

ARMY OTTER-CARIBOU ASSOCIATION

MARCH 2018



U.S. ARMY OTTER 53304

LOGBOOK

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

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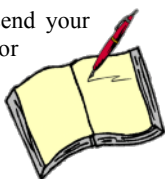
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Please tell us if you've moved, changed your e-mail, gotten lost or recently found so we can update your membership roster information. Call EVP Bruce Silvey at 1-727-576-0480, e-mail him at BSilvey@aol.com or write him at P.O. Box 55284, St. Petersburg, FL 33732-5284. **Roster copies available on request.**

Visit AOCA's web site at: <http://www.otter-caribou.org/>

Want to see your name in print? If so, please send your anecdotal, amusing, audacious, historical, and/or hysterical Otter, Caribou, or Neptune tale(s) (photos encouraged) to: Bill Upton, 2360 Vaccaro Dr., Sarasota, FL 34231 - 941-923-1695
Email: wsupton@verizon.net



Now that Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's seasons have passed we await the spring which brings forth the thoughts of Christmases past. Having spent three "Short Tours" overseas when our children were young is something that cannot be retrieved and relived. One of those Christmases, on the other hand was about the best Family Christmas I ever spent.

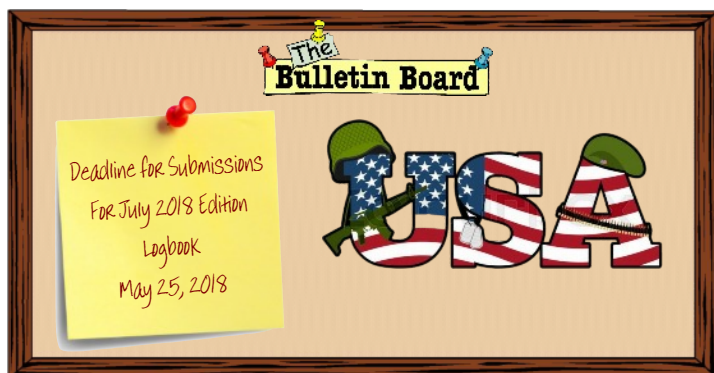
Christmas day started with great expectations as I traveled from "Lift Master" helipad to the Hue Phu Bai airfield to catch a C-130 flight to Cam Ranh Bay airfield. While waiting at Phu Bai I ate the first of many Christmas dinners, C- Rations. Upon arrival at Cam Ranh Bay there was another Christmas dinner waiting in the terminal. The Stretch DC-8 took off on time with a minor flaw. The aircraft dragged its tail on takeoff. Fortunately there is an especially designed bumper for just such occasions. We found out from the plane captain who explained that you are supposed to rotate the aircraft to seven degrees and when it gets light on the gear rotate the aircraft 10 - 12 degrees. The captain said that the copilot made the takeoff and rotated the aircraft to 12 degrees immediately which caused the tail bumper to drag on the ground.

We flew to Yokota Air Base in Japan to get the bumper serviced and to refuel. The third Christmas dinner was en route to Yokota. Christmas dinners four and five were on the flight from Yokota to the United States. The best Christmas dinner that year was after meeting Tracy in Atlanta. We went home to Columbus, GA and met the children together and celebrated the best Christmas ever. I will never be sure if it was still Christmas day due to the many time zone changes. nevertheless it was the best Christmas ever.

Since that time many Christmases have come and gone and are also memorable especially those with the grandchildren and great grandchildren. Tracy and I hope you had a wonderful Christmas and New Year.

As always we are looking forward to the future and as AOCA members we are looking forward to our 33rd Reunion in the Hampton Roads area of Virginia this September. Wayne Buser has been busy working out the details. He has arranged for our hotel in Virginia Beach and he and Berta are turning their attention to the specific details that will ensure that we enjoy our time since "Virginia is for lovers."

Having been stationed at Fort Monroe, VA for five years I can tell you there are lots of places to go and things to see and do there. We will not have sufficient time to see everything



during the short time we will be there. On the north side of Hampton Roads, in Hampton, you can find Fort Monroe with its moat built by Lt Robert E. Lee in 1833.

The NASA Museum at Langley Joint Base, The Mariners Museum in Newport News, The Transportation Museum at Fort Eustis (where the Caribou and Otter are on display), the Old Town of Williamsburg, the Yorktown Battlefield, Jamestown, and the Busch Gardens Theme Park.

On the South side of Hampton Roads is Norfolk, VA, a modern port city nestled where the Chesapeake Bay meets the

Atlantic Ocean. It is home to the world's largest naval station, one of the East Coast's largest ports, the Chrysler Museum of Art, the Hampton Roads Naval Museum, the Battleship Wisconsin, the MacArthur Memorial, Nauticus, the Norfolk Southern Rail road Museum and numerous art centers and galleries.

The one-million square foot MacArthur Center located in the heart of downtown Norfolk is one of the best places to shop in the area. There are also several kinds of boat cruises in the Norfolk area which vary from naval base cruises, charter boat cruises, dinner cruises to tall ship cruises. Of course, there is the

Boardwalk in Virginia Beach along with The old Coast Guard and Surf and Rescue museums.

We realize that we don't have the time, money or ability to visit all of the sights in the Hampton Roads area but we hope those activities that are selected make our three days a most pleasant 33rd Army Otter Caribou Association reunion.

Not only are Tracy and I looking forward to the seafood (crab cake, sautéed blue crab, flounder, clams) that I remember in the Hampton Roads area, but are also looking forward to seeing and being with the friends we have known over the years.

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Bruce D. Silvey



2nd Lt. Paul W. Silvey, Ft Knox 1927

MEMBERSHIP STATUS

Membership stands at 526. The downward trend is irreversible. If there is a '17' on your address label it means your dues for this year are 'due.' Your continued support is important. Several are outstanding.

ROSTER

If you need a copy of the roster let me know and will send one - the best, easiest and fastest is by email - most are looking for someone specific - am glad to provide what information that I have.

OUR WEB SITE

www.otter-caribou.org



This program works very well for our members - it is administered by the Army Aviation Association of America (Quad-A) and you should note that the cutoff date for applications is:

1 MAY 2018

There is now a vetting process to assure an applicant is eligible.

The address:

755 Main Street, Suite 4D,
Monroe, CT 06468-2830

(203) 268-2450

FAX: (203) 268-5870

AAAA Site: www.quad-A.org

Look to Click on 'Scholarships.' This is the best way to review the specifics of the program and get started.

REUNIONS

HERE'S THE LATEST

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA - 2018

SEP 26 - OCT 1

Reunion Coordinator Wayne Buser is working hard at getting this one ready. Basic information is elsewhere in the Logbook.

Hotel will be Holiday Inn Virginia Beach / Norfolk Hotel & Conference Center. The rate is \$119.00 per night plus local taxes. This rate is good for three days pre and post the reunion dates. Free parking. Complimentary breakfast in Ashley's Restaurant and complimentary wireless Internet. There is also free airport shuttle.

If you are looking it up - 5655 Greenwich Road Virginia Beach, VA 23462

The Reunion for 2018 is currently scheduled to be in Louisville, KY. Date is not known at this time but the plan is for late September or early Oct.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

ROY SMITH

3517 Brandon James Dr.

Biloxi, MS 39532

(228) 806-5559

rssinc1@yahoo.com

18th Avn Co

SREVEN NADEL

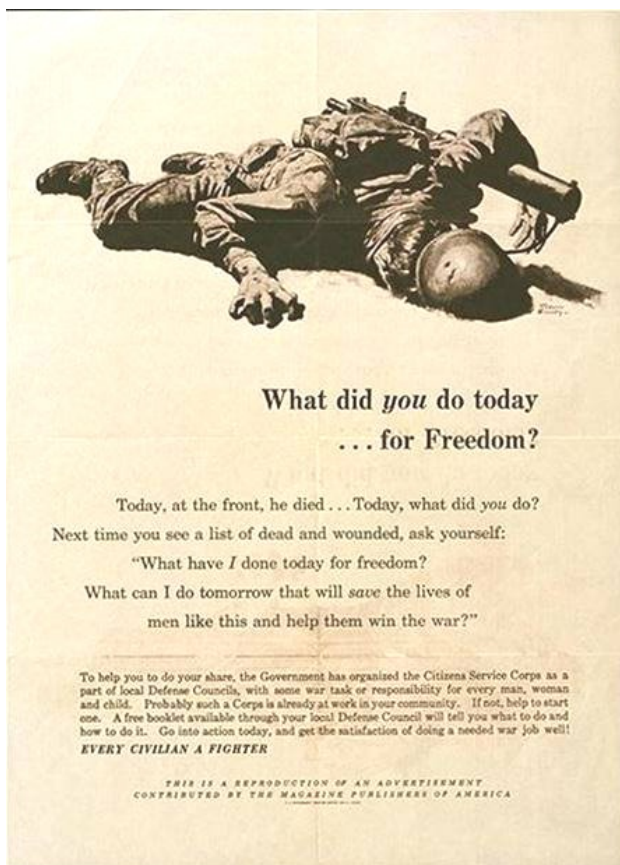
P. O. Box 23062

Hilton Head Island, SC 29925

estelle72745@yahoo.com



Eugene Diamond sent in these vintage postcards. Thanks, Gene. . .



Fort Rucker Museum Report

John Spencer

Jim Crowder and I were invited to go to Fort Rucker to look at some interesting helicopters and to check on the status of the work on the RP-2E. We were invited by MAJ (R) Terry Morris a retired gunship pilot with two tours in Nam flying Charlie model Hueys and Cobras. Upon arrival he introduced us to LTC (R) Robert Mitchell, the Aviation Center Museum Director. He is a super individual and what he has accomplished in the short 4 years as director is nothing short of miraculous.

Terry, Jim, and I went on a walking tour of the museum but only got as far as the C model gunship at the far end of the 1st floor. That aircraft was flown in RVN by Terry his first tour and he received wounds while flying it. As we were about ready to start more of the tour, Bob Mitchell approached us and asked that we stand by for Terry to speak to a group of young 2nd Lieutenants who were starting flight school (RW).

Terry spoke to the group about some of his experiences in Nam to include the story behind the Charlie model sitting on the floor behind us. He has received the Silver Star, three DFCs for Valor and numerous Purple Hearts. He had been shot down seven times with the last one the only one he didn't walk away from. He was one of the survivors of LAM Song 719. There has been several stories written about Terry's exploits in RVN.

Both Jim and I had a chance to say a few words before the young Aviators to be. They sure were young looking.



Bob Mitchell then took us to a couple of large medal building where the Museum keeps helicopters that are being worked on or that are waiting for space so they can be displayed. The collection includes everything from the H-13 to the Cheyenne and everything in between. There are also a lot of spare parts, rotor blades gun parts, skids, and everything in-between.





The Military Wife

When she was a girl, her dreams were bold, as bold as her fine, free ga:
And every gift of grace and mind was hers in her younger days.
When she was a girl, a golden girl, with a soul as fine as fire.
She could outshine the brightest jewel that a rich man's love might buy her.
Yes, hers could have been the glittering path through a careless, carefree life.
But she fell in love with an soldier, so she became a military wife.

Away from the home of her childhood she marched at her husband's side,
For she chose a wide and winding road when she became a bride.
And sometimes the road was a hard one, so different from what she had planned;
And sometimes she wept for the home she had left as she lay in a foreign land;
And sometimes her steps would grow weary as she followed the drum and the fife;
But she set about making the world her home because she was a military wife.

She learned to build a hearth for them wherever her man was sent;
And she knelt to plant a garden every time he pitched their tent.
Yes, she always planted a garden though she never saw it grow,
For she knew before the flowers came that she would have to go.
But she left each garden gladly though it cut her like a knife,
For she hoped it might bring some comfort to another military wife.

To the hardships in her married life she brought one simple truth,
A promise that once was spoken in the ancient words of Ruth:
"Wherever you go, I will go. Wherever you lodge, I will lodge;
Thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."
She shared his joys and sorrows as they made their way through life,
For she was proud to love a soldier and to be a military wife.

She bore the weight of worrying what fate might hold in store;
And the wordless fear of waiting when her soldier went to war;
And the nights that she spent fearing that her waiting was in vain;
And the pain of wanting someone she might never hold again.
But she bore his children gladly through uncertainty and strife,
And they never heard her crying for she was a military wife.

She raised a military family with the faith her love had taught her;
And she gave the pride she had inside to her son and to her daughter;
And she taught them to love freedom and to know what it was worth,
As they helped her plant her gardens in the corners of the earth.
And she never wished for better than the road they marched through life
Because she was as much a soldier as she was a military wife.



Suggested by Bruce Silvey



EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

Subject: Full Time Career Opportunity for Pilots and Crewchiefs

Please share with your networks. We are hiring for multiple full time positions in Peru and Panama in support of DOS.

Special Applications Group (SAG) is hiring now for the DOS INL/A program in Panama and Peru. The positions are full-time requiring the selected candidates to live in the Host Nation year-round and, in some instances, affords monthly opportunities to return home for up to ten days. This is a non-operational, training and support mission. If selected for hire, work will commence in CONUS on/about early-March with deployment to Peru or Panama in late-April.

SAG is a values-based, Service Disabled, Veteran Owned Small Business (SDVOSB) that is committed to sustaining a highly skilled, diverse workforce that is capable of safely achieving challenging defense and security assistance objectives worldwide. We offer very competitive professional compensation and robust benefits. SAG will provide aircraft and night vision goggle refresher training in the UH-1 Huey II prior to deployment. We can provide assistance with attaining a CFII certificate if necessary.

EMPLOYMENT TYPE:

Full-Time

APPROXIMATE START DATE:

Early/mid-March (training in Palm Bay, FL)

Late April 2018 (boots on the ground in Host Nation)

PANAMA:

Pilot, Rotary Wing (UH-1) Lead (and UH-1 Instructor Pilot / Maintenance Pilot)

Pilot, RW (UH-1) Standardization Pilot / MP

Flight Engineer / Crew Chief, RW (UH-1) Flight Instructor

PERU:

Pilot, RW (UH-1) Lead (and UH-1 SP)

Pilot, RW (UH-1) IP / MP

ALSE Technician

REQUIREMENTS:

Instructor Pilot candidates should possess a FAA Certified Flight Instructor – Instrument (CFII) certificate.

Due to requirements by the U.S. Department of State, positions must be filled by U.S. Citizens.

Positions require a U.S. Department of State Moderate Risk Public Trust (MRPT) clearance.

Current DOD security clearance highly desired.

English & Spanish, Level L-2, R-2 required.



Ed Note: I didn't see anything at all about age requirements.

Reunion Wrap-up

OUR STAY AT THE KC AIRPORT HILTON

On Monday, October 23, 2017 Wayne Buser <aocareunions@gmail.com> wrote:

Dear Mr. Katz,

My name is Wayne Buser and I'm the Reunion Coordinator for the Army Otter Caribou Association. We held our reunion at your hotel this month from Oct. 4 to Oct. 8. Sorry for the delay getting back to you due to my wife and I traveling around Kansas after the reunion on our way back to Colorado..

Your hotel was outstanding and your staff support was great, I would like to let you know about some of your staff and how they supported our reunion.

First, Diane Reiff (Sales Manager) from the first time I met her, she helped meet all our needs. She would check in everyday to make sure everything was going well and was there for any thing we needed.

Ryan Ewigman (Convention Services Manager) was always checking to make sure everything was going well and did we need anything. He and Diane went over the layout plans for each room and ensured the rooms were set up to meet our needs.

Mike (Front desk) always had a smile and kept asking was there anything we needed.

Ashley (Breakfast Manager) Always asked how things were going with the reunion. She would go around to the tables and see if we needed more coffee or juice. Several members told me she always asking how their day was going and was there anything they needed.

Ian (Banquet Staff) Just ask Ian and he got what we needed, ice buckets were always full and tables were always clean.

John (A/V staff) he was easy to work with. I think our EVP, Bruce Silvey wrote to you about him and his support.

The one great thing I observed was that all your staff members had smiles on their faces and always asked how our day was going. The feed back we got back from our attending membership told us that this was one of our best reunions due, in great part to your hotel staff and the great meals we had during our stay.

I am a Hilton member and have traveled around the world and always try and stay in a Hilton Hotel. Your hotel was one of the best.

Again thanks for providing a great stay for our members.

Wayne Buser
AOCA Reunion Coordinator



AOCA SCHOLARSHIPS APPRECIATED

8/22/17



AAAA Scholarship Foundation, Inc.
Otter-Caribou Heritage Scholarship
593 Main Street
Monroe, CT 06468-2806

Dear AAAA Scholarship Foundation,

I am writing to thank you for your generous \$1,000 Otter-Caribou Heritage Scholarship. I am grateful and honored to learn that I was selected as the recipient of this scholarship.

I will be attending Northern Arizona University (NAU) this fall to begin undergraduate studies in physical therapy, psychology, and nursing. I wish to make a difference in people's lives by helping them to reach their health goals as a health care professional. I have learned from volunteering at an endocrinology center that I enjoy helping people and seeing their reaction when they realize that someone cares and is willing to help. Their gratitude and appreciation makes my day each time I've worked there and it is personally rewarding knowing I helped someone improve their health. I am choosing a path in the medical field where I can have a direct impact with each and every person in my care. Thanks to you, I am one step closer to achieving this goal.

By awarding me the Otter-Caribou Heritage Scholarship, I plan to apply it to pay toward my tuition. I promise you I will work very hard and your generosity has inspired me to help others and give back to the community. I hope one day that I will be able to help other students to achieve their goals just as you helped me.

Sincerely,

Aspen Seifert

Dear AAAA Scholarship Foundation and William Harris, Jr.

Thank you for selecting me for the Otter-Caribou Heritage Scholarship. I really appreciate how much of a help this will be financially and it means a lot that I was recognized. My grandfather (Tom Orr) who is a member was very happy to hear I was selected.

Thanks,

Douglas Orr

COMMENTS

Our Scholarship program is, no doubt, the most important thing we do as an organization and will have a lasting impact long after our last member has flown west. The youth of our nation is what it is all about. If we raise productive and caring young people the future is bright.

Tracy and I visited our grandson, his wife and our great granddaughter after our reunion in Kansas City. Seeing the next generation progressing and learning is very heart warming. That's what our scholarship program does, aids in the learning and maturing process for our youth. Hopefully the result is a better world for those who follow.

Sincerely,

*Sam Kaiser
President
Army Otter-Caribou Association*

MILITARY

MISCELLANEA

MISCELLANEA

VA Photo ID Cards for All Veterans



All honorably discharged veterans of every era will be able to get a photo identification card from the Department of Veterans Affairs as of last November due to a law passed in 2015.

The law, known as the Veterans Identification Card Act 2015, orders the VA to issue a hard-copy photo ID to any honorably discharged veteran who applies. The card must contain the veteran's name, photo and a non-Social Security identification number, the law states.

Military Town, Ft. Walton Beach, FL Judge Pat

Eglin Joint Base Command located near Ft. Walton, Florida, is presently the largest military complex in the world and encompasses a large contingent of Air Force units, Naval warfare units, and the 7th Army Special Forces and 6th Army Rangers. My home is exactly five miles outside the main gate of Eglin AFB.

Most folks in the USA don't live in a military town, with lots of guys in uniform walking the streets and jets overhead daily. Those folks go on with their lives unaware of what a military town is all about. And that's OK – but I want to share with you what it's like to live in a military town. We see guys in uniform all the time, we have state of the art, high-performance aircraft in the air nearby all day long. We hear the

SOUND OF FREEDOM when an F-22 or F-35 streaks over the house – and we read in the local paper, some times daily, but at least weekly, of the loss of one of our own in combat in the Middle East.

And that is what brings me to the reason for this story:

Staff Sergeant Mark DeAlencar was 37 years old, had a family and was a Green Beret with the 7th Army Special Forces stationed here in the Fort Walton area. He was killed on April 8, 2017, while fighting the Islamic State in eastern Afghanistan. In January of this year, he was deployed for the second time to Afghanistan. He promised his adopted daughter, Octavia, that he would be home for her high school graduation. He didn't make it. But she went to graduation anyway.

No details were released on when that application process will open, what information veterans will need when applying or the web address they will use.

Although the law states that the VA may charge a fee for the card, the official said no fee is planned.

The change comes as the military exchange stores prepare to open online shopping to all honorably discharged veterans starting Nov. 11. Veterans who wish to use that new benefit must be verified through VetVerify.org.

Congress passed the ID law as a way to help veterans prove their service without showing a copy of their DD-214.

"Goods, services and promotional activities are often offered by public and private institutions to veterans who demonstrate proof of service in the military, but it is impractical for a veteran to always carry Department of Defense form DD-214 discharge papers to demonstrate such proof," the law states.

Some veterans already carry such proof of service.

Those who receive health care from the VA or have a disability rating can get a photo ID VA health card, also known as a Veteran Health Identification Card. Military retirees also hold an ID card issued by the Defense Department.

Veterans are also able to get a proof of service letter through the VA's ebenefits website. And some states will include a veteran designation on driver's licenses if requested.

In the audience were eighty (80) US 7th Armed Special Forces soldiers from her dad's unit in full Parade Dress uniform. Additionally, they brought THEIR FAMILIES to be with them, as well.

As Octavia ascended the steps to the stage to receive her diploma they all silently stood up. And when she was presented her diploma they all cheered, clapped, whistled – and yes, cried.

Everyone in attendance then stood up and cried and cheered. Octavia had graduated and, yes, she had lost her dad – but she had 80 other DADS to stand there with her and take his place. I just wanted to share this moment with you and remind you that this is what it's like to live in a military town. This is the real America we all love and I'm proud to be part of it. May God bless our men in uniform and their families who give so much.

Submitted by PT Smith

TECHNICAL ARTICLE 4**RADIAL ENGINE MANUFACTURERS; THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR PRODUCTS**

Note: This is the fourth and final technical article in this series generated for the members of the Order of the Round Engine. Hopefully there has been some useful / entertaining / historical information in them.

The two main radial engine manufacturers are the Wright Aeronautical Company and the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Company.



The Wright Company was founded in 1909 by Orville and Wilbur Wright. The company concentrated on protecting its patent rights rather than on developing new aviation products. Wilbur died in 1912 and Orville sold the company in 1915, which subsequently (1916) merged with the Glenn L. Martin Company to form the Wright-Martin Company. Martin resigned shortly thereafter and the company became Wright Aeronautical in 1919.

In 1923, the company purchased the Lawrance Aero Engine Company and merged with the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company (1929) becoming the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. A division of the parent corporation, the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, produced radial engines. The following Wright radial engines were built;

Wright Whirlwind series

Wright J-4 Whirlwind
Wright R-790 J-5 Whirlwind
Wright R-540 J-6 Whirlwind 5
Wright R-760 J-6 Whirlwind 7
Wright R-975 J-6 Whirlwind 9
Wright R-1510 Whirlwind 14
Wright R-1670 Whirlwind 14

Wright Cyclone series

Wright R-1300 Cyclone 7
Wright R-1820 Cyclone 9
Wright R-2600 Cyclone 14 (Twin Cyclone)
Wright R-3350 Cyclone 18 (Duplex Cyclone)
Wright R-4090 Cyclone 22

Wright R-1200 Simoon

Wright R-2160 Tornado



The Pratt & Whitney Company was founded in 1860 by Francis Pratt and Amos Whitney. The company, Pratt & Whitney Machine Tool, made machine tools and gun manufacturing machinery for the U.S. Union Army. In the pre-WWI period, the company was purchased by the Niles Bement Pond Corporation (a major machine tool corporation).

In 1925, Frederick Rentschler, a former executive at Wright Aeronautical, got the Pratt & Whitney Machine Tool subsidiary to provide the funding and work area to build a new large, air cooled

radial engine that he, and George Mead, had in development. The new effort was formed under the name Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Company. Following the successful production of the first radial engines, the R-1340 Wasp and the R-985 Wasp Junior, the company separated from the parent company (1929) while keeping its name. The following Pratt & Whitney radial engines were built;

Pratt & Whitney Wasp series

Pratt & Whitney Hornet series

R-985 Wasp Junior

R-1690 Hornet

R-1340

Wasp

R-1860 Hornet B

R-1535 Twin Wasp Junior

R-2180 Twin Hornet

R-1830 Twin Wasp

R-2000 Twin Wasp

R-2180-E Twin Wasp E

R-2800 Double Wasp

R-4360 Wasp Major

R-2060 Yellow Jacket

R-2270

This series has consisted of;

**TECHNICAL ARTICLE 1,
"RADIAL ENGINE CONNECTING
RODS AND FIRING ORDERS"**

**TECHNICAL ARTICLE 2,
"RADIAL ENGINE IGNITION
SYSTEMS AND IGNITION
TIMING"**

**TECHNICAL ARTICLE 3,
"RADIAL ENGINE POWER,
BRAKE MEAN EFFECTIVE
PRESSURE (BMEP), AND
RATINGS"**

**TECHNICAL ARTICLE 4,
"RADIAL ENGINE
MANUFACTURERS; THEIR
HISTORY AND THEIR
PRODUCTS"**

Many Vietnam Vets May Have Cancer-Causing Parasites: What Are Liver Flukes?

Hundreds of Vietnam War veterans may be infected with parasites called liver flukes, which can sometimes lead to cancer, recent research suggests.

A recent study from the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) found that, out of 50 blood samples submitted from Vietnam veterans, more than 20 percent tested positive for antibodies against liver flukes, according to the Associated Press.

The findings could mean that many Vietnam veterans have "silent" infections with the parasite, meaning they don't have any symptoms. However, the results are preliminary, and it's possible that not all of the veterans who tested positive actually have the parasite, the researchers said. Still, the results were "surprising," study researcher Sung-Tae Hong, of Seoul National University in South Korea, told the Associated Press.

Liver flukes are small, flat parasitic worms that can infect the liver, gallbladder and bile ducts. People become infected when they eat raw or undercooked freshwater fish that have the parasites, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). Although liver-fluke infections are rare in the United States, it's estimated that 35 million people worldwide are infected with the parasites

at any one time, mostly in Asia and Eastern Europe, according to a 2011 review article. There are three main types of liver flukes that cause human infection: *Clonorchis sinensis*, which is common in rural parts of China and Korea; *Opisthorchis viverrini*, which is found in Thailand, Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia; and *Opisthorchis felinus*, which is found in a wide geographical area, including Eastern Europe, Central Asia and Siberia, according to the World Health Organization.

Most people who become infected with liver flukes have no symptoms, but some may experience indigestion, abdominal pain, diarrhea and constipation, according to the CDC. However, over long periods, infection with liver flukes can cause chronic inflammation in the bile ducts, resulting in scarring of the ducts and destruction of nearby liver cells, according to the WHO. What's more, the inflammation and scarring of the bile duct can lead to cancer of the bile ducts, which is called cholangiocarcinoma.

This type of cancer is rare in Western countries, with only about 7 cases per 1 million people, according to the 2011 review. In the United States, an estimated 8,000 people are diagnosed with bile-duct

cancer each year, according to the American Cancer Society.

Symptoms of the cancer can include jaundice (yellowing of the skin), pain in the abdomen, dark urine, fever, itchy skin, vomiting and unexplained weight loss, according to the VA. For people with early-stage bile-duct cancer, about 15 to 30 percent survive at least five years following their diagnosis, according to the American Society of Clinical Oncology.

However, if the cancer has spread to a distant part of the body, the five-year survival rate is 2 percent.

Last year, the Associated Press raised concerns about cholangiocarcinoma tied to liver-fluke infections in veterans when it reported that 700 Vietnam veterans with the rare cancer had been seen at the VA in the past 15 years.

However, the VA has not yet made a recommendation for Vietnam veterans to get tested for liver flukes or bile cancer because the department is still investigating the issue.

"We are taking this seriously," Curt Cashour, a spokesperson for the VA, told the Associated Press. "But until further research [is done], a recommendation cannot be made either way."

When Insults Had Class. . .

These glorious insults are from an era before the English language got boiled down to 4-letter words.

A member of Parliament to Disraeli: "Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease.

"That depends, Sir, " said Disraeli, "whether I embrace your policies or your mistress."

"He had delusions of adequacy." **Walter Kerr**

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." **Winston Churchill**

"I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure." **Clarence Darrow**

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary." **William Faulkner** (*about Ernest Hemingway*)

"Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it." **Moses Hadas**

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." **Mark Twain**

"He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends." **Oscar Wilde**

"I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend, if you have one." **George Bernard Shaw** to *Winston Churchill*

"Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second – if there is one." **Winston Churchill**, *in response*

"I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here." **Stephen Bishop**

"He is a self-made man and worships his creator." **John Bright**

"I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial." **Irvin S. Cobb**



"He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others." **Samuel Johnson**

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." **Paul Keating**

"In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily." **Charles, Count Talleyrand**

"He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." **Forrest Tucker**

"Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?" **Mark Twain**

"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." Mae West

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." **Oscar Wilde**

"He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts. . . for support rather than illumination." **Andrew Lang**

"He has Van Gogh's ear for music." **Billy Wilder**

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But I'm afraid this wasn't it." **Groucho Marx**



CARIBOU CHRONICLES



Simmons AAF December 1965 L to R: Major Maynard Austin; CWO ??; Sp/5 Stanley Tipton in front of Caribou 63-9763

Above is a 1965 picture regarding a/c crew prior to deployment to Vietnam from our daughter Stormy M. Ripley CW4 (Ret) Blackhawk Aviator and now a civilian Safety Officer at Fort Bragg. See her following note. Thanks, **Mel McLemore**

Dad, remember to ask at the Otter-Caribou Convention who remembers this crew in photo. A crew member brought the picture to our Airfield to hang up, from when they trained with Special Forces at Ft. Bragg before deploying to Vietnam. **Stormy Ripley**

The “Bou” Class Room and Flight Training

By SP5 David Cadena, USAVNS Ft. Rucker, Al. 61-64

This story begins after my graduation from Basic Training at Ft. Ord, CA.

I arrived at Ft. Rucker after traveling by train from San Jose, CA, and was accompanied by an Army Private who was going to Signal Corp School at Ft. Gordon, GA.



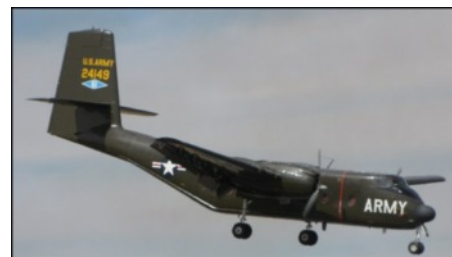
Because I had attended a community college, and already obtained my FAA “P” or power plant license, I did very well at the L-19 school, and even better in the L-20 mechanics training program. From there I was sent to the Otter program, and finally to the Caribou maintenance program. Someone had decided I was a

good candidate for instructor there, so I went through a short instruction program and began at the South Port 0-470, L-19 engine program. From there I went to L-20, training, U-1 training, and finally the Caribou. I also attended a short Mohawk school.

My days with the Caribou, were challenging because there were so many systems. I learned that the ground school for pilots covered them all. The ground school for pilots was held in a smaller classroom with no more than twelve or so students, all of whom outranked me. I became quite familiar with teaching and did pretty well, working through eight hours of teaching. The program lasted two to three weeks before another class of officers would begin.

I remember that after a big lunch some students would begin nodding off and I would spark it up a bit with an overhead slide of a pretty lady which usually woke the sleepers up. One day however, I had a general who would not wake up until I had someone nudge him. I mentioned to him that if I were teaching this information for his safety he would

have to stay alert in order to get it. He did not like my criticism one bit but did not say anything later.



Vietnam came along in the summer of ‘62, and after going through Mohawk school, I received orders to go to Vietnam with a Mohawk group.

I sent a letter to the base CO, because I was supposed to get married on the same day that the orders said to ship out. One week later I received a new set of orders putting me in the flight school program for crew chief.

At that time, we had five aircraft at Cairns field, and a crew shack where crew chiefs were assigned. We flew either four hours in the morning or four in the afternoon. Most of the flying time was

uneventful, but occasionally there would be a problem. My friend, Tom Doyle, told me about a time he was flying with a flight crew consisting of an instructor pilot and two students for single engine shutdown training. During the flight, the IP feathered one engine and for some unknown reason one student reached up

and feathered the remaining engine. It was really quiet until they got them going again.

Also, there was a certain Captain who quite often came onto the airplane with liquor on his breath. We all worried about that but everything went ok. One day however, when the IP was flying unusual

attitudes, the student almost put the airplane on its back. That was scary, as we had to use more than 5000' to recover.

Because I had a private pilot license, I enjoyed occasionally flying the airplane. That came to a quick end when another Crew Chief tipped a tree branch going into a cow pasture that we flew into for practice.

“Where Did the Fuel Go?”

Two Remembrances by Kent Hulse

The following tales are about two experiences while flying in the Vietnam Central Highlands during parts of 1965-1966.

I was assigned to the 17th Aviation Company located at Pleiku and we were attached to the First Cavalry Division in direct support. The Cav operated out of An Khe twenty five minutes air time east of our airfield. The 17th operated out of Camp Holloway, located a mile or two east of Pleiku. The single landing runway (23-05)? Was PSP, 2500-3000 feet in length. The ramp was also PSP. There were no IFR approaches to the field at Camp Holloway. However, New Pleiku Airfield which the Air Force operated from had a GCA. New Pleiku was a large field with a 10,000 foot hard surface runway landing 27-09. During IFR weather conditions we could execute a 27 GCA to New Pleiku and at 200-400 feet, if visibility allowed, break left to land at Holloway which was a mile or two from the GCA center line, if not able to brake left we would continue the approach into New Pleiku and wait for better weather. A left brake of 40 degrees at the above altitude would put you on a good final to Camp Holloway. The above facts, distances, and locations will come into play as I relate the experiences.

Both experiences have at their core, “fuel.” The first will be titled, “Where Did the Fuel Go?” and involves only one aircraft, an Army CV-2B Caribou, tail number 62-4187. It is not so mysterious, as to where the fuel went, when the facts are known, but at the time it was extremely concerning.

The second, “Just an Old Fuel Leak.” involves three aircraft. An Army CV-2B Caribou, tail number 62-4174, an Air Force C-123 Provider and an Air Force

A1-E Skyraider. This story will leave you thinking, it is a physical impossibility. This guy is crazy, hallucinating, and down right lying. But, I saw what I saw and did what I did.

“Where Did the Fuel Go?”

On March 4, 1966 aboard Caribou 62-4187, Captain Jim Lybrand, my section leader, and I, with crew chief Sp/4 L. Sanford, RA 19778662 and Radio Operator Sp/4 J. Rogers, US 56369664 departed Camp Holloway at dusk for a six-seven hour night radio relay mission. Our orbit area was northwest of Qui Nhon and southwest of Bong Son. Probably ten to fifteen miles west of the coast line. I was in the left seat and Jim in the right seat. Around midnight we terminated the orbiting portion of the mission which had been uneventful and proceeded to fly west toward Holloway.



Having not departed the orbit area by more than two or three miles the left fuel low pressure light illuminated and the left engine RPM dropped ever so slightly before I switched the fuel tank selector to the right tank. “What’s happening here? The left fuel tank gauge indicates 500 pounds but evidently it’s empty.” We

“Just an Old Fuel Leak.”

were forty five minutes plus or minus from Camp Holloway. The normal route was to over fly An Khe when returning home from that orbit area. We were approximately twenty minutes from An Khe and the pressing questions were, What about the right fuel tank’s integrity, and the right fuel gauge’s accuracy? What was the actual usable fuel quantity on board and would will it get us to any place safely? We diverted to An Khe hoping we could make it. Needless to say we made it but, I’ll say this, “That was the highest and steepest final approach I ever made in a Caribou.” The flight home to Holloway from An Khe was uneventful. Delving into “Where did the fuel go?” revealed that the fuel never got there. It was learned that the crew chief while fueling the aircraft was relieved by another crew chief so the fueling crew chief could go to the mess hall just before closing. I do not know what the verbal exchange between the chiefs was. However, I believe the relieving crew chief probably got on board, turned on the battery switch, checked the fuel gauges which indicated full and proceeded to replace the fuel tank caps, without visually checking the fuel levels. I do know that maintenance personnel later determined the left fuel gauge did indeed indicate full when, in fact, it was 500 pounds short. So that clears up “Where did the fuel go?” It never got there!

“Just an Old Fuel Leak.”

November 15, 1965 approximately four months prior to the aforementioned tale. Again, Captain Jim Lybrand and myself (there were times when Jim and I flew together that were uneventful) with crew chief Sp/5 A. Beal, RA 19772185

aboard Caribou 62-4174 were flying shuttle flights from Qui Nhon to Buu Son which was one hour flight time south of Qui Nhon along the coastline somewhere between Nha Trang and Cam Ranh Bay. This location is based upon time and distance using the -12's I have for the time and a large scale map in the encyclopedia for the distance. I have no recollection of the units we were supporting or the cargo we carried. I do remember the landing strip ran generally north/south, dirt, 1500 feet long, and was isolated in a non-jungle, very open, area. There were few, if any, people at the field. I recall that the only structure on the field was a bus stop/taxi stop type facility with no walls, only a roof.



We had loaded at Qui Nhon for our fourth shuttle of the day when we noticed fuel leaking from one of the wings. We proceeded to base operations where we coordinated leaving the aircraft with a higher echelon maintenance unit for repairs. Now, we needed to find a way back to Camp Holloway. The Qui Nhon airfield, on this day, was totally devoid of operational aircraft as compared with other times, when I could recall, it was a total taxiing aircraft traffic jam. We inquired of base operations about flights to An Khe or Holloway and were informed they had no flights going anywhere. Further, base ops related they did not expect any for the next few days because all the ground actions were to the far west of Vietnam. In a very short time (there had been no discussion of mess or billet) we heard the sound of an aircraft. "An Air Force C-123 Provider" appeared!!

I don't remember if we rushed to the parked C-123 or waited for a crew member to come to ops. But we did inquire of their future plans and were informed that they were to proceed to An Khe, load pallets of 105mm Howitzer ammo, then continue on to Camp Holloway. "Happy Days Are Here Again!" Ha!

Well, so much for flight following, Qui Nhon ops had had no information on this particular Air Force C-123 on this particular day. But come to think of it, did the 17th operations communicate to any kind of air traffic following? I do not think so but could be wrong. I recall talking to a station sometimes but not always when airborne. However, I do not believe we gave enough information which could be construed to be a flight plan. This station, I believe, was perhaps a radar facility at New Pleiku which followed aircraft in the local area and provided an occasional heads up to other traffic. I think, looking back, flying in Vietnam was basically VFR. I have rambled from the story, so back to it.

Afterwards, whatever, the C-123 with our happy faces on board, cranked and taxied to the departure runway run-up area, completed a run-up, taxied back to the ramp and shut down. We were informed that one of the generators was not operating properly and because the aircraft had what they termed as "wet nacelles" so the generator cables must be disconnected. We were further informed that this was a simple matter and we would shortly depart. "Happy Days Are Here Again!- Again" Ha! Ha!

In fact, in short order the C-123 did depart Qui Nhon. Our smiley faces back on board. The flight to, and the landing at, An Khe were routine; the loading of the four or five pallets of 105mm Howitzer ammo proceeded without a hitch and soon our smiling faces were once again airborne and en route to Camp Holloway, home of the "Dragon Club." If we had been aware of what was soon to happen those previous smiles probably would have been frowns.

Upon arriving the Pleiku area the C-123 crew was informed, "Presently traffic into Holloway is closed because of a large ongoing helicopter operation. Your aircraft will be required to orbit in the area." We had been orbiting fifteen to thirty minutes when the right engine began to cough and sputter. I turned to Captain Jim and said, "I would be going to New Pleiku RIGHT NOW!" I looked out the window. The right propeller was FEATHERED – No smiles! A moment later, looking out the left window, I saw we were on a left downwind for runway 27 at New Pleiku. No-o-o sweat! When the aircraft turned base, I have always believed the throttle was advanced and a little altitude gained or at least descent was

stopped. The turn on to final was normal but then the throttle was retarded and the only sound was swissss, swissss, swissss, swissss. I strained trying to look out the right window at the ground. I can see taxi lights and runway lights. We were HIGH! S**T!! WE WERE REALLY HIGH!!!! Would a 10,000 foot runway be enough or will a go around be required? No go around! We touched down with 2000-1500 feet of runway left on a 10,000 footer. A really professional job here, but what could you expect from a bunch of airplane stealers. Oops, sorry 'bout that just had to make a dig here. Hell, if I had been flying I might have landed 2000-1500 feet short and that would have really been a mess. Who knows?

Well anyway, after touchdown the left propeller was reversed and the aircraft went off the left side of the runway, somehow got back on and crossed over and went off the right side, somehow got back on again and then back off the left side again. We continued to cross over the runway again to the right and off the right side of the runway, through the grassy area between the runway and taxiway, over the taxiway and a run-up area and into a shallow ditch where we stopped. Whew, I don't know which was worse, the ride or the writing about it.



I remember during that wild ground ride looking at the pallets of ammo and at their respective tie down chains. Looks OK!!! After the airplane stopped I unbuckled, stood up, did a couple of 360's, and looked out a left window. HOLY MOLY!! How did we end up in the aircraft parking area located toward the other end of the airport? By this time someone was yelling, "Out this way!!" I proceeded toward the voice at the right rear side door of the C-123 and while doing so bumped my shins on several of the tie-down chains severely bruising them. Upon reaching the door, I see Captain Jim laying on the ground. The aircraft, having come to rest

in such an unusual attitude and it being dark, Captain Jim had thought he was several feet in the air and had jumped.

Vehicles were by now approaching with headlights on and I could see that a step down of about a foot would put me safely on terra firma. I laughed at Captain Jim being on the ground and he started to scold me harshly but I cut him short by saying, "Come and look at this." Behold, an Air Force Douglas A1-E Skyraider in its intact and unscathed glory. The orientation and location were absolutely mind boggling as to how that could be, but there it was. . . on the left side of the C-123 tucked in so close you would think it impossible, but yet there it was, looking very similar to the above picture minus the parapet. The A1-E was parked on the run-up ramp for runway 09, shut down with no personnel about. It was armed with napalm, bombs and appeared to be ready for a combat mission on a minutes notice.

The C-123 had come to rest with the left main gear in the bottom of a small ditch which was aligned and abutted to the run-up ramp to drain rain. The right main gear and nose gear were both on a higher ground level having come partially out of the ditch. This caused the C-123 to be tail low with a 25-30 degrees left tilt attitude. The left wing had slammed into the ground causing what appeared to be a slight upward bend in the wing tip. I do not recall seeing any scuff furrow in the ground. The wing tip, finally at rest, was less than two feet off the ground. It was at that point that I grasped the trailing edge of the left wing aileron (four to five feet inboard of the wing tip) with my left hand and the A1-E rudder trailing edge with my right hand, less than seven feet separating wing and rudder. "I did what I did and saw what I saw." The A1-E was totally unscathed.

I have pondered this event many times through the years. Probably a beautiful, if tragic, Fourth of July display

was missed by only inches. With napalm, aviation gas, bombs, machine gun ammo, (Captain Jim & Captain Kent), and five pallets 105mm Howitzer ammo it would have been a most spectacular thing to have beheld. Talk about "Going off in a ball of glory!" But beyond that, how did it happen?

When all the dust had finally settled the airplanes had ended up with their keels parallel but one hundred eighty degrees out of phase. The small ditch was most likely the answer. As the C-123 approached the A1-E at a relatively slow speed the left wing came up and over the A1-E just enough to prevent a collision. Then with the right main gear coming up out of the ditch and the left main gear going down into the ditch just at the point of the aircraft stopping there was enough downward force created to caused the left wing to slam the ground leaving no furrow. It was also possible that the keels of the airplanes were not parallel while approaching but the forces to bringing the right gear up and out of the ditch was a greater drag force than the drag forces of the left gear going down into the ditch and this may have caused the C-123 to slew slightly right a few degrees, aligning the keels. I am sure there are no photos.

Before we left the site, a tug was approaching the A1-E. I never knew exactly how the cockpit crew got out of the C-123. But there was a momentary gathering toward the nose of the aircraft where the Pilot in Command made a statement which has endured my total flying career. He said, "Now, that's what I call professionalism." However, we were all well and alive. No known injuries other than bruised shins and one terribly bruised ego. I am sure the C-123 was back flying in short order.

We were transported to base operations where we contacted the 17th requesting transportation back to Camp Holloway. While waiting there little, if anything, was said between Jim, Beal, and

myself. I suppose each of us were reflecting on both the past and what the future here in Vietnam held. When we finally got back to Holloway, Jim said, "Meet me in the Dragon Club and I'll buy you a drink." I retorted, "Sure, but first I want to read a verse or two and then I'll be right over."

The next day, the airplanes had been removed and all that remained were black tire marks on the runway and taxiway and skid marks on the grassy area. We went back to New Pleiku. Just another day in one's life.

"Six degrees of separation." Several years later – Vietnam and my active Army days a faded memory – while engineering on a TWA 727, I told the Captain and First Officer of this experience in Vietnam and having completed tale, the Captain turned and said, "I was told of that landing event by an Air Force Captain who was in the pilot's seat of the C-123 and you told it just about exactly as he had told it."

Caribou History Note:

**Caribou 62-4187, ("Where Did The Fuel Go?"): Assigned 537th Tactical Air Squadron, 483rd Tactical Air Wing, was shot down by small arms fire while en route to a Special Forces Camp near Plei Djereng, VN on September 11, 1969, four KIA. "May their souls rest in the bosom of God and may God give solace to the love ones left behind."*

**Caribou 62-4174, ("Just An Old Fuel Leak."): Phu Cat's Santa 'Bou, 459th Tactical Air Squadron, 1967 thru 1970. Credit: Chris Daly 459th TAS, 1970.*

See March 2015 Logbook, Page 9.

**Transferred VNAF.*

**Credit Terry Love, see Nov 2013 Logbook, Page 25.*



HALLOWEEN HORROR DURING AIR ASSAULT II

Kent Hulse

Halloween of 1964 began as Halloweens past in the USA. Children awoke anticipating the candies which would fill their orange and black bags imprinted with scary images of witches and goblins. It was an evening when daddies would accompanied the “trick or treating” children and mommies stayed home answering the door and handing out candies to giggly neighbor children trying desperately to act and look frightening.

However, those daddies in the 11th Air Assault Division “daddies” participating in “Air Assault II,” operating in the confines of eastern Georgia and the western Carolinas, knew that this Halloween their young wives, back in Columbus, Georgia, would have to accompany the children on this annual sweets harvest. Older children or kind friends would attend to the door answering duties until the young mothers returned to take over that task.

The 17th Aviation Company, one of the Caribou companies involved in the exercise, was flying out of Log 3, a stage field which served as their base of operations and was located eight or so mile south of Augusta. The men in the unit began their Halloween day as they had the previous several days by performing the daily tasks required by MOS and position. Cooks prepared the morning meal, crew chiefs prepared their planes for flight and maintenance personnel worked on aircraft duties.

Major Thomas Ziek, Commander of the 17th, had been tasked by higher headquarters to put his aircraft in the air more often than normal and to accumulate twice as many hours of flight time as compared to the other Caribou companies on the exercise. Assigned to his unit was double maintenance personnel in order to keep the aircraft flying night and day. 24/7 was the concept being studied. Was it doable?

For pilots, the Halloween day mission was formation flying. Sister Caribou companies were standing down because of a lull in the exercise. Only the 17th would be operating (other than, perhaps, administrative flights required by the stand down companies). There had been several rap sessions among the pilots back at Fort Benning prior to this exercise about formation flying. Discussions eventually centered on Foxie Cullen a former Marine fighter pilot. He advocated formation flying while maintaining radio silence, as he had done in the Marines. He stressed that it could be accomplished using hand and arm signals. It was finally agreed upon and the Halloween mission would be flown in that manner.

Four Caribous were assigned to the formation training flight. I would fly with Robert G. Martin, 1st Lt, he in the left seat. We were aboard Caribou 61-2400 an aircraft of the vintage in which I have always thought the FM radios were not up to par. We took off, it was day light, formed up and flew within the local area of Log 3. During the flight we maneuvered to 2, 3, and 4 positions in the both right and left echelon formations. Several times when other Caribous were repositioning next to us, Bob and I both felt apprehensive. The lateral closure speed approaching from the side made us uncomfortable and we broke formation maybe three times. I had said to Bob once or twice, “Watch him (the other airplane) closely he can not stop on a dime.” Upon braking formation the

second time radio silence was broken and we were scolded. I replied, “We broke because the lateral closure rate looked dangerous.” The same conversations were repeated when we broke formation a third time, but more harshly. If that is FM it is working good today.

The talk in the cockpit between Bob and I was centered around the danger of this training mission and we would continue to be aggressively safe. After flying approximately two and a half hours, now in the forth position echelon left and approaching Log 3 at 2500 feet AGL. I said to Bob, “Get in close so we will look good going over the field.” He did. He then loosened the position a small amount.

A few minutes later, still in the echelon left formation, the position 2 and position 3 airplanes moved simultaneously. Bob and I said in unison, “What are they doing now?” (It has been 53 years and I’m not certain which aircraft went up, behind and to the right of position 1, but I think it was the position 2 aircraft, whatever. This was happening within a couple hundred feet and at a speed that I compared to the challenged replay in a Major League baseball game.) Very slow. The 3 position plane goes down, behind and to the right. Both were maneuvering to fill position 2, echelon right when the right wing of the lower aircraft which was coming up to position made contact with bottom surface of the rudder of the other plane which was descending to position. The contact looked soft and gentle, but the rudder went straight up and back – we were flying at cruise speed. The rudder departure sequence was high speed, in a flash. Back to slow motion. The airplanes separated maybe three to five feet and then the right wing made contact with the aft cargo door causing the rudderless craft to nose over in a thirty five degree nose down attitude. The other airplane was now banking right. Bob banked hard left to remove us from two airplanes. When we leveled off there were two smoke plumes rising from the ground.

I do not know the crew arrangements, their cockpit positions or which Caribou they were assigned. This is also true of the crew chiefs. I have been unable to glean much information on any of the involved crew members. The accompanying news clippings provided most of the following information. One Internet site and the “Army Register 1964” provided a small amount.

Captain Albert David Summers, age 29, Low Gap, Arkansas.
Captain Richard Melyvn Cannon, age 29, Columbus Georgia, O87054, Born Michigan 27 Feb 35
West Point 5 Jul 55-2 Jun 59, Artillery.
Captain Harley Barrick, age 25 Sherman, Texas.
CWO Lowell I. Farris, age 35, Columbus, Georgia.
Sp/6 Donald D Baker, age 30, Route Four, Eufaula, Alabama.
Sp/5 Michael J. DeGeyer, age 25, Elk Heart, Indiana.

All were courageous young Americans, willing to sacrifice to the ultimate limit for their country and what their country represents to the world. Each www.armyaircrew.com/fixed.html believed in the freedom to pursue life’s path as one desires and the happiness

this path brings to ones life. God bless their souls and give everlasting peace.

The two Caribou destroyed in this accident were 63-9736 and 63-9749. As for the fourth crew and their aircraft I have no information.

Bob and I proceeded to land at Log 3 and terminated our three hour flight. Upon departing the aircraft I do not recall being questioned as one might expect. When I got to my tent fellow officers were packing the personal items of Lowell Farris. He had bunked next to me. The mood was extremely somber. Some one did say they had heard a radio transmission at the moment of the collision. Something to the effect of, "Well, that will end formation flying for the day." They thought it had been Lowell.

We were in agreement as to what we saw and how the two aircraft made initial contact (wing striking the bottom of the rudder and it's immediate departure), followed by momentary separation and then making contact again (wing striking midpoint the cargo door). We both recalled the attitudes of the airplanes (one nose down the other right bank). There was nothing more until we were level and saw the smokes.

At the accident hearing I told what I had seen and answered many other questions. Upon the accident board completing their investigation and issuing a final report, I was called forth to meet with one of the board members. I recall two points being pursued in that meeting: 1. Had I seen any shredding? There was evidence the propeller had made contact with the aft fuselage of the other aircraft. I stated, "I had not." 2. The board member informed me the rudder had not been struck soft and gently on the bottom, but had been rammed by the wing. He further stated, "Like most witnesses to accidents you really do not see what you think you see." I told him the accident had proceeded at a very slow speed and I saw the rudder being struck from the bottom. In addition, Robert Martin had probably given a sequence of contacts very similar to what I had. To no avail. We just did not know what we had seen. BS!! So much for accident reports. Some parts are correct. Some parts are wrong.

Some of the memories I recall, having now labored over this article for several days, might be of interest to some. I will relate two. First, how my wife learned of the accident. We resided in an apartment complex where several members of the 11th Air Assault Division lived. Three of them I knew well. The Nelsons, George and Judy – The Mortons, James (Jim) and Marlyn – And Robert W. Martin and wife. The three men were Caribou pilots. Robert W. Martin was not the Robert G. Martin I was flying with.

I do not know how George managed to get back to Fort Benning, but once there he made the effort to come and personally tell my wife of the accident and that I was ok. We were forever indebted to George for having done that.

I believe I am correct in recalling the following. Jim Morton, a member of one of the companies not flying that day, was in a position where he could hear the radio transmissions we were directed to use when we broke formation. Jim had recognized my voice when I had made my responses concerning the matter. Very shortly after the accident he made the comment, "I guess they got back in formation a little too tight." If it was not Jim, it was someone I knew well.

The following news clipping, "Victims Listed" (probably taken from www.armyaircrews.com/html). The text on the Internet

site and the article state about the same thing. Two points are not correct. The accident did not happen shortly after take off and the wings did not clip.

The text of the Internet site is as follows: "During a flight of four approx. 2500 feet AGL, two Caribou were involved in a mid-air collision during a training flight 18 miles S Augusta during a 11th Air Assault Div exercise (Air Assault II). After the two Caribou wingtips clipped each other, 1 A/C crashed across the street from a grocery store and the other crashed in McBean swamp about 1 mile south of the store."

The other newspaper clippings are attributed to The Augusta Chronicle. Concerning these articles: We had not just taken off but had in fact just flown over Log 3. The two times (8:15 and 8:20) do not correspond with what I recall. The flight was conducted during daylight. My flight record indicates a three hour mission. Very shortly after the collision we landed. Perhaps fifteen minutes had elapsed. The times indicated in the article from a Columbia, South Carolina newspaper) would have required a 5:30 pm takeoff. The time is standard until early November and it is dark at that time. There was enough inherent danger to the planned flight which would involve many position changes during the course of the flight. We absolutely would not have started this mission when it was dark. If during the intervening fifty two years, I had been asked what time of the day did the mid air occur I would have responded, "Ten-thirty."

Things happen daily which are not planned. Accidents are never expected. Tragic accidents have devastating effects and the loss of those six young men caused a life time of hurt and sadness for the few who knew and loved them. Those left behind must grieve, reminisce and continue their lives as has been done for eons. It will be that way forever.

At dusk that Halloween of 1964 ghost, goblins, princess, monsters and little weirdos beyond description giggled, laughed, screamed and cried by the tens of thousands as mommies and daddies looked on with loving eyes.

Captain Harley Barrick



'They're dropping bomb,' scared youngster exclaims

By LARRY YOUNG
Chronicle-Herald Writer

"Mama! ...they're dropping a bomb," screamed a 10-year-old Richmond County girl as she ran into her rural home and clutched her mother's hand early Saturday.

Josephine Rouse of Horseshoe Road, a few hundred feet from the scene where one of two CV-2 Caribou transport planes crashed, was a terrified child and her mother cuddled her inside an inner room during the din of the crash.

The father, Jimmie T. Rouse, was shaving and rushed out the back door of his farm home. "I saw a little part of the

wing come down about 50 feet away from the hog pen and I looked up and seen a bigger piece hit about 300 feet away," he said.

"There was a big ball of dust in the field about 300 yards from the house and I run over there. Some other men were driving up in a truck. By then the ground all around the plane was on fire and there wasn't anything I could do," Rouse said.

"The large piece of wing just kind of sailed down and when I first looked at it I thought it was a glider wing like those I have seen at Bush Field," the man said.

"The wing part closest to my house never did burn, but the main part in the center of the field burned 'til the firemen come," he said.

Josephine stayed in the house and clutched her mother's hand tightly. "Mama thought I was telling a story, then it say 'boom' and she believed me," Josephine said.

Ruth Mae Rouse, her mother, said she heard the "boom" and sheltered her daughter and they stayed inside the house. Josephine peeked out the back door, saw all the fire and "we stayed in the house after that," she said.



ARMY INSPECTORS WATCH RESCUE WORKERS REMOVE SOLDIER'S BODY FROM WRECKAGE
Model of crashed Caribou transport planes is shown in foreground of photograph

Army begins probe in crash

Continued from Page 1A

sons. Only three crewmen were in each of the two planes when the crash occurred.

The planes were part of the 11th Air Assault Division from Ft. Benning participating in operation Air Assault II being conducted in Georgia and the Carolinas.

The crash scene was sealed off Saturday after all bodies had been removed. An inquiry board from the 37th Air Transport battalion was in charge of an intensive investigation.

Authorities were allowing no unauthorized persons into the area. Military Police were stationed on guard duty at each part of wreckage scattered over the two mile area.

Authorities began late Saturday removing parts of the

wreckage and expect to complete the task sometime today.

Shortly after the collision, reports spread that a parachute was seen partially open. This was discredited by Army authorities who said no parachutes are used in these type aircraft.

All six bodies were recovered from inside remains of the two fuselages.

The transport which crashed straight down into the corn field was partially buried by the impact.

Woods fires were started in several areas by the crash but soon brought under control.

The first alarm of the crash was made by Mrs. H. H. McDermott, who was sweeping in front of her store directly across the highway from the scene of one of the plane crash sites.

"I ran to the telephone to get help," she said.

C. B. Singletary, another witness, said he saw no smoke or fire until after the planes struck the ground.

Singletary, who was working in a nearby field, was one of the first of four persons to reach the wreckage in the cornfield. He said he rushed to one side of the plane and tried to get a fire extinguisher to put out some of the fire but couldn't make it work.

"I couldn't see anyone in the plane," he said.

T. M. Strickland, Richmond County forestry Ranger, called the alarm to Richmond County Sheriff's department at 8:20 a.m. Saturday.

L. A. Larissee, one of the first men from the Suburban Fire Department to arrive at the crash

scene said the plane parts were on fire when he arrived and they had not removed the bodies. "The whole thing was covered in foam," he said.

"We (Suburban firemen) worked under the supervision of fire units from Bush Field. I went to the main fuselage in the field about 1,000 feet east of Highway 25. The main fuselage was a mass of flames. The fire at that plane covered a radius of about 500 feet," the fireman said.

Suburban firemen later turned their water supply over to Army fire fighting units when they arrived. Suburban sent one pumper to the scene to assist the Richmond County Forestry Department and Bush Field fire fighting units.

"Log Site" field is one of several which the Army has constructed and activated to test air mobility and its value in close support of ground troops. Operation Air Assault II, a testing exercise, which opened earlier this month, is a follow-up of operation Hawk Flight. The exercise involves more than 32,000 troops, with headquarters at Ft. Jackson, S.C.

The scene of the crash was jammed with curious spectators through Saturday. Military police and deputy sheriff's were required on round the clock duty

2 Army transports collide near here

Six killed in mid-air crash

BY LARRY YOUNG
Chronicle-Herald Writer

Two Army twin-engine CV2B Caribou transport planes collided in mid-air south of Augusta at 8:15 a.m. Saturday killing three crewmen in each plane.

The Army Public Information Office at Ft. Jackson, S.C. identified two of the dead as Capt. Richard M. Cannon, 29, Columbus, Ga., and Chief Warrant Officer Lowell I. Farris, 35, Columbus.

The other four dead were identified but their names were withheld pending notification of next of kin.

The two planes were part of a four-plane formation flying a local practice mission from "Log Site," just off Highway 25 in Burke County, Army spokesmen said.

Debris from the two planes was scattered over a two-mile area. Airplane remnants in a corn field contained bodies of three men, and another plane section in a swamp a quarter-mile away contained the other three.

Wing sections of the plane were scattered on both sides of busy Highway 25. The road was closed until military men could seal off debris pending investigation.

The planes had just taken off from "Log Site" field on a local area mission when one of the transports struck the tail section of another plane, severing the entire tail. The tail-less plane nosed straight into the middle of a corn field on a farm owned by Russell Collins, 18 miles south of Augusta, witnesses said.

The other plane glided at an angle into a swamp on a farm owned by C. M. Trulock. Parts of both planes caught fire. Army, Bush Field and suburban firefighters raced to the scene and covered the flaming mass of wreckage in foam.

The last of six bodies was removed from the Caribou, which crashed into the cornfield at 3:25 Saturday.

The Caribou transport is an Infantry close-up support aircraft capable of carrying 32 personnel away contained the other three.

See ARMY, Page 8A



remen scan smoldering plane debris Saturday

Victims Listed

FT. JACKSON (AP) -- The Army here Sunday announced the final two names of the six victims killed Saturday when two Army CV2 Caribou troop transports collided in air and crashed near Augusta, Ga.

The latest to be identified were Capt. Albert D. Summers, 29, of Low Gap, Ark., and Sp. 5 Michael J. DeGeyer, 25, of Elkhart, Ind.

Other victims identified Saturday were Capt. Richard M. Cannon, 29; Chief Warrant Officer Lowell I. Farris, both of Columbus, Ga.; Capt. Harley Barrick, 25, of Sherman, Tex., and Sp. 6 Donald D. Baker, 30, of R. 4, Eufaula, Ala.

Both planes, stationed with the 11th Air Assault division, Ft. Benning, Ga., were participating in Air Assault II, an Army maneuver under way in the Carolinas. Purpose of the war games is to test new air mobility concepts for ground troops and ground warfare.

The Caribou is a twin engine Canadian-made transport which can carry 28 fully equipped soldiers. The planes which crashed carried only their three-man crews.

The crash came shortly after the planes took off. They touched wings in the air, witnesses reported, then crashed from several hundred feet up.

*Newspaper clippings
from Kent Hulse's story*

AUSTRALIAN VIETNAM FORCES NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Wayne Buser

While Roberta and I were in Australia in 2017 we visited the Vietnam Memorial in Canberra, the capital of Australia. The Australian Vietnam Forces National Memorial is dedicated to all those Australians who served, suffered and died in that conflict. It was built largely through contributions from the Australian people, which were raised by the Australian Vietnam Forces National Memorial Committee. The memorial was dedicated on October 3, 1992.

Three concrete stela, rising from a shallow moat, form the dramatic center of the memorial and enclose a space for quiet contemplation. Fixed to the inner right-hand wall are 33 inscriptions, a series of quotations intended to recall events of political and military importance. The photograph etched into the rear wall shows Australian soldiers waiting to be airlifted to Nui Dat after the completion of Operation Ulmarrah. Suspended from the pillars is a 'halo' of stones.



A scroll containing the names of 521 Australians who died in the Vietnam War is sealed into the stone, which bears a cross. Surrounding the memorial are six seats dedicated to the memory of the six Vietnam servicemen missing in action.



From 1962 to 1973, 50,000 Australians served in South Vietnam as part of a composite force, predominantly of American troops. More than 3,000 personnel were wounded during this

period. The end-date of Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War has officially been amended to 29 April 1975 to reflect Australia's further involvement in the war during the fall of Saigon in 1975.



RAAF Caribous in Vietnam

The first three Caribous arrived in Vietnam on June 13, 1964 assigned to the RAAF Transport Flight Vietnam (RTFV) at Vung Tau, which had been formed for operations in Vietnam in July 1964. The Caribous assigned to the RTFV were re-designated to the RAAF 35 Squadron on June 1, 1966. The re-formed squadron flew cargo, passenger and medevac flights throughout South Vietnam in support of Australian, South Vietnamese and United States forces. During its time in Vietnam the squadron was nicknamed "Wallaby Airlines," in reference to its call sign "Wallaby."



By June 1971, the squadron's complement of aircraft was reduced from seven to four as a part of the draw down of Australia's forces in Vietnam; as a result of requirements for maintenance, however, only two aircraft were operational at any

one time after this. No. 35 Squadron flew its last mission on 13 February 1972 and departed South Vietnam for RAAF base at Richmond, Australia on 19 February 1972; it was the last RAAF unit to leave following the decision to withdraw.



During the years that it was deployed in Vietnam, the squadron lost two aircraft destroyed in accidents, the result of poor weather and the difficult nature of some of the landing grounds that the Caribous were required to use when supporting isolated garrisons. Another aircraft was destroyed from Viet Cong mortar fire, struck while conducting a resupply mission at That Son in 1970.



When the music stopped . . .

At all military base theaters, the National Anthem is played before the movie begins. This from a chaplain in Iraq:

I recently attended a showing of "Superman 3" here at LSA Anaconda. We have a large auditorium that we use for movies as well as for memorial services and other large gatherings. As is the custom at all military bases, we stand to attention when The National Anthem begins before the main feature.

All was going well until three-quarters of the way through The National Anthem, the music stopped. Now, what would happen if this occurred with 1,000 18-to-22-year-olds back in the States? I imagine that there would be hoots, catcalls, laughter, a few rude comments, and everyone would sit down and yell for the movie to begin. Of course, that is, only if they had stood for The National Anthem in the first place.

Here in Iraq, 1,000 soldiers continued to stand at attention, eyes fixed forward. The music started again, and the soldiers continued to quietly stand at attention. Again, though, at the same point, the music stopped.

What would you expect 1,000 soldiers standing at attention to do? Frankly, I expected some laughter, and everyone would eventually sit down and wait for the movie to start. No! You could have heard a pin drop while every soldier continued to stand at attention.

Suddenly, there was a lone voice from the front of the auditorium, then a dozen voices, and soon the room was filled with the voices of a thousand soldiers, finishing where the recording left off: "And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

It was the most inspiring moment I have had in Iraq, and I wanted you to know what kind of U.S. Soldiers are serving you! Remember them as they fight for us! Chaplain Jim Higgins, LSA Anaconda is at the Ballad Airport in Iraq, north of Baghdad. God Bless America and all of our troops serving throughout the world.



OTTER ODDS & ENDS



OTTER 281 by Karl Hayes

Tail Number 76133

Otter 281 was delivered to the United States Army on 31 July 1958 with serial 57-6133 (tail number 76133). It was delivered from Downsview to Fort Hood, Texas, one of four Otters delivered at this time to the 2nd Missile Command Flight Platoon at Fort Hood. Flying at Fort Hood was mostly training, carrying soldiers into short, unprepared strips to secure missile sites and such like. The actual firing range for the Corporal Missile was at Fort Bliss, Texas to where the Otters frequently flew, landing at Biggs Army Airfield (AAF). They also ventured further afield, to the Green River Launch Complex in Utah and to Maryland on Missile Command business.

In Spring 1959 the Otters moved to Fort Carson, Colorado, flying from Butts AAF. They were assigned to the First Reconnaissance Squadron, 16th Sky Cavalry, Second US Army Missile Command to support Corporal missiles, and also the 'Honest John' missile. The Otters flew warheads, parts, supplies and troops to dirt strips in the Colorado high country in connection with the missiles, as well as serving other destinations such as Fort Bliss, Texas, as they had done from Fort Hood. There were also missions to the White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico and to the Yakima Range in Washington State, so the Squadron's Otters were well travelled. One mission however ended up in a court case.

On 5th May 1961 First Lieutenant Richard Ballweber was directed to fly a mission from Fort Carson carrying cargo to the Yakima Range in Washington, and then to return to Fort Carson. This was a long flight of 900 miles, going from Colorado through Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon to Washington State. He took off in Otter 76133 on 6 May, accompanied by two crew and flew directly to Walla Walla, Washington where they overnighted and then flew on to Yakima the next day.

Having delivered the cargo, they did not return directly to Fort Carson, but flew the Otter in a south-westerly direction from Yakima some 300 miles to Florence, on Oregon's Pacific Coast. En route they stopped at a remote sod airstrip belonging to Jack Lenhardt near Canby, Oregon and made arrangements that they could return from Florence to the Lenhardt airstrip that evening. The purpose of the visit to Lenhardt's airstrip was to enable Lt. Ballweber visit his home, which was nearby and the purpose of the visit to Florence was to enable one of the crew visit his parent's home. None of this was authorised by Lt. Ballweber's orders for the mission. The Otter flew off to Florence and returned to the Lenhardt airstrip that evening of 7 May for an overnight.

The following morning the Otter made flights to other towns in the area and during the course of the day made many "touch-and-go" flights on the Lenhardt airstrip, some of these being training flights and others being "for the entertainment of non-military personnel". None of this was authorised and the Otter crew were later found "to be on a lark of their own" and acting outside the course and scope of their employment with the Army. "Ballweber gave his superiors a false account for failure of the crew to return directly from Yakima; he did not report where the landings on 8 May were made and the flights on 7 and 8 May were not logged in his report and the deviations on those days were concealed from superior officers." The crew however were not disciplined, as the Army realised that there was some training involved as well as "a natural desire to visit family homes."

Unfortunately however in the course of these flights in and out of the Lenhardt airstrip, the Otter flew low over a mink ranch some four miles south of Canby, owned by Buck Witt, who for some years had been engaged in the commercial

raising and marketing of mink. The noisy, low-flying Otter caused the deaths of many of the mink, and Mr Witt sued the United States Government for his losses. He lost the case and appealed to the United States Court of Appeals, but he lost there as well. The court ruled that it had been settled law in Oregon for many years "that an employer is shielded from liability where an employee steps outside the scope of his employment and commits an act to serve his own interest or to gratify his own desires." As an aside, the arrival of the Otter at his airstrip must have impressed Jack Lenhardt no end, as years later he bought former Navy Otter serial 77 out of the 'boneyard' at Tucson, Arizona and it was registered to Lenhardt Airpark Inc, Hubbard, Oregon as N1037G before being sold on.

To return to Otter 76133, it continued to fly for the 1st Reconnaissance Squadron until it was inactivated at Fort Carson in August 1961 and by January 1962 it was serving with the 57th Aviation Company at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. In October 1963 it was re-assigned to the Aviation Section, Fort Ord, California. The following month it joined the 17th Aviation Company at Fort Ord and when that unit became a Caribou company and moved to Fort Benning in June 1964, 76133 was re-assigned to the Otter Transition School, remaining at Fort Ord with the School.

76133 continued to fly for the Otter Transition School until it was destroyed in an accident taking off from Fort Ord in May 1967. On board were an Instructor Pilot (IP), student pilot and a crew chief. The student needed one hour of night dual instruction before being assigned to Vietnam and accordingly the training detail was scheduled for very early in the morning, before sun up. The departure of the flight was delayed for various reasons, and in the rush to eventually get going, it

was unfortunately over-looked to remove an external elevator lock.

The IP takes up the story: "On take off all felt normal. The Otter broke ground and immediately nosed up. I delayed grabbing the yoke for a moment to ask the student pilot to lower the nose. As I watched the city lights disappear under the cowling, I grabbed the yoke to try to get us back in shape. It was a rock! The nose still climbed. Out of the side window I saw we were close to vertical. One more second and we would loop at 500 feet over

the runway. As I closed the throttle, I remember thinking that it sure was quiet. As the nose came down and through the horizon, I came back with full throttle and a second later we were racing toward the runway at max power. Again I closed the throttle and the nose came up to 22 degrees below the horizon. At least that is what the accident investigators told me." "We struck the ground near the runway at 22 degrees. The engine tore off and folded under the cockpit. The landing gear on my side came up through the floor, shoved my

seat up and jammed my head against the cockpit roof. I saw the propeller blade sticking through the window, the tip six inches from my head. The only light came from flames that danced above where the windshield should have been." The three on board got clear of the Otter before it erupted into flames and was completely destroyed, apart from the tail and wings. 76133 was officially deleted from the Army inventory in September 1967.

*Great story, Karl, good to hear from you again.
Bill Upton, Ed.*



The 33rd Annual AOCA Reunion Virginia Beach, VA Sept 25 to Sept 30, 2018

Here is some basic information - contact information with the hotel will be forthcoming - there is lots of time - but some need to know the dates for planning purposes.

Hotel will be the Holiday Inn Hotel in Virginia Beach, VA.

The hotel rate will be \$119.00 per night, subject to a 14% state sales tax plus \$2.00, breakfast for two is included in the rate.

Complimentary airport shuttle to and from the Norfolk International Airport (10 minutes from hotel).

Internet access.

Complimentary parking.

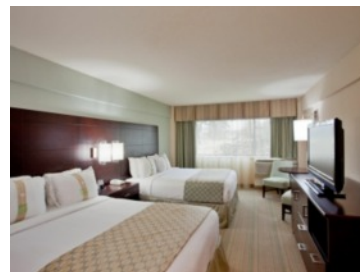
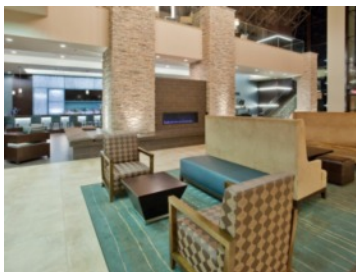
Fitness center.

All rooms equipped with microwave, refrigerator, and Keurig coffee maker.

Registration codes for the hotel will be posted soon.

We will be working on the tours for the reunion over the next several months.

As information becomes available it will be forwarded to you.





My friend produces a Crazy Cat baseball cap with an embroidered patch. His nephew will process and orders that you Crazy Cats may want.

David Rettig
American Outfitters
3700 Sunset Avenue
Waukegan IL 60087
847-623-3959 ext 100
800-397-6081

David@americanOutfitters.com

Prices range from \$20 to \$25 based on quantity. **Bernard(BJ) Voit**



CRAZY CAT VEST PATCH

I had a local vendor create a Crazy Cat vest patch. It will be 12.5" wide and 11.5" high. It is designed to be worn on a black leather vest similar to the Legion Riders vest. I have not got a price yet!

Could you possibly pass this on to the 1st RR guys to see if anyone is interested? **BJ Voit**

bvoit@getofficeplus.com



Army & Air Force Online Exchange

Honorably Discharged Veterans Access Starting 11/11

Calling all you active military members and veterans!



Starting November 11th, 2017, all honorably discharged veterans will have online access to the Army & Air Force Exchange Service (AAFES)!

According to reader, Aly, "This is a huge deal because unless you retired with the military, you would not have the privilege of tax-free shopping. Now, all vets will have the lifelong benefit and be able to use the exchange online, price-match, and get a military star card if they want to avoid shipping fees."

Not familiar with AAFES?

Thanks to AOCA's Gene Diamond for sending this in. . .

The Exchange offers products in every category and the same national brand merchandise found in brick-and-mortar stores. Online shoppers pay no sales tax (awesome!) and enjoy free delivery when using a Military Star Card or when their online purchases total \$49 or more.



Bruce,
These two photos are of Lockheed P-2s from the "Crazy Cats."
I had intended on attending the Kansas City reunion but my
wife took ill and I needed to take care of her...Terry Love



Photo thanks to Richard Davis



ARMY OTTER-CARIBOU ASSOCIATION

**“Our Legacy
is
Our Pride
in
Having Served!”**

**SUBJECT:
GEN (RET) JOE TURNER**

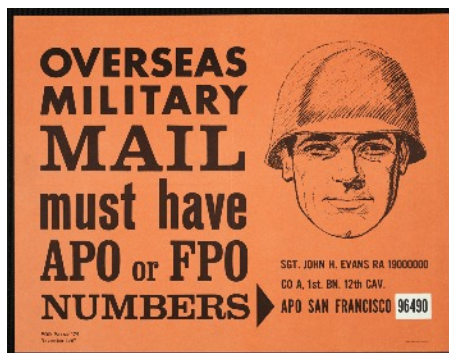
The article in the March 2017 Logbook high lighting Joe's career reveals the spirit and dedication of a true Patriot and most honorable man, a career for which he can be most proud. I do not believe I ever had the privilege to fly with Joe. However, I do have clear memory of a group of 17th's pilots, Joe and I included, sitting on a pile of what was probably packing materials that had been placed between the hooches at Camp Holloway, Pleiku. It was dusk and the talk among us was what the future year in Vietnam held for each of us. Having been in country only a few days one of the questions concerned being shot at thus far. Non of us believed we had.

Through the seventeen years while in the guard and reserves I would occasionally read of General Joe Turner in a reserve publication. It always brought to mind that stack of packing materials. Pleasing memories. **Kent Hulse**

LIKED LOGBOOK

Just a note to thank you for the November Logbook Edition. I have taken a few minutes to rush through it as I do when I receive a copy and then go back and read in detail. Thanks again for your good work. **Bob Cansler**

Mail



Call

Bill,

Congrats on yet another outstanding Logbook! Words alone cannot adequately describe my appreciation for the product you produce for the membership because I know how much work and effort goes into the process for each and every edition. I have a hunch that you work the job as I did; you have multiple editions “in process” at the same time which makes the job practically a full time one. Your efforts are noted and your results are truly appreciated.

Thank you for the award / recognition for my article "Radial Engine Connecting Rods And Firing Orders" (not 'Connection'). Have a great day, **P.T. Smith**

Bruce,

Just a short note to say keep up the excellent work on the Logbook, it keeps us elderly retirees up on our old work horses and past comrades.

I remember Ernie and Clara Holmes, my wife and my classmates from 60-6 (Brown Hats). We still stay in touch with Clara. John Henderson, his wife, Jean, the Holmes, and my wife Marcelle and I all lived in Enterprise and all became close friends. We felt quite a loss when we lost both John and Ernie.

I might add I always seemed to draw Major Mahone when it was my time for an instrument check ride. I know he stayed up at night just cutting out patches to go over the instruments.

I wish I could attend the annual parties but my wife's Parkinson's disease prevents travel.

Again, I appreciate your efforts on the Logbook **Ed Allen**

Hi Bruce and Bill: I received my copy of the November Logbook yesterday, 11/20/17, and per usual I enjoyed this issue immensely. Please accept my sincere "thanks" for putting this issue together in the excellent manner in which you have been accustomed and sending it to me. Take care. **Ken LaGrandeur**

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED

Bruce, my stubborn computer is not smart enough to reply electronically, so I have mailed a check to the association for

\$15 for my 2018 dues and the \$100 I pledged to the AOCA Scholarship Fund in gratitude for my AOCA and Quad A brothers for the assistance they have awarded to my grandson, Chad Helton.

Chad continues to be a B+ scholar at the University Of Colorado School of Business. During the summers he helps his dad in the family business manufacturing tiny homes from used shipping containers. **John Ublinsky**

NEWELL MOCK STATUS

Hi Bruce:

I received a rather disturbing phone call from Newell Mock yesterday informing me of his present physical status. He went down to pick-up his mail about ten days ago and apparently passed out and woke up three days later in the ICU of the local hospital in Panama City Beach.

They tested and treated him for a ration of symptoms and were not sure if he had a stroke or what. They transferred him to a rehab facility last Monday and they gave him therapy and got him to the point where he could be released into the care of his daughter and son-in-law who live in Mobile.

Newell told me that he isn't out of the woods yet and his systolic blood pressure runs anywhere from 220 down to 150 in a short period of time. He was rather hesitant in his speech while he was talking to me like he was searching for the right words to say. Anyway, I send this to you and will keep you informed if, and when, I hear from him in the near future. Cheers, **Ken**.

Newell's email is:
Namockjr@aol.com

JUST HOW OLD IS OLD?

(I was an) USAF E-6 attached to the 57th Avn Co - The only Medic at the time. I also belong to the USAF C-7 Association but consider the Army experience a high point in my 24 year career.

Added: We are not old. Old is defined as our current age plus 15 years! Put that in the Logbook. **Skip Henley**



IS THIS OUR BADGE?

Bruce,

Can you confirm if this is the badge we (17th Avn Co) were wearing for 11th Air Assault at Ft Benning in 1964/65 and then again when we deployed to Vietnam in 65/66 under 1st Cav. If not, what was the correct badge for us. Badge is silver in



color. **Dave McMullen**

Dave,

Yep, the badge you show is the one we were awarded - there was an order awarding it but the later word was it was never authorized by the higher HQ types - but we all wore it and most of us are still



wearing it. Here is a good example with General Moore wearing his.

LTG (R) Hal Moore wearing the original Air Assault Badge

As for awards for the 17th - the company was authorized both the Presidential Unit Citation (PUC) while being attached to the 1st Air Cav - and the Military Unit Citation (MUC) for duty that first year in Vietnam. You can wear them both. **Bruce Silvey**

BINGE-ing ON OLD LOGBOOKS

Bruce, Bill,

A recent project has been to assemble all Logbooks I could find and read them in their entirety. I started with the latest copy received and have been progressing back through the older copies. In the November 2009 issue on page 41 is a short blurb "OLD FARTS MEET AT MACDILL." A special guest of Dave Halterman, Seth Johanson is mention as being present. A lot of years have drifted through and this name threw me for a loop. First, I tried to associate him with the Caribou, but soon realized I was a quarter of a century ahead of our association. Seth and I were in the Army Reserve Unit in Orlando.

I do not have access to my records at the moment (camped in the AZ desert) but, I believe, 135th Avn Co is the correct numerical designation, an ASA unit flying the King Air. I am not sure if Seth was in the unit when I joined (1980?) but we served together several years. The unit was activated for Desert Shield/Desert Storm. I retired from the unit September 22, 1995 the same day I retired from TWA.

The article mentions Seth being retired, but still flying. Do you recall what he is flying. I believe I am correct in saying the Reserve Unit was deactivated around 1997. Bill's poem indicated Seth spoke of his recent I-raq missions. Do you recall if this was in reference to DS/DS or did he go active duty or USAR and was sent over to Iraq. Life has been full of surprises. **Kent Hulse**

I barely remember Dave Halterman who was a member for only a short time. I met him one day at the MacDill "Space Available" office where he was a volunteer worker. He must have seen my hat and I talked him into checking us out. I have no recollection of Seth.

As an added item of interest - the MacDill meeting location had been the Officer's Club which was fairly suitable for most as they would co-plan a trip to the PX or Commissary or more importantly - the Class Six Store. It seemed that those days that we met there was always a good number there for lunch - then suddenly - the place was closed - and

eventually demolished - and something different built on the site - another Military Officer's Club closed to PC correctness I suppose. Of course it may have been as

simple as discovering we were sneaking guys like Bill Upton in there and it was too much to take.

It brings back some good memories of former aviation fellows gathering - we are missing some of those now - but it's nice to think about them. **Bruce Silvey**

REUNION PHOTOS



*We hope to see you
In
Virginia Beach*



We Get Letters. . .



Dear Editor,

The November Logbook was a great read and brought back many good memories of days gone by. First of all, congratulation to Sam Kaiser for reaching the high office of president, Sam has worked hard on many projects over the years and is well deserving of the position. He and I served at TRADOC together years ago. One of the photos of Ft Monroe his daughter painted is still hanging on the wall in my den. Then there was a photo and a name in the Logbook that triggered my memory back many years. The name was Ken Forsyth (not the man in the photo with the dancing girls). The Ken I knew was the maintenance officer in the 568th Trans at Ft Wainwright, Alaska. We flew together in the only Mohawk in Alaska performing maintenance test flights. The aircraft belonged to the Arctic Test Board at Ft Greely.

That was fifty-seven years ago.

I also met him again in 1975 when he was a LTC serving in the Accident Branch at the Aviation System Command in St. Louis.

The photo was of the 1st Aviation Caribou at Ft. Benning with the pilots in front. I knew most of the pilots standing there as I had joined the unit in July 1960 as an Otter crew chief; there were no Caribous assigned yet. Captain Honor was the CO and he was at Ft Rucker transitioning in the YAC 1, as it was named then, and he flew it to the 1st Avn hangar at times so we could all get to see what it looked like.

The following months the Caribous started arriving and the Otter crew chiefs were getting assigned to them, I can still remember a few of the names, Sgt. Brock, Sgt. Holtzclaw, Sgt. Goldstein, Sgt. Bradley, and Big John Shy. SFC Beard was the flight platoon sergeant and SFC Ralph Seal was the maintenance chief. Captain Grace was maintenance officer. Also we had a Captain Porter, and CWO Bearden. (Still remember the old car he drove, a 1950 ford I think it was.)

The Troop test began and I was crewing an Otter. One of the Captains I flew with was Captain Blackburn, even flew a hurricane evacuation to Ft Campbell with him.

In June of 1961 while over at the field on the Alabama side where all the planes were parked the 1st Sgt, MSG Frank came up to me and gave me the news that I had come down on orders and that I was being transferred to a unit that was deploying overseas. I had only been back from Germany two years. I found out the unit I was being assigned to was the 12th Avn Co (Otter) at Ft Sill. I had no idea where they were going as movements back then were not on your orders. While on leave my orders were canceled and new orders were to report to Ft Mason, CA for further orders with concurrent travel approved.

I reported in with my family in tow on the first of July 1961 and was told that we would be boarding a troopship on the 5th of July for travel to Alaska for a 30 month tour with the 568th Trans Co. Ironically the 12th Avn arrived shortly after I got there, half the unit was at Wainwright the other located at Ft. Richardson.

I happened to process in with the new Commander, Captain Genefsky, soon to be promoted to Major, the maintenance officers were Captains Toler, Forsyth and Raoul LeBlanc, (AKA Lucky Pierre) Raoul and I have remained good friends all these years.

I deployed to Vietnam with the 20th Air Surveillance Unit (ASTA) Mohawks; they later became the 131st Aviation Company. I ran into a few of the pilots from the 1st Avn while bumming rides in VN, Captain Ziek, Gross, and McNutt. Years later I met Lt Sorenson at TRADOC, I also met a Captain Allen in VN. I could not place him in any of the old units, however I met him again several years later in Korea and he was a Colonel and he made his first star when I was serving with him but then they transferred him to the 2nd ID as the assistant division Commander. So many good memories.

Someone once wrote in the logbook that Aviators and Crew members form a bond that lasts forever that is so very true.

The photo is of my wife Anne and Ralph Seals' two kids and my boy in the middle, I was standing at the ramp while on duty for the static display. Ft Benning Spring 1961.



The five men drinking the suds are at their Villa in Saigon. The guy on the left is Major "Lucky Pierre" LeBlanc. The man on far right is LTC Walt Ganefsky, sadly deceased. Men in the middle, their names have been lost in my mind over the years, but I wouldn't mind betting they are members. **Alfred Rogers**





MILITARY MUSINGS And More. . .

Some



Trivia

Submitted by Earl Burley

Have you ever wondered what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors and tortured before they died.

Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned.

Two lost their sons who were serving in the Revolutionary Army.

Another had two sons captured.

Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the Revolutionary War.

They signed and they pledged their LIVES, their FORTUNES, and their SACRED HONOR. What kind of men were they?

Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists.

Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners.

All were men of means, well-educated, but they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts and died in rags.

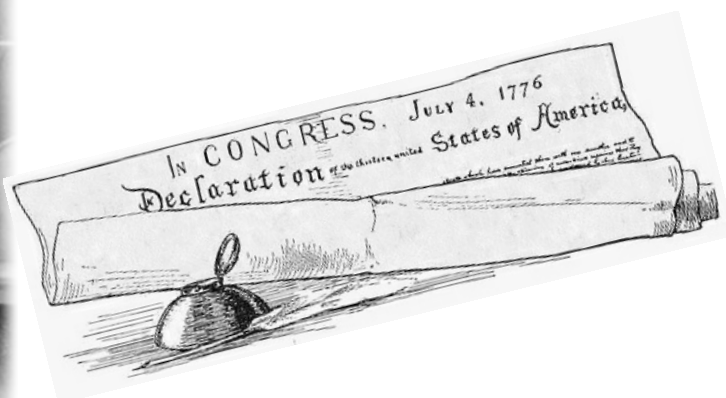
Thomas McKeam was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Dillery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge, and Middleton.

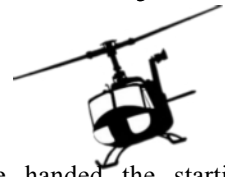
At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson, Jr., noted that, the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt. Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a year he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children vanished.

Remember: freedom is never free! We thank these early patriots, as well as those patriots now fighting to KEEP our freedom today! Join them!



Swapping seats disturbs passengers by Jim Schueckler



One day, late in the afternoon, we were asked by radio to make one more ash-and-trash run to pick up a couple of soldiers at the Phan Thiet supply helipad to take them and some equipment out to a firebase.

We were to wait there about a half hour for them, then return.

One of the crewmen, sitting up front, shouted back to us, "I'm SICK of you guys complaining about our flying!"

They got into the aircraft while it was running, and never actually saw the faces of the crew because we had our green visors down. We shut down the Huey at the firebase and sat there waiting for them to come out.

The crew chief had noticed the highest ranking man among them was a Sp/5. The devil found time for our idle minds and we developed the plans for a practical joke.

The two enlisted men swapped shirts with the two warrants. Then the crewmen, wearing pilot shirts, took the pilot seats. The pilots, wearing EM shirts, took the crew chief's and gunner's seats. We sat there waiting for our prey.

The Huey wasn't running when the soldiers came out, so they could hear our conversations.

Just as they were getting in, I, wearing a Sp/5 shirt and sitting in the back, yelled toward the cockpit, "The way you guys are flying today, we'll be lucky to get back alive."

One of the crewmen, sitting up front, shouted back to us, "I'm SICK of you guys complaining about our flying!"

The other crewman, also sitting in the front, added, "Yeah! If you guys think you're so good, let's see if YOU can fly this thing."

Both of the EM sitting in front got out, then each pilot got into the front seats, all done with appropriate cussing and hand gestures.

The crew belted into their normal positions still wearing the wrong shirts. The other pilot and I, up front, acted

confused as we handed the starting checklist back and forth and pointed to various instruments and controls.

One of the passengers looked the crew chief who wore a WO-1 bar and pleaded, "Aren't you going to DO anything?"

The crew chief replied, "They won't even get it started!"

That was my signal to press the starter button.

"Sir, their eyes just about popped out!" the crew chief reported on the intercom.

For added effect, I over-controlled like crazy while hovering (I had lots of practice doing that at Fort Wolters).

We had agreed the actual flying would be smooth so the passengers would not jump out while we were high.

I don't think I ever saw grunts get out of a Huey as fast as those guys did when we touched down back at Phan Thiet.

We quickly swapped our shirts back while we refueled. Never heard anything about it again; nobody believed those guys anyway.

ARMY FLIGHT SURGEON - POW

Dr. Hal Kushner
1/9 Cav, 1 Cav Div

I want you to know that I don't do this often. I was captured 2 Dec. 1967, and returned to American control on 16 Mar. 1973. For those of you good at arithmetic - 1931 days. Thus it has been 32 years since capture and 26 years since my return. I have given a lot of talks, about medicine, about ophthalmology, even about the D-Day Invasion as I was privileged to go to Normandy and witness the 50th anniversary of the invasion in Jun. 1944.

But not about my captivity. I don't ride in parades; I don't open shopping centers; I don't give interviews and talks about it. I have tried very hard NOT to be a professional POW. My philosophy has always been to look forward, not backward, to consider the future rather than the past. That's a helluva thing to say at a reunion, I guess. In 26 years, I've given only two interviews and two talks. One to my hometown newspaper, one to the Washington Post in 1973, and a talk at Ft. Benning in 1991 and to the Military Flight Surgeons in 1993. I've refused 1,000 invitations to speak about my experiences. But you don't say no to the 1-9th, and you don't say no to your commander. COL Bob Nevins and COL Pete Booth asked me to do this and so I said yes sir and prepared the talk. It will probably be my last one.

I was a 26-year-old young doctor, just finished 9 years of education, college at the University of North Carolina, medical school at Medical College of VA, a young wife and 3 year old

daughter. I interned at the hospital in which I was born, Tripler Army Med Center in Honolulu, HI. While there, I was removed from my internship and spent most of my time doing orthopedic operations on wounded soldiers and Marines. We were getting hundreds of wounded GIs there, and filled the hospital. After the hospital was filled, we created tents on the grounds and continued receiving air evac patients. So I knew what was happening in Vietnam. I decided that I wanted to be a flight surgeon. I had a private pilot's license and was interested in aviation. So after my internship at Tripler, I went to Ft. Rucker and to Pensacola and through the Army and Navy's aviation medicine program and then deployed to Vietnam. While in basic training and my E&E course, they told us that as doctors, we didn't have to worry about being captured. Doctors and nurses they said were not POWs, they were detained under the Geneva Convention. If they treated us as POWs, we should show our Geneva Convention cards and leave. It was supposed to be a joke and it was pretty funny at the time.

I arrived in Vietnam in Aug. 1967 and went to An Khe. I was told that the Div. needed two flight surgeons; one to be the div. flight surgeon at An Khe in the rear and the other to be surgeon for the 1-9th, a unit actively involved with the enemy. I volunteered for the 1-9th. The man before me, CPT Claire Shenep

had been killed and the dispensary was named the Claire Shenep Memorial Dispensary. Like many flight surgeons, I flew on combat missions in helicopters, enough to have earned three air medals and one of my medics, SSG Jim Zeiler used to warn me: "Doc, you better be careful. We'll be renaming that dispensary, the K&S Memorial Dispensary."

I was captured on 2 Dec 67 and held for five and a half years until 16 Mar 73. I have never regretted the decision that I made that Aug to be the 1-9th flight surgeon. Such is the honor and esteem that I hold the squadron. I am proud of the time I was the squadron's flight surgeon.

On 30 Nov. 1967, I went to Chu Lai with MAJ Steve Porcella, WO-1 Giff Bedworth and SGT McKeckney, the crew chief of our UH-1H. I gave a talk to a troop at Chu Lai on the dangers of night flying. The weather was horrible, rainy and windy, and I asked MAJ Porcella, the A/C commander, if we could spend the night and wait out the weather.

He said, "Our mission is not so important but we have to get the A/C back." I'll never forget the devotion to duty of this young officer; it cost him his life.

While flying from Chu Lai to LZ Two Bits, I thought we had flown west of Hwy. 1, which would be off course. I asked Steve if we had drifted west. He called the ATC at Duc Pho and asked them to find him. The operator at Duc Pho said that he had turned his radar off at 2100. He said, "Do you want me to turn it on and find you?" MAJ Porcella replied, "Rog" and that was the last thing he ever said. The next thing I knew I was recovering from unconsciousness in a burning helicopter which seemed to be upside down. I tried to unbuckle my seat belt and couldn't use my left arm. I finally managed to get unbuckled and immediately dropped and almost broke my neck. My helmet was plugged into comm and the wire held me as I dropped out of the seat which was inverted. The helicopter was burning. Poor MAJ Porcella was crushed against the instrument panel and either unconscious or dead. Bedworth was thrown, still strapped in his seat, out of the chopper. His right anklebones were fractured and sticking through the nylon of his boot. SGT Mac was unhurt but thrown clear and unconscious. I tried to free Porcella by cutting his seatbelt and moving him. However, I was unable to. The chopper burned up and I suffered burns on my hands and buttocks and had my pants burned off. While trying to free Porcella, some of the M-60 rounds cooked off and I took a round through the left shoulder and neck. My left wrist and left collarbone were broken in the crash, and I lost, or broke, 7 upper teeth.

Well, after we assessed the situation - we had no food or water, no flares, no first aid kit or survival gear. We had two 38 pistols and 12 rounds, one seriously wounded WO co-pilot, a moderately wounded doctor, and an unhurt crew chief. We thought we were close to Duc Pho and Hwy 1 and close to friendlies. Bedworth and I decided to send Mac for help at first light.

We never saw him again. Later, 6 years later, COL Nevins told me that SGT Mac had been found about 10 miles from the crash site, shot and submerged in a rice paddy.

So on that night of 30 Nov. 1967 I splinted Bedworth's leg, with tree branches, made a lean-to from the door of the chopper, and we sat in the rain for three days and nights. We just sat there. We drank rainwater. On the third morning, he died. We could hear choppers hovering over our crash site and I fired most of the rounds from our 38's trying to signal them, but cloud cover

was so heavy and the weather so bad, they never found us. I took the compass from the burned out helicopter and tried to go down the mountain towards the east and, I believed, friendlies. My glasses were broken or lost in the crash and I couldn't see well: the trail was slippery and I fell on rocks in a creek bed and cracked a couple of ribs. I had my left arm splinted to my body with my army belt. My pants were in tatters and burned. I had broken teeth and a wound in my shoulder. I hadn't eaten or drunk anything but rainwater for three days. I looked and felt like hell. One of the cruel ironies of my life, you know how we all play the what if games, what if I hadn't done this or that, well, when I finally reached the bottom of the mountain, I estimated four hours after first light, the weather cleared and I saw choppers hovering over the top. I knew I couldn't make it up the mountain, and had to take my chances. But if I had only waited another four hours

I started walking up the trail and saw a man working in a rice paddy. He came over and said Dai-wi, Bac-si- CPT Doctor. He took me to a little hooch, sat me down and gave me a can of sweetened condensed milk and a C-ration can, can opener and spoon. This stuff was like pudding and it billowed out of the can and was the best tasting stuff I ever had. I felt very safe at that point. One minute later, my host led a squad of 14 VC with two women and 12 rifles to me. The squad leader said, "Surrenda no kill." He put his hands in the air and I couldn't because my left arm was tied to my body. He shot me with an M2 carbine and wounded me again in the neck. After I was apprehended, I showed my captors my Geneva Convention card, white with a red cross. He tore it up. He took my dog tags and medallion which had a St. Christopher's (medal) on one side and a Star of David on the other, which my dad had given me before leaving. They tied me with commo wire in a duck wing position, took my boots and marched me mostly at night for about 30 days. The first day they took me to a cave, stripped my fatigue jacket off my back, tied me to a door and a teenage boy beat me with a bamboo rod. I was told his parents were killed by American bombs. We rested by day, and marched by night. I walked on rice paddy dikes, and couldn't see a thing. They would strike these little homemade lighters and by the sparks they made, see four or five steps. I was always falling off the dikes into the rice paddy water and had to be pulled back up. It was rough. On the way, I saw men, women and kids in tiger cages, and bamboo jails. I was taken to a camp, which must have been a medical facility as my wound was festering and full of maggots and I was sick. A woman heated up a rifle-cleaning rod and gave me a bamboo stick to bite on. She cauterized my wound through and through wound with the cleaning rod and I almost passed out with pain. She then dressed the wound with mercurochrome and gave me two aspirin. I thought, what else can they do to me. I was to find out.

After walking for about a month through plains, then jungles and mountains, always west, they took me to a camp. I had been expecting a POW camp like a stalag with Hogan's Heroes; barbed wire, search lights, nice guards and red cross packages - and a hospital where I could work as a doctor. They took me to a darkened hut with an oriental prisoner who was not American. I didn't know whether he was Vietnamese, Cambodian, Laotian or Chinese. He spoke no English and was dying of TB. He was emaciated, weak, sick and coughed all day and night. I spent two days there and an English-speaking Vietnamese officer came with a portable tape recorder and asked me to make a statement against the war. I told him that I would rather die than speak against my

country. His words which were unforgettable and if I ever write a book, will be the title. He said, "You will find that dying is very easy; living ... living is the difficult thing."

A few days later, in a driving rain, we started the final trek to camp. I was tied again, without boots, and we ascended higher and higher in the mountains. I was weak and asked to stop often and rest. We ate a little rice which the guards cooked. We actually needed ropes to traverse some of the steep rocks. Finally, we got to POW camp one. There were four American servicemen there, two from the US and two from Puerto Rico. Three were Marines and one in the Army. These guys looked horrible. They wore black PJs, were scrawny with bad skin and teeth and beards and matted hair. The camp also had about 15 ARVNs who were held separately, across a bamboo fence. The camp was just a row of hooches made of bamboo with elephant grass roofs around a creek, with a hole in the ground for a latrine. This was the first of five camps we lived in the south - all depressingly similar, although sometimes we had a separate building for a kitchen and sometimes we were able to pipe in water thru bamboo pipes from a nearby stream.

I asked one of the Marines, the man captured longest and the leader, if escape was possible. He told me that he and a special forces captain had tried to escape the year before, and the captain had been beaten to death, while he had been put in stocks for 90 days, having to defecate in his hands and throw it away from him or lie in it. The next day I was called before the camp commander and chastised and yelled at for suggesting escape. My fellow POW then told me never to say anything to him that I didn't want revealed, because the Vietnamese controlled his mind. I threatened to kill him for informing on me. He just smiled, and said I would learn. Our captors promised us that if we made progress and understood the evils of the war they would release us. And the next day, they released the two Puerto Ricans and 14 ARVNs PWs. The people released wore red sashes and gave anti-war speeches. Just before the release, they brought in another 7 American POWs from the 196th Light Bde who were captured in the TET offensive of 1968. I managed to write our names, ranks and serial numbers on a piece of paper and slip it to one of the PRs who was released. They transported the information home and in Mar 68 and our families learned we had been captured alive.

We were held in a series of jungle camps from Jan. 68 to Feb 71. At this time, conditions were so bad and we were doing so poorly, that they decided to move us to North Vietnam. They moved 12 of us. In all, 27 Americans had come through the camp. Five had been released and ten had died.

They died of their wounds, disease, malnutrition and starvation. One was shot while trying to escape. All but one died in my arms after a lingering, terrible illness. Five West German nurses in a neutral nursing organization, called the Knights of Malta, similar to our own Red Cross, had been picked up (I always thought by mistake) by the VC in the spring of 69. Three of them died and the other two were taken to North Vietnam in 1969 and held until the end of the war.

The twelve who made it were moved to North Vietnam on foot. The fastest group, of which I was one, made it in 57 days. The slowest group took about 180 days. It was about 900 km. We walked thru Laos and Cambodia to the Ho Chi Minh trail and then up the trail across the DMZ until Vinh. At Vinh, we took a train 180 miles to Hanoi in about 18 hours. We traveled with

thousands of ARVN PWs who had been captured in Lam Song 719, an ARVN incursion into Laos in 1971.

Once in Hanoi, we stayed in an old French prison called The Citadel or as we said, "The Plantation," until Christmas '72 when the X-mas bombing destroyed Hanoi. Then we were moved to the Hoa Lo or "Hanoi Hilton" for about three months. The peace was signed in Jan 73 and I came home on Mar 16 with the fourth group. In the North we were in a rough jail. There was bucket in the windowless, cement room used as a latrine. An electric bulb was on 24 hours a day. We got a piece of bread and a cup of pumpkin soup each day and three cups of hot water. We slept on pallets of wood and wore PJs and sandals and got three tailor made cigarettes per day. We dry-shaved and bathed with a bucket from a well twice per week, and got out of the cell to carry our latrine bucket daily.

Towards the end, they let us exercise. There were no letters or packages for us from the south, but I understood some of the pilots who had been there a while got some things. In the summer, it was 120 in the cell and they gave us little bamboo fans. But there were officers and a rank structure and commo done through a tap code on the walls. No one died. It was hard duty, but not the grim struggle for survival which characterized daily life in the camps in the south. In the north, I knew I would survive. In the south, we often wanted to die. I knew that when they ordered us north, I would make it. In the south, each day was a struggle for survival. There were between three and twenty-four POWs at all times. We ate three coffee cups of rice per day. In the rainy season, the ration was cut to two cups. I'm not talking about nice white rice, Uncle Ben's. I'm talking about rice that was red, rotten, and eaten out by bugs and rats, cached for years, shot through with rat feces and weevils. We arose at four a.m., cooked rice on wood ovens made of mud. We couldn't burn a fire in the daytime or at night unless the flames and smoke were hidden, so we had these ovens constructed of mud which covered the fire and tunnels which carried the smoke away. We did slave labor during the day, gathering wood, carrying rice, building hooches, or going for manioc, a starchy tuberous plant like a potato. The Vietnamese had chickens and canned food. We never got supplements unless we were close to dying then maybe some canned sardines or milk. We died from lack of protein and calories. We swelled up with what is called "hungry edema" and beriberi. We had terrible skin disease, dysentery, and malaria. Our compound was littered with piles of human excrement because people were just too sick or weak to make it to the latrine.

We slept on one large pallet of bamboo. So the sick vomited and defecated and urinated on the bed and his neighbor. For the first two years, we had no shoes, clothes, mosquito nets or blankets. Later, in late '69, we got sandals, rice sacks for blankets, and a set of clothes. We nursed each other and helped each other, but we also fought and bickered. In a POW situation the best and the worst come out. Any little flaw transforms itself into a glaring lack. The strong can rule the weak. There is no law and no threat of retribution. I can report to you that the majority of the time, the Americans stuck together, helped each other and the strong helped the weak. But there were exceptions and sometimes the stronger took advantage of the weaker ones. There was no organization, no rank structure. The VC forbid the men from calling me Doc, and made me the latrine orderly to break down rank structure. I was officially forbidden from practicing medicine. But I hoarded medicine, had the men fake malaria

attacks and dysentery so we could acquire medicine and keep it until we needed it. Otherwise, it might not come. I tried to advise the men about sanitary conditions, about nutrition and to keep clean, active and eat everything we could; rats, bugs, leaves, etc. We had some old rusty razor blades, and I did minor surgery, lancing boils, removing foreign bodies, etc. with them, but nothing major.

At one time, in the summer of 68, I was offered the chance to work in a VC hospital and receive a higher ration. The NVA political officer, who made the offer and was there to indoctrinate us, said it had been done in WW II. I didn't believe him and didn't want to do it anyway, so I refused and took my chances. Later, upon return, I learned that American Army doctors in Europe in WW II, had indeed worked in hospitals treating German soldiers. But I'm glad now I did what I did. We had a 1st Sergeant who had been in Korea and in WW II. He died in the fall of '68 and we were forbidden from calling him "Top." The VC broke him fast. I was not allowed to practice medicine unless a man was 30 minutes away from dying, then they came down with their little bottles of medicine and said, "Cure him!" At one point we were all dying of dysentery and I agreed to sign a propaganda statement in return for chloromycetin, a strong antibiotic, to treat our sick. Most of us were seriously ill, although a few never got sick, maintained their health and their weight. I never figured it out.

When a man died, we buried him in a bamboo coffin and said some words over his grave and marked it with a pile of rocks. I was forced to sign a death certificate in Vietnamese. I did this 13 times. The worst period was the fall of '68. We lost five men between Sept. and Christmas. Shortly before the end of Nov., I thought I was going to lose my mind. All of these fine young strong men were dying. It would have been so easy to live, just nutrition, fluids, and antibiotics. I knew what to do, but had no means to help them. I was depressed and didn't care whether I lived or died myself. At this time, we were simply starving to death. As an example of how crazy we were, we decided to kill the camp commander's cat. Several of us killed it, and skinned it. We cut off its head and paws and it dressed out to about three pounds. We were preparing to boil it when one of the guards came down and asked us what was going on. We told him we had killed a weasel by throwing a rock. The guards raised chickens and the chickens were always being attacked by weasels. Well, the guard, who was a Montagnard, an aborigine, found the feet, and knew it was the cat. The situation became very serious. The guards and cadre were mustered – it was about 3 AM. The prisoners were lined up and a Marine and I were singled out to be beaten. He was almost beaten to death. I was beaten badly, tied up with commo wire very tightly (I thought my hands would fall off and knew I would never do surgery again) for over a day. I had to bury the cat. And I was disappointed I didn't get to eat it. That's how crazy I was.

Shortly thereafter, the Marine who had been beaten so badly died. He didn't have to. He simply gave up, like so many. Marty Seligman, a professor of psychology at University of Pennsylvania has written a book about these feelings called "Learned Helplessness and Death." The Marine simply lay on his bamboo bed, refused to eat, wash, or get up and died. So many did this. We tried to force them to eat, and to be active, but nothing worked. It was just too hard. This Marine wavered in and out of coma for about two weeks. It was around Thanksgiving, the end of November. The rains had been monstrous and our

compound was a muddy morass littered with piles of feces. David Harker of Lynchburg, VA and I sat up with him all night. He hadn't spoken coherently for over a week. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and looked right at me. He said, "Mom, Dad. . . I love you very much. Box 10, Dubberly, Louisiana." That was Nov 68.

We all escaped the camp in the south. Five were released as propaganda gestures. Ten Americans and three Germans died and twelve Americans and two Germans made it back. I am the only POW who was captured before the end of 67 to survive that camp. I came back Mar 16, 1973 and stayed in the hospital in Valley Forge, PA for a month getting fixed up with several operations and then went on convalescent leave. The first thing I did was go to Dubberly, LA and see the Marine's father. His parents had divorced while he was captured. I went to see five of the families of those that died and called the others on the phone.

It was a terrible experience, but there is some good to come from it. I learned a lot. I learned about the human spirit. I learned about confidence in yourself. I learned about loyalty to your country and its ideals and to your friends and comrades. No task would ever be too hard again. I had renewed respect for what we have and swore to learn my country's history in depth, (I have done it), and to try to contribute to my community and set an example for my children and employees. I stayed on active duty until '77 when I was honorably discharged and entered the Reserve from which I retired an as O-6 in '86. I have a busy medical practice down in Florida and been remarkably successful. I am active in my community in a number of ways and despite being drenched with Agent Orange a number of times and having some organs removed, have enjoyed great health. Except for some arthritis and prostate trouble, I'm doing great. So I was lucky. . . very lucky and I'm so thankful for that. I'm thankful for my life and I have no bitterness. I feel so fortunate to have survived and flourished when so many braver, stronger and better trained men did not.

Dr. Hal Kushner
1/9 Cav, 1 Cav Div
16 October 2017



Thanks to Sam Kaiser

World's Most Decorated Shooter, Lones Wigger, Dies At 80

TeamUSA.org

*This is a story about my friend, Bill. We were assigned together to the US Army Olympic Rifle Team in 1960. Following all his accomplishments he became known by his real name 'Lones' but to me he will always be Bill. **Bruce D. Silvey***

Ret. Army LTC Lones W. Wigger, a four-time Olympian and the most decorated shooter in the world, passed away on the evening of December 14, 2017 at his home in Colorado Springs, Colorado of complications from pancreatic cancer. He was 80 years old.

During his induction to the Olympic Hall of Fame in 2008, Wigger's daughter and 1983 Pan American Games teammate, Deena, said her father "has paid more back to the sport of shooting than he ever got out of it." Wigger's illustrious international shooting career spanned 25 years and saw him winning 111 medals and setting 29 world records, along with winning two Olympic gold medals and one silver.

Though with all his accomplishments, the generations of young shooters who continue to reap the benefits of his hard work and love for the sport all say the same thing – 'Wig' is the best.

Wigger's mark on the sport reaches far beyond his international shooting career. After a distinguished 26-year career in the U.S. Army, Wigger retired in 1987 and went to work for the NRA as the Director of Training for the U.S. Shooting Team until retirement in 1994. Right up until his death, he was active in growing the National Junior Olympic Shooting Program, volunteering and organizing countless shooting matches, serving on the USA Shooting Board for various terms through 2016, even coming to work daily at the USA Shooting headquarters and managing the USA Shooting Alumni program.

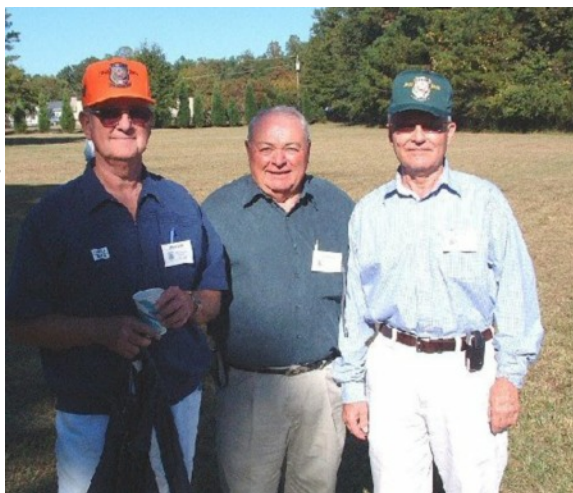
"If you hear me speak about Lones, you will not hear me use Lones or Wig, you will hear me call him 'Wiggles,'" said 2012 Olympic champion Jamie Corkish. "Wiggles is a true legend. He not only was an amazing shooter in his Olympic career, but he continued to win long after his International retirement. What a true champion, mentor, friend and legend."

"How do you define 'The Best Ever?' Would you add up the total medals won to see who is on top? Would you add up the total number of years he has dominated his sport? Would you take a survey of everyone who has been his competitor, to determine who received the most votes? Would you look at the number of national and world records held? Not only is Wigger the only name at the top of these lists, no other shooter even comes close," said two-time Olympic medalist and 1972 Olympic teammate Lanny Bassham.

In honor of his achievements and in celebration of his 80th birthday on August 25, USA Shooting renamed the interior of its

headquarters and upper range the Lones Wigger Legacy Hall and Range. Wigger also wanted his legacy to also benefit young shooters and the Lones Wigger/USAS Jr. Olympic Endowment was established to grow youth shooting programs. To date, more than \$225,000 has been raised and will impact junior shooting for years to come.

"Everyone here knows what it takes to be a champion or a success in life," Wigger told the more than 300 attendees at that dedication ceremony. During the 30 minutes he spoke, he honored his family, teammates, friends and coaches for 25 of them. He only credited himself with his drive to train hard. "There are no secrets. It takes hours and hours of hard work, commitment, dedication, sacrifice and desire. Maybe desire is the most important. Everyone can be a winner. It just depends on how bad you want it. Never forget to dream. Dreams can and do come true."



Bruce at a 2008 Marksmanship Unit Reunion with Bill and former Team Captain, Tom Atwood - Bill talked me out of my orange hat for a green one - seems I had received one of the few of that color.

Wigger started shooting in his childhood home of Carter, Montana where his father, Lones, Sr. ran the local rifle range. A lifelong baseball fan, no youth baseball programs existed in the area, but young Lones wanted to be competitive and picked up his first rifle. As only Wigger could say in his trademark, cut-and-dry kind of way, "I just got started and I made it up."

"[My father] would have to come in at night and pull me off the firing line, say we're closing the range tonight and that we're going home, otherwise I'd practice all night long," he said. "I really took to it, and it was fun and I enjoyed it."

From there, Wigger always wanted to shoot with the best. He went on to Montana State University where he earned a degree in Agronomy, as well as All-American Honors for three years. He later entered the Army in 1960, then commissioned to the U.S. Army Marksmanship Unit. He would later also serve two tours in Vietnam.

"The Army and the Army Marksmanship Unit gave me the opportunity to train, compete and the support you couldn't get anywhere else and I'm thankful for that," Wigger said. "That allowed me to become the best I could be. Shooting is not a sport you can shoot on weekends and win – it's full time. It's a full-time effort. You've got to work hard, have desire, to do what's necessary to get there, and it's hard work. There are not many who have the fortitude to do the hard work necessary to excel." Wigger became the only athlete to win medals in all three Olympic rifle shooting disciplines and was selected as one of the U.S. Olympic Committee's 100 Golden Olympians in 1996.

Wigger is survived by his wife of 59 years, Mary Kay, his two sons Ron and Danny, daughter Deena, son-in-law Tom, as well as two grandchildren.

SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM WILL HAVE. . .

Denny Toaspern

SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM WILL HAVE

There I was at 28,000 feet when the engine on my L-19 started running rough and quit. OOPS! My bad. That's a different story and for another time. This story starts with a standard Caribou STOL landing at some funky grass strip, somewhere in the IV Corps. The year is 1964 and the cargo bay is full of what we euphemistically called "a mixed load" — some ammo, some cases of Nehi grape soda, mail, airplane parts, C-rats, cases of small arms, a dozen or so ARVN soldiers and a couple of US military straphangers hitching a ride from somewhere to somewhere else, just not to Funky Strip.

The ARVNs however, were getting off the "bus" at this stop. Since this was a Hot Unload and the engines were not going to be shut down, I had to announce in my best stewardess voice that everyone was to remain seated until I could get the cargo un-strapped and off-loaded which involved climbing back and forth over crates and pallets and boxes and feet. The cargo handling equipment at Funky Strip was limited to manual labor, which meant I had to slide stuff along the floor until it was on the cargo ramp into the waiting hands of the local ground crew.

At this point, I need to digress a bit. At this early stage of the Vietnam war, our mission was to "Advise and Assist" the South Vietnamese and not to get into the shooting aspect of the conflict. To that end, enlisted aircrew were not authorized and not issued weapons and the pilots were only authorized to carry .38 caliber Colt Police Positive revolvers. The bad guys apparently didn't get their copy of the directive about "Advising and Assisting" and loved to take potshots at the Caribou during the landing and takeoff phases of flight. They just hadn't figured out about leading a moving target, so when they aimed at the pilots' duty stations, their shots regularly pierced the airplane's aluminum skin somewhere aft of the props, back in my work area.

Being the E-4 tactical genius that I was, I figured that sooner or later the VC might get lucky and hit something vital,

causing an unintended off-runway landing excursion. If that happened, relying on the pilot's and copilot's (probably rusty, probably loaded with corroded ammunition) popguns with a total of 12 rounds seemed to my "military mind" to be a bit optimistic. As my tour wore on, opportunities eventually presented themselves and I was able to secure a large and varied inventory of potentially useful weapons and stocks of ammunition, but during my first weeks of crewing, I may have mentioned in one of my infrequent letters home that I was uncomfortable being armed with only a TL-29 Knife, Utility, Multi-purpose.

A week or so later, I got a couple of small boxes at Mail Call. My pop had sent me a chrome-plated .32 cal. German automatic and holster with a box of ammo. Sending weapons by U.S. Mail? To an APO address? To a Speedy Four? It was certainly a different time. I was now armed and dangerous. The holster threaded on the belt adjusting straps on the side of my flight suit — available but not encumbering.



But the little chrome pistol with the walnut grips was shiny and apparently fascinating to my ARVN PAX. Though my Vietnamese was limited to a few useful phrases like "dinky-dow," "numba ten," "Ba-muoi-ba" and "how much?," I was able to get the drift of the ARVN's conversation concerning the shiny pistol. All their pointing and gesturing helped, too. I had to graciously decline several invitations to un-holster and pass it around for group inspections.

Clambering across the cargo, in the process of off-loading, I felt a strong tug at my side, as if someone was trying to remove my flight suit or, more likely, draw the pistol. Without giving the matter a whole lot of thought, I swung my arm around and back-handed the perpetrator, who stumbled backward and flopped into his seat. He was certainly more surprised than hurt, as my awkward response was off balance and had no real conviction behind it. What Marvin the ARVN didn't realize is the holster for the shiny little pistol had a spring leaf that extended into the trigger guard which had to be depressed to draw the gun. I yelled at Marvin to stay in his blankety-blank seat or I'd be serious with my next response, thereby setting US-Vietnamese relations back several years. Of course, he didn't understand a word and just rubbed his cheek and glared back at me.

I finished off-loading, the PAX filed off as I stood to the side, having already dismissed the minor incident and getting mentally prepared for the new passengers and other new stuff to be secured for the next leg. That wasn't the end of it for Marvin, however. Two of his sergeants escorted him well off to the side and proceeded to beat the crap out of him. Apparently, corporal punishment in the Army of the Republic of Vietnam was the preferred method of discipline and it extended just short of capital punishment. No yelling, no in-your-face screaming, no eternal KP, but not too much concern about hurt feelings or even broken bones either.

JUGGLING GRENADES

A month or so later and we're floating along through the sunny skies over the Mekong Delta at 1500' AGL with another load of ARVNs, only this time they are loaded for bear — tiger jungle cammys, steel pots, and lots of small arms. Oh, yeah, a 60mm mortar, a couple of wood cases of mortar rounds and one hyperkinetic bozo with a wood box of MK2 fragmentation grenades, commonly referred to as pineapples. The PAX were in addition to the usual mish-mash of cargo — not a full

aeroplane, just the usual assortment of people and things.

Hyperkinetic Bozo was one of those leg-giggling, head-on-a-swivel, eye-darting types that it's tough to be around in confined circumstances. He couldn't sit still, constantly fidgeting, confined by his seatbelt until he discovered his grenade box. The top was open and, looking in, I could see that it held a dozen or so pineapples. HB reached in and grabbed one of the grenades and, with his elbows on his knees, started tossing it from hand to hand. Back in those days, I hadn't conceived of, much less witnessed a suicide bomber, but this guy's actions sent me to DEFCON 1 instantly. I thrust my left hand out, palm facing HB in the universal STOP signal, while my right hand drew my shiny pistol and placed the muzzle between his running lights. I surely ain't no Quick Draw McGraw, but when I racked the slide and a live round ejected and a new round slid into battery, I had HB's undivided attention.

Following my frantic hand signal, he gently returned the grenade to fellowship with its box-mates and didn't even acknowledge it when I slid the box waaaay back under the troop seat. The remainder of the flight passed uneventfully, but I was

concerned (well, not all that concerned) that HB's eyes would be permanently crossed from looking down the .32 caliber muzzle.



Two of HB's NCOs saw this activity and bracketed our boy until the landing and taxiing were over. They then removed our hero from our midst and applied a heaping helping of the same ARVN discipline I had witnessed previously, only this session was a little more intense. They were still thumping on him as we taxied out for takeoff.

Later, I found it was a good thing that the shiny pistol was never called on for repeated firing, as there was a problem with the lips of the clip and it wouldn't fire more than three rounds without jamming. It had, however, fulfilled its mission completely, serving as a deterrent to in-flight controversies and acting as a reassuring companion to me. To avoid having my little companion confiscated by Customs upon my return to The World, I just mailed it home a couple of weeks before my DEROS date and it went through fine. Amazing! I could probably have carried it in my pocket on the Freedom Bird, or stashed it in my duffle bag, as customs clearance was nonexistent in Anchorage or Travis. Different times for sure.



Wings of Friendship

TAPS

MEMBERS

LARRY D. LIVINGSTON
October 24, 2017

JOHN W. LAUTERBACH
November 20, 2017

AUGUSTUS LEE SCHEIDER, JR.
November 27, 2017

WIVES

MARY FRANCIS HARDY
Wife of Jack
November 23, 2017

MITZI UBLINSKY
Wife of John
November 27, 2017

Gone, but not forgotten



Photo courtesy of Glenn Carr



Tributes and Memorials

MITZI UBLINSKY

Mitzi Maryanne Ulbinsky passed on November 27, 2017. Mitzi was born in Port Colborne, Ontario, Canada, September 15, 1941, the daughter of John McWatters and Jessie Hewitt McWatters. She completed high school, then Senior Matriculation at Alma College. In 1964 she graduated, a registered nurse from St. Joseph's School of Nursing, Toronto. That August she married Lt. John Ulbinsky. Her husband served two of their first years as an aviator in Vietnam and Mitzi worked as an RN in Canada and Alabama.



In 1967 their daughter, Lisa, was born. Mitzi's family moved to Los Angeles when John returned. When he took an airline job, Mitzi worked as an RN in several cities. Mitzi was proud as an "Old School RN" and that she worked in many fields.

Mitzi's family moved to Colorado in 1971, settling in Boulder as John continued flying and enjoyed the outdoor activities Colorado offers. During the tumultuous 1980's, Mitzi's husband chose employment in finances and she returned to nursing. Later when he resumed flying, their daughter Lisa finished CU, married and began her own family.

Mitzi's family now had new focus and she and John moved to Colorado Springs to be closer to Lisa's family.

Colorado Springs provided the opportunity for wintering in Florida where she and John could enjoy ocean sports and the warm climate. Moving within a half mile of Lisa's home was the best part of the move; it now included four beautiful grandchildren for Mitzi to love and watch growing into beautiful adults!

Youth athletics dominated Mitzi's last three decades of life with youth, high school, college and pro athletic contests in too many age groups and sports to name. Mitzi loved watching our college and pro sports teams but the "Avs" were her favorites.

Mitzi loved being American, especially when her grandchildren watched her being sworn in. She loved being an Army officer's wife and fully supported her husband's career. Her beauty and loving smile was infectious and could light an entire room and she gave all the opportunity to return that. She was loving, kind and forgiving. Her loss leaves a "hole in the world." It will take more love from all than any one of us can fill.

Mitzi is survived by her husband John, daughter Lisa Helton, son-in-law Barry Helton, granddaughter Nicole Helton, grandsons Bret, Chad, and Brad Helton, all of Colorado Springs. Canadian survivors include families of sister Joanne Warriner, families of Luke and Lynne Brazeau and families of Thomas McWatters.

REMEMBERING MITZI

Ed. Note: John sent in this tribute a while before his beloved Mitzi passed. I've reprinted it for you with just a few edits. Bill Upton, Ed.

My beautiful and beloved wife of fifty-three years Mitzi, who I met in Toronto in 1963 while picking up a Caribou has had a reoccurrence of metastatic sarcoma that began two years ago and the prognosis is not optimistic. I know Bruce met her on one of those Toronto trips and many of our friends in the 187th and 516th joined us at our first wedding and served in our Honor Guard, and reception at the Chickasaw Club. We had a second Canadian wedding for our families in 1964 after my trans-pacific Caribou Trip.

She was truly one of us as a loyal and supportive bride through my Vietnam Caribou tours with the 92nd and 61st and through my second Vietnam tour with the First Cav ASTA platoon flying the Mohawk, which she proudly called "The Widow Maker" because I survived it.

Mitzi and I had one child, our 50 yr old daughter Lisa Marie Helton who has given us four beautiful, athletic and talented grandchildren, a daughter and three boys. Grand daughter Nicole is a school teacher and was Captain of the Colorado University dance team and will probably marry the Buff Mascot "Chips." My oldest grandson Bret Helton played minor league baseball with the Class A Advanced Bradenton Marauders. He will probably wind up in Double A Altoona this year but I will guarantee that he will give you any AOCA member a guided tour of Pirates Minor League Spring Training camp this coming Feb-Mar. It's like going to a Samurai warrior camp. They all wear their stockings high, have the same haircut and double-time everywhere.

Middle grandson Chad Helton was an excellent HS athlete but is choosing a career in business with his father. He is a sophomore at CU Boulder and is a grateful recipient of the AOCA/AAAA Scholarship Award.

Youngest grandson Brad Helton is a straight-A HS freshman and may be the best Helton athlete of all. As a freshman at Class Four A Cheyenne Mountain HS he lettered Varsity in both golf and

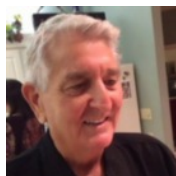
football where he played both QB and receiver this fall.

It seemed like there is always a ball game to go to with the Helton family! Fortunately for the kids they inherited most of their athletic talent from their father Barry Helton who was an All American punter at CU and won two Super Bowl rings with Joe M. and those '49er Hall of Famers. He was also the scout team and third team Disaster QB and studied weekly opponent film with an little known intern named JOHN GRUDEN !

I hope you might publish this overly long letter in the Logbook because a lot of tears fell on this keyboard before I got to this point, but it has been so much FUN to talk about this wonderful family we have had the honor to be part of and to help to raise! God Bless all AOCA Members, Families and Friends. **John and Mitzi Ulbinsky**

LARRY D. LIVINGSTON

Larry D. Livingston, age 80, died unexpectedly Tuesday, October 24, 2017, at South Baldwin Regional Medical Center due to medical complications associated with Myasthenia Gravis disease.



Larry was born on December 1, 1936, in Fort Scott, Kansas, and he served his country for 26 years. His military service includes US Air Force 1954 - 1963 as a gunner for the B-36 and B-52; US Army 1963 - 1980 as a pilot and flight instructor, fixed wing/rotary wing. He retired from the Army as a Chief Warrant Officer 4. After retirement he was a civilian flight instructor at Ft. Rucker, AL for 13 years, and then went on to work part time as a contract pilot for the Department of Defense in the US and Bosnia. Larry continued to work part-time in commercial real estate and was in the process of returning to active flight status just before he died.

Larry is survived by his wife, Markeeta Livingston of Gulf Shores, AL and three children: Anthony R. Livingston of Daleville, AL, David M. Livingston of Gainesville, GA and Vicki Livingston of Orlando, FL. He also leaves behind six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. He is pre-deceased by his parents, Winifred & Wilbur Livingston of

Fort Scott, KS, and grandparents Dorothy & Horace Bruce Marr of Fort Scott, KS.

Larry was a Life Member of the Army Otter-Caribou Assn; had been a member for 22 years; flown with the 61st and 57th Avn Companies; and served with the Aviation Test Board at Ft Rucker.

AUGUSTUS LEE SHEIDER, JR.

Colonel Augustus Lee Sheider, Jr., U.S. Army Ret. 87, of Columbia, died peacefully at his home on Wednesday, November 22, 2017. Born in Spartanburg, SC, on September 22, 1930, he was a son of the late Augustus Lee Sheider, Sr. and Margaret Norcom Sheider. He graduated from Clemson University in 1953 and earned a Master of Public Administration from the University of South Carolina in 1973. Retiring from the U.S. Army in 1982, Colonel Sheider was employed until 1992 by Merrill Lynch as a Financial Consultant in the Columbia, SC office. He was a member of Northeast Presbyterian Church.



Colonel Sheider's Army assignments took him to Korea, Germany, and Vietnam where he served with distinction in a variety of command and staff assignments. Following two assignments to the republic of Vietnam, he served in the Combat Development Command, Fort Belvoir, VA, the Army Material Command, Alexandria, VA, command and staff assignments at Fort Jackson, SC. His military schooling includes the Army Aviation Schools, both fixed and rotary wing pilot training, Artillery Career Officers Course, and the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA.

Colonel Sheider's decorations include the Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross (2 OLC), Bronze Star (2 OLC), Meritorious Service Medal, the Air Medal (26 OLC), Army Commendation Medal (2 OLC), and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, among others.

He was an officer in the Columbia Chapter of The Retired Officers Association, and a Paul Harris Fellow of the Columbia Capital Rotary Club.

Survivors include his wife, Nancy Miller Sheider; a son, Richard Lee Sheider, Sr., of Lexington; four grandchildren,

Richard Jr., Ryan, Lindley, and Nathan; and a sister, Ann Harrison Parr of Virginia Beach, VA. In addition to his parents, Colonel Sheider is preceded in death by his sisters, Magaret Carren of Little Rock, AR, and Kathryn Tysinger of Dothan, AL.

Lee had been an AOCA member for 25 years and flown with the 12th Aviation Company and associated with the 2nd MI Battalion, 1962-1965. He had a most distinguished military career.

JOHN W. LAUTERBACH

John was the original Company Commander of the 187th Transport Airplane Company - one of the charter members of the 11th Air Assault Division - the 37th Air Transport Battalion Commander - he joined the Army Otter Caribou Association in 1985 - a charter member - was a Life Member - I talked to him about a week before he died - he had just returned from West Point where he had organized a class reunion - Totally involved - totally Army - and totally a friend. He will be interred at Arlington but the wait time is considerable. Once I know more I will let all know. **Bruce Silvey**



John Lauterbach, Walter Urbach and Bill Upton - Reunion Columbus, GA

REMEMBERING JOHN LAUTERBACH

I'm sorry to hear John Lauterbach has passed away. I was one of the first of many enlisted men to join the 187th. I respected him for the way he treated me when I joined the 187th at Benning during the 11th Air Assault days. He knew I needed to stay current as a GCA operator so he arranged for me to work at Lawson AAF GCA while we were on the Airfield. When we went to the field I took a portable GCA

unit with us. Later on he was transferred to the 37th and I was Transferred to HHC 11th Avn Group for shipment to Vietnam in 1965, the rest is history. God got a good man and John doesn't suffer anymore. **Bill J. Huff**,

I am saddened by the news that John has passed away. He will surely be missed by the members of the AOCA. May John rest in peace. **Ken LaGrandeur**

So sorry to hear about John Lauterbach. He was my boss when he had the 11th Bn in RVN. He was a great guy.

So sorry to hear about Gus Scheider, too. We lived in the same stairwell in K town in the '60s. **Dave Johnson**

What sad news to learn of John Lauterbach's passing. My truly heartfelt condolences and sympathy go to Nikki.

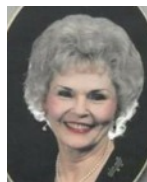
As a young private, John was my first Army company commander in the newly formed 62nd Avn Co, Ft Benning, GA. The first sergeant, MSgt Harold G. Baskins, and I were the only two enlisted personnel assigned. I, therefore, was 1) the 62nd morning report clerk, 2) the 62nd orderly room staff, 3) the barracks orderly,

4) the 62nd quota to the LAAC airfield guard duty roster, 5) the 62nd quota to the consolidated mess hall duty roster and the 62nd contingent for the weekly Command Reveille formation.

Through my daily contact with him, I learned what it was to be a professional military career officer and what personal integrity, professional discipline and command responsibility were all about. John counseled me to continue my education through the post education office and followed up by encouraging me to compete for a presidential appointment to the Military Academy. He wrote a glowing recommendation that accompanied my paperwork when I received the appointment. **P.T. Smith**

MARY FRANCIS HARDY

Mary Frances Hardy, 89, of Sun City Center, FL passed away Thursday, November 23, 2017 in her home. She will be remembered as a loving, gracious, energetic, helpful, gentle and considerate lady who lit up the room with her beautiful smile. Born in Leesburg,



Georgia to the late James Morgan Pope and Lois Adams.

Mary was formerly a member at Temple Terrace, Sun City Center, and Ruskin Methodist Churches, including Sunday School and visited also as a Stephen Minister. She volunteered at the University Community Hospital. She loved to model ladies clothes and was in demand.

Square Dancing with good friends was a favorite activity. Mary and Jack have lived in Kings Point, Sun City Center for 21 years. She enjoyed going to Army Otter Caribou Association Annual reunions.

Mary, with the help of her family, owned and operated the IHOP Restaurant near Busch Garden for over 25 years.

Survivors include her husband of 28 years, John "Jack" Hardy; five children, Kathryn Renton (Ian), Susan Hanna (John), Gary Lorch (Priscilla), Ronald Lorch, and Donald Salvog (Carol); four step-children, John Hardy (Beverly), Dana Yeager (Jon), Peter Hardy, and Mark Hardy (Wendy); several grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and a great-great-granddaughter.

Some Military "Rules of Engagement"

US Army Rules:

1. Curse bitterly when receiving operational order.
2. Make sure there is extra ammo and extra coffee.
3. Curse bitterly.
4. Curse bitterly.
5. Do not listen to 2nd LTs; it can get you killed.
6. Curse bitterly.



US Air Force Rules:

1. Have a cocktail.
2. Adjust temperature on air-conditioner.
3. See what's on HBO.
4. Ask "What is a gunfight?"
5. Request more funding from Congress with a "killer" Power Point presentation.
6. Wine and dine "key" Congressmen, invite DOD and defense industry executives.
7. Receive funding, set up new command and assemble assets.
8. Declare the assets "strategic" and never deploy them operationally.
9. Hurry to make 13:45 tee-time.
10. Make sure the base is as far as possible from the conflict, but close enough to have tax exemption.
- 11 Always have ICE CREAM



AOCA REUNIONS AND PRESIDENTS

This chart shows Presidents elected during reunion

Year	Reunion	Location	New President
1985	Assn Started	Columbus, GA	Sam Pinkston
1986	1st	Columbus, GA	Sam Pinkston
1987	2nd	Columbus, GA	Ken Blake
1988	3rd	Enterprise, AL	Jim Lybrand
1989	4th	Seattle, WA	Jim Lybrand
1990	5th	Dallas, TX	Floyd Burks
1991	6th	Reno, NV	Hal Loyer
1992	7th	Hampton, VA	Bob Richey
1993	8th	Colo. Spgs, CO	Paul Herrick
1994	9th	Orlando, FL	John Stanfield
1995	10th	Boston, MA	Jim Johnson
1996	11th	San Antonio, TX	John Williams
1997	12th	Albuquerque, NM	Bob Echard
1998	13th	Charleston, SC	Leon Wiggins
1999	14th	Nashville, TN	Jim Davis
2000	15th	San Diego, CA	Bill McIntyre
2001	16th	Corning, NY	Don Seymour
2002	17th	Branson, MO	Bill Potts
2003	18th	Reno, NV	Cecil Ramsey
2004	19th	El Paso, TX	Ed Shuster
2005	20th	Dallas, TX	Lew Pipkin
2006	21st	Dothan, AL	Ron Sprengeler
2007	22nd	Washington, D.C.	Dave Benoit
2008	23rd	St Louis, MO	Perry Brausell
2009	24th	Rochester, MN	Earl Burley
2010	25th	Columbus, GA	Ken La Grandeur
2011	26th	Corning, NY	Ed Fodor
2012	27th	Chattanooga, TN	Jim Greenquist
2013	28th	Charleston, SC	Reggie Edwards
2014	29th	Pensacola, FL	Dennis Toasperm
2015	30th	Dayton, OH	Glenn Carr
2016	31st	Savannah, GA	William Upton
2017	32nd	Kansas City, MO	Samuel Kaiser

**Member Web Sites**

William Upton

<http://www.vietnammemoir.com/>

Wayne Buser

<http://www.dhc4and5.org>

Dar Sword

<http://www.darsbydesign.com>

Jim Wittel

18th 54th 18th CAC Aviation Association

www.18thaviationcompanyotternest.com

Robert "Bob" Flanagan

<http://www.connemarapress.org>

Other Military Related Sites

<http://www.militaryconnections.com>

<http://www.ArmyAvnMuseum.org>

<http://www.USArmyAviation.com>

<http://flyarmyair.com>

<http://www.C-7Acaribou.com>

<http://www.veterantributes.org/Index.asp>



Submitted by Art Tetreault

The Literary Digest for February 23, 1929 83

Drive an Aeroplane

The operating of an aeroplane, readily handled by the amateur, is now an assured fact. In the number of aeroplanes already purchased Europe is far in advance of America. This was likewise true with the introduction of the automobile.

Our Paris correspondent writes us that hundreds of aeroplanes have been sold to private individuals in Europe. One manufacturer, alone, has sold 112—many of the early deliveries at large premiums.

A substantial interest has also begun to arouse Americans. A great wave of enthusiasm has set in, and although more different makes of heavier-than-air machines are to be had abroad, to America belongs the distinction of producing the lightest, speediest, and most practical aeroplane yet designed.



The Herring-Curtiss Aeroplane

amply demonstrated its supremacy at the recent Rheims international meet by winning the coveted International cup, which brings to America next year the big world's contest. We invite those interested to favor us with a call. Americans desiring to enter the international contest next year should order machines early to secure prompt delivery, so as to be ready for the different events.

A special inducement will be made to those ordering now for delivery after January 1st, 1910.

Every HERRING-CURTISS AEROPLANE is demonstrated in flight before delivery to the purchaser

Call or write to **AERONAUTICAL DEPARTMENT**

WYCKOFF, CHURCH & PARTRIDGE

1743 Broadway, at 56th St., New York City

*The advertisement at the left appeared in *The Literary Digest* on November 13th, 1909—six years after Orville Wright made his memorable flight in a heavier-than-air machine. It is significant that one of the first announcements of what is now becoming the new transportation should appear in one of the leading travel publications in the country.*

Looking Upward and Forward

An airplane soars through the clouds and takes in our industrial panorama.

Automobiles crowding the highways. Railroad terminals and steamship piers seething with pleasure-bent, business-venturing crowds. Electrical appliances in nearly every home, transforming house-drudgery into domestic science. Radios catching the romance in the air through which this airplane speeds.

Only a few years ago some of these industries were unknown. Some enjoyed a limited market. Today they are the pivotal leaders, setting the tempo for modern business. But these industrial successes were gained not without a struggle.

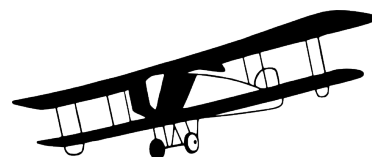
The automobile had to win over those who questioned its usefulness. Radio

had to shout its message above the din of static. Electrical manufacturers had to break the time-entrenched habits of housekeepers. Railroad and steamship lines had to jolt a passive, almost provincial public into a tourist market.

In their periods of transition *The Literary Digest* brought to these industries the influence of its editorial and advertising pages. And they found in *The Digest* a medium for reaching the progressive groups of enterprising America—seekers of all that is new in science—the leaders of opinion and action. They gained their acceptance and paved the way for a wider acceptance by the general public.

To aviation *The Literary Digest* can now bring the open minds of these people, and in greater numbers than ever before. They are the guiding forces in

industry, the dominant personalities in the professions, the pivotal families in every community. Already aviation challenges their imagination. They can adapt it to lives crowded with travel; utilize it in their far-flung business interests; bring to it the capital so important during its reorganization. To sell these people the economic necessity of air-travel, to show them that aviation looms as the outstanding contribution to modern life, is to make the multitudes more and more air thoughtful.



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