Wow! If you missed the Virginia Beach Reunion, you missed one good time. Mary and I enjoyed the tours and sights, but most of all, we loved getting together again with our old comrades.

First, though, I’d like to thank you for electing me your new President of AOCA. What a great honor. I’ll do my best to do a good job.

About that reunion – what would we possibly do without Reunion Directors Wayne and Roberta Buser and their volunteers who work so long and hard to ensure a well-organized and fun event.

And, there’s our EVP Bruce Silvey. It’s hard to come up with enough superlatives to do that guy justice. He’s ever present and always on the ball, like the commander he must have been while on active duty, making sure the total mission is accomplished and accomplished well.

One of the highlights of any AOCA Reunion is our Saturday night dinner program. Although he has help, 99% of that successful and entertaining event has been due to our esteemed emcee, Earl Burley. Earl has announced that this year was his last as Master of Ceremonies. Seems he’d like to just relax at the next reunion and enjoy himself. We’ll find someone to replace him, but whoever that is will probably ask Earl for guidance.

It’s been said that our publication, the Logbook, is one of the best. Bill Upton tells me that he can’t do it without you all so keep writing down those memories and send them to him. I know he’ll appreciate it.

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
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT’S REPORT
Bruce D. Silvey

The Virginia Beach Reunion... we missed you at the reunion - it really was a very nice affair and great to see old friends once again.

MEMBERSHIP STATUS

We currently have 503 active members which is less than we had at this time last year. More are flying “West” and we miss every one of them. We are expecting them to hold a place at the table for us.

The web site remains a principal source of contact:
www.otter-caribou.org

SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM

The program was again successful this year. Support from the membership remains impressive. However, we had only three applicants for the year and all three received received $1000 scholarships. We congratulate each and every one of these outstanding students and wish them well in their education and life.

The Board of Directors decided for next year to increase the amount of an AOCA funded scholarship to $2,000 and agreed to fund a total of three. Tom Caraballo, Scholarship Director, urges everyone with an interest in applying for a scholarship to note that the cutoff date for applications is 1 MAY 2019 which means you should begin your thinking process very soon in order to get the paperwork completed. It is not difficult but needs to be done on time.

Just click on “Scholarships” and follow the instructions.

You will see there is an added pre-qualifying requirement. It is pretty easy - and a great way to help a student get started. It is necessary for someone in the family to join AAAA but the one year membership requirement is waived for AOCA members.

Get the packet from AAAA. Do it early - there are details to complete.
Call Quad A if you have a question - they are extremely helpful.

HERE’S THE LATEST

For next year (2019)
Louisville, KY.
Date will be late Sept or early October.

Looking ahead - Many want to get back to Ft Rucker one more time. We are thinking for 2020 Panama City with a bus trip to Rucker for a full day of outings and activities.

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP NOW

Take the initiative and send $15.00
Most of you are regular members. If you are a Life Member you can contribute to the Scholarship Fund.

Mail to official address
AOCA
P.O. Box 55284
St Petersburg, FL 33732-5284

Multi-Thanks
It’s been a great year - and thanks for all the great comments you have sent my way. All The Best of to each and every one of you.
VA National Cemeteries Now Offering Pre-Need Eligibility Determinations

WASHINGTON – The Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) today announced it now provides eligibility determinations for interment in a VA national cemetery prior to the time of need. Through the Pre-Need Determination of Eligibility Program, upon request, individuals can learn if they are eligible for burial or memorialization in a VA national cemetery.

“MyVA is about looking at VA from the Veterans’ perspective, and then doing everything we can to make the Veteran Experience effective and seamless,” said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Robert A. McDonald. “This new program reaffirms our commitment to providing a lifetime of benefits and services for Veterans and their families.”

Interested individuals may submit VA Form 40-10007, Application for Pre-Need Determination of Eligibility for Burial in a VA National Cemetery, and supporting documentation, such as a DD Form 214, if readily available, to the VA National Cemetery Scheduling Office by: toll-free fax at 1-855-840-8299; email to Eligibility.PreNeed@va.gov; or mail to the National Cemetery Scheduling Office, P.O. Box 510543, St. Louis, MO 63151.

VA will review applications and provide written notice of its determination of eligibility. VA will save determinations and supporting documentation in an electronic information system to expedite burial arrangements at the time of need. Because laws and personal circumstances change, upon receipt of a burial request, VA will validate all pre-need determinations in accordance with the laws in effect at that time.

VA operates 135 national cemeteries and 33 soldiers’ lots in 40 states and Puerto Rico. More than 4 million Americans, including Veterans of every war and conflict, are buried in VA’s national cemeteries. VA also provides funding to establish, expand and maintain 105 Veterans cemeteries in 47 states and territories including tribal trust lands, Guam, and Saipan. For Veterans buried in private or other cemeteries, VA provides headstones, markers or medallions to commemorate their service. In 2016, VA honored more than 345,000 Veterans and their loved ones with memorial benefits in national, state, tribal and private cemeteries.

Eligible individuals are entitled to burial in any open VA national cemetery, opening/closing of the grave, a grave liner, perpetual care of the grave site, and a government-furnished headstone or marker or niche cover, all at no cost to the family. Veterans are also eligible for a burial flag and may be eligible for a Presidential Memorial Certificate.

Information on VA burial benefits is available from local VA national cemetery offices, from the Internet at www.cem.va.gov, or by calling VA regional offices toll-free at 800-827-1000. To make burial arrangements at any open VA national cemetery at the time of need, call the National Cemetery Scheduling Office at 800-535-1117.

All AOCA Members Should Take Action on This Soon...
Remembrance Service at Virginia Beach

Bruce D. Silvey

The following is a wonderfully poignant piece written by Bruce Silvey especially for the AOCA Remembrance Service at the Virginia Beach Reunion. For those of you who can’t attend the reunions, every year we remember those AOCA heroes who have passed on. The following is simply one of the ways we remember. Ed.

Our appointed Chaplain is Ed Shuster - his wife, Laura, is not well enough to travel. So we miss Ed - and we say a prayer for him and Laura - that they will have a better year and we will see them next year.

I have volunteered to fill in - nowhere near as qualified to be a Chaplain - probably about as qualified as Bill Upton - but as you know, Bill showed us what he is about when he wrote the prayer for commemorating that stone plaque we placed at Mineral Well, Texas. I was with him out in Mineral Wells when he sat down and wrote that - It’s a real example of the truth - That God works in mysterious ways.

So here we are at a Remembrance Service - And what I thought I would do is maybe do some of that.

Remember . . .

I think first I will reflect on what this organization has meant to me - and really all of us - looking back at 33 years and remembering how we came to be here - right here today - just about every one of us know each other - but 33 years ago all we shared was an experience - a work experience - a job - a service.

And a great service it was - we were an important arm and support to every one that relied on us.

I personally had not known very many of you even though I was as much in the thick of flying as any of us - but we came to know each other - and we came to look forward to returning to these gatherings - and we found that each year someone was missing.

One of my first recollections of someone I had not known previously was Leon Wiggins. What an unforgettable character. I remember first seeing him, at a reunion, standing behind a video camera recording all these sessions - and then standing up and blowing his train whistle. He became a close and valued friend - but I had not known him in my flying days. And he was at one time our Association Chaplain - and a Past President. Someone we won’t forget.

I remember Tom Ziek - so you say who? Tom Who? Well Tom Ziek died before this association was formed but he was so important to the founding members - they remembered those they thought had contributed a lot to Otters and Caribous. Tom was one. Tom had a young captain as his Maintenance Officer - fellow named John Houser. I knew John Houser in those days - best Maintenance Officer in the Army bar none - well I suppose someone could counter that - but John became a Charter Member of this association and when I became Exec Vice President in 1994 - John sort of became the guy who took it upon himself to check on me and keep me going. Called me at least once a week - we drove with each other to reunions. I still miss him greatly.

Speaking of remembering - and about that 1994 date - I remember I was visiting my parents in Oklahoma when I got a call from a fellow named Bob Richey - President of the Association at the time. He lived in Dallas - but he casually says to me - “on your way back to Florida drop by and see me in Dallas.”

Offered a free lunch - so you can imagine something was up. He explained that our “Founding Father - Bill Hooks” was wanting to pass the reigns and his job - so he offered me the job as EVP - would be for three years max. Bob died unexpectedly and that promise of the three years max went with him I think. Bob and I had gone to the same university (Okla State) and flown in the same Army but had not known each other until we met here in this amazing group of aviators and crewmen.

I spoke of those who had died before the association was formed - one special person on that list is Everett E. Robeson (Roby as he was known). First husband of our very special lady, Marilyn Weitzel. Roby died a hero flying for the 1st Air Cavalry in 1967.

So - we remember . . .

Today we will read the name of John Lauterbach, a West Pointer, who will be laid to rest soon in Arlington. I reported in to Major Lauterbach, Commander of the 187th Transport
Airplane Co - Caribous. He had aviators coming in everyday - and he had no Caribous - still waiting for the factory to get them off the assembly line. I had just been promoted and was displaying my pretty bars and he says, “You’re a Captain - what am I going to do with a Captain?” But he found me a job - commanding the Lawson Airfield Command Company Headquarters - which was great - I had L-19s and Beavers to fly.

You remember the little things - John Lauterbach’s wife, Nikki, was the typical company commander’s wife; and while she didn’t really have to do so she took my wife under her wing and included her in the ladies activities - and they became great friends.

You never forget
You remember those special moments
You remember those special people

I remember all of you as special friends - friends I would not have known were it not for this association

I appreciate the respect and kindness you show me every day and I expect that you are that way with everyone you know.

I can imagine that the manner in which this has gone will prompt Ed Shuster to get himself to the next reunion - I did, in fact, talk to Ed recently and he reports that they are doing better and expect to be here next year. Thanks Goodness for that.

A couple, who shall remain nameless, but are in this room, recently related this story to me:

A couple, who shall remain nameless, but are in this room, recently related this story to me:

Like all of us who are getting a little long in the tooth, they were having trouble remembering things so they went to their doctor for checkups. The doctor told them that they were both physically fine and advised them to write things down to help them remember.

Later that same evening while watching television, the husband got up from his chair to go to the kitchen for a snack. He asked his wife if she wanted anything.

"Could you bring me a bowl of ice cream?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied.
"Do you think you should write that down to remember it?" she asked.

"No, I can remember that," he said.
"I'd like some strawberries on it, too. Do you need to write that down?" she said.

"No, I can remember that, too. Ice cream with strawberries," he said, becoming a little irritated.

"I'd like some whipped cream on it, too. Can you remember all that? The doctor said you should write things down," she said.

"For goodness sakes," he said, now more than a little irritated, "I can remember that. I don't need to write it down. A bowl of ice cream with strawberries and whipped cream."

Off he went to the kitchen. About 20 minutes later he returned with a plate of bacon and eggs. The wife stared at it for a moment and said, "You forgot my toast? I knew you should have written it down."

An elderly farmer near Two Egg, Florida (Yes that’s the name of a real Florida town) had a large pond down by his fruit orchard. One evening he decided to go down to the pond and took a five gallon bucket to pick some fruit. As he neared his pond, he heard female voices shouting and laughing. As he got closer he saw a bunch of young gals skinny-dipping in his pond. He pounded on the side of the bucket to make the women aware of his presence whereupon they all swam to the deep end. One of the gals shouted to him, “Go away! We're not coming out until you leave!”

The old man, quick on his feet, thought for a second and said, “I didn't come down here to watch you ladies swim or to make you get out of the pond naked.” He held up the bucket up and said, “I'm here to feed the alligators!”

My wife said I never listen to her – or something like that. . .
The Norfolk reunion was a great success and I would like to thank everyone for their comments and feedback. Putting together the reunion is a ten month effort with lots of help from many people.

First I would like to thank the following people for their help, our Executive Vice President Bruce Silvey for his inputs and help keeping me on track.

Thanks to Earl Burley as Master of Ceremony and Entertain Chairman who booked Frank Cubillo and his evening of “Frank Sings Frank” to perform for us on Thursday night. Frank was great and we all enjoyed his show very much.

More thanks to Kenne Edwards and Johanna Seymour, AOCA’s “Hat Ladies” for selling $875.00 worth of raffle tickets for our Special Ladies fund. For you who are unaware, this fund helps to pay the hotel bills for Special Ladies who attend the reunions.

Thanks also to Bill Upton who jumped in when we needed something done or to run errands for us.

And to Christa and Dwight Ward for the many runs to the Oceania Navy Base to get our liquid refreshments for the Hospitality Room.

Thanks to Donna Brockmann for the financial contribution to our hospitality room.

And last, but not least, my wife, Berta, for doing the check-in and Saturday night seating assignments.

A very special thanks to Cecil Slade for the donation of Clocks and birdhouse and other items for the Special Ladies auction.

Next year we are scheduled for Louisville, Kentucky. Looks like there are many things to do and see in the area. We are looking at an late September or early October time frame.

Any comments or suggestions please contact me at:
aocareunions@gmail.com

Again I hope everyone had a good time in Norfolk. See you next year in Louisville.

Wayne Buser
Reunion Director

Frank Cubillo of “Frank Sings Frank”

Born in Brooklyn and raised in Huntington, NY, Frank Cubillo is the “voice” and “energy” behind “FRANK SINGS FRANK”, a unique Frank Sinatra-style singing/entertainment act that has been very popular in the Hampton Roads area of South-Eastern Virginia for more than five years now.

Frank retired from the U.S. Marine Corps (as a full colonel) after serving over 37 years active duty. He's been singing all his life and grew up highly influenced by the music of the 40's, 50's and 60's – Sinatra, Dean Martin, Tony Bennett and Bobby Darin records were always playing in his home on Long Island. Frank sings constantly: for the past 14 years he's been a cantor and tenor in his church choir, sings with a harmony vocal group consisting of three men and two women called “Fond Memories” and is a self-taught Frank Sinatra aficionado who has over several years learned to sing (by heart) and perform over 250 of Sinatra's hits.
The Army Otter-Caribou Association is happy to partner with the DFC Society in announcing the

2019

Distinguished Flying Cross Society Reunion
September 15-19, 2019 in Dayton/Fairborn, Ohio

We are less than six miles from the National Museum of the United States Air Force. Dayton is also the home base of the Wright Brothers, commemorated by the Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historical Park, the Huffman Prairie Flying Field, the Wright Brothers Aviation Center, and the Wright Cycle Company Complex.

We Celebrate 100 Years of American Airpower, dating from establishment of the United States Army Air Service in 1918 during World War I. The 38 pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille, who flew for France beginning in 1916, before the United States entered the war, helped shape the U.S. Army Air Service when it was formed. By the end of the war, the Air Service used 45 squadrons to cover 85 miles of front. 71 pursuit pilots were credited with shooting down five or more German aircraft while in American service. They created a culture that influences combat pilots today.

Website
www.dfcociety.net
The business meeting was preceded by a “Service of Remembrance” for our departed members.

Business Meeting Called to Order: President Sam Kaiser called the 33rd annual meeting to order. The President asked the Parliamentarian, Don Seymour if a quorum was present and received an affirmative answer. President Kaiser led the members in the Pledge of Allegiance. The President noted that anyone was permitted to speak but only members were allowed to vote.

Office Appointments and State of the Association: President Sam Kaiser announced the following appointments: PIO Bill Upton, Chaplain Ed Shuster, Legal Officer Ken Womack, Historian Wayne Buser, Recruiting Floyd Burks, Reunion Coordinator Wayne Buser and Scholarship Tom Caraballo.

President Kaiser reported the AOCA continues to maintain itself in good standing. Our membership is now in a steady downward curve and we presently have 503 active members (last year we had 535). This drop in membership is going to be the norm from here on as our population ages.

Our finances are still strong with no debt.

I compliment the reunion coordinator for his great work in planning this event; Wayne and Roberta Buser along with planning assistance from the Armed Forces Reunion Company.

Reportedly the Logbook continues to be one of the best publications of its type. We continue to receive great articles and input from the members. I appreciate the support from the entire membership.

Minutes: Since the minutes have been posted and published, if there is no objection to not reading of the minutes, we will refrain from having the minutes read. Are there any additions, corrections? Motion to approve, seconded and passed.

Treasurer’s Report: Passed out to the membership and there were no corrections. Motion to accept the Treasurer’s Report was seconded discussed and passed.

PT Smith Awards: Bill Upton, PIO, announced the winners and said that a full list will appear in the November Logbook.

Historian Report: All our records are stored electronically and requests still come in for information on family service in Vietnam.

Scholarship Awards: Tom Caraballo reported we had only three applicants and were able to award two AOCA and one QuadA scholarships. It was explained that to create more applicants for scholarships the amount would be increased to $2000 and we would revert to awarding three per year.

Nominating & Elections Committee: Presents the slate of officers for the coming year:

President: Dick Drisko  1st Vice President Bill Upton
2nd Vice President Mel McLemore  Secretary Ed Shuster
Treasurer Dennis Toaspern  Parliamentarian Donald Seymour

As there were no nominations from the floor, motion to accept officers, seconded, passed and they were duly installed.

Future Reunions: Next year 2019, Louisville; Panama City (Ft Rucker) in 2009 and for 2021 thinking about Ft Benning, Orlando, Ft Bragg, and Huntsville, AL.

Raffle: The raffle was a great success thanks to everyone who participated.

Adjourn: Motion to adjourn was made, seconded and passed.

Respectfully submitted,
Bruce D. Silvey for Ed Shuster, Secretary
Meeting was called to order by President Sam Kaiser.

Elected members of the Board and present: Sam Kaiser (President), Dick Drisko (1st Vice President), Bill Upton (2nd Vice President), Denny Toaspehn (Treasurer), Don Seymour (Parliamentarian)

Appointed members present: Bill Upton (PIO), Wayne Buser (Reunion Coordinator), Tom Caraballo (Scholarship)

Members absent and excused: Ed Shuster (Chaplain, Secretary); Ken Womack (Legal) Floyd Burks (Recruiting Officer),

Motion made and seconded that we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the directors and the general meetings at Savannah, GA as they are published and posted and that they be approved. The motion passed.

President Sam Kaiser appointed the following positions for the coming year: PIO Bill Upton, Chaplain Ed Shuster, Legal Officer Ken Womack, Historian Wayne Buser, Recruiting Floyd Burks, Reunion Coordinator Wayne Buser and Scholarship Tom Carabello.

Motion made and seconded that hotel expenses be approved for the Special Ladies attending for no more than four nights for each lady requesting assistance. Motion passed.

The EVP Bruce Silvey requested to be reimbursed for travel expenses, for printing and shipping Logbook, getting plaques made and delivered. Motion made to reimburse $500 was seconded and passed.


Treasurer’s Report. The treasurer’s report presented by Denny Toaspehn. We are a nonprofit organization, Bruce Silvey files a tax form each year to fulfill our status with the IRS. The AOCA is in good standing financially and the report is attached to the minutes. Motion to approve, discussed and passed.

Nominating Committee Report: Bill Upton presented the following officers: President Dick Drisko, 1st Vice President Bill Upton, 2nd Vice President Mel McLemore, Secretary Ed Shuster, Treasurer Denny Toaspehn, and Parliamentarian Don Seymour. As there were no nominations from the floor a motion was made to approve the slate of officers, seconded and passed.

Logbook Report: Our PIO Bill Upton, still receiving excellent stories; keep the stories coming and he will edit and publish.

Historian Report: Wayne Buser reported that he still gets requests about the family members service in Vietnam.

Legal Report: We are aware of no legal issues for the Association and that we are in good shape.

Scholarship Report: Tom Caraballo reported we had only 3 qualified applicants and 2 AOCA one QuadA scholarships were awarded. Motion made and approved to increase scholarship amount to $2000 and allow 3 scholarships for the coming year.

Reunions: Wayne Buser has Louisville as our 2019 location, moved our 2020 location to Ft Rucker (Panama City, FL) area and Ft Benning (Columbus, GA), Orlando FL, Ft Bragg NC, and Huntsville AL were suggested for 2021.

Ft Rucker Museum Update: Earl Burley has reported that major changes are coming to the museum and that the Caribou has been painted. It was discussed as a future reunion location.

Motion to adjourn was made, seconded and passed.

Respectfully submitted,
Bruce D Silvey for Ed Shuster, Secretary
AOCA’S MEL McLEMORE HONORED

AOCA Second Vice President, Mel McLemore was recently honored at the Alabama Veterans Museum and Archives in Athens, AL. McLemore was recognized at an award ceremony in July of this year. The plaque shown was presented by the Vietnam Veterans of America, Chapter 511 naming McLemore as Veteran of the Year for 2018 during which he supported their local area scholarship program as well adding professional displays in cabinets and cases for the museum and raising funds for building expansion.

Vietnam Veterans of America, Chapter 511’s goals are to promote and support the full range of issues important to Vietnam veterans, to create a new identity for this generation of veterans, and to change public perception of Vietnam veterans. VVA strives to achieve the following: Aggressively advocate on issues important to veterans, seek full access to quality health care for veterans, identify the full range of disabling injuries and illnesses incurred during military service, hold government agencies accountable for following laws mandating veterans health care, create a positive public perception of Vietnam veterans, seek the fullest possible accounting of America’s POWs and MIAs, support the next generation of America’s war veterans and to serve our communities.

The Alabama Veterans Museum and Archives located in Athens Alabama is proud to be a part of our military history. Their facility includes a large exhibit center, guided tours provided by local veterans, a gift shop, meeting facilities, monthly coffee call and much more. The museum collection contains an impressive display of artifacts from the Revolutionary War until present day. Visitors can walk among the actual uniforms, medals, photos and weapons; hear stories and experiences about the nation’s wars from men and women who were actually there. With over 10,000 visitors last year, the Alabama Veterans Museum & Archives has become a vital part of Athens Alabama, not only does it draw the local public to the museum to educate and teach of the sacrifices it takes to keep our country free, they welcome visitors from all over the United States and other countries.

Dear Sirs:
I recently found information about an old friend of mine, Joe Hudson, on your site:
http://www.dhc4and5.org/USA_134th_1.htm

Any information you can give me about how I can contact him would be appreciated.

David Booth

I’m Looking For . . .

Dear Mr. Booth:
Here’s what I have.

Last known address :
3140 Hillandale Dr.
Roanoke, VA 24018-2615
(540) 989-9556
bhudson53@cox.net

Wayne Buser

Thank you so much for this information. Joe and I spent many long hours in the very early 1970’s (at Fort Huachuca) talking about our “adventures,” with our “brother” Jack Daniels frequently joining us.

In your short article about him, though, you state that, “they were low-lexing bamboo for special forces,” but I remember Joe telling me how a 55-gallon fuel barrel “failed” to make it out, got hung up in the netting, thus flipping his Caribou over. Both of his calves were burnt very badly, I honestly couldn’t believe he could still walk!

I lost contact with Joe, as always seems to happen, but am now glad I can (hopefully) reconnect with him, and he’s just a few hours away from me as I live in Sevierville, Tennessee — and Roanoke is just 25 minutes from my families homestead in Franklin County, Virginia. I’ll keep you posted as to what happens, and thanks again for your assist.

Mr. David Booth
1st Battalion - 32nd Infantry Regiment - 2nd Division
When soldiers gather to remember days gone by, most often refer to their group as a “Band of Brothers” which has come to mean any group of fighting men (and now women) who shared their love of country and freedom and were willing to put their lives on the line when necessary to defend those ideals.

Many of us know from where the term is derived but some don’t. This is for those who are interested in finding out. William Shakespeare in his play, Henry V, in Act IV Scene iii 18–67 chronicled The St. Crispin’s Day speech delivered on 25 October 1415 by King Henry V of England to rouse his soldiers on the morning of the Battle of Agincourt. In the speech, which fell on Saint Crispin's Day, Henry V urged his men — who were vastly outnumbered by the French — to recall how the English had previously inflicted great defeats upon the French.

At the beginning of the speech, Ralph Neville, an English nobleman of the House of Neville and 1st Earl of Westmorland, (c. 1364 – 21 October 1425), complained to King Henry that the English forces were vastly outnumbered. Below is the speech as Shakespeare presented it.

WESTMORLAND

O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

KING HENRY

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin, Westmorland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more methinks would share from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red.

This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Essay by Bill Upton
CAMP FOLLOWER

Robert Flanagan

As a retired military, a veteran, I am gratified at the recently increased level of awareness and consideration for the men and women of our armed forces — active, reserve, Guard and veterans. It is even more satisfying to see that those service members’ most constant supporters, are also getting recognized for their critical contributions. This is an integral aspect of military life not always recognized. I refer to military spouses, male or female. Basically military wives!

Some 150 years ago (Civil War era) wives who attempted to have any level of normalized life with their military husbands, and remain with them wherever deployed, were called “camp followers,” usually in a pejorative sense. Often misconstrued as trollops, “ladies of the evening” and worse, camp follower was a literal descriptor. For it was only by doggedly trudging along, following in the wake of her serving husband, at the couple’s own expense and arrangements, sleeping rough — a tent, a makeshift shack or on bare ground — scavenging for food, washing his filthy uniforms and likely — to supplement his truly meager pay — the clothing of his comrades, could they manage to keep a marriage intact.

It was a hard life for soldiers, harder still for their wives who did not have the support of any organization behind them, as did the army with its logistics tail (War Department). All she could do was work her fingers to the bone, cooking and cleaning for him out of love and dedication, maintaining marriage vows in the face of miserable circumstances. Try to imagine how difficult it would have been when there were children, as was often the case. These wives provided necessary domestic services and boosted morale, not just for their spouses, but for those around them who could identify with the struggle to overcome hardship and their utter dependence upon love and fidelity while trapped in impossible roles.

I’m not late in coming to this understanding, or having this conviction. I saw it for many years over my own career, gratefully and proudly watching my wife raise 4 children, often without my help for years at a time. In our lives — over 19 of which I spent on active military service while married — we had 5 years of separation. All the burdens of child rearing, home-making, teaching, cooking, sewing, cleaning, bill-paying and keeping the home fires lighted, fell on her delicate shoulders. And they were equal to the task.

Lacking a few days, 60 years ago — still in the Marines at that time, and 10 months into our marriage — the campfollower syndrome in our own union kicked in when I was alerted in the night, loaded onto an aircraft carrier and deployed to Lebanon and the Caribbean with no preparation or farewells. Leaving my relatively new bride. decidedly pregnant (7 mos.), alone in a new assignment town in N.C. where she knew no one, I was gone on deployment for more than a month, returning barely in time for the birth of our first child. But the die was set.

Following that close call, we had 15 months together while I finished my hitch in the Marines, became a civilian, enlisted in the Army, and went away to California, then Massachusetts, where she joined me after 3 months. Another 5 months together; then I moved her and our 2-year-old son home to Mississippi while I deployed, without dependents, to Ethiopia. She was again with child when I departed, and this separation — initially to be for 18 months. — thanks to the Russians and the Berlin Crisis, extended to 24 months. My new daughter was 15 months old when I came home to be a dad again.

She managed on her own all those pre- and post-natal anxieties and problems. She and children were in our hometown of Jackson, but family and friends’ help was minimal. She lived in a tiny, 2-room apartment with no washer or dryer (think diapers and training pants for a baby and 2-yr-old), no car, and with less-than-lucrative pay levels of an Army enlisted man, no money.

When I returned, we had 2 years together while I attended college in Milwaukee at the Army’s behest. But at the end of that period, and shortly after the birth of our 3rd child, it was solo orders again for me, this time to Viet Nam, where the angst derived not just from absence and lack of assistance, but a constant worrying fear for my well-being. Back again in Jackson, in only slightly better circumstances than my Ethiopian foray, she managed that with a burgeoning sense of who and what she was, developing strength over those trying times.

After ‘Nam, we had a longer stretch of companionship: Still not married 10 years, with 3 children, I was sent to Monterey, Calif., for a year in language school and the birth of our 4th child. Following graduation (and a few weeks separation while I drove east to arrange transport overseas), we spent a couple of months in Virginia, then took ship to Germany. We looked forward to a full 3-year tour there where I was assigned in the north to Rothwester Field Station, but in a series of unexpected events, I was nominated as NCOIC of a winter deployment in the far north on the East German border. I was gone for another month, Herself and kids left in government quarters in the town of Kassel, not even on a base. The local Hessians were not friendly; but she kept those 4 kids at their best, alone and with little support over that winter.

After my return, and commissioning as a warrant officer, I faced a command change and we transferred to Bavaria. That was easy to take, and we loved it for
the 14 months there. But the ugly head of that interminable war reared itself again, and my tour in Germany was curtailed as I returned to Viet Nam for a 2nd tour. Back to Miss. for the 5 of them, this time to the Gulf Coast where I left them in a new home near the beach. By this time, the children were 10, 7, 5 and 3, a spread of ages and development that put a broad range of demands on Mom in a new, unfamiliar environment, no family nearby, and Dad back in a war zone. And Hurricane Camille.

Following Viet-2, we enjoyed the best years of our lives: all 6 together for 3 years in Rome, Italy, then a year in Rabat, Morocco; and coming into the zone for retirement consideration, returned to Virginia to “wind down” the career. But even that was not allowed to happen without disruption: I was named Test Operations Director for a new electronics surveillance system, and spent weeks on the road, back and forth to Nashua, NH, where the system was built; and then was sent with the test system to San Antonio, TX, for 8 months in 1975, finishing test and returning home on 23 Dec., just in time to get my paperwork in for retirement a month later.

Lots of separations; lots of lonely, unassisted times for both. My camp follower’s efforts and sacrifices are not unique among military wives, but perhaps heavier than most. And she is most proud of never receiving a phone call from a school counselor or principal; not a single instance of drug or alcohol abuse nor a criminal act of any kind; and if a couple of them smoked and hid that fact, it was a common feature of the times... and they bought their own.
I have spent some time selecting the entries from “Great Aviation Quotes” which were the most poignant to me. I suspect that you fly-boys will appreciate many of these. 

Dave Hume

FLIGHT

My airplane is quiet, and for a moment still an alien, still a stranger to the ground. I am home. - Richard Bach, *Stranger to the Ground*, 1963

Never stop being a kid. Never stop feeling and seeing and being excited with great things like air and engines and sounds of sunlight within you. Wear your little mask if you must to protect you from the world but if you let that kid disappear you are grown up and you are dead. - Richard Bach, *Nothing by Chance*, 1963

I’ll run my hand gently over the wing of a small airplane and say to him, “This plane can teach you more things and give you more gifts than I ever could. It won’t get you a better job, a faster car, or a bigger house. But if you treat it with respect and keep your eyes open, it may remind you of some things you used to know – that life is in the moment, joy matters more than money, the world is a beautiful place, and that dreams really, truly are possible.” And then, because airplanes speak in a language beyond words, I’ll take him up in the evening summer sky and let the airplane show him what I mean. - Lane Wallace, *Eyes of a Child*, Flying magazine, February 2000.

This was the crystalline moment Dan loved so well, the moment of transition between ground and air, when the laws of aerodynamics took over the job of physical support of the jet. He’d become a pilot for this very moment; the feel of mighty engines and the roar of the slipstream, all converging on the reality of sustained flight on an invisible highway of air. Flying was a thrill in even a single-engine airplane, but to levitate a leviathan – a metallic eggshell longer than a football field and heavier than a house – was a magic he could never quite comprehend. Every liftoff was a philosophical wonder that left a broad smile on his face. - John J. Nance, *Blackout*, 2000

Ah hell. We had more fun in a week than those weenies had in a lifetime. - Pancho Barnes, *The Life and Times of Pancho Barnes*, by Lauren Kesler

The Wright brothers flew through the smoke screen of impossibility. - Dorothea Brande

Pilots take no special joy in walking. Pilots like flying. - Neil Armstrong

Before I went to the Mess I made the excuse I wanted to get something out of my aeroplane, and climbed into the cockpit; I did this, however, to be able to say good-bye to the old dear; and I really felt dreadfully sorry to part with her. I get very attached to aeroplanes, and I am one of those people who think that they aren’t so inanimate as we are told they are. - Charles Rumney Samson, *A Flight from Cairo to Cape Town and Back*, 1931

Racing planes didn't necessarily require courage, but it did demand a certain amount of foolhardiness and a total disregard of one’s skin. . . . I would be flying now, but there’s precious little demand for an elderly lady air racer. - Mary Haizlip, pioneer air racer

Flying is like sex - I’ve never had all I wanted but occasionally I’ve had all I could stand. - Stephen Coonts, *The Cannibal Queen*

Pilots track their lives by the number of hours in the air, as if any other kind of time isn’t worth noting. - Michael Parfit, *The Corn was Two Feet Below the Wheels*, Smithsonian Magazine, May 2000

I’ve got the greatest job in the world. Northwest sends me to New York ten times a month to have dinner. I’ve just got to take 187 people with me whenever I go. - Colin Soucy, Northwest Airlines pilot.

“How do you like your coffee, Captain - cream & sugar?” We are at 30 west, the half-way point between the European & North American continents, & the stewardess in charge of the forward galley is looking after her aircrew during a pause in serving the passengers’ meals. Mach 2. On autopilot, eleven miles high, moving at 23 miles a minute. Nearly twice as high as Mount Everest, faster than a rifle bullet leaving its barrel. The side windows are hot to the touch, from friction of the passing air. Despite the speed we can talk without raising our voices. “Milk, please, & no sugar.” - Brian Calvert, the opening paragraphs of *Flying Concorde*, 1982

Pilots take no special joy in walking. Pilots like flying. - Neil Armstrong

The crew fly on with no thought that they are in motion. Like night over the sea, they are very far from the earth, from towns, from trees. The clock ticks on. The dials, the radio lamps, the various hands and needles go though their invisible alchemy. . . . and when the hour is at hand the pilot may glue his forehead to the window with perfect assurance. Out of oblivion the gold has been smelted: there it gleams in the lights of the airport. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand, and Stars*, 1939
The saga begins while I was assigned as the public affairs officer for the Atlanta Army recruiting district. Through a series of coincidences and downright bold assertiveness, I found myself deeply into planning and executing air shows for the USAF and Navy.

Among my contributions to these huge events was the staging of a mass parachute drop. The catalyst for this undertaking was the Joint Airborne Air Transport Training (JA-ATT) committee composed of elite operations officers and NCOs from all services which met monthly in major US cities. The conferees matched Active, Reserve and National Guard military transport resources with requirements for jump platforms for airborne training and major field exercises. The dedication of this select group was solemnly summed up in their motto, “All work and no play is not our way.”

On this particular occasion, officials from Robins AFB in Warner Robins, GA had requested that I duplicate my mass drop scenario for their upcoming show. A prerequisite for the event was surveying and certifying their airfield as a drop zone, which I had previously done through Air Force contacts for both Robins and Atlanta’s Dobbins AFB. Since this current show would entail scheduling an estimated six C-130 aircraft, reserving 120 jumpers from an as yet unnamed airborne source, plus requisitioning the necessary T-10 or Dash-1 parachutes, I responded that it could be done if I were able to attend the upcoming JA-ATT soiree in Seattle, but that Robins AFB would need to fund my airfare. They readily agreed.

This should have been an uneventful undertaking. However, my innocently devious (is that an oxymoron?) mind began winding its gears as it occurred to me that I had a brother in Anchorage whom I had not seen for some time and that my career was nearing the age limit for recruitment. Since my job was in the recruiting field, I was able to nudge the process that brought her to raising her right hand.

After a few weeks, she again called and wailed that she had been in the Army for six months and didn’t have a job, and could I help. Turns out she had flunked out of AIT (hard to do when you have two degrees). But again I came to her rescue. Told her I knew a general in Ft. Hood and might be able to get her assigned there. “Oh, I’ll do anything,” she cried, to which I shot back, “You may have to!!” (She would later complain that while on a field exercise when her fellow soldiers were sleeping on the ground in the Texas heat, she was lounging in the general’s air conditioned trailer, and can you imagine, he had the audacity to knock on her door!!)

Time for payback. I called Carla and asked if she might have an extra ID card. She said matter-of-fact, yes, she had lost hers and had another made. But later she asked if she might have an extra ID card. She said matter-of-fact, yes, she had lost hers and had another made. But later she found the original so I said, “Send it to me.” She screamed, “What? You’ll ruin my career!!” and I immediately responded, “What career?”

So that took care of the ID card. Now for the Class A uniform. There were a handful of female recruiters working in my command that were approximately my size so I thought this should be easy. However, none had a complete uniform I could borrow, so I got one together piecemeal, a skirt from one, blouse from another, shirt from still another. One of the larger girls loaned me her tie. Also needed a pair of plain black pumps; the only ones I had were gold trimmed so I rectified that with a can of black spray paint. To fill in another detail, I had a name tag made showing my new alias, and a couple of ribbons pinned to complete the look.

Now for the easy one, the leave request. I went back to the forms room and retrieved one of those.

But the plot (I likened it to the Brinks bank robbery of that time) was still not complete. When (and if) I returned from Anchorage, I would land at McChord AFB, a long hike to SETAC to catch my commercial flight, so I needed to fill that gap. My thinking cap on once again, a first sergeant had just reported in to our headquarters from Tacoma. I asked him if he had any buddies he’d like me to look up while in Seattle. He readily gave me the name of a recruiter named “Randy.” While at the conference, I invited Randy to our “no-host” cocktail hour(s?) (remember our motto) and introduced him to his fellow service members. Tuck this one away for now.

Before leaving Atlanta, I had called the Georgia National Guard C-130 unit in Savannah to thank them for flying a mission for me. During the course of the conversation, turns out they were planning a trip to Anchorage for the same time that I would be there. I asked if my oldest son, then a student at UGA in Athens, could ride with them as he was currently a member of a National Guard LRSU unit. The Ops Scheduling NCO, said alas, they were picking up an engineer unit and would have a full plane. Then he paused and said, “Have your son call me.”

Amazingly, they stopped at Dobbins AFB within five miles of my home and
picked him up. He arrived in Anchorage the day after me and after spending the week with his six teenage to 20’s cousins, left within hours of my departure. This coincidence had to be divine intervention!!

Before leaving Atlanta, I had determined there would be an Alaska National Guard C-130 at McChord scheduled for return to Anchorage at the close of the conference which had brought some JA-ATT attendees. I panicked when I learned they had engine problems while on the ground, but luckily were repaired at the last minute and we were able to take off on schedule. The crew members, who knew me and what I was up to, smugly

me through the front entrance of the plane so I could avoid scrutiny alongside the legitimate passengers. An old retiree who was seated next to me said, “How long yew bin in the Armeee?”, and I thought to myself, “about an hour.”

After a three and a half hour flight, we landed on Alaskan soil. A bus took us from across the runway to the terminal, and an Air Force major kindly gave me his seat, causing me to stifle a grin. Two of my nephews greeted me at the terminal and we set off to join my brother for a long anticipated reunion. Next day we went back to the terminal to schedule me on a return flight for the next week. Turns out there were two C-141 flights leaving that day and I was able to get a seat on the second one, this after spending a few anxious moments in line hoping my assumed identity would pass. No sweat, my ruse was working.

The weeklong visit behind me, I boarded the C-141 bound for McChord. It was an uneventful flight on the windowless bird, except for a young, too-friendly AF captain who wanted my phone number, so I instantly made one up. But prior to my departure, I tied up another loose end. Remember Randy, the recruiter from Seattle that I had introduced at the conference? I called him to give him my ETA. He was there waiting for me at the McChord terminal, having gotten so excited that he left his hat in the car. I immediately found the nearest ladies room and transformed myself from phony PFC to legitimate civilian.

So it was that Randy drove me to SETAC to catch my airline flight. Since there was a gap of several hours, we filled the time by stopping at a bar and downing several bottles of Corona, my first taste of this delicious beer.
OTTER TALES

BLOOD BROTHERS

Jack Serig Sr.
From the July 1993 Logbook

One dark, cloudy night, the Otter unit CO summoned my crew to his native-style quarters in our 18th Aviation Company’s hooch village, located at the northeast section of the Nha Trang Air Base. It was 1962.

An emergency request had been received to take a packet of human blood to Dalat. An ARVN soldier, stationed at Dalat had been severely wounded. The blood delivery could make the difference in saving the injured soldier’s life. The South Vietnamese Air Force unit stationed at the base was unable to take the mission. Our unit CO agreed to fill in.

There were two airfields at Dalat. A respectable, long concrete field with an operations building/terminal and tower located at the base of a mountain which held the town, Dalat in its upper region. A much shorter grass strip was on a sloping, small plateau within the town of Dalat on top of the mountain. Neither had night lighting and we were unable to determine from the emergency request at which field we were to deliver the blood.

My crew's selection for this mission came about for several reasons. We were available and I had personally experienced one daytime landing at each field. With the CO we jointly determined that we could deliver the blood, barring adverse weather conditions.

In planning the mission several important items were discussed: How to keep the blood cool; the overcast weather, flight planning, instrument qualifications, airfield familiarization; notam check and to whom the blood should be delivered.

We estimated an engine-start time to coordinate the blood’s delivery and purloined a container of ice from the mess hall to keep it cool during the flight. Preliminary weather reports indicated overcast conditions en route. We should be able to fly on top after penetrating the cloud bank by climbing to altitude over the South China Sea. Back to the Nha Trang ADF beacon, then flying a prescribed direct route to Dalat with sufficient altitude to clear the mountainous terrain. There were no NOTAM's for Dalat. We would land at the main, concreted runway at the base of the Dalat mountain. If no one was there to meet us we would do our best to fly to the mountaintop strip near Dalat city.

The lifesaving blood was delivered to us and we took off from Nha Trang, proceeding as planned. We initiated our approach from the Dalat ADF, announcing our intentions on the prescribed radio frequencies and broke out of the soup just east of the airport, above minimums. There was one visible light, a small electric bulb, which gave a ghostly appearance to the towers interior as we passed on a high recon and one small outside security light to the rear of the operations/passenger terminal. The runway was not lighted. The field was in a narrow valley and there were no landmarks other than the close mountain ranges to either side of our direction of travel. We prepared for landing after circling the field on the high recon and lined up on final about a half-mile out, landing to the west. Upon touching down my peripheral vision was picking up blurry objects both left and right. As the aircraft slowed down we realized how fortunate we were to have stayed over the centerline. A few short yards to our right and left were large piles of construction rock and sand at close intervals along our path of travel. The runway was being readied for repairs. We had specifically checked NOTAMS for Dalat prior to our departure from Nha Trang. There were none. We had been lucky – so far.

We slowed on the main runway pulling off onto the available parking apron before reaching the dimly lighted operations area. I advised the other pilot to keep the engine running and to be ready for a quick get-away as we had seen a person in black pajamas, conical hat and slung weapon come out of the shadows from the area behind the operations building. “Was it a good guy or bad guy?” I wondered. I dismounted and approached him, simultaneously unloosening the strap to my .45 caliber pistol and checking my jungle knife, building my courage. The pajama clad figure watched me approach his rifle still slung. I took him for a good guy. As I got closer I could see his smile. He turned out to be the airport’s sole night security. I pantomimed “telephone”, smiling back. He pointed to a phone booth. The Vietnamese female operator put me through to the home of the Senior MAAG advisor in Dalat city, atop the mountain, an army lieutenant colonel whom I had flown to Dalat with his family earlier in the year on my only other flight into Dalat. He had remained at his home anticipating a call. His reception party was at the dirt strip, on the plateaued mountaintop waiting for us. I advised that we may not be able to get into that strip as the cloud cover was below the mountain tops. “Could he send a party down to the main airfield?”

“No!”, he replied, “The Vietcong controlled the roads at night and ambushes had been experienced before.” It was too dangerous to send a land party. I responded that we would take off, climb
on top of the cloud cover and try to find a hole through the cloud bank and search for the strip. He provided me with several radio frequencies from his jeep radio so we could communicate. I advised him how to position the several jeeps he had along the airstrip so we would have a source of lighting if we were successful in breaking through the cloud cover. The colonel concurred.

Thanking the night security man with a few bows, I re-entered the Otter hoping our luck would hold and reviewed in my mind just how fortunate we had been so far, flying instruments at night with no radar tracking nor any knowledge of other aircraft in our vicinity; landing exactly where we needed to land to miss unbeknownst piles of construction materials; and encountering a pajama-clad person who could have been on the wrong side.

We were soon in the clouds again, climbing in orientation with the direction of the valley to avoid collision with the known, close by, mountains. We broke out on top, finally, heading in the direction of Dalat city. We concentrated on searching for a break in the clouds and spotted a lighted reflection coming from the city below. Checking horizon left to right we were again over the extensive cloud bank. Suddenly and unexpectedly a small hole appeared exposing the city lights. We cut power and lowered the nose steeply, making it through the small tunnel of hope, leveling off several hundred feet above the city. We radioed the MAAG chief that we were over the town headed east toward the airstrip and would flash our landing lights. He “Rogered!”, had his jeeps flash their lights and we responded, “Field in sight!” The lighting provided by the jeeps was perfect. There were also smudge pots along both sides of the runway, and unexpected assist which helped us in setting up our low approach. We completed our checklist and landed.

Upon deplaning we turned the blood over to a South Viet Army surgeon. He bowed and we bowed in return to his gesture of appreciation. There were nearly a hundred Vietnamese smiling and waving plus the colonel and his small MAAG contingent. Their reception was heartwarming and happy. There was clapping and excitement. We were made to feel like brothers-in-arms – "BLOOD BROTHERS." The colonel expressed his personal appreciation. We never told him about our near flirtation with disaster with the stone and sand piles on the main field below the mountain.

We returned to Nha Trang without incident, late at night, letting down over the South China Sea until breaking out of the cloud cover – MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

The next morning we again checked NOTAMS for Dalat to determine whether or not the runway construction was being reported. It wasn’t. Same as the night before. We made up our own NOTAM for Dalat, indicating the field was closed and sent it from the 18th Otter operations shack to the responsible Saigon agency. Later that day we received a NOTAM from Saigon advising that the Dalat Field would be closed UFN as repairs were ongoing. No kidding!

### REUNION PHOTOS

Tom Carabello and Bruce Silvey - Golden Knights, Indeed!

Charlie Nix and Bill Upton - “Olden Knights”
GET HOME-ITIS
Kent Hulse

We have all done things and we later often wonder why we did what we did. These are facts (some of which have been lost to memory) about one such event. Yet, perhaps enough is retained to make them interesting. Kent

In Vietnam, the 17th Avn. Co. was located at Camp Holloway near Pleiku. At some point, I had been assigned as defense counsel for a young trooper serving with the 1st CAV at An Khe. I recall little about this assignment. The young man’s name, his offense or anything else concerning the case is totally forgotten. A court martial hearing was never convened. I know that for fact but, I do not know the final disposition of the case.

However, on a bright sunny morning, I jumped on board a Caribou bound for An Khe to meet with the young soldier. I was able to get a driver and jeep from the small contingent of 17th Avn. personnel assigned the An Khe airfield and proceeded to the golf course area. After meeting with the defendant we returned to An Khe airfield. During our return we encountered a large truck convoy headed to Pleiku on Route 19.

Upon inquiring at operations about a flight returning to Pleiku, I was informed there was nothing going that direction for the day. All operations were now being conducted east toward the coast. I told them about the convoy headed west and said if I could get a rifle, ammo, steel pot and flack vest, I would hitch-hike. The requested equipment was quickly assembled and I was driven to the point where the convoy intercepted Route 19.

It didn’t take but a few miles to realize that, by the roll of the dice, I had boarded one sick jeep. Before long all convoy vehicles had gone around us and we were left alone with no means of communication. We had by-passed several blown bridges and started to by-pass another when the jeep completely conked out. It was certainly lonely and knowing of the ambushes in the past certainly did not help ease our comfort zone. I felt as if hundreds of eyes were watching.

Lucky us, we heard a vehicle approaching. It was wrecker. I am not sure what size wreckers come in, but I would guess it was a two and a half ton. We got hitched up and were on our way in fast order.

We all four realized quickly we were experiencing yet another bad roll of the dice. The sucker driving the wrecker did not like being alone on this highway of death any better than we did and he put the pedal through the metal not simply to the metal. The speed was fine but not when you are riding in a towed jeep. Fortunately the speed demon had to slow to by-pass the next blown bridge and the four of us were screaming to the top of our lungs for him to stop. He stopped and asked what was the problem. We informed him we wanted off the jeep before he killed us and we would ride on the back of the wrecker where we felt survival odds would be a little better. We were off again as Mario hurled along Route 19 at break neck speed. He never caught up with the convoy.

During that ride to hell, I kept hearing rifle cracks, but after a while realized the crack was not from gunfire, rather the small metal tip attached to the end of the braided belt on my helmet had been catching the wind and pinging against it. Each time I had heard the crack, I crawled a little deeper into the recesses of the wrecker.

But, as they say, “all’s well that ends well,” In spite of my “get home-it is” I made it back home to Camp Holloway. My only reward for the day was to get a closer view of the Central Highlands and the infamous route where the French were decimated.

“Get home-itis” is a common cause of many aviation accidents. Fortunately the “get home-itis” in this case caused only a little anxiety.
LOW ALTITUDE AIR DROPS? WHAT AN IDEA!
By Sgt. Sinthia Rosario August 27, 2013

BAGRAM, Afghanistan - Transporting cargo rapidly, safely and precisely is the main goal for the riggers and their partners that take part in the daily aerial supply delivery operations.

The importance of this sort of operation is in its name, low cost low altitudes. The reason it's called this is because the parachutes are one time disposable parachutes.

"Whenever you drop them to the troops in the field they don't have to recover anything, they don't have to back load anything, they can just pick up their equipment and move on," said John Early, a pilot at Bagram Air Field in Afghanistan.

The airdrops occur at approximately 150 feet above ground for it to be considered low altitude. Normally the Air Force drops anywhere between 500 feet and 15,000 feet depending on the cargo and where it is being dropped.

"One of the reasons that this is a good system is because it's not all that expensive, but more importantly you have a very quick reaction time," said Early.

He continued to explain that whenever the soldiers on the ground need something, usually within three hours, if the riggers have it already rigged up they can be in the air and on their way to drop the supplies to the soldiers.

"The [LCLA] mission helps sustain troops in two ways," stated Chief Warrant Officer 2 Gregory Benson, an airdrop systems technician with the 647th Quartermaster Detachment in support of Task Force Lifeliner. "First, it puts much needed supplies on target. It allows units to receive these supplies without setting up a large drop zone. These loads can be delivered inside the FOB [forward operating base] from 150' moving at 100mph. Secondly, it keeps supply convoys off the road; the less trucks on the road, the less IED [improvised explosive device] attacks, and the more soldiers go home intact."

The Caribou aircraft, which is a contracted aerial asset that provides the (LCLA) drops, have the capabilities to drop supplies in extremely small areas. It can deliver a fairly high capacity of supplies compared to other aerial assets used in Afghanistan. The aircraft can also travel into isolated areas where larger aircraft cannot maneuver. This form of aerial supply drop reduces the threat toward the customer. It can be dropped into and recovered from a secure compound. Another advantage to this aircraft is you can distribute supplies to multiple locations.

"We can drop to more than one location on the same flight, so we can go to one place and drop two or three bundles, go to another place drop two or three more bundles and then come home," stated Early. "In that respect, it's very, very good for the local commander because he can get what he needs quickly and efficiently, with a minimum risk to his people."

Although the Caribou team provides services all year round, the summer months with high temperatures can cause challenges. The Caribou pilot maintains constant awareness of the flight altitude, high temperatures and fuel consumption. Both the riggers and the pilots ensure all precautions are taken when loading the supply bundles on the aircraft.

"We supply the warfighter with their supplies, we keep convoys from rolling into hostile areas, we save the army money on replacing vehicles, and mothers and fathers get to complete their tours and return to their families," readily explained Benson. "I'd do it all day, every day.

SOME AOCA RESPONSES...  

It's strange how many of us knew this worked so well and some guy named McNamara just couldn't get it. (A note - the Caribou being used in this case is in fact the Turbo version that was flight tested, leading to acceptance, by another of us - the late Jim Hart).

Bruce Silvey

The photo was taken on a mission I flew. We carried this army PAO team with us for the story. I put the young female trooper that was doing the story in the jump seat and all we saw were large eyeballs and a couple of OMGs during the drop.

Jim Hart was a hell of a guy and great Caribou pilot. After he died, I did all the subsequent test flights for all the rest of the birds we built and trained the crews.

Nothing can do what this aircraft can do. It is just a big twin otter with four times the capacity.

This particular aircraft, #238, flew over 3000 hrs in Bagram in three years and never missed a mission due to maintenance issues. We only canceled missions due weather or security issues and canceled damn few missions for those reasons.

The next one coming out of the hanger will be #302 and should be ready late this year. I am looking forward to the flight tests, because I think she will be the pick of the litter.

FYI. Our shortest reaction time was to a TIC situation where SF team needed fuel, water and ammo ASAP. They were 30 minutes flying time from Bagram in some mountain pass. Time from phone call to when I called, “go, go, go” to the loadmaster riders...
for the drop was 1 hr 32 minutes. The air force would have needed 72 hrs at the quickest. John Early

We experienced similar calls and reactions in Pleiku with the 17th in 1965 - as I'm sure other companies in RVN did at that time. The USAF did their bit also - I think I am saying that in combat situations you never have enough of what you need. Bruce Silvey

A good friend flew one of those turbo Caribou for about year in Afghanistan. He only took one or two hits from ground fire. He has some neat videos of some missions. He delivered one to Indonesia last year and trained the pilots there. It took them about three months to let an unqualified pilot fly it and crash it! Moe Elmore

Ha ha hah! Bruce, do I need to rewrite my “Dropping a Cow on two T-Ten Chutes” article? Dave Hume

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CARIBOU 24171

I found this picture in an article in the Ann Arbor news concerning a tour of the Yankee Air Museum at Willow Run Airport in Ypslanti, MI. Note the "61" logo on tail. The tour was for WWII vets to see where B-24's were built. This Caribou was mis-identified as a flyable B-24 in the newspaper article. Thought some of the guys might be interested. Jack Rowland

I believe this is the Caribou that was to be returned to the deHavilland factory/museum at Downsville, from Ypslanti if the money was there and it could be made flyable with the available funds. It was supposedly chocked full of spare parts and assemblies. A small group of people (with unknown capabilities) looked at it and felt that it would be too expensive to make it flyable, even for a one-time flight. The deHavilland Museum was in a bit of turmoil at the time also, and, while there was great enthusiasm for the idea, the bucks weren't there. While visiting the Museum, during this time frame, I offered to try to put together some of the 'Bou Crew to make a serious professional evaluation of 171's condition and then perhaps assemble a crew to make it happen if it was feasible. My offer was made to the Museum director, but it never went anywhere, as the guy resigned/was encouraged to leave the next month. I don't know the current position of the Museum's leadership in relation to this project.

The New Smyrna Beach, FL Caribou (61-2389) was in much rougher shape due to its open-air, seaside storage conditions than the hanger-stored 171 bird, and the 'Bou Crew was able to get it running and get most systems on line before the decision was made to salvage it for parts, since the corrosion on the control surfaces was just too extensive. Before stripping 389, we did make several high speed taxi runs, just short of V1 and while the temptation was there, common sense prevailed. Denny Toaspern

THE LAST CARIBOU?

When was the last Caribou mission flown by Army Aviation? Paul Struxness

I don't have an answer – I sent you the transfer info – but I think the Army kept one or two after that date that were flying special missions up until those missions were completed. AOCA Historian Wayne Buser may have an idea. Bruce Silvey

The Army kept the first five prototypes. They were listed on the Air Force inventory and shown loaned back to the Army. When the Air Force got out of the Caribou business these and 16 other Caribous went back to the Army.

Besides the above, the last Caribou handed over to the Air Force was 61-2600 on July 30, 1970. It was assigned to operation ”Sure Thing” in Germany. Wayne Buser

---

Marjorie and Rich “Lt. Fuzz” Weiler
For those who were there, if you have not been to the VA to be screened, please do so. I have lost several friends due to various cancers caused by exposure to Agent Orange. **Tom Andrews**

I have had nine cancers cut out of my bladder from this stuff but the VA denies it is an issue. **Joe**

We are finding more and more illnesses and diseases caused by Agent Orange and its sister agents. It truly is a silent death for many, and it causes severe damage to DNA and genes, both destroying and changing. The outcome is terrible. **Skip Henley**

Member Skip Henley sends some additional solid advice - it's never too late to do this.

I suggest someone check with VA. If you are able to prove you set foot in Vietnam, show your DD-214 and your Vietnam Campaign Medal, you qualify for all of the Presumptive Service Connected conditions. That includes the Saigon Mail Clerk with zero time in the weeds as well as those of us who sprayed Agent Orange in the perimeter using hand held sprayers.

The presumptive conditions associated with Agent Orange Exposure are listed and easily available. If you have any of them, don’t bother going for an Agent Orange Registry Exam, FILE A CLAIM through VA. I recommend use of VFW, American Legion, Disabled American Veterans, VVA or the Military Order of the Purple Heart and others. **Skip Henley**

(The Service Officers will "Bird Dog" for you and follow up with the VBA administrative folks that award the ratings.) Be aware that the Hospital and Clinic side of VA do NOT award benefits! You must file through VBA. That you have one of the presumptive diseases will not get you benefits UNTIL you file for them! No auto start or cruise control on this process. Your Primary Care Provider cannot file for you as they belong to a different side of VA. VHA, treating side of the house is far different that VBA, the benefits side that gives out loans, approves college and grants or denies service connection and awards the percent rating for medical conditions. VHA will, of course, provide the medical condition info, treatment and what effect it is having on you for functional problems. One could write an entire book on this subject. VHA and VBA are almost like two separate agencies rather than one big team. **Skip Henley**
MEMORANDUM FOR: Chief of Operations Branch J-3

SUBJECT: Incidents of Flight 11 September 1963

1. Purpose:
To describe as I remember the incidents of a flight from Pleiku to Qui Nhon with intermediate stops at Kontum, Tam Quan, and Quang Ngai on 11 September 1963.

2. Background:
(a.) I was on a staff visit of II Corps with another MACV officer (Lt Col Morey) and two Vietnamese officers and had spent the night In Pleiku. We were scheduled for an 0800 departure (11 Sep 63) to Qui Nhon and manifested on a Caribou assigned to II Corps Senior Advisor. It's my understanding that these aircraft make frequent scheduled flights in the II Corps area for carrying passengers and cargo in support of assigned mission.

(b.) We arrived at Base Operations (Pleiku) about 0725 and wandered around trying to find out when and where we should board the aircraft. During this period of waiting, I walked into the weather office and reviewed the weather. While in the weather office I noticed an Army Lieutenant filing a clearance and obtaining weather for a flight down "South". He explained to me that he was assigned to II Corps (Senior Advisor) and was flying a Caribou. I also gathered that this was a regularly scheduled passenger-cargo flight. Of significant importance to me was the type of flight plan he had filed – VMC (VFR) departure and arrival for all destinations listed. We discussed in the presence of an Air Force forecaster the weather and all agreed it was marginal and at best IFR (Instrument Flight Rules). As I recall, the weather was 400' overcast with about one mile visibility in rain. I commented to the Army Lieutenant that it was rather unusual for people to file VMC (VFR) under IFR conditions. He agreed but said, "We always fly this way" and departed for his aircraft. In the interim, Lt Col Morey was informed that our aircraft (Caribou) was parked on ramp North of base operations and ready to go.

3. Discussion:
(a.) As we walked to the aircraft I again observed the marginal weather and assessed that ours would be different, that is departure and enroute flight would be in accordance with IFR. However, I was completely wrong to say the least.

(b.) Aircraft departed and was airborne with no difficulty. Shortly after retracting the landing gear I noticed and felt the aircraft level off and make a steep turn. Looking out I could see trees below and above making it rather apparent that we were going to stay below the clouds and fly down the valley. This we did in the fashion of the old "dust croppers". Some of the passengers (Vietnamese) became air sick and others (including myself) somewhat dubious of this type of flying. We landed at Kontum and shortly after departed I think for Tam Quan. This low level pitch and roll type flying continued through the valleys and just below the cloud deck to Tam Quan. Departure from Tam Quan for Quang Ngal did improve since the pilots finally decided to climb through and above most of the clouds (I believe 7,000'). After leaving aircraft at Qui Nhon, I reported this "hairy" experience to flying personnel (Air Force) at flight operations, but was again told "this was par for the course". With that I departed for II CALC.

4. Conclusions:
I have been a rated pilot in the USAF for over 20 years and can truthfully say this was an experience I care not to participate in again. Many flight regulations were violated and I think poor judgement on the part of the pilots was most evident. Flights of this type are not only hazardous and unnecessary, but also endanger other aircraft that may be attempting departures or let downs in the same area.

5. Recommendations:
(a.) That US Army pilots assigned to II Corps be directed to comply with standard flight regulations and clearances for VMC/IFR flights controlled by competent authorities.

(b.) instances of this type be brought to the attention of all US flying personnel in Vietnam with a view toward standardizing

/s/ Frank J. Jowdy
Lt Col USAF
REUNION PHOTOS

Kaisers - the whole bunch - cute, ain’t they?

Who said we’re too old to cut the mustard?

On the boat - waiting for chow . . .

Our beloved ‘Bou

I was the commander of the Aviators & “Caribou” in support of II Corps HQ located at Pleiku, VN from July 1963 until July 1964. This letter never came to my attention during this time. I received this copy from Bill Hooks about the time it was published in the July 1993 “Logbook.” I had two “Caribou” located at Pleiku and one at Qui Nhon. The Army aviators who flew these aircraft were professionals, well qualified in the aircraft and checked out in “low-level” flying. Unlike the Air Force pilots who only flew “low-level” when taking off or landing and flew strictly by the rules that oft times resulted in incomplete mission or cancellations because of weather or wind conditions. Army aviators used every means available (considering safety, pilot capability and limitations of aircraft) to accomplish the mission. We knew the terrain, the weather and our limitations in support of II corps. I don’t have the statistics for cargo, passengers, mail, etc., flown, but suffice to say, for the entire period (Aug 63 - Aug 64) we accomplished our missions (no cancellations) safely, no accidents, injuries or incidents.

James W. Randolph
A DAY OVER THE DELTA

Dennis Toaspern

It was another bright, sunny morning in the friendly skies of the Republic of South Vietnam. After an 0430 “Get-up,” a Coke for breakfast and the usual uneventful pre-flight inspection, ‘48 plowed through the cool air at 2,500’ inbound to Tan Son Nhut with the mail, two pax and a crew of four.

Leaving the plane on the ramp in the capable hands of the crew-chief and assistant, the pilots headed for a decent breakfast at the Air Force mess. For some reason, all those who could avoided breakfast at Vung Tau. Maybe it was the powdered eggs, maybe the powdered milk, maybe the coffee - then again, maybe it was the Clorox masquerading as water that was the common ingredient creating those Epicurean delights. Only Navy chow could be considered an improvement on the fare provided by the Air Force, but four the crew-chief and assistant, all that had to wait as ‘48 had a full load of pax and cargo to be secured and spread around the Delta this day.

First stop, Can Tho. Though not the closest to Saigon, Can Tho had the most traffic in and out for DELTA AIRLINES. Most of the pax and some of the cargo was off-loaded there only to be replaced by more of the same. A quick scan of the passengers seatbelts, another strap for the cargo and up again for My Tho. Only one passenger got off there, but the all-important mail sack was exchanged for the much lighter outgoing mail.

This day’s next stop was Bac Lieu with its famous field elevation sign.

Bac Lieu was a paved (barely) strip that ran slightly uphill to a small knob, site of the Operations/Tower (a GP tent) Terminal. Except for a pallet of small arms destined for a Special Forces camp, all of the cargo and most of the passengers were off-loaded and ‘48 headed back to Can Tho to pickup about 20 ARVN soldiers for the short flight to Soc Trang.

Marvin the ARVN was always a lot of fun to fly with. Most were new to flying, hell, most were new to any form of motorized transport other than a Lambretta, and if one guy started blowing chunks of breakfast. It became an epidemic in short order. Since butt cans and other ‘in-flight relief bags’ were overloaded in short order, helmet liners were preferred by the crew of ‘48. There was a policy of ‘you carried it in, you carry it out.’ If Marvin had to go through the day with a fouled helmet, that was his problem, not ours.

The morning melted into afternoon in a blur of landing, off-loading, on-loading, tie down, sweat a lot. lift off, cool down rapidly, land and do it all over again. With all the activity and perspiration, underwear, especially jockey shorts became a liability. Issue fatigues, in those pre-jungle fatigue days, were not the first choice for crew members. But sometimes, the house-boy didn’t get the spare flight suits back in time and the one from yesterday was too malodorous to wear again. In those cases, stateside fatigues it was – white lee shirt bloused boots and all.

At about 1900, ‘48 touched down and taxied back to the 61st Aviation Company’s operations room to off-load the mail and the PX goodies from Saigon. For the CE and the ACE. There was still at least an hour of prep work before ‘48 would be ready for another day. Emptying the aircraft was now #1 priority.

On board were a number of base personnel and one captain, a Saigon Warrior, in for an RON on some obscure mission. Even this late in a tropical day, this guy was standing tall - stached jungle fatigues, polished brass, spit-shined boots, shirt sleeves rolled precisely in conformance with the latest directive from Saigon HQ and without a hint of the sweat stains present on every other uniform in Southeast Asia. He must have been dunked in a vat of Right Guard that morning.

He was the first off the lowered ramp and onto the PSP, where he beckoned the assistant crew chief into his presence. After rendering and return of a proper salute, the captain locked the SP4’s heels together and proceeded to inform him that not only was he a disgrace to the uniform he wore improperly, there was an unauthorized weapon in plain view at the right rear passenger door. The official policy of MAAG, as interpreted by the captain was the US Army was in South Vietnam to advise and assist the brave citizens. etc. and a show of weapons was totally out of place with our peaceful intentions. This and the slovenly dress of the crew would be reported to the proper channels forthwith for the appropriate court martial action.

The Saigon Warrior had worked up a good head of steam and in uncharacteristic fashion, the SP4 had not yet responded, when the aircraft commander ambled up. The AC, also a captain, suggested they go to Operations and discuss the matter, but the SW wanted it out right there under the wing, right now. OK, as you wish.

The SP4 was dismissed, but was all ears as he went back to humping cargo onto the waiting forklift. The SW got an earful from the AC on the long day just ending, the dozen or so sorties flown, the cargo humped on and off and passenger baby-sitting done that day. The SW wanted it out right there under the wing, right now. As you wish.

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CONFIDENTIAL

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE AIR CORPS
WASHINGTON

May 22, 1939

SUBJECT: Flying Status for Flying Safety.

TO: Brig. General Arnold N. Krogstad, A. C., Langley Field, Hampton, Virginia.

1. The Chief of the Air Corps is deeply concerned that senior and older pilots take no unnecessary flying risks and thus jeopardize their valuable experience to the Air Corps.

2. To this end he has directed the classification of all pilots over forty-seven years of age into a group where they will not be required to pilot at night, to lead or drill with pursuit formations, to fly single seater aircraft, or to do any other types of particularly hazardous piloting where the natural and understandable depreciations coincident with age may render them less fit than men of younger years. He believes that there should be absolutely no evidence of any competition in piloting among men of higher rank and older age. There is no necessity and no justification for the feeling on the part of a senior officer that he must continue to pile up as much pilot time, or to pilot as skillfully as he did in his earlier years, or as well as younger pilots do.

3. Your particular attention is directed to the revision of War Department Circular 25 and to the minimum requirements set up in Circular 50-12, O.C.A.C. Every senior Air Corps Officer must use the soundest judgement at all times as to the types of flying performed and as to when, how, and where to fly, after a careful analysis of tactical situations and weather conditions. Officers in the command pilot group may fly as co-pilots or command pilots in meeting their flying requirements.

4. It is desired that you be accompanied by another pilot on all military flights.

[Signature]

H. H. Arnold,
Major General, Air Corps,
Chief of the Air Corps.

CONFIDENTIAL
THE ATTACK HELICOPTER PILOT AS SEEN BY:

1. HEADQUARTERS: A drunken, brawling, jeep stealing, woman corrupting liar with a sapphire ring, Seiko watch, survival knife and a sports car.

2. HIS COMMANDER: A fine specimen of a drunken, brawling, jeep stealing, woman corrupting liar with a ring, a knife, a fantastically accurate Seiko watch, and a fast sports car.

3. HIMSELF: A stout, handsome, highly trained professional killer and a female idol who wears a star sapphire ring, carries a finely honed survival knife, drives a slick new fast sports car, and is always on time due to the reliability of his Seiko watch.

4. HIS WIFE: A stinking, gross, crude, foul-mouthed bum who arrives home every 12 months or so with a bag of dirty flight suits, 2 flight helmets, a huge ugly watch, a survival knife and a sports car.

5. D.A.: An overpaid, over-rated tax burden who is indispensable since he will volunteer to go anywhere as long as he can drink, brawl, steal jeeps, corrupt women, kick dogs, lie, sing dirty songs, and wear filthy flight suits, star sapphire rings, survival knives, Seiko watches, and drive a sports car.

Submitted by Walter Duke
I'm Looking For...

A cranky older woman, "in her senior years," was arrested for shoplifting at a grocery store. She gave everyone a hard time, from the store manager to the security guard to the arresting officer who took her away.

She complained and criticized everything and everyone throughout the process. When she appeared before the judge, the judge asked her what she had stolen from the store. The lady defiantly replied, "Just a stupid can of peaches you old fool."

The judge then asked why she had done it. She replied, "I was hungry and forgot to bring any cash to the store."

The judge asked how many peaches were in the can. She replied in a nasty tone, "Nine! But why do you care about that?"

The judge answered patiently, "Well, ma'am, because I'm going to give you nine days in jail -- one day for each peach." As the judge was about to drop his gavel, the lady's long-suffering husband raised his hand slowly and asked if he might speak.

"Yes sir, what do you have to add?"

The husband said meekly, "Your Honor, she also stole two cans of peas."

SENIOR SHOPLIFTER

Dad flew Caribous in Vietnam. In 2000 at a Fort Rucker air show was a Caribou that my dad had flown. Dad passed recently and I'm trying to find where that plane calls home. He also flew Otters and Bird Dogs. Dave Jackson djwblj@gmail.com

Most likely the Caribou you saw now belongs to Cavanaugh Flight Museum in Addison Texas. In 2000 it was owned by the Army Aviation Heritage Foundation. What was your Dad's name? Maybe some of our members knew him. Bruce D. Silvey

Hi Bruce,

Thank you for the info. Dad's name is George Jackson, he was a Warrant his first Vietnam tour 65-66 and I think he had gotten a commission before his second tour 69-70. This photo is of one of his a/c. The kid in the window is my brother.

After Dad died, we wanted to honor him and his beloved plane. were thinking of ways to honor him and a couple we came up with involved the aircraft he loved so much. Hardly enough time for a fly over or anything of that nature. Dave Jackson

To All: George was a Caribou pilot - but was not a member of our association. I have no further information - unit - location, etc. Our condolences to the family - he flew with the best. Bruce D. Silvey
EARLY DAYS OF ARMY AVIATION

When Gen Howze became director of AA he was non-rated. He had bootlegged some L-19 (O-1) time out at Ft. Belvoir but needed a quick, concentrated course to be rated. They set him up with an instructor and an O-1 for a six-week crash course. I had just returned from Korea where my last job was as aide/pilot (FW and rotary wing) to the CG (three star) of 8th Army. CG Rucker assigned me to S2 until HH Howze arrived for his crash course. Then, I was to be his aide for the duration of his stay. Also, going through Ft. Rucker at the same time was the first Senior Officers Course which included people like Sennef and Jim Smith.

After HHH won his wings I was assigned Dept. of Tactics (ground school) where I worked for Milt Cherne who later commanded the 57th TC Company, CH-21, in VN. It was the first operational helicopter company – 33rd H-21 Co. was second – in VN. While in Dept. of Tactics, we developed the strategies to be taught to the Senior Officers Course. Needless to say these were greatly improved on once tested under fire in VN and 11th AA.

It was interesting to have been on the cutting edge of the early days of the birth and growth days of AA. Oh, one other event of note. I became one of the first replacement aviators sent to the 57th Avn company (CH-21) once DA lifted the TDY and Temporary Change of Duty station status that the first companies were deployed under for nine months. Families could not be moved at govt. expense so were stuck at places like Ft Lewis Washington and Ft Ord, CA. Don Jordan

DOWN MEMORY LANE

Dick Teipel sent this - a trip down memory lane regarding leaders we may have known.

Bruce, you probably already have this, but, if not, it’s a concise list of Army Aviation leadership from beginning through current. We all have our individual memories of days past but as I read down the list two of my personal favorites, Generals Williams and Burdette. Both great leaders as well as real gentlemen.

During my first tour at Rucker 1961-63, I was a member of a rifle company in the 31st Inf. We were a school support and TO&E unit and provided honor guard and parade functions for the Aviation School and aggressors during E&E training in the field. We always were the “parade troops” for the monthly retirement ceremony. Standing at attention at days end during July and August on the parade field in front of the old post headquarters, it was HOT. Gen. Williams always made an effort to thank us in person or by way of the Battle Group commander, LTC Ferrier. Dick Teipel - see list below.

About Aviation Leaders

Hi Bruce,

As you say, we all have our memories of Army Aviation's leaders. Here's one of mine:

As my tour with the 17th Aviation was winding down, the Company (finally) moved to An Khe in July 1966. To say it was primitive is an understatement – GP Large tents, no flooring, officer's club in a CONEX container, Lister bag for a shower, etc. etc. Our mess hall, such as it was, also had a dirt floor.

One day I was in that mess tent – it was pouring rain – when a tall, weathered, older man came in. He had on a poncho and wore no rank on his helmet. I knew he was either a senior officer, or a senior noncom, but I had no idea which.

He smiled, asked if he could have a cup of coffee and we visited about the weather, field conditions, and so forth for about 15 minutes. Altogether, a very pleasant person. I still remember his smile and pleasant demeanor. No "Sirs" were offered, since I had not a clue who he was, and he didn't seem to expect any, so I assumed he was a senior noncom. I later
found out. It was then Colonel, later LG, Allen Burdett. Bob Bowen

Bob,

I don't think I ever met – so actually never knew General Burdett – but have always heard great comments about him. I did not realize you had moved into those conditions at An Khe – my first two weeks in country were spent at An Khe with the 1st Cav living just like that – I seem to remember eating outside more than inside. Living conditions the two years I was there were never good - don't miss any of that. Bruce Silvey

LIKED LOGBOOK

Bill,

Latest Logbook is yet another class act on your part! Beautifully done, and many thanks.

I copied a fellow Knollwood resident - Air Force Brigadier Geoff Cheadle - on the Logbook. He was a C-130 and SAC bomber pilot. See his enthusiastic praise for the entire Logbook issue below.

Wishing you a pleasant and well-deserved break this summer. Gene Dewey

Gene:

I am lost in admiration of you and your Caribou community. I have spent the last two hours reading almost everything in the attachment. Much of it brings back old memories. The rest is just fascinating. I count myself lucky to be your friend. Geoff Cheadle

Publisher’s Note: The above note is from the “cover guy” of our July Logbook – it cannot go without saying that we, as an organization, are indeed fortunate to have Bill Upton as one of our members – while he complains constantly about how this endeavor takes him away from the pleasures of his retirement he seems to somehow suffer through it all and “gets it done.” The job is consistently superb.

Of course the “free lunch” we provide as reward is actually the carrot for it all. We appreciate the endorsement from the USAF - obviously a person of great intellect and flying acumen. Bruce Silvey

THE EDITOR Responds

Gene and Bruce,

Thanks for the kind words and thanks to General Cheadle as well, but the real credit for what I do with the Logbook must go to folks like you and others in AOCA

who stood up to be counted when called upon, thus providing the inspiring stories that I have the great honor and privilege to pass on.

Thanks also to Bruce Silvey who for many, many years has provided outstanding leadership to the Otter-Caribou Association and to me personally. Again, thanks and congratulations on Inaugural Gene Dewey Refugee Award. What a great achievement. Bill Upton

Bill,

Just finished reading the current issue of the Logbook. Another great job on your part, hope to thank you personally at Virginia Beach. Walter Duke

PAT CARR STATUS

Since early March Pat has been in a wheelchair for about 40% of the time and I a full-time care giver. Her problem is spinal stenosis affecting the left leg. She’s often in severe pain such that I have seen her cry day and night for three weeks and the worst thing is I can’t do a damn thing about it. So right now she is enjoying the best reduced pain since onset. This is the third series of pain management injections which have not been as effective as we expected. She has now seen the need to investigate other methods of cure. Glenn Carr

HAL LOYER STATUS

I recently phoned with Hal Loyer after his sister told me he was at the Warrensburg, MO Veterans Home. Their number is 660-543-5064. His sister said he suffered from dementia but I understood him ok.

He does have problems speaking but says he is doing fine there and getting along good. Figured I would let you guys know that he is still around. Floyd Burks

Hal was President of our Association in 1991 - Reunion was at Reno, Nevada - remember? Bruce Silvey

We, all, at some time in our lives have all fantasized about notoriety, fame or fortune. It seems mine has arrived having my name given to California's sixth largest forest fire in history and one that has garnered a Federal Emergency Declaration. WOW! Then I quickly thought maybe that's an omen that I will soon BURN IN HELL! Don't know if I should LOL or not. Glenn Carr

That was good, Glenn. In fact I did think of you when I heard the news mention, "The Carr Fire." Well actually I think most would talk about an automobile fire, but then again I think of you! Curt Knapp

Dude, you always were a ball of fire. Don and Anita Courtney

Now, that was good response! From my perspective, I have not seen you in over 40 years Glenn, but I suspect that you should be more than welcome to simply LOL! Peter Riesenberg

At this point an LOL probably would not affect a destination! John Woodward

We all knew you were a “Ball of Fire” and would eventually “burn out” from overexposure but to assume you have a fire named for you as opposed to Vikki, Gable or Laurie Ann is a bit presumptive. Skip Davis

Ed. Note: Most will not recognize the responders to Glenn’s complaint over a fire having his name, but I thought you might enjoy the repartee. Bill Upton

A NOTE TO ALL AOCA MEMBERS

Dear AOCA Members,

As a first time attendee to the Army Otter Caribou Reunion, I was amazed how organized it was. Outstanding job to the persons responsible for taking care of all of those details that go into planning and executing.

It was an honor to attend the reunion in Virginia Beach with my dad, retired
LTC Newell Mock, my brother Skip, and my sister, Michelle. Being in a room full of distinguished, honorable, ethical, and highly respected men was an incredible experience. It was fun listening to the stories (whether truth or stretched - wink wink) and watching camaraderie amongst the members. The wives were polite, welcoming and quite attractive. You men sure know how to pick them!

Thank you to The Otter Caribou Association for allowing guests to attend the reunions. I certainly am looking forward to more. Thank you for your service and God Bless!

Kind regards,

Dana Milner

January 10, 2018
Army Otter Caribou Association
P.O. Box 55284
St. Petersburg, FL 33732 - 5284
Sam Kaiser, President

Dear Sir,

I, James Stone, Ret. Was with the 1st Aviation Company from 1959 - 1962 as an SFC. On January 1st I celebrated my 90th birthday with family and friends at my grandson’s in Leeds, Alabama.

I joined the Army 11th day of August in 1958. After retiring twenty years later, I taught R.O.T.C. at Phillips High School in Birmingham, Alabama for eighteen years.

When I retired from the Army, I moved back to my old home place, Wilsonville, Alabama, where I lived for 44 years with my wife, Mertice, and our four children.

Mertice and I now live in a nursing home where we receive excellent care, Kirkwood by the River.

God has been gracious to us and we praise Him each day. Mertice and I were married December 22, 1951. 66 years. Some ups and downs but we always knew God was in charge.

Wishing all of you a healthy 2018.

Sincerely,

James H. Stone

3605 Ratliff Road
Birmingham, AL 35210-4517

1-205-703-3390

Ed. Note: Great letter, great photo, handsome couple, we miss you both at our reunions. Here’s wishing you, in advance, a happy 91st birthday. Bill Upton
Suffice it to say that we’re still getting stories from our intrepid members, and while not as many as we used to get, the quality is still high and we all have a lot to be proud of. Proud that because of the telling, future generations will know of our epic, often heroic deeds and a few mis-deeds. My personal thanks to all who have submitted to the Logbook. I often get kudos for the publication, but without the stories the book would be near meaningless and for all practical purposes empty.

This year’s winners:

**COMBAT RESUPPLY**
**WHERE DID THE FUEL GO**
**JUST AN OLD FUEL LEAK**
**HALLOWEEN HORROR DURING AIR ASSAULT II**
**BY CHANCE**
Kent Hulse

**WATERMARKS: KAGNEW STATION III**
**A TALE NOT TOLD**
Robert Flanagan

**SOME REFLECTIONS OF A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP**
(Remembering Reggie Edwards
Dan Scribner

**AUSTRALIAN VIETNAM FORCES NATIONAL MEMORIAL**
Wayne Buser

**OTTER 281**
Karl Hayes

**SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACKROOM WILL HAVE**
Denny Toaspern

**CARIBOU MEMORIES**
Ron Sprengeler

**ABOUT OUR MOTHER RUCKER**
Earl Burley

**THE QUIET AIRPLANE**
Andy Bringuel

**THE CHRISTENING**
Marilyn Weitzel
AOCA’s most prolific writer entertains you with a yuletide story. (It’s only four or five weeks until Christmas.)

Silent Night, Wary Night
By Robert Flanagan

• 1800 hours, 24 Dec 68: Assumed the duty for (scheduled) CW3 Jackson Spain: OD, Newport BOQ, Saigon-TSN. Ho! Ho! Ho!
— SP5 Bullock duty driver, courier, messenger, dogbody.
— Signed for 27 asst’d keys on a ring (?). Duty weapon, .45 cal. semi-auto pistol, mod 1911A-1 (dirty) w/2 mags ball ammo (dirty): One vehicle, believed to be, beneath a permanent coating of mud and Ba-moui-ba, a Jeep, ser. nr. 66965... (remainder of Nr. missing).

• 1922: Star in the east. Quaint cliché. Really bright star!

• 1957: Jingle...of sleigh bells? Red arc at 3K feet (est) across northern sky. Rudolph?

• 2015: Three kings are late. Distinct absence of wise men. Fantasies!
— Eastern star vanished, dropped to ground, small parachute crumpling into prized heap dangling burnt flare in some bamboo thicket; small brown children will seek it out at first light.
— Sleigh bells: Tinkle of spent brass swept from a quasi-DUST OFF/armed chopper on 3rd Field Hospital’s pad. Crew chief doing scut work.
— Northern arc erratic; Spooky on a killing spree. Merry, merry, Charlie! (Flying the Fishhook yesterday, III Corps rifle w/pine trees; dropped down to enjoy some seasonal greenery. Substantial ground fire. Grinch bastards.) But, I digress...

• 2050: Despite crucially attuned ears, nothing...

• 2138: Duty Sergeant/509th walk-in. Wants help changing a tire, up by 100-p Alley. Ri-i-ight!
— No, seriously.

• 2225: 3rd Field Hospital heli-pad quiet. Business down; things looking up.

• 2250: Checked building. Nobody on roof (how odd!); not even the guard at his post overlooking Herr Generale’s digs.
— Alien beings on 4th level. Smells female. Can’t be; this is a male BOQ...
— Quiet.

• 2310: Shots fired! Next door/ARVN vehicle park, JGS. Who knows? Who cares?

• 2356: Getting close now—I can smell reindeer shit.

• 0004: Lost my concentration, slipped into Xmas mom fantasy. Best present I can hope for: make it through the night. Alive.
— One at a time. No sweat.

• 0040: Spanish Jack disembarked a cab at front entrance; stiffed the cabbie and ripped the door off the Renault. Seems a bit testy. (I took CW3 Jackson Spain’s OD tour tonight in exchange for New Year’s eve duty; he wanted to squire his woman to a Xmas dance at nurses’ BOQ.)
— Still waiting for Santa; hope he’s not wearing a cone-shaped bamboo boater.

• 0156: Sky lit up, northeast. Gotta be Ben Cat. Hel-lo, Xmas Cease-Fire.
— Season’s best, you poor buggers.

• 0210: Duty driver back. Dog robbers at Circle 34 mess wouldn’t part with so much as a bacon sandwich. “They ran out.” Un huh! Mess cooks’ contrived families and bar girls, at least, are eating, no doubt.

• 0246: Cleaned the .45, put it back together. Voilá! No leftover parts. What next, Elves?

• 0320: Brought down old family photos on my last walk-thru. The kids... Don’t go there!

• 0321: Quiet.

• 0329: Column raggedy-assed APCs from 25th Div just came up from Plantation Rd, past BOQ.
— Going where? Can’t go downtown. Nobody needs them in Gia Dinh. Lost!

• 0400: Lost four hundred (0400) hours for you night skulkers in civilian garb.
— Still, if it were colder... No! Never mistake this cesspool for the Holy Land. No way.

• 0444: Firing beyond Gen. Abrams’ qtrs. Checked roof; guard where he should be and both front/side gate guards at his quarters seem OK with it; nobody disturbed. Revelers.
— Sleep well and merry, General of Tanks.

• 0522: Sky lightening.
— Can’t help remembering other Xmas morns: kids clattering down stairs, bright expectant eyes, hair like brushfire, baggy-toed jammies.
— Heart-breaking memories. . . and I look up, there’s Kingston. Hung over. Scuffling out to catch a ride to the flight line. Looks like death’s vomit. Seen better conditioned bodies dragged behind tracked vehicles. Enough firepower hanging off his lanky frame to start WWII. Now there’s an Advent calendar picture. . .

• 0605: Adjutant called: I’m relieved of duty. Duty weapon and log to head shed with Bullock.
— Officially on Xmas holiday. . . for an hour and 25 mins.
— Manifested for first mission flight of the day at 0730 w/Sky Queen. (Should have sent this journal “accidentally” to the Adjutant, kept the official/parallel log. Merrick would have had a shit fit.) And lastly, paraphrasing Baby Jo-San in Taegu,
— Looky, looky. . . you be pleasing.)

‘Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp, Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.
The aircraft were fastened to tiedowns with care In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.
The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots, While peak gusts from three two zero reached 39 knots.
I sank behind the fuel desk, now finally caught up, And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.
When over the radio there arose such a clatter, I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter.
A voice clearly heard over static and snow, Asked for clearance to land at the airport below.
He barked out his transmission so lively and quick, I could have sworn that the call sign he used was “St. Nick”.
Away to the window I flew like a flash, Sure that it was only Horizon’s late Dash.
Then he called his position, and there could be no denial, “This is St. Nicholas One and I’m turning on final.”
When what to my wondering eyes should appear, A Rutan sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer.
He slowed to a taxi and exited Three-Two, As he came down the taxiway the sleighbells’ jingle grew.
He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk, I had run out to him with my best set of chocks.
He was dressed all in fur, which was covered with frost And his beard was all blackened from Rotax Reindeer exhaust.
His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale, And he puffed on a pipe, but he didn’t inhale.
His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly, His boots were as black as a cropduster’s belly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old fool, And he kindly informed me that he needed some fuel.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his toes, Let me know he was desperate to powder his nose.
I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work, And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.
He came out of the restroom with a sigh of relief, And then picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.
And I thought as he silently scribed in his log, That with Rudolph, he could land in an eighth-mile fog.
Next, he completed his pre-flight, from the front to the rear, Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, “Clear!”
And laying a finger on his push-to-talk, He called up the tower for his clearance and squawk.
“After departure fly heading three two zero,” the tower called forth, “And watch for a Luscombe inbound from the North.”
Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed thru the night, “Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight.”
“IT’S DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN.”

Kent Hulse

“It’s déjà vu all over again” was one of Yogi Berra’s classic sayings and is appropriate for the following story. As with some previous stories submitted to the Logbook, many pertinent facts have escaped due to the deep winter years of my life. However, if the readers will bear with me I believe they will not only find this tale interesting but enjoyable when read to conclusion.

This story was kindled while reading an older issue of the Logbook. I have made it a project to assemble all the issues I can find in chronological order and to read them in their entirety from present to past. In doing so, I have, so far, come across the name of Ephraim twice and each time it has brought to mind having met a fellow officer with that given name.

The facts concerning my meeting this person are extremely vague. In my mind I can see him physically and the place of our meeting, a most casual setting. However, the exact location and time during my active duty service is unknown.

He was senior to me at the time, but he and his wife had been invited to our quarters/apartment, a very informal occasion. Physically, he was a tall, perhaps 6’3”, a thin person with sharp facial features, perhaps even a mustache. From the mental fog comes a vision of him being involved in the initial flying and testing of the Caribou. I can also visualize seeing a Caribou taxiing to takeoff position while I am waiting in line for departure in a L-19. I am wondering if he is piloting the takeoff.

This seems to be the earliest testing phase and I am in absolute awe of such a beautiful airplane.

His earlier assignment is a part of the story which I remember with some faint degree of certainty. He had previously been assigned in a South Asian country working with the Embassy or Attaché mission. His family, wife and young son, accompanied him on this assignment and it was for some duration. He related to us, during the course of the evening, the country in which he was assigned followed the religion of Buddhism, and there were many images of Buddha in their everyday life. After a few months he and his wife became concerned about their young son’s praying to Buddha and thought perhaps it was time to request reassignment. The above, is the part of the story which has been retained in the old memory bank all these years.

Through the years I have occasionally, when triggered, thought about Ephraim, Buddha, young son and praying. When reading the November 2010 issue of the Logbook page 15 upper left corner item, “SPECIAL GUEST AT COLUMBUS REUNION,” the name LTC Ephraim Martin again brought to mind the above related story.

The name Martin causes no jelling of lost brain cells whatsoever. However after reading the complete article and studying the accompanying pictures, I began to ponder. The years which have passed would have allowed ample time for the son to grow into a middle aged man. The picture of Col Ted Martin and his mother Joan Martin caused me to wonder if Col Ted Martin is perhaps the young son whom was praying to Buddha. In the picture with his mother he appears as a tall man, perhaps inherited genes of his father, and of about the correct age for the intervening time. Because of this I decided to put the story to paper as best I could, even with the absence of many facts.

If any of you, who have endeavored to read this far, could make some sense of the following obscure facts and put them in order that we might give this gentleman a last name it would be appreciated. In addition it will give my scrambled brain some semblance of order and perhaps a really interesting story will evolve. The scrambled facts are listed.

1. Probably Captain Ephraim ?????
2. Tall, 6’3” ?, thin, sharp facial features.
3. Earlier assignment in a South Asia country with family.
4. Attached to support Embassy or Attaché.
5. Involved in Caribou testing phase.

ARMY OTTER-CARIBOU ASSOCIATION

“Our Legacy is Our Pride in Having Served!”
Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Excerpted from For the Fallen
Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)
Tributes and Memorials

“I now know why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep. Comrades gather because they long to be with the men who once acted at their best; men who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped of their humanity. I did not pick these men. They were delivered by fate and the military. But I know them in a way I know no other men. I have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to guard something more precious than my life. They would have carried my reputation, the memory of me. It was a part of the bargain we all made, the reason we were so willing to die for one another. As long as I have memory, I will think of them all every day. I am sure that when I leave this world, my last thought will be of my family and my comrades… Such good men.”


J. GLENN SINGLETON

Glenn Singleton died May 21st. He had been a member of the Otter Caribou Assn for about 4 years; a previous member of the 187th and 17th Avn Co; and author of a book about his experiences in becoming an Army Aviator.

A Dream Takes Flight
PURSUITS OF AN ARMY PILOT

RICHARD MAX GREESON

Max was a Life Member of the Army Otter Caribou Assn joining in January, 2000. He had flown with the 18th and 54th Aviation Companies.
Max was remembered in our special service at Virginia Beach.

Richard Max Greeson, of Hot Springs Village, Arkansas, went to be with the Lord on May 16, 2018, after an amazing, fulfilling life of 83 years. He was deeply loved and respected by his family and friends as truly “one of a kind.”

Max was born in Calhoun, GA on Jan 9th, 1935 to Wilburn Duane and Edna Pauline Greeson. He graduated from Dalton High School in Dalton, GA, where he met and eventually married the love of his life. He enlisted in the United States Army, giving over 20 years to the service of his country. He served with distinction and honor all over the world, attaining to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer 3.

While in the Army, he embarked on a career in aviation. As a pilot he was deployed to Vietnam for two tours where he received numerous commendations and awards for meritorious service. He completed his Army career as a flight instructor, retiring from the Army in 1973. Receiving a Bachelor of Science degree in Electronics Technology during his time in the military, Max went on to a civilian career in computer technology until he retired in 2003 to Hot Springs Village, Arkansas.

Among many of his hobbies, he was an avid golfer, marksman, gardener, and was a voracious reader. He was also a devoted Christian, husband, father and friend. Max is predeceased by his parents, and his only brother, Charles D. Greeson. He is survived by his adored wife of 64 years, Betty, and his loving sons, Richard Michael Greeson of Memphis, TN, and Timothy L. Greeson of Manhattan, NY.
REMEMBERING MAX GEESON

Richard Max Greeson was a wonderful man and I placed him high on my friends list. We served in the 18th Aviation Company in 1966-1967. We were roommates and shared so many of the same likes and ideals. I shall miss him and wish his family the very best during this period of grief. May he rest in peace.

Robert C. “Bob” Smith

JAMES K. BROCK

James had been a member of our Otter Caribou Assn since 1985 – the first year of its organization – 33 years – a Charter Member. He had served with both the 1st and 18th Aviation Companies from 1959 to 1968. He was a Life Member.

James Kenneth Brock (Command Sergeant Major, U.S. Army Retired) passed peacefully at 5:40 pm on July 5, 2018. He was 84. James was born in Macon, Georgia to the late Malvin and Alma Brock. Shirley (deceased), his only sibling, and he were very close.

He graduated from Jordan Vocational High School in 1952. He served honorably for 30 years in the U.S. Army, beginning with National Guard duty, entering active duty in 1956 and retiring in 1985. His military service included three tours in Vietnam and culminated in St. Louis, where he served as the Command Sergeant Major of the Army Aviation Systems Command.

Among his many military honors, he was awarded the Legion of Merit for his long and dedicated service to our country. James was a Master Mason at Mt. Herman Lodge #304 in Columbus, Georgia. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Sarah Miles Brock; Son James K. (Chip) Brock Jr.; Daughter Wendy Michele (Brock) Ross; Daughter Dawn Elizabeth (Brock) Shoemaker; five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

AOCA REUNIONS AND PRESIDENTS

This chart shows Presidents elected during reunion

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Reunion</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>New President</th>
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<tr>
<td>1985</td>
<td>Assn Started</td>
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<td>1986</td>
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<td>Columbus, GA</td>
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