military headquarters in Saigon is to buy only American beer.

But the Philippine foreign office protested this decision, claiming it discriminated against the Philippines which has been trying for a share of American offshore procurement.

Although the *Brewer* is often in range of Viet Cong guns, she carries only two weapons – a Thompson sub-machine gun and a tear gas pistol.

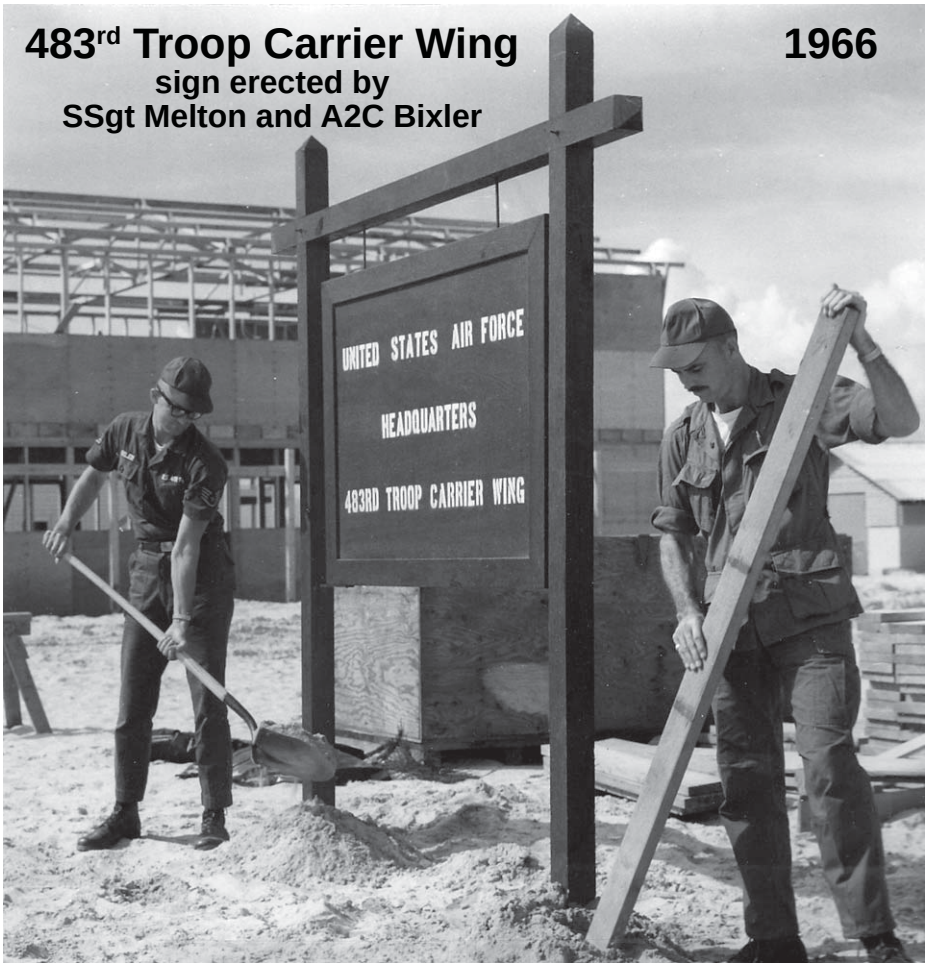
"We keep them to protect us from pirates in Manila Bay," said Calulo. "They are very dangerous here, and they like beer too."

Hero Wannabe!



If you're looking for a good morning laugh, here it is. Apparently, this young man recently showed up at a graduation ceremony at the 150th Infantry Regiment (Basic Combat Training). Since he was in Army country, he figured that the awards and decorations would go unnoticed.

He may actually have more awards and decorations than Audie Murphy. Anyway, the Post MPs showed him some appreciation for his service to this great nation with a free ride across Post – not sure if visiting the MP station was part of his original itinerary.



Wisdom and Wit Of Andy Rooney

I've learned...

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

That when you're in love, it shows.

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

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

That being kind is more important than being right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That money doesn't buy class.

That it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

That to ignore the facts does not change the facts.

That when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.

That love, not time, heals all wounds.

Firebase Katum

by SP4 Bruce Anderson
Stars and Stripes

If the Vietnam War has created any institutions, one would surely be the firebase. Scattered from the DMZ a mile from North Vietnam to the delta in the south, the firebase has created a lifestyle which is as colorful as it is varied.

Katum is a typical firebase. The mud gets knee deep in the rainy season, while dust flies everywhere during the dry season.

Elements of three artillery batteries occupy the base, providing artillery support for an area of operations of+ which half is inside Cambodia. Located just a few miles from Cambodia, Katum has an airstrip for helicopters and cargo planes.

But most important, there are several hundred men out here. Most of the time they are working on their guns, filling sandbags, stringing barbed wire and other daily duties.

When there is free time, soldiers turn to their own inventions. There are no clubs, post exchanges, or snack bars here.

Part of an old landing strip becomes a basketball court. A volleyball net is located and strung.

Others turn to pets for companionship. Snakes, frogs, monkeys, dogs, even a baby deer become faithful companions.

Some play cards, while others read newspapers. Some just string a hammock and take it easy.

A post stuck in the barrel of a 155 mm howitzer becomes a shower when a water bucket is hung from the post.

Maybe a flying PX comes by once in a while with film for cameras, which always seem to be in abundance without film.

It is truly a do-it-yourself lifestyle and the men of Katum and scores of other firebases in Vietnam have succeeded in creating an unusual, but American, environment.

Charles E. Taylor: Aviation Pioneer

by Bob Taylor

Three men were involved in the invention and development of the first powered airplane. That's right, three. Everyone knows about the Wright brothers, but that third man was Charles E. "Charlie" Taylor, a quiet genius who loved cigars and the sound of machinery. Although he contributed to one of man's greatest achievements, "Powered Flight," his name was almost lost in aviation history – until now – and if it hadn't been for Charlie that first powered airplane would never have gotten off the ground.

Charlie Taylor was born on a little farm in Cerro Gordo, IL on May 24, 1868. As a boy Charlie moved to Lincoln, NE, with his family. Charlie quit school at the age of 12 and went to work as an errand boy for the Nebraska State Journal. However, Charlie was mechanically inclined so later, when he began working with machinery in the Journal's bindery, it came easy for him.

Charlie was in his twenties when he moved to Kearney, NE, where he went into a business of making metal house numbers. While in Kearney, Charlie met a young lady named Henrietta Webbert in 1892 and married her two years later. In 1896, the Taylors moved to Dayton, OH where Charlie worked for a Stoddard Manufacture which made farm equipment and later bicycles. It was in Dayton where Charlie met the Wrights. Mrs. Taylor's uncle rented the building on West Third Street to the Wright brothers for their bicycle business. This was a convenient connection, because, in 1898 when Charlie started his own machine shop, Orville and Wilbur Wright brought him special jobs, including a bicycle coaster brake they had invented, but later dropped.

Charlie eventually sold his tool shop for a profit and went to work for the Dayton Electric Co. However, he didn't like his job so he accepted, when the Wright brothers asked him to work for them at $18.00 per week. This was a good decision for several reasons: The Wright brothers' shop was only six blocks from where Charlie lived, he could ride a bike home for lunch every day, he was making eight dollars a week more, and he liked the Wright brothers a lot.

Charlie started to work for the Wright brothers on June 15, 1901, doing routine repairs on bicycles. This let the Wright brothers pursue their experiments with gliders which included many trips to Kitty Hawk. After one of

these trips, the brothers decided they needed more accurate information than was available and decided to build a small wind tunnel with delicate force balance. With this, they would measure the amount and direction of air pressures on plane and curved surfaces operating at various angles and improve their theories based on their gliding experiences.

Building the wind tunnel was the first job that Charlie Taylor did for the Wright brothers that had any connection with aeronautics. The wind tunnel was a rectangular box with a fan at one end driven by a natural gas engine. Charlie ground hacksaw blades and used them for balance in the tunnel. The Wright brothers did many experiments in their wind tunnel and from this data they began to make their 1902 glider with Charlie machining many of the parts.

In August 13, 1902, the brothers shipped the glider to Kittyhawk. They did several flights with the glider and on October 31, 1902, the Wrights returned to Dayton to make plans for a powered airplane. Through their experiments, the Wrights were able to accurately predict the horsepower – eight – which was needed to produce and achieve powered flight. The next problem was where to get a light engine that would produce eight horsepower. The Wrights knew that a steam engine might suit their purpose, but a gasoline engine would be safer and more efficient.

On December 3, 1902, the Wrights sent letters to almost a dozen automobile companies and gasoline engine manufacturers asking if they could produce or modify an engine that would develop eight to nine brake horsepower, weigh no more than 180 pounds, and be free from vibration. Most companies replied that they were too busy to undertake building such a special engine.

Falling back on their own mechanical experience, the Wright brothers decided to design and build their own engine. They estimated they could build a four cylinder engine with four inch stroke and four inch bore, weighing no more than 200 pounds, including accessories. By their calculation, it would develop the horsepower necessary to power the glider in flight. Now the problem was who was going to build the engine, but it was easily solved. The brothers decided that they would give the task to Charlie and they would build the airframe. Charlie was excited about this new challenge. From his knowledge of mechanics and design he knew that the engine design was basic, straight forward, simple, and capable of being successful. Charlie had very limited knowledge about gasoline engines, but he used his craftsmanship, genius, enthusiasm, and efficiency to tackle the task.

Charlie started building the engine in the winter of 1902-03. Without

Continued on Page 9

Taylor (from Page 8)

any formal drawings available, it was necessary for each part to be crudely sketched out by the Wrights or Charlie on a piece of paper. After a thorough discussion about it, Taylor would pin the drawing above his workbench and go to work to complete it. Using these sketches and specifications, he finished the engine in six weeks – an amazing accomplishment.

I want to describe in some detail of how Charles Taylor made the engine so you can appreciate the craftsman he was. The first problem that Charlie and the Wrights faced was the crankcase. The case had to be light and strong. Aluminum was still a rare metal in those days and it was difficult to get a good sound casting. John Hoban, foreman of Buckeye Iron and Brass Foundry in Dayton, took on the job of making the crankcase using the strongest aluminum he had. The cylinders were turned from fine-grain gray cast iron and had a bore of four inches. The top and bottom of the cylinders were threaded so they could be threaded into the crankcase and a water jacket could be threaded on them.

The next major task for Charlie was making the crankshaft. Being a mechanic most of my life, I would never even attempt taking on a project of making a crankshaft with the equipment that Charles Taylor had – a drill press, a lathe (both run by a natural gas engine), and hand tools. Charlie secured a plate of high carbon tool steel that measured 1 5/8 inches thick, six inches wide, and 31 inches long. On the plate he traced an outline of the crankshaft and carefully, painstakingly drilled hundreds of holes along the outline of the crankshaft. This weakened the plate enough so he could knock the excess material away with a hammer and metal chisel. Once this was done, he had the rough cut crankshaft ready for the lathe and the finish cut. With the small natural gas engine chugging away at full power driving the large wide leather belts that turned the lathe. The next part that Charlie worked on was a flywheel from a solid block of cast iron.

The connecting rods, intake valves, exhaust valves, pistons, valve guides, rocker arm, and numerous other parts that made up the complete engine were carefully thought out by Charlie and tailored to fit the operation of the engine. Charlie painstakingly assembled the engine part by part, fitting and refitting each piece with the meticulous care of a jeweler making a watch. He scrutinized every detail. He assembled and disassembled the parts, time and time again, making sure of their operation until all the parts were working in harmony.

It took a lot of genius and ingenuity, but the engine was finally complete and assembled in February 1903. It was mounted on a test stand and ran well, producing eight horsepower at 670 rpm and 11 horsepower at 1000 rpm.

As a result of the engine producing 12 horsepower at full rpm, the Wright brothers were able to add another 150 pounds to the aircraft which allowed them to strengthen the wings and framework. The engine, with its dual propeller drive, drove two counter rotating pusher propellers by means of chains. The Wright brothers designed and tested propellers in the wind tunnel and built several propellers that would be used for the first successful flight. Charlie also made all of the metal parts such as the metal fittings where the wooden struts joined and spruce spars and Roebling truss wires were attached.

On September 23, 1903, the Wright brothers left Dayton for Kittyhawk to start preparation for man's first powered flight and the Flyer followed on September 25. The Flyer was assembled and the engine was installed on November 2. To reduce the danger of the engine falling on the pilot in case of a wreck, it was placed on the lower wing to the right of center. When the engine was started, the vibration from the irregular firing caused failure of the prop shaft extensions. Charlie made new shafts out of solid steel which held up during the first flights.

On December 17, 1903, in the mid morning after a run of about 40 feet at a rate of approximately seven to eight mph, the first successful powered aircraft lifted off and flew 120 feet in 12 seconds thus introducing a new era of transportation. Although the first flight wasn't publicized that much, Charlie and the Wright brothers were very excited.

The Wright brothers decided to build another flying machine, but decided against going again to Kittyhawk. They looked near Dayton for a level place for flying. After a few days of searching the Wrights found a suitable ninety-acres pasture, often called "Huffman Prairie," belonged to Torrence Huffman, a Dayton bank president. He allowed them to use it free – provided they didn't run over his cows. Charlie and the Wrights built a hangar to house the airplane and moved into the new facility on April 20, 1904. Charlie took care of the field and facility while the Wrights were going around the country and world.

In a 1948 interview, Charlie said that he had "always wanted to learn to fly, but I never did. The Wrights refused to teach me and tried to discourage the idea." How prophetic those last words were!

The Wrights were trying to sell the aircraft to the military and started to do demonstration flights on September 3, 1908. Orville flew and Charlie kept the aircraft in good flying condition. On September 17, Charlie was slated to fly with Orville, but before the flight, larger propellers were installed to compensate for the heavier weight of the two men. At the last minute, Charlie was replaced by Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge, a 20 year old West Point graduate from San Francisco. During the flight Orville heard a strange noise. He looked around, but didn't see anything. However, he decided to shut the engine down and land. Suddenly, there were two large thumps and the aircraft

Continued on Page 10

Taylor... (from Page 9)

shook violently, as Orville tried to control the aircraft to the ground. About 20 feet from the ground, the aircraft started to correct itself, but it was too late. The aircraft hit the ground, killing Lieutenant Selfridge and badly injuring Orville Wright. Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge became the first passenger casualty in a powered aircraft.

After the accident, Charlie investigated the crash scene and found the new propellers that they put on before the flight had delaminated. Charlie reported his findings to Orville, who was in the hospital recovering from his injuries.

Charles Taylor continued to work with the Wright brothers until 1911. At this time an adventurer and a pilot, Calbraith Perry Rodgers, wanted to make the first continental flight across the United States. He purchased an aircraft from the Wright brothers and enough parts to build two more aircraft. Orville realized that the aircraft would not last more than 1,000 miles without proper maintenance, so he lent Charlie to Rodgers knowing that he would be the only one that could keep the plane flying for that distance successfully. Charlie sent his family ahead to California and got on the three car train that was to accompany the flight. One car of the train was a repair car where the aircraft parts would be stored and the aircraft repaired. It took Cal Rodgers 49 days to cross the United States. Three days, ten hours of that was actual flying time. His longest single flight was 133 miles.

This was the last of Charlie's big adventures. Charlie returned to Dayton and worked for the Wright-Martin Company until 1920. Charlie eventually moved to California and lost touch with Orville Wright, but things turned bad for Charlie. The Depression hit and Charlie's machine shop failed. He lost his life's savings in a real estate venture and his wife died. Charlie Taylor's contribution to aviation was forgotten until 1937 when Henry Ford was reconstructing the old Wright bicycle shop in Dearborn, MI. Detectives found Charlie working at North American Aviation in Los Angeles for 37 cents an hour. None of his co-workers realized he had built the first aircraft engine. Charlie worked for Ford until 1941 when he returned to California and worked 60 hours a week in a defense factory. However, in 1945 Charlie suffered a heart attack and was never able to work again.

In November 1955, a reporter discovered Charlie in Los Angeles General Hospital's charity ward. He was almost destitute. His income was his Social Security and an $800 a year annuity fund belatedly established by Orville Wright before his death in 1948. The aviation industry immediately started a campaign to raise funds for Charlie. He was moved to a private sanitarium where he died a few months later on January 30, 1956, at the age of 88. Having no close relatives, Charles E. Taylor was buried in the Portal of Folded Wings Mausoleum dedicated to aviation pioneers, located in Valhalla Memorial Park, Los Angeles.

Lifting The Siege At Duc Lap

in *Stars and Stripes*

MSgt Thomas Boody sat in the Green Beret team house holding a letter from his wife, the first break he had since the more than 60 hour siege of this remote Special Forces camp was lifted.

Just 24 hours earlier, he recalled, "We thought it was all over. A group of us Americans were going to make a last ditch stand on top of the hill. We would rather die than give it up."

Boody said, "We would have been overrun" had it not been for some 200 American and government Commandos (2nd Mobile Strike Force Command) who fought their way into the camp two days ago.

"It was a great morale booster," said Boody.

Hundreds of Communist troops from North Vietnam (NVA 95C Regiment) had held part of the Duc Lap camp for 2 ½ days until the 200 original defenders reinforced by another 1,000 Commandos drove the enemy back.

Armed with hundreds of Rocket Propelled Grenade (RPG) launchers and bangalore torpedoes, the enemy was preparing for a final assault when the reinforcements battled their way through the Communist lines to relieve the camp.

"It was an All-American attack against the North Vietnamese," said MSgt Donald Beebe.

"We led the four mobile strike units right across the bunkers. Four Americans were killed and six were wounded before we reached the top of the hill."

One of the Americans killed five Communist troops in a trench line before he himself was slain.

It took Allied forces about 2 ½ hours to recapture the northern third of the kilometer long camp site which sits on a double-humped 722 foot peak that looks something like a camel's back.

"When the North Vietnamese had the northern end of the hill, we turned our 105 howitzers on them and called in air strikes," Boody said.

"We fired every weapon we had. You could see the North Vietnamese swarming out of their bunkers. We were completely encircled for so long that we could not get medical evacuation helicopters in. We had wounded for three days. We ran out of water. We were living on borrowed time."

The North Vietnamese apparently sneaked in under the cover of darkness to drag off most of their dead.

Note: Five aircraft were shot down while attempting to re-supply the camp. Major Finck and his crew made the first night combat air drop ever flown in a C-7A through a hostile environment to deliver sufficient ammunition, medical supplies, and water to the beleaguered defenders.

Paradise Lost

by Roger Tripp [458, 66]

I was TDY to Nha Trang for a long time at the "Alpha" site on the 5th Special Forces compound. I lived in a "villa" across from the beach for quite some time, but when we no longer kept two Caribous there anymore we couldn't support the villa anymore. I actually moved into a "closed" hotel on the top floor. It was owned by a Chinese gentlemen from whom we bought cows for the A-Camps. I would jump on a Caribou coming in and out and get my flying time that way.

Aside from all of those collateral stories, the newer squadron commander and operations officer were in my office on the Special Forces Compound and were talking to me at my desk while their Bou was being loaded. In casual conversation, they asked me how long I had been there and I responded something like "about six or seven months." Then unfortunately, they asked me if I worked for the MAC ALCE and of course I said, "No." Then they asked the "64 Thousand Dollar Question," "Who do you work for?" My brain was working feverishly to come up with an answer that wasn't an outright lie, but the pause got so long that I finally answered, "For you." The shock on their faces was something to behold and I had to drive my jeep back to the hotel, pack up, and fly back to Cam Rahn that very afternoon. In retrospect, I should have spilled coffee all over my desk or tried some other diversion to avoid answering, but I didn't and that brought an end to my odyssey there. Rats, I was enjoying it.

Computer Message

Checklist Origin

On October 30, 1935, at Wright Air Field in Dayton, Ohio, the U.S. Army Air Corps held a flight competition for airplane manufacturers vying to build its next-generation long-range bomber. It wasn't supposed to be much of a competition. In early evaluations, the Boeing Corporation's gleaming aluminum-alloy Model 299 had trounced the designs of Martin and Douglas. Boeing's plane could carry five times as many bombs as the Army had requested; it could fly faster than previous bombers and almost twice as far.

A Seattle newspaperman who had glimpsed the plane called it the "flying fortress" and the name stuck. The flight "competition," according to the military historian Phillip Meilinger, was regarded as a mere formality. The Army planned to order at least sixty-five of the aircraft.

A small crowd of Army brass and manufacturing executives watched as the Model 299 test plane taxied onto the runway. It was sleek and impressive, with a hundred and three foot wingspan and four engines jutting out from the wings, rather than the usual two. The plane roared down the runway, lifted off smoothly and climbed sharply to three hundred feet. Then it stalled, turned on one wing and crashed in a fiery explosion. Two of the five crew members died, including the pilot, Major Ployer P. Hill (thus Hill AFB, Ogden, UT).

An investigation revealed that nothing mechanical had gone wrong. The crash had been due to "pilot error," the report said. Substantially more complex than previous aircraft, the new plane required the pilot to attend to the four engines, a retractable landing gear, new wing flaps, electric trim tabs that needed adjustment to maintain control at different airspeeds, and constant-speed propellers whose pitch had to be regulated with hydraulic controls, among other features.

While doing all this, Hill had forgotten to release a new locking mechanism on the elevator and rudder controls. The Boeing model was deemed, as a newspaper put it, "too much airplane for one man to fly." The Army Air Corps declared Douglas's smaller design the winner. Boeing nearly went bankrupt.

Still, the Army purchased a few aircraft from Boeing as test planes, but some insiders remained convinced that the aircraft was flyable. So a group of test pilots got together and considered what to do.

They could have required Model 299 pilots to undergo more training. But it was hard to imagine having more experience and expertise than Major Hill, who had been the U.S. Army Air Corps' Chief of Flight Testing. Instead, they came up with an ingeniously simple approach: they created a pilot's checklist, with step-by-step checks for takeoff, flight, landing, and taxiing. Its mere existence indicated how far aeronautics had advanced.

In the early years of flight, getting an aircraft into the air might have been nerve-racking, but it was hardly complex. Using a checklist for takeoff would no more have occurred to a pilot than to a driver backing a car out of the garage. However, this new plane was too complicated to be left to the memory of any pilot, however expert.

With the checklist in hand, the pilots went on to fly the Model 299 a total of 18 million miles without one accident. The Army ultimately ordered almost thirteen thousand of the aircraft, which it dubbed the B-17. Because flying the behemoth was now possible, the Army gained a decisive air advantage in World War II, enabling its devastating bombing campaign across Germany.

Caribou Became One Of The War's Best Air Transports

by Timothy J. Kutta
in *Arsenal* Magazine

The deHavilland Caribou was the aerial lifeblood of the Special Forces camps in Vietnam. Its rugged construction, its ability to land on short, unimproved airfields, and its large carrying capacity made it ideal for supplying the isolated hilltop camps and bases used by the Special Forces as forward observation posts to keep enemy troop movements in check. Although the Caribou was not developed specifically for the Special Forces, the aircraft was designed to handle the forward resupply of troops in a battle area.

In the mid-1950's, deHavilland of Canada was experimenting with large twin-engine aircraft that could carry tons of cargo and still use small airfields for takeoff and landing. The new technology was exactly what the U.S. Army needed. These short takeoff and landing transports, used in conjunction with the new Boeing-Vertol CH-47 Chinook helicopter, would revolutionize how front-line troops were resupplied. The Army issued a requirement for one of the new transport planes, which would carry 3 tons of cargo.

The sheer size of the aircraft, however, caused the Army some apprehension. The Army was permitted to operate helicopters and liaison aircraft, but transports were the exclusive domain of the Air Force. The new aircraft was large enough to be considered a transport, and the Army wanted to avoid controversy. In an effort to present the Air Force with a *fait accompli*, they ordered five prototypes based on the preliminary drawing.

The production aircraft, officially christened the AC-1 Caribou, was a high-wing, twin-engine monoplane with a long, upswept conventional tail that allowed access to the rear cargo ramp. The fuselage was 72 feet 7 inches long, and the wingspan was 95 feet 7.5 inches. It was 31 feet 9 inches high and had an empty weight of 17, 630 pounds. The Caribou was powered by two Pratt & Whitney R-2000 1,400 horsepower engines, giving the airplane a top speed of 216 mph and a range of 1,400 miles. The cargo bay could hold 32 troops, 22 stretchers, 2 jeeps, or 3 tons of cargo.

The aircraft was equipped with full-span, double-slotted flaps on its wings for low-speed control, and the massive tail provided stability. The Caribou had high-absorption, specially strengthened landing gear to absorb rough field landings. Each tricycle landing gear carried dual wheels as an added safety and stability factor. Takeoff could be accomplished in 540 feet with the airplane at maximum gross weight. The AC-1 could land in as short a distance as 525 feet. It had a rate of climb of 1,355 feet per minute and a stall speed of 65 mph.

Even as production aircraft were rolled off the assembly line, the Army was making modifications. The airframe was strengthened to allow the plane to carry more cargo. The aircraft underwent so many changes that the Army designated the modified version the AC-1A. The increase in weight lengthened the takeoff distance required to 725 feet and the landing distance to 670 feet, but had no other adverse effects. The Army ordered 103 of the new version, and they began to arrive in 1963.

In early 1962, a single Caribou, which now had been redesignated the CV-2, was sent to Vietnam as part of the Advanced Research Project Agency (ARPA). ARPA was tasked with finding the best equipment to use in counterinsurgency operations, and Vietnam was the best laboratory the agency could find. The Caribou flew resupply missions to South Vietnam bases in the A Shau valley and was quite effective at landing on small fields and delivering supplies. In May 1962, at the urging of the Army's top officers, a company of Caribous was sent to Vietnam for operations on the many unimproved airfields that dotted the country.

The Air Force still protested. As a compromise, the 18 Caribous from the Army's 1st Aviation Company were stationed in Thailand instead of Vietnam.

The aircraft's performance in Thailand was excellent. Caribous supplied isolated detachments and bases throughout the country, and their capabilities proved invaluable. Their performance was monitored by Army officials, and the continued demand for their deployment finally resulted in the planes being moved to a base in-country. Several CV-2's from the 1st Aviation Company moved directly into Vietnam, while 16 CV-2's from the 61st Aviation Company were deployed from the United States. Both units arrived in Vietnam in July 1963 and were stationed at Vung Tau.

Despite the Air Force's objections to having the aircraft in-country, the Caribous quickly proved their value in supplying isolated bases, especially the Special Forces bases scattered around the country.

When possible, Special Forces teams build airfields near their bases. However, this was not always possible,and often airdrops were the only way to keep the team members alive. Supplying those bases required skillful flying and pinpoint accuracy in dropping supplies. The Caribou's unique ability to provide support for those bases put it much in demand. The Caribous flew an average of 126 tons a month into Special Forces airfields and airdropped an additional 2 tons each month during the first six months of 1963.

The operations provided invaluable experience for the crews. Based on the problems encountered on those early missions, the Caribou maintenance units made several modifications to the aircraft. Reverse propellers were added to shorten the landing roll, and weather radar was mounted in the nose. These

Continued on Page 13

Caribou ... (from Page 12)

modifications allowed the Caribous to fly in bad weather and land on airfields that were unusable by other American aircraft.

The arrival of large numbers of U.S. ground troops in Vietnam in 1965 put a new strain on the limited airlift assets. In order to help the Air Force, and to get another Caribou company into Vietnam, the Army sent the 17th Aviation Company to Vietnam in September 1965 to support the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) in Ann Khe. This company was followed shortly by the 57th, 134th, and 135th Aviation Companies, which arrived in December.

The Caribous carried 183,000 tons of vital supplies and cargo during 1966, and it was obvious that the aircraft was filling a vital need in the tactical airlift operations in Vietnam. The Army had 88 Caribous in-country at the end of the year, and General William C. Westmoreland, commander of the Military Advisory Command, Vietnam requested that three additional Caribou companies be sent to Vietnam.

The Air Force took a new tack to the request to introduce more Caribous. They had resisted the deployment of the aircraft to Vietnam and had used every opportunity to keep the numbers low. Now they realized that the aircraft was getting into airfields that no other Air Force airplane could use.

Major General Joseph H. Moore, commander of the Seventh Air Force, proposed that the Air Force take control of all the Caribous in Vietnam and add them to their tactical airlift fleet. The idea quickly took hold in Washington, where the chiefs of staff of the Air Force and Army met privately to settle the issue. The two sides finally reached an agreement on April 6, 1966, under which all Caribous would be transferred to the Air Force.

The transfer of 144 CV-2 Caribous to the Air Force was accomplished by December 3, 1966. The majority of the aircraft were assigned to the 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing, activated at Cam Ranh Bay on October 15, 1966. The wing was organized into six Caribou squadrons. Each squadron, like the Army Aviation Company, was assigned 16 aircraft and 24 crews. When the Air Force took control of the aircraft, it also changed their designation from CV-2 to C-7 or C-7A, depending on the version. Under Air Force control, the Caribous were better utilized. They were fully integrated into the tactical airlift scheme, and their unique abilities were optimized. The six Air Force squadrons logged more than 100,000 combat hours in 1967 and carried 224,000 tons to forward bases. Caribous flew into 174 airfields while the C-130's could use only 91.

As more trained Air Force Caribou pilots arrived in Vietnam, the tempo of operations increased. The C-7's would take off early each morning to begin delivering supplies and would land back at the base at noon. Crews would be changed, and the aircraft would continue supply missions late into the night. Some squadrons were making as many as 14 round trips a day in support of the troops. In addition, most Caribou bases kept one plane available throughout the evening for emergency resupply missions for camps or bases that came under attack.

The performance of the Caribou finally made believers of the Air Force officials. A study in 1968 recommended that three additional squadrons of Caribous be added. The increase of aircraft was justified, since the C-7's carried 105,825 tons of cargo and delivered 1,303,132 passengers during 1968, and carried 100,906 tons of cargo and delivered 1,076,085 passengers in 1969.

The Caribous continued to provide logistic support as the war drew to a close. The force was reduced to five squadrons in 1970, and over the next two years other squadrons were withdrawn and sent back to the United States. The last squadron was withdrawn from Vietnam in 1972, and the Air Force maintained the Caribou in its active inventory until 1977.

The Caribou performed well during the war, but its service was not without cost. In 10 years of resupplying various units in Vietnam, eight Caribous were destroyed by the enemy and 12 were destroyed in accidents. In addition, dozens of Caribous returned form missions riddled with bullet and shrapnel holes. A total of 31 Caribou crewmen were killed flying combat missions into forward airstrips and camps.

The Caribou was ideal for operations in Vietnam. Unfortunately, during the first years of its existence, it was caught in a power struggle between the Army and Air Force as to which service controlled airlift aircraft. Finally, in 1966, the Air Force, with the Army's blessing, took control of the Caribou fleet, and the aircraft went on to become one of the most popular front-line aircraft of the war.

Army Jobs

Female soldiers are moving into new jobs in once all-male units as the Army breaks down formal barriers in recognition of what has already happened in wars in Iraq and Afghanistan where women were fighting and dying alongside male soldiers anyway.

The policy change is being tested at nine brigades, including one at Fort Campbell, before going Army-wide. It opens thousands of jobs to female soldiers by loosening restrictions meant to keep them away from the battlefield.

Female officers and NCOs will be assigned to combat units below the brigade level. The change opens up about 14,000 new jobs for women in the military, but there are still more than 250,000 jobs that remain closed to women.

The new jobs are in personnel, intelligence, logistics, signal corps, medical, and chaplaincy. The Army is opening jobs once entirely closed to women, such as mechanics for tanks and artillery and rocket launcher crew members.

RC Bou In Making

by Jim Hanson

In searching for something out-of-the-ordinary a couple of years ago in a scale-model twin-engined radio control project, the Caribou crossed my mind. I first became aware of the Caribou on the Nova program, "B-29 – Frozen in Time", as I watched N124DG (formerly 62-4179 of the 458th TAS) flying in and out of Thule AFB to remote Greenland in Darryl Greenamayer's attempt to rescue the *Kee Bird*, a B-29 that had bellied in in a remote area of Greenland in the late 1940's, had been abandoned by the Air Force, and was forgotten for over 50 years.

A search on the internet produced a source for drawings, and the project was launched.

While cutting parts for the plywood and balsa airframe, I searched for photos and details via the Internet for the Bou, and fortunately found a wealth of information on the C-7A Caribou Association site and from Peter Bird, who has been extremely patient and helpful in answering my questions about this unique plane. Despite being ugly as a mud fence, its looks grow on one as its remarkable capabilities become more apparent.

The deeper into the model construction I have gotten, the more impressed I am with not only the deHavilland engineers that designed the DHC-4, but with how well the full-scale Bou performed its assigned tasks. The model Bou has presented its own engineering challenges, and is still doing so, which might excuse the sometimes slow progress. A set of drawings that show only side views of the fuselage, fin, rudder, and nacelles, and top views of the wing and horizontal stabilizer, with only a few notes and suggestions, make for an "interesting" build.

The scale is 1:12, producing a 96" wingspan, a 72" length (73" approximately over the future radome) and a height to the top of the rudder of 31". .All-up weight is estimated to run between 20 and 25 pounds.

It will be powered by two OS 91 four-stroke engines turning 13" 3-blade Master Airscrew props and fueled by a 40 oz. fuel tank mounted in the fuselage under the wing. With everything (gear and wheels and throttle servo in the nacelle and the leading edge and main spar in the wing), there isn't very much room for a fuel tank of any size in the nacelle. Sixteen servos will provide control: 5 in the fuselage, 11 in the wing (one for each flap section and each aileron), the retractable main gear, and the 2 throttles. Flaps are to be fully operational, the gear retracts (air-operated mains and electrically-operated nose gear), landing lights, navigation lights, and anti-collision beacons. All those to be actuated when the power is on in the aircraft. There will also be a servo-operated mechanic watching the wing tips during taxi.

With everything going on, the model Bou may easily require a two-man crew just as the full-scale Bou does, with my son as chief pilot and me on a second radio handling such non-flight functions as the landing lights, navigation lights, and the mechanic riding lookout in the escape hatch.

The wing is 3 piece and detachable from the fuselage. The fuselage, because of the enormous size of the tail surfaces, is 2 piece to facilitate transport and storage. The cargo and passenger doors will not be an operating feature on this particular model, since the elevator and rudder servos are located just inside the aft fuselage section for ease of access.

The fuselage and center wing panel are built up from plywood and balsa, while the outer panels are foam cores, with balsa skins and the 3 degree washout hot-wired into the tips. Of the variety of paint schemes available for a Caribou, the southeast Asia tri-color camouflage seems to me the only one truly appropriate.

There are flight considerations with the model too. Unlike the full-scale, an engine out on our RC Bou means killing the good engine and hoping there is enough altitude to make the runway or mowed grass for a wheels-down, dead-stick landing. Otherwise, rough terrain will dictate wheels-up in an effort to minimize damage.

I'm hoping that when the Bou gets into the air, that the short takeoffs and landings of the prototype can be duplicated, even to the air show "nose wheel first" landings on a very calm day, with my RC pilot son at the controls of course. We can make a showing in team scale in a future R/C contest to do justice to the full-scale Bou.

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Ba Ngoi School

by John Osgood [457, 67]

In 1967, the 457th TAS engaged in a Civic Actions project to remodel and add onto a Vietnamese high school in the town of Ba Ngoi. Initially, the effort was led by my predecessor, Larry Laverne.

Ba Ngoi was on the mainland of Vietnam, just southwest of Cam Ranh Bay Air Base. Lt Col Bang, the mayor of Cam Ranh City coordinated the project, along with the Base Civic Actions Officer (BCAO), Maj Schutawie, and the local CORDS representative.

Work was completed on a two room classroom building for the high school. Materials for the new building were obtained through base channels and the CORDS office. CORDS allotted 210 sacks of cement and 80 sheets of aluminum roofing. Base supply excesses and BCAO funds provided 35 4 ft. by 8 ft. sheets of plywood, 40 8 ft. steel rebars, 400 board feet of lumber, and 30 bags of cement.

The new building was dedicated on 24 November 1967. On 6 December, building materials to reroof and re-floor the old three-room classroom building were requested. Supplies were expected to be forthcoming. The 457th operations and maintenance personnel donated $68 to a base fund for a Tet (New Year) party for the needy Vietnamese children.

The picture above shows our maintenance officer and me (no hat). The Vietnamese with the Smokey hat was the school headmaster and also the local scout master. In the background is one of the school buildings we helped repair. The Vietnamese parents and teachers supplied the bulk of the labor for the construction projects – we supplied the material mostly from "creative sources."

I have often wondered what happened to the two Vietnamese in this picture after the U. S. military was pulled out of the country. It has never been a pretty picture. They were a proud, hard working group and we always looked forward to our meetings with them. I hope things turned out better for them than the "reeducation" camps.

Computer Message

Windows has encountered an unknown error. The error is unknown because the guy who wrote the code quit and he was really smart. The rest of us don't know how it works or what to do.

If you are that guy, give us a call.

Oops, In the Ditch!

by Jimmy Grant [459, 68]

I wasn't at Phu Cat much. They had me go to Duc Pho and take care of the Bou. I was there for about three months. Then I was sent to Danang until about a month before I came home. I had to go to Minh Long to get one of our birds (see picture above). We took the wings and engines off and they were taken to Phu Cat. The fuselage was carried by a CH-55 Skycrane. Before it left, the Bou had 3 bullet holes in it. By the time it got to Phu Cat it was full of bullet holes.

I was at Danang when Charlie blew up the "new" movie house in Gunfighter village. There is more, if I could only remember. I've got PTSD so bad I can't remember a thing.

Landing On Foam

by Steve Haigler [537, 67]

On 16 July 1968, the emergency landing on a foamed runway at Cam Ranh Bay was made by Capt George Kulik with 2/Lt John Teske as our copilot. The recommendation from operations was to land as close to the beginning of the foam because that is the thickest point of the foam. They told me to strap in the very last troop seat by the troop door and brace myself.

After we stopped I kicked out both troop doors and "T-handled" the cargo door that did not fall out. I told maintenance in the debrief about the malfunctioning cargo door. The next day, the door fell out and almost hit the squadron commander in the head. I waited for the pilots to egress the flight compartment to make sure they were ok and then jumped out the troop door. George, a true commander, was the last to egress.

Bou Lifted By Air Bags

by Phil Bulgach [536,70]

I arrived in Vung Tau in mid January of 1970 and was assigned to the 536th TAS. The first few months of my tour were relatively uneventful. During this period of time, I worked as a crew chief, mostly the night shift on the flight line. Prior to my Air Force training, I was never really much of a mechanic. It seemed rather amazing how the Air Force could train me and actually have me on the flight line doing a responsible job. I fast learned to enjoy aircraft maintenance and gained a great affection for the Caribou. I was not on flying status, so my work was always on base, on the line. During this period, we floated from aircraft to aircraft, based on needs within our squadron. The first aircraft that I was assigned to was 62-4193. As it turns out, this aircraft is now on display at the National Museum of the Air Force in Dayton, OH.

In late April, we transferred to Cam Ranh Bay. I ended up in the big barracks, continuing to work the flight line. I did spend some time working in the engine shop and in the phase dock. During my time at Cam Ranh, things got a bit more active – the rocket attack on the fire department, the C-123 that crashed in the bay on landing approach, and the fuel dump sapper attack, among numerous other events.

In early September 1970, as I recall it, I was sent TDY to Bien Hoa and remained at Bien Hoa until December, returning to Cam Ranh and rotating home in January 1971. During my time at Bien Hoa, we experienced numerous rocket attacks, including direct hits on a barracks and the flight line.

Two events during my time at Bien Hoa remain memorable to me. The first was when we had an aircraft, carrying Army troops, that could not get a confirmed down and locked on their left main gear. The crew burned off their fuel, and the left main gear folded upon landing. The aircraft was dragged off the runway into the mud and dirt. The crew and passengers were all able to deplane without injury. I was assigned, as crew chief, to monitor the plane while a recovery team, using inflatable bags, lifted the wing and locked down the gear. I rode brakes as the aircraft was towed back to a revetment for repair. In the scheme of things, this was probably no big deal. There were no injuries and all turned out well, but for me it was a memorable event. The tension that we all felt as the aircraft was circling, burning off fuel, and doing visuals past the tower, was incredible.

I wish now that I knew more specific details about the other event, during this same time at Bien Hoa. We had an aircraft with a cracked nose wheel at a small base near the Cambodian border, as I recall. I was put on an Aussie Caribou and flown out with tools, wheel, and jack. I changed the wheel on the downed aircraft and then flew the rest of the mission as a crew member even though I wasn't on flying status, to return to base. This aircraft still had a couple of cargo drops to make at 2 (or more?) remote bases along the way. We had to circle for clearance, land, taxi, push off cargo pallets to troops on the ground, and then take off in what seemed like under 2 minutes. At the time, I didn't give this mission a second thought. All these years later, I regret that I wasn't more in tune to the actual locations. I'm sure that this would have been an everyday mission for many crew chiefs, but this was my one, off base recovery, and it's very memorable to me. Wish I knew the places that I had been to that day.

C-27J Headed To The Boneyard?

by Pat Hanavan [535, 68]

Recent Air Force planning and FY 2013 budgeting requests will eliminate its newly acquired fleet of 38 C-27J Spartan Joint Cargo Aircraft (JCA). DoD sources state that elimination of the C-27J will have no impact on the Air Force's ability to deliver supplies to forward based ground troops in combat situations such as in Afghanistan.

The twin-engine turboprop JCA was developed by the Air Force and Army to provide dedicated "time sensitive" tactical airlift of relatively small payloads to remote bases with short, dirt runways – a mission that the C-130 Hercules is too big for. The Air Force asserts that its C-130's will be able to perform this mission.

In 2011, Air Force aircraft resupplied remote Afghan locations without airstrips through low altitude, low cost airdrops, delivering 80 million pounds, nearly double the amount from 2010. Two C-27J's had been assigned to on-demand airlift controlled by Army ground commanders. Prior to the decision to eliminate the C-27J from the airlift inventory, plans were in the works for more C-27J's to deliver on-demand service to Army units.

Although improved ability for the C-130 to deliver payloads to remote bases has been achieved in recent years, ground commanders have complained about delays when the missions are assigned to C-130's..

The brand new fleet of C-27J's would be sent to preservation at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base.

DoD has also been using contractor-operated airlifters in Afghanistan, including the C-7A Caribou modified with turboprop engines.

These **OUTSTANDING** airdrops can be seen at:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zbbLrIfA_sU

RAAF Caribous

Don Melvin [18Sqn, 70]
Group Captain, RAAF, Ret.

One aircraft has already been delivered to the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, where it will be displayed in the Aviation Hall. Another was flown to RAAF Point Cook (the birthplace of the Australian Flying Corps which flew in the Middle East and Europe in WW I and became the RAAF in 1921) and will be on permanent display at the RAAF Museum.

Two aircraft have been acquired by the Historic Aircraft Restoration Society (HARS) based at Albion Park, near Wollongong, south of Sydney. They also acquired a stack of spares and engines, and the aircraft will be in flying status. They both recently flew from their storage at the Army Aviation Centre, Oakey (just west of Brisbane) to Albion Park (crewed by ex-Caribou guys). HARS has a number of "historic" aircraft which are long gone from Australian skies and which they fly to selected air show. If you Google HARS and click on the picture titled "Caribou Hunting" you will get a number of pictures showing the cockpit, cargo compartment, etc. They are in great condition.

The thing that took us all by surprise is that seven aircraft have been acquired by Amrock Aviation based in Brisbane (an outfit that nobody had heard of before this and about which precious little information is available on the net). They are going to be re-engined with PT6A-67T turbo-props, using the Canadian Supplemental Type Certification (STC). The stated intent is that they will operate in Papua New Guinea (PNG) and the Solomon Islands in a "humanitarian role."

The Caribou has an interesting history in the civil role in PNG. In the 1960's, 38 Squadron operated full pelt, flying to all corners of PNG training guys in high density-altitude jungle operations prior to their posting to 35 Squadron in Vietnam.

An Australian airline (ANSETT, now defunct) started to operate two or three standard Caribous around PNG (at that time the Australian CAA was responsible for civil aircraft operations in PNG). We had been operating there for a number of years. The weight had been reduced as much as possible (no de-icer boots, all military gear cleared out, extremely lightweight seating, etc.).

Before long, the CAA had a closer look at their operations. They immediately stepped in and withdrew the authority for operations into the very airstrips they were obtained to service on the basis of their single-engine performance. They were quickly withdrawn from service totally as it was pointless operating them into the larger coastal airfields.

There were many airstrips we operated into that, in the event of an engine failure, the only flight profile was descent. Quite a number were one-way operations, landing uphill and takeoff downhill. Wau had an 8 degree slope and, on takeoff, if the seemingly correct attitude was selected for the climb, you were in fact still descending and accelerating at a great rate of speed. At the Initial Point you had to take quick action to prevent flap overspeed. The round out was an interesting exercise too. It was also great to see eyes bulge when first encountering the TAS/IAS relationship on landing/braking performance at the higher strips. All of our guys had to do at least two weeks flying around PNG into these small strips before going to Vietnam. In fact, many had more than that, because all pilots had to have attained Aircraft Commander status before going to Vietnam.

Caribou Medic

by Skip "Doc" Henley [535, 67]

Shortly after my arrival in-country, I was assigned to 57th Aviation Company in October of 1967 and served through the transition to the 535th when the Air Force took up ownership. Since I was the only medic for the two squadrons assigned to Vung Tau until the Air Force was in place, they sent me a young E-4 about the same time that I made TSgt. His name was Keith Sasaki and he was from Hawaii.

Whenever they would let me, I flew missions with the crews. Only a few names come to mind today, but I may recognize others when I look through the roster. Major Pete Gun was one of the good guys. He flew me to Cam Ranh Bay where I used my unlimited account with the supply unit of the hospital and obtained three refrigerators, one for the Blue Villa, one for the NCO quarters, and one actually went into the dispensary for medications. That run also brought back a great deal of other items, medicine, medical equipment, and things we needed to carry on all the aircraft for first aid. There was also a pallet of various sizes of jungle fatigues that the squadron got to pick through.

I made MSgt shortly after my return and assignment to Elmendorf AFB and then in 1972 went off to the Physician Assistant training at Sheppard AFB, making Senior and Chief along the way. In 1977 I received a direct commission and three or four months later was promoted to Captain. Retired in May 1982. Had to resign from extended active duty as a Captain, reenlist as CMSgt then retire the next day after 30 years of Air Force service.

Dear Elsie

Dear Elsie,

My branch chief tells me that if I don't start reporting all my production hours on 349's, he's going to replace me and ship me out. Can he do that?

Short Timer (hopefully)

Dear Short Timer,

He's half right. You might get shipped, but you might not get replaced!

Sorry 'bout that,
Elsie

Seagram's 7 Ritual

by Mike Grill [483, 71]

My tour began on 21 January 1971 after C-7A familiarization at Dyess AFB. I recall the big hangout in Abilene was a place called Dukey Land. It was a drive in burger joint where everyone went on Sat nights like in the movie American Graffiti which I was told was where the story line about one of the guys leaving for Vietnam the next day came from.

I arrived in Vietnam as a Buck Sgt from MacDill AFB, FL where I crewed C-47's and left as a SSgt headed to Richards Gebauer AFB to work in the C-119 phase docks.

Six months of my tour were at Cam Ranh Bay and 6 months at Bien Hoa assigned to the recovery team, so I flew over 500 hours to fix 'em and bring them home. As the airstrips we flew into had no lit runways, we had to complete the repairs and have gear up before the official time of sunset or we were stuck at the location waiting for nightly rocket attacks until the next day. Fortunately, I was pretty good with the repairs and the aircrews appreciated that with a lot of cases of beer and a few steak dinners at the Navy Club at Cam Ranh Bay.

I was at Cam Ranh when the bomb dumps went up and was part of the shut down team to close up C-7A operations at Bien Hoa and Tan Son Nhut in November and December of 1971. During part of my time at Cam Ranh, I was given a pet monkey by a flight engineer who was leaving Vietnam.

Does anyone recall the Seagram's 7 short timer's ritual? Thirty days before we were scheduled to leave Vietnam, we were given a bottle of Seagram's 7 which we had to drink and empty in two weeks. Once it was empty, we got to remove the gold and black ribbon and tie it to our watch. Each day we cut off a little piece of the ribbon which symbolized being a short timer.

At Bien Hoa we were housed in the abandoned Red Horse hootches and they were kind enough to leave their AC units for us.

Flaps Or Not

by Billy Quinn [537, 68]

Al Girod took over as the head Stan/Eval guy from Mike Murphy when he came in. Anyway, Al was always convivial and welcomed at any beer drinker's table, socially, but my recollection is that if you were riding with him as a co-pilot or taking a check ride as an A/C, you'd better have your book knowledge ready, and set to go.

One day, probably early to mid Spring 1969 because I was getting pretty senior as a co-pilot, I got Al's right seat for the 454 or the 455 mission. I delighted in those numbers, as I'm sure every one of the rest of my pilot buddies did. Much of the sporty flying, which for us in the C-7's was really sporting a lot of the time, usually staged out of Pleiku.

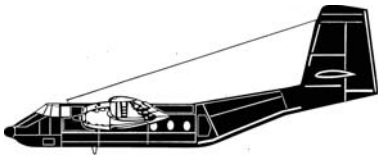
I don't remember where we went, but one of our flights took us to the normally routine strip of Duc Lap. Duc Lap, if you recall, was not really a challenge with at least 1500 feet of strip and a lot of PSP at both ends. It was a typical backwoods fly in. The day was cloudy, but not quite overcast, gray, but not wet. It was the time of year when there was a lot of activity on the ground. The siege at Ben Het wasn't too far into the future. It was a VC time of year in the Central Highlands.

Following procedures, we'd call into the base on Fox Mike using names like Whisky Treetop, they'd answer, tell us everything was all right, and we'd roll in, unload, and off we'd go. When we got hold of Whisky Treetop, for some reason, there was a combination of discernible anxiety of some kind coming from their end, but nevertheless, an A-OK on making the landing.

When we got to the off load end of the runway, the guys rushed over and told us to unstrap our load, put the pedal to the medal, slide out from under the load, and just keep going on out of the valley. Being good cadets, we did as we were told. We were there at one end of the runway, engines winding up, Bou starting to move when down at the other end of the runway a poof of explosion went off. The bad guys were lobbing in mortars.

We moved down the runway gathering speed when at about 200 yds. or so along our way, poof another one, this one equally closer by approximately the same amount. Al was flying the heck out of the plane, looking for enough airspeed to get it off the ground and out of range. It was taking a long time. We were getting ready for the next one, which might be a lot closer, when the C-7A lumbered its way into the air as only a Caribou can do.

Al had the flying hands of a surgeon. As we broke ground and lifted into the air, we were not the usual C-7A lift machine that we were used to. Al tried to bank into a climbing turn to get completely above and off line. Then he noticed that, in the excitement, the flaps were still up. Down they came and off we went none the worse for wear. I've always told that story on Al, in my mind, but actually it's on me. I was the co-pilot and should have run the before T/O checklist, mortars or no.



Your Story or Stories

Have you enjoyed the newsletter stories that our buddies have written up? Everyone says that they have. Now it's your turn. Think about the crazy situation you had in the air, on the flight line, in some local joint, or in the hootches. Write it up so other guys can read it and say, "Oh, yeah, that's the Vietnam I knew" or "Something just like that happened to me."

You don't have to be a Pulitzer winning journalist. Write up your tale or tales and send them to:

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

Waitress At Can Tho

by Ron Deady [457, 66]

I was stationed in Can Tho in October of 1966 with the 134th Aviation Company as part of Operation Red Leaf. We Air Force guys worked for the Army. I got a kick out of how the Army used an airplane more like a truck with wheels. We would be contacted "on guard," and would "drop in" to pick up people, gear, you name it. It worked pretty well.

Our hotel front was covered with sand bags and barbed wire. In the entry way was a bulletin board. One night while en route to a restaurant down town, we noticed a picture of a Vietnamese girl who had killed a GI. We walked to the restaurant and noted that one of the waitresses was THE girl that killed the GI. We tried to act nonchalant. I left and ran like a crazy man back to our hotel. The papasan who worked at the hotel always carried a GREAT BIG pistol. I told him in English that the girl is a waitress at the restaurant we were eating at and he should come and $#%*^)+& do something!! We ran to the restaurant, I told the papasan NOT to bring her to our hotel. Have her arrested. He went in with his big pistol, made a big deal about arresting her, and with the help of the "White Mice" police, walked her out of the restaurant. We thought we had done our job.

About an hour later we were walking back to our hotel, about a block from there, we heard a roar of a crowd and were sure something VERY bad had happened. Then we saw the hotel and there were about 500 people in the street in front of the hotel. The papasan had brought the (VC) girl back to the hotel. An ARVN commander was in the middle of the crowd, the papasan still had the pistol pointed at her, and the Army commander then released the girl – to walk away!

Of course, we understood why. Had she been arrested, we stood a GREAT chance of having our hotel leveled by the VC throwing satchel charges at the hotel. He wanted to know what had gone on. I told him, he laughed and said he hoped we weren't targeted because of the event, and we all went to bed.

We weren't bombed – then or ever! We left Can Tho on 1 January 1967 for Cam Rahn Bay.

LST to Cam Ranh Bay

by Ron Deady [457, 66]

I volunteered to be in charge of the move from Can Tho to Cam Rahn Bay (CRB) . LOTS of preparation preceded the event. Days of estimating – EVERYTHING!

On move day, Army flat trucks starting moving the loads toward the Mekong to a huge LST (Landing Ship, Tank). After about 4-5 hours, Vietnamese Lt Tumwe and I were standing on deck, looking out over the Mekong while smoking a cigarette. We heard a PING on the PSP (Pierced Steel Planking for a runway) next to us. We both looked at each other and decided it was the PSP expanding under the sun. About a minute later, another hit at our feet and we heard pieces hitting the deck around us. We both laughed liked crazy as we ran behind the cover of the ship superstructure. Some little dip s**t was shooting at us from across the river!

The ship was loaded throughout the day. We did the best we could to chain down trucks and gear, but didn't know much about what we were doing. We flew to CRB. After about a week, I heard there had been some "problems" with the ship. It hit a storm while trying to come up the coast and had put into a port for a while. Well!!!

The ship had rolled from side to side about 40-50 degrees, trucks crashed into each other, Jeeps bounced around, and wooden foot lockers crashed into each other. When the bow doors of the LST were opened, it looked like a garage sale of junk of every conceivable description. People were asked to come down to the port at CRB and we did our best to get everybody their stuff. It was funny, but, in retrospect, I had heard that you NEVER volunteer. I think that was my last time to do so.

CSAF Reading List

The 2012 USAF reading list recommended by the Chief of Staff USAF is:

"Airpower for Strategic Effect," by Colin Gray, provides a critical, strategic history of airpower as well as a new general theory.

"Unbroken: A World War II Story of Survival, Resilience, and Redemption," by Laura Hillenbrand, is the inspiring true story of a man who lived through a series of almost too incredible catastrophes.

Finally, "Start with Why," by Simon Sinek, looks at the leaders who have had the greatest influence in the world and describes how they all think, act and communicate in the exact same way, something the author calls "The Golden Circle."

The other books in this year's reading list are:

"The Forever War," by Dexter Filkins

"Paradise Beneath Her Feet," by Isobel Coleman

"The Words We Live By: Your Annotated Guide to the Constitution," by Linda Monk

"The Party: The Secret World of China's Communist Rulers," by Richard McGregor

"Adapt: Why Success Always Starts with Failure," by Tim Harford

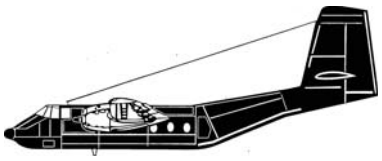
"Catch-22," by Joseph Heller

"Freedom Flyers: The Tuskegee Airmen of World War II," by J. Todd Moye

"Physics of the Future," by Michio Kaku

"A Country of Vast Designs: James K. Polk, the Mexican War, and the Conquest of the American Continent," by Robert Merry

"The Hunters," by James Salter



Creative Requisitions

by Roger Tripp [458, 66]

When the Air Force took over on 1 January 1967, the Caribou operation at Cam Rahn Bay was presented with a Wing Headquarters Building and two squadron buildings, one each of the 457th and 458th. They were pretty simple wooden structures and "bare bones" inside. Apparently, it was our job to build them out the way we wanted them. As far as the two squadrons were concerned, what we really needed was personal equipment (PE) and a place to store it. I was assigned, along with a Major, to run the PE section for the 458th and I was give three PE specialists, no equipment, and an empty space in which to store it.

Being a 2/Lt sometimes has some real advantages as you don't let any prior knowledge get in your way of getting something done. I sat down with the three PE specialist (probably E-3's if I remember correctly) and we made a list of every piece of equipment that we might need to support our squadron. Then we sat about designing the "shop" to accommodate our equipment, testing, and storage needs. The Major was too busy with other things so he turned me loose to "do my thing."

I went to supply with my list and, of course, they thought I was something between the most naive, or maybe the most comical 2/Lt they had ever met and I think they thought I was joking. I then went to personnel and asked to research some of the orders establishing the new wing and new squadrons. In that paperwork I found an interesting priority code that apparently was intended to get the people and aircraft there, but didn't really outline any real restrictions on its use. I took a copy of that to the Chief of Supply for the base (we were a tenant unit on a fighter base). He didn't like my "priority code" gambit, but, after some argument, he couldn't find a way to deny it and he put in the order for all the equipment with that super high priority code. I did realize I was probably being a bit, shall we say, "manipulating" versus some other less complementary terms that could be used, but we needed the equipment to do our job and be safe in doing it.

When I tried this same ploy on the base Civil Engineer to get all the lumber, nails, hinges, locks, etc. to build the physical shop, he was somewhat more reluctant to go along with me. However, he did offer me a deal. He admitted that they were having trouble with the "Self-Help" programs that were being pushed at the time and since I was probably the only person in the world who showed up with a list of every board, nail, screw, hinge, wire, etc. Yes, I even had the exact number of nails and screws, but I didn't know enough to ask for boxes or packages of things. He offered me a deal. If he could use my schematics, equipment lists, and everything I had submitted to use as their example of how a "Self-Help" project should be done, he would give me everything I asked for. Fair enough, we had a deal.

So, a truck showed up with all the physical needs to build the PE building and we set out building it as fast as we could. My PE specialists were now doing career expansion as carpenters. We built a "customer counter" with a flip-over entry for the guys to gain access; a double locking storage room for M-16's and small arms (that is what the manual said on storage so that is what we did); an RT-10 Radio testing room completely enclosed in copper mesh to eliminate electronic leakage of the radios when we tested transmitting on "Guard Channel;" and custom racks and storage bins for all our equipment. Very soon all of our equipment arrived and we were fully stocked and functional. The specialists finally became actual PE specialists again versus carpenters. I don't remember the exact details on how it came about (or there may be a reason why I don't want to remember), but we "acquired" a commercial ice making machine. It might be because someone else somewhere ran into the same issue we had – no running water, which does create an interesting challenge for an ice machine. Miraculously, a C-130 under-slung tank showed up, was mounted on a wooden structure just outside the back wall of the shop, and the local water supply truck had a new regular stop on its rounds of the base. An inspection team showed up from Tan Son Nhut, inspected the shop, and we passed without a single discrepancy.

7th AF DFC Citation
S.O. G-1940, 18 Jun 1971

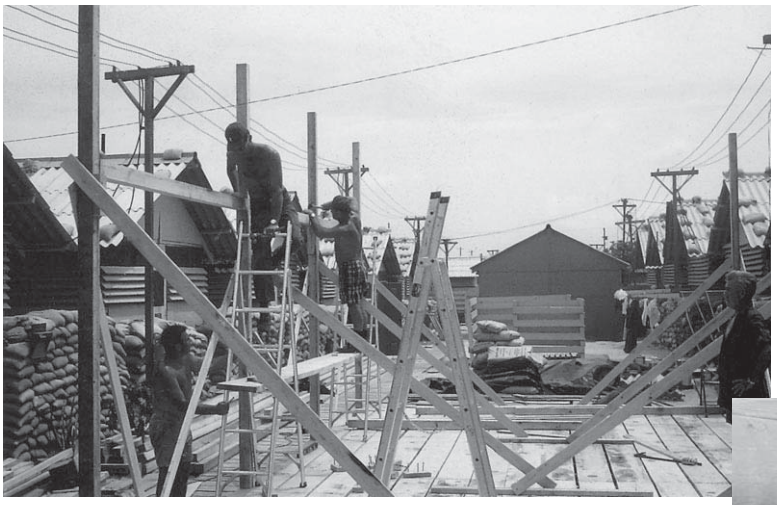
First Lieutenant Bruce J. Buono distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Aircraft Commander at an airfield in Cambodia, 28 May 1970. On that date Lieutenant Buono was flying sorely needed ammunition on a combat essential mission to the field in extremely marginal weather conditions. With Cobra gunship protection to suppress the ground fire on all sides of the runway, Lieutenant Buono made several successful trips to the field without damage to his aircraft. The professional competence, aerial skill and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Buono reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

Ops In Cambodia

by Bruce Buono [458, 70]

My personal flight records show that I shuttled into O Rang two or more times. I know others did as well. We carried pallets of POL and speed off-loaded them. The runway length, already short, got shorter in between runs. I recall that the second time I went in, they mislabeled the total weight of the pallets and I nearly ran into the drums at the end. We were over-grossed all the way.

My copilot was Robert Langlois, but I didn't record the flight engineer's name in my log.



(left) SMS Earl W. Churchill (lower left) and TSgt Anthony R. Franklin (right) look on as Capt William P. Blatt (on ladder) and another 458 TAS volunteer work on the framing of the Red Tail Inn.

(right) The completed Red Tail Inn is presented to the commander, Lt Col Robert K. Scudder, by the First Sergeant, SMS Earl W. Churchill, Capt William P. Batt (Maintenance Officer), and members of the 458 TAS "Self Help" construction team.

C-7A 63-9757 landing at Phu Cat (early 1971)

7th AF DFC Citation
S.O. G-4138, 17 Sep 1970

First Lieutenant William A. Jordan distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Aircraft Commander near An Khe, Republic of Vietnam, on 11 May 1970. On that date, Lieutenant Jordan's aircraft experienced an elevator malfunction causing the aircraft to pitch down uncontrollably while approaching the airstrip at An Khe. Lieutenant Jordan managed to regain partial control of the aircraft, which enabled him to overfly the surrounding mountains and to successfully make an emergency landing, thereby saving the lives of the crew members and the aircraft. The professional competence, aerial skill and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Jordan reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

Elevator Incident

by Bill Jordan [459, 69]

Nick Bradley discovered the problem initially. After landing, I made a quick inspection of the aircraft, but could not see any damage. I went inside to report the problem to the 834th Air Division and cancel the mission, because I told Nick that I was not flying the aircraft anymore. While reporting the problem to headquarters, Nick came running into the ALCE requesting that I go look at the aircraft. I told him that I did not care what anyone thought, because we knew what happened.

Finally, I agreed to go look at the aircraft with Nick. Nick showed me some raw metal on the tail of the aircraft and it looked as if the horizontal stabilizer had a higher angle of attack than normal. We agreed that it was possible the jackscrew that controlled the angle of attack for the horizontal stabilizer during landing had malfunctioned. I reported this to headquarters and a technical team was sent to An Khe to inspect the aircraft.

The technical team confirmed that the jackscrew on the horizontal stabilizer had failed and allowed the horizontal stabilizer to pitch up to approximately 10 degrees positive angle of attack, causing the aircraft to pitch down uncontrollably. The techniques that we used that day to regain partial elevator control became the dash one procedure.

7th AF DFC Citation
S.O. G-3361, 12 Nov 1971

Captain Bruce J. Willis distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as pilot of a C-7A aircraft at Katum Special Forces Camp, Republic of Vietnam on 20 February 1971. Captain Wells briefed the crew on his intended approach and landing, as well as emergency procedures in case the aircraft came under hostile ground fire. Aided by a Forward Air Controller and fighter coverage, he skillfully maneuvered his aircraft throughout a random approach and tactical departure and successfully delivered the much needed supplies with a minimum of ground time. The professional competence, aerial skill, and devotion to duty displayed by Captain Wells reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

Rocket Magnet

by Bruce Willis [535, 70]

That day at Katum, we made the usual tactical approach and landing and were at the off-load area, engines running, when the rockets came in. The Army guys said something like "get that da**ed target out of here." I yelled to the loadmaster that we were going to roll off the last pallet. I took off for the end of the runway only to find that the load had cocked and was stuck on the ramp. The flight mechanic (FM) secured it as best he could and we took off with it that way! Got safely (?) airborne and circled the base until we got the all clear. The FM and copilot were able to straighten the load and get it off the ramp, so we landed again and dropped off the rest of our load. The citation made it sound like a stroll downtown, but it was exciting at the time.

Fatigue and Stress

by Daryle McGinnis [458, 70]

I got an "end-of-tour DFC" (7th AF S.O. G-0346, 7 Feb 1972) for diverting until after sundown to find a C-123 that made a forced landing between Ban Me Thuot and Cam Ranh Bay in rain and get them out.

For the fun of it, in my book, *A Waterfall In a War*, I wrote the account tongue in cheek making the harrowing part be that my favorite Vietnamese snack bar girl at Ben Hoa, young and pretty, had been replaced that day by an old, fat one and I was so shattered that I skipped lunch.

Later that day was the extended flying to get the C-123 guys. I played up the lack-of-lunch and female stimulation as the truly challenging, heroic part.

I submitted my account of the C-123 rescue mission to the silver tongued-commendations people and it came out as you can imagine ... "under conditions of extreme fatigue, stress and physical deprivation...".

Time Is Running Out!!

Check the mailing label on this newsletter. If it does not show "**2012**" 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 may have:

1. changed your address and the last newsletter went to an old address
2. just sent in your check
3. forgotten to send your check

DO IT TODAY.

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

Mike Murphy
555 Couch Ave, Apt 432
Kirkwood, MO 63122-5564

7th AF DFC Citation
S.O. G-0431, 31 Jan 1969

Airman First Class Leonard distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Flight Engineer at Dak Seang, Republic of Vietnam, on 18 August 1968. On that date, Airman Leonard flew an emergency resupply airdrop mission to Special Forces personnel under attack who were critically low on ammunition and in danger of being overrun. With unwavering calmness and courage, Airman Leonard dropped the needed supplies to the camp, despite the dangers of inclement weather, hazardous terrain and hostile fire. The professional competence, aerial skill and devotion to duty displayed by Airman Leonard reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

Note: Other crew members may have been Lt Col Charles J. Bishop and 1/Lt Jeffrey C. Smith.

Hit During Drop

by Benny Leonard [457, 67]

When we first went in, there was quite a bit of ground fire. so we didn't make the drop. We circled at 4000 feet. Then our aircraft commander asked if we wanted to make another try. He circled and made a tree-top approach As we approached the Special Forces camp, he told me to cut the load loose. Then he pulled up and started a steep climbing turn to the right. We took a couple of hits, but nothing bad.

Two loads landed inside the camp and the third was a little off. When we got back to base, we made a walk-around of the plane and discovered a bullet hole in the right wing fuel tank. That grounded our plane.

I was scared at the time of the drop, but when we made the walk-around and discovered the hole in the fuel tank, they said I turned almost white. Guess I was more scared then than before.

Do You Miss Flying?

Many of you ask me if I miss flying, so after thinking about it …

We have a cockpit mock-up in our house. When I mention to my wife that I miss flying by being retired, she puts me in the mock-up for 8 hours around bed time. She has a chair in a closet, puts on the vacuum cleaner to simulate cockpit air noise, has a dim night light to simulate cockpit lighting, and serves lukewarm chicken with cold vegetables on a tray.

When I get sleepy and attempt to doze off, she knocks twice loudly on the door to simulate the flight attendants entering the cockpit. After 6 hours she turns on a flood light directly in front of me to simulate the sun coming up when approaching 20 West. I then get a cup of coffee that has been in the coffee maker all night.

Finally, she lets me out and I have to get in the back seat of her car while she runs morning errands to simulate the bus ride to the hotel. When we get home, I tell her I am ready for bed and the bedroom door is locked for an hour to simulate the hotel rooms not being ready.

When I promise to never "complain" about being retired, I am allowed to enjoy my "layover" and go to bed. Oh, and one more thing, she talks to her friends loudly outside the bedroom door to simulate the hotel maids chattering in the hall in their native language.

After two hours of sleep. she calls the phone next to the bed from her cell phone and says "This is crew scheduling and we have a reroute for you. Do you have something to write with?"

No, I guess I don't miss it after all!

Help!!!

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

pathavavan@aol.com

Dog Wisdom

When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.

Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride.

Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.

When it's in your interest, practice obedience.

Let others know when they've invaded your territory.

Take naps and stretch before rising.

Run, romp, and play daily.

Thrive on attention and let people touch you.

Avoid biting, when a simple growl will do.

On warm days, stop to lie on your back on the grass.

On hot days, drink lots of water and lay under a shady tree.

When you're happy, dance around, and wag your entire body.

No matter how often you're scolded, don't buy into the guilt thing and pout ... run right back and make friends.

Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.

Eat with gusto and enthusiasm. Stop when you have had enough.

Be loyal.

Never pretend to be something you're not.

If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.

When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by and nuzzle them gently.

Joy is contagious and sorrow is lessened when shared!

Life is like a dog sled team, if you aren't the lead dog, the scenery never changes!

A dog is the only thing on earth that loves you more than he loves himself!

My dog can lick anyone!

A dog can express more with his tail in minutes than most people can express with their tongues in hours!

Note: Not bad ideas for humans too!

Dak Seang At Night

by Bruce Buono [458, 70]

There have been several articles about support for the fire base at Dak Seang, but I wanted to add another perspective to the ingenuity of the Caribou crews. Dak Seang Special Forces camp was a key base in the Central Highlands area. Its geography made it a difficult place to defend and resupply (surrounded by higher elevation terrain). When large North Vietnamese forces began a siege on the base, resupply by landing on the runway became impossible. In early April 1970, Caribous airdropped supplies to prevent the camp from being overrun.

I was at the six month point in my one year tour when the situation at Dak Seang became critical. I was stationed at Cam Ranh Bay and close to upgrading to aircraft commander. I was flying with a fairly new aircraft commander and we were diverted from our mission to haul a maintenance team and replacement engine to Dak To II. I believe the engine change was due to damage taken during the early airdrops into Dak Seang. Following our mission, we joined the forces at Pleiku. As I recall, there were more than two dozen C-7's there for the continuing airdrops.

The drops had been conducted in daylight, often in-stream with fighter escort. The damage taken by the aircraft and crews was severe. We lost three aircraft and crews in the first few days of drops. In some streams, the majority of the aircraft took hits. Bill McLeod's earlier article (Volume 20, Issue 2 of the Newsletter) described the action. I was switched from flying with the young aircraft commander to fly with Capt Neil Crist (USAFA, Class of 1966). He was on a Consecutive Overseas Tour and was an experienced pilot. I had flown with him several times including airdrop missions delivering critical supplies through hostile fire. (He received the 1971 Jabara award for one of those missions). We were flown back into Dak To II to fly out the aircraft that had an engine change the day before.

Back at Pleiku, the crews were not happy with the tactics being used and the losses and damage experienced those first days. Capt Crist and some of the other more experienced aircraft commanders met during the "stand down" to plan other tactics. He had me and another experienced copilot, Jim Savarda, plan a circuitous route from Pleiku to Dak Seang.

The new tactics combined several changes to the current ones and significant help from outside the unit. We were to perform radio silent night tactical airdrops. One of our "practice" activities returning to Cam Ranh was to drop empty pallets on "30 minute island" along the coast. We would fly a steep descending profile and pull up around 200 feet and kick the load out the back during the transition. It was also sometimes practiced at the home airfield and scored by a ground observer. We were pretty accurate with the tactic. But, at night, who knew?

The white bellies of the aircraft were painted black to help conceal them. We planned to take off without making any radio calls to prevent broadcasting information to unfriendlies. Likewise, no calls were made enroute or on the drop. Capt Crist and I were the first of three aircraft that would test the new tactic. We were to signal a AC-119G Shadow gunship/illuminator and the airfield just with two clicks of our UHF radio. We had a time on target to make, but the signal was needed to shorten our exposure time in the searchlight. The target area was to be marked with 55 gallon drums set afire.

We took off about midnight and initially headed away from Dak Seang, then flew a TACAN arc to redirect us toward the field. I was pretty concerned about our location and the terrain around us as we hardly were equipped for "precision navigation." We didn't have an accurate altimeter setting for the drop zone and that could take away a margin of safety. We flew lights out except for our knee boards and minimum cockpit instrument lighting. The brightest lights would be those to signal the drop to the flight engineer.

Capt Crist also directed that the props be "unsynched" during the drop sequence to make it more difficult to aurally locate our aircraft. A few minutes from the target, we signaled for lights from the AC-119 and the airfield. Then we started a steep dive toward the target for the drop. The ground and sky lit up around us with the searchlight, enemy fire, and perhaps friendly return fire. I flipped on the green light for the drop signal on command and the flight engineer kicked out our pallets. On target!

We were dropping within the wire that had collapsed from the camp boundary to a defensive perimeter. I don't think it exceeded 200 feet square. The other two Caribous in the first set of flights came in behind us about 30 minutes later and were equally successful. We scurried back to Pleiku and found no damage to the aircraft. In fact, through all the night drops the story was the same: supplies on target and little or no damage. No further losses.

Postscript: Capt Crist and I went to the "command post" after the drop and were met by a senior wing officer. He wanted a piece of the action and told Neil to ready the aircraft and they would make another drop. The commander didn't want to hear anything about needed coordination with the AC-119 lightship or the camp. They went back out to the aircraft and I remained in the control area as they worked to get clearance into the area for the commander. The controllers called Blue Chip and had to tell them they "weren't kidding." The coordination effort continued through the time the "return" crew was to start engines. At that point came the call on Guard familiar to us: "Attention all aircraft in the area of Dak Seang (using the Victor and numerical designation) there will be heavy arty in the area from…." The B-52's were bombing the NVA

Continued on Page 25

Dak Seang (from Page 24)

positions through daylight. Blue Chip denied permission to fly into the area and Capt Crist and his crew left the aircraft. There would be no more night drops on 7 April. The tactic we used was followed as the preferred method while the field was under siege.

Almost 20 years later, I was exchanging bar stories with a friend I was assigned with flying KC-135's. He turned out to be the pilot on the AC-119 that lit us and the target up that night. He had a much better view of the fireworks on the ground – they were all lit up as well. No thank you, I'll take the Bou.

Even later, I read the account of a Medal of Honor recipient who was in the camp (see http://www.cmohs.org/recipient-detail/3226/beikirch-gary-b.php). Gary Beikirch was a Special Forces medic at Dak Seang and was injured numerous times, but continued treating his comrades until he fell unconscious. At the time, he was a school counselor in upstate New York; I exchanged e-mails with him and expressed my appreciation for his service and amazement with his actions.

Vietnam Musings

by Kenny Bryant [558, 71]

Santa Bou made a stop at Cam Ranh Bay, but I never saw the Red Cross girls. I was not allowed to participate in the "Morale boosters" like Bob Hope show (see Joey Hetherington at CRB in the picture above) because I was a re-enlistee (therefore a volunteer).

They asked the "first termers" at Cam Ranh Bay if they wanted to support the Forward Operating Locations. When they said "No," the shop chief looked at me and said, "Pack you bags."

I said, "Why do they get a choice and I don't?" He said, "You're a volunteer."

I said, "Yes, I know that I did volunteer to go." Then he said, "You've volunteered for whatever I tell you to do."

Items From The News

1, The economy's fundamentals are sound, but the sound is turned down.

2. The most annoying Oscars are the ones for movies you didn't see.

3. If you wait long enough, the scientific study you want will appear.

4. MLB players using steroids will face severe consequences... perhaps someday even from MLB!

5. All the money in the world ... is missing.

6. If you think they hate us now, just wait until we stop buying their oil.

7. Twitter dee, Twitter dum.

8. It's been a long time since we had a full Senate, a full Cabinet, or five nominations for Best Song.

Getting Old!

I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

Hardship R&R

by Daryle McGinnis [458, 70]

They scheduled my Bangkok IRAN trip back to back with Hawaii R&R. The plane wasn't ready on time in Bangkok and I missed my Wednesday flight from Cam Ranh Bay to Danang for R&R out-processing for a 3:00 Thursday Danang-Hawaii flight.

At daybreak on Thursday, with a passenger services WAF in hot pursuit and Don Aakhus driving the Supervisor of Flying jeep, I screamed from plane to plane on the passenger ramp until we came on a C-130 going to Danang.

The aircraft commander wouldn't let the WAF search the cockpit for me and she stormed off yelling "F*ing pilots!" (I never would have gotten on a plane following the normal procedures because the terminal was full of emergency/compassionate leave standbys and I simply had low priority R&R orders after missing my scheduled flight).

Then, I managed to do a day's worth of out-processing at Danang in a couple of hours. That was the hardest part. I had no Gold Flow (urine test for drugs) certificate (hospital administration was closed the night I was in Cam Ranh Bay between Bangkok and the Danang departure), so I had to bamboozle around that.

Cat Diary

Day 683 of my captivity:

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength.

The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the floor.

Today, I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates of what I am capable. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a "good little hunter" I am. The audacity!

There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of "allergies." I must learn what this means, and how to use it to my advantage.

Today, I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow – but at the top of the stairs.

I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released – and seems to be more than willing to return. He obviously has a screw loose.

The bird must be an informant. I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe ... for now.

Rolling Thunder

by unknown staff officer

Rolling Thunder was the name given to the Johnson administration's strategy to implement their policy for gradual escalation of the bombing campaign to force the North Vietnamese to the negotiating table.

Strikes were allowed only on authorized targets. Additional specific targets were authorized by the White House as the campaign progressed.

Two strike packages were launched each day – one in the morning and another in the afternoon. The strike force that dropped bombs on the authorized targets had about 40 aircraft – F-105's and F-4Cs.

They were supported by flack suppression flights that dropped CBU-24 cluster bombs on anti-aircraft batteries around the target area and by Iron Hand flights that attacked surface to air missile (SAM) sites.

MiG-CAP (Combat Air Patrol) flights accompanied the strike force to engage any MIGs attacking the strike force. Other aircraft supporting the strike were tankers, Airborne Early Warning and Control (AEWC), Electronic Countermeasures (ECM) support, Search and Rescue (SAR), and A-1E Sandy flights for SAR support.

The Frag (fragment) order was distributed late in the afternoon specifying the primary and secondary targets, ingress and egress routes, and all supporting flights for the next day's mission.

Each night armed recce (reconnaissance) flights of two were conducted along the Ho Chi Minh trail. The lead aircraft dropped flares. The second aircraft flew 4 miles in trail and if a target was spotted immediately attacked the target. The lead aircraft then joined in the attack.

I couldn't believe how rigid the US strategy was. All targets, ingress, and egress routes were directed by DoD and probably the White House. There were virtually no changes in strategy the entire year I was in Vietnam. The theater commander had no inputs on which targets would be hit nor routes used during the attack. The strike forces were launched at the same time every day. There seemed to be a WW II mentality. If a target wasn't destroyed, the same target would be hit again and again on following days using the same routes until it was destroyed. On some of the more sensitive missions, we had an open scramble phone to personnel in the White House. That is how tightly the Air Force's hands were tied behind their backs.

I remember that during May 1967, we began seeing less flack and fewer SAM launches in Route Pack 6. The strikes were finally having an effect, even with the restrictions. The enemy was having problems moving supplies to where they were needed. There were two days that the strike force experienced no flack or SAM launches – North Vietnam was in trouble. Then a bombing halt was directed and the strike force stood down for two months.

Armed recce flights were launched about every 30 minutes during the night. If a target was located, the two armed recce aircraft could drop their ordinance, but it would be at least 40 minutes before another flight could be put on the target – and then just two aircraft. We repeatedly asked why not keep some aircraft on the ground until a target was located. Then some real ordinance could be put on the target. I think the issue boiled down to the Air Force vs. Navy sortie war. If the sorties were not launched the Air Force would show fewer sorties than the Navy.

The armed recce flights had to be on the ground so they could be turned around for the next morning's strike force. A friend of mine who was flying RF-4C recce missions told me that at 4:00 AM every morning the trail looked like a freeway in Los Angeles. The enemy knew that no more air strikes were coming and moved their goods on down the trail.

Senior Humor

Nothing sucks more than that the moment during an argument when you realize you're wrong.

I totally take back all those times I didn't want to nap when I was younger.

There is great need for a sarcasm font.

How the h**l are you supposed to fold a fitted sheet?

MapQuest really needs to start their directions on #5. I'm pretty sure I know how to get out of my neighborhood.

I can't remember the last time I wasn't at least kind of tired.

You never know when it will strike, but there comes a moment at work when you know that you just aren't going to do anything productive for the rest of the day.

I'm always slightly terrified when I exit out of Word and it asks me if I want to save any changes to my ten-page research paper that I swear I did not make any changes to.

Sometimes I'll look down at my watch three consecutive times and still not know what time it is.

I hate leaving my house confident and looking good and then not seeing anyone of importance the entire day. What a waste!

I think the freezer deserves a light as well.

Sometimes, I'll watch a movie that I watched when I was younger and suddenly realize I had no idea what the heck was going on when I first saw it.

I would rather try to carry 10 plastic grocery bags in each hand than take two trips to bring my groceries in.

I have a hard time deciphering the fine line between boredom and hunger.

I love the sense of camaraderie when an entire line of cars team up to prevent an *%&$@# from cutting in at the front. Stay strong, brothers and sisters!

Shirts get dirty. Underwear gets dirty. Pants? Pants never get dirty, and you can wear them forever.

As a driver I hate pedestrians, and as a pedestrian I hate drivers.

Even under ideal conditions people have trouble locating their car keys in a pocket, finding their cell phone, and Pinning the Tail on the Donkey – but I'd bet everyone can find and push the snooze button from 3 feet away, in about 1.7 seconds, eyes closed, first time, every time!

Now that I'm retired, I never really know what day of the week it is anymore. All I know is, the day the big newspaper comes, I have to dress up and go to church.

I can't say anything to my wife without her thinking it's a criticism of her weight. She hasn't spoken to me in two days because I asked her to "Lighten Up."

Even at 102, my Grandmother is confident she will live a long life. Recently, I bought her a brand new (although off-brand) sewing machine. She asked me, "Where is the warranty?" I replied, "What do you care Grandma, it has a 25 year warranty!" My Grandma replied, "How do I know the company will be in business that long?"

Me and the Mrs. had a big argument this morning. She wanted a cat. I wanted a dog. So we compromised and got a cat.

"I just got back from a once in a lifetime vacation. I'll tell you what - never again."

My wife looked at me the other day and said, "Your getting fat Arthur!" I told her I'd like to get a second opinion. She said, "Step on the scale."

Last night I was sitting on the sofa watching the TV when I heard my wife's' voice from the kitchen. "What would you like for dinner my love; chicken, beef or lamb?" I said, "Thank you, I'll have chicken." She replied "You're having soup, dummy. I was talking to the DOG."

You know all that Social Security they keep taking out of your paycheck? Guess what ... It's going to me every month. I'm going to start a new senior citizen consulting firm... I'm going to call it Fishmore and Dolittle. Retirement is so great. I just love being my own boss. Coming honey.

Carnac The Magnificent

Heaven has no brighter star than the omnipotent master of the east and former manicurist to Howard Hughes, Carnac the Magnificent ...

Welcome once again, O Great Sage. I hold in my hand these envelopes. As a child of four can plainly see, these envelopes have been hermetically sealed. They've been kept in a #2 mayonnaise jar since noon today on Funk and Wagnell's porch. No one knows the contents of these envelopes, but you, in your divine and mystical way, will ascertain the answers to these questions having never seen them before.

Carnac: I must have absolute silence...

A: The ZIP Code.

Q: What do CIA agents have to remember to go to the bathroom?

A: Henry R. Block.

Q: Name one guy who's rich after April 15th.

A: Gatorade.

Q: What does an alligator get on welfare?

A: Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

Q: What's the best thing to do if you swallow a hand grenade?

A: Until he gets caught.

Q: How long does a United States Congressman serve?

A: High rollers.

Q: Describe a stoned bowling team.

A: Supervisor.

Q: What does Clark Kent wear to keep the sun out of his eyes?

A: Lo-fat.

Q: Name a Chinese diet doctor.

A: Timbuktoo.

Q: What comes after Timbuk-one?

A: The Loch Ness Monster.

Q: Who will they find sooner than Jimmy Hoffa?

A: The eye of a frog, the wing of a fly and the throat of a lizard.

Q: Name the only three things you can afford to eat nowadays.

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MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM

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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. Round Engine (R-2000) T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ $12.00	Total: _____
4. Denim Shirt (short sleeve)	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ $25.00	Total: _____
5. Denim Shirt (long sleeve)	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ $30.00	Total: _____
6. Denim Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ $13.00	Total: _____
7. Baseball (white) Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ $13.00	Total: _____
8. 457th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
9. 458th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
10. 459th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
11. 535th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
12. 536th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
13. 537th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
14. 483rd Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
15. Caribou Lapel Pin		Qty. _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____
16. Caribou Poster (12" x 18")		Qty. _____ @ $5.00	Total: _____
17. Caribou Challenge Coin		Qty. _____ @ $8.00	Total: _____
18. Caribou DVD – 1:10 long		Qty: _____ @ $5.00	Total: _____
19. Caribou decal (outside)		Qty: _____ @ $3.00	Total: _____

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

Total: _____

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

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