

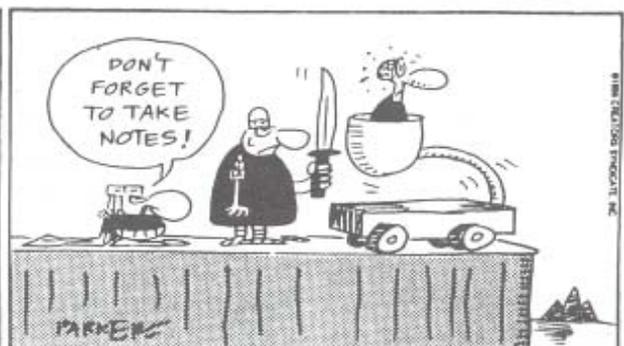
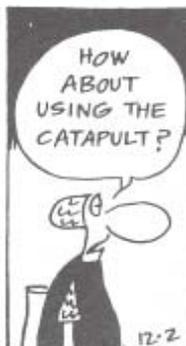
CARIBOU ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

VOL. 1

FALL 1997

NO. 7

AT LAST!!



CARIBOU REUNION 1997

28 October - 2 or 3 November 1997

Biloxi, Mississippi

Headquarters Information #(228) 863-8688

After various obstacles prohibited onsite habitation of Casinos (particularly the \$94.00 rooms and no hot and cold running room service) we settled on the Holiday Inn Ex-press for a total of \$60.00 a night (two double beds). They toss in a Continental Breakfast that your reunion promoters will supplement if requested. From V to VII (5-7) the Ex-press hosts a daily Happy Hour in their Lobby. Free drinks that is.

The Express is on U.S. Hwy. 90 about one mile from the Gulfport line. It is on the beach with a splendid view of the Gulf.

Please make your reservations now with the Holiday Express at 800-468-2102 or commercial 228-388-1000.

HQS COMMAND POST

The object of the reunion is to reunite with old and new friends. We will have the usual videos, tapes, slides, photos and such in the Command Post room at the Express. So bring your offerings, artifacts and momentos for the rest of us to see. We have heard some of these stories so many times that many of us are beginning to believe some of the stuff we hear.

CHARLIE SEVEN HOSPITALITY ROOM - FREE BOOZE -

One easily accessible down stairs motel room will be the hospitality room. It will be stocked for your pleasure. Liquids and lite snacks.

With the current surplus of \$\$\$ in the Reunion Fund (separate from the Admin. Fund) members present at the last reunion voted several hundred \$\$\$\$ FREE BOOZE for this event.

In addition to Holiday Express Biloxi is managed by a fellow retired pilot and former club officer from Keesler. He promises to be on duty for a minimum of a couple hours a day. See abbreviated bio to see if you remember L/C Sid Marcus from an earlier life.

GOLFING IN BILOXI During the Reunion?

Phone L/C Schaumburg at 757-898-3479. There are many, many golf courses here in Biloxi. L/C Fred Schaumburg, a duffer or considerable note, has with great cheer agreed to be the The OC of GOLF. OC is Overall Coordinator. The OC for now intends to schedule the game or games at Keesler Links. Golfers are requested to fill as much of the REGISTRATION FORM as appropriate and ALSO phone the OC at his Virginia estate to sign on, and get the event coordinated. Return form to Gulfport.

P.S. Col. S footed the bill for considerable prizes at R-3 Dayton Golf Awards so please enclose \$5.00 for golf prizes (a TAX) along with other appropriate contributions, Boo Tax and such.

NOTE: A *Virginia* estate is *defined as having a moat*. We have been unable to determine if Col Schaumburg's moat is to provide for pet paranahis or is due to local flooding.

I will walk you thru the major offerings then ask you to note your intentions in the return portion along with other various indications of interest, address corrections, dues status review.

COVER STORY

Unknown aircraft, unknown airfield, unknown war. Photo donated by CMSGT Jim O'Brien. Anyone that can fill in information on this photo is invited to do so and will report in the next CAN.

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.

WEDNESDAY 29 OR THURSDAY 30

Presuming some will come from the West Coast, can I suggest getting it all out of your system now! If you arrive on Tuesday 28 Oct, Wednesday can be an opportunity to check out **Mobile Alabama** and their **Battleship Park**. This is a military park with a battleship, a submarine and a bunch of airplanes to include B-52 and SR-71. One hour drive to Mobile and less than five bucks. With an early start you could take in Pensacola Navy Air Museum which is really great as they have upgraded it in the last few years. (Free, 125 miles from BIX).

Wednesdays can also go to the other direction if interested in a self-guided visit to New Orleans. (Check Sunday/Monday Saux Tour). It is 90 to the Airport but 70 to the French Quarter and an hour and half drive. Speaking from experience you must guard your car so bring your LowJack, Clubs, and log chains. Possible the best bet is to park in the casino parking located across Canal St. from the Quarter or paid parking at Jack's Brewery.

Any of the above with considerations for the Friday coverages.

THURSDAY 30 OR FRIDAY 31

We are offering (*again everything is optional*) a Honey Island Swamp Tour which is a guided wetlands boat tour operated by a well-qualified individual. Tour lasts two hours and you have a chance to see muskrat, nutria, fish, birds, swamp, cypress forests snakes and the granddaddy of the local water, the American Alligator. This tour comes recommended by all that have taken it. Usual \$20, but with our group rates we go for \$16. This is on the Mississippi Louisiana border near Slidell (Eastern Pontchartrain Lake). People driving I-10 to BIX will note the high rise over the Pearl River and the vast timbered area as far as the eye can see. You will get a sample of this. (Watch out for the swamp monster).

A couple miles inside the Mississippi border again just off I-10 is the Mississippi Test Facility, Stennis Space Center or whatever. They test rocket motors there and while in the area it would be worth the time to tour this place. It is typical government, but at least it is free. Buses provided and a couple hours will get you thru it. From BIX it is 40 freeway miles to Stennis and less than 10 more to Slidell and the Swamp Tour.

The Honey Island boat holds 16 at a time and they indicated 11:00 as a good time for groups. If we fill it for Friday at 11:00 we can likely book later departures and alternate groups with Stennis. If we fill the Friday schedule (and they have an earlier morning departure for the early risers) we will place the overflow on Thursday for those who are here. I will fill the schedule with names as they arrive, juggle as necessary with for instance people that are present on Thursday and try to advise those with foreseeable conflicts in advance so they may perhaps come a day earlier??

Lanyapp: This is a Mississippi version of a New Orleans Lagniappe tradition. We hope to provide an emergency survival kit for each Swamp/NASA group. Ice, vodka, rum, OJ, water, and insect repellent which likely won't be a problem in the late Fall. Tour captain will please volunteer for each group after checking the trip tickets. It would be prudent to have jeans and a long sleeve shirt at least available for the Swamp Tour. Stennis is also informal.

FRIDAY NITE FREE MEAL**FRI. 31-HALLOWEEN EAT TREAT BUFFET
LADY LUCK CASINO**

The Lady Luck Casino, Biloxi recognizes our individual and collective contributions to the war effort of days bygone and accordingly extends to our reunion group an invite to enjoy their extensive buffet Friday evening. This is purely complimentary and **recommended**. Bus service will be provided and pick-up times will be posted in the Command Post. Those interested are invited to enjoy a portion of the remaining evening testing their luck at various games of skill and chance. The Lady Luck is a China (Chinese) decorum and the food reminds me of R&R in Singapore. You will delight in crab legs, brazed tips and the best steam-ed and flavored clams this side of New England just for starters. The selection is all prepared on the spot and the chef oozes with pride. This is a great spread. With humility and reverence, on behalf of the members, I accepted the invite for all of us. Be There!

P.S. Tip big, I don't want to be embarrassed.

SATURDAY 1 NOV.

Saturday: We slipped the event for motel space and slipped into an official USAF **Open House at Keesler**. I have personally witnessed airshows at Keesler since 1960 however, the FAA now view Keesler as inadequate for air-shows so now no AIRSHOWS but an OPEN HOUSE. They usually have many typical multi-service aircraft on display so this is the optional activity for Saturday.

We will book a membership meeting Saturday afternoon and finish the day with the Saturday Night Caribou Banquet. The banquet will be Prime Beef or similar as the casino buffets are strong on seafood. A couple of days of casino fare will be your fill of the fishy stuff.

Casinos are open 24 hours a day!

**SUNDAY 2 - MONDAY 3
SAUX TOUR - MISSION MSY
CHECK OUT THE BIG EASY**

SUNDAY 2 and MONDAY 3 Nov.
OPTIONAL HIGH ROLLER GUIDED
SAUX TOUR OF NEW ORLEANS

The object was to keep the reunion out of the high cost, high crime and car theft capitol of the nation, yet not deprive those that are interested in this jewel of an old, old city. The more hardy among us are not threatened in New Orleans "during the day". Prudence keeps the more sane among us from lurking the on dark streets at night. Ask Jack to take you for a **daytime** tour of the Desire Housing Project and you will see what we mean. We went there looking for our 'lost' Oldsmobile and even fairly well armed it was scary. Can anyone imagine Myrna packing a piece?

To accomplish this *again optional* portion of the reunion we obtained the voluntary participation of resident Cajun Saux to provide the services listed. Jacko started with 536 in 1966, and obtained a lateral promotion to wing in Mid-67. He will likely be willing to tell the story to a captive audience. He played C-7 instructor at Sewart AFB, TN then chose

Delta as his company of choice. Jack is a recently retired international Delta Captain and his invite info. is listed as he provided it.

MISSION MSY

For those who would like to make New Orleans a part of this reunion, the following agenda is available:

Sunday, November 2 (or Monday?)

Meet at Café Du Monde for coffee and bignets at 1000. That landmark coffee shop is in the heart of the French Quarter, across Jackson Square. After coffee, we will be lead on a guided walking tour of the Quarter ending at the Acme Oyster House for lunch.

On the trolley car (called street car in New Orleans) for a ride through the historic Garden District of the city to Audubon Park. We'll walk through the park (less than a mile) to the Mississippi River for a River boat ride back to the Quarter.

This will cost about \$20 each, plus lunch. Should it rain, we'll substitute a visit to Riverwalk and the Casino Boat for the walking tour and take cabs instead of walking through the Park.

That should be a easy, but full day. For those who would like to spend the night in New Orleans, there are tons of possibilities. Here are high and low end examples:

LaQuinta in Metairie

(near my house, maybe in 15 minute drive to Quarter)

\$68 plus tax. 1-800-531-5900

Monteleone Hotel on Royal Street in the French Quarter

\$150 plus tax

For those who might want to stay longer and see more of the city, please consider me your tour guide. I have lived here forever and love New Orleans. Flack vest available on request. INFO (504) 837-S AUX.

Jack

OPTIONALS THAT MAY INTEREST SOME

Boat trip to Ship Island. Historic Civil War Fort Massachusetts (with one Rodman Cannon) is ripe for exploration. Ferry boat to Island. Takes **all day** out and back. Call for info if interested. Cost not bad.

A couple adequate Malls and the secret location of my favorite Russ Stover discount chocolate factory outlet given upon verification of **clearance** and your request.

Within walking distance of the Express is Beauvoir the Last Home of Jeff Davis (a local hero). 4 to 5 \$\$\$\$.

MISSISSIPPI VIETNAM MEMORIAL OCEAN SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI

This is the state of the art in memorials. Each individuals portrait is etched in stone and even before construction it was receiving rave reviews. I recommend a visit. It is in Ocean Springs, about 3 miles East of the BIX bridge on Highway 90.

Those driving from the East on 1-10 can cross the

Pascagoula River area. West then at Gautier turn South to Hwy. US 90. The Memorial is about 5 more miles West and on the South side of the road in the town of Ocean Springs.

BX AT NAVY GPT and KEESLER

We could get a formal tour of Keesler but that seems a bit much for what is mostly a school. We will try to arrange a briefing with the Hurricane Hunters, AF Reserve, if there is enough interest? This will have to be Thursday or Friday. You will be asked to attend if you indicate. Also a local rustic furniture factory sales room is in Gulfport and I think some would like to check it out. They have an outside rock-ing chair made with 4 telephone poles that is outlandish, but worth the trip for a photo. *Optional*

GETTING TO BILOXI (BIX):

DRIVING: BIX is on the Southern Tip of Mississippi. If you plan to go more than 100 yards further south, bring a boat ... you will be in the Gulf of Mexico. Other than that it is just off of the infamous Interstate I-10. Due to the tons of funny stuff confiscated each year, the local sheriff had a bumper sticker made up. It read: I-10 - Highway to Jail.

FLYING: Getting to Gulfport-Biloxi Airport is a bit more tricky. Fly RENO AIR from ATL, ORlando, or Tampa in a full size jet. ASA DELTA has commuters from ATL. NORTHWEST AIRLINK links GPT to MEMphis. CONTINENTAL EXPRESS has express commuters from HOUSTon.

Suggest you check prices between New Orleans (MSY) GPT and MOBILE. Some big price gaps have been noted in the past. Should you find breath and bucktaking cost in-surmountable keep in mind that MOB is 60 miles East of GPT/BIX. MSY is 90 miles to the West. People planning on extending the tour with Saux, MSY may be the obvious choice.

MOBILE is **without** a convenient ground transport to BIX so if not renting a car there consider biting the bullet and flying to GPT.

COASTLINE TRANSPORTATION FROM NEW 0 - 2 hours, 9 trips daily from MSY between 0800 and 2330. Std. fare \$35 or \$59 round trip. I have twisted the arm of the desk clerk there and on the basis of our advancing years she agreed to provide senior citizen rates to ALL CARIBOU ASSN. members. The old folks rate is \$27 and 52 so a buck saved is more for the slots. They suggest 24 hour advance reservation, so call when your flight is firmed. 1-800-647-3957 or commercial 228-432-2649. Under age (less than 62) tell them you are CARIBOUS and Virginia OK'd the SC rate.

We usually have plenty of POV's MO Homes, etc., buses and a Toonerville Trolley runs up and down the Coast, so if you can get here a rental car may not be necessary.

Holiday Inn will pick up and deliver at Gulfport Airport.

OTHER THINGS TO DO AT A REUNION IN BILOXI

CARIBOU CRAFT CORNER - At BNA a couple wives brought crafty/jewelry items for sale (to anybody that walked past). Had a couple inputs in Tacoma and only the headquarters frau had her pewter parts in SAT. Anybody wanting to display at BIX please note in reply and provide a short description of space and time needed. It seems that Saturday afternoon would be the ideal time - for a few hours. Let us hear from you??? Note: there is a 10% gross sales Charlie Seven Tax which is cheerfully requested of all for inclusion into the Reunion Fund. We will waive tax for a hardship or demonstrated good cause but other than that it will be a trip to the knee Dr. for those that try to skip.

REUNION IN BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI???? REQUIRED READING!!!!

Visiting Biloxi??? The land where a former AF L/C Jag officer retired was then a circuit court judge and he and his politically active wife (running for mayor) were in 1988 murdered by a loosely organized local Dixie Mafia. The main character was the law office partner of the judge who almost immediately after the hit was elected and served four years as mayor of Biloxi. He helped the casinos get in. Last week he along with three others was tried and convicted of conspiracy to commit murder, etc., etc. All presently are under the jail.

We recommend you reading the novel, **Mississippi Mud**. It is a short paperback and will give you some insight into local politics, lore and political activities.

LADY LUCK CASINO BILOXI CARIBOU CASINO OF CHOICE

Not a Luck's request but out of fair play we are recommending LADY LUCK AS CARIBOU CASINO OF CHOICE for the duration of the reunion. Persons observed spending money in other casinos will be shot ...(er that is, given a shot of whiskey).

REMEMBER DUI IS 500 to 900 BIG ONES HERE. DON'T DUI. For safety sake, after 2 or 3 drinks, call for a designated driver, take a bus, cab, toonerville trolley or walk!

PERSONAL FROM HQs

For those that noted the possibility of this shadow of a former pilot getting a seat on a 130 in Africa, the operation to my knowledge folded and left one guy holding the bag for the cost of a commercial medical cert and a passport. I be the guy. Even learned Ebonics for the trip.

Interest has flown from the DARK CONTINENT to the DARKROOM. If anybody has a surplus enlarger that will push 35mm to 12 x 12 or so and is willing to part with it for a meager sum, please contact HQ's.

ALSO, for anyone that attended DAYTON Reunion. Somebody took a hero shot of yours truly looking out of the window on the display Caribou there. I would be most interesting in locating the individual ... borrowing the neg and putting the shot in the personal archives. (negative to be returned of course.)
Nick

CARIBOU CHIPS AND DIP

Vun Tau/Cantho 1967

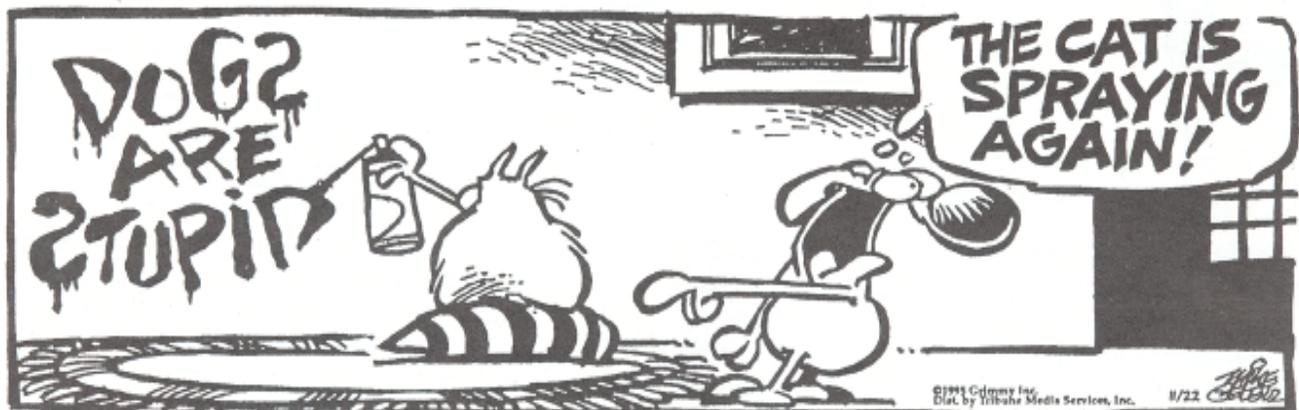
Any Vung Tau guys that remember Sgt Carlos R. Sanchez from the Cantho site during 1967 please get in touch with Carlos at P.O. Box 3719, Bay Pines, FL 33744-3719. He is especially looking for a L/C that was in charge of the detachment during ground attacks.

UNSOLICITED FOR SALE AD HOUSE ONE EACH, SOUTH, FL

The very mobile Octavio Jordan, who one night went to bed in Homestead, FL and due to hurricane winds found himself seeking shelter the next day in Tampa, mentioned he was selling his South Florida digs to reside now in Miami. House located in Homestead area (?) so anybody plotting a move to anywhere in South Florida should check the lay of the land with UC Jordan, the resident transient, at 305-380-6334. Also nail down the location and price of the house. We understand occasional breezy conditions comes with the property.

We will of course accept a modest commission for the Reunion Fund if a sale is made to a Caribou. This is to cover the numerous un-announced address changes and subsequent locating efforts dispensed on this character. P.S. Octavio created the batch of in-country Caribou action postcards and knows humor when he sees it, or lives it.

MOTHER GOOSE AND GRIMM By Mike Peters



EXPECTED GUEST FOR BIX

(or 457 guy makes good)

From the very best sources available and of course subject to exigencies of the service 457/71 Capt Eugene Habiger now **GENERAL Habiger**, CINC U.S. Stratcom, Offutt AFB is planning to attend the Saturday Night banquet and spend a little time with fellow Caribous. 457 guys that served with the general are especially invited to attend.. meet and greet, resurrect old war stories etc. Gen Habiger will be winding up a busy day, but I am told he will have a few words to say.. subject(s) of his choice of course.

It seems a CINC predecessor of Gen Habiger was a Gen LeMay who some of you may remember

The invite to the Gen was generated by last years guest speaker B/Gen John Soper.

HIGH ROLLERS SERVICE OFFERED!!

The following is provided as a service. If any of you, attending the reunion or not, care to join financial forces with a group of individuals that are interested in placing money in the \$5.00 slot machines please read on.

Here are the 'rules'. We list the individuals and their contributions. We pick the two or three most likely to hit it big and send them to the Casinos mid afternoon Saturday. Their selection will be based mostly on availability, history of personal honesty and maybe their own financial interest in the scheme along with their statement they can produce a winning pull on the slots.

They will play the grub steak thru **once** and return to the reunion with the fall out in the coin collection bin plus any cash payments from big hits.

We will pay back the contributions in full if able and then hopefully skim 10% for the Reunion fund from any remaining cash. The remaining dregs will be evenly split among the investors.

I'll open with \$20.00. Remember — 5 dollar increments. You do not have to be present to play.

Nick



GOOD MORNING!

VISITING THE BIG APPLE?

The Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmans Club 283 Lexington (parallels Broadway) New York 10016 has asked to be identified as a stopping place for most of our military members. Quarters range from 25 to 40 a night depending on rank and day of week. If interested, please contact them at 212 683-4354 or 4374 for FAX.

MAPS Plans and Schemes

Several members have inquired about a really comprehensive MAP of V-Nam — with all the SF camps and features, etc. I have one but it is among the other trappings of near greatness (?), and lost in the great pile of STUFF in the attic.

I'll look for mine and in the meantime everyone please check their personal archives and if you find a rather nice example of an IN COUNTRY MAP please, contact me and if needed we will try to have color copies made for the masses.

If anyone has a particular Fort, SF Camp or Operating Location they want ID's please provide the details and I'll try to get it on the Production Map!! Target Date; Reunion BIX.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HQ'S

In celebration of the past Yule, the undersigned has cheerfully accepted a FAX MACHINE as a token of lasting affection from the first wife.

Members are invited to avail themselves to the opportunities that this system may present in the conduct of Caribou business.

ADDITIONALLY: Individuals are invited to contribute to: NICK'S DIRTY JOKES REPOSITORY: Jokes may poke fun at men, women men/women, cats, military in general, Air Force in particular, male dominance, female dominance, and all aspects of material deemed politically incorrect at the moment with special emphasis on dumb Croation jokes:

Example: How do you spot a dumb Croation?

Answer: He lives in Bosnia

Optional: Have you ever seen a smart Croation?

Naturally, any jokes that fall outside the well defined parameters of good taste and/or politically correctness will be cheerfully evaluated for any vestige of humor that may be extracted. (Photo humor also invited).

SO! If you want to be installed as a CHARTER MEMBER OF THE JOKE REPOSITORY please open your request with a joke and your return FAX address.

Have a nice FAXING day,

Nick

601-863-8688F

INTERNET STUFF SKINNY DIPPING WHILE SURFING THE INTERNET

Now that we have your attention, in the March issue of Pop Sci we came across an interesting NET ADDRESS/TITLE that the high tech guys may want to troll over and check.

VIETNAM STORIES SINCE THE WAY

<http://www.pbs.org/pov/stories> (tell me what you find)

I will include the few internet addresses provided when the roster (the labeled roster) comes out. Since it may become a bulky addition to a roster in the future and only be of interest to a few can I **suggest** in the future those interested write or call and we will then mail of FAX them the current copy of caribou characters cavorting on the Internet. Your comment invited.

US AIR FORCE C-7 PERSONNEL LOSSES IN VIETNAM

This is the ultimate sacrifice.

May they rest in peace.

The above list was initially assembled by the well known AF MSGT Jerry York, Lander WY. (537-66(to68)). Jerry depended on the Pentagon Casualty Reports as the best info available. His entries were fluffed against the more determined data collection of L/C Jim Davis who added tail numbers and some updates. Jim is the former Historian, Army Otter-Caribou Association and his address is listed in our roster. Thus, the roster provided is the best information to date and is provided with great humility. WE thank both gentlemen for their effort.

NAME	UNIT	AIRCRAFT	DATE
Cpt David O. Webster	6252 Opns Sqdn	63-9751	4 Oct 66
1Lt Francis Bissaillon	6252 Opns Sqdn	63-9751	4 Oct 66
Ssgt Daniel P. Marlowe	6252 Opns Sqdn	63-9751	4 Oct 66
A1C Willis Karickhoff	6252 Opns Sqdn	61-2405	28 Oct 66
Tsgt Glendell E. Yates	6252 Opns Sqdn	62-4167	20 Nov 66
Cpt Anthony F. Korpics	6252 Opns Sqdn	62-4167	20 Nov 66
Cpt Alan Hendrickson	459 TAL	62-4161	3 Aug 67
Cpt John D. Wiley	459 TAL	62-4161	3 Aug 67
Tsgt Zane A. Carter	459 TAL	62-4161	3 Aug 67
Maj Thomas D. Moore Jr.	458 TAL	62-4175	30 Nov 67
Maj William J. Clark	458 TAL	62-4175	30 Nov 67
Ssgt Marin A. Delgado	458 TAL	62-4175	30 Nov 67
Cpt Kenneth J. Hoffman	457 TAL	63-9761	25 Jul 68
Sgt Gary R. McKendrick	457 TAL	63-9761	25 Jul 68
Cpt Robert Bull	457 TAL	62-4177	26 Aug 68
1Lt Ralph W. Manners	457 TAL	62-4177	26 Aug 68
A1C David F. Sleeper	457 TAL	62-4177	26 Aug 68
Cpt Wayne P. Bundy	537 TAL	63-9753	3 Oct 68
1Lt Ralph Schiavone	537 TAL	63-9753	3 Oct 68
Ssgt Donald G. Cleaver	537 TAL	63-9753	3 Oct 68
Ssgt James K. Connor	537 TAL	63-9753	3 Oct 68
1Lt James F. Wohrer	537 TAL	62-4186	26 Jul 69
1Lt Neil N. Greinke	537 TAL	62-4187	11 Sep 69
1Lt Robert P. Wiesneth	537 TAL	62-4187	11 Sep 69
2Lt Charles B. Ross	537 TAL	62-4187	11 Sep 69
Ssgt Frederick Wilhelm	537 TAL	62-4187	11 Sep 69
1Lt David B. Borling	459 TAL	63-9723	26 Dec 69
Tsgt E. J. Welch Jr.	459 TAL	63-9723	26 Dec 69
1Lt Steve W. Train	537 TAS	62-2406	2 Apr 70
1Lt Charles Suprenant	537 TAS	62-2406	2 Apr 70
Msgt Dale Christensen	537 TAS	62-2406	2 Apr 70
Maj Frederick Dauten	458 TAS	62-4180	4 Apr 70
Msgt Russell L. Klein	458 TAS	62-4180	4 Apr 70
Cpt Julius P. Jaeger	457 TAS	63-9746	6 Apr 70
Cpt James A. Gray	458 TAS	63-9746	6 Apr 70
1Lt Theron Fehrenbach	457 TAS	63-9746	6 Apr 70
Tsgt Gordon M. Gaylord	457 TAS	63-9746	6 Apr 70
NON HOSTILE			
Ssgt Donald James Jr.	457 TAS		17 Aug 69
Died of cardiac arrest while loading a C-7.			

Vietnam Redux

Following are a few items written for some old high school classmates who still have an annual reunion. The writing style is for them, some who still don't understand the difference between "army" and airforce, using the terms interchangeably. Not the style I would use if relating war stories in the BOQ. But, but might still be useful.

What did you do in the War, Daddy?

Phu Cat, Vietnam was one of the best kept secrets of the war. Located on a hill a few miles inland from the small seacoast town of Qui Nhon, it had been built from scratch by the Red Horse Battalion of civil engineers. Built on the site of an old French farmstead, it spread out over several hundred acres.

When the twin-engine Caribou in which we two replacement pilots flew from Saigon pulled up in front of the terminal, we could have been at a small town airport somewhere in the United States—except for the sand bags and metal revetments around the cargo and fighter airplanes parked on the tightly guarded flight line. I was taken to my quarters directly from the operations building as it was late in the evening when we arrived.

Having heard bad things about the food and housing in Vietnam, I was expecting the worst. To my surprise, the individual rooms assigned to pilots had an air conditioner and a refrigerator as well as a fairly comfortable bed. It was beneath the bed that I placed my helmet and flak jacket for use in case of a rocket attack—but that story and how I mistook a water pail for the helmet during an alert will have to wait until another day.

After a few weeks, I was becoming acclimated to the routine of getting out of bed each morning well before daylight. Still groggy, we climbed aboard the pickup truck driven by the lieutenant duty officer that first took us to the chow hall for breakfast then to the ready room down at flight operations. The second pleasant surprise was the quality of the chow served in the mess halls. Our chow hall at Phu Cat won first place for combat kitchens the year before and second place that year.

Our Squadron was trained for short-field operations in the mountains. Yes, Vietnam does have mountains and snow falls on them on rare occasions. The dirt landing strips were small patches cleared out of the jungle and scraped off to provide a thousand feet of dirt runway. Having flown off thirteen thousand foot concrete runways for years, it was quite an adjustment to being a bush pilot. We landed at places that were often were overgrown at either end with jungle trees and bamboo that reached up and slapped the bottom of our airplane if we were daring (we called it proficient) enough to touch the treetops when coming in.

Bamboo makes an extremely loud noise when it strikes the aluminum skin of the Caribou in flight. We didn't talk much about that except in the bull sessions back at the barracks, as flying into treetops would have been frowned on by the folks in the headquarters at Saigon.

Playing tag with the tops of the trees off the end of the strips wasn't just an idle game. The desired spot to touch down with the wheels was three to ten feet down from the end of the runway, the closer to three the better. That way, practically all of the thousand foot strip was left for stopping. Some of the most sporting places to land were on the runways that had been overlaid with pierced steel planking, a holdover from World War II. When the PSP runways were wet from rain or dew, they might as well have been covered with grease.

From our base at Phu Cat we launched each morning around dawn and flew to a large supply air base such as Da Nang on the coast, or Pleiku, in the central highlands. From there we fanned out in different directions, shuttling ammunition and supplies to the numerous fire bases and special forces camps throughout the northern part of the country. Our cargoes varied from supplies and artillery shells to live animals such as ducks, chickens, pigs and even a water buffalo from time to time.

Jungle Cowboys

The way the livestock was treated was inhumane and cruel. The cows and hogs were boxed in crates and left for hours, maybe even days, waiting in the hot sun on the ramp for an airplane to carry them to their destination. I once picked up a load of hogs that had been so long without food or water that they were half dead.

Another crew told of picking up a water buffalo that had been crated up and waiting on the flight line for more than a day. Needless to say, this fellow was exceedingly mad and out of sorts. They landed at their destination in the jungle where the local Vietnamese civilians were waiting to get their cow. The crewman responsible for loading and unloading the airplane reached up and took the crash ax off the wall. (in theory, this ax was to be used to chop your way out of the wreckage in case of a crash landing.) His intent was to knock some of the boards off the back of the crate so the animal could back out of the crate and be led away. Instead, when he swung the ax, it crashed through the boards and struck the poor water buffalo full force on the rump.

That was it, he had had enough! The crate exploded as the buffalo flew out and headed for the woods. At the edge of the clearing he stopped and looked back at his tormentors as the airplane sat there with both engines idling, the propellers slicing the air.

Suddenly, the irate bull decided to take on the airplane apparently considering it to be the enemy. He headed straight for it, head out, horns at a position of readiness. Fortunately for the buffalo and the airplane crew, he lunged past the spinning propellers. Had he gone through them it would have destroyed the bull as well as the airplane engines, and maybe even the airplane. Instead he gored the fuselage a few feet behind the trailing edge of the wing.

The aircrew reported that the last thing they saw as they hurriedly took off, was a buffalo in full flight toward the jungle, behind him a bunch of Vietnamese frantically chasing their meat supply. As far as we know, our outfit had the only airplane in the Air Force to be gored by a water buffalo.



No chicken snake!

Vowing to not succumb to the siren call of wine, women and song during that year in Vietnam, (well, there was a bit of wine available at the Officer's Club, but no women and not much song) I decided to channel my energies into running every day—during which year, I lost nearly seventy pounds

Most of the roads on base were paved but some of the lesser-traveled ones were dirt or sand. One, in particular, led off through the old French farm and meandered around before rejoining the paved road some two or so miles farther on, near the dining hall. It was my favorite place to run, since the sand providing some protection from the jars and jolts that caused shin splints.

Moonlight in the jungle can be a beautiful and deceptively peaceful thing, and I took advantage of it whenever I could by running the road at night. I had been doing that for some months when one night, just as I started down the dirt road, above the sound of my feet pounding the earth, I heard the metallic clack of a rifle bolt being drawn. I skidded to a stop about the same time as someone yelled, "HALT!" from the dark shadows beside the road.

My heart leapt into my throat as I envisioned the muzzle flash that would come blazing out of the darkness. Panic stricken, I threw up my hands. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I am an American!" The young sentry stepped out into the road and shined his flash light on my clothing, which consisted of running shorts and tennis shoes. "What are you doing out here?" "I'm running. I've been running on this road at night for months." "Well, you are not supposed to be out here," he snapped. "O.K., but nobody ever told me that." "Well, you're not supposed to be out here at night." "O.K., O.K.!"

It wasn't too long after that: on an afternoon, on the same road, just a few hundred yards down from where the sentry was that night. It was there that I saw the track. I remember snake tracks from back on the farm. A large snake's movement through sand will wipe out a path perhaps three or four inches wide as it slithers along. This track was between a foot and sixteen inches wide where the Python or whatever, had crossed the road in the sand. I couldn't help but remember the huge snake in *Robinson Crusoe* that came out of the jungle and crushed the helpless burro in his coils.

I can only imagine what would have happened had I stumbled over that thing one of those nights when I was running that road in the dark.



Richard Boyd Dodson .Major, USAF (Retired) 537 TAS
Phu Cat
July 1970-July 1971

The author is a free-lance writer, who has never had anything published. Some would say that is simply restating the obvious.

When he was in Vietnam, he was among the upper percentile of his squadron in age, but not quite the oldest, and not yet a grandfather.. He is retired and ekes out a living on a hardscrabble five acre patch in Dyer, Arkansas. The town of 600 is populated mainly by social security and welfare recipients; the latter category for which he may become eligible if things get much worse.

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE GREAT ONE (Concierge at the Express)

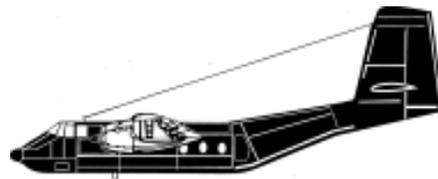
SIDNEY "SID" M. MARCUS, L/C USAF (Ret.)

- 1954 Graduated the University of Pittsburg, 2nd Lt. ROTC
- 1955 Entered pilot training, Bainbridge Air Base, GA
- 1956 Pilot 332 TCS, Sewart BFB, TN
- 1957 Released from active duty
- 1963 Recalled for the Missiles in May to TCW,
Dyess AFB, TX - C130-E aircraft commander
- 1964 Air Force test pilot for the Navy E2A at Gruman
aviation
- 1965 PCS to C-130 school as IP at Sewart AFB, TN
- 1967 PCS to 1 7TAS, C-130 Ski Birds, Elmendorf AFB, AK
- 1968 PCA to Hq Alaskan Air Command as Chief
of Protocol
- 1969 Executive Officer and pilot for the Commander AAC
- 1970 PCS AC-103A gunships, (Special) Ubon, Thailand
- 1971 Student Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA
- 1972 Hq TAC, Special Operations Staff Officer,
Langley AFB, VA
- 1975 DO 7th ACCS, Keesler AFB, MS
- 1976 Chief Morale Welfare Recreation, Keesler AFB, MS
- 1979 Commander, 3400 Training Group, Keesler AFB, MS
- 1980 Hillsboro Orbit Commander, 7th ACCS,
Keesler AFB, MS
- 1985 Retired USAF, 1 Oct. Keesler AFB, MS
- 1985 Director Parks Recreation & Cultural Affairs, City
of Biloxi
- 1987 Airline Captain, Eastern Metro Express, Atlanta,
GA
- 1991 Hotel Management, Holiday Inns of Biloxi

KNOWN E-MAIL ADDRESSES

Charland; Charland@capitol.net
Clapp; SCLAPP@netway.net
Donovan (?); C7pilot@aol.com
Kent Monroe; MonroeKM@aol.com
Mike Nassr; Manassr@aol.com
John Wilson; Wilsonjs@ci7.wpafb.af.mil
Yewall; Eyewdall@worldnet.attn.net

??Anyone want to be
E-Net Central until I get
a computer set-up??



BAD NEWS

It always catches my attention when a wife's return address is on an envelope. The FLASHGRAM mailout brought two announcements of ex-Caribous final landing.

Ms. June Fasolas reported the lost of James "Joe" Fasolas (4 Apr. 97).

Mary Jane Law reports the serious illness of 459/69 UC Donald K. Law, Port St. Lucie, FL.

Mrs. Macelia Muldrew informed us of the death of Major James P. Muldrew (17 Feb. 1993).

VA Operations Manager, George M. Moore Jr., a most remarkable man

By JACQUELINE WHITE
Managing Editor

Born and raised in Oxford, Mississippi, a neighbor of the late author William Faulkner, Bonham VA Operations Manager, George M. Moore Jr., led the good life, as a privileged son of an agricultural engineer in a small town.

An Eagle Scout he and his younger brother Tom, grew up hunting and fishing. "We used to like to hunt squirrel's," said George. "We'd cut across the creek and shoot squirrel's on Faulkner's property and he would chase us." He remembers Faulkner as a pretty nice old guy who dressed a little strange in the 50's. "He ran around in wool tweed jackets before anyone else did," said George.

George attended University High School, run by the University of Mississippi, and played football all four years. Everyone who taught at the high school had at least a master's degree, with many holding a doctorate. He graduated in 1962. "We didn't know how lucky we were to attend a school of its caliber. The school was way ahead of its time. For a town of 3200 people (at the time), it was a gifted and talented program before they were popular.

After graduation he won a scholarship to "Old Miss" which he attended and graduated with a B.A degree in public administration in 1966. While a student at the University of Mississippi he was a member of the Air Force ROTC, and during his junior and senior years he took advanced ROTC. On graduation he was commissioned a 2nd Lt and had a

four-year commitment to the Air Force.

George wanted to go to flight school in Arizona but was sent to Laredo, Texas. "I enjoyed my stay in 'Texas. I like Texas period! I like the people and the beautiful sunsets," he added.

After a year of pilot training he was sent to Viet Nam in 1967. He chose to stay for a second tour of duty in 1969.

Life changes fast. In March of 1973, 26-year-old Captain George Moore was returning from a mission in his F100 fighter jet and was given the runway number to land on. Due to a tower error he was sent to one that a ditch had been dug on. The next thing he knew the plane was turning cartwheels. He was pulled out of the wreck-age with severe burns over 65 percent of his body. His family was told that he probably wouldn't survive.

Four plus years later he left the hospital a triple amputee with a determination to be as independent as possible.

A most remarkable man he has since earned a B.S. degree in general business administration and a master's degree in public management with an emphasis in hospital management from Carnegie-Mellon University, graduating summa cum laude. He has also won numerous awards and honors along the way.

To name a few he was named the Handicapped Employee of the Year, State of Arizona - 1980; chosen to carry the Olympic Torch in the 1984 Olympics; Outstanding Disabled Veteran of

the Year, DAV, Dept. of Pennsylvania-1986; Recipient of the H.J. Heinz, III, Public Service Award, Carnegie-Mellon University 1996; and most recently he was class Valedictorian and the Keynote Speaker for the Federal Executive Institute, graduating class 1996.

A popular speaker Mr. Moore tells it like it is. Telling the 385 employees of the Bonham VA, "We change to ensure our future," when he first came to Bonham in January of this year, he is a good example of "changing."

"I had 4-1/2 years in the hospital to think about my future," he said. "The doctors told my family that I'd probably be in a hospital bed for the rest of my life, but I knew I wouldn't."

Besides continuing his education and advancing steadily in his career with the government, George is proud of his many "firsts."

Determined to fly again he owned and flew his own small plane for ten years before getting an offer for it that he couldn't refuse. "I decided to sell it as my wife, LuAnn and son, Dalen, really didn't enjoy flying."

George is the first (and maybe the only) triple amputee to fly his own plane. He would get into the plane from his wheelchair, taxi off, and on return follow the same process. He told of being asked more than once, "Where is the pilot?" People couldn't believe that he flew it by himself.

He is also a crack shot with a pistol, shotgun and rifle. He had a .357 pistol custom made to fit on the attachment for the prosthesis on his right arm. "If you

don't get out there and ask somebody if you want something, you know what the answer will be," he said. "It's no!"

He also has been able to pursue his love of fishing with a rod and reel that he

designed. "I have a six-wheeler all-terrain vehicle that I use to fish with. It takes me to the pond," said George. He added that he also enjoys playing bridge.

Married to wife LuAnn for

the past 22 years, the couple have a 19-year-old son, Dales. He likes Bon-ham. "The people here have a heritage and are proud of it," said George.

We all had a chance to meet George during the Nashville reunion. This more comprehensive rendering is further provided since George has professed his intent to be with us in Biloxi.

TOP HONORS FOR "HUMAN PROJECTILE OF THE MONTH"

Top honors for "Human Projectile Of The Month" go to an as-yet-unidentified dude who, we're told, is also a serious contender for the annual Darwin Award. That prestigious prize is given-posthumously-to the person who does the human gene pool the greatest service by removing himself from it in the most extraordinary stupid fashion. Well, the Darwin folks might see it that way, but we consider it a gallant if not brainless form of ballistic research.

Troopers from the Arizona Highway Patrol got onto this historic event after motorists reported some mysterious scorched and blackened scars on a stretch of deserted highway. The more officers found, the stranger the case got, until they pulled back, regrouped, and launched a full-scale investigation.

Here's what they kinda "pieced" together: JATO units are basically huge canisters of solid rocket fuel used to achieve "Jet Assisted Take Off," typically lifting big transports into the air from rough-ground short runways, or shooting overloaded planes from the decks of aircraft carriers.

They were not, repeat *not*, designed to augment the inherent boost factor of a 1967 Chevy Impala. But we guess - let's call him "Zippy" - didn't know that when he hook-ed one up to his ride.

01' Zip apparently chose his runway carefully, selecting a nice long, lonely piece of straight-as-string highway in good repair. Not guessing he might need a bit more than five miles of zoom surface, Zippy's test track had, that far down the strip, a gentle rise on a sloping turn.

Anyways, the Zipster kicked the tire, lit the fire, and ran his Chevy up to top cruising speed. And then he hit *ignition!*

Investigators know exactly where this happened, judging from the extended patch of burned and melted asphalt. The pocket-calculator boys figure Zip reached maximum thrust within five seconds, punching that Chevy up to "well in excess of 350 mph" and continuing at "full burn" for another 20 to 25 seconds.

Early in that little sprint, at roughly the 2.5 mile mark, the Human Hydra-Shok stood on the brakes, melting them completely, blowing the tires and rapidly reducing all four 'skins to liquefied trails on the pavement.

Remember that gentle rise on the turn? That's where Zip-py concluded his land-speed record attempt and went for aerial honors, ultimately reaching an altitude of 125 feet and still climbing when his flight was abruptly terminated. We'll never know how far and how high The Big Zip might have

gone. A cliff face of solid rock kind of got in the way, posing a serious violation of the laws of physics *vis a vis* two chunks of matter attempting to occupy the same space at the same time. Zip gave it hell though, blasting a three-foot deep crater in the terra-very-firma.

The best modern forensic science could do was ID the car's make, model, and year. As for Zip, only trace evidence was found of bone, teeth and hair in the crater, and splinters of fingernail embedded in what is believed to be a piece of steering wheel. If there ain't room for this one in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, there damn sure ought to be an honorable mention in Weatherby's.

This was extracted from AMERICAN HANDGUNNER mag.

For those who have never been exposed to JA TO, I can relate to earlier (pre-Caribou) years and flying the HU-16. The HU-16 grossed about 33,000 and was rigged for 4 JA TO bottles. I rode co-pilot for a couple AC's qualification runs using the JATO's to assist water takeoff. For obvious economy only 2 bottles were used and I was much impressed with the urge given by the two rockets. Estimating our weight at 30,000 then a single bottle would give similar boost to 15,000 lbs. Since the Chevy 'Zippy' used in his ground (and air) run weighed in the 3000 pound class it stands to reason that he would have something approaching 5 X - that is five times the thrust to weight ratio as the HU-16 - less water drag.

I am convinced that the outlandish speeds for a Chevy calculated in the above were most likely attained.

It is gratifying that the loss of this brave pioneer will however contribute to the continuation of mankind. Ed.

THE TEN CARIBOU COMMANDMENTS

1. KEEP ADDRESS CURRENT
2. Keep top line of address block current. (sq. phone, etc.)
3. Advise HQ's of area code changes when they happen.
4. Provide Plus-4 portion of ZIP if available.
5. Contribute items for NEWSLETTERS.
6. Locate and identify potential member's.
7. Attend a Reunion once in your lifetime.
(Minimum requirement)
8. Host, scout or recommend a cheap reunion site.
9. FAX (or mail) the HQ staff some selected jokes occasionally.
10. Pay attention to the FIRST COMMANDMENT.
REMEMBER the 11th Commandment:
Thou shall not be found out.

MEA CULPA

It seems a possible affront to the character and good will of members inadvertently slipped thru the exhaustive proof reading of the FLASHGRAM postcard. We cannot get good help these days. The primary intent of the FLASH card was to announce the setting of the Reunion Date/Dates to all and invite contact from new found members ... coming to the reunion or not. We hope the typical Tax **paid** member would make his reservation then unless address corrections were needed, wait for the usual reunion notification/newsletter. Some sent in their Bou Tax for the year and rather humbly asked for the Newsletter. The newsletter is more than a month behind due to complications booking the lodging, UPS Strike, and PPPP that is (Pretty Poor Printer Performance). It is further delayed by sloth, gluttony, agony, lust mental error, DT's word processor breakdown, computer error, and the usual catalogue of useless excuses. THE POINT: I have not been delaying the Newsletter based on current dues paid but it just has not been printed for distribution to anyone. Everyone and then some will get the Newsletter as soon as it is on the street.

AS a matter of fact in the past I have been sending the Newsletter to anyone that ever paid TAX which is possibly a bit more than generous. Occasionally a few individuals catch up and reports in along with some Back End Tax \$\$\$ that seems to carry the load. This includes some as far back as T-92. For those and possibly those that we have not heard from with the T-XX still indicating the T-94 and T-95 range we wish (pray) they would consider making the sacrifice and bringing their CARIBOU TAX account into the 21st Century. T-97 is just fine, 21st just sounds dramatic. If we don't hear from you at some point, you may not hear from us. It costs a bit over a buck to put the Newsletter on your doorstep. Postage is going up. It pains me to squander Assn. funds if there is no interest on the other end. It also helps if the addresses are confirmed every couple years.

So really if anybody is bent thinking the Newsletter was held up gaming the current taxes ... the fact is the Newsletter is just LATE!!! And I am profoundly 'sorry about that'.

Nick

P.S. Caribou Tax at \$10.00 per year is still less than .03 cents a day.

UNCONFIRMED SIGHTING

JERRY PANKONEN
Spokane, Washington



PANKONEN

From undisclosed sources we understand that Jerry has now sub-leased Mad Bomber Kazinski air mobile villa and located in the eastern Washington state to evade the shooter-up, blow-em-up persona of Montana.

BIG WW-II AVIATION CADET REUNION

We worked around this date as some of the older guys may be interested in this one.

There is the granddaddy of all reunions being held 16 thru 18 Oct at Kelly Field, Stinson Field and San Antonio in general. This is to include ALL Aviation Cadets from ALL TIME. If you haven't been contacted and are interested please call 501-253-5008 for further info.

Anybody that has ordered and not received Caribou Flee Market stuff

PLEASE notify HQ's

_____ Photos: 8 x 10 in Full reverse	\$6.00	_____
_____ Red Tail Over Cam Ranh	\$6.00	_____
VIDEO'S VHS			
_____ R-4 Colo Spgs. Reunion	\$6.00	_____
_____ R-5 Nashville Reunion	\$6.00	_____
_____ AF Carobpi Fo;, / shots	\$10.00	_____
_____ B-29 Rescue: Bou in Artic	\$10.00	_____
_____ The Kugler Movie Video	\$25.00	_____
OTHER			
_____ ** Caribou Stamp	\$10.00 (You supply the ink pad)	_____
LINE C-7 TOTAL		_____

**CARIBOU HOME SHOPPING NETWORK
FLEA MARKET ITEMS**

