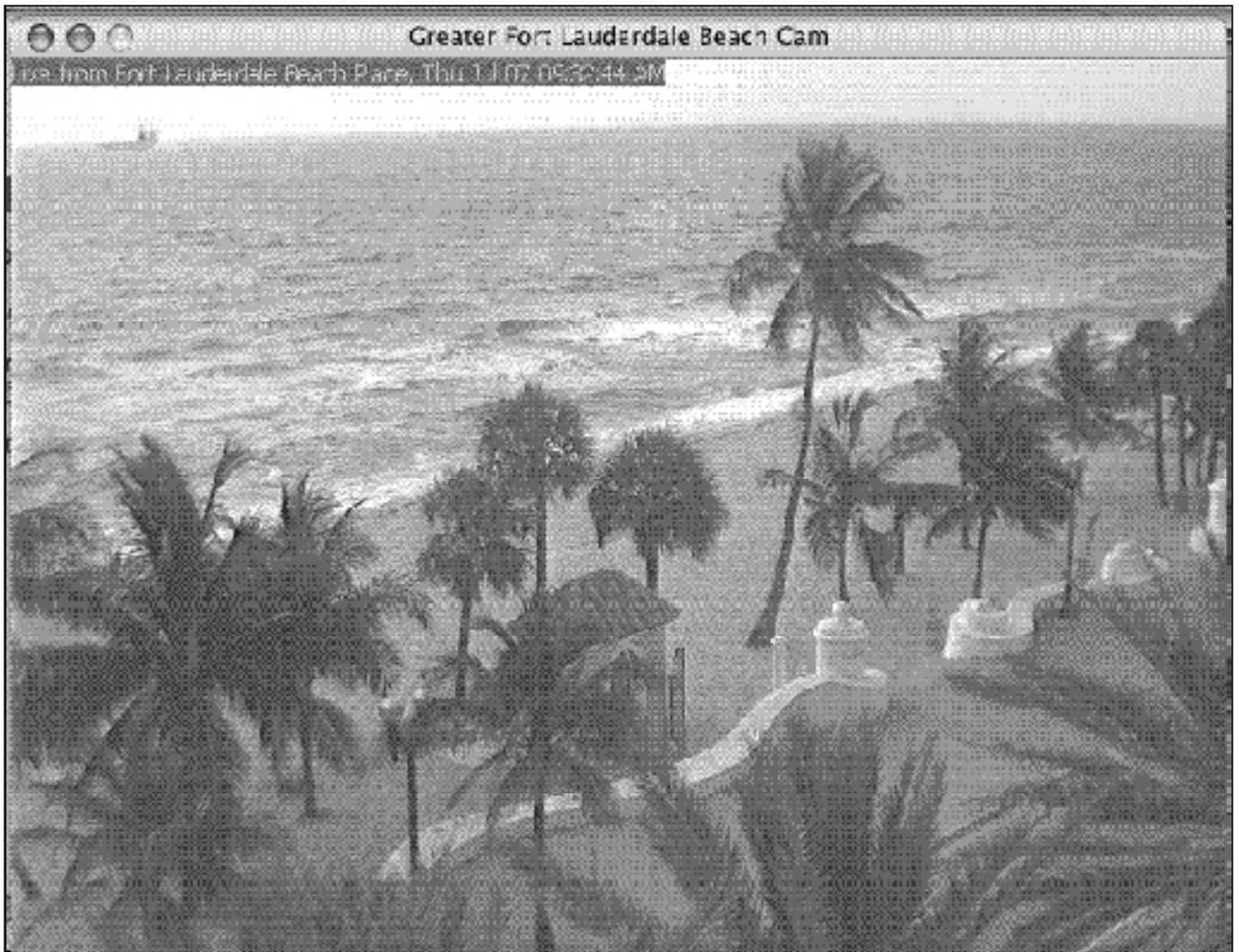


The

HOTLINE

The Official Publication of the Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.
Volume 14, Number 4 August 2005



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We need a volunteer to host the west coast reunion in 2007. Please contact JJ Dargan.



For the first time in known history, five, four-star Marine Generals were gathered in the same location. The Generals gathered in New York City for the 10th Annual, Marine Corps Law Enforcement (MCLEF) Semper Fidelis Gala at which Vice President Dick Cheney, and Roger Ailes, CEO and Chairman of Fox News were honored.

From Left to Right: General James Cartwright, Commander, U.S. Strategic Command;, General Peter Pace, Vice-Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff;, General Michael Hagee, Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps;, General William Nyland, Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, and General James Jones, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

Publisher's Statement

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All forms may be photocopied

Deadline for all copy is the 8th of
the month preceding issue.

About the Cover

This is a picture captured from a live camera
at Ft. Lauderdale Beach Place

July 7, 2005
9:32 am

August

1 Jim Strasser
3 Clara Newton
6 Lori Strasser
8 James Coleman
14 Dell Yetter
19 Rebecca Hill
24 Don Carman
25 James Newton

September

1 Jean Szuba
1 Cathy Griggs
2 Frank Fodor
7 Jim Wallace
10 Polly Pettipas
11 Nancy Niven
14 Bill Nosal
15 Pappy Young
15 Corrinne Bayne
18 John Trospen
21 Robert Olson
25 Millie Rush
25 John Campaigne
27 Bud Amouroux
29 Gary Bryan
30 Skip Redpath
30 Jim Dargan

MATCA
BIRTHDAYS

COMM CENTER

Ed. Note: The following are excerpts from an e-mail communication of CWO-5 John Rego, one of our active duty members. He was responding to a letter from another active duty member, MSgt. Brooks Bergeron, who is well known to the readers of Hotline. The general topic was how to get more active duty Marines interested in joining MATCA

From: John Rego

We've been slapping new names on old concepts over and over. Look at TQL how many names has that had, and likely had numerous names before TQL, hmmm... leadership springs to mind, however I guess invoking a simple term like leadership makes it too easy. Another is operational maneuver from the sea (OMFTS) if you read it, it sounds just like phasing of combat power ashore and I don't know what it was called before that, liberty perhaps.

Not part of this subject but a crusty old MSGT once told me, (he might have been a Gunny at the time, and is taking courses online at the moment) that "Old breed new breed, who cares, as long as it is the Marine breed", he credited some guy named Puller with that statement but I think it applies to the old guys young guys issue from a couple of weeks ago. And (yes I know I can't start a sentence with and, but I don't care) I joined this group in the mid 1990s and was welcomed with opened arms and I am thankful for that. I participated in the initial efforts to get active duty personnel to the reunions, in fact I recall that reunion, in San Diego, I was at Tustin (Santa Anna or LTA) at the time, we (there were several of us, and Wade for your benefit at least half were NAVAIDS guys and at least one of which you know) rolled in hot. We had a fantastic time, Jerry Fisher was there and was up near all night with us, Woody (Wingfield) started out with us on a walk sometime around 0400 looking for breakfast, but that was later. Earlier Joe Medico was on stage with a bunch of young ladies who were wearing coconut shells for bras, Boyd Murdock, (God bless him) was running around trying to keep us under some semblance of control, mean while JJ (Dargan) was encouraging us to get more out of control. Also in the hotel was a reunion of a Navy fighter squadron, one of our

folks, first time at a MATCA reunion approached them thinking it was MATCA, the response was hell no MATCA is that noisy crew down there in the red hats. Also in the hotel was a bag pipers convention, while we were doing what we do, a bag piper unbeknownst (sp) to us emerged on one of the hotel balconies and piped the Marines Hymn, I know a lot of you were there, but this is how I remember it; " The hotel had a large court yard which contained the pool and party area, the piper came out on the balcony and just started playing, (I think JJ set it up), As the realization of what was being played struck it was a wave of folks locking it up, and silence as the notes drifted across. Ok what's my point, it goes back to what the Top said in the beginning of this paragraph.

Ok enough running off of the fingers, you all have a good night.
JP

From: A Charter MATCA Member

Subject: Reminiscing with the Grandpa Gunny

My long-passed ATC's First Gunny Sgt's birthday is coming up, and for me it is a time to reminisce. The long talks we used to have. The long discussion on how ATC works, the special times he would have me write the A&C Manual from cover to cover, (That is the 7110.65 today). And times he would pick me up so I could some family time out of the barracks, of course, spend my home time baby sitting for him so he could go bowling, and the many words of advice he used to give about my USMC Career. Much of what he taught me was never wasted, because I as well was no longer young when he died but did loose many years in between. It took the formation of MATCA to reunite he and I, as well as his family.

However, I do wish he were alive today and had more time to share his pearls of wisdom with all in MATCA. I truly believe his impact created what I am today because of the important parts, (both what I thought, were good and bad), that played in my life. Sleep Well James Sumner a 

our families blessing to Audrey and the kids.

Response from Jim's son:

Thanks for remembering Dad on his 76th birthday. Mom always lights a candle and have a rose for him in front of his picture. Tell all that we really appreciate their thinking of us. Mom doesn't get around as well as she used to and is in a wheel chair now as her legs are going numb on her. But we are going to try and get her to Ft. Lauderdale to see all the MATCA family.

Again Thanks and God Bless all of you. He will be gone 3 years June 7

Joe Sumner

From Jerry Fisher

Hello to all,

I am finally home after a fun filled visit to the NV/AZ border area with stops at some of their finer medical facilities.

Thanks to Buddy (Wyatt) for keeping you apprized of my predicament. The gist of the situation was that I had a pulmonary embolism, which resulted in blockage of both pulmonary arteries. This condition makes it rather difficult to breathe, and as I was told by several doctors and nurses, usually results in death.

If any of you ever decide to become ill on a vacation, I recommend doing so in the Laughlin/Bullhead area. The people at WARMC are fantastic.

I am currently in the process of getting follow up treatment through a TRICARE Facility here and will probably be doing some stuff with clinics at NRMCD (Balboa to you old timers). As of now I'm still on oxygen and will probably be on a cumadin (blood thinner) regimen for life. According to the doctor I can still get drunk, I'm just not allowed to fall down.

I am feeling fantastic for someone who quite easily could not be here, and I am looking forward to a speedy and full recovery. My first priority after getting off this oxygen hose is to get to a "swing doctor" so I can get my \$3.00 back from Buddy on the course in Ft. Lauderdale.

My daughter, Denise will be here with me through Thursday before she heads back home to Boise, ID.

On a serious note, without naming names (you know who you are), I want to express my sincere gratitude for those of you who called, thought good thoughts, relayed best wishes, and prayed on my behalf. The benefit of having a group such as this on one's side cannot be overstated.

Lastly, for those of you who have made it this far, I would like to name names. I want to take this forum to publicly recognize Pat and Buddy Wyatt. I do not have the words to properly express my feelings for all that they did for me, and my daughters during a very trying time. Their actions truly exemplify what friends and this organization are and should be about. Pat and Buddy, whether you feel so or not, I owe you more than can ever be repaid.

Semper Fidelis

CORRECTION

In the June, 2005 issue I inadvertently left out a critical part of a paragraph in the article by Ray Mischock (besides spelling his name wrong!) titled An Iwakuni Snow Job.

Having done hundreds if not thousands of GCA's, it is unforgivable that I skipped over the issuance of reaching GCA minimums. The paragraph at the top right hand column of page 7 should read:

"One half mile from touchdown, on glide path, on course... one quarter mile from touchdown passing through GCA minimums, on glide path, on course, and on centerline... runway straight ahead." Come on Ackerman, I thought, you should be able to see the aircraft coming in from your position at the end of the runway, so we can tell him we have him visually from the deck. Nothing comes from Ackerman as I continue... "over end of runway, on glide path, on centerline..."

My apologies to Ray. Once again I proved an editor should never edit his own work. On the bright side, after the issue was mailed Col. Don McCarthy called from his home in Massachusetts to report he was the Watch Officer mentioned in the story and that he remembered the incident very clearly.

Couth Corner by Syd Wire

On "piker" being an exposition of the historico-military origins of the word along with comment on modern day tactical and philosophical implications, the whole containing clarifications of military jargon for the edification of readers who may never have had the privilege to serve and an expository account of an encounter with two noted lexicographers.

Richard Coeur de lion, shortly after becoming King of England in 1189, set out on the third crusade to free Jerusalem from the infidel, once again demonstrating that there's been more blood shed in the name of the lord than in any socio-economic issue ever to beset mankind. It is a little known fact that Richard greatly increased the number of pikemen in his army or and above that which was normally found in the typical to&e (table of organization and equipment) of the day. He did this because it had come to his attention that the wily Saladin, commander of the Saracen horde had borrowed 200,000 horses from his arab brothers far to the northeast and that Saladin's frequent pleasure and pastime in war was to utilize heavy frontal cavalry assaults, banners waving, scimitars slashing and the revelers screaming at the top of their lungs, "aliah il allah akbar!!!" (god is great.) We see this notion repeated centuries later in the german army's development of the panzer tank and the nazi party's use of the slogan "gott mit uns" (god (is) with us.).

The equally wily Richard, however, devised a scheme which involved preparing the ground before his lines with a series of deep, camouflaged pits. As the raghead van (front) approached, he would have his archers let loose volleys of arrows, thus blunting the shock of the charge. When the infidels fell into the pits, the archers, emplaced well to the rear, would cease fire to reduce friendly casualties and the pikemen, who had been placed in the van of Richards lines, would reach out with their pikes and cut the horses fetlocks, thus forcibly dismounting the cavalrymen. The foot soldiers would then slip through the ranks of the pikemen and lay about them merrily with swords, maces, daggers and other implement of destruction. In the event, the scheme worked quite well.

Parenthetically, this business of cutting the horses fetlocks caused great consternation on the Arabian peninsula. The horses were, after all, provided on a lend-lease basis. The enormous loss of horses in the many frays led to serious accusations, bickering and, in general, widespread

dissent among the followers of the true prophet. Historians believe that this is the primary reason that the United Arab League wasn't formed until seven and a half centuries had passed. The Arab, like the elephant, has a long memory.

It is an even lesser-known fact that, due to a scarcity of funding and a screw-up on the part of the office of war material procurement, Richard was forced to decree that all pikemen would hand manufacture their own pikes and maintain them in good order throughout the campaign. The pike, which appears to be a fairly simple weapon at first blush, does require a good deal of pm (preventive maintenance). The long oak staff must be frequently sanded, boned, and wiped down with linseed oil. The head, consisting of a razor sharp curved blade on the one side and a wicked spike on the other must be kept free of rust, well oiled and sharpened to a fare-thee-well. Linseed oil, emery cloth and high quality sheep fat are not to be purchased in Jerusalem for a pittance, then or now.

As a result of these expenditures of time and money, the average pikeman spent about 95% of his poor pay maintaining his weapon. Thus there was little or no money left to be spent in the taverns and fleshpots of Jerusalem. The pikemen fell into the habit of cadging flagons of ale from their foot soldier comrades. Whenever one would enter a tavern an infantryman would say to his mates, "guard your purses, lads, here comes another one of those damned pikers!.

Your won't find all this in your Funk and Wagnall's. Military men tend to keep their specialized knowledge pretty closely held. This author's grandfather once had the pleasure of F&W;s company in Algonquin Hotel tearoom many years ago. It was a pleasant way to while away an hour or two on a rainy, blustery New York afternoon. As he parted with them, he heard Funk say to Wagnalls, sotto voce, "oy gevalt, adam! Does dis guy goddit a vay vit voids!?"

Y'all be good now, hear"
Syd

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Frid. - Sat. 10 am to midnight.



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From The President

By: J. J. Dargan

Our reunion in Fort Lauderdale. I talked with Rita Moyers and she has a total of 44 members et al who have registered. As we have mentioned many times, if you are going, register early. It helps the reunion host to better plan events and provides the hotel with a good idea of the number of rooms they must hold.

I haven't talked to Herm Moyers about the golf tournament, but by my count we have about 10 members signed up. If you plan on playing, please let Herm know so he can set up a schedule with the course.

I know my old school chum Davy Crocker and his lovely wife Dana will be joining us in Florida which will give me another chance to play golf with him.

Arlene, Kathy and I traveled to Seattle to join friends for a cruise to Alaska. We had a great time and I told Mac we would send a brief column about the trip. You should find it elsewhere in the Newsletter. If you haven't been to Alaska, take time to visit. You will be pleasantly surprised at how beautiful it is.

Since last we met some changes have occurred. Buddy Wyatt and Pat Luce married, ergo, she is now Pat Wyatt; Leon Coxe and Doris have moved into their new home in the Jacksonville, NC area; Skip and Jackie Redpath have moved into their new home in Phoenix and Bill and Joanne Behan had their grandson visiting and I know they all had a grand time. Our oldest grandson, Jeff, graduated from college this May. We had a grand time too.

I spoke to Guy Rowe several weeks ago and he and his wife Evelyn will not be attending this year, but Guy sends his regrets. I think Ray Spears and his Lady Kimberly are attending, I haven't hear from him in a while though.

Some of our members have been ill, among them Joe Medico, Del Yetter and Bill Nosal that I am aware of. I'm sure there are others, so please pray they are all on the road to recovery.

I know you aware we have some WW-2 members, and I thought I would take this time to say thank you for all that you have done for this great country of ours. Yours was a great generation, you gave many years of your life defending our country, in my eyes you are all Hero's.

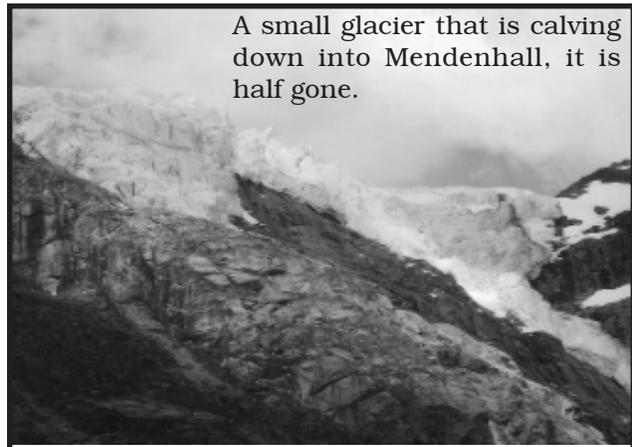
On a very sad note MATCA has lost it's senior member, Howard "Pappy" Young. He passed away 22 June 2005, about 80 days short of his 98th birthday. I never had the privilege of serving with Pappy, but thru MATCA I met him and Betty and am the better for it. Those who knew Pappy have some great memories of him. He had some great stories to tell about his career both in and out of the Corps.

There was a memorial service for Pappy on 6 July in Oceanside California, actually a celebration of his life, something that Pappy would have wanted. I know Mickey would appreciate hearing from those who knew Pappy. If you're so inclined, please contact her. His obituary is in this issue of the Newsletter and I think you'll find it very interesting. Please keep Pappy and the family in your prayers.

Out of respect for a great Marine, husband and father, I attended Pappy's celebration, along with Skip Redpath, Joe Medico, Frank Fodor, Bob and Marnie Mifflin and others. Pappy always provided good counsel when I asked him for help. He will be missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. I know he is looking down on us and checking the ledger to find out when/if we will report to the Eternal Commandant. I hope he finds my name is on the list.

As Skip would say, "See you in Ft. Lauderdale in September"

Semper Fi,
Jim and Arlene



A small glacier that is calving down into Mendenhall, it is half gone.



Our Word

Roger & Carole McIn-

Had a nice phone call the other day from Stan Breit, who lives in Pilot Mountain, NC. He was in town visiting his son and touched base with us. It's always nice to hear from members. I see all these names every other month when we stick mailing labels on these Hotlines, and I guess I could put a face to about half of the membership. Many others I've known about for years through the tall tales of others, but there are still quite a few that I'd like to meet in person. The only way that will happen is if they suddenly decide to take a vacation and go party at an annual reunion.

I'm really pleased to be able to offer once again the writings of my friend and classmate Syd Wire, AKA The Couth Officer. We pick up a lot of the stories and articles you see here from Internet traffic, but there are still original thinkers and writers in MATCA that make these pages come alive. Bill Van Orden out in Yuma has also been a big help with news as well as regular contributors like Jim Strasser. Thanks folks.

As long as I'm going on about who and what makes the pages of Hotline, I want to mention the obitu-
THE LAST FRONTIER

On the 2nd of June, Arlene and I, along with Kathy, flew out to Seattle to visit and embark on the Sapphire Princess on the 5th (or was that WITH a fifth?) for a cruise to Alaska. We spent two days visiting the many sites and enjoying the great food offered along the waterfront. If seafood is something you enjoy, Seattle will provide some of the best you'll taste. We also visited the Space Needle to get a great view of the city, in fact a spectacular view of Seattle.

Our cruise on the Sapphire Princess was excellent in all respects, a very nice cabin with an outside balcony, queen bed, TWO TV's and full bath. Food is available twenty four hours a day, if that is what you want. We found it better to eat at the buffet bar for breakfast and select a restaurant for dinner. There are 5 restaurants, same menus but each a different decor.

The food and service were excellent in all respects and the selection was more than you could ask for. We found that if you select one restaurant and

ary for Pappy Young that is in this issue. Carole and Pappy's daughter, Mickey, worked together on that, knowing that the time of his passing was drawing near, and we wanted to appropriately pay tribute to a great Marine. This organization has many other great Marines, several of whom are WW II veterans. It sure would be nice if our more senior members could take a few minutes and send us a note to indicate what they would like to said in this newsletter when Taps sounds for them. I know it's hard to think in those terms, but that time will come for all of us.

On the same subject, Walker Goe, who many of you knew, passed away this year. We also lost an active duty Marine, Cpl. Jessie J. Menard, who was killed in a boating accident on Lake Martinez, AZ in June. He was stationed in the tower at MCAS Yuma. Both of these men have also been added to our Memorial List

Enough of this sad talk; it's almost reunion time! Gather up your dancing shoes, golf clubs, outrageous Marine Corps Tee shirts, and meet us at the bar in Ft. Lauderdale.

Semper Fi,
Roger & Carole McIntosh

return each night you get much better service, as the waiters come to know you.

We visited Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, and Victoria, BC and as a side trip, sailed up Tracy Arm, a fiord (I thought they only existed in Norway!) to view the South Sawyer Glacier. Awesome is the only word I can think of.

The highlights of the cruise — in Juneau we took a Helo out to the Mendenhall Glacier, landed there and spent about 30 minutes walking on the glacier. The part we landed on was 250 feet thick but further up it increases to 1000 feet thick. The scenery was beyond belief and hard to describe. Ya' gotta see it to believe it!!

In Skagway — the narrow gauge train ride to White Summit Pass, a climb of about 5000 feet from the dock area. If you want to see Alaska as it was 100 years ago, pristine in every respect this train ride will provide a spectacular view of glaciers, waterfalls, swift running streams and deep cold lakes, clearer than you can imagine

Ed. Note: This is part two of the recollections of the Son Tay raid, North Vietnam, 1970

You cannot miss a SAM launch at night. It's like a mini Shuttle launch, lights up an area for miles in all directions. The first few were called "SAM, SAM, DIVE, DIVE" but that soon became silly. There were so many launches that you couldn't call them. There seemed to be about four launch sites within a few miles of the camp on the West side of Hanoi. The rest were further east and we didn't think they were a threat to us.

Most of the SAM's went high, after the MIG cap, Weasels and the Navy's two hundred plane faint coming in from the East. The idea was to make them think there was a major raid on Hanoi and not bother with a few planes on the West side. It worked. From signals intercepts, the NSA told us later that the North Vietnamese Air Defense Commander screamed "Fire at Will", then shut down his air defense early warning radars and his command net and went off the air. We were at our briefed 3 thousand feet until the SAM's started coming our way. Intel told us we wouldn't have any trouble with SAM's at that altitude. A lot some pencil pushing puke knows.

We all hit the deck and kept an eye on the launch sites close to us and sure enough, someone decided to try for the guys to the West, us. The site closest to us, just a few miles to the Northeast launched one that never got to the horizon. I watched it rise and almost immediately it leveled off. Then the thing stopped moving on the windscreen. You know what that means, collision course. Coming right at us.

We dove into the Red River and turned west. Jerry was flying and I was turned around keeping an eye on the damn thing as it charged at us over my right shoulder. I kept bumping the stick forward saying "Lower, Lower." Jerry kept bumping the stick back saying "We're going to hit the water." When the rocket plume on the thing seemed as big as the A-1 I yelled break left. We went up and over the river bank, about fifty feet, and leveled off at phone poll height going straight south. We never saw the thing again. It either hadn't had time to arm or buried itself in the water/mud so deep that the flash of detonation was masked.

That's another thing you can't miss at night. The

detonation of a SAM. It's a lightening bright flash, quite large. They were going off over us constantly and when you got used to them you didn't even bother to look up. For about a thirty minute period there were no less than three SAM's airborne at any one time and other times so many you couldn't count them.

I've never heard an estimate of the number fired that night but it has to be in the hundreds. All the SAM misses would self detonate, either at a pre-set altitude or motor burn out, don't know which. Like I said, you wouldn't look up at a SAM detonation because they were so numerous unless something was different.

Then there was something different. The flash was yellowish instead of bright white. Looking up there was a large fire ball with flaming debris falling from it. "Damn, someone got nailed." Then suddenly there was a flaming dash across the sky heading southwest, then another and another. Three dashes were all I saw, couldn't spend any more time looking up.

Later we learned that a SAM had detonated close to a Weasel and filled his bird with holes. Fuel was streaming out and his AB was igniting it in dashes across the sky. Since he was losing all his fuel anyway he left it in AB till he ran out. He got to the southern PDJ before bailing out.

About this time Blue Boy calls Axle and says "Search complete, negative packages." Silence, then Simons asks for a repeat. "Search complete, negative packages, repeat negative packages." More silence. I don't know what anyone else was thinking then but for me it was setup, ambush. But hell, we'd already been there twenty minutes and they'd have sprung it by then. So then it turned to "What the hell are we doing here?" And "How the hell are we going to get our asses out of here intact." Simons must have been thinking the same thing. He called for the perimeter teams to pull back and the Apples to come in for pickup. Then he told us to take out the Big Bridge.

All sounds very simple but it sure wasn't. First of all we had no hard ordnance and couldn't take out the Big Bridge. We had no more WP bombs and that was the only thing that would have damaged a wooden bridge.

The bridge was Red Wines objective and were

supposed to blow it but because of their late start hadn't reached it before the pull back order. A little poop about the Big Bridge. The bridge was a few hundred meters northeast of the camp on the road that ran in front of it. It was about a hundred feet long, heavily constructed and could carry any vehicle up to a tank, we were told. Red Wine was supposed to blow it and hold the road while Green Leaf went southeast and held the road there.

During training the engineers said twelve pounds of C-4 would take out the bridge. However, to be sure they were going to double it and use twenty-four pounds. Col. Simons said that he wanted to be doubly sure and doubled that to forty-eight pounds then added that two people would carry forty-eight pounds each making it ninety-six pounds of C-4. I would have liked to see what ninety-six pounds of C-4 did to that bridge but it wasn't to be.

What made things worse was that the out bound and pull back routes for the parameter teams were different. Since each team out bound had to take out any possible threats they didn't want to retrace their steps and possibly run into someone they missed. He would have been one pissed off Gomer.

There was a lot of housing just outside the camp. Intel said it was for the camp commander, married officers and maybe some camp workers. The teams outbound went house to house making sure no one was going to be a threat. It was a slow process so between starting out late and an early pull back they had no chance of reaching their goal. Since they hadn't got to the end of the outbound route there was no way they could follow the pull back route.

The radios went bananas again. "There's part of Red Wine's team in Green Leaf's area of responsibility and part of Green Leaf's team in Red Wines area. Do not fire without identification." This was repeated over and over again. So much so that none of the teams could get in to acknowledge. They were so out of breath that they couldn't say but one word between two or three panting breaths. It wasn't fun to listen to.

Some time during all this we had expended 50% of our ordnance and called in 3 and 4. They had

done the same and called us back. We dumped the Rockeyes on the bridge. The Rockeye is a Navy fast mover ordnance we had to certify the A-1 to carry while in training at Eglin. It's a multi-munitions thing with gobs of little shaped charges to take out vehicles, even tanks I guess. Not very good for bridges. We put a lot of holes in it though.

After that we laid down continuous strafe till everyone was in the Apples and on their way. I might add we never saw any vehicles or people moving anywhere near the camp. There was a lot of traffic on the East west road along the Red River, about a klick north, going in and out of Hanoi but no one turned toward the camp. Also about this time, the SAM launches were slowing down but the MIG calls were increasing. Roughly twenty minutes into the forty minutes this took we started picking up MIG calls.

Intel told us they had no night qualified pilots so we would have no trouble with MIG's. Right! There was one call of an air to air missile firing. Said it zoomed right past his plane. I don't know who it was and never saw any myself. That was the only call of a firing I remember hearing. But the MIG warning calls from College Eye or whoever makes those things were coming regularly.

Once the Jollies were off and running we putted along above and behind them, guessing where they were since it was dark and no one could see each other. Everyone was to call the IP outbound. One by one we heard the calls, thank God.

Then we hear this voice "Is everybody out?" "Who are you?" "This is Apple something or other." "Where are you?" "I'm back at the holding point waiting to be sure everyone got out okay." "God damn jerk." We told him to get his ass airborne and head for the IP as fast as his funny machine would take him. He acknowledged. By this time we had nearly reached the IP ourselves. Jerry and I looked at each other and said "We don't have a choice." With possible MIG's around a lonely Jolly all by himself makes for a pretty good target.

We turned around, climbed to a nice MIG target altitude, three or four thousand, and went Christmas tree. Every light we had was turned on and we slowly drove back to Hanoi. With MIG



Ft. Lauderdale 2005



September 14 - 18, 2005

Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Registration Form

Attendees: _____

Address: _____

Phone no.: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Guest(s) name _____

Do you need name tags? Please circle: Yes / No

Do your guests need name tags? Yes / No

Registration Fee: \$15.00 Per person No. @\$15.00 pp. Total _____

Late fee (after Aug. 22nd) \$25.00 pp. No. @\$25.00 pp. Total _____

Wednesday, Sept. 14th

Surfside Barbecue: \$35.00 pp. No. @\$35.00 pp. Total _____

(All you can eat buffet of baby back ribs, chicken, hamburgers, hot dogs, smoked sausage plus salads, vegetables, desserts & drinks)

Thursday, Sept. 15th

Narrated tour of Ft. Lauderdale, No. @\$24.00 pp. Total _____

Tour of Flamingo Gardens, lunch on your own on Las Olas Blvd.

Friday, Sept. 16th

Jungle Queen Dinner Cruise: \$45.00 pp. No. @\$45.00 pp. Total _____

(Evening cruise up the New River to a tropical island for an all you can eat barbeque of shrimp, chicken, baby back ribs, plus all the fixings & an after dinner variety show)

Saturday, Sept. 17th

Banquet Dinner: \$40.00 pp. No. @ \$40.00 pp. Total _____

(A dual entree of beef and chicken breast with potatoes, vegetables, dessert & beverage)

Any special Diet requirements: _____

Sunday, Sept. 18th

Royal Palm Breakfast Buffet: \$20.00 pp. No. @ \$20.00 pp. Total _____

(Breakfast buffet of eggs, assorted juices, fruits, cereals, bacon, sausage, potatoes, breads, coffee, tea)

Acey/Ducey Tournament: \$10.00 pp.

Please make checks payable to MATCA Trust Check No. Total _____

(THIS FORM MAY BE PHOTOCOPIED)

2005 MATCA INVITATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT



Thursday, September 15



Jacaranda Golf Club

9200 West Broward Blvd., Plantation, FL.

Format: TBD

Time: Tee-times start around 9

Registration Form

Please enter the following golfers in the 2005 MATCA Invitational:

Player 1: _____ *HDCp: _____

Player 2: _____ *HDCp: _____

—
*If you do not have a handicap, enter your average score for 18 holes. If you desire to play with any particular person, please indicate. Attempts will be made to pair those desiring to play together. Pairings will ultimately depend on the tournament format and the individual's handicap.

Pair me / us with: _____

Entry Fee (includes cart, greens fee, and prizes); \$55.00

_____ Golfers @ \$55.00 per golfer = _____

Please mail this form with a check payable to

No entries will be accepted after September 10, 2005. Pairings, starting times, and prize list will be available at reunion and tournament check-in.

(THIS FORM MAY BE PHOTOCOPIED)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TOW PLANE PILOT

By Buddy Wyatt

It was a beautiful day on the storybook island of Martha's Vineyard with its six towns and two hamlets where everyday is a holiday and every meal is a banquet.

I was working the day shift in the control tower and the traffic was unusually slow for a gorgeous spring day in New England. I had just received the April edition of Soaring Magazine where I had my nose buried reading my favorite column Tow Pilots Corner, when the phone rang.

"Good Morning this is Vineyard Tower, Buddy speaking," I stated in a most cheerful but authoritative voice hoping to get the same response from the unknown caller. I find that if the caller hears a cheerful attitude on the other end, it does not matter how pissed off he is when he makes the call; he generally settles down and discusses his issues in a civil manner. "Hey Buddy, Mike Nagle, what's up" came the voice on the other end. It was Father Mike Nagle, one of the Catholic priests on the island, who is also a commercial rated airplane pilot, motorized/non-motorized glider pilot and glider instructor. I have towed him numerous times over the island from Katama Airfield. He owns two gliders, a Blanik L13 and a Schweitzer 232 with three other's on island. Mike is one of the real down to earth pilots I have ever met. He always goes that extra mile to help someone. "Hi Father Mike, nothing special, just sitting here with the feet on the console reading professional material, what's up with you" I responded, knowing what the answer was going to be. "Well, I have a young man, 16 years old, who has never been in an airplane before and thought I would introduce him to the world of flight in the glider if you would be kind enough to give us a tow." "Of course I will give you and that young man a tow, but it will have to be this afternoon, that is the earliest I can break away from the tower." "This afternoon will be fine," Father Mike responded. "Great Mike, I will see you around 2 PM at Katama." "That will be fine Buddy, see you then."

Man O man, I cannot wait until this afternoon. The weather is great and it is going to be a beautiful view from 3000 feet above the island. I will be able to see downtown Boston today and maybe even Long Island NY. As I get back into my magazine, I keep drifting off in a daydream about how wonderful the afternoon is going to be. The subject this month in "Tow Pilots Corner" is about towing emergencies. Interesting article! Let's

see, towrope breaks on take off, engine problems on take off, engine problems in flight, towrope breaks in flight, unable to disconnect from glider in flight, damn I did not know there were so many emergencies one could experience. I feel confident that I can handle any type of an emergency after this refresher. I really enjoy pulling Father Mike. He likes to keep things in the box, and does not make the tow pilot work too hard. Its bad enough we have to practically stand on the right rudder while towing just to keep the airplane straight without having to chase the glider around the box. Most tow pilots cut the glider loose if he gets too far outside the box. The most critical phase is on take off if the glider gets too high in the box. This could cause the tow plane to get in a nose down attitude too low to the ground to recover. I have always towed with the philosophy of looking out for old number one because the glider can make a safe landing just about anywhere. I brief all the glider pilots I tow that they had better keep it right behind me on the go or plan on going for a swim in the Atlantic Ocean.

I love towing off Katama Airfield (1B2). It is a little uncontrolled grass airfield with three crossing runways sitting on the south shore of Martha's Vineyard along the Atlantic Ocean just outside and to the southeast of the main airports Class Delta. Runway 3/21 runs along a road called the right fork and is the longest runway at 4,400 feet long by 30 feet wide and crosses runway 17/35 about 500 feet down the runway on your departure roll off 21 and runway 6/24 on the departure end of runway 21. Atlantic Avenue crosses runway 24 and 21 just off the departure end of the runways and about another 100 feet to the southwest is the Atlantic Ocean. Generally, on a tow I cross the avenue at 150 feet and the shoreline at 200 feet where I start a crosswind turn so I do not get the glider too far upwind over the water. Glider pilots get a little nervous when they are low and only water is below them. Every now and then, I take it a little deep on the upwind and can feel the tug signaling for a left turn to the crosswind. I always get a chuckle out of that.

Where does the time go? Time to go jump in the "Midget Mentor" and head out to Katama. As I pull her out of the hangar to do a pre-flight, I meet Jim, my mechanic, walking across the flight line. "Hey Jim, whaaaaaaaaaaaaazup" I ask, trying to be upbeat. "Nothing" replies Jim, always a man short with his words. I tell him great and ask him if he wants fly over to Katama with me to do some spotting and hook up for some glider tows. I can see a smile come over his face as he answers with

the affirmative. With the pre-flight done, we strap in and ready ourselves for the flight

“Martha’s Vineyard ATIS information Tango, time one eight five two zulu, wind two three zero at eight, visibility one zero, sky condition clear below one two thousand, temperature two eight, dew point one four, altimeter three zero zero niner, landing and departing runway two four, IFR arrivals should expect the visual approach, advise the controller on initial contact you have information Tango.” As I change the radio frequency to ground control, I tell Jim to expect some kind of smart assed remark from Debbie when I call the tower because that was her on the ATIS. I have known Debbie for over twenty years now. She checked into MCAS Yuma in the early eighties as an eighteen-year-old snout nosed kid right out of ATC School and as luck would have it, she was assigned to my crew. Just one more female controller was all I needed to round out a baker’s dozen on crew one. Yep, thirteen females on my crew and only one or two on the other two crews that made up the Air Traffic Control facility at Yuma. Looking back on it now all I can say is “no wonder I drank back then.” I have to admit that Debbie and Dawn, another female I trained on Approach Control, where by far the best I have ever had work for me. Dawn got hired by the FAA in the mid eighties and now works at Albuquerque Center. Debbie got hired by the FAA and worked LaGuardia Tower until leaving there in the early nineties and re-joining me at Martha’s Vineyard Tower. I was very pleased with both of those young women. I have grown a special bond with Debbie, kind of like brother/sister. I guess when you work with someone over twenty years you get to know him or her damn well. She is now married and has twin daughters, and still has a mouth on her that could put a sailor to shame.

“Vineyard ground, Shinn 5-1-4-2-V, with information Tango, Duchess Hangar, taxi VFR, Katama,” I say, wondering what kind of response I will get. “Shinn 5-1-4-2-V, Vineyard ground, taxi to runway two four” she replied in a very professional manner. Amazing, no smart remark I thought! As I pull out of my parking spot and start my turn toward the runway, the radio crackles “Shinn 4-2-V, ground, do you need progressive taxi instructions or do you think you can find your way to the runway?” “No, 4-2-V thinks he can find the runway, but thanks for asking.” It never fails that she does not have something cute to say, just guess I am use to it after all these years. Finishing my engine run-ups, I nudge toward the runway hold short line thinking how the airplane is purr-

ing like a kitten. This is going to be a great day for flying; I just wish I had Pat, my lovely bride with me on a day like today. “Vineyard tower, Shinn 4-2-V, ready to go, runway two four, looking for a left turn out to Katama.” “Shinn 4-2-V, Vineyard tower, runway two four, cleared for takeoff, left turn approved.” As I taxi out on to the runway my mind is wandering, lost in thought of how nice this was going to be. Lining up on the centerline of the runway, I scan my instruments, set the DG, both fuel tanks on, trim set, mixture full and gently advance the throttle. The RPM is coming up and the plane responds by forcing you back into the seat. Up comes the speed and a slow pull on the stick gets us airborne and climbing like a home sick angel. A quick glance at all the instruments, everything is in the green, and man let me tell you, it just does not get any better than this. As I start my left turn toward the shoreline and then east to Katama the island of Nantucket comes in to view some 26 miles out in the ocean. No whales to watch today but there are plenty of schools of Bluefish to see. There is Katama off my left front for a few miles looking pretty lonely this time of the year. “Katama traffic, Shinn 4-2-V, three miles west for crosswind entry to runway two one Katama.” Do not hear anyone, that is a good sign, I mutter to myself. Nobody to get in your way and nobody to dodge. “I like it,” I think aloud. Crossing over the departure end of runway two one I spot Father Nagle and his young aviator getting the glider ready for flight. “Katama traffic, Shinn 4-2-V, left downwind runway two one Katama.” Geez, I feel all alone up here with my position calls. The frequency would not be this quiet in the summer time; in fact, I would probably be sharing downwind with two or three other aircraft. I have done the sharing routine before and did not like it one bit. As I roll into the groove on final approach, I get the visual cue of the power lines sitting just off the approach end of the runway, standing about 60 feet high. I am going to have to remember those babies, especially dragging 200 feet of rope behind me after the kickoff. “Katama traffic, Shinn 4-2-V, final approach, runway two one Katama.” Ok, I want to cross the power lines at 250 feet, dirtied up with both notches of flaps at 65 miles per hour. All right, I got the numbers pegged as I cross the threshold, pull the power off, back on the stick to get the nose up, reach down and pull the release handle, nose it over and dive for the runway, flare and settle it on the runway as smooth as a babies butt. As I taxi off the runway and into the parking area by Father Mike and the glider, I am feeling really cocky after that greaser of a landing. “Nice touch,” Father Mike tells me as I exit the airplane. “Yea, thanks, I get

lucky every now and then," I say humbly. As we pull the glider out on the runway Father Mike and I go through a standard briefing. This is to be done before any towing takes place. We brief everything from tow speeds to altitudes to maneuvers to what kind of a release to touchdown, all in the name of safety. As I stated before, Father Mike is an excellent glider pilot and someone I do not mind towing at all, but still we hold a very through brief like two people meeting for the first time. "I don't like the idea of you not having a radio Mike," I state somewhat half heartedly, "but hey, it's only for two tows," as I shrug uneasily. Lining up in the middle of the grass runway, I am watching Jim give me signals to take up the slack in the towrope. I edge every so slowly forward until I get the hold signal and then wait eagerly for the all ready. There's the signal, eyes down the runway, back on the instrument panel, smoothly add the power, eyes down the runway again as we roll slowly at first along the grass. As we gain speed, I am waiting to feel the sudden surge as the glider becomes airborne and the pull becomes a lot easier. Ah, there is the surge, 40 miles per hour. Eyes on the airspeed indicator, 45, 50, 55, nose coming off the ground, airborne and 60, 65, easy now, 70, ok hold that speed, no faster, no slower. As we cross the avenue, I glance at the altimeter, 150 feet. I cannot turn yet, still just a little low. Passing over the shoreline now, pegged at 70 and leaving 200 feet, I start a shallow left turn to the crosswind to keep over water flight as little as possible. I see I am holding 700 fpm rate of climb according to the VSI. Starting my turn to the downwind, holding 70 mph, 700 fpm climb and going through 550 feet, something just isn't right! "What the hell is going on here" I say to myself. "What's happening here, what's that odor, Shit, I got smoke! Lots of smoke! What the hell?" "Mike, get off, NOW, Mike, answer me, get the hell OFF NOW!" "I'm filling up with smoke, cut loose now!" I can feel panic starting to set in, have to settle myself down. Think, damn it think! It dawns on me Father Mike does not have a radio and I have to give him the signal to cut loose. "What the hell is the signal?" I'm yelling, like someone is going to hear me. Then I remember, tail waggle! I start the tail to wagging like you have never seen before but Father Mike is still hooked up. By now, the cockpit is just about obscured with smoke. I am starting to hack and cough and my eyes are tearing up. "Thank God," Father Mike has finally took the hint and cut himself loose from the tow plane. "Katama traffic, Katama traffic, Shinn is in the downwind for runway two one, smoke in the cockpit and possible fire, landing two one Katama." That ought

to get peoples attention! Have to open this cockpit and get this smoke out of here. As my hand finds the handle to open the window, my instinct finally kicks in and I start to settle down and think things out. I rationalize that opening the window is not the brightest thing to do. If there is smoke and no fire, opening the window could cause a fire to flash. I realize I would much rather choke than burn, given the situation. I have become so preoccupied with my problem that I have totally forgotten about Father Mike. I sure hope he still sees me and is getting the hell out of my way. I roll on to the final and dive for the runway hoping to make it before I am completely over come by the smoke. I can barely make out the runway because of smoke and the tears. "Ok, over the power line at about 80 feet, yep I know where the runway is now. OH SHIT, over the power line at 80 feet with 200 feet of rope still attached to my ass. I have to get rid of the rope right now! What I do not need is for that rope to wrap around the lines while still attached to the airplane. I have seen pictures of that and believe me, it is not a pretty site. I cannot locate the release handle in all the excitement and end up having to lean forward and visually located the handle. As I lean forward, I am pushing the joystick forward causing the aircraft to nose down and further dive for the ground. I pull the release handle and look up in time to see a whole bunch of terra firma filling the windscreen. "This is going to hurt," I scream as I yank back on the stick and apply full power. I must have caught it at the right moment because she took a moderate bounce, leveled off as the power came on; I flew it a little down the runway to regain control, pulled the power off and floated to the runway. I had the cockpit open before I even came to a stop. All the smoke dissipated as I taxied into parking. I am climbing out of the cockpit when I see Father Mike land in the pucker brush next to the runway. That was a pretty nice landing, considering the landscape he picked out for a strip. I ran over to the glider to help in any way I could but Father Mike and the young man had everything under control. I asked Mike why he took so long to disconnect. "I couldn't remember what that signal stood for and when I did I thought you were joking with me," he said with a stone cold look on his face. "Well trust me, I wasn't joking with you this time," I said sharply. I told my mechanic about the problem and about 10 minutes later, he informed me he found the problem. He stated that cable connector for the VOR indicator had come loose and was laying across the positive side of the battery terminal, which caused the metal on the cable to heat up, melt the plastic connector and thus produce all the smoke. My common

sense told me to say "Bullshit" but I trusted this mechanic and he was the one that had A&P by his name, not me and besides, he took it up around the patch once and it did not fill up with smoke. Father Mike said he still wanted to take this young man up if I was willing to try again. Being the push over that I am for flying, I said let's "Git-er-done."

Another perfect takeoff and as I was climbing through 200 feet over the shoreline, it happen again, this time with a lot more smoke than before. I started a waggle and a turn for the runway at the same time. Father Mike did not waste anytime cutting loose this time and also circled for the runway. Mike cut in front of me this time causing me to rethink my options. I came out of a hard left bank for runway two one and entered a hard right bank for runway two four. As I was rolling out on the runway, with the rope still attached, I saw Mike rolling out on two one. As I was taxiing in, I started laughing so hard I just about peed my pants, for all I could see was that young man running as fast as he could away from the airport. I mean this guy was fast! He jumped the perimeter fence like a gazelle and cleared the ditch and road in what seemed to be a single leap. I bet if you looked hard enough you could have seen smoke coming off his shoes. I guess we scared the hell and the wannabe pilot right out of that boy. I was still laughing when I met up with Mike. "I have had enough Mike, will you give me a ride to my truck because I ain't flying that thing anywhere soon." As I pull in to the driveway I see Pat standing on the porch with an ice cold Sharps in her hand. I get out of the truck and light up a Pall Mall as I walk toward the porch. Taking the Sharps from her hand, I sit on the step and take a long pull from the cigarette. "You smell like smoke," Pat says as she turns around to go inside the house. "Yea, these things are going to kill me one of these days," I said in return as I took another long pull. As I lean back against the porch railing and look up into the sky, I fall into a serene relaxed thought thinking what a day it had been! Yep, thinking it was just another day in the life of a tow plane pilot!

Son Tay raid continued

calls coming every few minutes I was sweating profusely. Don't know if it was hot, I was scared or just pooped out but I was soaked. It seemed an eternity but as the camp and the West side of Hanoi was slipping under the nose we heard the IP call. Lights out and Split-S. We beat feet west for the IP on the deck.

Getting away from the river valley and into the dark country side we climbed to a safe altitude to clear the mountains en-route to Udorn. Then started to take care of some pilot stuff. We had used up the left stub tank getting there and most of the right. We were on internal over the target and used the centerline while holding. Time to clean up the fuel mess. The right stub ran out almost right away, just a couple minutes were left in it. Time to jettison. That's when the longest two seconds of my life occurred.

I hit the button but instead of falling away it pitched up, slammed back against the leading edge making it into a vee shape and came bouncing along the leading edge of the wing toward the fuselage. I can see it to this day, making four bounces and then falling away under the wing. It all happened in one or two seconds, didn't even have time to say "Oh shit." I sometimes wonder what would have happened to the right horizontal stabilizer if it had decided to pass up and over the wing instead of under. I don't dwell on it though, too scary.

The five Jollies, three carrying the assault force and two empty because of no prisoners, were all together having had to hit a tanker in order to make it back. The A-1's were spread out who knew where but still in radio contact.

As we crossed the PDJ we picked up the beeper of the downed Weasels and soon made voice contact. They were both all right. #1 was cool but #2 was a little panicky. Not because he was being threatened but because he was all alone, in the dark, in the woods, in Laos. I didn't blame him one bit.

Then we made contact with four Sandy's launched out of NKP in answer to the Weasels May Day. They didn't know who we were because of the call signs. Took a hell of a while to convince them that Peach and Apple really meant Sandy and Jolly.

The call sign battle had been long and arduous but in the end we lost.

I'll never forgive the Air Force for either picking them or allowing them to be forced on us. At least the Army had call signs that if not macho were at least neutral. Blue Boy, Red Wine, Green leaf, Gear Box and Axle.

What did the wimpy Air Force come up with? A-1's Peach, Jollies Apple, the HH-3 that crash landed in the compound Banana, Talons Cherry and the C-130 tanker Lime. A damn fruit salad. It was embarrassing, down right humiliating. I'll never forgive those pencil pushing Air Force pukers for that.

Anyway, it was decided that the two empty Jollies would hang around with the four Sandy's and make a first light pick up. From what I understand it was uncontested and pretty much a piece of cake.

Landing at Udorn we were all rushed to debriefing, a building right on the flight line. As I walked in I was met by a group of Intel people with wide grins across their faces and seemed higher than kites. I thought they were lunatics. They asked "How many prisoners?" I said "None, the camp was empty." The grins disappeared and their faces turned pale. "What?" I repeated it and thought they were going to pass out.

What had happened was after leaving the target area the Army did a head count and got it all screwed up. For a while they thought someone might have been left behind. For several minutes over the radio we could hear the chatter between the Jollies. "I've got thirty-three, I've got thirty-five, I've got thirty-two, I've got thirty-one." Seemed to go on forever.

Finally they got it right and no one was left behind. The high orbiting EC-135 must have been relaying all that back to Udorn and it was interpreted

by the Intel people as a prisoner count. They all though we had rescued thirty some prisoners. Once that got squared away debriefing fell apart. People running every which way. I don't remember ever being debriefed and don't think anyone ever was.

What preparations had been made to receive prisoners I don't know but they had to be considerable and now were all down the tubes. It was almost a state of panic. Col. Simons, Jerry Rhine, Dick Meadows and maybe others were whisked off to meet with Gen. Leroy Manor at Monkey Mountain, Da Nang. The rest of us were left in the lurch and forgotten about.

The sun was coming up by then and we all wandered out onto the ramp. Sat down on the cement cross legged, Indian style, in circles of about ten. Us in our reeking sweat soaked flight suits and the grunts with their blackened faces, guns, grenades and what-have-you hanging off them. They were bleeding from every square inch of exposed skin from dozens of cuts, scrapes and bruises. We were all just sat mumbling to each other. No stories were being told. We had all just done it, seen it or heard it and knew what had happened.

Then someone came out and handed a bottle to each of the circles. Everyone took a sip and passed it around and around and around, till it was empty. All of us still just mumbling to ourselves and each other. I can't attest to what was going on at the other circles but there wasn't a dry eye at ours. A tear running down every cheek. A gallant effort with nothing to show. To hell and back for naught.

John Waresch, USAF, Ret.

Things to do in FT. Lauderdale

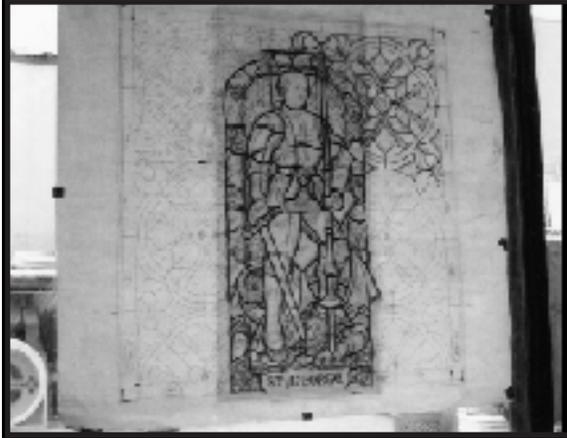
Flight Fantastic Aerobatics
Ft. Lauderdale Executive Airport
(954)295-3136



Aerobatic rides and scenic tours offered in a Pitts S2B biplane. Experience an airshow from inside the airplane (hands-On if you like) or enjoy a scenic flight along the South FL. coastline

This years MATCA quilt is finished. It will have some surprises on it. Everyone who was at the last reunion has their photo on this quilt. Mickey Urlicie printed and made all the blocks. Carole McIntosh put them together and finished the quilt. A labor of love.

St. George Stained Glass Window for the Ranch House Chapel, Camp Pendleton



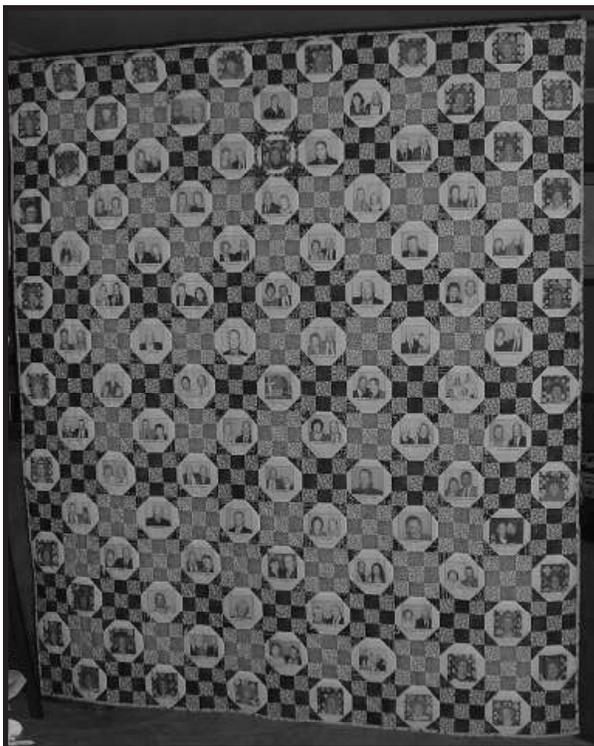
Pictures show the plan for making the stained window and a photo of the original window that was swept away in a flood. Last year the money raised from the MATCA quilt raffle went to the window fund. Mickey Urlie visited the shop to see the progress on the window.

MATCA LADIES

Remember to wear your Red Hat. There are a few ladies not of a certain age that can wear a Pink Hat.

Don't forget your craft. Have it wrapped for the table. Remember someone who gets your craft may have to fly home with it. Will it fit in a suitcase or carry on bag?

MATCA Quilt



The Last Frontier

We left Alaska knowing we had seen the real 'Last Frontier', an area that hasn't been disturbed by man for at least 100 years.

In Victoria, I went on a 'pub tour' - sure beat going to 'tea' at the Empress Hotel (a quite ornate hotel from way back)!

If you haven't visited Alaska, put it on your list of places to see - you won't be sorry you did. Seattle wasn't too bad either, Skip - they had Rolling Rock! Also found something called 'Moose Drool' but not in any containers we could bring back. Dan and Del, it was on a par with the 'Buzzard Breath' ale we had in California! You'd have liked it.

Jay & Arlene



JJ, Arlene and Kathy on the Mendenhall Glacier



Howard "Pappy" Young
September 15,
1907 -

June 22, 2005

Pappy was born in the small Washington State town of Rockford on September 15, 1907 to Ida M. Buster and Coey A. Young. The family, which included in addition to Pappy a daughter Effie and another son named

Harold, moved from Rockford to Spokane when Pappy was still a baby. Pappy resided in Spokane until he was called to active duty from the Marine Corps Reserves in 1940.

In 1929 Pappy was the winner of a contest that offered the prize of marriage while airborne in a biplane. He promptly called his sweetheart, Betty M. Scotten, who lived in Seattle. He proposed and she accepted. Their airborne nuptials were the start of a marriage that lasted 69 years. Their children, Beverley (Mickey) and Neil (Skip) were born in 1931 and 1933 respectively.

Before being called to active duty, Pappy worked at three different jobs to support his family. He sold vacuum cleaners door to door. He was a projectionist in a local theater, and he operated an elevator in a professional building. He learned the meat cutting business in the late '30's and also worked one summer in Montana for the Forestry Service. Pappy joined the Marine Corps Reserves in 1938 and attended a summer training camp in 1939.

In 1940 Pappy opened a butcher shop in a large grocery store. Within a few weeks of that opening he was called to active duty and had to close the shop. His family moved in with his parents and Pappy reported to Camp Elliot as a radio technician. His duties were changed to working in the mess hall when they discovered his knowledge of meat cutting.

In 1942 Camp Pendleton was opening and Pappy was sent there to set up the first mess hall. When it came time to make the ceremonial opening march of Marines from Camp Elliot to Camp Pendleton, Pappy had to return to Camp Elliot to participate in the march. He loved to tell the story

of that trip and how they fed the troops. During WW II Pappy saw duty on Guadalcanal, New Zealand, and was with the Fifth Marine Division on Iwo Jima. Pappy proudly told of witnessing the historic flag raising on Mt. Surabachi. After Iwo Jima was secured and Japan surrendered, he went to Kyushu, Japan as part of the occupation force.

Upon returning from Japan, Pappy was stationed at MCRD, San Diego. He used his GI Bill to take flying lessons, went on to become a certified flight instructor, and taught many of his friends how to fly. In 1949 he was transferred to Parris Island, SC, and later went to Camp Lejeune, NC. While in North Carolina he applied for a change of MOS and was sent to Olathe, KS for training as an Air Traffic Controller. After graduation he was assigned to El Toro, CA and later transferred to duty in Korea.

Pappy retired from the Marines at MCAS Beaufort, SC and he and Betty moved to Oceanside, California where he worked for several years as a meat cutter at the Commissary at Camp Pendleton. During this time he and Betty bought their home in Oceanside where they lived the rest of their lives. At this time Mickey was living on Camp Pendleton with 2 children. Skip was at El Toro.

In retirement Pappy and Betty were active in the Oceanside Carlsbad Coin Club. He had a Plexiglas business where he manufactured hundreds of coin holders and custom items for coin collectors. They traveled to Hawaii, Hong Kong, Japan and several other countries with their coin collector friends, attending coin shows. He became active in the Marine Air Traffic Control Association (MATCA), attending reunions across the country. Betty traveled with him until she became ill. She passed away in 1998.

Pappy loved to paint landscape scenes and collected old greeting cards. He would share his paintings and cards by scanning them and sending them out to friends on the Internet. He made copies of his mother's old post card type greeting cards.

He loved all kinds of electronics and had half a dozen computers and related equipment, always keeping up with the latest advancements. He kept up constant e-mail communications with his family, friends and the MATCA group.

A memorial was held at the Oceanside Elks Club on July 6, 05.

To Pappy:

They are all "my kids"

They are all my kids
he would repeatedly say
They are all my kids
learning the "Marine" way

He had many stories
and, of course, all were true
He loved the Corps
and the Red, White and Blue

He lived life to the fullest
never showing any fear
could light up a room
bring everyone good cheer

Always there to help
gave great advice
knew the Marine Corps
hardly had a vice

His smile was enormous
he had wit and charm
was 7 ft tall
when Betty was on his arm

He loved his Betty
and Mickey and Skip
and the younger Marines
known as "Pappy's kids"

From Iwo to Beaufort
and parts in between
he let everyone know
He is a "Marine"

We all will miss him
God said it's time to go
Come help me in Heaven
let's go - "Gung Ho"

Goodbye Pappy
I am sad that you are gone
save me some room
I'll see you before long

Keep watch over us
keep our course straight and true
give us guidance and help
as you normally do

I'll never forget you
or all that you did
I'm lucky, I'm honored
I was one of your kids.

Howard "Skip" Redpath



Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.

Membership Application/Renewal Form

Name _____ Rank _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Date of birth _____

Spouse _____

Phone _____ MOS _____

Principal Duty Stations/Dates _____

E-mail address _____

Dues are \$20.00 and due 1 January each year.

Dues for one year-----\$ _____

Dues for five years- \$85.00-----\$ _____

Dues for ten years- \$150.00-----\$ _____

Lifetime membership
Age 50 and under- \$300.00-----\$ _____

Age 51-69 - \$200.00-----\$ _____

Age 70-89 - \$100.00-----\$ _____

Age 90 and above honorary life time membership

Donation to Memorial Fund-----\$ _____

Donation to General Fund-----\$ _____

Total amount enclosed-----\$ _____

Check one: New Member Renewal

Complete this form and mail with your check to:



HOTLINE

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of the
Marine Air Traffic Control
Association**

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