

C-7A Caribou Association

Volume 23, Issue 2

Memorial Bench Installed at AMC Museum

Two activities highlighted the Gathering of Bous in Dover, DE last month. The first was a bus-ferry trip to Sunset Beach, NJ for a special retreat ceremony honoring our 39 fallen brothers from the Vietnam War (see **Marvin Hume**,

In This Issue

President's Corner.....	Page 2
Caribou Bowl.....	Page 2
2013 Reunion in Seattle	Page 3
C-7A aircraft at Pen Turbo.....	Page 3
Greatest Generation	Page 4
2012 Reunion Attendance	Page 5
The Red, White, and Blue.....	Page 6
Thump.....	Page 6
Business Meeting Minutes ...	Page 7
DFC At Dak Pek	Page 8
Recovering Heroes	Page 9
Marvin Hume	Page 10
Balance Sheet 10/31/12	Page 12
X-47B	Page 12
AF Enlisted Heritage Hall	Page 13
Cuban Missile Crisis.....	Page 14
Lima Delta Charlie.....	Page 14
Love The Bou.....	Page 14
B-17 Navigator's Log	Page 15
Vung Tau Clerk	Page 15
Jonathan Winters.....	Page 15
Convoy Escorts	Page 15
KC-135 Rescue	Page 16
The Rest of the Story	Page 17
Just A Ride Home.....	Page 17
Eye Witness.....	Page 18
Now That's STOL	Page 18
Close Formation	Page 19
Priority Codes	Page 20
Caribou Memories	Page 20
North Platte Canteen	Page 21
Hole In Fuel Tank	Page 23
Pleiku to Ben Het	Page 26
<i>Caribou Airlines</i>	Page 27

on pages 10-11). After the ceremony, we presented a letter from the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Greenert, to Petty Officer Hume in appreciation of his service to our country during WW II and, since 1976, to deceased veterans at his sunset retreats on the beach.

We also visited Pen Turbo Aviation at the Cape May County Airport to see more than 20 Caribous owned by that company as part of their effort to modernize the Bou with turboprop engines and a glass cockpit. It was sad to see those Bous in such poor condition, but it was great to see so many of them in one place.

The second highlight was our visit to the Air Mobility Command Museum at Dover AFB to dedicate a memorial bench to our fallen brothers (see picture on page 12). The museum has a good collection of aircraft: C-7A, C-9A, C-45, C-47, C-54, C-119, C-121, C-123, C-124, C-130, C-131, C-133, C-141A, C-141B, VC-9C, B-17G, F-101B, F-106, KC-97, KC-135, A-26, HH-43, UH-1, T-33, U-3A, PT-17, BT-13, and CG-4 (glider). The collection is well maintained and many of the aircraft are open, at times, for visitors to go inside them. This museum's docents are **first class** and do an excellent job of telling the story of the aircraft and its role in USAF history. It is an amazing operation considering that the museum has only two full time employees. The other personnel are volunteers. If you are in the vicinity some time, y'all come and visit. It is well worth your time.

Your editor brought copies of the first in a series of five books on the history of Caribou operations in Vietnam to

the reunion. All copies were quickly snatched up by the attendees and orders were taken for delivery by mail (see page 27).

All of the Caribou ID plates brought by Stoney Faubus were sold. The AMC museum had a refrigerator magnet which sold out. These items (see below) are being considered by the Board for addition to our approved list of memorabilia items.

C-7A Caribou ID Plate



C-7A
Caribou®

CARD No. 100

SPECIFICATIONS			
AIRCRAFT	C-7A	CONTRACTOR	De Havilland of Canada
CREW	3	POWERPLANT	PRATT & WHITNEY R2000-7M2 1450HP 2 EACH
HEIGHT	31' 9"	MAX SPEED	239 MPH 208 KTAS
WING SPAN	95' 7 1/2"	MAX T/O WEIGHT	26,500 LBS.
LENGTH	72' 7"	CEILING	27,900 FT.
MISSION	STOL Cargo Transport	RANGE	1,210 MILES MAX
FIRST FLIGHT	30 JULY 1958	ARMAMENT	NONE
© 2012, American Data Plates, 1-800-572-7722			

C-7A Caribou Refrigerator Magnet

C-7A Caribou Association



C-7A CARIBOU

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

Elected Officers and Board Members...

Chairman of Board/Vice President - Peter Bird [535, 71]
President/Board Member - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Treasurer/Board Member - Mike Murphy [537, 68]
Secretary/Board Member - Al Cunliffe [458, 68]
Board Member at Large - Bob Neumayer [459, 69]
Board Member at Large - Pat Phillips [535, 68]
Board Member at Large - Doug Boston [458, 68]

Appointed Positions

Bereavement Chairman - Jay Baker [535, 66]
Chaplains - Sonny Spurger [537, 68], Jon Drury [537, 68]
Historians - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
 Robert Blaylock [457,70]
Newsletter Editor - Pat Hanavan [535, 68]
Newsletter Editor Emeritus - Dave Hutchens [459, 69]
Reunion 2012 Planners - Pat Ford [535, 68]
 Joe Kurtyka [459, 66]
 Bill Shaw [535, 67]
Webmaster - Peter Bird [535, 71]
President Emeritus - Nick Evanish [457, 66]
Chaplain Emeritus - Bob Davis [457, 69]

Squadron Representatives...

457th Royal Moulton [457, 66], phone 540-720-7092
 457th Mike Thibodo [457, 70], phone 651-483-9799
 458th Lee Corfield [458, 69], phone 724-775-3027
 458th Al Cunliffe [458, 68], phone 334-285-7706
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 535th Cliff Smith [535, 69], phone 804-453-3188
 535th Mike Messner [535, 70], phone 321-453-0816
 536th Dana Kelly [536, 70], phone 407-656-4536
 536th Chuck Harris [536, 68], phone 325-465-8096
 537th George Harmon [537, 69], phone 951-695-0630
 483rd Gary Miller [483, 68], phone 262-634-4117
 4449th Bill Buesking [535, 70], phone 210-403-2635
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Members are encouraged to communicate with the Editor of the Newsletter. Send change of address, phone number, or e-mail address to:

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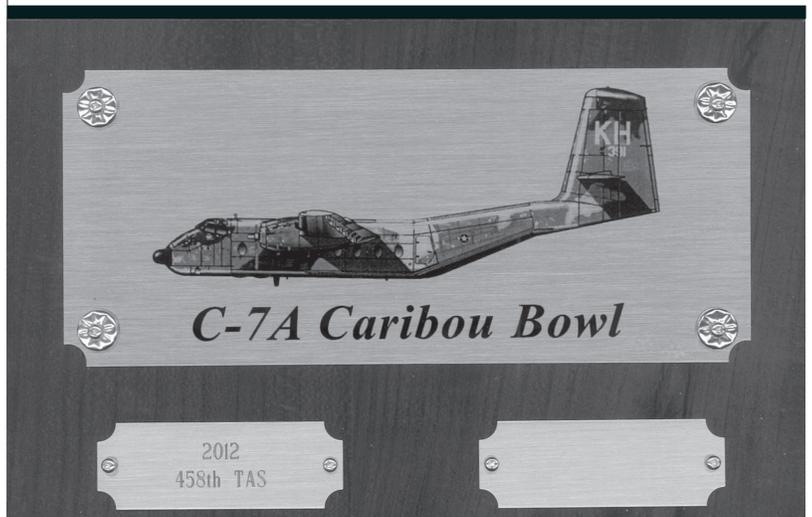
\$10.00 dues are payable each January. Write your check to **C-7A Caribou Association** (not Mike Murphy) and send it to:

Mike Murphy
 555 Couch Ave, Apt 432
 Kirkwood, MO 63122-5564
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President's Corner



Reunion 2012 was a success due to the efforts of our members and their ladies. Pat Ford chaired the local "boots on the ground" team, arranged the bus transportation for the Sunset Beach trip, assisted with registration, and also handled the difficult task of working with base contacts to put together the tour of Dover AFB. Joe Kurtyka identified sources of supplies for the War Room, assisted with registration, and made a "practice run" with me to Cape May, Sunset Beach, and Pen Turbo Aviation. Pat and Suzanne Ford, Joe and Becky Kurtyka, and Alicia Hanavan "stuffed" the envelopes with the registration packet and local maps and shopping information. Wayne and Joyce Brunz, Suzanne Ford, and Alicia Hanavan handled the Memorabilia Room with great efficiency. Joe Kurtyka, Jim Bailey, Alicia Hanavan, Pat Ford, and Bill Shaw managed War Room supplies. Alicia Hanavan, Suzanne Ford, Joe Kurtyka, and Pat Ford decorated the tables for the banquet. Jon Drury and Bob Davis offered grace before meals, the invocation at the business meeting, and the candle ceremony. Oh, Pat Ford also arranged the color guard for the banquet. It was a real team effort. A resounding "Bravo Zulu" to all hands.



This year's Caribou Bowl was won by the 458th Tactical Airlift Squadron. Team members were: Doug Boston, Al and Shirley Cunliffe, Stoney and Melva Faubus, and Chris Nevins. They answered 19 of the 30 questions correctly. The ladies were a significant factor in the win, contributing to 12 correct answers for the 15 questions on current events of the 1967-1972 time frame, while the men only scored 7 correct answers on the 15 questions about the Caribou. An engraved plate has been added to the plaque (see above). Which squadron will win next year? Hint: Some questions from this year will be repeated next year. See you in Seattle.

2013 C-7A Reunion in Seattle (9-13 Oct)

Possible activities (in planning stage):

Wednesday, 9 Oct:

1400-2100 Reunion registration
1800-1830 WELCOME MEETING IN WAR ROOM
1830-2000 Welcome reception in War Room

Thursday, 10 Oct:

Visit Museum of Flight (<http://www.museumofflight.org/>)
Dinner on your own or
Bus to dinner cruise (<http://www.argosycruises.com/royalargosy/default.cfm>)

Friday, 11 Oct:

Men: morning tour Boeing plant (<http://www.boeing.com/commercial/tours/>),
and Paul Allen's collection (<http://www.flyingheritage.com/>),
pay-as-you-go lunch before return to hotel

Women: morning - Seattle City Tour to include a stop at the Chihuly Glass Museum located at the base of the Space Needle. This is the largest collection of Chihuly glass in the world. Within the museum is a restaurant for lunch on your own. Also included on the tour is a look at some of Seattle's most outstanding neighborhoods, a history tour, and a stop at Pike Place Market (**the famous fish market**).

1800 bus to dinner site Private Dinner at the Space Needle

Saturday, 12 Oct:

0800-1200 TBD morning activity
1300-1400 2nd Annual Caribou Bowl
1400-1530 Business Meeting
1630 Group pictures
1800 Social Hour (pay-as-you-go bar)
1900-2200 Banquet at hotel

Sunday, 13 Oct:

Depart for home



**C-7A aircraft at Pen Turbo
Cape May, NJ**

When our buses arrived at the Lewes ferry terminal on 16 October, we proceeded directly to the old Wildwood Naval Air Station (now Cape May County Airport) where Pen Turbo, Inc. is headquartered and has about 21 C-7A aircraft around and in its hangar (see picture above).

The company has modified two Caribous into their TurboBou configuration with glass cockpit and Pratt & Whitney PT-6A-67T turboprop power plants. The PT6 is a dual shaft free turbine turboprop engine, with a mixed flow compressor and a multi stage turbine.

FlightWorks Inc. has been operating a TurboBou out of Bagram Airfield, Afghanistan during 2012 (see picture in center of page). The charter aircraft dropped supplies by parachute to Special Forces and other clandestine units deployed in hard-to-reach locations around Afghanistan.

See two of these **awesome** drops at http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zbbLrIfA_sU and <http://www.military.com/video/operations-and-strategy/air-drop-operations/incredible-lcla-drop-in-khar-war/1764205711001/>

FlightWorks is the only air carrier in the world to be granted FAA authority to conduct Low Cost Low Altitude (LCLA) aerial resupply under 14 CFR Part 135, providing critical supplies to our troops.

The Department of Defense turned to FlightWorks for a solution to supply forward troops with supplies so they do not have to travel by land and be subjected to the extreme dangers of improvised explosive devices (IEDs). FlightWorks' LCLA solution drops vital food, water and other supplies to remote areas that no one else can reach.

The LCLA system is "low cost," based on parachutes made of sandbag materials, risers made of swing set plastic rope, and the total cost of the system is less than \$100 each. These systems are expendable as well. There is no need to back haul air items for reuse based on the high consumption rate. Ultimately, the troops on the drop zone (DZ) can cut the lashings, take the supplies, and leave the chute and lashings behind.

Another TurboBou is operated for skydiving by Palm Beach Aviation in Palm Beach, FL.

Greatest Generation

by Gen. Anthony C. Zinni, USMC

Several members requested that the following remarks, which were shared by Pat Hanavan at this year's banquet, be reprinted in the newsletter for other members to read.

Note: General Zinni, USMC, Ret. served two tours in Vietnam, was wounded during his second tour, commanded forces in Somalia to recover the remains from Blackhawk Down and was Commander of Central Command.

"Vietnam veterans don't apologize for anything. There is nothing wrong with us and what we did and what we did afterwards. We are as much the greatest generation as the one that proceeded us. You can look at those statistics as to what we did – we not only fought this 10 year war with confused political direction, but won every battle we were asked to win. What did we do after that? We took the military out of the ashes of all sorts of things and rebuilt the finest military, won the Cold War, and created the greatest economy this nation has ever had.

We weren't the drug-ridden, homeless population. We ended up being far better than our counterparts. Why were there tens of thousands of people running around pretending to be Vietnam veterans? I haven't seen anybody pretend that they were at Woodstock.

You can't steal our valor. It's ours. We own it. We are proud of it. Our generation did as much if not more for this nation than any generation.

In Washington, D.C., the Vietnam Memorial is the most visited memorial in Washington, D.C., more than any other. If you talk to the people who work there, the National Park Service, they do a great job of trying to keep the memorials clean, polished, and ready.

It is not good enough for our generation. We have veterans, and sons and daughters of veterans, who come there with toothbrushes and scrub that wall to make it perfect.

On Father's Day, we take roses and put them by every name and ask the families if they will give us anything they want to say to whom they lost and we wrap them around the roses and put them there.

There is no memorial in Washington, D.C. where those who were the buddies of those we lost care for it, tend to it, respect it. We are now building a memorial center that will be next to it, underground, to tell the story of every person on that wall. We asked the families to contribute because we want them to be living representatives of what our generation really was all about.

I really resent the fact that every time we talk about Vietnam veterans, there is some sort of apology: "We had a tough time. The American public didn't understand what we did."

We know what we did. We know what our buddies did. We held them in our arms when they died. We know who is on that wall. We know that we contributed to the defeat of one of the greatest threats to our nation in the world. In the end, the enemy collapsed. Why does Vietnam want to be more like us today? Why are they reaching out to us today?

We have got to stand up as the veterans, part of that generation, to say what we did. We saw more combat than our fathers did in WW II. The average grunt in Vietnam saw 240 days in a one year tour. The veterans in WW II saw 40, on average. You never knew what was around the next corner.

I sat at an event like this at a table, not realizing that next to me was a Medal of Honor recipient from WW II. A great American. We were talking about Vietnam and the kinds of wars we have had since then. He turned to me and said, "I could not have done what you did. When we went into combat we knew where the front lines were, we knew when we were going to have to gird our loins and go in and fight. We knew that when the battle was over and we came back, that we had a chance to rest. Spending a year or more in an

environment that you didn't know what the next day brought, the next minute, the next second – would have been extremely difficult for me to handle."

I was shocked to hear [these words] from one of the greatest heroes our nation has ever produced, a Medal of Honor recipient. When I go down that Wall, at each panel, and I look at it, I realize how young we were and how innocent we were going in. You know there is a 15 year old soldier on that wall, there are five 16 year old soldiers, there are a number of 17 year old soldiers. The average is less than 23 years old. We went into that war extremely innocent.

I remember, as a Second Lieutenant, getting my orders to Vietnam, first tour. I was assigned to be an advisor to the Vietnamese Marines, a 2/Lt. I arrived in Saigon. I got my tiger stripes, my beret, I was full of myself. I reported to the Colonel, who looked at me and he said, 'A 2/Lt, what the hell am I going to do with you?' There were less kind words from the Vietnamese Marine Colonel to whom I said, 'I am here to advise you.'

My first assignment, as they were trying to figure out what to do with a 2/Lt, was to report to another great Marine, now General Joe Hoar, Retired, who was a Captain. 'We're going to send you down to work with Capt Hoar. He'll teach you what you need to do.' I said to the Colonel, 'Where do I go?' He said, 'Well, they are down in the Rung Sat Special Zone.' Which was a main road swamp South of Saigon. The Viet Cong used to ambush the ships coming up and the Vietnamese Marines on these small fiberglass boats interdicted the waterways and set up ambushes. 'You're gonna go down and work with him.' I said, 'Fine, how do I get there?'

He said, 'You go down to Nah Be (which was a Naval base) and they'll get you down to where they are located.' So I walked out of the Colonel's office and I ran into the first Vietnamese Marine, and said, 'How do I get to

Continued on Page 5

Generation (from Page 4)

Nah Be?’ He said, ‘You catch a bus to go down.’ So, I took the little cyclo cab from our headquarters, went to the square where all the buses were, and looked for the one that said ‘Nah Be.’ I had my pack, my rifle, my Vietnamese Marine Corps uniform (all brand new) and I got on the bus.

There were little old ladies with chickens and everybody else looking at me. I took the bus to Nha Be. I got off at Nha Be and asked, ‘Where is the Naval Base?’ Some of the Vietnamese pointed and I took the cyclo ride to the gate.

When I got to the Naval Base, I walked up to the gate and told the security guys on the gate, ‘I need to come in and see if I can get a helicopter down to the 4th Battalion, Vietnamese Marines.’ They said, ‘We’ll take you to the operations center.’ They dragged me to the operations center.

I come in and there is this Navy Commander who says ‘Who the hell are you?’ I said, ‘Second Lieutenant Zinni.’ He said, ‘How did you get here, no helicopters have come in?’ I said, ‘I took the bus.’ He said, ‘What?’ I said, ‘I took the bus from Saigon down here.’ He said, ‘Are you crazy, it’s not safe to take a bus.’ I said, ‘Oh, I didn’t know.’ He muttered something about God protecting idiots and Second Lieutenants.

I reported to Capt Hoar, who had been told that this new Second Lieutenant was coming down, the only Second Lieutenant assigned to a Vietnamese Marine advisory unit. He insured that the Battalion Commander was ready for me to have a special dinner, which consisted of duck’s blood, peanut soup, and a monkey I saw roasting on a skillet, which was not what they normally ate. He knew I had been through this course where we were told that no matter what you think, eat the food, tell them that it is delicious. I went though all that and I told them how great the food was on that first day.

I tell that story because I looked at that Wall and saw how young we were, how innocent. I could tell you about

my first fire fight to where we came out years later. I can’t believe how much we aged in that time. We were wiser. We lost our innocence in many ways. We came out understanding more about what we went through than our leadership did.

I see the same thing now, after coming back from doing an assessment in Afghanistan. It is amazing – how at the company level, the battalion level, and brigade level – they get it. We have problems elsewhere up the chain.

When we came out of that war, we may have still been young, but we were wise beyond our years. For a long time, the advice we gave not to repeat the mistakes of our senior leadership, the advice we gave held us in good stead, until our generation got washed out of the senior leadership.

I think we are creating another generation now. My son is a Marine, just finished his sixth deployment, came back from Afghanistan. I see this generation is learning the same lessons, and that will hold us in good stead.

We came out of the Vietnam War and rebuilt the finest military in the world. We stood up to the Soviet threat and said, ‘We may have been bloodied in Vietnam, but just try us in the Fulda Gap.’ They didn’t, they folded. We created the greatest economy in the world. We never lost our dignity or our honor. That’s why there are so many people that want to repeat it or copy it, or claim it from us, but they can’t.

There’s only about a third of us left who went through that experience and our numbers are getting smaller and smaller. I want to tell you, as a member of this generation, we are as much the greatest generation, we are as much the proudest generation. From uncles, cousins, and fathers who fought before us in previous wars as any of those who went before us.

For us to get together and remember that moment, and to know that no one can take from us what we did, what we went through. No one can diminish the honor of those we left on that battlefield

and take away from them what they did – that’s what we are all about.

When we have moments like this, when we come together to remember all that, and make sure all Americans remember that – it says something about our society.

God bless you and thank you for your service to our country and all you have done.”

2012 Reunion Attendance by Unit

457 Member/Spouse	7/4
458 Member/Spouse	11/9
459 Member/Spouse	10/8
483 Member/Spouse	5/3
535 Member/Spouse	18/13
536 Member/Spouse	7/4
537 Member/Spouse	17/7
AFAT2 Member/Spouse	1/0
908 TAG Member/Spouse	1/1
Guests of Members	15
Total	141

2012 Reunion Attendance by State

AL	2	KY	2	NM	1
AR	1	MA	3	NV	1
AZ	1	MD	3	NY	3
CA	3	MI	3	OH	4
CO	1	MS	1	OK	1
CT	3	NC	4	PA	3
DE	8	NE	2	TN	2
FL	6	NH	1	TX	7
GA	3	NJ	4	VA	4
IL	3				

Correction

From the editor: My story titled “Ammo for Song Be” (March 2007, page 14) incorrectly stated that the C-130 which was hit by ZU-23 fire was inbound for Song Be. In fact, the C-130 S/N 62-1861 was inbound to Katum when I saw it. It was hit in the left wing and fire spread along the wing, so they flew to Tay Ninh where they made a crash landing. The crew escaped, but the C-130 exploded and burned.

Courtesy Of The Red, White, and Blue

song by Toby Keith

American girls and American guys, will always stand up and salute.
 We'll always recognize, when we see ol' glory flying,
 There's a lot of men dead,
 So we can sleep in peace at night when we lay down our heads.
 My daddy served in the Army where he lost his right eye,
 But he flew a flag out in our yard 'til the day that he died.
 He wanted my mother, my brother, my sister and me.
 To grow up and live happy in the land of the free.

Now this nation that I love is fallin' under attack.
 A mighty sucker-punch came flying in from somewhere in the back.
 Soon as we could see clearly through our big black eye,
 Man, we lit up your world like the fourth of July.

Hey, Uncle Sam put your name at the top of his list,
 And the Statue of Liberty started shaking her fist.
 And the eagle will fly and it's gonna be hell,
 When you hear Mother Freedom start ringing her bell.
 And it'll feel like the whole wide world is raining down on you.
 Ah, brought to you, courtesy of the red, white and blue.

Oh, justice will be served and the battle will rage.
 This big dog will fight when you rattle his cage.
 An' you'll be sorry that you messed with the U.S. of A.
 'Cos we'll put a boot in your ass, it's the American way.

Hey, Uncle Sam put your name at the top of his list,
 And the Statue of Liberty started shaking her fist.
 And the eagle will fly and it's gonna be hell,
 When you hear Mother Freedom start ringing her bell.
 And it'll feel like the whole wide world is raining down on you.
 Ah, brought to you, courtesy of the red, white and blue.

Oh, oh.
 Of the red, white and blue.

Videos on YouTube:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=wbV3lf1HzQI

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b7a2XToMIYo>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NynbLtRLIsg>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ruNrdmjcNTc>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SQcJ9tPvy-4>

Available on iTunes, Google Play, AmazonMP3

Thump

by Dave Kowalski [908, 75]

Back in the 1970s, our reserve unit had a tasking to drop a Special Forces National Guard unit out of Hattiesburg, MS. They were a rough bunch and most of them were Vietnam veterans. The night before the drops, we all went out to tell war stories at a local night spot.

The next morning, most of the flight crew and all of the troopers were hung-over bad. The first two sticks went well although it had rained the night before and the ramp was wet and muddy. I took note of this since I was the crew chief who would have to clean it up. After watching the 3rd stick jump, I was feeling queasy from the night before so I went to the front of the aircraft and laid down.

The next thing I heard was a scream and a loud "thump." When I looked up, old Sergeant Westerhouse, the flight mechanic, had slipped and fallen out the cargo door and was dangling in the slip stream about 3 feet behind the aircraft.

He had neglected to adjust the length of the strap on his safety harness, but luckily had attached it to the cargo tie-down ring. The copilot came down from the cockpit about the same time that I got to my feet.

The pilots said they knew something was wrong when they heard the scream and the intercom went dead. It was a struggle to pull Sergeant Westerhouse back into the aircraft. We were lucky that he was a small guy. NOTE: The loud thump we heard was Sergeant Westerhouse's helmet hitting the ramp floor.

This episode scared Sergeant Westerhouse so badly that he quit his job as a flight mechanic and got a commission. Lt Col (Sergeant) Westerhouse retired as a C-130 Pilot.

He is the same guy who was on the "Flight of Dog 05" (November 2011, page 12) when it lost the engine out of Utapo.

Cool Things to Know

- A snail can sleep for three years..
- No word in the English language rhymes with "MONTH."

- Average life span of a major league baseball is 7 pitches.
- All polar bears are left-handed.
- An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

Minutes of 2012 Business Meeting

Al Cunliffe, Secretary announced at 10:05 AM that a quorum, 51 members, was present.

President, Pat Hanavan called the meeting to order at 10:05 AM.

Pledge of Allegiance was led by Pat Hanavan.

Invocation by Jon Drury.

A motion to adopt the agenda as published was made by Gary Sanger, seconded by Al Rice, and carried unanimously.

A motion to accept the minutes of the 2011 business meeting as published on the Association website was made. The motion was seconded by Bill Buesking and passed unanimously.

Officer and Committee Reports:

Secretary Report - Al Cunliffe:

The secretary presented a report on the motions considered and passed by the Board of Directors for the previous year:

20110903: Honorary Lifetime Member Status for Al Cunliffe

20110924: Lockwood Honorary Associate Membership

20110927: Chairman of the Board Election

20111119: Multiprint Invoice

20120615: Reunion Expenses

20120618: Multiprint Invoice

20120829: Honorary Lifetime Member Status for General Jumper

Bereavement Committee Report - Jay Baker

Jay was unable to attend so Pat Hanavan provided a report of the previous year's activities, which consisted primarily of providing a letter of condolence or suitable condolence card to the deceased's family, and an offer for the widow to become an Honorary Associate Member of the C-7A Caribou Association if she desires. A special Retreat Ceremony recognizing our 39 lost aircrew members was performed at Cape May, New Jersey on 18 Oct.

Reunion Committee Report - Pat

Hanavan.

Pat thanked the Dover area members who helped with the planning and execution of the reunion, Pat and Suzanne Ford, Joe and Becky Kurtyka, and Bill Shaw

Report on the Roster - Pat Hanavan

Pat provided an update of current membership: we have 805 active members and approximately 5,686 names listed on the roster, of these 736 are deceased.

Audit Committee Report - Pat Hanavan provided a review of the audit committee's finding. Bill Buesking provided answers to questions raised by Randy Smith as to the rationale used in determining the value of the memorabilia inventory.

Treasurer's Report - Treasurer, Mike Murphy, was unable to attend due to a death in the family. Pat Hanavan provided a summary of the Association's financial status which was also included in the registration packet given to each attendee.

Nominating Committee - Bill Buesking, member of the Nominating Committee, reported on the work of the Nominating Committee and presented the following names for positions on the Board of Directors:

President: Pat Hanavan

Vice President: Peter Bird

Treasurer: Mike Murphy

Secretary: Al Cunliffe

At-Large Members: Doug Boston

Bob Neumayer

Pat Phillips

Old Business:

2013 Seattle Reunion: The 2013 reunion will be held 10-14 October 2013 in Seattle, WA. A tour of the Boeing factory in Everett, WA will be included as an activity.

Hats: A motion was made in 2011 by Ken Hocutt and seconded by Stoney Faubus that the current denim hat be deleted from the Memorabilia Collection and a baseball cap style hat take its place. A spirited discussion followed. The motion passed with the proviso that

possible colors and materials for the hat will be finalized after discussions with a vendor. Update: The new hats have been a great success, all available hats were sold. Item Closed.

Data Plate Trading Cards: A small quantity of aluminum aircraft data plate trading cards will be obtained for a "test the waters" sale for the memorabilia inventory. Update: Stoney Faubus provided 40 data plate cards, all were sold. Item Closed.

2014 and Future Reunion Sites: Possible sites for reunions in 2014 and beyond were briefly discussed, with no action being taken at this time. The sites were – Colorado Springs, CO; Fairfield, CA; Fort Walton Beach, FL; Kansas City, MO; Portland, OR; Tucson, AZ; and Windsor Locks, CT.

Update: A "straw poll" ballot has been distributed to the members for tabulation.

New Business:

Enlisted Heritage Hall Memorial Bench: Pat Hanavan provided details concerning the possibility of placing a Memorial Bench at the Air Force Enlisted Heritage Hall at Maxwell AFB, Gunter Annex in Montgomery, AL. The proposed bench would have the names of the 16 Enlisted members lost in Vietnam on one panel of the bench base with the names of the Officers on the reverse. Dodd's Monuments in Xenia, OH has been contacted and they have quoted the same price for this bench as the three previous benches we have purchased. The staff of the Enlisted Heritage Hall has shown enthusiasm and a willingness to work with the Association to get the bench in place.

Stoney Faubus made the motion to purchase the bench. The motion was seconded by Frank Godek who also pledged \$500 towards the purchase of the bench. Bob Dugan and Ken Pacholka also pledged \$500 each towards the purchase of the bench.

The motion passed unanimously.

Dover Fire Department 9/11 Memorial: During our visit to the Dover
Continued on Page 8

Minutes (from Page 7)

AFB Fire Department on our base tour we saw two steel girders from one of the World Trade Center towers which will be used as components of a 9/11 memorial sponsored by the Dover AFB Fire Department. A motion was made and seconded that the Association donate \$500 towards the construction of the memorial. A brick will be stamped with the name of the Association. The motion passed unanimously.

Election of Officers: A call for open floor nominations was made to the members. There were no floor nominations for any position.

Bob Davis made a motion, seconded by Al Rice, that the names submitted by the Nominating Committee be accepted. Stoney Faubus made a motion that the members submitted by the Nominating Committee be elected to the Board of Directors by acclamation, the motion was seconded by Al Rice. The motion passed unanimously.

Free Room Nights: A drawing for 13 free room nights produced the following winners: Tawes, Woznicki, Yamashiro, Ricks, Pszeny, Everson, Dugan, Spann, McCorkle, Kowalski, Bailey, Record, and Westman.

The meeting was adjourned at 11:45.

DFC at Dak Pek

by David Mitchell [536, 71]

7th AF S.O. G-0265, 31 Dec 1972

We made two sorties from Pleiku to Dak Pek. I was a 1st Lt A/C in support of U.S. and indigenous forces, delivering tons of desperately needed ammo and artillery shells despite extremely hazardous terrain, adverse weather, and lengthy exposure to hostile ground fire. They write these up so eloquently. Ha!!

At the time, I didn't realize the danger in just doing what was asked of us. God bless the boys on the ground. I respected them so much. We would pick them up at Bien Hoa to ferry them out to the firebases. They looked so young, even to this 24 year old, and all the ?*%# about the conditions at their

2012 Reunion Attendance by Name

Aubray and Judy Abrams
 Jim Bailey and Guest: Susan Morgan
 Dick and Linda Besley
 Mark and Erika Bondo
 Jim and Nancy Bonner
 Doug and Ellen Boston
 Brian Bowen
 Bob and Evelyn Bowers
 Lloyd and Yolanda Boyd
 Pat and Lesley Brooks
 Jeff Brower
 Wayne and Joyce Brunz
 Bill and Mae Buesking
 Allen Cathell
 Kenand Venita Chrisman
 Denny and Diana Comer
 Bill and Darlene Componovo
 Al and Shirley Cunliffe
 Al Cunningham and guests: Doris Prickett, Andy and Daisy Johnson
 Red and Brigitte Danielson
 Ken Davenhall
 Bob Davis
 Jim and Dot Davis
 Jon Drury
 Bob and Pat Dugan and guests: Connie Bugel, Kathleen Mueller, Pete Everson
 Stoney and Melva Faubus
 Pat and Suzanne Ford
 Gary and Sharon Fox
 Frank Godek
 Terry and Martee Hallmark
 Bob and Kathy Hamrin
 Pat and Alicia Hanavan
 Glenn and June Helterbran
 Chuck and Dorothy Jordan
 Dave and Chris Kowalski
 Joe and Becky Kurtyka
 Bob and Dodie Lipscomb
 Ken Mascaro

destinations that I chose not to know. Some would live underground, if they lived at all for long.

Picking some up for a trip to Vung Tau beach later for a well deserved R&R, they all appeared to have aged 10 years. I wondered if they were the same

Mac and Sue Anne McCorkle
 Butch McKenna
 Fred Nelson
 Rocky and Joyce Nelson
 Bob and Iola Neumayer
 Chris Nevins
 Art and Marie Oxley
 Ken Pacholka
 Frank Passero
 Rick and Antoinette Patterson
 Jerry and Carol Pfeifer
 Paul and Christine Phillips
 Pat and Barbara Phillips
 Bill and Janet Pszeny
 Skip and Cindy Raymond
 John and Pam Record
 Al Rice and guest: Dian Durham
 Bill and Marinee Ricks and guest: Bobby Ricks
 Gary Sanger
 Ron and Nancy Seymour
 Allen Shanahan
 Shawn and Linda Shaughnessy
 Bill Shaw
 Randy and Chris Smith
 Don Spanks
 Link and Jean Spann
 Bob Striegel
 Kenneth Synco
 John and Fran Tawes
 John and Elaine Teske
 Jack and Mary Thomas
 Staton and Debbie Tompkins
 Charlie Tost
 George and Kathy Turnes
 Charles Vanness and guests: Elisabeth Vanness, Jeffrey Vanness
 Bob and Ginny Waldron and guests: Jim Pullen, Linda Pullen
 Eddie and Victoria Webb
 John Westman and guest: Ken Westman
 Gary and Restie Wever
 Frank Woznicki
 Rich and Vicki Yamashiro and guests: Paul and Linda Brook

kids, but these were my greatest sorties.

My worst job was sorties to Tan Son Nhut with body bags of our finest, who sacrificed all. You never forget the worst or the best in any situation. I was proud to do all I could for these guys and would do it again!

Recovering Heroes

by Jack O'Connor [48th ARS]

A little background first: I had flown in and out of Hanoi twice before – flying out of U-Tapao AB, Thailand – with the peace negotiating team. Both times, we were ordered to wear civilian clothes and be nice to them. They took our pictures as we sat around a table for a briefing. The infamous “Rabbit” was in charge. At least that’s who we thought it was. Big ears. They then took us to a hotel for a banquet.

The food was delicious and we were ordered to drink their beer when offered. It didn’t taste too bad and was only about 2-3% so the brass weren’t concerned about us being able to fly afterwards. Then they took us to museums – their War Museum. They had parts of our warplanes that had been shot down and also showed us the gun where Hanoi Jane Fonda sat for that infamous picture. I don’t know if it was the real gun or not – didn’t matter – I think they just wanted a reaction.

They got none from any of us. We were allowed to take photos of certain areas. They wouldn’t let us take pix of their rail marshaling yard which was full of bomb craters and wrecked engines – I got some anyway.

On the next trip, they took us to the Peace Museum. Absolutely stunning!!! Lots of HUGE white Jade figures. A beautiful museum. Our bombs never got close to it. Strangely enough, they told us that the wrecked train yard was where they were fixing their engines. There was not a single bomb crater outside of the yard. All buildings were intact!! They were very proud of the manhole covers in the sidewalks which they used to hide from our bombs.

Anyway, that was why I was chosen to lead a two ship formation to retrieve our Heroes.

I was one of only a few crew members on either plane to have been there before. Our Mission Commander was Col Novas and we had a BGen on board with an open line to President Nixon.

After stopping in Saigon for a final briefing in Saigon, our two C-130E’s (with augmented crews) left Tan Son Nhut AB and went “feet wet” up the coast of Vietnam. We stayed about 30 miles off the coast so as not to bother anyone. At the Red River, we turned upstream toward our destination – Gia Lam Airport just east of Hanoi.

We were encountering broken clouds which were getting worse. After going over Thuan Nghiep, the river straightens out considerably so I requested we drop to about 1500 ft. so I could better make out the landmarks when I could see the ground. I wasn’t about to trust the radio aids from Gia Lam or Hanoi. Before we descended, we could easily make out Hai Phong harbor on our radar about 40 miles to the Northeast.

We made contact with Hanoi and advised them of our impending approach. This had all been pre-arranged, so no problem there. It was on up-river that they started screwing around with us and trying to subtly get us confused.

They were trying to get us lost and force us to abort the mission so they could say we caused an international incident by not picking up those who died in captivity when everything had been arranged. That’s another reason I had been picked to lead. They tried to spoof us on earlier missions by moving the ADF and VORTAC ever so slightly to locations which would cause us to fly into restricted airspace. In fact, a crew a few weeks earlier bought the spoof and was threatened with a “shoot down” if they didn’t abort the mission, so that made this mission even more critical. If you were watching closely enough, you could see the needles quiver a little each time they changed location. They were good at it though, so I had the other navigator continually watch for that in case we lost visual or radar contact.

Then, they really tried to get us fouled up. The second plane was following closely, mainly by keeping us on their radar – depending on us to lead them in. Hanoi Approach Control called us and told us to take up a head-

ing to final. The pilot started to turn and I virtually screamed into the mike “Negative, Negative, maintain Heading”. That was the first of three times they tried to get us to turn too soon. After the second time, Col Novas told the pilot to ignore the tower and go by my direction only. I knew we were still about 30-45 miles out and they were doing their best to get us off course and lost in that bad weather with low ceilings and get us to an area with which we were not familiar. The weather was really bad, the cloud cover was closer to full than “broken”. We would get a break in the undercast every mile or so. We descended to about 1000 feet.

Remember that bridge that they tried so hard to take down during the war? We lost a lot of Thuds and F-4’s there. That bridge and a huge sand bar about 3 miles downstream were my aiming points. I was getting a little concerned when they weren’t coming in view as fast as I thought they should. I checked the radar and found both about 15 miles ahead. I alerted the pilot to be ready to turn and he relayed to #2 that we would turn in a couple of minutes.

Ground Approach had given up trying to get us to turn early after a few scoldings from them that we were ignoring their instructions. We did not answer. We descended a little farther so I could get a visual on both the sand bar and the bridge. I remembered where we had turned on my earlier approaches. We flew about 30 seconds past the sand bar, and with the bridge in sight, I told the pilot to turn to the appropriate heading. Descent was begun and both planes broke out at about 750 feet. There it was, right in front of us. I strapped myself in. The other aircraft radioed a “Talley Ho” so we knew everything was fine, or so we thought.

After we landed, Ground Control took over and marshaled us to the proper area to pick up the remains of our guys. There were two green tents and they were having us come in and turn so that our prop wash would flow

Continued on Page 10

Recovering (from Page 9)

directly on the tents, probably blowing them away. Our Aircraft Commander called for neutral props and warned the second aircraft to do likewise. Both planes coasted in to a nice easy stop in the right place, I'm sure to the disappointment of the marshaling crews.

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

The tent flaps were tied wide open. What the first set of Honor Guards and ultimately all of us saw was several stacks of green boxes with a rock on them with white painted names and dates. The sight was shocking and really ticked us off. Unfortunately, I do not remember any of the names. The boxes, which in reality were coffins, were about 30 inches by 18 inches by 18 inches. It tore us up to think that our guys who had suffered so much were in those tiny green boxes. We all decided individually and as a team that the Vietnamese would never touch our fallen comrades again.

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

We were finally given the OK to load our precious cargo onto the waiting C-130's. As the word came that we could begin returning our guys to American soil (our C-130's), the North

Vietnamese moved in to begin loading. We immediately formed a cordon around the tents and, though unarmed, we motioned for them to stop and basically dared the armed troops to try us. They stopped with a puzzled look on their faces. They had touched our Heroes for the last time.

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

Finally, we all boarded and buttoned up the aircraft. As we were getting all four turning, I noticed the pilot had a wicked smile on his face. I listened on a discreet channel while he suggested to the other pilot to change pitch after they began moving and turn the planes so that the prop wash would now hit the tents and the Vietnam officials and soldiers gathered around them.

The turn was smooth, slow and graceful until the loadmaster gave the word. Suddenly eight turboprops were at full forward pitch for about 3-5 seconds and brakes on. They changed the pitch back to the taxi setting, but we got turned around in time to see the tents flying and some of the folks we left were on the ground. We received departure instructions from the tower and thus began an uneventful trip back to Saigon and on to U-Tapao to the identification folks stationed there. The General informed President Nixon that extraction had been completed suc-

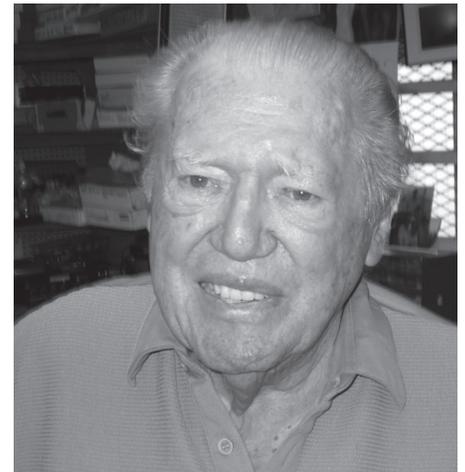
cessfully.

Further identification would be performed at Hickam AFB, as necessary. Our Heroes were taken to Hickam AFB by C-141's. I have talked to many people about this extraction of our Fallen Comrades – and to a man – they thought that the C-141's did the entire mission. I hope someone will set the story straight someday. In fact, I have never seen anything about C-130's being involved with the extraction of the first of those who died in captivity. Believe me, I know they were!! I may have missed some story about it because I had to get busy for my PCS stateside the next month. I have never heard anything about that mission since.

That third mission was the best thing I ever did in my 24 year USAF career.

I did meet a woman at one of our OCS reunions whose husband was onboard that day. I was completely speechless as she thanked me.

Marvin Hume



As the nightly orange fireball starts its descent toward the Delaware Bay, the small parking lot at Sunset Beach begins to overflow.

Latecomers line both sides of Sunset Boulevard, which starts on the outskirts of downtown Cape May and dead-ends on "the Point."

Continued on Page 11

Marvin Hume (from Page 10)

There are minivans and SUVs, Harley-Davidson's with POW flags taped to the sissy bars. There are tour buses, down from Quebec, or New York State, or filled with local seniors. There are parents with small children. There are old men with VFW and American Legion hats, and teenage boys with Phillies hats on backwards. There are grandmothers in cotton blouses and seersucker shorts, and young women in T-shirts over bikinis.

Yes, they come for the sunset over water, an anomaly in New Jersey. But they also come for Marvin Hume's ceremony.

For nearly 40 years, they've come – 200 or 300, sometimes 400 a night – for Hume's solemn flag-lowering ceremony that each night honors one deceased veteran.

When his audience is in place, Hume comes over the loudspeaker, and in a voice now raspy with age, asks everyone to stand, remove their hats and face the flag. He asks people in cars to shut off their engines. When the crowd is quiet enough, a tape of Kate Smith's rousing "God Bless America" is played, then the U.S. Army band's version of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Marvin Hume and his daughter Kathy Hume look over a calendar with schedule of the daily flag lowering ceremony at Cape May Point.

Before the music, Hume encourages all veterans to salute the flag, reminding those not in uniform that a law passed in 2007 by Congress allows them to do so. He wants them to stand out in the crowd.

This is all said with such gentle sincerity, no one dares not comply. It is not just the appeal of old-school patriotism; it's the source of the flags themselves.

Every flag raised and lowered at the beach – more than 6,000 in all – has been donated by families of deceased veterans.

"We fly nothing but casket flags," said Hume, who owns Sunset Beach

and the small gift shops and grill there. "During the sunset ceremony, we say a little bit about the veteran. It's our way of honoring each of them again."

After the national anthem is played, the lone bugle notes of taps float over the beach, as Hume and members of the veteran's family lower the flag. Then, as the flag is folded, there is respectful silence, punctuated only by bay waves rolling over the beach.

The tradition began immediately after Hume bought the Sunset Beach souvenir shop in 1973.

"The old owner flew a flag over the beach and asked me if I would mind continuing to do so. I said, 'Would I mind? I would be honored.'"

Hume got the idea to fly a casket flag and put an ad in a local paper.

"You know how many times I ran that ad? Once. That's all. People just kept coming and word spread and we've never been without one. Right now we're booked all through next year."

Some families mark birthdays or death anniversaries with the ceremony.

"It becomes a tradition, and sort of a family reunion for these folks," Hume said.

Marvin I. Hume was born in New Jersey on February 3, 1921. He attended college to study engineering, but left to join the Navy after Pearl Harbor was attacked. He was an Aviation Machinist's Mate 2nd Class. After serving in the Navy for three years, he worked for McDonnell Aircraft in St. Louis. His passion was collecting minerals, so he gave up his engineering career in 1957 to start a business on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. He also sold shells wholesale to other shops on the New Jersey shore. Although it sounds rather like a mere tourist shop, he was a serious dealer in mineral specimens as well.

By 2006, Hume and his family owned three gift shops and a restaurant at Sunset Beach. Marvin's son, Larry, and wife, Michele, joined the business, with Larry taking the reins of the operation while working closely with his dad

and Marvin's two daughters, Kathy and Sharon.

On 18 October 2012, over 100 members of the C-7A Caribou Association, their spouses, and guests traveled by bus from Dover, DE to Sunset Beach to participate in the retreat ceremony and to honor Marvin Hume. After reading of the names of our 39 brothers who gave their lives in Vietnam and the lowering and folding of the flag, the following presentation was made:

"In accordance with today's Plan of the Day, the C-7A Caribou Association has the honor of presenting to Marvin this Letter of Appreciation, dated 13 August 2012:

Dear Mr. Hume,

On behalf of the Sailors of the United States Navy; I take this moment to thank you for your World War II service and continued dedication to your fellow veterans over the past 36 years.

We appreciate your service to our Country and Navy during World War II. Your service and sacrifice will never be forgotten. As a Sailor in the United States Navy you helped to shape and mold the future of our fighting spirit. Your devotion to duty has inspired countless Sailors throughout our naval history, in turn making it the greatest Navy in the world. You represent the fighting spirit of the Navy and those who have gone before us to defend freedom and democracy around the world. You are a true American patriot, whose values and principles exemplify the very ideals our Country was built upon. Please accept my coin as a small token of my appreciation.

We wish you all the best and continued success in your future endeavors!

Signed:

*Admiral Jonathan W. Greenert
Chief of Naval Operations*

Note: We also presented the personal challenge coin of the Chief of Naval Operations (CNO) to Marvin.

Balance Sheet As of Oct 31, 2012*ASSETS*

1101 Checking Account	\$10,710.53
1310 CD 1036	10,836.47
1320 CD 0930	22,984.18
1600 Memorabilia Inventory	3,541.66
1700 Postage/Pkg pre-paid	90.59
TOTAL ASSETS	\$48,163.43

LIABILITIES AND EQUITY

3800 Advance Dues	\$2,064.60
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$2,064.60

EQUITY

Equity reserve (Adv Dues)	-2,064.60
Opening Balance Equity	39,744.67
Retained Earnings	5,280.81
Net Income	3,037.95
TOTAL LIAB. & EQUITY	\$48,163.43

Profit and Loss (2012 YTD)*INCOME*

3100 Dues	\$4,120.00
3220 Donation – Mem. Order	825.54
3230 Donation to Assn.	115.00
3500 Interest	93.13
3610 Reunion Registration	13,247.00
3620 Refund Registration	-555.00
TOTAL INCOME	\$17,845.67

EXPENSES

4150 Postage/Shipping	\$264.16
4310 Newsletter Printing	1,306.89
4320 Newsletter Mailing	1,354.02
4500 Reunion Expenses	11,557.49
4999 Bank Fees	12.00
5500 Purchased Software	213.16
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$14,707.72

NET INCOME \$3,137.95



**C-7A 62-9760 and Memorial Bench
at AMC Museum, Dover AFB, DE**

MARS Special Operations Group

**Hey Taliban, look up in the sky...
Your women can't drive, but ours CAN!**



The X-47B (picture at left) is a tailless, strike fighter-sized unmanned aircraft currently under development by Northrop Grumman as part of the U.S. Navy's Unmanned Combat Air System Carrier Demonstration (UCAS-D) program. Under a contract awarded in 2007, the company designed, produced, and is currently flight testing two X-47B aircraft. In 2013, these aircraft will be used to demonstrate the first carrier-based launches and recoveries by an autonomous, low-observable-relevant unmanned aircraft. The UCAS-D program will also mature relevant carrier landing and integration technologies, and demonstrate, in 2014, autonomous aerial refueling by the X-47B aircraft.



Air Force Enlisted Heritage Hall, Gunter Annex to Maxwell AFB, AL

The granite for our memorial bench at the Air Force Enlisted Heritage Hall (AFEHH) has been ordered (see minutes of Business Meeting on page 7). Exact location for the bench is pending. We want to place the bench where the names of our enlisted brothers lost in Vietnam are prominent for visitors to see and the names of the officers will be on the other side of the bench.

The statues of male and female First Sergeants are impressive and at a location where they catch the eye of visitors. Our bench will be located nearby or in a grove of trees where a new statue is being planned.

The bench will be delivered by Dodd's Monuments and installed by AFEHH personnel on a concrete pad which will probably be funded by donations from one of the classes of the senior NCO Academy at Gunter.



Cuban Missile Crisis 50th Anniversary

by Bob Bowers [536, 66]

In October 1962, my KC-135 aircrew deployed from Larson AFB, WA to Eielson AFB, Fairbanks, AK for "Operation Chrome Dome." While there, we flew twenty 8 hour missions over a 30 day period. We lived aboard the plane while on the ground during minus 60 degree weather. Mission planning required us to be in the air 12 minutes after receiving notice to fly.

These were probably the most dangerous days in our country's history. The Strategic Air Command was launching a fully loaded B-52 bomber from various U.S. bases every 22 minutes. These aircraft, with a full load of nuclear weapons, would fly to the North over Thule Air Base, Greenland, and then around the North Pole, to a point where Soviet radar would pick them up (we wanted the Soviets to see us) and where our KC-135 refueling tankers would make contact and transfer to the bomber the needed fuel in order to reach its target (in the event of war) or to continue on around the globe and back to their home base in the United States (a 22 hour mission).

During these times, our President was involved in a debate with the Russian Premier Krushchev, to decide whether or not there would be a war over the placement of nuclear tipped missiles in Cuba and aimed at the United States – a very dangerous time for the world.

Many people in Moses Lake, WA were building bomb shelters. People at Larson Field, just down the road where my wife and children were living, were put through regular drills and practice sessions in order that they would be prepared to evacuate in the event of missile attacks from the Soviet Union. By good fortune, Premier Krushchev blinked first and JFK won the debate.

Note: The crisis took place from 14 to 28 October 1962.

Lima Delta Charlie

by Little Davey Cormack [458, 68]

Soon after my arrival at the 458th TAS in June 1968, I picked up the nickname of Mrs Cormack's Little Boy Davey from my hootch mate, Tom Mosiman. I looked younger than my age, thus the nickname. I remember being asked more than once when we were loading passengers if I was old enough to be a pilot.

One of the missions I remember most was to An Loc, a base north of Tay Ninh City near the Cambodian border. The base had been overrun recently. I was the aircraft commander and unfortunately I don't remember my other crew members on this mission. On this particular mission, An Loc was very "hot" (enemy troops were known to be in close proximity to the field) and it was necessary to have a time on target (TOT) to land there. We had fighter coverage when we went into the base. We flew a couple of resupply missions into the base that day and after we took off from the second mission later in the day we called Hilda (the 7th Air Force Airlift Command Center) to report our status. Hilda asked if we had picked up the Combat Control Team (CCT) that had been coordinating airlift operations and fighter coverage. We told them "no" as we had not been told to do that. Hilda told us to go back and pick them up. We completed a 180 degree turn and headed back to the field. Shortly after turning around, we received another call from Hilda telling us we could not go back in there without a new TOT and that we should return to Saigon to refuel and wait until a new TOT could be coordinated.

The CCT consisted of three team members, a jeep, and a trailer with radios. We were told by Hilda that we would just be picking up the 3 team members. Back at Saigon, we put on enough fuel to pick up the 3 team members, drop them off at Saigon, and then return to Cam Ranh Bay. When we flew back to An Loc, the CCT leader

had a different plan. He wanted me to take the jeep and the trailer also, but we didn't have the payload capability because of the amount of fuel on board. He decided that he would send the other two members and the trailer with me and that he and the jeep would remain behind at An Loc.

We loaded up the jeep and the two CCT members. We were unable to contact Hilda on the ground so, after we got airborne, I called Hilda and told them that we had two members and the trailer. They were upset and said I needed to get the team leader out of there. So, we returned to An Loc for a fourth time – this time without a TOT.

After we landed to pick up the team leader, the base started receiving some incoming rockets. Needless to say, we made an immediate departure as the rockets were impacting near the runway. We took the team back to Saigon and then returned to Cam Ranh Bay after permission for an extended duty day. The next day I received a phone call from someone at the ALCC in Saigon. Whoever called was going to give me a chewing out, but he thanked me for a job well done after I explained what happened.

I thought of the incident later in my career when I was assigned to Air Traffic Control School at Tyndall AFB and trained as a controller on radar and PAR approaches. I often thought that that incident was a harbinger of things to come: It was my first vector of an aircraft to final – a sort of GCA (or rather airborne controlled approach).

Love the Bou

by Rod Gallagher [536, 67]

My experiences with the C-7A were such that I developed a love of flying. After my discharge and college graduation, I was determined to earn my pilot's license. My hangars had a Grumman and several Cessnas (150, 152, two 172's, and my current 177), but I keep

Continued on Page 15

Love the Bou (from Page 14)

“dreaming” about flying a Bou.

I had a couple of occasions to fly a Caribou for a few minutes under the supervision of the pilot while in Vietnam. That really solidified my life long affair with aviation. A regret I have is not maintaining my maintenance license, but I do about all the work on my plane and have either an A&P or IA sign off.

Our squadron had so many good pilots, but I remember one in particular. I believe he was a Captain. He was a master at flying. When I had an opportunity to fly on one of his missions, I would do anything to go. I learned from him even though he probably never knew how much I admired his skills.

I recall seeing vapor/smoke trails passing under the plane or the “pings” and the pilot telling me what they were. I felt useful when we landed to pick up troops who where in a hurry to get out ... the experiences just go on and on.

At the young age I was, I don't recall much of the technical aspect of our squadron, wing, etc., but I sure do recall the physical experiences of my relationship with the C-7A!

There is much more, but anyone who either worked on or flew in a Caribou will have exciting stories to tell.

Jonathan Winters

by Jay Baker [535, 66]

I was lucky enough to travel with Jonathan Winters for a day in the Caribou. He was funny and a terrific guy. When we landed at Binh Thuy, the Wing Commander met us at the aircraft and A.J. Stinson and I deplaned with Jonathan. The Wing Commander exchanged greetings with Jonathan and told him that he had a little, private champagne party scheduled for him and his troupe.

Jonathan motioned for A.J and I, both Lieutenants, to come along. The Wing Commander admonished us to stay behind, but Jonathan immediately said, “these guys are coming with me.” He didn't drink, but we did!

B-17 Navigator's Log



10-2-43 Mission #2. Emden, Germany – transportation center in northern Germany. 2nd group, high squadron, 23,000 ft. Bombed through clouds using pathfinder leader. 180 B-17's in the raid. P-47 protection at target – flak over target – big red bursts with black smoke. Really accurate. Same altitude. On both sides, behind, and ahead. None of our group was hit. Fifteen miles after leaving target, enemy fighters picked us up. None got in our formation, however. This flak really scares you to death. Looks pretty and harmless floating in air. Tubby got a burst in at a ME-109 that barrel rolled under us. Two 17's dropped out of formation with engines feathered. “Old Tex” was really sweating over the target.



Convoy Escorts

by Kenny Bryant [458, 71]

Remember the Convoy Escort Duces “Poison Ivy” and others? We thought those were the toughest (coolest) guys in Nam. One night, we had not been able to make the supply run due to hostile action in the area. There was a hooch out back of the barracks that the guys would hang out in, where we could buy beer. The Escort came in and wanted to buy a couple of cases of beer.

The guys there refused because there was almost none left. The Army guy went back to the Escort Duce and put about a dozen 50 cal. rounds in the roof. I was only one barracks over from the “canteen” and by the time I got there, the guys were handing up the last two cases of beer that we had left.

Vung Tau Clerk

by John Skinner [536, 67]

I was a clerk (SSgt at that time, retired as a Capt) in the 536th TAS maintenance under Maj Deardorff (Chief of Maintenance, 1967-1968) at Vung Tau. I flew several missions on the C-7A all over Vietnam, dropping off supplies to the Army and transporting people and animals. I worked with Red Horse, worked at a club, and was captured one night taking Vietnamese home. I was told that the person that was captured with me may live in Iowa. I was riding shot gun and Charlie put a machine gun to my head. We were detained for a long time and finally let go. I didn't get afraid until years later after I left and wondered why I was not killed that night.

Maj Deardorff had a blue jeep that I used to help set up Red Horse for the 535th TAS which was our support squadron. I flew with the crew and dropped off supplies in the jungles to the Army. We lived off base until the barracks were built and later we were involved in the Tet offensive. I remember a Senior MSgt who chewed Dutchmaster cigars and ran the maintenance dock under Maj Deardorff.

I would like to start communicating with those who were stationed with me during that time. My email address is skinner@surewest.net

You Might Be A Maintainer If...

- You refer to ANY machine as “she.”
- You know in your heart that your jet is female.
- You hate Ops, Maintenance Control, QA, and cops.
- You enjoy drinking beer after work and watching the squadron next door pull an engine.
- You think JP-4 and Skoal wintergreen taste good together.
- You know the words “beer,” “taxi,” and “hotel” in at least three different languages.

KC-135 Rescue

by Jeff Jardine, *Modesto Bee*

Wayne Hague always wondered whatever happened to the pilot whose crippled plane he refueled and escorted to safety over North Vietnam in 1967.

Ron Catton always wondered about that pilot who kept him from having to bail out of his F-4C and right into a suite at the Hanoi Hilton.

More than 43 years passed since they were linked by their meeting in the skies over Southeast Asia, even though they never knew each other's names. But fate has a way of working things out.

This head-spinner happened because two men who live more than 900 miles apart told their versions of the same story to the same people who helped them finally connect.

Here's the gist of it: Hague, 76, retired from the Air Force, spent 20 years teaching and became a volunteer counselor at the Merced County Rescue Mission in Merced, CA. Catton, 78, owns a financial services business in Spokane, WA.

One December, Catton spoke to a group of students at a high school that his grandchildren attended in Yakima, WA. Among his flying stories was his near catastrophe during the Vietnam War and how a pilot and crew of a KC-135 refueling plane disobeyed orders by flying about 100 miles into North Vietnam to get him.

That story sounded very familiar to Rick Van Beek, the school's principal. Van Beek had heard it from his wife, Lolly, who heard it from the tanker pilot during a medical missionary trip to Kenya.

"The bells started going off in my head," Van Beek said. "How can these be separate stories?"

After seeing Catton again a couple of weeks later, Van Beek went to his office and called his daughter, who also had gone on the Africa trip. She knew the tanker pilot's name. Van Beek then did a Google search on Wayne Hague.

He printed out the info, returned to the gym, and handed it to Catton.

"I said, 'Here's another pilot who seems to have the other half of your story,'" Van Beek told him.

The story had its roots in the fall of 1967 as the Vietnam War was heating up.

Catton served in the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing. On this particular day, he flew the lead plane among Phantoms providing cover for bombers on a mission over Hanoi. Once the bombers emptied their loads, they returned to their bases. Then the Phantoms zoomed down and dropped their bombs as well.

As Catton bombed a railroad bridge, enemy rounds ripped into the intake of his right engine. As he maneuvered his crippled plane, enemy fighter jets appeared. "I looked over my shoulder and there were three MiGs on me."

After another pilot flew in to run off the MiGs, that threat subsided.

Catton faced another: a plane with one blown-out engine and other major problems, including the fact that he was still above North Vietnamese real estate.

"I was heading back toward Laos, all shot up and leaking fuel," Catton said. "I wanted to bail out over Laos. If I bailed (over North Vietnam), I would have ended up in the Hanoi Hilton."

He put out what amounted to a "Mayday" call, and Hague – flying over Laos in his KC-135 – answered.

"When I heard his voice," Catton said, "it was like the voice of God. I told him I was heading West toward Laos. He said, 'Negative, Cadillac Lead (Catton's code name). I'll come and get you.'"

Just one problem: Hague had strict orders not to cross over the border into North Vietnam. With a pilot in trouble, though, he didn't hesitate. Hague hooked up with Catton over the Black River, roughly 100 miles from Laos. "I just went in and got him," Hague said.

As they positioned their respective planes to connect the refueling boom, Catton radioed: "Understand I've got a

fire warning and smoke in the cockpit. You don't have to take me on."

Hague's response? "Cadillac Lead, get your sorry ass in position for a hookup before I change my mind!"

Catton's plane leaked the fuel as quickly as the tanker could pump it in. So they stayed connected for more than 200 miles until Catton detached to land at an air base in Thailand while Hague returned to his own at Takhli. Just as Catton touched down, his left engine quit, too.

Hague never told anyone at Takhli about the incident. Someone must have. His superiors knew and the rumor mill soon began to churn.

A day or so later, on the ground at Udon, Catton heard that the tanker pilot likely would be court-martialed for going over into North Vietnam, putting his crew and plane at severe risk.

So Catton went to his commanding officer, who had a solution. He would recommend the tanker pilot for a Silver Star.

Neither Hague nor Catton can say this for certain, but both heard that the Silver Star recommendation arrived at headquarters the same day as the court-martial papers, leaving the brass to weigh an act of heroism that saved a pilot's life against the military crime of blatantly disobeying orders.

Hague never got his Silver Star, but he didn't get court-martialed, either.

Through all of this, neither Hague nor Catton learned each other's identity.

It stayed that way until Feb. 6, 2011, when Hague got a phone call that went something like this:

"Are you Wayne Hague?"

"Yes, I am," he answered.

"Were you in Vietnam in 1967?" the caller continued.

"Yes, I was."

"Did you enter North Vietnam to pick up a fighter pilot, shot up and going down?"

"Yes, I did."

"I'm the pilot."

Only then did Hague learn the name

Continued on Page 17

Rescue (from Page 16)

of the man he'd rescued more than 43 years ago.

They met a few days later. Hague already planned on traveling to Lewiston, ID, to watch grandson Jason Hague play baseball at Lewis-Clark State College. So, he drove two more hours to Spokane, and the two pilots saw each other face to face for the first time.

Indeed, Hague always wondered about the fighter pilot whose life he saved so long ago.

Likewise with Catton.

"All this time, it's been, 'Gee, I wish I knew who it was,'" Catton said. "Then to have it happen like that. He's a really nice guy."



7th AF DFC Citation

First Lieutenant Robert L. Striegel distinguished himself by meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as a C-7A Pilot at Dau Tieng, Republic of Vietnam on 26 November 1966. On that date, as he circled Dau Tieng in preparation for landing, he saw a C-123 aircraft burst into flames after being hit by intense hostile automatic weapons fire immediately after takeoff. As the pilot of the crippled C-123 attempted to turn back toward the airstrip, he was blinded by smoke and could not find the runway. Lieutenant Striegel realized that the C-123 would crash in the dense jungle unless its pilot could be directed back to the narrow runway at Dau Tieng. In a calm, confident voice, Lieutenant Striegel talked the C-123 pilot into a position that lined the aircraft up with the narrow runway and thus enabling him to make a successful crash landing which all passengers and crew survived. The professional skill and airmanship displayed by Lieutenant Striegel reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

The Rest of the Story

by Robert Striegel [535, 66]

I was over flying that rubber plantation strip on the way to another Special Forces forward base and I heard a C-123 pilot call on Guard that he had just taken off and lost an engine, was at tree top level unable to climb and could not locate the departure strip for an emergency landing. I looked down at the 9 o'clock position and there he was turning right in a shallow bank trying to get established on a downwind leg.

I answered him and told him to continue turning. After about 20 seconds, I told him to roll out and fly straight and level and that I'd tell him when to start another right turn to base. He said he could not see the strip due to the rubber trees and low level. I told him to start a turn and about 15 seconds later told him to roll out and that he was on base.

Shortly thereafter I told him to turn right and look for the strip. He could not see it, so I told him, "Roll out, you are on final" and to hold what little altitude he had. About a quarter mile out, he reported the strip in sight and losing altitude. He touched down shortly in a rice paddy and bounced up to the strip and stopped. People came streaming out of the aircraft from every exit.

I later learned that he had a full load of Vietnamese and they panicked when the engine quit and raced forward in the cargo hold, really messing up the CG. I never reported the situation to my Ops Officer. Just one of those things that happened.

Just a Ride Home

by Doug Clinton [458, 69]

Well, there I was, guys. My day started with the unenviable task of taking a new Lt Col on his first orientation flight in country. I am a Captain and a buck instructor pilot in the Bou. The new guy was nice, but hadn't spent much time in an airplane in recent years. Guess we were running short of pilots with even a recent overseas return date.

The morning was rather uneventful except for the approach into Song Be on a short mission from Bien Hoa. I let the new copilot fly the approach to the South into Firebase Buttons and, according to another pilot who observed the approach from the hammerhead on the runway, some of the workers along the runway saw this and were diving on land mines to save their lives.

Following the assault on the runway, as we cleared, the Lt Col grabbed his chest and let out a yelp. I thought the old boy was having a heart attack, which would have been appropriate given the uncertain landing, but he said he just had a muscle cramp. Okay, we got through that one.

A couple more sorties and it was time to head back to Cam Ranh. The route was from Ben Hoa to the vicinity of Vung Tau and then "feet wet" up the coast. We passed the coastline and started working along the coast with a monumental thunderstorm still over. I surely underestimated the speed and direction of the storm, which quickly overran us on its track southeast from the coast. Now, we are being forced out to sea and apparently would not be able to work our way around this wall of rain.

Next idea was to go under it and parallel the coast. I told the Lt Col to keep his eyes on the ocean and I would try to VFR our way through. Didn't work. We were soaked, with rain leaking into the cockpit, visibility zilch. Everything shorted out to include the intercom and radios so we were yelling to each other over the roar of the R-2000's. With a reasonable idea of the location of Vung Tau, I headed to the coast and over the rooftops to what I hoped was a final into that airfield.

Found it! Couldn't talk to anyone over the radios, so we broke into the GCA pattern and landed in heavy rain with about a 15 knot crosswind. This, of course, HIGHLY IRRITATED the controllers and everyone else in the pattern, but we were DOWN. I got a good pat on the head from the Lt Col.

Eye Witness

by Ed Thacher [MACV team, 67]

I am a retired assistant fire chief for Los Angeles County Fire. I worked my way up through the ranks over a 31 year career with them. I was drafted into the Army at 19 in 1966. I went to Vietnam in April 1967 as a radio operator and served with MACV Advisor Team 2 in Quang Ngai Province. I was assigned to various advisor units comprised of two officers and myself.

The day of the shoot down of C-7A S/N 62-4161, I was assigned to a Marine advisor team for about a week in support of Operation Hood River. The advisers were with an ARVN 105 battery on a hill overlooking the valley where the airstrip was and the 155 battery that was involved in the friendly fire incident.

My main job was to monitor radios during the night and in the absence of the Marine captain. I heard the Caribou coming in, so I wandered over to the edge of the hill to watch it land. Being new in country, I had never seen a plane that size land in such an isolated, short strip. I was a little amazed at the time that they were actually going to put a plane that size down on that strip. At the time I did not know what the capabilities were of the Caribou.

As I watched, I heard the 155 battery fire and almost instantly saw the rear of the plane explode and separate. The plane fell quite quickly and I was so shocked that I was not sure I had actually seen what had happened. After the end of the operation I went by helicopter back to Quang Ngai, where I alternated between short field assignments as a radio operator and doing 12 hour shifts in the Tactical Operations Center (TOC) radio bunker.

At some point, I was assigned to an advisor team with an ARVN infantry battalion on a little fire support base (FSB) on Nui Dep, not too far from Mo Duc. Just before Tet, I was assigned back to Quang Ngai at the Kramer Compound to train new RTOs and work

shifts at the TOC. I was on the radio the night the Tet offensive started and we were heavily mortared that night. I was quickly relieved by the officers in the TOC and spent the night providing security outside the TOC. I came home on April 30, 1968.

I always remembered that incident out near Son Ha. As the years went by, I would think of it occasionally, always wondering about the crew. One day, about a year ago, I Googled “Caribou shot down by artillery” or something to that effect. I wasn’t very confident that anything would come up. The C-7A Association website came up, so I took a look.

To my complete amazement there was not only the incident, but a photo that had been taken by a Japanese war correspondent. I started searching for more information and found some after action reports from the Army. I then learned the names of the crew from the C-7A site and was able to find them on the Vietnam Virtual Wall online. I printed the information and then just put it all into a file.

I have been contemplating going back to Vietnam for a number of years, but did not want to go if I could not get to where I served. I found a group called Vietnam Battlefield Tours who offer tours to different areas at different times of the year. After speaking with them about my desire to try to get out to the area where the incident occurred, they said that is just the thing they like to do.

So, I am scheduled to return to Vietnam in April of 2013. It is my hope that I can find the site of the crash and leave a small memorial there to the three crew members who died there that day so long ago. I have pretty detailed maps of the area and have been told the road from the nearby village has been improved, so with any luck, I will be able to get there.



Now That’s STOL

Ed Doyle of Manhattan, KS was a competitor in the 2011 Valdez, AK Fly-In and Air Show STOL competition. Doyle, who flew the heavily modified experimental Super Cub *Cuzoom* owned by Mike Olson of Yakima, WA won the wide-open alternate bush plane category.

In a competition where less is more, Doyle’s total takeoff and landing distance was a mere 78 feet. That’s 43 feet for the takeoff and 35 feet for the landing – best of the bunch.

Last year the Experimental Aircraft Association’s (EAA) Brady Lane pointed out the many special modifications done to *Cuzoom*, chief among them:

- 238 hp Aero Sport Power O-360 engine, with nitrous oxide boost – “Pushes you back in your seat a little bit better,” Doyle said.
- Special three-blade composite prop from Catto Propeller, of Mokelumne Hill, CA – 80 inch diameter, 17 pounds, 37 degree pitch, “spools up really fast.”
- Extended gear legs
- 80 degree flap system for ultimate control at very low speeds.

Rookie competitor Bobby Breeden, 17, of Virginia, who built his airplane from the ground up for the competition, overcame mechanical and regulatory issues to place fourth overall in the competition with a total distance of 101 feet – including the competition’s shortest takeoff distance of 36 feet.

Breeden, who is still a student pilot, repaired a broken ignition system, but had to scramble with the aid of modern technology to overcome a ramp check that revealed he left the aircraft’s registration and airworthiness certificate back home.

After the documents were located and photographed in Virginia, they were sent electronically and displayed on Breeden’s iPad. FAA officials allowed him to fly as long as he had the iPad on board, although he later printed out hard copies.

Operation Bolo

by unknown 7th AF staff officer

When I arrived for work on January 2, 1967, the Blue Chip (7th Air Force Operations Center at MACV Hq) was abuzz with activity. The Colonel and a Captain from our branch had pieces of information they had collected during the day. A special mission had been launched and seven MIG 21's were shot down. I was to take this information and the combat reports coming in from the units and complete the report and have it in the Colonel's quarters at 0500.

First, a little background. The rules of engagement at the time prohibited striking any aircraft in North Vietnam that were on the ground. Pilots reported seeing aircraft taking off from airfields, but were not allowed to attack them near the airfields. The MIG 21's had recently been deployed and were becoming a very real problem for air operations. They were using high speed hit and run tactics to attack the strike force, forcing them to jettison bombs before reaching their targets.

Colonel Robin Olds (8th Tactical Fighter Wing) devised a plan to bush whack the MIG 21's by using F-4C's configured with ECM pods and air-to-air missiles to mimic the F-105's in the daily strike force. When approved by General Momyer, the plan was named *Operation Bolo*. The operation was successful because 7 MIG-21's were shot down and it forced the enemy to change their tactics.

When I arrived that night, I knew nothing about *Operation Bolo* or even which units were involved. The information I had been given was sketchy to say the least and none of it could be corroborated by the combat reports received later that night from the field. This was rapidly turning into the worst night of my life!

The senior duty officer, a Colonel, asked me a couple of times if there was anything he could do to help get the report ready. I showed him what I had which was essentially nothing – a

few MIG encounters mixed in with other battle reports. The bottom line was that I had nothing to show for the night's effort when I arrived at the Colonel's quarters at 0500. He was wearing a bathrobe when I handed him what I had. He looked at it and slowly turned his reddening face toward me and said loudly, "How could anyone get this #@%\$^&X# screwed up in just 6 hours! Where is the map? Where is the narrative?"

And on and on. I high-tailed it back to Blue Chip and enlisted the intelligence officer to help me put together a map. Then the General (Deputy Operations Chief) called and asked to see the report. I went with my scraps of paper, and a map, and stood in front of his desk while he looked at the so called report. He was very gracious and said something like, "OK, we'll do better next time." Meanwhile, the Colonel came storming into Blue Chip chewing out anyone in his way and generally put the place into an uproar. The senior duty officer didn't appreciate being chewed out and came in and had a few words with me. He actually was helpful giving me some suggestions on what I should have done.

Another Colonel was there for his second day of duty. He was the incoming replacement for the Colonel who was still raging and fuming. When things calmed down, he came into our office to talk with me. He told me that five years earlier he had been a Captain action officer in the Pentagon. I would be doing the same type of work in my job and would be doing most of the writing of reports for him. In fact, I would be doing most of his writing for him. He said he would work with us in the mission analysis branch to develop a format for the reports to make things more structured. He was a great boss – tough but fair. I would see him a few times later in my career.

Note: But for the sympathetic General and helpful Colonel, this could have been the worst day of the staff officer's career – or the end of it.

Close Formation

by Frank Pickart [536, 71]

I kept a log book throughout my Air Force career with all my flights: who with, where, and anything interesting that might have happened. Therefore, I can say with some certainty that my first flight in Viet Nam was 21 Aug 71 with 536th IP Maj Norman Roberts.

Major Roberts was known as a strict by-the-book kinda guy. I was amazed to be flying over Vietnam and found the hardest thing was to interpret the various radio calls that I was supposed to answer. Later, I got pretty good at calling "Rocket Alley ALCE" in a singsong voice. Anyway, as we were cruising along back to Cam Rahn, an Aussie Caribou pulled up on our right wing, **close** on our right wing.

Maj Roberts immediately assumed control and slowly began to bank away from our unwelcomed wingman. He followed in perfect formation and the other attempts to get away from him. Finally he tired of the straight and level and dropped away. Shortly after, the flight engineer, who had been sweeping out the cargo bay, called on the intercom and requested that we look back there.

The Aussie had stuck his nose into the back of our aircraft and the flight engineer was hitting it with his broom. I was highly amused. Maj Roberts was not. I thought, boy, this is going to be an interesting year. It was.

Form 781 Gripes

Pilot: Aircraft handles funny.

Mechanic: Aircraft warned to straighten up, fly right, and be serious.

Pilot: Target radar hums.

Mechanic: Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

Pilot: Noise coming from under instrument panel. Sounds like a midget pounding on something with a hammer.

Mechanic: Took hammer away from midget.

Priority Codes

by Roger Tripp [458, 66]

When the Air Force took over on 1 January 1967, the Caribou operation at Cam Rahn Bay was presented with a Wing headquarters building and two squadron buildings, one each for the 457th and 458th. They were pretty simple wooden structures and “bare bones” inside. Apparently, it was our job to build them out the way we wanted them. As far as the two squadrons were concerned, what we really needed was personal equipment (PE) and a place to store it.

I was assigned, along with a Major, to run the PE section for the 458th and I was given three PE Specialists, but nothing else, no equipment and only an empty space in which to store it. Being a 2nd Lieutenant sometimes has some real advantages as you don’t let any prior knowledge get in your way of getting something done. I sat down with the three PE specialists (probably E-3’s if I remember correctly) and we made a list of every piece of equipment that we might need to support our squadron. Then we sat about designing the “shop” to accommodate our equipment, testing, and storage needs. The Major was too busy with other things so he turned me loose to “do my thing.”

I ended up with a list of all the equipment we needed and then went to supply with that list. Of course, they thought I was something between the most naive, or maybe the most comical 2nd Lieutenant they had ever met and I think they thought I was joking. I went to Personnel and asked to research some of the orders establishing the Wing and squadrons. In that paperwork I found an interesting priority code that apparently was intended to get the people and aircraft there, but didn’t really outline any real restrictions on its use.

I then took a copy of that to the Chief of Supply for the base (we were a tenant unit on a fighter base). He didn’t like my “priority code” gambit, but after some argument, he couldn’t find

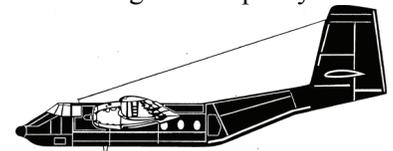
a way to deny it and he put in the order for all the equipment with that super high priority code. I did realize that I was probably being a bit, shall we say, “manipulating” versus some other less complementary terms that could be used, but we needed the equipment to do our job and be safe in doing it.

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

A truck showed up with all the physical needs for the PE section and we set out building as fast as we could. My PE specialists were now doing career expansion as carpenters. We built a “customer counter” with a flip-over entry for the guys to gain access; a double locking storage room for M-16’s and small arms (that is what the manual said on storage so that is what we did); an RT-10 radio testing room completely enclosed in copper mesh to eliminate electronic leakage of the radios when we tested transmitting on “Guard Channel;” and custom racks and storage bins for all our equipment.

Very soon all of our equipment arrived and we were fully stocked and functional. The specialists finally became actual PE specialists again versus carpenters. I don’t remember the exact details on how it came about (or there may be a reason why I don’t want to

remember), but we “acquired” a commercial ice making machine. It might be because someone else somewhere ran into the same issue we had – no running water, which does create an interesting challenge for an ice machine. Miraculously, a C-130 under wing tank showed up, was mounted on a wooden structure just outside the back wall of the shop, and the local water supply truck had a new regular stop on its rounds of the base. An inspection team showed up from Tan Son Nhut, inspected the shop, and we passed without a single discrepancy.



Caribou Memories

by Bob Veigel [21 TASS, 66]

I was assigned to a Tactical Air Control Party (TACP) at Gia Nghia, Quang Duc Province from 1966 to 1967. The C-7 was a constant visitor to our dirt air strip where we parked our O-1 Bird Dogs. These particular C-7’s were from the Royal Australian Air Force and utilized the call sign of Wallaby 03. It was something to see a rain storm off the end of our runway and suddenly there was 03 sitting safe and sound on the field bringing us another load of mail. They were our mailmen which was welcomed by all of us.

I was reading some of your newsletters and saw an article about the C-7A support received by the Special Forces troops at Dak Seang in 1970. I was stationed temporarily at Dak To II in support of the operations in support of the forces at Dak Seang and Dak Pek which was also under attack during that time.

I was with a TACP of the 21st Tactical Air Support Squadron (TASS) attached to the 4th Infantry Division during that time and spent two weeks at Dak To II with the TACP. Thank God for the guys flying the Caribous. Their efforts were well appreciated by everyone.

North Platte, NE Canteen in WW II



Not far from here, just east a number of miles is the town of North Platte, NE. Anybody know North Platte, NE? You've been there. North Platte is out there. You gotta want to go to North Platte.

In 1941, it was a town of 12,000 people. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 12,000 people of this Union Pacific Railway town called North Platte home. Ten days later there was a train coming through with National Guard troops. The word went out it was Nebraska National Guard troops, so some folks baked cookies and stuff and went down to the train. They went down to give them some cookies, but they looked in the windows and it wasn't Nebraska guys. They couldn't find any. It turned out to be Kansas, but they stood there with the cookies and cakes and stuff. Finally, one young woman by the name of Rae Wilson, a drugstore clerk said, "Well, I'm not keeping my cookies, I'm not taking my cookies home." She stepped up and gave them to one of the young men and everybody gave their stuff.

Immediately after that, when they started moving Army troops through, and sailors and stuff, Rae Wilson organized some women. They decided they were going to meet the trains that came through North Platte, NE. Bob Greene, a journalist from the Chicago Tribune, has written about this in a book called "Once Upon A Town." They started to meet the trains. Over the next four and a half years, they organized, mostly

women – 55,000 women. They met every train that came in, sometimes up to 32 trains a day. The Union Pacific Railway gave the restaurant to them and they dubbed it the North Platte Canteen.

They got 10 minutes to get off the train. These guys would jump off the train and run in there. There would be wall to wall tables with sandwiches, cakes, and pies. One woman said, "My job during the war was to make 10 angel food cakes from scratch with turkey eggs every week in the back of that train station.

Everything was rationed, people had to give it out of their own goods. Only \$5 came from the government, and it was a check from Franklin Roosevelt. He said, "I heard you're doing some good things out there" and he sent five bucks.

The people of these towns all over that area came there during the war. These guys would jump out of the train, run in there. There would be hot coffee, doughnuts, pheasant sandwiches in season, sometimes out of season. They'd get back on the train and they would go off, many never to return.

During the course of the war, 6 million United States service men and women came through North Platte, Nebraska and every single train was met.

The story would go something like this. A guy would say, "I graduated from Brooklyn High School, never been out of New York City. Went down and signed up on Monday. They put me on a train going West. I rode for three days and nights, sitting up eating K-rations, not taking a shower. Somebody in the middle of the night said, "North Platte, Nebraska, next stop. Never heard of North Platte, Nebraska. I jumped off the train, ran into a place and I saw girls who looked like my sisters and my cousins and women who looked like my aunts and my mom. They had all this food and they gave it to us. When we left, they hugged us and they said, 'Sailor, we are praying for you. God bless you.' We get back on the train, scared out of our minds,

not knowing where we were going, not knowing if we would ever come back. When we went into that place, for ten minutes something went away. We got back on the train and we went on. In the middle of the night in France, with mortars coming down, when there was a lull in the fighting, a voice would come out of the darkness saying, Wouldn't it be great to be back in North Platte for five minutes?"

Love chases away fear. When Bob Green interviewed these guys, they would start crying. He would say, "What are you crying for?" He said, "Because here I was an eighteen year old kid, scared to death and I went into that place and for five minutes, in the middle of the night in a place I had never been to, with people I had never met, going into a place I didn't know – somebody loved me and was kind to me."

I told this story in Denver and a young woman came up to me and said, "When you were telling that story, I thought about my grandpa. My grandpa was in the Navy and he lived in Pennsylvania. I wondered if he went through North Platte, Nebraska. My grandpa is ninety years old in a nursing home. He has dementia. He doesn't remember us most of the time. I called him and said 'This is Jennifer, does the name North Platte, Nebraska mean anything to you? He said, 'North Platte, Nebraska.' Instantly he was lucid. 'You bet it does, I went in there and they gave me doughnuts, and sandwiches and coffee, and they shined my shoes. You bet, I remember North Platte, Nebraska.'

What is it, sixty years after the fact that brings a ninety year old man out of dementia? When you are scared and you are eighteen and you are going off to war, and on the way, somebody loves you and was kind to you.

Note: In recent years, some cities, e.g., Dallas, organize welcoming groups to greet troops when they arrive home after deployments to Iraq or Afghanistan. Some folks do care and honor those who serve.

Old Shaky

It happened sometime in 1965, in Germany. I was a copilot, so I knew everything there was to know about flying, and I was frustrated by pilots like my aircraft commander. He was one of those by-the-numbers types, no class, no imagination, no “feel” for flying.

You have to be able to feel an airplane. So what if your altitude is a little off, or if the glide slope indicator is off a hair? If it feels okay, then it is okay. That’s what I believed. Every time he let me make an approach, even in VFR conditions, he demanded perfection. Not the slightest deviation was permitted. “If you can’t do it when there is no pressure, you surely can’t do it when the pucker factor increases,” he would say. When he shot an approach, it was as if all the instruments were frozen – perfection, but no class.

Then came that routine flight from the Azores to Germany. The weather was okay; we had 45,000 pounds of fuel and enough cargo to bring the weight of our C-124 Globemaster up to 180,000 pounds, 5,000 pounds below the max allowable. It would be an easy, routine flight all the way.

Halfway to the European mainland, the weather started getting bad. I kept getting updates by high frequency radio. Our destination, a fighter base, went zero/zero. Our two alternates followed shortly thereafter. All of France was down. We held for two hours and the weather got worse. Somewhere I heard a fighter pilot declare an emergency because of minimum fuel. He shot two approaches and saw nothing. On the third try, he flamed out and had to eject.

We made a precision radar approach; there was nothing but fuzzy fog at minimums. The sun was setting. Now I started to sweat a little. I turned on the instrument lights. When I looked out to where the wings should be, I couldn’t even see the navigation lights 85 feet from my eyes. I could barely make out a dull glow from the exhaust stacks of the closest engine, and then only on

climb power. When we reduced power to maximum endurance, that friendly glow faded. The pilot asked the engineer where we stood on fuel. The reply was, “I don’t know--- we’re so low that the book says the gauges are unreliable below this point.” The navigator became a little frantic. We didn’t carry parachutes on regular Military Air Transport Service (MATS) flights, so we couldn’t follow the fighter pilot’s example. We would land or crash with the airplane.

The pilot then asked me which of the two nearby fighter bases had the widest runway. I looked it up and we declared an emergency as we headed for that field. The pilot then began his briefing.

“This will be for real. No missed approach. We’ll make an ILS and get precision radar to keep us honest. Copilot, we’ll use half flaps. That’ll put the approach speed a little higher, but the pitch angle will be almost level, requiring less attitude change in the flare.”

Why hadn’t I thought of that? Where was my “feel” and “class” now?

The briefing continued, “I’ll lock on the gauges. You get ready to take over and complete the landing if you see the runway – that way there will be less room for trouble with me trying to transition from instruments to visual with only a second or two before touchdown.” Hey, he’s even going to take advantage of his copilot, I thought. He’s not so stupid, after all.

“Until we get the runway, you call off every 100 feet above touchdown; until we get down to 100 feet, use the pressure altimeter. Then switch to the radar altimeter for the last 100 feet, and call off every 25 feet. Keep me honest on the airspeed, also. Engineer, when we touch down, I’ll cut the mixtures with the master control lever, and you cut all of the mags. Are there any questions? Let’s go!” All of a sudden, this unfeeling, by-the-numbers robot was making a lot of sense. Maybe he really was a pilot and maybe I had something more to learn about flying.

We made a short procedure turn to

save gas. Radar helped us get to the outer marker. Half a mile away, we performed the Before-Landing Checklist; gear down, flaps 20 degrees. The course deviation indicator was locked in the middle, with the glide slope indicator (GSI) beginning its trip down from the top of the case. When the GSI centered, the pilot called for a small power reduction, lowered the nose slightly, and all of the instruments, except the altimeter, froze. My Lord, that man had a feel for that airplane! He thought something, and the airplane, all 135,000 pounds of it, did what he thought.

“Five hundred feet,” I called out, “400 feet ... 300 feet ... 200 feet, 100 feet, Air Force minimums. I’m switching to the radar altimeter ... 75 feet nothing in sight ... 50 feet, still nothing ... 25 feet, airspeed 100 knots.”

The nose of the aircraft rotated just a couple of degrees, and the airspeed started down. The pilot then casually said, “Hang on, we’re landing.” “Airspeed 90 knots ... 10 feet, here we go!”

The pilot reached up and cut the mixtures with the master control lever, without taking his eyes off the instruments. He told the engineer to cut all the mags to reduce the chance of fire. CONTACT! I could barely feel it. As smooth a landing as I have ever known, and I couldn’t even tell if we were on the runway, because we could only see the occasional blur of a light streaking by.

“Copilot, verify hydraulic boost is on, I’ll need it for brakes and steering.” I complied.

“Hydraulic boost pump is on, pressure is up.” The brakes came on slowly – we didn’t want to skid this big beast now. I looked over at the pilot. He was still on the instruments, steering to keep the course deviation indicator in the center, and that is exactly where it stayed.

“Airspeed 50 knots.” We might make it yet.

“Airspeed, 25 knots.” We’ll make it

Continued on Page 23

Old Shaky (from Page 22)

if we don't run off a cliff. Then I heard a strange sound. I could hear the whir of the gyros, the buzz of the inverters, and a low frequency thumping. Nothing else. The thumping was my pulse, and I couldn't hear anyone breathing. We had made it! We were standing still!

The aircraft commander was still all pilot. "After landing checklist, get all those systems, radar and unnecessary radios off while we still have batteries. Copilot, tell them that we have arrived, to send a follow-me truck out to the runway because we can't even see the edges."

I left the VHF on and thanked GCA for the approach. The guys in the tower didn't believe we were there. They had walked outside and couldn't hear or see anything. We assured them that we were there, somewhere on the localizer centerline, with about half a mile showing on the DME.

We waited about 20 minutes for the truck. Not being in our customary hurry, just getting our breath back and letting our pulses diminish to a reasonable rate. Then I felt it. The cockpit shuddered as if the nose gear had run over a bump. I told the loadmaster to go out the crew entrance to see what happened. He dropped the door (which is immediately in front of the nose gear), and it hit something with a loud, metallic bang. He came on the interphone and said "Sir, you'll never believe this. The follow-me truck couldn't see us and ran smack into our nose tire with his bumper, but he bounced off, and nothing is hurt."

The pilot then told the tower that we were parking the bird right where it was and that we would come in via the truck. It took a few minutes to get our clothing and to button up the airplane. I climbed out and saw the nose tires straddling the runway centerline. A few feet away was the truck with its embarrassed driver.

Total damage – one dent in the hood of the follow me truck where the hatch

had opened onto it.

Then I remembered the story from "Fate Is the Hunter." When Gann was an airline copilot making a simple night range approach, his captain kept lighting matches in front of his eyes. It scarred and infuriated Gann. When they landed, the captain said that Gann was ready to upgrade to captain. If he could handle a night-range approach with all of that harassment, then he could handle anything.

At last I understood what true professionalism is. Being a pilot isn't all seat-of-the-pants flying and glory.

It's self-discipline, practice, study, analysis and preparation. It's precision.

If you can't keep the gauges where you want them with everything free and easy, how can you keep them there when everything goes wrong?

My Tour

by Jerry Pankonen [536, 66]

The early days were the best because we were just a small bunch of misfits, picked at random to take over the Caribou operation from the Army at an "in country" R&R base. We had no rules but our rules and we took advantage of that every day we served, until the weenies from headquarters began to exercise politically correct directives to stifle our innovative style of getting the job done. My tour in Vietnam was probably the best time I've had in my life. A young gal asked me if I felt guilty. I said, "Hell no!" I felt lucky.

2014 C-7A Reunion

Based on the straw poll at the reunion, the Board has selected Fort Walton Beach, FL for the 2014 reunion. Plans are to visit the Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola and the USAF Armament Museum at Hurlburt Field.

We will be at the Ramada Plaza Beach Resort with beach front, tropical gardens, pools, waterfall, and great reputation for hosting military reunions.

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

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

Hole in Fuel Tank

by Benny Leonard [457, 67]

I don't remember who the crew was that day, but I do remember there was quite a bit of ground fire when we went in. We didn't make the drop at first, circling at 4000 feet.

The pilot asked if we wanted to make a try. He circled and made a tree top approach. When we were coming up on the outpost, he told me to cut the load loose. He pulled up into a steep, climbing right turn. We took a couple of hits, but nothing bad.

When we got back to base, we made a walk around. That's when I found a bullet hole in the right wing fuel tank. That grounded our plane. I was scared at the time of the drop. We put two pallets inside the camp, one almost in the camp, and the other way off.

When I was inspecting the aircraft and found the bullet hole, my crew said I turned a shade of white. I guess I was more scared then than before.

Note: Other crew members were probably Lt Col Charles J. Bishop and 1/Lt Jeffrey C. Smith.

Boeing 787 vs. 777

from Wayne DeLawter [458, 66]

I (the unknown author, not Wayne) just completed the first pilot training class on the 787 at United Airlines, an airplane which is destined to replace the 767 and live for many years after I retire. Here's what I've learned in 787 training so far. By the way, last night we passed our MV (maneuvers validation) check ride, with emergency after emergency, and the FAA observing. Tonight was our LOE (line-oriented evaluation), again with FAA - this time 2 FAA observers. It's 0200 and I just got back to the hotel and poured a well-earned glass of wine to celebrate. I now have a type rating in the 787. Phew. I'm pretty confident this will be the last one for me.

I've summarized some of the major differences and unique features of the 787 versus more traditional "old school" airplanes like the 777 (not kidding) - from the pilot's viewpoint. Our "Differences" course takes 11 days to gain an FAA type rating, which is a "common" type rating with the 777. The course has been like drinking from a fire hose, but has finally come together. Some of our pilots attended Boeing's 5-day differences course, and deemed it unacceptable. The FAA approved the Boeing 5-day course, but our guys decided it lacked too much information. FAA is observing our check rides now, and taking our course as well, to certify the training. We're just the guinea pigs.

A computer nerd would describe the 787 as 17 computer servers packaged in a Kevlar frame. The central brains is the Common Core System (CCS). Two Common Computing Resources (CCRs) coordinate the communications of all the computer systems, isolating faults and covering failed systems with working systems. When battery power is first applied to the airplane in the morning, it takes about 50 seconds for the L CCR to boot up. After this, a few displays light up and you can start the APU. If there is a major loss

of cockpit displays, this may require a CCR reboot, which would take about a minute. Here are a few of the major features and differences from the 777.

Electrics - Though a smaller plane, the 787 has 4 times the electric generating power of the 777 - 1.4 gigawatts. Generators produce 235 VAC for the big power users. Other systems use the traditional 115 VAC and 28 VDC. There are 17 scattered Remote Power Distribution Units which power about 900 loads throughout the plane. The big power distribution system is in the aft belly, along with a Power Electronics Cooling System (PECS). This is a liquid cooling system for the large motor power distribution system. There's also an Integrated Cooling System (ICS), which provides refrigerated air for the galley carts and cabin air, and a Miscellaneous Equipment Cooling System for Inflight Entertainment Equipment.

If 3 of the 4 engine generators fail, the APU starts itself. The APU drives two generators, and can be operated up to the airplane's max altitude of 43,000 feet. If you lose all 4 engine generators, the RAT (ram air turbine) drops out (like a windmill), powering essential buses. (It also provides hydraulic power to flight controls if needed).

If you lose all 4 engine generators and the two APU generators (a really bad day), you are down to Standby Power. The RAT will drop out and provide power, but even if it fails, you still have the autopilot and captain's flight director and instruments, FMC, 2 IRSs, VHF radios, etc. If you're down to batteries only, with no RAT, you'd better get it on the ground, as battery time is limited. Brakes and anti-skid are electric - 28V - so you don't lose brakes or anti-skid even when you're down to just standby power.

Normal flight controls are hydraulic with a couple exceptions. Engine driven and electric hydraulic pumps operate at 5000 psi (versus normal 3000 psi) to allow for smaller tubing sizes and actuators, thus saving weight. If you lose all 3 hydraulic systems (another

bad day), you still have two spoiler panels on each wing which are electrically powered all the time, as is the stabilizer trim. You can still fly the airplane (no flaps, though). If you're having an even worse day and you lose all hydraulics and all generators, flight control power is still coming from separate Permanent Magnet Generators (PMGs) which produce power even if both engines quit and are windmilling. If the PMGs fail, too, your flight controls will be powered by the 28V standby bus.

If you lose all 3 pitot/static systems or air data computers, the airplane reverts to angle of attack speed (converts AOA to IAS), and this is displayed on the normal PFDs (primary flight displays) airspeed indicator tapes. GPS altitude is substituted for air data altitude and displayed on the PFD altimeter tapes. Very convenient.

If you lose both Attitude and Heading Reference Units (AHRUs), it reverts to the standby instrument built-in attitude & heading gyro, but displays this on both pilot's PFDs for convenience.

If you lose both Inertial Reference Units, it will substitute GPS position, and nothing is lost.

If someone turns one or both IRSs off in flight (I hate it when they do that), you can realign them - as long as one of the GPSs is working!

There is no pneumatic system. The only engine bleed is used for that engine's anti-ice. Wing anti-ice is electric. Each of two air conditioning packs control two CACs, which are electric cabin air compressors. The four CACs share two air inlets on the belly. Each pack controller controls two CACs, but if a pack controller fails, the remaining pack controller takes over control of all 4 CACs.

There are no circuit breakers in the cockpit. To check on them, or if you get a message that one has opened (more likely), you select the CBIC (circuit breaker indication and control) display on one of the MFDs (multi function displays). There you can reset

Continued on Page 25

Boeing 787 (from Page 24)

the virtual C/B if it is an “electronic” circuit breaker. You can’t reset a popped “thermal” circuit breaker.

If you have an APU fire on the ground or in flight, the fire extinguishing bottle is automatically discharged. If there is a cargo fire, the first two of seven bottles will automatically discharge also.

There’s a Nitrogen Generation System which provides automatic full-time flammability protection by displacing fuel vapors in the fuel tanks with nitrogen (Remember TWA 800?).

Like the 767 and 777, the 787 also has full CPDLC capability (controller-to-pilot datalink communications). In addition, its full FANS capability includes ADS-B in & out. The controller can uplink speed, heading, and altitude changes to the airplane. These show up on a second line right under the speed, heading and altitude displays on the mode control panel. If your pilot wants to use them, he can press an XFR button next to each window. The controller can even uplink a conditional clearance, like - After passing point XYZ, climb to FL390. If you accept this, it will do it automatically.

Fuel system - like the 777, the 787 has a fuel dump system which automatically dumps down to your maximum landing weight, if that is what you want. In addition, it has a Fuel Balance switch which automatically balances your L & R main tanks for you. No more opening crossfeed valves and turning off fuel pumps in flight. No more forgetting to turn them back on, either.

Flight Controls - An “Autodrag” function operates when the airplane is high on approach and landing flaps have been selected. It extends the ailerons and two most outboard spoilers, while maintaining airspeed, to assist in glide path capture from above, if you are high on the glide slope. The feature removes itself below 500 feet.

Cruise flaps is an automated function when level at cruise. It symmetrically moves the flaps, ailerons, flaperons, and

spoilers based on weight, airspeed and altitude to optimize cruise performance by varying the wing camber, thus reducing drag.

Gust suppression - Vertical gust suppression enhances ride quality when in vertical gusts and turbulence. It uses symmetric deflection of flaperons and elevators to smooth the bumps. This should result in fewer whitecaps in passengers’ coffee and cocktails. Lateral gust suppression improves the ride when on approach by making yaw commands in response to lateral gusts and turbulence.

Instrument Approaches - The airplane is actually approved for autoland, based not only on ILS, but on GLS approaches - GPS with Ground based augmentation system, which corrects the GPS signals. GLS minimums are the same as CAT I ILS’s - 200 feet and 1/2 mile visibility. Our airline is not yet approved for GLS autolandings yet, though we will be doing GLS approaches.

Special Cat I & II HUD approaches - These allow lower than normal minimums when the Heads Up Devices are used at certain approved airports (HUDs). The HUDs include runway centerline guidance which helps you stay on the centerline on takeoff when visibility is greatly reduced. It uses either ILS or GLS for this.

Cabin - Pressurization differential pressure maximum is 9.4 psid, so the cabin altitude is only 6000 feet when at the max cruising altitude of 43,000 feet. There is a cockpit humidifier switch, and cabin air humidification is fully automatic. Cabin windows are larger than other airplanes, and window shading is electronic. The passenger can select 5 levels of shading, from clear to black. The flight attendants can control the cabin lighting temperature - mood lighting - to aid in dealing with changing time zones (evening light after dinner, morning light to wake up, etc.).

Much of the cockpit seems like it was designed by Apple. The Control Display Units (CDUs) are virtual, so

you can move them from one MFD to another. In fact, you can configure the displays in 48 different ways, I think, though we have found a few favorites we will use to keep it simple. To move the cursor from one MFD to another, you can either use a button, or you can “flick” your finger across the trackpad (Cursor Control Device) to fling the cursor from one screen to the next - much like an iPad.

I’m going home this morning, and will return for a 777 simulator ride before I go back to work. They want to make sure we’ve still got the old-fashioned legacy airplane in our brain before we fly the 777 again, even though it shares a “common type rating”. We won’t get the first 787 until October, and begin operations in November or December. At that time I’ll return for at least 4 days refresher training before beginning IOE - initial operating experience in the airplane - with passengers.

What a ride. It may be “fuel efficient”, but I’m glad someone else is paying for the gas.

Future Reunions

The straw poll survey of possible reunion sites for the future resulted in these totals (3 votes allowed per member at the business meeting):

49	Ft Walton Beach, FL
44	Tucson, AZ
24	Washington, D.C.
23	Colorado Springs, CO
13	Windsor Locks, CN
12	Fairfield, CA
9	Kansas City, MO
8	Portland, OR

Therefore, our **reunion in 2014** will be planned for Ft. Walton Beach, FL.

Help!!!

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

pathavavan@aol.com

61-2387 shot down
in Delta on 12/13/67



Bou Down in Delta

from 483 TAW History (1967)

During the last quarter of 1967, the C-7A's of the 483rd TAW received 33 hits with two passengers being injured, neither seriously. C-7A S/N 61-2387 was downed by enemy ground fire near Binh Thuy on 13 Dec. Actual damage was a single 30 caliber bullet through a fuel manifold which led to the depletion of fuel prior to a crash landing.

Capt Kenneth L. Chrisman demonstrated outstanding airmanship by landing the crippled plane in a rice paddy. The wheels up, flaps up landing was accomplished with very little damage. Other crew members were Lt Jerry B. Callahan and MSgt John D. Trease. A job "well done." The aircraft was recovered and flew again.

Plei Mei Challenge

by Jon Drury [537, 68]

On three upgrade missions to Aircraft Commander, mostly with Aubray Abrams, we logged about eight hours per mission, and I logged 15 short field takeoffs, and 25 short field landings, not counting other takeoffs and landings. Aubray recommended my upgrade and

I passed the upgrade check three days later with Major Yost.

My first mission as an A/C was to Plei Me, our most difficult short takeoff and landing strip (1,300 feet). Someone told me that the two duty officers at Ops debated giving me the mission, but finally one of them said "He has the wings, let's let him fly it."

We picked up our load at Pleiku, then flew to Plei Mi, 24 miles to the south. You could see the triangular outline of the Special Forces camp as we set up our approach to runway 09. It was best to stop quickly when landing from the west, as the runway dropped off at the east end. During October and November 1965, the NVA attacked the ARVN base at Plei Mei. There and in the Ia Drang Valley, they were driven back by reinforcements, mainly Americans.

I had a good touchdown and reversing the props raised the cloud of dust on the dirt strip – zero visibility for a few seconds. We shut down at the end of the strip as it didn't have "ramp space." I was fascinated by the mass of shell casings and expended brass beside the runway. Someone had definitely fought the bad guys here.

I did not return to Plei Me often, but my first trip as an A/C was memorable.

Pleiku to Ben Het

by Jon Drury [537, 68]

During the last part of my year based in Vietnam, we had a small outpost on the flight line at Pleiku to more closely coordinate the loads from Pleiku to Special Forces and Army camps. Some of those loads were food or live animals, and on some occasions they were airdropped. Once we had our outpost on the flight line, we protected it with sandbags because Pleiku periodically took rocket or mortar fire.

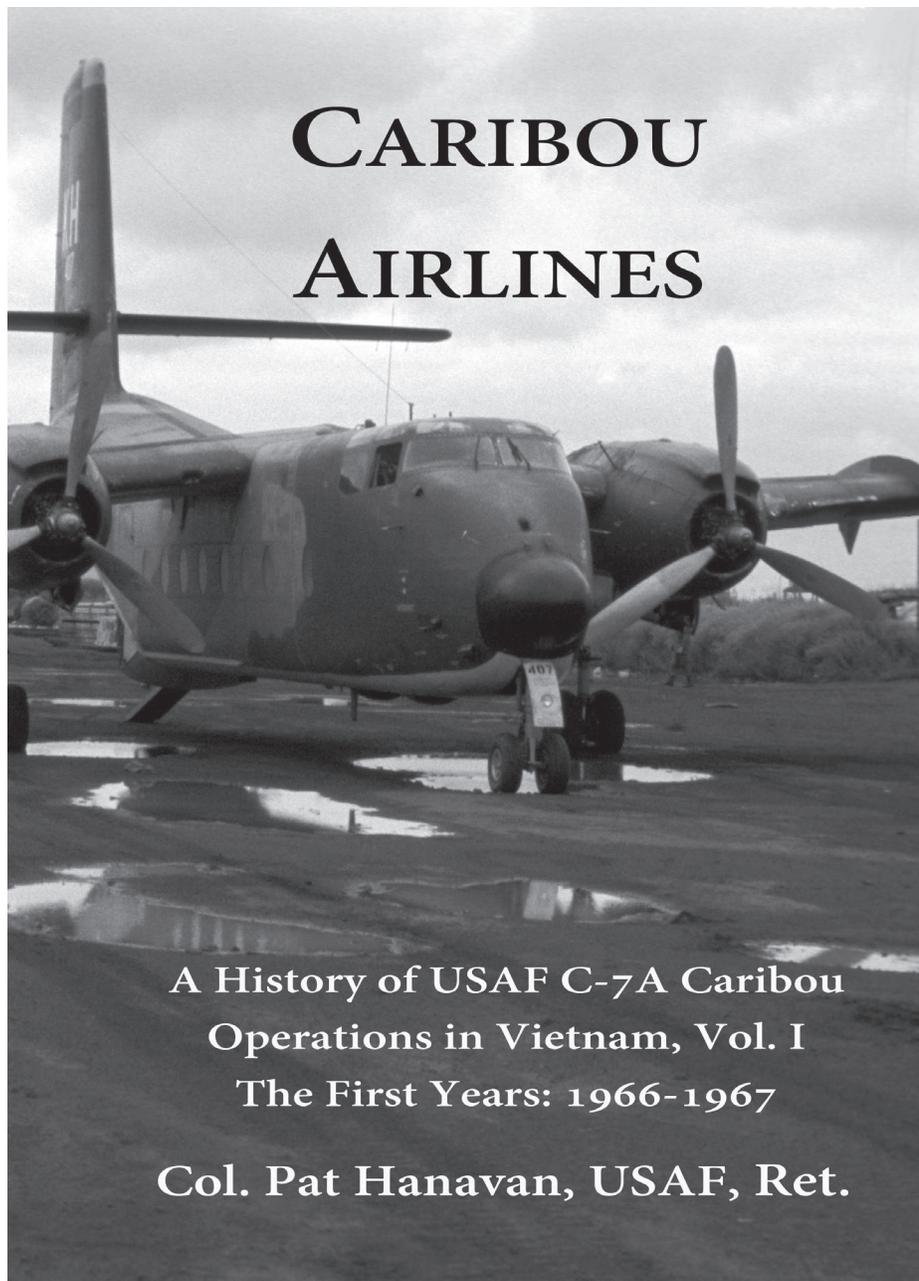
On one occasion, I loaded at Pleiku for a mission to Ben Het. The Major commanding the outpost directed me, "If Ben Het is taking incoming, do not go into the base."

I had a load of eight inch (155 mm) artillery ammunition, a type the base used for some of their guns. I flew down the road to Ben Het, past Kontum. When I arrived opposite the base, I could see a mortar or rocket round land in the marsh beside the base. The enemy might have been a test round for zeroing in their weapon. Or, they might have fired it to scare me off, indicating they would fire on me if I attempted a landing.

The situation brought up an interesting question. How badly do they need this ammunition? If they say they need or desperately need this ammunition, then I have to decide whether I am going to go in, despite the Major's orders, and try to dump it at the end of the runway.

How much had they zeroed in the ends of the runway? I did not know. I radioed the base on the frequency we used to coordinate our work with then and asked "I am carrying eight inch artillery ammunition, how badly do you need this stuff?"

The troop on the other end of the radio just hollered "We're taking incoming. I'm going to the bunker." Repeated calls received no response. He was in the bunker. I returned to Pleiku with my load.



CARIBOU AIRLINES

A History of USAF C-7A Caribou
Operations in Vietnam, Vol. I
The First Years: 1966-1967

Col. Pat Hanavan, USAF, Ret.

Status of 63-9756

by Ken Emery
Director
Museum of Aviation
Robins AFB, GA

It is becoming more and more apparent that if we can't get aircraft inside, out of the weather their days are numbered. We are downsizing by excessing 32 aircraft to the NMUSAF because we don't have the resources to keep them up and the outside elements are causing damage we can't keep up with. We are

planning to keep about 10-12 aircraft outside and jam as many as possible inside, the rest will have to go unless I get lots of help and a new large aircraft hangar soon.

After seeing first hand the damage caused by prolonged outside display, I'm convinced that if we're going to preserve aircraft for future generations we've got to get them inside. The cancer (corrosion) is going on 24/7 inside and out. That is why I am committed to getting the "Bou" and others inside soon, we have no time to waste. We are pedaling as fast as we can.

Caribou Airlines is a comprehensive history of USAF C-7A operations in Vietnam. It is about aircrews, crew chiefs, maintenance officers, line chiefs, maintainers, phase inspection personnel, specialty shop personnel, supply personnel, personal equipment specialists, administration and operations personnel, commanders, staff personnel, etc. They made it possible to deliver the troops, guns, ammunition, rations, beer, soda, equipment, animals, etc. to hundreds of bases on the battlefields of Vietnam.

The 483rd Tactical Airlift Wing and its squadrons were not an airline, per se. They were tasked with supporting Army and Marine units and other customers with air landed and air dropped supplies using pre-defined, emergency, and opportune sorties to front line locations where the supplies were needed.

The history of the Military Advisory Command, Vietnam (MACV); C-7A Caribou Association newsletters; and personal stories of those involved in C-7A operations provide the context for this book.

Signed copies of the book can be ordered from the author for \$20:

Pat Hanavan, 12402 Winding Branch
San Antonio, TX 78230-2770

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Check the mailing label on this newsletter. If it does not show "2013" or later, then it is **TIME TO PAY** your Bou Tax or this will be the **last** newsletter you will receive.

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Memorabilia

MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM

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

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

1. Polo Shirt*	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$18.00	Total: _____
2. Colored T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$15.00	Total: _____
3. Round Engine (R-2000) T Shirt	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$12.00	Total: _____
4. Denim Shirt (short sleeve)	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$25.00	Total: _____
5. Denim Shirt (long sleeve)	Size - Please Mark: M L XL XXL	Qty. _____ @ \$30.00	Total: _____
6. Denim Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
7. Baseball (white) Hat	One size fits all	Qty. _____ @ \$13.00	Total: _____
8. 457 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
9. 458 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
10. 459 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
11. 535 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
12. 536 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
13. 537 th Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
14. 483 rd Replica Patch		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
15. Caribou Lapel Pin		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____
16. Caribou Poster (12" x 18")		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
17. Caribou Challenge Coin		Qty. _____ @ \$8.00	Total: _____
18. Caribou DVD – 1:10 long		Qty. _____ @ \$5.00	Total: _____
19. Caribou decal (outside)		Qty. _____ @ \$3.00	Total: _____

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

Total: _____

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

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