



~FIRST IN ~ LAST OUT  
WITH THE H-34~

August– Sept. 2007

Volume 12, Number 2

# The Ugly Angel Memorial Foundation Newsletter

## Uglies Back In Combat ~ Iraq This Time

Ugly Angels,

I hope this short note finds you all in good health and good spirit. As you all know, your Ugly Angels are in combat and performing superbly. As each of you did a generation ago, the Marines have executed all assigned missions flawlessly. The missions are all Assault Support and they vary in range, mostly similar to those missions that you executed in areas such as Soc Trang, Ky Ha, Marble Mountain, and Hue/Phu Bai. Today the names are Al Asad, Ramadi and Baghdad and all missions are in support of the Marine on the ground. I have been fortunate and blessed to lead such a talented group of Marines and sailors and I know you all are equally proud of them. It was your generation that has made the Ugly Angels recognized throughout the world. I tell you that today's Ugly Angels have kept the bar set high and now as we are in our fifty-fifth year and we rapidly approach 70,000 Mishap Free flight hours, the Ugly Angels are still the "go to" combat squadron as it has always been. Thank you all, God Bless and Semper Fi!!!



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LtCol Brian "Phantom" Cavanaugh  
Commanding Officer



## ~Iraq Report from Lt.Col. Steve Luhrsen, Son of Lt. Dave Luhrsen, Class of 65-66)~

*Editor: Many of you will remember Steve as he and Nick Turner both gave presentations on today's Corps at our last gathering at the Hails.*

In Iraq, the Marines' area of operations is Al Anbar Province, the western area of Iraq. Al Anbar is about the size of North Carolina. This large area has a bunch of Marine and Army Grunts that total a little less than a division. The aviation piece is a fairly large mixture of fixed wing and rotary wing. The Marine's largest base, Al Asad is at an air facility we took during the first chapter of this war, four years ago. The chow hall at Al Asad is plenty big, so the fixed wing-rotary wing fights are kept to a minimum!

On 4 July 2007, Steve Luhrsen, son of Dave Luhrsen (Ugly class of '65-'66) stepped off of an Air Force C-5 onto the ramp at the Al Asad. Late that night he boarded an Ugly CH-53D for a ride from Al Asad to Camp Fallujah. As we taxied to takeoff, the crew chief spotted a problem, so YL-10 taxied to the Ugly maintenance hangar. The Crew Chief had one of the gunners escort the passengers into the hangar, while he and the other gunner got to work. Inside the hangar a Lance Corporal wearing greasy coveralls killed some time shooting the breeze with Major Luhrsen. It turns out that Capt Nick Turner (son of Larry Turner, Ugly class of '65) is this Devil Dog's Officer-in-charge. After an hour or so, the Crew Chief took the passengers back to YL-10 and we got in the air.

As we broke free of the ground, the Crew Chief supervised the two gunners while they loaded the M2 .50 caliber machine guns. Al Asad is well-north of Fallujah, and there are a lot of smaller camps and bases in between. This ride was something like riding a Greyhound bus through small-town America, stopping in every two-horse town to pickup and drop-off Marines and cargo. During July, in the middle of the night at a few thousand feet it is still really hot in Iraq! The sky was clear, no clouds, and the moon was about 25%. The air crew's night vision goggles provided a more-detailed look at the area as they kept a watchful eye for tracers, and the tell-tail signature of shoulder-fired anti-aircraft missiles. The ride was Sikorski-smooth, and the view of rolling sands sprinkled with the lights of crossroads, hamlets, villages, towns, and the occasional city invited the grunts in the back to relax and enjoy the ride. The gunners cleared their .50 cal's as we approached Fallujah. This sure beats walking....

Steven G. Luhrsen, LtCol USMC

### First Ugly Combat A/C Wings in 38 years !!



#1- Sgt Josh Groh with CO



#2 - Sgt Fraley w/ same CO



## The Editor's Page

Looking at the front page, you will realize that we are passing into a new era that may effect us profoundly. Since the last newsletter was published 5months ago, a new generation of Ugly Angels have ventured into harm's way.

For one thing, that bottle we were saving for the last two standing members is going to have to last a lot longer than anticipated. I'm guessing that of the Vietnam crew, our youngest member is probably about fifty-eight. Among the Heavies, I am expecting that they have more than one 18 year older amongst them so that means that there is a good chance that those last two standing members might well be standing in the year 2050 or better.

Of even more profound interest is the fact that some of our new "brothers" are going to be WMs. I don't care how many beers were collectively consumed at Ky Ha, Phu Bai or Marble Mountain, I doubt that many of us ever even considered that those following us might be a tad bit different.

The important thing now, however is to make the new "combat Uglies" aware of us and get them to want to participate in a meaningful way. Credit certainly should be given to Larry Turner for having the forethought to have kids, one of whom is now among the new generation and has kept up a pretty steady flow of direct activities and communications flowing both ways. Hopefully



Bill Willey, Sherard Dukes, Bob Case, Gene Camp, Marc Sohm,  
Terry Mann, Frank Merriman and Bob Skinder with YL 42 in rear

the good Captain will see that all hands get a copy of this newsletter and then they can subscribe simply by dropping me a note at [bobskindler@bellsouth.net](mailto:bobskindler@bellsouth.net) or Ben Cascio at [Bencascio@aol.com](mailto:Bencascio@aol.com) After that, all you need to do is get back safely and in a year show up in DC for the next "Pop A Smoke" Reunion and then just do it every two years for the rest of your life.

The photo represents a lot of why the younger generation ought to sign up ASAP. First of all it shows the fraternity that stays with you long after you leave the combat area.

Secondly it shows what you can accomplish 30 years later. The occasion for us getting together was to dedicate YL 42.

Five of us in the photo were among the 10 or so who converted a tired old and pink Navy H-34 into a pretty good replica of one of our war birds. Among the other restorers were a Maintenance Chief, QC and XO.

It turns out that at least 5 Uglies died in YL 42 and I think as many or more were wounded. The idea of dedicating the bird, of course was to honor the memory of our fallen comrades which also is why we invented the Ugly Angel Memorial Foundation as well as created the Memorial on the front page. Bill Willey is the fellow standing under the tail rotor. He was the crew chief when the co-pilot, Mike Carley was killed and the pilot Jim Hippert and gunner, Bob Switzer were wounded. This past June, Bill passed on so the circle continues and he will always be remembered as he remembered his crew mates. Two other things about the picture are worth mentioning. One is that I was unable (or incapable) as an Ugly in the RVN to make sergeant and now, for a while anyway, I'm the HMFIC. Lastly, another of us wasn't so lucky and is in the slammer but a while back I got a note saying that two of his old squadron mates had dropped by to see him; one of the visitors was a cop and the other a retired Sgt. Major. He also always gets our newsletter and has a free membership to the Pop A Smoke Newsletter courtesy of "JD" Barber, the President of that august institution.

That's a lot in one photo but plenty of reason why you youngsters need to sign up with the "old farts."

**Bob**

## Reunion on the Horizon !!!

### August 14-17, 2008, Washington, DC

Next year's reunion has the potential of setting records that the founders could only dream of. We have, in effect, the perfect storm. First we have what has to be the largest contingent of combat helicopter veterans about to be loosed upon the free world since the end of our little escapade. I haven't seen any numbers but I strongly suspect that maintaining and crewing a squadron of "Heavies" requires a lot more folks than a 34 squadron would have. Some of them are bound to wind up on the East Coast and just have to see for themselves what they'll look like, sound like and act like in another forty or so years when they're us.

The second force reunion being in tional Museum of opened less than a Quantico and was vious issue.

As you'd expect, tors are on the case was to download for reunion coordinators.

WIZARD OF ID



and the reason for the DC is the new Na-the Marine Corps, year ago outside of highlighted in a pre-

the Board of Direc-already. Our first act Colonel Hewe's SOP

In it there are two underlying principles. The second one is pretty simple; always get the money up front. He says this in about 30 different ways. The first one, however, is a little more complex and that is to try and imagine what a first time attendee would want to experience at his first reunion. Since DC and Quantico are so central to the citizen and the Corps, that should put us quite a ways ahead of places we've already been to and the Museum should be of huge interest as I have never seen or heard a disparaging word. The Ugly Board, and I am sure the Pop A Smoke Board is determined to link all of these attributes to give you all a wonderful experience but we'd be plenty glad to have a little input from you, particularly from those who will be attending so drop us a line. Tell us what was good, what was lousy and maybe, if you like, tell us what you would have done if you were holding the whip. Also, if you are fairly local to the DC area, we do need a few volunteers who we can call on occasionally for both a helping hand and some advice.

### Who'd A Thunk It??

Multi-millionaire contractor, KD Logue, Ugly class of 68-69 counseling young Captain, (Son of Larry) Turner on how to run a maintenance operation thousands of miles from prying eyes.

KD had camouflaged his trail brilliantly with numerous "red-herring" e-mails and then finally coming up with some sort of story about weighing H-53s.

Could those sandbags have something to do with the weighing process. He'll explain everything at the reunion, like he always does.





## *Marine Down!! Corpsman Up!!*

I'm not too sure exactly how things unfolded. For the newsletter, I usually ask for a status check on those who I knew are sick when I was getting ready to publish. On a previous inquiry, Curt Gray's "Sweetie," Nancy wrote back saying he'd love some company and they had lots of room. We learned at the Reno reunion that he had diabetes and then at the Fort Worth "gaggle" that there was cancer of the colon, 10 feet being removed and the liver where a quarter was taken away.

On a similar note, in the last issue there was an explanation by "Doc" Rob Roy about whether he was a Marine or Navy Corpsman. Not long after publication we learned that he had colon-rectal cancer which had metastasized to his lungs. Since Rob lived in Massachusetts and Curt lived in Maine and there was an open invitation, it seemed fated that we ought to get together. That they both were in Stage 4 with their respective cancers seemed to add to the urgency.

On a recent Friday, September 7<sup>th</sup>, I flew to Manchester, NH where Rob was waiting. When we got to the Estate, Nancy met us with grim news; Curt was really in very bad shape. Aside from cancer and diabetes, he was absolutely sick as a dog



Curt Gray, "Doc" Rob Roy and Nancy Knight at Angels Rest, Bridgton, ME, May 7-10, 2007

and had no energy. Every time he tried to do anything he sort of collapsed. In spite of his condition we had a fine evening with another corpsman equaling out the numbers. Good food and good company were the order of the first night.

Reveille went at 0500 to get Curt into Portland for his once every 3 days dialysis. When we picked him up from the Dialysis Center, he seemed to be in terrible shape but didn't want to go to the hospital so we went back to the big house.

As Rob and I watched we began to see a pattern emerge. Whenever Curt got up suddenly or moved across the room he was stricken as if he had been smashed in the gut and couldn't get up. It was as if he had no oxygen in his lungs. Subsequent events seemed to prove that he had an enormous build up of fluid around his heart which kept the oxygen from getting to where it was needed in his heart and bloodstream. As a result, we urged him to get up slowly, wait before moving and if he wanted something, ask one of us to get it for him. Another strategy was to get him to use the sleeping device that supplied him oxygen, IF he had ever been able to sleep.

Aside from the medical problems we had a grand time. Curt and I had been involved with Pop A Smoke and the Squadron for several years. For Rob, this was the first time he had seen an Ugly since the first week of October 67 when he got shot on a medevac with "Fish" Williams and pilots Niederhaus and Pilck. (Incidentally Rob would greatly appreciate hearing from David Niederhaus. If anyone is in contact with him, it would be a good thing to arrange as time is not infinite in this particular case.) At any rate the rest of Saturday and all of Sunday was reminiscing about the Ugly Angels. Curt has every inch of film ever shot from the professional stuff to some films that made you think you had been shot down and were about to impact the planet, inverted.

Probably, the highpoint of the weekend was when we got Curtis to talk about himself and his life and careers in Maine. The man is truly one of them that they write songs about. He spent a good part of his life building multi-million dollars homes for a lot of very well known people. His own estate, by the way, is pretty dang incredible, sort of reminiscent of Maurice Minifields on "Northern Exposure." He also mentioned a few "Rambo" escapades; one of which ended with 18 bullet holes in his car. His explanation had something to do with "trying to calm things down with the police." Other aspects of the mans life included genealogy, lot of guns and hunting as well as mining, poetry and even the beginnings of a few novels.

The day after I got home there was a message from Nancy that he was back in the hospital. They were trying to get rid of the fluid around his heart. When I hear anything important I can get it out on the net. Keep the "Doc" in your thoughts to, particularly if you flew with him.

### **Reunion Preview**

To date we have not one word of official scuttlebutt, but that never stopped Marines from establishing an ad hoc Rumor Control Central. What we sort of know right now is that it will be held in DC, August 14th through the 17th. Because of the location, we can assume that we will have a great deal more exposure to the Corps than we normally do.

It seems safe to assume that the Evening Parade at 8th and Eye will be a major part of the reunion as well as the brand New National Museum of the Marine Corps. As a result of the Parade being on Friday night, normally the time for the individual Squadron Dinners, the Board of Directors is planning one very busy Friday. Tentative schedule is as follows: 1. Get to the Museum as close to 0900 opening as possible, 2. Depart around 12-1230 for Lunch at the MCB Quantico Officer and Enlisted Club scheduled for 1300 to 1530, 3 Depart for DC in time to clean up and be ready to get to the Commandant's House and the Parade at 1900.

The down side, of course is that we miss our own dinner but I am pretty sure that the whole day, taken together will be memorable for years to come. More info will follow. Keep an eye on Pop A Smoke starting around February

***Bill Willey's gone.*** *Rather than try to write about him, I've resurrected an earlier piece that he wrote and edited it to fit. I'll get the original back on line soon.*

I was the Crew Chief of YL 42 during 1966-67 and thought the reader might be interested in some of the history (both general and personal ,lighthearted and very serious) of the actual' YL 42 and my relationship with her 'in-country.'

I arrived at Ky Ha, assigned to HMM-362 in early June,1966. *After signing in and getting indoctrinated*, it was onto the flight line and various introductions, brief descriptions of the ops offices , etc. .After about a week I was introduced and assigned to Sgt. and crew chief Hardin, or Hardesty, *aka* "Hard"), and he promptly began clarifying his expectations to his new assistant with regards to plane duties. I was soon flying as port side gunner, *as well as* checking all fluid levels, wiping down the plane with avgas and oil , cleaning the belly out , servicing the APU , cleaning both the M-60 machine guns and returning them to the armory at days end, and other tasks as assigned .. By 7-11-66 I received my aerial gunner designation and by 7-23-66 I had earned my Combat Aircrew Wings. *I was assigned mess duty and got a meritorious mast* . Lt.Col. Garotto, CO., HMM 362 at that time, ordered me back to the squadron and returned me to full flight status. *Around August 15th*, I was assigned as Crew Chief of YL 42 . I'll never forget the feelings of anxiety, trepidation, apprehension, and pride that welled up inside me upon that assignment. The above emotions seemed to diminish once I acknowledged that I had the best of the best behind and beside me for support, as well as an inexhaustible source of knowledge and skills to help, guide, and instruct me on the fine tuning of this previously perceived monster UH34D . I'm referring, of course, to the sergeants on up and especially TOP Sproule, incidentally the only enlisted Marine that I know the pilots feared and respected!

These mechanical experts and dedicated officers, including the "side" and "S" shops were all part of YL42. Although I was primarily entrusted with her care and may have had the most intimate relationship with this Dog , she was frequently tuned , coaxed, and stroked by all HMM 362 personnel and pilots. I was and always will be grateful to all the squadron Marines for their expertise and knowledge for keeping YL 42 in an 'up' status. Regarding our pilots, I was always confident that we had the best of the best. During the period of time (Aug.66 – Mar.67) that I crewed YL 42, we managed to complete approx 200 combat missions . During one month alone we received special squadron recognition for having logged in excess of 100 flight hours. The following describes some actual events YL 42 and I shared during our 8 month association.

One day, on final approach to Ky Ha, the right dampener slipped out of the main landing strut housing, which made normal landing impossible. I forget who the pilot was but all of them were able to handle situations like this. Top Sproule and a couple of assistant maintenance chiefs rolling out a trailer stacked with sandbags and the pilot was able to set down evenly without a hint of ground resonance. On another day, we were flying at about 3000 ft inbound for Ky Ha, about 10-15 miles out. We apparently took a direct round into a cylinder , causing engine failure .I'm sure Ron Fix was the pilot, although he says he doesn't remember it. It was my first complete, full auto-rotation experience and I must say that Ron sat the plane down so easily and skillfully that the main landing struts only collapsed half way down. They brought in a CH-53 and Top Sproule to the rescue again, screwing an eye hook on the main rotor and 42 was flown back to Ky Ha . I've got the pictures of that, and THANKS RON!!!

On another mission we were sent to an LZ to confiscate and transport a large quantity of VC stored rice. Capt. Sheehan was the pilot. Upon landing near the vats of rice, I stepped out of the plane to contemplate how we were going to get the rice onto the plane. Captain Sheehan calmly communicated to me over the intercom that he thought he was seeing dirt kicking up from bullets being fired at us . I immediately returned to the plane and the Captain demonstrated the most amazing ground effect transition to forward air speed; one that I never thought possible from a UH34D. I was still firing at the VC that were firing at us for at least a half mile past the breaking sea waves. To you, "Father" Sheehan, I say "Thank you and thank you". You were so calm in your greatness; I shall never forget you or your abilities. I received two confirmed kills that day. YL42 received about 8 bullet holes in her. Thankfully no one was injured.

Another memorable experience was the night when Lt. Sachs drew YL42 with me as co-pilot for a fly-away. The six helos taxiing in front of us, also on fly-away duty, progressively approached the T/O pad, did their instrument checks and were off to wherever for the night. As we began our engine run-up, Lt. Sachs called for the magneto check.....and you guessed it , I turned the switch to the right instead of the left or off instead of on and BANG. Lt. Sachs embarrassingly taxied back to parking area and I remained on duty to remove the exhaust collection ring for magna-fluxing. Funny, I don't recall ever flying along side Lt. Sachs again! Must've just been a scheduling glitch ....

The following is my account of the tragic loss of Lt. Michael Carley, co-pilot, KIA and the downing of YL 42 occurring on 27 February 1967. We were one of a flight of three UH34Ds on a troop transport mission, with 6 grunts in the belly . The hack was Capt. Jim Hippert. Lt. Carley had apparently been thru the same area on a similar mission earlier that day as I heard him over the IC informing Capt. Hippert of the extremely low ceiling (perhaps 6-900 ft.). His last words were "the best approach thru here is tree top tall and balls to the wall." The first round I heard was just moments after his statement which alerted me to the ready .The bullet pierced the front wind screen and killed Mike instantly according to the Surgeon who examined Mike at our initial destination. We received additional fire but I was unable to pinpoint its origin. Immediately after Lt. Carley was hit, Hippert took a round in his leg. By this time we were literally crashing thru the tree tops. Hippert transmitted a mayday several times and still managed to maintain control of the A/C, although, we were going down fast. We bounced thru what seemed to be about 3 rice paddies which, we were later informed, was an active mine field, before coming to a complete stop. We were still taking small arms fire. The officer in charge of the grunts deployed his men to set up a perimeter around our A/C. I was aware that my gunner, PFC Robert Switzer had been wounded but he managed to maneuver out of the belly of the plane. My immediate concern was to assist Capt. Hippert out and down from the cockpit and over to the nearest rice paddy dike. He informed me that Lt. Carley had taken the first round in his face and he was certain that he was dead. I returned to YL 42 twice to retrieve the machine guns and extra ammo. By this time our wingman was landing approx. 100-150 yards from our position and their crewmen were running from their plane to assist us with the weapons and Capt Hippert. I recall being overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and abandonment leaving Lt. Carley still in the cockpit. I did then, and will always regret that I was unable to get Lt. Carley out. As we lifted off in *the chase plane* I saw the HU-1E helicopter as it began circling the wreckage site. I later learned that it required the co-pilot, crew-chief, and gunner of the Huey to extricate Mike's body from the armored cockpit. YL42 was guarded throughout the night.

The next day a small maintenance crew headed up by Willie Sproule was flown back to the site and after performing emergency repairs and replacing the lost avgas, Captain Ryan, I believe, with Willie flying left seat flew YL 42 back to Ky Ha. Capt. Hippert was flown out to the hospital ship 'Repose' to recover from his wounds. My gunner had sustained minor shrapnel wounds to his arm and hand, and recovered rapidly.

The relationship between YL42 and me became quite intense over the next 2 to 3 weeks. *Each shop did what they needed to*, and finally, I believe, she received her 3rd engine as she had taken a couple of rounds in the oil tank directly behind my seat and was setting off a number of magnetic warning lights. In this brief interim as I recall, our Squadron transferred to an LPH and LSD headed toward the Philippines. At Cubi Point I began the dreaded replacement of 5 or 7 of the 11 fuel cells which were also pierced .Amazingly; none of the grunts in the cargo hold sustained injuries. I remember being dragged out of the belly several times, totally inebriated from 115/145 Avgas. After final repairs and several test flights, YL42 proudly joined up with several other Ugly aircraft and ascended to that international R&R spot, Bagguio, at least twice to transport a few lucky Marines there. Additionally, YL 42 was selected to participate in In-Flight Gunnery School with yours truly as the instructor. God, if that wasn't an embarrassing encounter. And to top it off, Lt. Deak Warner was our hack. You remember, Deak, the squadron Ordinance Officer who, in our cruise book is portrayed with one of every kind of weapon lashed to his body. Well, I had something like 5 students ranging from E-5 to First Shirt, to a Warrant Officer apprehensively sitting in the belly to take their turn with the M-60. The first approach on final before a gentle flare of the bird just before firing was to be a demonstration by me on the " how to do it right".....Right !!. You remember your first instruction class on what to do with a hang fire with the M-60 ma-

chine gun (you know, where you stop, count to 10 before attempting to eject the round from the receiver, the one rule you shitcanned when in combat !! Get the round out, reload and keep firing. Well , with a short lapse in classroom memory, I jerked the bolt back, not noticing that the first round had not ejected, slipped another round into the receiver behind the cook-off, and pulled the trigger !@!F%&\*\_!! I think it was some smart son-of-a-bitch that once said that two 7.62mm cartridges and bullets will not simultaneously spiral thru the gun barrel easily . You guessed it; in front of God, AND the Ordinance Officer and several shocked Marines who outranked me, the receiver blew up, both rounds went off (somewhere), the butt plate buried itself in my chest and shoulder and shrapnel hit everyone. School was out and fortunately no one was seriously injured (other than my pride), and Deak took it all in stride, Thank God; however my instructorhood was terminated !!

Over the following years Rusty Sachs and I maintained intermittent contact with one another, he on the East Coast and I on the other, thru letters, cards, and by phone. Somehow, Gunny must have sensed an unsettling, discontented part within me relating back to our time in-country. Thru his unrelenting, unselfish persona, powers, and uncanny ability, Gunny initiated a search for Lt. Carley's family. He discovered that Mike Carley had left a wife and a two year old son at the time of his death. With this information he contacted Michael Jr. and Connie, in New York and Connecticut respectively and made arrangements for them to fly to California to meet me. Gunny picked up Deak Warner in Southern California on the way and in 1991, almost 25 years after Lt. Carley's death; I had the honor to be their host in my home in California. Michael Jr. was now 23 years old and still searching for information, confirmation, and some understanding of his dad's death. I in turn needed very much to gain some sort of closure to that event on 2-27-67, and finally found it by looking directly at both of them and telling them that I was unable to retrieve their loved ones body from the helicopter. It was a very emotional and on their part, forgiving conclusion to that fateful day in '67'. I can never thank Gunny Sachs enough for what he did to secure that piece of mind for myself , and I hope for Michael Jr. In 1998, when YL-42 was memorialized in Pensacola during our reunion, Michael Jr. his wife, and his infant son were in attendance. Currently, we stay in touch thru e-mail and hopefully future reunions.

In conclusion, I return briefly to those days' in-country' which we all share in memory; the good, the bad, and the Ugliers(pardon the pun). Some of us with better memory than others, but we all share those times with one another and our fallen brothers that we'll never forget in our private and not so private thoughts.....

Semper Fidelis!

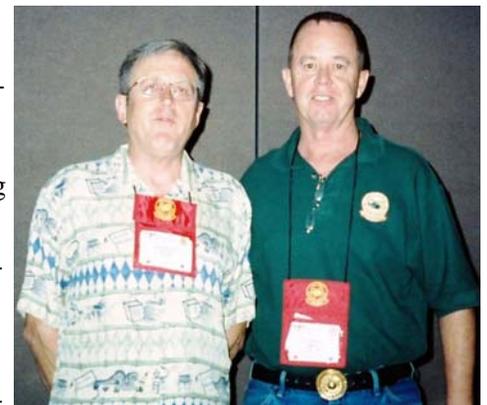
Bill Willey

*Bill passed away June 20th of this year from diabetes complications. He was 60 years old and a devoted husband, father and Ugly Angel; definitely one of the good guys*

## Young Blood Added to UA Board

If you were lucky enough to be in Fort Worth for our '06 reunion you had to have seen and been impressed by these two dudes and their wives who were everywhere getting things done. Both were Ugliers in the later days of our involvement. **Romy Myszka**, on the left, was a 2-tour "tweet" and is now a biologist for the Department of Agriculture, Originally from Wisconsin, he got his education from the University of California system. He and Linda have four daughters, all who seem to work at something related to biology. Romy 's strong suit on the BoD seems to be organization.

**Bill McNair**, former Ugly Crew Chief of YL 3 is a Texas native and is a Production Manager for ITT Flowtronix, the company that contributed so much to our reunion, most notably the goofy Texas Helo cut-outs. He was also responsible for the Dance Hall for our Friday night dinner. Bill has a history degree from the University of Texas. He and Judy have one son and two daughters, all apparently born three years apart. Get to know these two as they are going to be running things more and more.



## Letters, notes, etc.

## Muddy Gets Needed Parts

Bob, Thank you for the request to report on my status. I had kidney failure starting over 6 years ago. I was diagnosed with diabetes type II at age 50 in 1986 and later in January 2000 everything started the kidney failure. I was put on the Virginia Transplant List 3 Dec. 2003 and started dialysis August 2004 which was 3 sessions a week for 4 hours each. When we moved to Colorado in 2005, I transferred from the Virginia to the Colorado Transplant List in June 2005. The wait for blood type O in Colorado was reported to me as 30-36 months while in Virginia, it was at least 5-8 years. This was not the reason for returning back home where I grew up. In December 2006 I was #2 on the Colorado KTL and I had a volunteer, Bob Fritzler, who had served with me in helos in RVN and 130's when we were there as Ugliers. Fritz was 70 when he volunteered and in excellent health but circumstances beyond his control kept him from being approved. He told me on 21 March that it would be another 2 weeks before he completed all tests. The next night I received a call from the Porter Transplant Center in Denver that they had a kidney for me. Be there at 0700 on 23 March as the kidney was arriving at DIA at 0720. That afternoon before the transplant I was told the kidney I was to receive was from a 28 year old male in another state and was a perfect match for my blood. This happens only 1 in 100 transplants. My volunteer's reaction, when I called him and told him the news, was "You mean I'm being benched and demoted from the first team." He and his wife were my first visitors in ICU. I was supposed to be in ICU for 48 hours but was transferred to the floor after 14 hours. I was to be in the hospital 7-10 days but was discharged 28 March, 5 days after the surgery. I was to remain in the Denver area for 3-4 weeks but after 9 days out of the hospital and 2 weeks after the surgery, I as allowed to return home and commute to Denver for my blood work twice a week and weekly doctor visits. That continued to grow to blood once a week at the lab in my home town and then doctor visits in Denver every 2 weeks. On 12 June I was released to my local kidney doctor with 3 month checkup at the Transplant Center. My current kidney schedule is blood test every two weeks, which is faxed to the Transplant Center, my kidney doctor and my primary care doctor. The test is done in my home town and I see my kidney doctor once a month in Pueblo and visit the Transplant Center every 3 months. Bob, the 23rd of August marks 5 months with my new kidney. I feel the best I have in 6 years. The perfect match has worked for me as all who see me up walking comment on how my color is normal. Also, Bob, the VA has determined that I am 100% disabled due to Diabetes from Agent Orange exposure from my 3 tours in RVN. It is awesome that one day you are going to kidney dialysis and the next you are able to function like a normal person. At a dinner on 3 March, one of my classmates ended his prayer with a request that God give me a kidney. 20 days later I had a new kidney. A demonstration of the power of prayer. [muddyh2os@earthlink.net](mailto:muddyh2os@earthlink.net)

### Daring Rebel

: I am a Ph.D. student at Texas Tech University and part of my dissertation research covers Operation Daring Rebel (5-20 May 1969). I understand that HMM-362 participated in this operation and I would like to communicate with members of HMM-362 who participated in Daring Rebel.

Regards, Robert Tidwell <[Robert.W.Tidwell@ttu.edu](mailto:Robert.W.Tidwell@ttu.edu)>

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### Curly Rose

Hello Guys,

My dad was EV Rose, most of you knew him as Curly. Dad passed away February 2006. If any of you have any old stories or pictures of him you would like to share, we would love hear them & see them. My dad did not tell my brother (David) or I too many of his military & flying stories. And somehow over the years the ones we did hear, have faded. And knowing my dad, some of those stories were not intended for little ears. He left behind seven grandchildren ranging from 24 to 7 years old. I was putting together a scrap book and hoped to include some of his USMC & flying days. Dad thought the world of his buddies, so I thought it would be nice to include some of their fondest memories about him. With the youngest grandson only seven, stories and pictures will be all he will remember. Dad never like to draw attention to himself, but we would love hear any old stories. There was a calendar with F8's, do you happen to know if my dad was a part of those squadrons? Feel free to forward this to anyone who knew Curly.

Thank you for your time!

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## ~ FIRST IN ~ LAST OUT WITH THE H-34 ~

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## Partin' Shots from Fast Eddy

I CAN REMEMBER .....

the monsoons of 1965 just like it was yesterday. Or, maybe it was the day before. Sometimes the door closes on my mind and I get locked out. However, once I find the key, I'm reminded of some thoughts I've had about monsoon rains. Here are few I found laying on the floor.

-Armed Forces Radio & Television was playing Bill-

board magazine's biggest hit for 1965, the Rolling Stones' "I Can't Get No Satisfaction". My guess is this is the theme song for all unaccompanied tours overseas.

-In the days before Marston matting was laid down and allowed to sink into the mud, we had "Peter Prime". This was a coating the engineers sprayed over the dust you used for an airfield or roads at Ky Ha, Vietnam. However, there isn't much dust during a monsoon. There were just layers of mud with oil slicks on top flowing into the South China Sea. Oozing through stacked embarkation boxes stored out of the way under tarps. You never know when there'll be a war and you'll need some tactically marked 4.2 boxes. At least the mud added flavor to the C-ration Ham and Limas and the water diluted the nuoc mahm (fermented fish oil).

-Having lived in both hardback tents and Quonset huts, I've found there is absolutely no difference. My poncho liner stilled leaked regardless of which I lived in. If the rain didn't soak you the full rubber wrapping of the liner did. Added to that were the jungle boots designed to allow a carefully measured amount of mud to flow through them. This allowed the mold on the boots to retain its dark green color. Helped match the color of my cash sales socks.

-The LtCol Aldworth told us one of the reasons the monsoons were invented was to allow Lt's to catch up with field grade flight hours. He also told us, "There's no such thing as a free lunch". That's why Dispersing took our subsistence allowance away from us the day we started eating C-rations. Guess it was considered carry out food. You know, if you average the food bills from the two packs of C-rations we were given a day for 30 days, an a la carte C-ration meal, without tip, equaled the cost of one rotor blade tip. Both required salt and pepper and a little dash of Tabasco Sauce.

-I've always wondered why we never sprayed the jungles with Prozac or Vicodin. That would have caused the Viet Cong to float during the heavy monsoon rains and roll on out into the South China Sea. I asked the Chaplin why we didn't do that. He said the EPA would have stepped in and forced us to stop. It seems floating Viet Cong might harm the environment. FEC



His-self @ Tam Ky

## Note from Recon

Good morning. My name is Cpl Dixon and I work with the 2d Marine Division G-1 Awards. I am sending this email on behalf of Retired Major James Capers Jr. USMC. Major Capers was a Sgt, SSgt, and 2d Lieutenant in Vietnam in 1966 and 1967. He was commander of the 1st Platoon, Forward Detachment, 3d Force Reconnaissance Company, 3d Reconnaissance Battalion, 3d Marine Division. They were located at Khe Sahn, Phu Bai, Dong Ha, and many other places. They were responsible for long-range reconnaissance deep in enemy controlled territory and behind enemy lines. One of the helicopter squadrons that flew for them supposedly came over to Vietnam with them via the USS Boxer. On 3 April 1967, near the village of Phu Loc, Major Capers Team, Broadminded, was evacuated after the whole team went down hard. Major Capers would like to find any of the pilots who may have flown his team during any of his missions in Vietnam. He was in country from May 1966 to April 1967. He participated in Operations Doubletalk, Prairie I, II, III, and Chinook, among many others. Could you post this to your various forums in an attempt to spread the message? Major Capers email is [jcapers1@ec.rr.com](mailto:jcapers1@ec.rr.com) and his home phone number is 910-347-4587. Thank you for your assistance in this matter.

R/S — Cpl Dixon USMC

**1500 Feet over Vietnam** by Bruce Lake is one of the great helicopter books of that war. It had been out of print for several years but Bruce had a third edition printed. Cost is discounted to \$20.00 including postage to Vets. Contact Bruce at [brlake@gmail.com](mailto:brlake@gmail.com)

## Long Overdue Thanks

No man is an island, nor is an organization. The Veterans side of 362 has long been in debt to several outsiders. Right now I want to offer heartfelt thanks to two Huey guys who have done an awful lot for us.

First on my list is Al Barber who for years has been handling the thousands of details involved in our history as a squadron and as members of the whole USMC-Vietnam-Helicopter scene. Last winter this really came across when I was trying to build our rosters with particular care to the KIAs. The care that Al has put into the History Project is just astounding and deserves to be recognized and honored.

The second Buddy I want to thank is my homey from Southeastern Mass, Frenchy La Fontaine. We all know him from his Ultra-Marine clothing but he has often been the dress blues at our funerals. He has supported every endeavor we have ever attempted and both he and his kid did a lot of the work on our YL 42 at PNS.

*A Thousand Thanks to Both Al and Frenchy!!*