

The Ugly Angel's *Reunion Newsletter*

Vol. 1 June 1996

Twenty days and a wake up until **fifty-nine** Ugly Angels assemble in the Ready Room at Ballys to renew old friendships, tell some (by now) awesome war stories, and remember those we left behind. Yes, the memorial luncheon does have a serious purpose, but let's also remember that it's not the only reason we are getting together. The idea is to once again enjoy each others company - only this time with more laughs and fewer puckers. Clip Clop 6's Jim Aldworth and Dick Cline promise that if you get slightly bent Friday, Saturday, and/or Sunday it *probably* won't affect your career. There will be no early launches, no night Medevacs, and no Unsat fitness reports. *Tell that to your wife and see how far it gets you!*

The good news is that Steve Attell, Ed Creamer, Orville Hall, Ralph Jones, Denny Kawalek, Tom Schaney, and Ron Sorensen are "taxiing". Phil Turner was flight planning, and by now may be into the prestart checklist. Ditto Lin La Viano. We are still hoping that some of our other flight planners like brothers Bong, Bracy, Fleming, Gilbert, Dave Jones, Kemna, King, Nitchman will surprise us and show up. Former CO Nick Kapetan greatly regrets he can't make it, but sends a warm hello to all. Ditto Don Brodie and Tom Heyer.

Advice from the Gunny: *"Try to look unimportant, they may be low on ammo"*

The Memorial Luncheon in honor the seventeen known Ugly Angels who were lost in Vietnam is set for 1200 on Saturday, 22 June. It will be held in a private dining room on the twenty-sixth floor of Ballys. The lunch will be followed by a simple, dignified tribute to our fallen comrades. Gunny Sachs will act as Master of Ceremonies and a really Ugly Angel will deliver a brief, five and a half minute eulogy. Please plan to attend. More than fifty others, including many wives and guests, will be there.

Read & Initial

If you are going, or want to go, to the Memorial Luncheon: Please send your intentions, checks, and menu choice (Chicken or Salmon) to Gunny, a.k.a. Ernest P. Sachs P.O. Box 1360 Norwich, VT 05055, ASAP. The messhall needs a final head count and menu choice forty-eight hours in advance. If they don't get the information, you may not get to attend - or be obliged to eat salmon which is the default menu choice. The good guys (that's us) need a head count earlier. We would also greatly appreciate your checks before the Reunion. For the 10% who never get the word, Gunny will be sitting somewhere in the registration/vendor/ready room area Friday afternoon to collect from you.

Selected verses from "Armstrong's Raiders" - sent in by Willie Sproule, author unknown.

We're the Ugly Angel crew,
But we're known as Clip Clop to you.
Ky Ha is our glorious base, _____
You wouldn't believe that shitty place.

Lieutenant Fix won lasting fame,
Made a bulldozer out of Willey's plane.
About Forty-eight, Troop can't be sore,
It won't start backwards anymore.

What can Lieutenant Golding say?

Old Fifty-three's an awful mess,

What was on his mind that day?
He set his pitch a bit too high,
And hit the morgue at old Quang Ngai.

Buff City dropped it, thrice no less.
Gunny Sachs at Lac Son came to roost,
And killed Forty-one with an overboost.

It is with great sadness that we report the passing of Betty Jones, wife of our Corpsman Robert "Doc" Jones, on Sunday 28 April 1996 after a long illness. On behalf of all the Ugly Angels, we extend our sympathies and our prayers to "Doc" and the Jones family. Personal expressions of sympathy may be sent to Robert Jones 680 Keats Drive Rochester, MI 48307.

The following true story was submitted by an Angel who wishes to remain anonymous. It is presented here because I believe it best symbolizes what it means to be an Ugly Angel:

Taking Care of Our Own

Bill's letter surfaced from the pile on my desk - handwritten in ballpoint pen on lined paper. He'd been a crew chief in the Ugly Angels back in 1967, and through the haze of years I remembered him as a skinny kid, sweating all night to install a new engine in his H-34 before we went aboard Iwo Jima. "Do you think it'd be OK if I write to Lieutenant Carley's wife?" he wrote. "I've been having a pretty hard time, and I'd like to do something for her."

A flood of memories rushed over me - Mike Carley, the Connecticut Irishman from Brown University, had been killed near Nui Lac Son in the rainy gray of a dismal February afternoon. While flying copilot for Jim, Mike's 34 had gone down in a muddy field beyond a strong VC position after suffering dozens of hits from small-arms fire. Despite the intense volume of fire, their wingman had been able to land to the left of the dying bird. He picked up Jim, who'd taken a round in the leg, Bill, and the gunner - and the guns. But in the confusion of battle Mike - obviously dead, his body shattered - was left hanging in the straps.

Seemingly innocent words have strange powers, and stranger limitations. The crew of another downed 34 was riding back in the wingman's belly with Jim, Bill, and the gunner. Arriving at the Med Pad, one of the other downed pilots asked about Carley. Bill replied, "He's dead sir. He's still in the plane."

"Shit. We shouldn't have left him there" the pilot said.

So Bill spent much of the next twenty-five years feeling guilty that he had left a dead Mike Carley slumped in the seat of a wrecked Sikorsky - not knowing that a Recon team had recovered Mike an hour later.

I called the Brown alumni office, located Mike's widow, and learned he had a son - a son who'd never known him. When I called Connie, her reaction was immediate. "Goodness, we have to do something for this man!" So she and Mike Jr. joined me and another Ugly Angel, Deak, in California that fall to spend the weekend with Bill. We talked about Mike, fondly remembered his foghorn voice, and listened to a remarkable tape. Deak and his wife had corresponded to and from Vietnam via tape recordings, and he'd managed to find the one he sent home the day after Mike's death. As Deak's strong young voice echoed through Bill's apartment tolling the events of that tragic day, we all retreated into our separate memories of lost husband, father, and friend.

Connie thanked Bill for sharing his still painful memories of Mike's last minutes - she'd never known how he died. Twenty-six year old Mike Jr. finally got to know the kind of men who had lived, flown, and fought alongside his father. Bill finally came to understand that the burden of guilt he had been carrying all those years was not really his. And all of us returned home with the knowledge that the Marine Corps takes care of its own - even if it's years after leaving the battlefield.

Angels lost in Vietnam

Cpl. Philip Anderson, Cpl. George Bird, 1st Lt. Michael Carley, Capt. Denver Colburn Jr., Maj. Robert Cramer, LCpl. Jeffrey Crouse, Capt. Donnie Darrow, Cpl. Thomas Douglas, Cpl. Robert Franklin, Cpl. L. Harris Jr., LCpl. William Hays, 2d Lt. Anthony Kisucky, 1st Lt. Richard Miller, Cpl. John Mooney Jr., Cpl. Victor Pirker, Cpl. James Post, 1st Lt. Francis Visconti.

If you know of any others, please send me their names (or corrections) so they may be read at the Memorial Luncheon.

We still need materiel for authentically recreating the HMM-362 Ready Room. Best 10'x10' squadron Ready Room wins a prize (another unaccompanied tour?) from the Reunion. **Please bring your pictures, gear, and souvenirs.** We will give them back after the Reunion! Marc Sohm, Ben Cascio, Willie Sproule, Pat Bray, Dick Cline and God knows who else are arriving in Las Vegas on Thursday, 20 June. They will start setting up the ready room around noon, and would like to have something to work with other than bullshit, sand bags, and Colorado KoolAid.

We are also looking for a West Coaster who owns a 16 mm movie projector and screen, and who is driving to LVS, to bring them along so we can show in-country flicks. We already have a VCR and slide projector promised. Dick Cline has the training film "The Ugly Angels", Willie Sproule has in-country slides, and Roger Cook a Nam video to show.

Lessons learned the hard way (and applicable to Las Vegas?)
"You are not superman"

Thanks to Pat Bray, Ben Cascio, Ed Creamer, Bob Feeney, Tom Heyer, Ralph Jones, Bob O'Neil, Tom Thurber, and Bill Willey for their contributions to the newsletter fund. "Fast Eddie", thanks for the material. I will use it in future newsletters.

NOTAM: The squadron's 50% share of the pipe & drape ready room (the Reunion picks up the rest) described in March's newsletter will be \$150.00. Your pro-rata share, assuming everybody shows up, will be about \$2.50. Apply now for your no-interest Navy Relief Society loan. **There will be a jar in the Ready Room - Please put your \$2.50 in it.**

Final Status Board

Cleared to Lift: 59

Jim/Kitty Aldworth	Greg/Nancy Armstrong_____	Steve Attell	Lew/Jean Barnes
Jack Barry	Bo/Opal Beumer	Pat Bray	Alan/Janet Bloomer ¹
Alan Cain	Mike Carley Jr.	Carl Cartwright	Ben/Ailene Cascio
Chris Christensen	Dick/Koochie Cline	Roger Cook	Ed Creamer
Bill/Carol Duffy	Bob Feeney	Ron Fix	Sandy Gideonse
Jim Gordon	Bill/Devon Green	Orville Hall	Ron Harkless
Garret Hatcher	Ron Hatton	Ron Heal	Tom/Joanne Hewes
Ed/Linda Hunneyman	Bart/Deborah Jealous	Doc Jones	Ralph Jones
Denny Kawalek	Bill Kelly	Ken/Raeanne Logue	John Longdin
Dave Moore	Bob O'Neil	Burt/Glenda Palmer	Gunny/Marlene Sachs
Tom Schaney	Mike Severson	John Sigman	Marc/Anne Sohm
Ed Southworth	Willie/Esta Sproule	Ron Sorensen	Al Thomas
Tom/Anita Thurber	Charlie Upshaw	Jim Villarreal	Den/Carolynn Van Liew
Deak/Marsha Warner	Tom Warning	Muddy/Ruth Waters	Bill Willey
Carl/Anne Wheeler	Bill/Janice Wilkison	Mike Zaker	¹ and Lisa

A heartfelt "Thanks" to **Ben Cascio, Doc Jones, Willie Sproule, and Deak Warner** for their advice, assistance, and moral support in organizing this reunion. A "Love you man" to **Gunny Sachs and Marc Sohm** who contributed above and beyond. The six of you are a great team. Thanks also to those of you who unselfishly volunteered to help out but were not called upon. If you're really

feeling guilty about it, you can buy **us** a drink in LVS. For those of you who so generously contributed to the newsletter (and are worried about my liver), I will be happy to give you an itemized accounting of how your contributions were spent (and show you my X-rays). Thanks to all of you too. It has been an honor to have served with all of you.

Semper Fidelis

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