

CARIBOU ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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SUMMER 1996

NO. 6



COVER STORY

April 1967:

Aircraft 764 just prior to comprehensive preflight inspection.

Subject aircraft was the result of intensive air operations in a hostile combat environment during a critical phase of flight, a daylight landing. Location: McMinnville, Tennessee. Unknown pilot unavailable for comment, however, crewchief wearing a shopping bag with eye holes cut out ah la New Orleans Aints reported that the aircraft could **not** be written up for a hard landing since the hard landing blocks were still intact on the landing struts.

After retorquing the wing bolts, air in the outside left main tire, replacement prop tip, tightening the right engine mount, adjusting the air pressure in the left landing gear strut and aligning the nose gear the aircraft was declared in ferry (fairy) flight condition. This is construed as flying on a red question mark in the 781 maintenance logbook.

Good old deHavilland insisted on \$1,000,000 for additional **cosmetic** repairs at the factory in Downsview, Ontario, Canada before returning the aircraft for unrestricted service.

CARIBOU REUNION 1996

24-25-26 October • San Antonio, Texas **R-7**

The date and place are set. The men on the spot have selected the Holiday Inn - Downtown Market Square and are putting together small details. Your presence is requested at 318 West Durango off of I-10.

Same drill. Please contact the hotel and make your reservations NOW. 210-225-3211 or FAX 210-225-1125. They will take a card number to hold a reservation but will bill nothing until after the event. Help us all by making the reservation early. Expect the hotel to cost about \$80.00 per night single or double occupancy. Beyond the highly variable transportation costs, the only other 'required expense' will be the banquet - and a few meals in town. Reservations after 24 September will be space available only. The \$80.00 is a reduced rate. See later information for possible reduced price accommodations.

The hotel gives 'discount' rates for several days on either side of the given dates so if you are inclined, come early and stay into the start of the following week. You may save on airline fare by travel during weekdays only!! Holiday Inn asks for 30 days notice on cancellations.

Specific events have not been firmed up at this time but we try to keep to the freebie tours and low cost fun. Lots of static display aircraft at Lackland, we may have a briefing of pilot training at Randolph, Ft. Sam may have an Army museum. Nothing nailed yet but these are the primetime Thursday, Friday and Saturday ideas.

As usual, please bring items of interest, photos, slides and momentos. War stories must be screened through any members present before they can be retold (?).

We are seriously looking to 150 people or more to be present for the Grand Mexican dinner on Saturday, so please make an effort. Look up guys you know and formally insist on their attendance. Names will be taken. Nothing brings a guy out of the closet like a personal invite from a friend, neighbor or former squadron mate.

The success of a reunion depends on YOUR being there, so please assure this will be a blockbuster Caribou kicker. Make tentative reservations and return the membership application so that the banditos will have something to work with.

ALTERNATIVE LODGING (cheeper?)

SOME OBSERVATIONS: From EI Tightwado

Our first official reunion 2 at Warner Robins the rooms were on the order of \$39. We did Dayton at about \$46. Colorado Springs was about \$63. I think Nashville was about \$54 and then Tacoma was \$75. You can see the \$80 now at San Antonio puts us at about double the cost in 5 years. Most people will happily stay in the project hotel, however, if this is a budget breaker and the difference between attending please feel free to find more modestly priced bunks, perhaps near an airport or the freeway. We will appreciate anybody finding alternate locations. Advise Hq's with the details, location and price and phone number and we will pass it along to anybody that inquires.



WANTED

**REWARD
PENDING**

Jerry Pankonen

OFFENSE: Moving, relocating, changing address or phone number without informing Hq's. Anybody having knowledge of the whereabouts of Pankonen, J. is requested to report the sighting to the authorities. He has in the past attended group functions of former military cronies. He has two arms and should be approached with caution - preferably with a drink in hand.

DISCLAIMER

This C-7 Caribou newsletter is fall out from the Caribou Association, a loose knit organization of former Caribou personnel. Information presented is without the approval of the U.S. Air Force or the Department of Defense. Input that approaches defamation of character is intentional. However, before considering legal action, be advised the Caribou Association and staff operates at the brink of penury. The majority of information provided is essentially flotsam and propwash.

WE PRESENT THE BANDITOS:

At Tacoma former 536 pilot and current Continental senior pilot Donnell Griffin publicly appointed 536 Col. Arland Philson (not present at the time) the Overall Wizard of the reunion (OW). When this was all dropped on Col. Philson he cheerfully offered to assist those present to assure a professional reunion. The mastermind and friend that put Don up to the appointment ruse was Jerry Pankonen who then became by default the Grand Wizard (GW). This is not much help since Pankonen apparently moved since last contact and cannot be reached. Therefore, should Jerry not become aware of this reunion or his endless responsibilities to the Caribou Association and the event his effigy will be available in San Antonio and members there will be presented with pinatas. We **poke** fun at Jerry so to speak.

The management of the banditos are thus totally by default lead by Don Griffin and so anyone can call or contact the following people for information, comment or contribution to the event. Thus - The Banditos (the guys on the spot at San Antonio).

Commandante Don Griffin 214 596 7324	Hotel, Flea Market and Golf John Karamanian 210 494 9305
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Obie on the Spot Glenn Obannion 210 492 3959	Unaorganizer Jerry Pankonen Phone disconnected!
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Arland Philson 214 492 2123	Nick Evanish 601 863-8688
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GO TO HELL CARD CONTEST

Another area of competition: Most everybody had the hired gun TAC trained jungle warfare soldier of fortune, world's greatest lover, killer calling cards. A competition to find the BEST CALLING CARD will be held. You don't have to attend the reunion to participate. Send in a 150% oversize copy of both sides of your coveted card. Option: Send a card. If you are like me and have only one left, send an addressed envelope and I'll make copies and return the card. We will log it in and then block the name for a blind selection. Categories will be selected by the reunion staff and they may provide a substantial award for selected winning CALLING CARD.

We really should have everybody represented in a binder for all to appreciate now and in the future. (Who started the card bit, Palladin? Have gun will travel?)

Per Gene Sheldon: Have airplane; you better travel.

STILL WITH REUNION STUFF

At the reunions of the past many people brought photos and items of interest. With the permission of the current management of the San Antonio Reunion I am inviting anyone and everyone to bring favorite pictures, slides, items of interest for display and judging. The reunion staff may provide prizes for the best items. They will select categories depending on the variety of items displayed. Prizes will be at the whim of the awards committee.

RECAP 1995

R-6 Great Northwest Reunion at Tacoma!

A few notes, comments kudos etc.

Yes, the great NW reunion was held as planned at Tacoma. 100 people showed for the banquet dinner. In advance we toured through the splendid Boeing facility somewhere Northeast of Tacoma. We saw several airframes in various stages of development. I was most impressed at the spell of looking at the almost bare fuselage of the newest 777(?) and could visualize the basis clearly beneath the new design as the B-29 profile. We proceeded the next day to the boat trip. Friday evening at sundown we set sail into the setting sun, about 75 of us, on a creekly old boat that was built and in service since the turn of the century. 6 mph just ain't too swift. The boat was captained by a son-in-law of Jer Trolinder (457-66) who helped reassure us of the reliability of the craft(?) by feeding us info such as 'the oldest Cummings Diesel engine in continuous operation. We survived and the food was good.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel Duane Cocking (535/68) now living in Spokane had trucked in a large Caribou head with a full rack of horns intact. This was a centerpiece for the event and drew more than a few comments and laffs. Ordinarily Duane would fly over to Tacoma, but the rack would not fit into his Cessna so he was condemned to drive about six hours road time in a pick-up truck!

His offer to donate the head was politely declined as it would be a transportation nightmare for the Association. Shipping costs are out of sight. Duane you have our thanks for the offer to donate the item.

The banquet was professional and a good time was had by all. We didn't get the 'stand-up' on video since Cecil Boulter 537/70 didn't make it from GA. He has videoed the last three reunions for the enjoyment of many.

KUDOS AND THANKS

After coordinating three reunions over the phone and the frustrations that evolved, and after much pleading at BNA, 536-66 Jim Furlong (L/C Res Ret.) current Federal Express pilot took control of the Tacoma event and provided the organization with a great weekend. He was assisted by a band of merry men from the local area that volunteered their time and effort to put it together, keep it together and make it work. 457/67 guy, L/C Russ Hobbs did the dinner, Dave Cordera did the Boeing trip and Trolinder the boat(?) trip. 483/66 Manson Polley made an extra effort getting local businesses and shops to donate items and other gifts for door prizes and a BIG raffle held at the banquet. We got a few bucks ahead on that one to make up for about breaking even on the honor booze bar. Evaporation is bad with an open bar. Manson fell into the event complete with a straw hat and a shepherd's hook. Extra Kudo to Manson. Various other assistance was provided by the Furlong Think Tank that included Bill Markham, 535/67 Jerry Callahan Caribou T-shirts ... and a guy named Eugene Felisiano (537) did something?

Col. Robert Baltzell 458/68 came up with a really lovely T-shirt (special order only) using the Red Tail over Cam Ranh photo and put it full size on a nice T-shirt. The print looks better than the pictures. They were priced in the 16 to 17 range so if anybody really needs one of these, please make a commitment and I'll get a one time bulk order off

to Col. Baltzell.

A final Tacoma note. We had located a SMSGT Alfred G. Lyscio, squadron unknown, and sent the mass invite as his address was in the area. It was too late. Sgt. Lyscio had died before we made contact. The wife responded to our letter so we extended the invite to her. Mrs. Lyscio was our special guest along with her family. One son had served in Vietnam as a gunner in Army helicopters and another son also present had served in the Navy (Res.) submarine service and patrolled the (under)waters off both coasts of Vietnam. Having served as a Fit Engineer in WWII the Korea, Sgt. Lyscio (Leshco) was an 'old head' in Vietnam so anyone that remembers Alfred is invited to contact Mrs. Frieda Lyscio at 8115 Leschi Road, Tacoma, Washington 98498.

Anyhow, those of us that attended Tacoma please nod slightly and bow politely to the Northwest in gratitude to furlong and his merry men for their providing us with a very enjoyable reunion. Magna com grats.

AHEM

It appears that one of the single and only available copies of a Caribou Clarion Newsprint from about 1968 walked away from the CARIBOU LIBRARY/INFO table at Tacoma. I trust that somebody did not realize the item was **not** for carry out!

Anybody having that particular copy, please copy and return original as we eventually hope to find copies of everyone printed over there. The 'missing' copy has a picture of Col. Mason on the front page so it is easily ID'd. Please find and send. Next time I'll log the dates of the Courier's on hand but for now, we have only a few. Please - send in any copies of *The Wing Pub* as it is great reading and we find many guys that way. Thank you.

Mgmt

TACOMA: 1st INTERNATIONAL REUNION

AND YES! Tacoma was the first reunion with an International flavor. 535/68 Pat Ford attended from a soldier of fortune flying job in Saudi Arabia. Maybe that is why Pat seemed to drink a hell of a lot of booze!



ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR AT TACOMA

458 Robert Baltzell, 459 Eleanor and Don Becher, 459 Brenda and Bob Bess, 536 Ray Burke, 457 Helen and Morris Butts, 535 Barb and Jerry Callahan, 535 Judith and Duane Cocking, 537 Betty Jean and Jim Collier, 459 Connie and Dave Cordera, 458 Angela and Bruce Cowee, 457 Georgia and Bob Davis, 537 Pat and Bob Dugan, 536 Eleanor and Ralph Erchinger, 457 Nick Evanish, 537 Eugene Felisiano, 535 Nancy and John Fite, 457 Evelyn and Ralph Fitzgerald, 535 Pat Ford, 536 Muriel and Don Foster, 536 Cheryl and Jim Furlong, 535 Pat and Larry Garrison, 457 Al Ghizzoni, 457 Marjorie and Milt Golart, Eleanor and Les Greenwood, 536 Sue and Don Griffin, 458 Carla and Al Gustafson, 457 Talmadge Haas, ??? Joe Hines, 457 Beth and Russ Hobbs, 459 Dave Hopwood, 459 Dorthy and Wayne Issacson, 458 Dean Johnson, 563 John Karamanian, 537 Sharon and Bob Lambert. Freda Lyscio, 483 Sherry and Jim Lynch, 536 Ann and Tom Martin, 535 Bill Moore, 458 Dorothy and Claude Moser, 535 Jerry Pankonen, 459 Joanne and Paul Peoples, 537 John Pfanner, 535 Sylvia and Guy Perham, 483 Nancy and (Chuck) Manson Polley, 459 Guy Pronier, 537 Mary and John Quareles, ??? Ada and Norm Roberts. 458 Minnie and Dave Rogers, 536 Jack Saux, 459 Evelyn and Lewis Shedd, 457 Joann and John South, 457 Don Terrill, 458 John Thomas, 536 William Thomas, 457 Jerry Trolinder, 457 Lee Waite, 459 Bud Weidman, 458 Jean and Marty Whalen, 457 Francis Whitbeck (apologies, I lost his lovely wife's name). 4449 Wayne Witherington and 537 Arlene and Don Yost! If your name is not on this list, these are the people you missed seeing at Tacoma.

FORMER DESERTER KEESEE SENTENCED IN PLANE SCHEME

Associated Press

CAMDEN, NJ - A self-styled soldier of fortune involved in international exploits spanning four decades was sentenced Friday to 57 months in prison for duping a New Jersey company out of an airplane.

U.S. District Judge Joseph E. Irenas called Bobby Joe Keesee a career criminal with a record that began in the '60s when he landed in Cuba from the Florida Keys while AWOL from the Army.

Keesee, 61, pleaded guilty in March to posing as a State Department official to convince a Little Ferry aviation company to deliver a \$475,000 airplane to Mexico in 1993. He also admitted using phony identification papers to obtain U.S. passports in Europe.

The fraud was uncovered when NewCal Aviation tried to seek payment from the government for the refurbished DeHavilland Caribou DHC-4A. Keesee was arrested in Germany in June 1994.

"There was no intention to defraud," Keesee told the judge. "I'm sorry that I got involved in it."

Prosecutors did not disclose Keesee's plans for the military-type aircraft, which can take off and land at short fields. Keesee told the aviation company the plane was needed to replace an aircraft lost in a secret mission.

The plane was returned to the company.

SQUADRON REPORTS: 458 GENERAL (RETIRED) INFORMATION

(Paragraph extracted from note enclosed in communication to Hq's by 458/66 BIG Wayne Delawter AF Res. (Ret.)

I'm still enjoying flying with US Air. Just yesterday I had General Norman Schwartzkopf on one of my flights. He had boarded early and was joking about something with my copilot and flight attendants when I walked on the airplane. My copilot introduced him to me. I told him I, like him, am a retired general and asked him if he wanted me to autograph something for him. He got a kick out of that. He was fun to talk to - he is real quick. When I left to start preflighting the cockpit he said to me. "It was a pleasure for you to meet me."

Trust a few will enjoy this humorous exchange by our General Delawter and the contemporary Really Big Gun General Schwartzkopf. Retold with permission and thanks to B/G W.D.

SQUADRON REPORTS: 458

Ms. Jennifer Dauten, oldest daughter of Maj Fred Dauten, Caribou pilot killed at Dak Seang during the siege there during April 1970, has earned a Masters Degree from the University of Virginia. For her thesis she studied and wrote on the effects of habitat fragmentation on patterns of association within a population of meadow moles in Northwest VA (she should have studied the effect on a bunch of borderline crazy aircrew members forced to live in a war zone for one year!).

Jen attended the Dayton reunion along with her sister Kris and they both are well remembered by the guys and wives that were fortunate enough to be at Dayton. With Kris now married and a mother of a year old daughter, Jennifer is creeping in that direction but almost as a first for a recent graduate, Jennifer (has a job) just started work as a conservation system analyst with the Nature Conservancy in Arlington, VA.

We have missed them at the last three reunions, however, it appears they have been making good use of their time. Congrats to Jen on her scholastic achievement. Congrats to Kris and husband for their biological achievement.

SQUADRON REPORT: 537 IN MEMORIAM

THE MEMBERS OF THE 537TH TAS, PHU CAT AB, RVN WILL BE SADDENED TO HEAR OF THE DEMISE OF LT COLS GAYLE WOLF AND RUPERT S RICHARDSON OUR COMMANDER AND OPERATIONS OFFICER, RESPECTIVELY IN 68-69. GAYLE WOLF PASSES AWAY FAIRLY RECENTLY, BUT "RICH" RICHARDSON DIED ON 16 OCT 1991. TWO LETTERS HAD BEEN WRITTEN TO EACH OFFICER TO INSURE THEY WOULD HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEND A REUNION.

ONE OF RICH'S SONS IS A RETIRED US ARMY AVIATION MAJOR WHO FLEW HELICOPTERS AND FOUND THE LAST LETTERS IN RICH'S PAPERS AND ANSWERED IT. HIS ANSWER WAS IN TURN ANSWERED AND AN INVITATION TO ATTEND OUR NEXT REUNION WAS EXTENDED TO MAJOR JOSEPH D RICHARDSON (RET).

LET'S HOPE HE ATTENDS.

Submitted by R. Dugan

JUST WHO IS THE "BIG CARIBOU" Colonel William H. Mason

Colonel William H. Mason is commander, 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing (PACAF). Operating with C-7A (Caribou) aircraft the 483rd provides airlift operations for the Free World Forces in Vietnam. In addition to mission requirements in support of Free World Forces' activities the Wing participates profusely in supporting the Civic Actions Program throughout Vietnam.

Col William H. Mason was born in Rusk, Texas, October 19, 1920 and graduated from Rusk High School in 1938. After attending Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps in April 1942 as a Aviation Cadet. He received his pilot wings and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant at Ellington AAF in April 1943.

He was then assigned to San Marcos AAF as a pilot in the navigator training school. In 1945, he was assigned to the special air missions and flew Lt Gen Walton H. Walker of the 8th Service Command. In 1946, he was assigned to the Far East Air Forces and served with the 38th Light Bomb Group as Maintenance Officer, Base Operations and Flying Safety Officer.

After returning to the United States in 1949 he served as advor to a reserve troop carrier wing at Miami, FL and while there he attended the Air Tactical School at Tyndall AFB, FL.

Assigned to the 1st Provisional Troop Carrier Group at Tachikawa, Japan in August 1950, he assumed duties as Squadron Operations Officer during the early months of the Korean War serving in Japan and Korea. He later joined the 315th Troop Carrier Wing at Brady Air Base, serving as Group Operations Officer, Squadron Commander and Wing Operations Officer.

Returning to the United States in 1953 he attended the Air Command and Staff College and was then transferred to Hq USAF. He was in charge of the Chief of Staff War Room for 3 1/2 years.

In 1957 he was assigned to the navigator training school in Harlingen, Texas as Commander of the Flying Support Squadron. He graduated from the Air War College in 1960.

Upon his transfer to SHAPE near Paris, France in 1960, Col Mason became Chief of SACEUR's Operations Center and Deputy Chief of the Command and Control Development Group.

Assigned to Pope AFB, NC in August 1963 he held the positions of acting Deputy Commander for Operations, Deputy Commander for Operations, Deputy Commander for Material, Base Commander, Wing Vice Commander and Wing Commander.

Colonel Mason assumed command of the 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing (PACAF) at Cam Ranh Bay Air Base, RVN on 8 Oct 1967.

His decorations include the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, Air Medal with 2 oak leaf clusters, AF Commendation Medal, Korean Presidential Unit Citation and the AF Outstanding Unit Award. He is a Command Pilot with almost 7,000 military flying hours.

Colonel Mason is married to the former Joyce Falk of Minneapolis, MN. They have five daughters; Marty, 18; Leigh Ann, 15; Cary, 12; Claudia, 11; Patricia, 9.

SQUADRON REPORTS 457

Lt. Colonel Milo "Mike" Larson, the second 457 commander (followed Colonel Glover) arrived in country about October 67 and departed a month later with heart problems. Colonel Larson has been retired here in the Biloxi/Keesler AFB area for over 25 years.

The combined forces of almost 75 years of gravity have caused Milo to step into a couple inadvertent collapsed gear landings of late. For therapy and rehab he currently resides in the Biloxi VA just off Pass Road West of Keesler Gate 7. (This is Depot Level Maintenance).

He will more than welcome old friends or Caribou types in the area to drop by the VA and visit. Check in with wife Carolyn at 601-436-4761.

His home is close by and Mike gets to check out a bit on weekends. Anybody that cares to write can use his home address, 1782 Pass Road, Biloxi, MS 39531-3339.

PHOTO ALERT - 457

457/69 Colonel Charles Hardie, now living near Dover AFB and watching over the Caribou in the museum there wants to find some in-country shots of 63-9760. Subject a/c is the museum piece there at Dover so the need for some authentic photos is quite obvious. Check in with him at home evenings at 302-687-2252 or what appears to be his daytime biz phone at the museum 302-677-5938. And we thank you for your support.

ACTIVE MAILING LIST

We have about 1300 names and about 500 have paid dues at least once so, the 500 get the newsletter. We send a newsletter to any new contacts, as they apparently are interested or they wouldn't call or write. Of the 500, it would ease the administrative burden essential uncertainty if everybody would reply to at least confirm address and information. PLEASE ... PLEASE FILL OUT THE BACK PAGE AND RETURN YOUR COMPLETE INFORMATION.

The top line is explained on the back and is the information that really identifies you to the masses. Please fill in the blanks so the address roster can be updated.

Persons with T-92 and T-93 for instance really need to reply and let us know if you desire to keep on the list. A couple year's taxes paid will do wonders to keep you informed and provided with an updated address list of 1300 people we have located.

As an alternate, T-92 and T-93 people may, with great reluctance, be transferred to the SL (Sierra List). Please, let us know if you are alive.

CARIBOU WATCH ATTN OPERATION READLEAF PERS.

To assist and correct any possible errors in the splendid Caribou Tracking Chart, I would like to request any of the first batch ... RED LEAF guys, that kept personal logs to provide me with lists of tail numbers that belong to your particular squadron after the big takeover January 67. Note on the return slip if you have such information and I'll ask a couple of people from each squadron to send in the information. Thanks!

CARIBOU CENTERFOLD SECTION



A RELIGIOUS MOMENT

C-7 Hq's staffer Nick Evanish, a local clown and Rev. Jack Daniels at the hallowed grounds of Lynchburg, Tennessee (Reunin 5). Without rabbit ears the unac clown looks amazingly like Bob Dugan.



457/66 - L/c C.W. "Dub" Guy and shy photographer.
457/66 Major Nick Evnaish visiting at Tacoma.

Ho Chi Minh



The man that made it all possible.

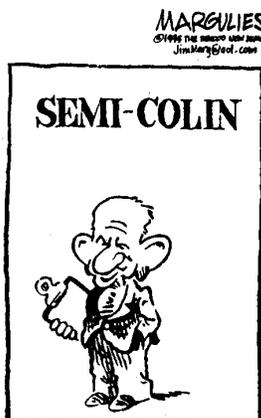
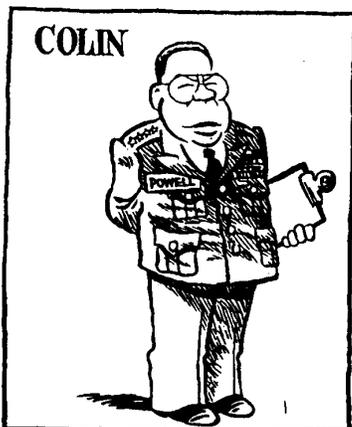


Duane Cocking nails caribou. Seems to be obscene to shoot down a caribou.



C-7 on display at Dover Air Museum

DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
(REUNION)



536/66-67 guys

Too many to name!

OPERATION REDLEAF NOTICE

This was published in Caribou Country Clarion in Country February 1968. Red Leaf guys who arrived June to Dec 66 were well rotated by this time. Those that were not previously aware of this accolade, please consider yourself advised.

"FROM CINCPACAF
TO: 7AF/C/TSN AB RVN
UNCLASS C
FOR GEN MOMYER FROM GEN RYAN

A message from the Air Staff asked that I convey congratulations to all concerned on the fine record of your first year of C-7A operations. It gives me great pleasure to do so, and to add my own congratulations and appreciation for the highly effective performance of those who contributed to this outstanding record of accomplishment. "Well Done." The challenge of absorbing a new type of aircraft into your airlift inventory has been met with outstanding success. I am proud of the professionalism displayed by all personnel charged with responsibility for the "Caribou" operations. You deserve a hearty "Well Done."

General Momyer

KUDOS, ETC.

Long overdue for recognition as ace on the spot Caribou photographer of note, 537/68 L/C Bob Dugan provided the many fine group centerfold shots that have been featured from Dayton, Colorado Springs and Nashville. Bob does his own snaps with an exotic (old) professional camera then processes his film in his own chemical lab and dark room. Some of this process may be easy because many of Bob's friends say Bob is always in the dark. However, we extend with the greatest appreciation for his efforts in the past ...a big Caribou THANK YOU! Anyone wanting particular photos please contact Bob at 1700 Brooks Avenue, Brownwood, TX 76801. 915-646-0007.

VISITING WASHINGTON STATE?

Stop by (call or write) to thank and patronize the following establishments. They contributed to Manson Polley's large door prize/drawing event at Tacoma 95.

Karen Byher	Anna Blomgren
Seattle's Best Coffee	Maury Island Farm
P.O. Box 1050	P.O. Box L
Vashon Island, WA 98070	Vashon Island, WA 98070
Betsy Sestrap	
Wax Orchards, Inc.	
22744 Wax Orchards Rd., SW	
Vashon Island, WA 98070	

ARMY OTTER-CARIBOU ASSOCIATION NEXT REUNION 21-25 AUGUST 96 SAN ANTONIO - MARRIOTT RIVERWALK

Per their CEO and present AO-CA president Bruce Silvey, AF Caribou personnel in the San Antonio area during their Reunion are invited to drop by and check their chest of war stories etc. Come by or you can inquire with Bruce directly at 1-800-626-8149.

HOW THE OTHER GUYS LIVED AND FOUGHT CONNEAUTVILLE (PA) COURIER 15 Sept 82

The following is reprinted as a remembrance of the people in the Special Forces Camps that we served. I had wind that the author in this case, a slightly older guy from my hometown that I remember playing football with on the official High School team, was quartered with the SF at Plateau Gi in the Central Highlands. Shuttling out of Pleiku one week in 1967 I made it a point to be on at least one flight there to visit with the school chum, US Army 1/Lt. Arthur Austin. Art was the number two officer with the unit that manned the Camp.

During my yearly journeys to the springboard of my existence I frequently came across Art in the local pub back in the big town (no traffic lights) in NW Pennsylvania. He never failed to find someone that had not heard the story of some guy calling him down to the field to greet the Caribou flight then the customary crossbody block out of the dark interior of the plane. The native crossbow presented at the time still hangs in my bedroom.

Getting his story in print has been a goal since the first newsletter. It has become much more urgent since Art died suddenly last year. He was 59.

Our thanks to wife Patti Austin for permission to reprint and condolences to her, the family and many friends that will not forget Art.

. Now, here is Art's story.

A war memory...

I sat behind the drab field desk; looking through the narrow opening of the bunker. I could see the last rays of the evening sun signaling the end of another day. I reached out, struck a match, and lit the battered old lantern sitting on the desk. Adjusting the flame, I reached for my pen. As I looked down at the blank piece of paper lying there, it seemed to glare back at me, as if to say, "I'm waiting, make me come alive with the stroke of your pen."

How many letters had I written, ten? Twenty? The number makes no difference, for I had never written one quite like I had to now. But what words should I choose? Which ones express your true feelings? For that matter, what words or phrases can soothe the feelings of the loved ones concerned?

Had I made the right decision about Private Johns yesterday? Did I do the right thing? It was not as if it was training where you can go back and correct your errors. My mind started to wander in it's torment, searching for answers.

Yesterday, we had just moved to our defensive position after a gruelling four days of hacking and sweating through that endless jungle growth which appears to grow up behind you as fast as you cut it and step over - just as if it were trying to sweep you up and keep you prisoner within its' dark interior. Four days of unsuccessful searching for the ever-elusive enemy, knowing that he is there but never seeing or hearing him. It always leaves you with the feeling that you are being watched, that he is like a cat waiting to pounce and destroy you upon committing your first tactical error.

The radio message from headquarters ordering us to a defensive position on hill 233 was a welcome relief. It meant mail carrying news from home; hot meals; and, if we were real lucky, hot showers and clean clothes.

The men were exhausted when we reached the crest of the hill and were looking forward to whatever rest they could get. Even though we were not chopping through jungle growth, there were still the patrols to be conducted around the perimeter, security to be put out, construction of fighting positions, cleaning of weapons and other defensive details to be accomplished. Everyone had to take his turn and get whatever sleep he could, when time allowed.

Shortly before lunch I had mapped out the ambush patrols for the evening. I briefed the patrol leaders and gave them the remainder of the day to prepare their squads.

After the noon meal I was sitting on top of my hastily prepared bunker working on the defensive plan for the company, when I noticed Private Johns approaching. He always reminded me a lot of my younger brother, with his red hair; freckles; short, stocky build; and his slight stammer. "S-SSir, I have per-permission from S-S-Sergeant Davidson to s-s-speak with you." He stood there nervously and I could see something in his eyes, like a small child about to be scolded. "What is it Private Johns?" "S-S-Sir, I sh-shshouldn't be here in th-th-this war, I have a br-br-brother over here too." "Why in hell have you waited until now to come forward - why didn't you say something before they sent you here?" "I didn't want t-t-to be ca-called a coward or wa-want p-p-people to s-say I was hi-hiding behind my brother." "Say! Isn't your squad scheduled for ambush patrol tonight?" "Yes, s-s-sir!" "So that is why you brought up the fact you shouldn't be here?" "Well s-s-sir, I'm s-sscared about going o-o-out on pa-patrol t-t-tonight. I-I-I have a-a-a-a funny feeling a-a-about it s-sir!" "Well regardless of your feelings, you're going on that ambush and hold up your squad's mission. I'll report your situation to headquarters and they will probably have you out of here tomorrow afternoon." "But S-S-Sir!" "I don't want to discuss it any further; you're going on that patrol and that is an order. Now report back to your squad!" "Yes s-s-sir!" He turned slowly and headed for his bunker.

It was midnight. I lay on top of my poncho liner inside the bunker but I was unable to sleep due to the heat and humidity; I lay there, my mind on thoughts of home. I could hear my radio operator making radio checks with the patrols. "CHARLIE-SERRIA this is SIX, OVER." Then I heard the squelch of the radio break twice, signaling everything was O.K. As the operator continued contacting the patrols I drifted off to thoughts of my wife and kids. "Sir! I can't get a reply from Sergeant Davidson's patrol. I've tried three times now and still no response!" "Keep trying, they have to answer!" I sat up and listened, "DELTA-KILO this is SIX, OVER." There was only the rushing noise of the radio - no break. "Change the battery and handset on that radio and try again." As he started removing the battery I thought, "Why don't they reply? Is there radio broken? Are they ready to spring their ambush, or have they all gone to sleep? I know they were tired but they would never take a chance like that, not in combat." The radio came back to life with its' rushing noise. "DELTA-KILO this is SIXOVER." Again there was no response. I leaned out of the bunker and hollered at the 81 MM Mortar crew. "Put illumination near DELTA-KILO's position." A minute later, "WHOOM", I heard the round leave the tube, I counted to forty and heard the "POP" as the round started lighting up the sky. "Call again and see if that round got their at

attention!" "DELTA-KILO this is SIX-OVER." "SIX this is DELTA-KILO - go ahead!" I grabbed the handset; "This is SIX, what's going on out there? OVER." "This is DELTAKILO. I guess we fell asleep - OVER." "This is SIX, Dammit! Are you people crazy? Get a count of your personnel and go onto one hundred percent alert, Over." "This is DELTA-KILO, WILCO, OUT." I felt relieved that they had finally answered and nothing had happened to them. The radio squawked. "This is DELTA-KILO. We are missing one man, OVER." This is SIX. Who in hell are you missing? OVER." "This is DELTA-KILO, it is Johns, his rifle is here, but his sleeping bag is also missing. Do you want us to search for him? OVER." "This is SIX. Stay where you are, it would be suicide to move around out there tonight. Just stay on one hundred percent alert and warn everyone to make certain it is the enemy before firing, as it may be Johns coming back. OVER." "This is DELTA-KILO, WILCO, OUT."

I stretched out again, wondering what could have happened. Rationalizing, I dozed off thinking he had wondered off to relieve himself and couldn't find his way back. I was confident that he would return when the sun began to rise.

It was just breaking dawn, when I was awakened by the voice coming from the radio. Taking the handset and squeezing the switch I thought, "They're calling to say Private Johns has returned." "This is SIX, go ahead." "This is DELTA-KILO. We are prepared to move out looking for Johns. OVER." "This is SIX. Go ahead but be careful; he may have been snatched to lure you into an enemy ambush. OVER." This is DELTA-KILO. There looks like a trail; the brush is pushed down and we're going to follow it to the north. OVER." "This is SIX. Move out, but keep me posted. OUT."

A half hour passed. My radio operator and I waited, tense and silent. The only sound was the rush of the radio. The silence was finally broken by the excited voice of Sergeant Davidson. "SIX, this is DELTA-KILO, OVER."

I grabbed the handset, "This is SIX, go ahead."

"This is DELTA-KILO. We found pieces of uniform, blood spots and pieces of flesh on the brush. OVER."

"This is SIX. My God! Is it human flesh? OVER."

"This is DELTA-KILO. I believe so. OVER."

"This is SIX. Spread out and search the immediate area. OVER."

"This is DELTA-KILO. WILCO. OUT."

Anxious minutes passed.

"SIX, this is DELTA-KILO. We have found him b-b-but he's decapitated; the body is mutilated and there are paw prints all over this clearing. OVER."

"This is SIX. What kind of prints?" OVER."

"This is DELTA-KILO. They look like cat's paw but they must be five inches across." I heard someone in the background holler. There he is", followed by rifle fire.

I yelled into the handset, "What's going on?"

"This is DELTA-KILO. We spotted the cat. It's a tiger. He must be seven feet from nose to tail. I think we hit him, but he disappeared in the brush, shall we pursue him? OVER."

I sat there stunned: I couldn't believe a tiger had gotten Johns. That was why there hadn't been any cry for help. He must have gotten him by the head and dragged him off. I squeezed the handset. "This is SIX. Negative, you're too small of a unit to penetrate any deeper into enemy territory,

so just return to this location. OUT.”

The patrol re-entered the perimeter with the lifeless body wrapped in a poncho. There was nothing to do but wait for the helicopter to start him on his journey home, a day too late.

“Sir, Sir.” I snapped back - it was my radio operator. “The Colonel wants to know if you have the letter finished.”

“No! Tell him I will have it ready in about an hour or so.” I placed the pen to the paper and started.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Johns,
On behalf of the...

Capt Art Austin

KHAM DUK/NGOK TAVAK 10-12 MAY 1968

Subject is described as the last Special Forces Camp in Western I Corps. Army Guys are looking for aircrew support persons involved in intense three day action there. Caribou is known to have participated along with other trashhaulers-C-123, C-130 etc.

If you were involved write Bill Schneider, 4300 Schenk Road, Barnhart, MO 63012 or call him at 314-942-4042.

SQUADRON REPORTS:

O.K. guys, anybody that got into the Air Force and can print is respectfully invited to contribute to future newsletters. Please (PLEASE) feel free to submit your quips and comments for publication. The Hq's staff (1) is running out of stuff to put into the CAN. Your assistance is requested.

SQUADRON REPORT: 457

Well, a few 457 guys showed at the reunion. I was pleased to see L/C Russ Hobbs who was 1/4th a roommate for a couple weeks at Cam Ranh. Russ takes the cake for showing the least ravages of time over 25 years. He still looks like Red Skelton. L/C Dub Guy, one of the 'old guys' at 457 during the early Caribou days was living in Tacoma. He was unable to get away to attend the reunion so I made a trip out to his house for a visit. (See photo) His home is like a transplanted Japanese mansion owing to many years in the Orient and all the goodies on display.

I had a historic picture of 457 guys from Cantho during the Army era and had Colonel Guy sign it. If anybody remembers, he was about 52 years old there in Cantho. He is now 78 and doing fine. Several pictures were taken but for some reason only the one in the centerfold section, as bad ass it is, developed. Good to see you Dub!

SQUADRON REPORT 457

T. J. Haas showed up at Boeing for the tour then used available tickets to view a baseball game and thus missed the festivities Friday and Saturday nights. It seems one of the days was interspersed with flying duties and was at the ballgame on a fielders choice. It is priorities! Thanks for coming out at least for the visit T.J. Many will be glad you made the fine print.

Dougout James Douglas and Wayne (Boyd) Ervin, both RedLeafers, have been fending off heart problems. Both doing well as of this missive.

A BLAST FROM HEADQUARTERS



We are in fatcat shape with the microfische system thanks to Morris Butts sharp eye finding us a Boeing surplus. Hq's is still looking for an operational fax machine (even one that receives only would be a help). Also looking for a computer with CD ROM and a printer for address labels. If you know of any surplus stuff please inquire in our behalf.

The requirement for a lap proficient occasional secretary of Nordic blond persuasion still exists. The lady must be well under 30, with super-model class appearance to keep the fine image of the Caribou Association unblemished. Impeccable moral turpitude is an absolute requirement but will be cheerfully waived should the individual approach any of the other requirements.

We currently have a **healthy** interest bearing checking account. Will a couple of guys step forward and audit the records at San Antonio? I'll try to have it in red, white and black. Additionally, there was some friendly argument about us being tax exempt or otherwise. We are otherwise and it hasn't cost a cent yet? Will the interested parties please be prepared to present their views for a vote at the 'biz meeting.

T-00 457/66

Colonel Henry A. Glover, Number One Commander 457TAS sent a check last year that drove his dues to be paid up through the year 2000. This is T-00! Colonel Glover is not only setting the example, he is setting the pace (with our thanks).



For all of those readers who tell us you read this magazine cover to cover, you're almost through!

KNOW THY COMMANDER:

This lonely writer has been contemplating how to fill the pages of this rag with useful information. It seemed that a rundown of the background and experiences of the successive Wing Commanders would tend to enlighten and possibly amaze some of the readers. I myself guess that the Colonels who commanded were WWII participants and hope that some of the information discusses that aspect of their respective careers. Col Paul Mascot was the first Wing Commander so may I respectfully ask him to provide his bio for the next CAN. As it is, we found a splendid bio on the second WC Col William Mason in the Caribou In Country Periodical so space permitting we will reprint Col Mason's stuff this month and hope to see other inputs as the calendar pages flip.

RSVP POR FAVOR SENIOR

PLEASE as a minimum give us a **confirmation of receipt** and affirm the member information. It will help us update the roster which hopefully will be out in a month **or so!**

Your feedback will be appreciated.

THE NEW VIDEO

B-29 Rescue: Caribou in the Arctic

This is mostly a story of Darryl Greenameyer's attempted rescue of a long lost B29 800 miles north of Thule.

The brighter spot is several outstanding views of Darryl's severely overgrossed Caribou being used in desperate support of the operation. Great story and scenery. Surprise ending. Splendid professional photo work. About one hour plus. Superior quality!

CARIBOU HOME SHOPPING NETWORK FLEA MARKET ITEMS

PHOTOS: 8 x 10

In Full Reverse	\$6.00
Red Tail Over Cam Ranh	\$6.00
CARIBOU (Rubber) STAMP - you supply ink pad	\$10.00

VIDEOS

R-4 Colorado Springs Reunion	\$6.00
R-5 Nashville Reunion	\$6.00
AF Caribou film/shots	\$10.00
B-29 Rescue: Bou in Arctic	\$10.00
Kugler Movie Video	\$25.00

Line C-7 TOTAL _____

Please enter total on other side

CARIBOU ASSOCIATION
210 48th Street
Gulfport, MS 39507-4317
Phone 601-863-8688

R-7

RSVP - 30 DAYS - POR FAVOR - RSVP 30 DAYS

New Member Application

Current Member

SAN ANTONIO CARIBOU REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

(Please provide all information - Hqs will send copy to Don Griffin)

SQ/arr year/rank/ _____ Area Code _____ Phone No. _____

Name _____ Wife _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ zip plus 4 _____

800 # _____ FAX # _____

E-MAIL # _____

FAX(home) _____ (work) _____ e mail (home) _____ (work) _____

Reunion C7 SAN ANTONIO INFORMATION - HQ will forward to committee

Yes (#) _____ will attend. No Very Definite Mayby

Hotel reservations: Completed _____ Local _____ Alternate Motel _____

Craft Market: what do you want to sell? _____

(Also contact craft sales representative noted in reunion information)

Red Leaf: Do you have sq tail numbers? (personal log) or photos yes _____ no _____

Preference for next reunion 1997. Keesler/Biloxi/Gulfport Mississippi _____ New Orleans _____

Other _____ Will you host/manage/coordinate? _____

FINANCIAL

Caribou Tax: Current? _____ . \$10.00 year - '94 '95 '96 '97

Reunion Tax: \$10.00 for attending member only _____

Saturday Night Banquet. # attending x \$16.00 _____

Flea Market order enter total from Line C-7 previous page _____

Other (please state) _____

TOTAL _____ Check enclosed for _____

Check can be dated 10 September 96 payable to and mail to: **Caribou Association, 210 48th Street, Gulfport, MS 39507-4317**