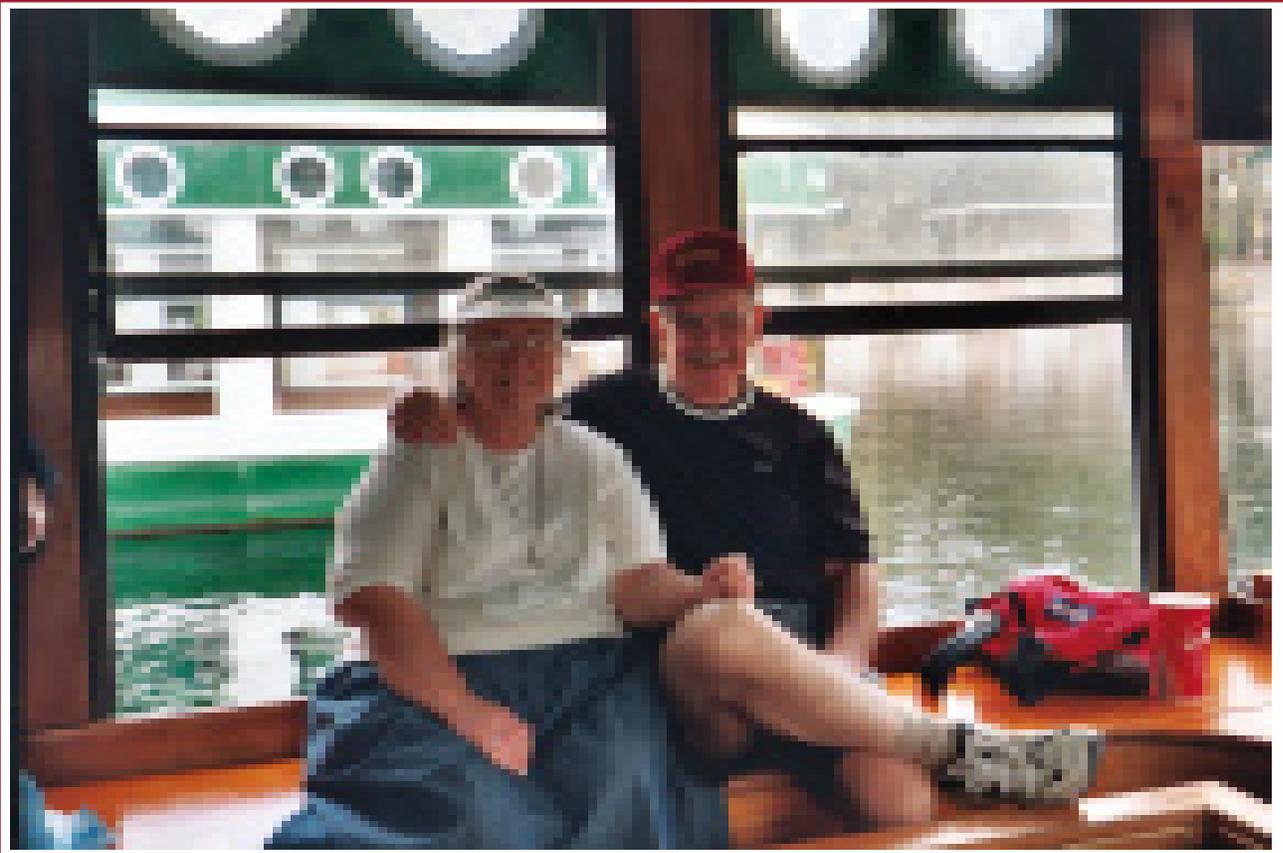


The

HOTLINE

The Official Publication of the Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.
Volume 14, Number 6

December 2004 - January 2005



Season's Greetings



Just click on an article and go there

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December Birthdays

- 1 Dave Pettipas
- 3 Mickey Urlie
- 3 Charlie Yetter
- 4 Jim Largue
- 8 Steve Hulland
- 10 Melissa Hulland
- 12 Herm Moyers
- 12 Carole McIntosh
- 14 Joe Medico
- 17 Carol Mutter
- 17 Joe Calcasola
- 17 Charley Jones
- 19 Martha Nebel
- 22 Harold Huelson
- 31 Gen Calcasola

Publisher's Statement

Published six times yearly.
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 and
 MATCA Historians
 Roger and Carole McIntosh

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All forms may be photocopied

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

The entire Hotline Staff went on vacation to Silver Springs, Florida

January Birthdays

- 7 Terry bobell
- 8 Maggie lowes
- 9 Patricia Gibbs
- 13 Dan Walczak
- 14 Tony Tilghman
- 14 Jerry Bess
- 14 Bob Stepp
- 17 Davy Crocker
- 18 Buddy Wyatt

COMM CENTER

From: Syd Wire
Hi, Guys!

It's nice to be back and be reading the mail on a fairly regular basis.

Just so you know, there are three things I don't discuss on-line; politics, religion and sex.

Politics because I don't have any; religion because I don't want any, and sex because... well, nowadays when I fill out employment applications, I write in First Name, Middle Initial, Last Name and Address. Then, in the box marked "Sex (M/F)" I usually put "S" (for seldom).

Speaking of employment, as I predicted to those of you who attended the reunion banquet, Lonnie Darr arrived here just about the time I got back from San Diego. Lonnie is a partner in a North Carolina firm involved in cell phone site modification, maintenance and management. When he arrived here he had been on the road in a '03 Dodge Ram with a service package (Huge truck! There's nowhere to park it!) since late June. He had visited us briefly a few weeks earlier with a young assistant, the son of an old friend. They just happened to show up when Bev's entire family was here. In preparation for that, Bev and I had spent about a week on the boat during the peak of the Dungeness crab season. We put on a crab feed which will go down in the annals of gustatory excellence (if I do say so myself). I was delighted to be able to offer Lonnie and his young assistant something better than "eat out or take home".

When Lonnie arrived the second time he was leaning heavily toward the homesick side of life and looked like he had been shot at and missed, shit at and hit. I spent some time in the galley fattening him up while he schlepped off daily working on western Washington cell phone sites. His young assistant had gone back to college and Lonnie was working alone. It was pretty apparent that the work would go twice as fast with twice the people. The long and short of it is that Lonnie hired me as an independent contractor and we went charging off into the remainder of Washington and thence Oregon, banners waving and lances leveled, while

bellowing key tunes from "Man of La Mancha".

We got to Oregon, worked on a site just north of Portland and were planning a stop in Springfield to visit the Kindly Olde English Perfesser and his even more kindly Olde Wyfe, the Lady Anne. About then, Lonnie's partner arrived in SoCal and started working his way north. It was decided that my part of the job was over and I have to admit that I wasn't dismayed; although I truly enjoyed being around electronics and electricians after all these years, work is, after all, a four-letter word, something for which the Lady Bev frequently takes me to task. Note that "task" is also a four-letter word.

Tales to be told in the fullness of time:

1. Beverly buying a ceiling fan (with light) and saying, "Would you mind helping me install this?"
2. My lunch with the family of a just-graduated recruit in Old Town, San Diego.
3. Having a close encounter of the worst kind with a 15-foot long boiler 600 miles off San Francisco.
4. Being me (not a pretty picture).

Y'all be good. If you can't be good be careful. If you can't be careful, take no prisoners.

Your hardworking Couth Officer,
Syd the continually confused

Ed. note: This e-letter marks the long-awaited return to these pages of Syd's unique style of writing. As further proof, see below:

Hey, Y'all:

I went down to the old seaplane base on Whidbey Island this morning to get a haircut, do some PX shopping and otherwise indulge myself.

The gate guard was a WAVE, no more than about 19 years old, cute as a bug's ear and dressed to kill. She was wearing cammies, bloused boots, flak jacket, helmet, had a Winchester Model 12 riot gun slung over one shoulder and a .45 strapped

to her other hip.

I stuck my ID card out the window. She glanced at it briefly, came to attention, saluted and said in a crisp military voice, "Mornin', Major."

I smiled at her and said, "You look like you're ready to kick some butt".

She smiled back and said, "I try, Major, I surely

do try!"

To me, she represented all that's good in life; beauty, humor and armed to the teeth. Clearly, she was my kind of girl. Damned shame she didn't join the Marine Corps.

Y'all be good, hear?

Syd, your hardworking Couth Officer

MATCA 2005 REUNION - FT. LAUDERDALE, FL

WHEN: September 14th - 18th 2005

WHERE: Wyndham Ft. Lauderdale Airport Hotel
1870 Griffin Road, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Located on Griffin Road at Exit 25, east, off I95

HOSTS: Hermon & Rita Moyers 770-267-0791
or ritacoco@aol.com

(if e-mailing please reference "reunion" or I may not open)

Room rates: Single/double/occupancy \$85.00 (inclusive of all taxes)

One bedroom suite \$170.00 (inclusive of all taxes)

Guest check in time is 3:00 p.m., check out time is 11:00 a.m.

MATCA Reservations # 800-426-8578. Be sure to identify yourself as a MATCA member to receive the special room rates.

*All reservations must be received by September 5th 2005 for the quoted room rates, there will not be any guarantee of the special rates or of a room after that date. Make your reservations early, you can always cancel. Individual guest rooms must be canceled prior to 5 business days before arrival to avoid forfeiture of payment.

Transportation: There's 24 hour complimentary airport shuttle to/from the Ft. Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport. There are 2 courtesy phone stations in baggage claim in which to contact the hotel for the shuttle.

Rental car facilities: Hertz, National, Budget, Avis, Alamo, Enterprise, E-Z all located within the

baggage claim area.

Railroad station: The closest railroad station (approximately 3 miles) is located at Hollywood/Pembroke Pines, Exit 20, on the West side of I95, minutes from the hotel. There is no ground transportation available, kindly contact your hosts for transportation to the hotel.

Hotel amenities: Concierge Dept. 954-920-3300 x7180, laundry/valet service, safe deposit boxes, 24 hr. room service, gift shop, restaurant, outdoor pool, Jacuzzi, tennis courts, fitness center, washer & dryer. Room amenities: alarm clock/radio, coffee maker, hair dryer, iron/ironing board, tv, direct high speed Internet access, handicap accessible rooms, nonsmoking rooms. The hotel is pet friendly, check with reservations as to any extra fees.

The hotel offers secured/covered parking - parking is \$4.00 per day (this is a discounted rate for MATCA members and guests) which will be paid at the time of check-out.

MATCA member & guests, upon showing your MATCA identification (name tag) you will receive a 10% discount for breakfast and lunch.

There is limited space for RV's, there is no hookup available. The nearest RV park is located at Top-eekegee Yungee Park also know as TY Park (approximately 1 1/2 miles from the hotel, Sheridan Street Exit, West, off I95)

954-985-1980

3300 North Park Road
Hollywood, FL

Date: Saturday, September 11, 2004 11:35:20 AM

From: CDR Daniel Van Orden, AIMD Officer

USS John C Stennis (CVN 74)

Ed. note: Cdr. Van Orden is the son of MATCA member Bill Van Orden. Dan has recently returned from a West-Pac cruise aboard the John C. Stennis, CVN 74. He sent this to me via e-mail the day after his CO delivered this speech while underway in the Pacific.

To: DEPT HEADS, XO & CMC

Subject: FW: CO's remarks commemorating 9/11

Some of you had asked for a copy of my remarks tonight on the IMC.

Good evening, JOHN C. STENNIS strike group.

Three years ago at this very moment the landscape of our world changed forever. the physical landscape changed in the skyline of Manhattan, on the south face of the Pentagon, and in a field in western Pennsylvania. but equally important, our nation's emotional and psychological landscape changed as well. victims... and heroes.... were brought into crystal clear focus in our collective national view.

Three years ago today, 3000 Americans lost their lives. they were our fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, sons and daughters, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and our friends. they were interwoven into our American fabric. they perished without ever understanding why such events took place. our nation... and the world... stood still in silent, horrified shock on September 11, 2001. and then we began to understand... and we began to act.

Today we understand much better than we did in 2001 that there are those in this world who would do us grave harm. there are those who loathe our way of life, and those who would threaten the freedom we hold so dear, so personal, and so precious.

Tonight I ask you to consider this: you honor the memory of each of the 3000 souls our nation lost on September 11th 2001 with your resolute commitment to Navy and Nation. our Nation has said, "Never again." yet it is your spirit of selflessness and sacrifice in service to your nation... at a time when your service is needed most... that makes those words... "Never again"... a reality.

Many of you, in fact more than 50% of this fantastic crew, have entered the service since the events of 9/11. as I get the opportunity to talk with you individually and in small groups, your reasons for joining the Navy are many... but there is one universal theme: to serve something more than yourself at this particular point in your lives. your dedication and devotion can never be overstated. in fact, I call you "America's Next Greatest

Generation" and I brag about you every chance I get.

Tonight, as I was looking for some research material to commemorate 9/11, I came across one of the books from Senator Stennis's personal collection that are on loan to the Commanding Officer. these are books that the Senator had in his office in Washington. this particular book is entitled, "Words to Live By" and is dated 1949. the book is old, leather-bound, the pages are yellowed, and it smells exactly the way you would expect a 60 year old book to smell. as I pulled it off the book shelf in my cabin, I noticed a small pink memo slip from Senator Stennis's desk marking one of the pages. I opened to that page... and the Senator had marked a passage written by George C. Marshall, the famous World War II general who was Chief of Staff of the Army, who later became Secretary of State. here is what it said:

"When immediate peril is not plainly visible, there is a natural tendency to relax and return to business as usual, politics as usual, pleasure as usual. People become indifferent to what I might term longtime dangers to their security. The public appears generally in the attitude of a spectator - interested, yes, but whose serious thinking is directed to local, immediate matters. Spectators of life are NOT those who retain the liberties of others.

There are many who deplore, but few who are willing to act - to act directly or influence events. Action depends upon conviction, and conviction in turn depends upon understanding - a general understanding that action is a basic necessity of mankind's nature."

JOHN C. STENNIS strike group team, these words written by General Marshall in 1949, and the same words that Senator Stennis held so dear, are just as meaningful tonight as they were back then. and just as meaningful as they were on September 11th 2001. remember tonight those on whose part you now have decided to act. remember those who perished in New York, Washington, DC and western Pennsylvania, and remember the families they left behind... especially the children.

And, finally, remember that you have chosen NOT to be a spectator of life... and you make a difference in the lives of others.

JOHN C. STENNIS, if your job or your watch station allows right now, please join me a moment of silent remembrance for the victims and heroes of September 11, 2001.



From The President

By: J. J. Dargan

By the time you receive this issue of the Hotline Marines all over the world will have celebrated the 229th Birthday of our Corps. I know many of us attend ceremonies in our local area. If you are lucky enough to be near a Marine Corps Base you can attend the Birthday Ball.

Here at Cherry Point we have the outdoor cake cutting and pageant, along with the ball. The Pageant presents modern day Marines dressed in the uniforms of Marines from 1775 to the present along with a Navy Corpsman. It is a really inspiring presentation of our Corps through the years. I hope you are all able to attend a ball or pageant in your area.

Along the same lines we will also celebrate Veterans Day and Thanksgiving before you receive this issue. We hope you will remember our Veterans and that you have the opportunity to be with your family for Thanksgiving. Enjoy the turkey!

As we move into 2005 we can look forward to meeting again in Fort Lauderdale where Herm and Rita Moyers will host the 2005 Reunion. It isn't too early to plan to attend. I know you'll have an enjoyable time. Give it some thought.

Once again the membership voted to send gift packages to our Marines in Iraq and Afghanistan for Christmas. I have contacted MSgt Brooks Bergeron to help us if possible as he did last year. I feel certain he will be able to provide the help we need.

Bob Marshall has volunteered to update our By-laws as it has been five years since last we looked at them. If you have any suggestions please forward them to Bob. His address is in the Membership edition of the Hotline.

We are looking at perhaps sending the Hotline by electronic means. Roger McIntosh and MSgt Bergeron are working together to research the project to ensure we can do it safely. Of course, they will be assisted by Carole McIntosh. Look for some information in the Our Word column.

As you are aware, MATCA is required by law to have a complete audit prior to the reunion. If anyone who has a good knowledge of accounting would like to help, please let me know. I feel sure there are several members who can be of help to us.

We received E-Mails from several of the active duty Marines who attended the reunion in San Diego. They were all impressed by the members they met and most especially with meeting Lt. General Fred McCorkle and his wife Kathy. It was the first time some of them had the chance to talk to a general in a relaxed manner and they really enjoyed their conversations with him and Kathy.

I took Arlene shopping today and was surprised to find all the Christmas items on the shelves already! And we still have several weeks to go before Thanksgiving! They sure do start early.

We hope you had a great Marine Corps Birthday, and that you'll be with your family at Thanksgiving. We are blessed in this country so please remember to say a prayer for our country, that it may remain the great country it is.

Keep our members who are ill in your prayers. I don't know all of them, as many don't say much about their illness. Never the less, we say a prayer for any members who may be sick every Sunday.

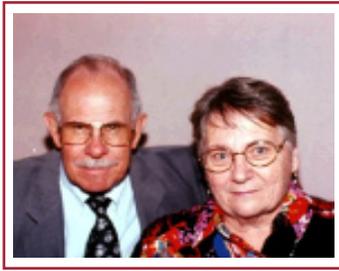
I would like to express my thanks to the membership for allowing me to remain the President of MATCA. I am honored to be able to serve you. I will do my best to do what is best for the Association.

To Mickey Urlie, our thanks for all you do for MATCA. Once again the Reunion Book is outstanding. I and many other members are very impressed with the work you do for the reunion. I know it's a labor of love. Thanks Again.

To Pappy Young, stay away from those bars and enjoy the good life in sunny California

Semper Fi.
Jim & Arlene





Happy Holidays to all our members and their families.

One of the ideas put forward at the last business meeting was to offer the Hotline in an electronic form. Doing so for those members who might prefer it delivered via their computer would save printing and mailing costs for the association.

We have been experimenting with how to do this and will be delivering this issue electronically to the Board of Directors and Brooks Bergeron, who does our web page, as a PDF file attached to an e-mail. The advantage in doing it this way is that everyone either has or can download for free Adobe Acrobat, which translates the file into a graphic file that can be read off the screen or sent to a printer. Another advantage in this method is that the Hotline sent this way will be in full color, a very expensive option for the paper version.

Once the board is satisfied with the product we will offer electronic delivery to the membership. A critical issue in doing this is the preservation of the privacy of the members. The annual roster issue will not be offered on line. Under discussion is the related problem of putting member updates in the other five annual issues. We don't want anyone to wind up on a mailing list because the Hotline falls into the wrong hands.

If you are interested in receiving an E-Hotline when it becomes available, please drop me an e-mail (you obviously have a computer, right?) and I'll start a distribution list.

Boy, am I glad this presidential election business is over with. The hotly contested race produced a flood of e-mail that was strictly political. It severely cut down the amount of printable material for the Hotline. I try to hold strictly to the policy of keeping sex, religion and politics out of these pages, which leaves me constantly on the hunt for good sea stories and news of value to our membership. Keep those cards and letters coming.

Our Word



FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE

HOTLINE

The November 1999 Hotline followed the Indianapolis reunion and reported the usual door prize raffle winners and golf tournament results. What struck me when I went through this issue was the fact that J. D. Cooper, our host that year, has passed on as have many others who wrote articles or were mentioned that month. For example we had a reflection on the reunion written by Boyd Murdock, and a plea for more recruitment activity by Tom Gulino.

Arlen "Swede" Roberts and Pappy Young wrote in Mail Call of their delight with the Indianapolis bash. Pappy, who turned 97 this year, has been the target of numerous birthday cakes since his birthday usually coincides with our get together's.

Jim Dargan wrote a heartfelt thanks to all who contributed to making that year's reunion the success it was, paying particular attention to J. D. Coper, Swede Roberts, Dick and Norma Mebus and those who contributed items for the raffle.

Pappy Young provided another of his wonderful reminiscences of life in the first half of the twentieth century when he was a youth. A time when ice was delivered door to door, supermarkets did not exist and milk came in a glass bottle and was delivered every morning. I well remember our house had a "milk box" built into the side of the house next to the back door that had doors on both the inside and outside for convenience. If the back door was ever locked, one could reach through the milk box doors and turn the key, which was never removed from the door. Security was definitely not a big problem in those days.

Taps in this issue recorded the passing of Peggy Stone, Cathi Wire, and Cecil Casebier. The Morning Report listed eight new MATCA members, of whom



CHARLIE COMPANY MESS NIGHT REMARKS

From: **Brooks Bergeron**

When I read messages like this, it makes me NEVER want to retire (but don't tell the Gunnys who are waiting to get promoted.

Last Thursday night I was privileged to be invited to the formal Mess Night of Charley Company, The Basic School, Quantico, VA. TBS is the 6 month Basic School all Marine officers must complete before they go into the Fleet as Marine Officers.

The following are the remarks of the guest speaker, Col Mile Lowe, the Commander of Marine Corps Base Quantico. The Colonel, in these remarks, lets it be known that these new Marine 2nd Lieutenants will be going into harms way very soon.

These remarks are very much to the point and the Colonel held the absolute attention of everyone at the Mess.

Thanks and Semper Fi, Colonel,

Guest of Honor remarks by
Colonel James. M. Lowe
Commander, Marine Corps Base Quantico

From that elegant introduction, you may or not have picked up on the fact that I have had 5 tours in Marine divisions, serving in all 4 divisions and 3d Mardiv twice. i have made 8 Marine Expeditionary unit deployments, served with the special operations command and have been to every level of PME possible in order to hone my warfighting skills. Utilizing your great deductive abilities, intellect and experience as Lieutenants, you should have questioned the Corps collective judgment when they decided to make me a Base Commander! I sure as hell did and I still do! look up "base" in the dictionary! according to Mr. Webster.... "lowest part or bottom. having or showing little or no honor, courage or decency; mean; ignoble; contemptible; menial or degrading; inferior in quality; of comparative low worth". so..... after 28 years of focusing on locating, closing with and destroying, I've got that going for me! That's ok! go ahead and laugh! There is at least one future Base Commander sitting among you right now!

Seriously, I am honored to return to the Basic School as your guest, at this, one of our most time honored traditions. I have been asked to speak on my insights and experiences as a leader of Marines. Basically, I told to talk about what I have learned over the last 28 years of leading Marines. Well, I have only learned eight things and it will

only take me about 60 seconds to share them with you. Now that I think of it, if I had been invited to speak to you the day Charlie Company formed up, I could have probably saved you six months of TBS training. I thought I would get this structured portion out of the way up front so I could talk about anything I want to, so here goes....

1. Seek brilliance in the basics, Always do the right thing... and have a plan to kill everyone you meet.

2. If you are riding at the head of the herd, look back every now and then and make sure it is still there.

3. Never enter an hour long firefight with 5 minutes of ammo.

4. This one is really important for all of you born North of Washington, DC. Never, never kick a cow chip on a hot day.

5. If you're not shooting, I can see by your marksmanship badges that some of you are challenged in this area, you better be communicating or re-loading for another Marine.

6. There are three types of leaders. those who learn from reading, those who learn from observation, and those who still have to touch the electric fence to get the message.

7. Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. ammo is cheap.

8. And finally, you might want to write this one down.... never slap a grown man who has a mouth full of chewing tobacco

Now that I've put that check in "proper military instruction" block, are there any questions? Of course not! What a stupid question to ask a bunch of Lieutenants so close to graduation! Now that I think of it, my TBS class stopped asking questions after the first two weeks.

I have a few minutes left, so let's talk about something I like, Marines. Up front, let me tell you how much I admire you. Why is that? Unlike the vast majority of your fellow citizens, you stepped forward and committed yourself to a greater cause without concern for your personal safety or comfort. and you did it knowing that you would gain nothing in return.... except the honor and cherished privilege of earning the title

of "Marine Officer".

Individually, you are as different as apples and oranges, but you are linked for eternity by the title "Marine".... and the fact that you are part of the finest fighting force that has ever existed in history.

If you haven't picked up on it... I like being a Marine and I like being around Marines. Like most of you are probably thinking, I came into the Corps to do four years and four years only. but a strange happened. I was having so much fun that I simply forgot to get out. Hell, at this point, I am thinking seriously about making the Corps a career! So what is that I like about Marines? This is the easy part!

I like the fact that you always know where you stand with a Marine! With Marines, there is no middle ground or gray area. There are only missions, objectives and facts.

I like the fact that if you are a self-declared enemy of America, that running into a Marine outfit in combat is your worst nightmare.... and that your health record is about to get a lot thicker or be closed out entirely!

I like the fact that Marines are steadfast and consistent in everything they do.... regardless if you agree with them or not;

That marines hold the term "politically correct" with nothing but pure disdain;

That Marines stand tall and rigid in their actions, thoughts and deeds when others bend with the direction of the wind and are as confused as a dog looking at a ceiling fan!

I like the fact that each and every Marine considers the honor and legacy of the Corps as his personal and sacred trust to protect and defend.

I like the fact that most civilians don't have a clue what makes us tick!..... and that's not a bad thing. because if they did, it would scare the hell out of them!

I like the fact that others say they want to be like us, but don't have what it takes in the "pain-gain-pride" department to make it happen.

I like the fact that the Marines came into being in a bar, Tun Tavern, and that Marines still gather in pubs, bars and slop chutes to share sea stories

and hot scoop.

I like the fact that Marines do not consider it a coincidence that there are 24 hours in a day and 24 beers in a case. because Marines know there is a reason for everything that happens!

I like our motto... Semper Fidelis... and the fact that we don't shed it when the going gets tough, the battlefield gets deadly or when we hang up our uniform for the last time.

I like the fact that Marines take care of each other... in combat and in time of peace.

I like the fact that Marines consider the term "Marines take care of their own" as meaning we will give up our very life for our fellow Marines, if necessary.

I like the fact that Marines know the difference between "chicken salad" and "chicken s—" and aren't afraid to call either for what it is!

I like the fact that Marines have never failed the people of America and that we don't use the words "can't", "retreat", or "lose".

I like the fact that the people of America hold Marines in the highest esteem and that they know that they can count on us to locate, close with and destroy those who would harm them!

I like marines... and being around Marines.

I like the fact that a couple of years ago an elected member of Congress felt compelled to publicly accuse the Marine Corps of being "radical and extreme".

I like the fact that our Commandant informed that member of Congress that was absolutely correct and that he passed only his thanks for the compliment.

I like the fact that Marine leaders — of every rank— know that issuing every man and woman a black beret — or pokla-dotted boxer shorts for that matter— does absolutely nothing to promote morale, fighting spirit or combat effectiveness.

I like the fact that Marines are Marines first... regardless of age, race, creed, color, sex, national origin or how long they served or what goals they achieve in life!

Let me give you one example: A young man enlists

in the Navy in WW I. When the war is over, he ships over and joins the Army. he next enlisted in the Marine Corps and served from 1920-1922. there was no Air Force back then, so I guess he felt he had put all the checks in the block! When he served out his time in the Corps, he went after an education: receiving various degrees in engineering, history and political science from UCLA and Montana State University. He enter politics and served for 11 years in the House of Representatives. Next he tackled the Senate where he served for 24 years, as both the Democratic Whip and later as the Senate Majority Leader. He was then appointed as the Ambassador to Japan where he served for 11 years. This gentleman went from snuffy to national and international prominence... and when he passed away in 2001, he was rightly buried in Arlington. If you want to visit his grave, don't look for him near the Kennedy Eternal Flame where so many of our political leaders are laid to rest. Look for a small, common marker shared by the majority of our heroes.... look for the marker that says "Michael J. Mansfield... PFC... U. S. Marine Corps..... You see, Senator Mike Mansfield.... like each of us gathered here tonight... was more proud of being a Marine, than anything else in his incredible life of national service.

There is one thing I have learned for sure over the last 28 years...The years fly by, names change, the weapons and the gear changes, political leaders and agendas change, national priorities and budgets change, the threats to our nation change.... but through it all, there is one abiding constant — the basic issue, do-or-die Marine.

He or she will do damn near anything asked of them, under terrible conditions, with better results and fewer complaints than any civilized human being should have reason to expect. And we.... we who have the privilege to serve them and lead them, make our plans and execute crucial missions based primarily on one fact of life.... that the basic Marine will not fail his country, his corps and his fellow Marines... That they will overcome any threat.... if allowed to do so.

Think about that and remember that for 228 years it has worked and it has kept the wolf away from America's door.

I like Marines, because being a Marine is serious business. We're not a social club or a fraternal organization and we don't pretend to be one. We're a brotherhood of "warriors" — nothing more, nothing less, pure and simple.

We are in the ass-kicking business, and unfortunately, these days business is good. But don't worry about that. What you need to remember is that the mere association of the word "Marine" with a crisis is an automatic source of confidence to America, and encouragement to all nations who stand with us.

As Marines, our message to our foes has always been essentially the same. "We own this side of the street! Threaten my country or our allies and we will come over to your side of the street, burn your hut down, whisper in your ear "can you hear me now?","..... and then secure your heart beat.

Now I must tell you that I had an opportunity to review your MOS assignments. I remember that time in my life well as a real group tightener! Regardless of what MOS you now have, if you don't already know it, being a leader of Marines is about as much fun as you can legally have with your clothes on!

And that's true regardless if you are a grunt, datadink, sparkchaser, stewburner, wiredog, buttplate, remington raider, rotorhead, legal beagle, fast stick, cannon cocker, track head, skivvie stacker, dual fool or a boxkicker. and if you don't believe it... you will! Trust me!

Why is that? Because each us fought to gain the coveted title... Marine. It wasn't given to us.... We earned it. And on the day we finally became Marines, an eternal flame of devotion and fierce pride was ignited in our souls.

Charlie Company, let's not fool ourselves. You know it and I know it. You have some challenging times and emotional events ahead of you. I am not talking about tomorrow morning's headache. I am talking about the fact that the world is a dangerous place and as leaders of Marines, you will be walking point on world events.

Make sure you keep that flame that I mentioned earlier burning brightly. It will keep you warm when times are hard. It will provide light in the darkest of nights. Use it and draw strength from it. as generations of Leathernecks have done since our beginning.

Before pcs'ing to Quantico, I completed a 24-month tour with the 31st MEU aboard the USS Essex. Some of the Marines here tonight were with me.... like Beak Vest, Rudy Whalen and Flounder Foley. The Essex is a great ship and one of six to bare that name in defense of our nation. In 1813,

the first Essex was commanded by a tough skipper named Capt David Porter. By all accounts, Capt Porter was the type man you did not want to see at captain's mast. He was tough, but he was a true warrior. On one particular mission, the Essex was ordered to sail alone to the Pacific and attack Great Britain's Pacific whaling fleet. Obviously, Captain Porter knew the fleet was well-guarded by British Men-Of-War and he knew his job would be a tough one and that he would be severely outgunned in his task. Prior to sailing, Capt Porter addressed the assembled crew of sailors and Marines on the deck and explained the task at hand. He asked for volunteers only and told his men to take "seven steps forward" if they would willingly go in harms way with him. He then turned his back and waited. After a few moments, he turned to face his crew and noticed no holes in the ranks. The ranks looks just as they had and not a single Marine or sailor stood to the front of the formation. It is reported that he went on a tirade and screamed "What is this? Not a single volunteer among you?" With this, an aide leaned over and whispered in Porter's ear, "Sir, the whole line has stepped forward 7 paces."

I think of this story often. and when I do, I think of Marines like you. Charlie Company... On behalf of the generations of Marine Lieutenants who have gone before you, Thank you for taking the "7 steps forward", Thank you for your love of country,.... Thank you for your lifelong commitment as a

United States Marine.

For those of you who are wondering, "am I up to it?" Forget it. You will be magnificent, just as Marine officers always have been. I realize that many of your young Marines are going to be "been there, done that" warriors and that they will wear the decorations to prove it. But you need to know, that they respect you and admire you.... You need to know that they want and need your leadership. All you have to do is never fail them in this regard and everything will turnout great. Hold up your end of the bargain and they will not fail.

I am pretty sure I can speak for the entire group of distinguished guest here tonight when I say, "We admire you and would trade places with you in a minute to do it all over again." sooooo.... if you're interesting in giving up a platoon in order to be a Base Commander, see me at the bar!

One last thing... When you check into your first unit and start the fantastic voyage that only Marines will ever know.... kick some serious ass.... because it is a full time job and there is a lot of that activity that must occur for America and her allies to survive.

"Long live the United States... and success to the Marines"

Some Reunion Raffle winners

The winner of the Gift Certificate from Turning Point Studio was Bob Marshall.

They have selected a beautiful Birdseye Maple and Purple Heart Bowl that will be made within the next two months.. Hopefully they will have this bowl (approx 10" diameter X 5 1/2" high) by Christmas. (As of October 29, I have been cleared by the Doctors to start working at Turning Point Studio again, after the delay caused by shoulder surgery)

Frank Fodor - Wade Price donated a *History of Marine Corps*.



MSgt. Robert Marshall, USMC Ret.

MATCA member Bob Marshall has been working for over a year assembling a Command Chronology and history of Marine ATC unit activities in Vietnam during the years 1962 through 1973. MATCA is taking steps to hopefully have his work preserved as a volume in an official capacity with the Marine Corps Museum. His impressive body of work was available for inspection and additions at the San Diego meeting.

From GERRY HEMMING

Excepting for "Gunner" Saint, USMC, few of the Air Traffic Control/GCA Radar students at NAT-TU/NAS Olathe, Kansas [during the 1950s] realized that the USAF Reserve Squadron stationed there was a CIA "Spook" unit. Some of you might recall that the Brit "Canberra" Bomber (with the side-by-side seating in the cockpit, later changed to front/rear tandem seating after the U.S. bought the factory licensing from B.A.E., UK) was a photo Recon aircraft. This aircraft was provided to the "spook" pilots for initial and refresher training for their flights out of Incirlik, Turkey and Peshawar, Pakistan, both locales for the U-2 spy plane.

I stumbled onto this outfit almost by accident! I had inquired of an enlisted crew chief [C-46 "Commando"] if I might take a "Hop" with them during one of their regular weekend "Drills". (A "Hop" could be a few short turns around the airfield over an hour or two, or a long "Round-Robin" to a distant military air base, but returning the same day.)

My very first flight was a bit of a shocker, in that instead of cruising locally, we flew down to New Orleans for the LSU vs. Tulane U. football game. (around Sept. '54). I had a flight suit, but instead wore my Winter Dress "B" ("Ike Jacket") Greens, and not only was sans an "Out-of-Bounds-Pass" (required beyond 50 miles on "Liberty"); I had only about \$5 in my pockets.

Anyway, after noticing (rather nervously) that the C-46 had been flying in a straight-line for just about 4 hours, I strolled once again up to the "front-office" (Cockpit) and inquired of the USAFR MSgt. "Just where in the Hell are we going?" He took me aside and responded: "Weren't you briefed? We're going down to NAS New Orleans for the weekend LSU/Tulane Game."

I motioned him to step back into the cargo bay, and once there, explained that I'd assumed that this was going to be a short Hop-around-Olathe flight, and that I was not only short on "Passes", money, but as he might have noticed...no "Ditty/AWOL-Bag"! He then "bespaketh": "Wait here while I go up front and clue in the two Captains and the Lieutenant". He shortly returned and stated: "They said 'No-Sweat', if we enlisted pogues kept them out of the gutter on Bourbon Street, they would cover both of our expenses completely"! [It wasn't until the following weekend that they had assumed that I was just another one of their

regular TDY'd Marine "Spooks" that flew with them on most of their Stateside and Euro-Asian covert operations.]

The PIC (Pilot-in-Command) USAF Captain was a close friend of the playwright Josh White, and that we would be bunking at one of his apartments at the intersection of St. Peter & Bourbon Streets, just across the way from "Paddy O'Brien's Pub". While me and the Sergeant recovered from big-time hangovers at the apartment (with J. White), the Officers went to the football game.

We landed back at NAS Olathe just in time for the Sunday night 10 PM closing of the E-Club Bar. Every weekend after that, it was flying cross-country to a different base. One weekend it was Fort Benning, Georgia...where we dropped Tibetan guerrillas on a remote drop-zone (DZ) across the Chattahoochie River in Alabama. Next it was Green Berets and Euro-aliens at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. After that we hit Fort Lee, VA to parachute some of the CIA students from the Camp Peary "Farm".

During these obtuse adventures, I heard whispered tales of the ("Famous?") "Samarkand-Milk-Run" inside the Asiatic Soviet Republics, using C-47s & C-54s painted up as USSR Air Force birds. (During W.W.II, under the "Lend-Lease Plan", we had delivered [via Iran] large numbers of C-47s, C-54s, Convair T-29Ds, etc., which they promptly reverse engineered, and reproduced same in large numbers, and tacking on Ilyushin model numbers while claiming that these were their very own genius designs.

Before the U-2 Ops started in 1956, our Intel Guys took advantage of the ease of quick paint jobbed USAF aircraft not ever being challenged by Soviet Air Defense elements, as long as we had the NSA provided code-words and "call-signs". One of our guys ["Rick S."] flew a DC-6 all over the USSR, taking aerial photos of most of Siberia [And all of the Southern Asiatic SSRs] for over six years straight, and without any "SNAFUs" or "FUBARs"!

Then one day, at an East Coast AFB, I was detained by an Air Force OSI Special Agent wearing the rank of Lt. Col., and who wanted to know: "What the HELL did I think I was doing hanging with these "Clandestine Ops" guys?" The following day [a Sunday], the "Colonel" entered the transient barracks, took me aside, and said: "Apparently, two of your Uncles are VIP Intel-connected and they have intervened on your behalf, and you, GERRY HEMMING, are to return to your Base,

Keep your mouth shut, or risk getting some time in Portsmouth Naval Prison or Leavenworth!" "Now, let's go get drunk, I'm buying!!" [We had to go to the Staff NCO Club, because in "real-life", he was only a Master Sergeant in the US Army CID, on TAD to USAF/CIC and was prohibited from drinking in his USAF "Colonel" uniform while "off-duty"]

Later, while stationed at MCAS El Toro, I got "chewed-out" by emissaries from both of my Uncles. But, they didn't say that I had to officially give up on my "Strange-hobbies".

Meanwhile, back at the Olathe "Ranch", work progressed in modifying the RB-57 "Canberra". A few years later [by the 'Nam era] the "Canberra", by then, had its wings extended to almost double the length of the fuselage, thus allowing it to do U-2 stuff up around 60,000 ft. msl [Altitude] and was practically a long-range "Glider" by then.

My regular "Copilot" BOQ "Booze-Runs from NZJ [MCAS El Toro] to Fort Huachuca [Douglas-Bisbie, AZ] are another series of "Sea Stories" for the future.

Semper Fi,
Gerry



From Jim Dargan

Two quick stories, both good and only in our Corps.
From the days of the NAP (Enlisted pilots) and enlisted intercept operators

By Herbert S. Kondo

I remember flying in to Mountain Home AFB way back when we AIO's were the right-seater in the F3D Skyknight. 2 F3D's. When we landed and turned off the active, we cycled the wing-fold

a couple of times, just like a sea bird after landing. Tower personnel were asking if we were flying a new type of aircraft. Remember this is an Air Force base, so a 1stLt came out to the ramp in a blue station wagon to take us to Base Ops. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he found out he was a chauffeur to a 1stLt, MSgt, TSgt, and a SSgt.

Harrier story told by a ground Marine
It's a good story anyhow...

I'm a grunt, never really played with the air wing, but was told this story during a night of drunken revelry with two other Marine vets who said they were there:

Seems that a Marine Harrier squadron was invited to participate in one of the "Red Flag" exercises at Nellis Air Force Base.

In keeping with the Corps expeditionary nature, the Marines had their birds prepped and ready to go with the same equipment they used in the field, while the Air Force birds (on the opposite side of the flight line) pulled out all manner of rear echelon type APUs and other such equipment to start their birds up. So it looked to onlookers like the pilots simply walked up to their aircraft, kicked the tires, turned the key, and lit the fires. This seemed to offend the Air Force folks, and they began to cut loose with the usual "You jarheads are nothing more than grunts that know how to fly..." (Ain't it true?)

Anyway, the squadron commander and his First Sergeant decided to make the most of it...

Did ya know that there's apparently a pitot tube that sticks out of the forward end of an AV-8? Did ya know that it's apparently the size of the barrel ring of a bayonet? One of the crew chiefs came up with the idea of welding a "bayonet lug" on those screw type hose clamps. These were affixed to said pitot tube in the wee hours of the morning.

By the dawn's early light, the Air Force types watched as the Marine pilots marched, in column, to their posts in front of their planes. The squadron commander gave the command, "Fix Bayonets!", and each pilot proceeded to attach a bayonet to these "bayonet lugs". They then got in their Harriers, and lifted off into the wild blue, with bayonets still fixed. Dunno if it's true, but never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

BACK FROM IVAN!

From: Brooks Bergeron

Ed. note: The following are edited excerpts from a lengthy log Brooks made during hurricane Ivan, followed by a couple of the 45 pictures he sent of the destruction. Forget the idiots on TV who stand in the wind to report the wind is blowing; this is a great description of what it is like to live through a serious storm.

WED: 15 Sept. 04

Ivan is on the way. I watched, and helped my neighbors do last minute preparations that morning. People boarding up windows, rushing to the stores for last second stuff, and loading up cars to get out of town. I, being a veteran of many a hurricane and typhoons, was prepared way in advance so I helped the rookies.

By 10:00, it was time to start buttoning up. The outer bands were upon us and the wind was slowly building. The rain was still light and many folks were outside watching what would be a most memorable storm.

The wind direction allowed me to leave my garage door open and sit on my tailgate, play my guitar, and watch the weather grow. By 16:00 the wind and rain forced me to close up the garage, and put in the handy dandy hurricane brace down the middle of the garage door.

The outer bands had moved all the way in, causing the trees to dance and the rain to move in sheets. When it got too dark to see, I moved inside to watch the weather news on TV.



It's now 20:00 and the storm is really kicking good. The power flickers now and then so I reluctantly unplug the BIG screen and move to the 26' TV. Last minuet checks on flashlight locations, candle placements, bathtubs full of water, cell phone, etc., and we are ready. Man I love a good storm!

22:00 and life is getting hectic. Power is gone so I am now down to the 6' battery TV. Local news is preaching "gloom and doom". Dark as heck outside, and I'm wondering what that noise in the back yard is. It was loud enough to get my attention over the roar of the wind. So I look. Oh Oh, it's my screened in back porch. Just

a matter of time before that baby rips apart, along with part of my living room I fear. Marine Corps training kicks in and I then revert to plan "B" (which I made up on the spot). Everybody to the back bedroom, farthest from the direction of the 100 mph wind that may soon be in our living room. BATTLE STATIONS!! Grab the water, K-BAR, some food, medications, and of course my guitar (funny what you consider important during times like these) and hunker down!

I prepared a way to brace the bedroom door if needed, got my wife and daughter to calm down a bit and put them in the bed while I held the watch. The 6' TV kept me informed of Ivan's progress while I checked every 20 minuetts on the status of the porch. The door



had given in from the bottom and was now starting to slowly bring the rest of the porch with it. This is really starting to suck.

Throughout the night I prayed, checked the porch, and watched the TV. The EYE! The EYE of IVAN was the key and I knew it. If that stupid eye would hurry up and pass us, we would make it. I knew once the eye passed, the winds would lessen from the 135 mph we were currently seeing, to something less, and more importantly, would change directions giving some relief to the stupid porch.

THURS.: 16 Sept. 04

00:30 and the house is shaking. The sound of trees and fences being ripped apart are distinctive above the roar of the wind. The eye is due to pass in an hour or so. 02:00 the eye is passing. The porch gave in but wedged into itself in such a way that it is not as much of a threat to the house. The winds start to change direction. Time for round TWO.

04:00 and things are looking up! The wind direction change works to my advantage. House no longer shaking, porch (what's left of it) stable and the sun will be up soon. Seems like we'll make it.

06:00 wife and daughter wake up. My watch is over, time for a nap.

THURS. afternoon, the winds have gone down, IVAN is on his way north. I wake up around noon and go outside to assess the damage. The porch is totaled but the house held up great. All the houses along side of me have their privacy fences all over the place. Looks like our back yards were a wind tunnel with my porch being the first in line. But all the houses held up in our new subdivision. Not much damage really. No power, no water, but everything else looked good. All that wind, wow, I would have thought it would have been worse than this.

I set up my generator, plug in the fridge and check on my neighbors. Everyone is OK and we pull together our resources as the last part of IVAN leaves us.

The sun is shining and we are alive. The radio say's we should stay off the streets, but I need to check on my old house which is just three miles down the road. So off I go thinking that my new little subdivision doesn't look that bad for the wear and tear. Hard to believe so many people got scared and left town before the storm. Then I reached the entrance of my subdivision where I got my first look at the rest of Pensacola. OH MY GOD!

I really don't know how to put into words the destruction I saw. I don't think I'll even try right now. I can not believe how sheltered my new house and subdivision must have been. It was like a "Planet of the Apes" movie. Trees, BIG OLD OAK TREES just uprooted. On the roads, on houses, on power lines, everywhere! Wow. That evening, my neighbors and I gathered in our cul-de-sac (at the new house), were we would gather every evening for the next few days with our families to share food, cooking and companionship. I told them what I saw "outside" the subdivision. Most were shocked. Somehow we did OK. I spent a lot of the evening looking up at the stars. With no power (thus no city lights) anywhere, the stars were plentiful. The radio said no power or water for up to three weeks. I think God takes away those things to force us neighbors to get outside



and bond together.

FRI.: 17 Sept. 04

Morning comes and we are allowed on the streets between 07:00 and 19:00. I want to check on my old friends at the old house subdivision, so off I go again. As I'm driving I am thinking about how long my gas supply for the generator will last. I'm looking at all the closed up stores along the way and I noticed the first store that I saw had opened was a liquor store! Alcohol sales were banned during the South Florida hurricanes, but there they were, open for business. No gas stations, no food stores, no power, no water, but you can buy a beer or two! So I did

SAT: 18 Sept. 04

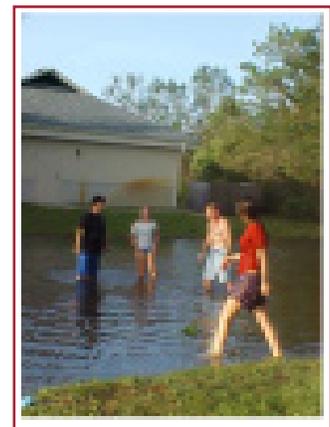
Another day and more adventures. Still no power or water, but they did say some folks could take up to three weeks. I am worried about fuel for the generator because I am getting low and I am the only one here with one. I have taken all of the cul-de-sac group's food into my freezer, which we all share. That's the #1 priority. A close #2 for the generator is that it gives a place for all of us to sit in my living room (Hurricane Central) to watch the TV News and more importantly, in front of a fan! It gives relief to my friends and I am the only one around with a generator. I don't run it after bedtime, to save on fuel AND because it is the ONLY GENERATOR around! I know people can hear it running and I was afraid it might "grow legs" and walk off in the middle of the night if I left it running 24/7. Plus, 21+ years in the Corps has taught me the need for a "Generator Watch" all night, and I wasn't gonna do it. So I brought it inside, after turning it off, every night.

Semper Fi,
Brooks and Family

SAT: 02 Oct. 04

Hello once again from the "Sunshine" State! I have a very dear friend who lives in Minnesota who rents her house here in P-Cola. She asked me to take a look at it and see what damage was done, so I took the drive.

DAMN my EYES. I wished I had never drove along GULF BREEZE Highway. So much destruction. Entire subdivisions GONE! My heart searches for sympathy for these folks who lost EVERYTHING. House, and everything in it GONE. The pictures are on the internet, the pictures will give you some sense as to the destruction that has happened here, but you



Aeronautical Humor
From: Brooks Bergeron

Though I Fly Through the Valley of Death ..I Shall Fear No Evil. For I am at 80,000 Feet and Climbing!

(Sign over the entrance to the old SR-71 operating base Kadena, Japan).

You've never been lost until you've been lost at Mach 3.

(Paul F. Crickmore -test pilot)

The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.

Blue water Navy truism: There are more planes in the ocean than submarines in the sky.

(From an old carrier sailor)

If the wings are traveling faster than the fuselage, it's probably a helicopter — and therefore, unsafe

When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.

Without ammunition, the USAF would be just another expensive flying club.

What is the similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots? If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies; If ATC screws up,...the pilot dies.

Never trade luck for skill.

The three most common expressions (or famous last words) in aviation are:

"Why is it doing that?", "Where are we?" and "Oh Shit!"

Weather forecasts are horoscopes with numbers.

Progress in airline flying: now a flight attendant

can get a pilot pregnant.

Airspeed, altitude and brains. Two are always needed to successfully complete the flight.

A smooth landing is mostly luck; two in a row is all luck; three in a row is prevarication.

I remember when sex was safe and flying was dangerous.

Mankind has a perfect record in aviation; we never left one up there!

Flashlights are tubular metal containers kept in a flight bag for the purpose of storing dead batteries

Flying the airplane is more important than radioing your plight to a person on the ground incapable of understanding or doing anything about it.

When a flight is proceeding incredibly well, something was forgotten. Just remember, if you crash because of weather, your funeral will be held on a sunny day.

Advice given to RAF pilots during WWII: When a prang (crash) seems inevitable, endeavor to strike the softest, cheapest object in the vicinity as slow and gently as possible.

The Piper Cub is the safest airplane in the world;.. it can just barely kill you.
(Attributed to Max Stanley, Northrop test pilot)

A pilot who doesn't have any fear probably isn't flying his plane to its maximum.
(Jon McBride, astronaut)

If you're faced with a forced landing, fly the thing as far into the crash as possible.
(Bob Hoover - renowned aerobatic and test pilot)

If an airplane is still in one piece, don't cheat on it; ride the bastard down.

Cherry Point Marines Learn TERPS

From the pages of the November 2004 Leatherneck magazine comes a story by LCpl Wil Acosta, edited by John Hoellwarth.

The writer explains for the ATC impaired how air traffic control personnel and equipment are used to direct traffic safely under reduced weather conditions. "Pilots learn to rely on "sight" provided by instruments and air traffic controllers to complete the mission and land safely."

Several MCAS Cherry Point Marines were among a class of fourteen who completed the Terminal Instrument Procedures Course (TERPS) held at Cherry Point.

"Joe Florio of the Transportation Safety Institute was the Chief Instructor of the three-week course designed to teach elite air traffic controllers how to establish detailed flight procedures regarding the minimum speed, altitude and angle of approach an aircraft must maintain for a safe landing."

"TERPS is a highly specialized skill necessary in the planning of airfields and associated procedures," said MSgt. Roberta L. Henry, air traffic control staff noncommissioned officer in charge, Marine Corps Air Bases, Eastern (MCABE). "TERPS had previously been taught at Keesler Air Force Base, Biloxi, MS, in the form of an eight week course at a great cost to the Marine Corps in terms of finances and personnel."

The article went on to explain that the TERPS course was held over an intense fifteen day schedule. MSgt. Mark D. Eadie, who was responsible for bringing the course to MCABE is quoted as saying "ATC Marines are generally required to be intelligent individuals, but not all ATC Marines can successfully grasp the concepts taught here. We send the best controllers here to make them more valuable."

Well, congratulations to the Marines who completed the course. Sure makes this editor feel good about having successfully attended the TERPS Course back when it was held at Navy Glynco, and it must absolutely make MATCA member Bob Marshall feel wonderful about having been an instructor at the school.

An understanding of TERPS is essential to understanding how an instrument approach, or GCA pattern, or SID is constructed. All those minimum safe altitudes and glide angles are carefully computed according to a very strict set of standards. It also justifies the practical use of all those algebra courses that were required in high school and college.

From Bob Stepp

When You Get On

When you get "on" and you lived a long time
And the walk up the stairs is a mighty long climb,
Though your eyes are dimmer than what they were
And the pages of the book are a misty blur,
Strange as the case may seem to be,
Than is the time you will clearly see.

You'll see yourself as you really are,
When you've lived a lot and you've traveled far,
When your strength gives out and your muscles tire
You'll see the folly of ambition's desire;
You'll see what now to your sight is hid,
The numberless trivial things you did.

Often the blindless are youthful eyes,
For age must come ere a man grows wise,
And youth makes much of mountain peaks,
And the strife for fame and the goals it seeks,
But age sets down with the setting sun
And smiles at the boastful deeds its done.

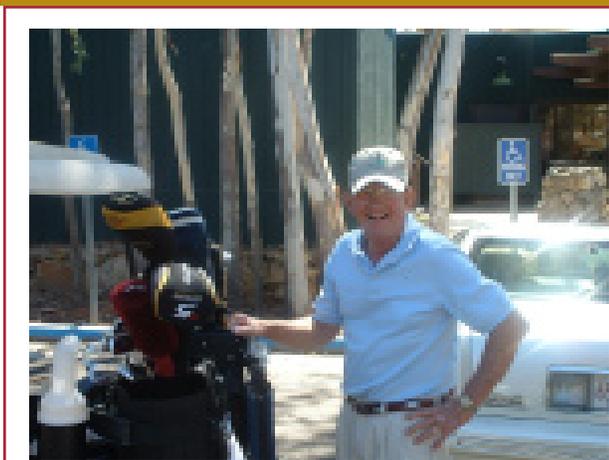
You'll sigh for the friends that were turned aside
By a hasty word or a show of pride,
You'll laugh at the medals that now you prize,
For you look at them through clearer eyes
And see how little they really meant
For which so much of your strength was spent.

You'll see , as always an old man sees,
That the waves die down with the fading breeze,
That the pomps of life never last for long,
And the great sink back to the common throng,
And you'll understand when the struggle ends,
That the finest gifts of this life are friends.

Author Unknown



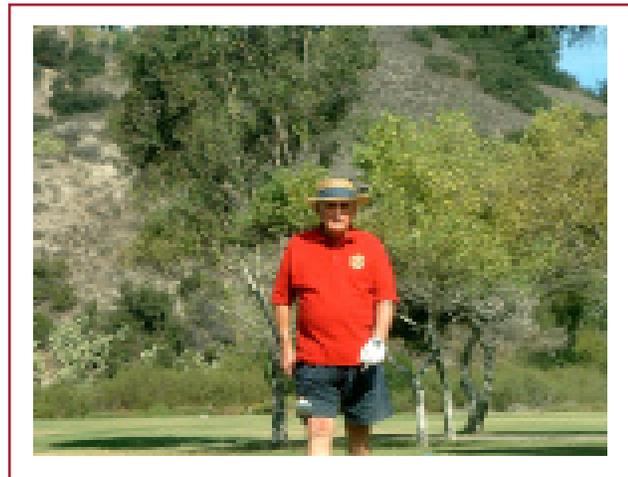
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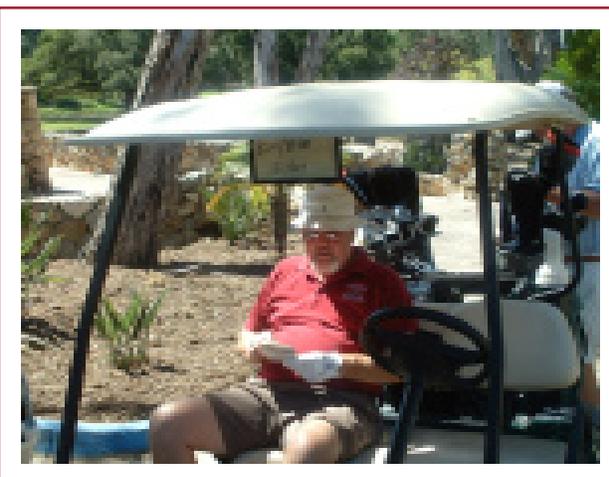
Herm Moyers



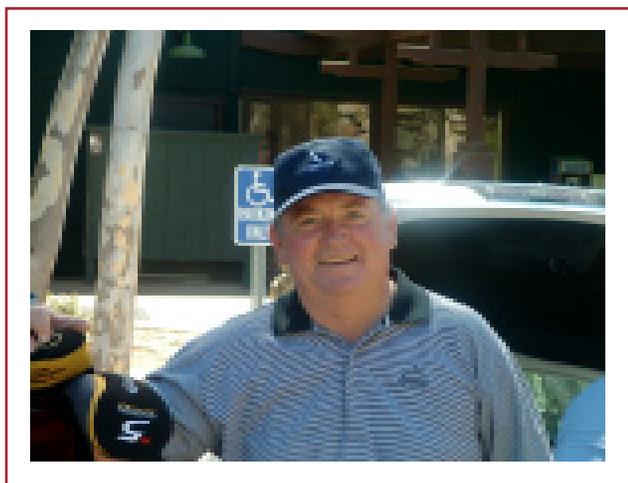
Bill Behan



D.K. Carman



Jerry Fisher



Buddy Wyatt



Dan Walczak, Jerry Fisher, Debbie Walczak

TAPS - Lee Wisnoske

In the previous Hotline I reported briefly that MATCA member Lee Wisnoske passed away August 12, 2004.. He was cremated and interment was in the Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Houston, Texas with Military honors. His good friend Ray Mischok provided the following information along with a picture of himself and Lee taken in Vietnam in 1967

I served with Lee at Glynco, Ga, Phu Bai Vietnam and worked with him at the Army ATC School at Fort Rucker, Alabama. Lee loved the Marine Corps and was well respected among his fellow Marines. Lee was a gentleman and a gracious person and treated everyone with dignity and kindness. It was a pleasure to serve with him, and I will surely miss him as well as his many friends will. Lee is survived by his wife Julia, son Andy and daughter Julie.

Sincerely,
R a y M i s c h o c k



Ray Mischock (L) Lee Wisnoske (R)

WEDDING BELLS FOR PAT LUCE AND BUDDY WYATT



From Pat Luce Wyatt:

We were married on the 23rd of October here at our condo in Laughlin, with my very close friends Penny and Lou Prapotnik, currently of Martha's Vineyard, soon to be of Mesquite, NV, standing up for me and Chuck Lowes and his wife, Maggie, next to Buddy. The only other guests were a couple of former Marines, both ATC, one of whom works for Bud. (We're recruiting them for the younger set of MATCA.)

Our condo overlooks the Colorado River, Mohave Reservation fields, and Bullhead City, so the backdrop is gorgeous. With Penny and Maggie's help, we pulled together a very lovely setting, delicious and beautiful cake, and all went out to dinner at the Riverside's Gourmet Room to celebrate.

Talk of a more formal wedding on May 21, 2005 on Martha's Vineyard continues.

Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.

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