



# MARINE AIR TRANSPORTER

The Bi-Monthly Publication of The M.C.A.T.A.

www.mcata.com



Lance Corporal  
Duane A. Crawford



Lance Corporal  
Joshua G. Cheney



Lance Corporal  
Graham T. Denniston

## MARINE AERIAL NAVIGATION SCHOOL CLASS 2002-03

Nine students of Marine Aerial Navigation School Class 2002-03 graduated on 13 December 2002. This completed six months of intensive training, which included 10 flights, 22 simulator missions, and six phases of training including low-level navigation, aerial refueling, and air delivery. They will become part of a select group of enlisted Marines to proudly wear the insignia and be designated Marine Aerial Navigators. Lance Corporal Duane A. Crawford is the class Honor Graduate. He received a Merito-



Lance Corporal  
Logan T. Farrison



Lance Corporal  
Mark A. Hopkins



Lance Corporal  
Jeremy A. Findley

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Lance Corporal  
Justin M. Redmond



Lance Corporal  
Jonathan J. Simpson



Lance Corporal  
Joshua B. Stone

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# MARINE AIR TRANSPORTER

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MCATA is a 501(c)(19) non-profit organization incorporated in the State of Texas in 1991 to foster, encourage and perpetuate the memory and spirit of friendship among our comrades in arms who are or have been members of any Marine Corps Air Transport Squadron and to preserve incidents and memories of our association together. The Marine Corps Air Transport Association represents a complete cross section of all those who are or have served our country in Marine Corps Air Transports regardless of rank, flight status or MOS.

**Total 2003 & Beyond Paid Up Members: 604**  
**Members Expire 2002: 150**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

rious Mast from the Commanding Officer, Marine Aviation Training Support Group 22, Corpus Christi, Texas, and a plaque from the Marine Corps Association.

The new navigators will transfer to the Fleet Replacement Squadron, VMGR-253, MCAS Cherry Point, North Carolina. There they will spend three months training in the KC-130 aircraft. Upon qualification at Cherry Point, they are looking forward to assignments with operational squadrons in MCAS Miramar, California; MCAS Futenma, Okinawa, Japan; Carswell JRB, TX; and Stewart ANGB, NY. The guest speaker for the graduation ceremony was Lieutenant Colonel Carl T. Parker, USMC, Commanding Officer of Marine Aerial Refueling Transport Squadron 352.

## ONLINE DATABASE

We have well over 900 Air Transporters in the "Online Database," 500 of which are current members. What a great tool to look up an old friend. Here are some tips:

1. To view the full records (name, address, phone #, etc) you must log-in with your username and password. If you do not know what your username and password are, email [conshuck@mcata.com](mailto:conshuck@mcata.com) for the info.
2. Keep your record up to date. We send out emails periodically, and if yours is not correct, you will not receive the notice.
3. Tell a friend about the database. They can view name, date of service and email address without a username and password.

# MINI-MEETING

Red Doktor

## RED DOKTOR WRITES

Con,

Read your message for material. Not sure of which address to send this to so am sending to both.

We had a real small mini meeting at Mimi's in Tustin on Saturday Jan.11, 2003.

In attendance we had two new faces and those being Ralph Davis and Russ Swisher. The remainder were Robbie Robertson, Corky Chambers, Bud Yount and Red Doktor. Missed was Paul Ellis, Al Barta and Dennis McConahy having commitments to prevent them from making it. Then we had the miscommunication and VanNostrand, Carlos Gutierriz and Al Michalowski. Could have been what goes first that these absentees did not get the word or was it just my old and feeble mind. Bud Yount had suggested that maybe in the future we could hold it at Miramar sometime during the week where the rates are lower at the Navy Lodge. This might not work for some people as they work and it has not been brought up to all or everyone talking at the same time did not hear it.

Semper Fi,

Red





# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

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## TOUCHY FEELY MARINE STYLE.....

The most destructive habit....Worry	Boot camp instills confidence
The most satisfying Joy.....Giving	Marines have “given” much
The most serious loss....Loss of self-respect	“I am a MARINE”
The most satisfying work..helping others	Iwo, Hue, Kuwait etc.....
The most undesirable personality trait..Selfishness	See above
The most endangered species....Dedicated leaders	Chesty, Gray, etc..
Our most treasured natural resource...Our youth	Yes
The most powerful “shot in the arm”....Encouragement	DI’s provide this
The most difficult problem to overcome....Fear	Adapt, improvise, overcome
The most effective sleeping pill.. ...Peace of mind	“I am a MARINE”
The most crippling disease.....Excuses	DI’s eliminate these
The most powerful force in life....Love	....the Corps
The most dangerous pariah.....A gossip	Don’t tell...we are the best
The world’s most incredible computer... The brain	A Marine and his weapon
The most treasured thing to be without.. Hope	DI’s instill it
The most powerful weapon.....The tongue	See brain above
The two most power-filled words...”I Can”	Again DI’s instill this
The most needed asset.....Faith	See “I Can”
The most worthless emotion.....Self-pity	DI’s eliminate this
The most beautiful appearance....a SMILE!	If it ain’t issued, you don’t need it
The most prized possession.... Integrity	“I am a MARINE”
The most powerful channel of communication...Prayer	Yes
The most contagious spirit.....Enthusiasm	“I AM A MARINE!!!!”

Everyone needs this list to live by...pass it along!  
 No need to pass it on.  
 Marine know it.



Ltcol Thomas Dietrich, CO, VMGR-234, accepts the trophy for the Marine Aerial Refueling Transport Squadron of the Year - The Henry Wildfang Award. Representing Lockheed Martin is LtGen Harry Blot, USMC (Ret).

# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS



L.L. Lund • Jerry Ambrose • Billy & Denise Scott • Rubye Parry • Floyd Parkinson

## NOTE FROM L.L. LUND

I feel I should clarify my time in transports. The membership form asks for time served in wars and conflicts. Though I served from 1942 to 1963 I did not get into Transports until 1959. I was in VMR-252 and VMR-253 and Wing G-3 transport desks. I flew R4Q's (C119's) . I made several trips to Leeward Point during the Cuban missile crisis. Also flew several to the bone yard at Litchfield Park as they retired about the same time I did in 1963.

L.L. Lund

## JERRY WRITES

Hi Con,

Sorry we missed the Phoenix reunion right here in my back yard., But we will try harder next time. We will make Calloway Gardens in Georgia. If anyone has any "positions" jobs have them contact me. We have a lot of good veterans looking for work.

Semper Fi,  
Jerry Ambrose

Work E-mail is:  
jambrose@mail.de.state.az.us

Home E-mail is:  
ambrose@citlink.com

Now that you can get a hold of me drop me a note some time.  
Semper Fi,

Jerry

## FROM BILLY AND DENISE SCOTT,

### FROM THE FLIGHT DECK:

We have received many cards, gifts, and phone calls from members that attended the early bird reunion cookout at our house. We would like to thank you all. It was a great pleasure having all of you at our home. It reminded me of the Sunday picnics at El Toro and the Saturday-Sunday cookouts at Futema where everyone from Pvt. to Colonel was welcome. It is such a good feeling to see everyone having a great time and enjoying themselves. It makes all the work worthwhile.

MCATA has brought together a great group of people who would have otherwise drifted apart and forgotten one another over the years. For those who have not participated in these reunions, you are missing a terrific time. We hope you will all come out for the reunion in Georgia in September 2003.

Semper Fi,  
Bill and Denise Scott

P.S. The entire Phoenix reunion Committee thanks everyone for their support and participation.

## RUBY WRITES

Con,

I wanted to let you know that Dale had a slight stroke Dec.31st he has completely recovered ,but going through lots of test. Appreciate Your Prayers

Rubye

## FROM FLOYD PARKINSON

Con, I want to reply to Gilbert S. Cooks letter in regards to the Berlin Airlift in 1948. VMR-352 loaned 10 R5D's to the Air Force and I was TDY to the Air Force to do minor maintenance work on the aircraft. Anything major was sent back to VMR-352 for repair. My job was to crank up the engines and make sure they were in the O.K. range on all the instruments. What a duty this was! I was constantly being kidded about being a bell hop and I came back with the Air Force being bus drivers. This was sure great duty.

Then in 1949 VMR-352 moved to Barbers Point with the Navy and then in 1950 moved to El Toro, California. I believe the best duty was in Barbers Point, Hawaii. We would have flights going to China and that was a great trip.

Just a short note to inform the readers with a little history and background on VMR-352 and the aid they provided during the Berlin Airlift.  
Sincerely and Semper Fi,

Floyd S. Parkinson  
4200 Cedar Valley Drive  
Paragould, Arkansas 72450



# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

Rae-Lene Nickols • Gary & Joan Olsen

## RAE-LENE NICKOLS WRITES

Dear Con

You were asking for stories for the MCATA this is yours if you want I was in the habit of fixing Nick some rather large lunches for the trip to Hawaii and often put in some extra things. I did the usual for one flight and thought none the less about it. It seems it was a long enough flight that I did not have a letter from him. On the return home he looked a little sheepish at me. I asked what was wrong. He said something to the effect of nothing really. Later he let me know he had shared his lunch with one of you. Apparently he shared everything in the lunch. Including the napkins! The bad part was that the message I put on that napkin should only have been read by Him. He never did tell me which one of you read it and I really do not want to know as my face was and is often red when I think about was in that note.

With all my love and prayers for you and yours, Rae-Lene Nickols

## GARY AND JOAN OLSEN WRITE

Dear Con and Carol,

Enclosed a check for 3 years at the new rate and put the balance in the general fund. Sorry we missed "Out West" Phoenix Reunion, but we do plan on making the next one in Jar Ga.

Joan and I spent most of last summer and fall traveling through 27 states including Alaska in our new 5th wheel pulled by GMC power.

During this trip we considered going on the road as "full timers" and decided it was now or never. We returned to Havelock in September and set right in selling all the stuff in our lives so we could travel.

We started with a house full, a shop full, and still more stuff in the attic. it took three garage sales, a lot of donating and many trips to the land fill, but, we got it done. What we have now would not fill an Air Force pallet!

Selling the house was the easy part. We listed it at 10:00 AM one fine fall day. It was shown at 2 PM and at 4 PM the same day we had a contract from a "Cash" buyer and got our asking price. The house deal closed on

22 November and we are now officially "homeless".

We plan on extensive travel and will now reside wherever our 10 tires are touching the earth.

As I write this we are at the campground aboard MCAS Cherry Point which has full hookup and is less than 100 yards from the PX and commissary. Tomorrow we leave for Myrtle Beach and points south.

We sold the computer, so no E-mail, but we still have a new mailing address and will have our mail forwarded to us as we travel. A cell phone keeps us in close touch with family and we bank by mail and phone.

The latest Air Transporter arrived at our new address just fine and I really enjoyed that issue and all the photos that Red took. I have a current directory, so check your driveway on occasion for a stray 5th wheel.

By the way I understand that someone reported that I was even selling my "Flare Lanyard" collection at the yard sale. It's true. I even sold a 1978 case of "Blown" C-Rations and gave away a new pair of "LOX" shoes to the junk man. What a trip.

Semper Fi,

Gary and Joan Olsen  
1213 Highway 55 east  
New Bern, NC 28562

**Marines I see as two breeds, Rottweilers or Dobermans, because Marines come in two varieties, big and mean, or skinny and mean. They're aggressive on the attack and tenacious on defense. They've got really short hair and they always go for the throat.**

RAdm. "Jay" R. Stark, USN; 10 November 1995

P.S. McQueen got all the MCATA history items. I guess that makes him the new official historian.

# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS



## AIRLINE HUMOR

All too rarely, airline attendants make an effort to make the in-flight “safety lecture” and their other announcements a bit more entertaining. Here are some real examples that have been heard or reported:

On a *XYX* Flight with a very “senior” flight attendant staff, the pilot said: “Ladies and gentlemen, we’ve reached cruising altitude and I’ll be turning down the cabin lights. This is for your comfort and to enhance the appearance of your flight attendants.”

“Thank you for flying Business Express. We hope you enjoyed giving us the business, as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride.”

After a particularly rough landing during thunderstorms in Memphis, a flight attendant on a Northwest flight announced: “Please take care when opening the overhead compartments because, after a landing like that, sure as hell everything has shifted.”

From a Airlines Flight Attendant: “Welcome aboard Flight XXX to YYY. To operate your seat belt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt; and, if you don’t know how to operate one, you probably shouldn’t be out in public unsupervised.

“In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child traveling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are traveling with more than one small child, choose your favorite.”

“The weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but we’ll try to have them fixed before we arrive. Thank you, and remember, nobody loves you, or your money, more than our Airlines.”

“Your seat cushions can be used for flotation and, in the event of an emergency water landing, please paddle to shore, and take them with our compliments.”

And from the pilot during his welcome message: “XYZ Airlines is pleased to have some of the best flight attendants in the industry. Unfortunately, none of them are on this flight!”

On *XYZ* Airlines just after a very hard landing in Salt Lake City, the flight attendant came on the intercom and said: “That was quite a bump, and I know what ya’ll are thinking. You’re thinking that I’m here to tell you it wasn’t the airline’s fault, it wasn’t the pilot’s fault, it wasn’t the flight attendant’s fault ... it was the asphalt!”

Another flight attendant’s comment on a less than perfect landing: “We ask you to please remain seated as Captain Kangaroo bounces us to the terminal.”

An airline pilot had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required him to stand at the door, smile, and give the passengers a “Thanks for flying *XYZ* airline,” while they exited. In light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally everyone had gotten off except for a little old lady walking with a cane. She said: “Sonny, mind if I

ask you a question?” “Why no Ma’am,” said the pilot. “What is it?” The little old lady said, “Did we land or were we shot down?”

After a real crusher of a landing in Phoenix, the Flight Attendant came on with: “Ladies and Gentlemen, please remain in your seats until Captain Crash and the crew have brought the aircraft to a screeching halt against the gate. And, once the tire smoke has cleared and the warning bells are silenced, we’ll open the door and you can pick your way through the wreckage to the terminal.”

Part of a flight attendant’s arrival announcement: “We’d like to thank you folks for flying with us today. And, the next time you get the insane urge to go blasting through the skies in a pressurized metal tube, we hope you’ll think of *XYZ* Airways.”

A plane was taking off from Kennedy Airport. After it reached a comfortable cruising altitude, the captain made an announcement over the intercom: “Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. Welcome to Flight Number 293, nonstop from New York to Los Angeles. The weather ahead is good and, therefore, we should have a smooth and uneventful flight. Now sit back and relax - OH, MY GOD!” Silence followed and, after a few minutes, the captain came back on the intercom and said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I am so sorry if I scared you earlier but, while I was talking, the flight attendant brought me a cup of coffee and spilled the hot coffee in my lap. You should see the front of my pants!” A passenger in Coach was heard to reply: “That’s nothing. He should see the back of mine!”

# COMMENTARY

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Joe Foss was an honest-to-goodness hero and a good guy, too

By LARRY FELSER

1/5/2003

During World War II, in my comic-book stage, one of my favorites was "Real Heroes." It was just as advertised, illustrated stories about actual military heroes. The very first issue I read led with an article on Joe Foss, who had shot down 26 Japanese planes in his Grumman fighter and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Eighteen years later, I found out that Real Heroes was not only on the money with its story of Foss, it didn't capture even half of his story. By then I was a young sports-writer covering the Buffalo Bills in the new American Football League, and he was its first commissioner. I got to know Foss, and eventually we became friends. It was virtually impossible to know Foss and not like him. He was the sort of man in whose company other men wished to be. I liked him enormously. He died in Arizona this week at age 87. He lived a life of which most men could only dream. Like most combat veterans, Foss didn't talk about war or what he did in it. He was a great talker, but the subject would be big-game hunting or Africa or one of his many enthusiasms. Never war. Once I introduced Joe to my late cousin, Bill Schall, who had been a Marine infantryman in the critical battle of Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. Bill never talked about combat, either, but he nearly choked up telling Foss, "I want to thank you for what you did covering for me and a lot of other

Marines down on the ground." Later Foss would become commanding general of the Air National Guard in his home state of South Dakota. But to the Marines who fought with him in the South Pacific, he would always be a Marine. "I once wrote a story about him in which I referred to his service in the Air Force," Jerry Magee of the San Diego Union-Tribune said the other day. "I got at least 50 letters from Marines and ex-Marines correcting me. I never got such response to something I wrote in my entire career. They wanted to let me know he was one of them." Foss did a lot of things after he became a civilian - among them being South Dakota's youngest ever governor at age 39, AFL commissioner and National Rifle Association president. It never changed him. For all his fame, he was almost compulsive about helping people he liked. One of them was an ambitious kid in rural South Dakota named Tom Brokaw. Brokaw wrote a chapter on Foss in his best seller, "The Greatest Generation." When I was in his company, he always introduced me to people he thought might be good sources for me or provide a note for a column. We were on a crowded cross-country flight together when he tapped me on the shoulder and told me, "C'mon, there's somebody back of the plane I want you to meet." When we arrived at the man's seat, I didn't recognize him. But as he spoke there was no need for identification. It was Paul Harvey. Foss was a Republican, but political philosophy didn't mean much to him if he considered someone a friend. When Miami was a candidate to join the AFL, Joe Robbie, one of the top

Democratic operatives in South Dakota, was one of those trying to buy the franchise. "I've got to help old Joe," he explained. "He's a friend of mine." Robbie got the franchise. Foss was a forgiving man, too, one of his many attributes. When the New York Titans, owned by the famous sports-caster, Harry Wismer, had become a dismal joke in New York, Foss was instrumental in forcing Wismer out and getting the franchise in the hands of five genuine sportsmen who owned Monmouth Park race track. They included super agent Sonny Werblin of MCA. The team was renamed the Jets. Bizarre to begin with, the embittered Wismer became more bizarre. He would find out in what hotel Foss was staying, and Joe would be awakened by a 5:30 a.m. knock on his door from room service, arriving with "breakfast for 12, as Mr. Foss ordered." For the better part of a year, there were similar disruptions in Foss' life. The plague Wismer visited upon Foss finally ceased. After a long lull, Foss received a phone call from Wismer with the news that he was getting remarried. Harry's first wife was a daughter of Henry Ford, which provided him with the money to buy a football team. This time Wismer's bride to be was the widow of Longie Zwillman, an organized crime boss based in New Jersey. "Joe," said Wismer, "I want you to be my best man." The day Wismer and Mrs. Longman were wed, Joe Foss handed the wedding ring to the groom. (Larry Felsler, longtime sports columnist for The Buffalo News, writes a column in Sunday's editions.)



# FROM THE PRESIDENT



C o n S h u c k

Where did 2002 go. It seems like only yesterday the whole world was worried about Y2K and here we are now at Y2K + 3. Hard to visualize, and I'm a boot compared to many of you, but, I am half way through my 29th year of retirement from active duty. WOW, is that really possible?

2002 was good to me and my family. No complaints from Dallas, Texas that's for sure. It was a sad day for many as well. The year started off with the untimely death of Arlyne Wildfang. Bud and Arlyne had been married for 60 years the prior Christmas Eve day. Soon thereafter we lost Mike Griffin. Things at MCATA will never be the same. I sincerely miss "Big Mike".

In the months during the balance of 2002 we lost many of our Air Transporter family. I will only mention the ones I become aware of during the year. From information supplied to me here in Dallas.

First of all we lost the entire crew on VMGR-352's crash of 160021, this was followed by Cone Johnston, John Watkins, Tom Ovbey, Tom Hughes, Tom Roberts, Ken Pittman, Julius "Rocky" Arocha, Lyman D. "Pat" Morehead, Sam Dyson, "JK" Boyle, Charles Gibson, Bob Weir and Pete Freeman just to name a few. I only bring this to mind as I reflect on words that other Marine Air Transporters have said to me. Gee Con, I wish I would have made time to attend that last Reunion. I would have seen old "Air Transporter so and so" before he passed away. He sure meant a lot to me and I didn't even have a chance to say good by or see him be-

fore his untimely death.

I talked to Bud yesterday before he headed back up north to see his mother and take care of some more of the details due to the unexpected death of his brother. As Bud told me, Con, he was only 70, he wasn't supposed to die yet. We were not ready for my brother Ray to die. When our time comes it makes no difference who or where we are.

On 8 January Charlie Smith's daughter Eleanor passed away. You can never tell when any of us are going to lose a loved one.

Now on to other news. Grady Loveless is hard at work on the planning of Reunion 2003. This will be the 14th annual Reunion hosted by a member of our Association. Grady has assured me that this will be a good one for the golfers as well as for the shoppers and tourists. As Grady says, "Calloway Gardens has something for everyone".

I even have Carol interested in the grand old game of golf now. I guess we will try and play at Calloway while there.

The Mini-Meeting for anyone who is interested will be during the weekend of 9-10-11 May 2003. For those not familiar with the Mini-Meeting, it is a time before the Annual Reunion when members of the Board of Directors and anyone else who wants to attend meet at the coming Reunion site for a weekend of fun and camaraderie. This allows us to see the facility and what they have in store for us in the fall and make additional suggestions as to how they can serve our needs better. It is a fun filled

weekend to say the least. Usually the host hotel will give us the same rates as the Reunion, sometimes a little less.

The Annual Reunion is scheduled for 24-28 September 2003 in Calloway Gardens, Ga. We have gone ahead and printed the hotel reservation form in this issue. This is earlier than we usually post it, but Grady wanted to start getting the hotel reservations in to get a feel for how many we can finally expect. Please go ahead and send the form back in as soon as you can confirm you are going. There is no penalty for canceling unless you wait until the last minute. I have already sent mine back in. Carol and I arrive on Tuesday 23 September.

News about the web site and the on line directory. We had a couple of members who did not want to have their names and addresses listed in our on line directory. There may be more of you that did not want it and have not expressed that to me. So—we made a change. After you log on, go to edit profile and scroll to the bottom of the page there is a box to click on if you do not want your info exposed on line. You will remain on the roster for mailing labels for the news letter, but no one except me will be able to see it on line.

If you are like me and want your friends to be able to get your address, phone number, etcetera leave it the way it is, don't change anything. This way by having it I can please someone who was leary of having it out there on the directory.



# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

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Wilfred Fisher • Bud Yount

FROM WILFRED FISHER COMES THE FOLLOWING LIST OF PILOT TERMS.

**AIR SPEED**-Speed of an airplane. Deduct 25% when listening to a retired Air Force pilot.

**BANK** - The folks who hold the lien on most pilots' cars.

**CARBURETOR ICING**-A phenomenon reported to the FAA by pilots immediately after they run out of gas.

**CONE OF CONFUSION**-An area about the size of New Jersey located near the final approach beacon at an airport.

**DEAD RECKONING**-You reckon correctly, or you are.

**DESTINATION**-Geographical location 30 minutes beyond the pilot's bladder saturation point.

**ENGINE FAILURE** - A condition that occurs when all fuel tanks mysteriously become filled with low-octane air.

**GLIDE DISTANCE** - Half the distance from an airplane to the nearest emergency landing field.

**HYDROPLANE** - An airplane designed to land long on a short & wet runway

**MINI MAG LITE** - Device designed to support the AA battery industry.

**NANOSECOND** - Time delay between the Low Fuel Warning light and engine failure

**PARASITIC DRAG** - A pilot who bums a ride and complains about the service.

**RANGE** - Usually about 3 miles short of the destination.

**ROGER** - Used when you're not sure what else to say.

**SERVICE CEILING** - Altitude at which cabin crew can serve drinks.

**SPOILERS** - FAA Inspectors.

**STALL** - Technique used to explain to the bank why your car payment is late.

**STEEP BANK** - Banks that charge pilots more than 10% interest.

**TURN & BANK INDICATOR** - An instrument largely ignored by pilots.

**USEFUL LOAD** - Volumetric capacity of the aircraft, disregarding weight.

**WAC CHART** - Directions to the Army female barracks.

**YANKEE** - Any pilot who has to ask New Orleans tower to "Say again."

**BUD YOUNT WRITES**

I never met Jay Hubbard, that's Brigadier General Jay W. Hubbard USMC (Ret), until he addressed a local Marine Corps birthday celebration at MCAS Tustin, CA a good number of years ago. He recited a poem and wrote a copy for me, more on this later. I never flew, worked or was closely associated with Jay but I started to learn about him when he was getting the El Toro museum cranked up. The more I learned the more my respect and admiration of his achievements grew. In the Marine Corps some individuals achieve greatness through heroics and reputation for wisdom and work and the rest of us just carry out our orders as best as we can. In my opinion Jay was a great one, he personified the Model Marine on land, sea and air.

I heard Jay deliver eulogies, far too many, always with the same authoritative, dignified composure and I admired him for that. Eulogies are fine but I feel the belated praise would be more appreciated if it were offered while the individual is still on his feet! I tried to arrange a Roast of Jay and it was pretty much finalized by MCAA before MCAA 2001 was canceled as a result of the disaster on 9/11. Jay's Eulogies, tales and stories, were heard at his Memorial Service 24 January 2003 at MCAS Miramar.

The 24th dawned bright and clear at Miramar, so bright and clear you could see the stars, not a phenomenon of nature, but the religious Memorial Service for Marine Jay Hubbard

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

# HOW TAXES WORK



## MARINE SQUAD TO BE DEPLOYED

By Chris Vaughn  
Star Telegram Staff Writer

Half of a Fort Worth based Marine Corps Reserve squadron has been on active duty for 12 months.

As of this week, the rest of the squadron is joining them.

The Pentagon authorized the call-up of the 200-plus Marines of the Aerial Refueler Transport Squadron 234 this week, making it almost certain that they will be sent to the Middle East in the coming months.

That's because much of the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force, which the Fort Worth squadron has supported for the last year, has been ordered to the Persian Gulf region for a possible war.

No official date has been given for the squadron to leave its base at Naval Air Station Fort Worth.

"We're waiting on deployment orders," said Lt. Col. Eric Levesque, executive officer for Marine Aircraft Group 41, the higher command for the squadron. "We have no information on the wheres and whens they will deploy."

The squadron flies some of the newest KC-130 aircraft in the Marine Corps. The squadron propeller-driven aircraft can refuel planes and helicopters or carry cargo and troops.

The unit is a mix of traditional reservists with civilian jobs and active-duty Marines who keep the squadron operating seven days a week. The commander is Lt. Col. Tommy Dietrich, a commercial airline pilot.

This is a VERY simple way to understand the tax laws. Read on - it does make you think!! Let's put tax cuts in terms everyone can understand. Suppose that every day, ten men go out for dinner. The bill for all ten comes to \$100. If they paid their bill the way we pay our taxes, it would go something like this.

The first four men — the poorest — would pay nothing; the fifth would pay \$1, the sixth would pay \$3, the seventh \$7, the eighth \$12, the ninth \$18, and the tenth man — the richest — would pay \$59.

That's what they decided to do. The ten men ate dinner in the restaurant every day and seemed quite happy with the arrangement — until one day, the owner threw them a curve (in tax language a tax cut). "Since you are all such good customers," he said, "I'm going to reduce the cost of your daily meal by \$20." So now dinner for the ten only cost \$80.00.

The group still wanted to pay their bill the way we pay our taxes. So the first four men were unaffected. They would still eat for free. But what about the other six — the paying customers? How could they divvy up the \$20 windfall so that everyone would get his "fair share?"

The six men realized that \$20 divided by six is \$3.33. But if they subtracted that from everybody's share, then the fifth man and the sixth man would end up being PAID to eat their meal. So the restaurant owner suggested that it would be fair to reduce each man's bill by roughly the same amount, and he proceeded to work out the amounts each should pay.

And so the fifth man paid nothing, the sixth pitched in \$2, the seventh paid \$5, the eighth paid \$9, the ninth paid \$12, leaving the tenth man with a bill of \$52 instead of his ear-

lier \$59. Each of the six was better off than before. And the first four continued to eat for free.

But once outside the restaurant, the men began to compare their savings. "I only got a dollar out of the \$20," declared the sixth man, but he, pointing to the tenth. "But he got \$7!" "Yeah, that's right," exclaimed the fifth man, "I only saved a dollar, too, .....It's unfair that he got seven times more than me!"

That's true!" shouted the seventh man, why should he get \$7 back when I got only \$2?" The wealthy get all the breaks!". Wait a minute," yelled the first four men in unison, "We didn't get anything at all. The system exploits the poor!" The nine men surrounded the tenth and beat him up. The next night he didn't show up for dinner, so the nine sat down and ate without him. But when it came time to pay the bill, they discovered, a little late what was very important. They were FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS short of paying the bill! Imagine that!

And that, boys and girls, journalists and college instructors, is how the tax system works. The people who pay the highest taxes get the most benefit from a tax reduction. Tax them too much, attack them for being wealthy, and they just may not show up at the table anymore. Where would that leave the rest? Unfortunately, most taxing authorities anywhere cannot seem to grasp this rather straight-forward logic!

Author: This is supposed to have come from a College Professor at the University of South Dakota. It makes sense to me, Con



# LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

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Bud Yount

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

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brought them out with the rest of his friends. There were four stars, three stars right on down the line and the rest who never wore them, but all of a common rank, to pay respects and homage to Jay Hubbard. Former Commandant General Carl G. Mundy came from Alexandria, VA, Lieutenant General Gay W. Thrash traveled from Hilton Head, SC, General J. K. Davis from nearby San Clemente, CA and other Marines of the Generals gathering too numerous to list here. Past members of Jay's Marine 2D Raider Battalion and the premier Marine Fighter Squadron that Jay Commanded, VMF-232 Red Devils answered the roll call ... HERE! And of course the family, Dorla who was looking forward to celebrating their 60th Wedding Anniversary with Jay on 10 January 2003 when he died 1 January 2003! ; the kids, Clint, Diana, Glenn and Brad with their children. His trusted friend Bill Bettis, Nieuport 17 Restaurateur was there. If I slighted anybody blame it on my ignorance.

LtGeneral Gay Thrash led the eulogists and told of his association with Jay when they were stationed at K-18, Kangnung, Korea and his immense help. Jay was as eager to join in the manual labor required as he was to strap in his Corsair and do damage to the enemy as a member of VMF-312 Checkerboards. Gay Thrash was not a novice at evaluating the worth of a man, having done it in three wars, and from his comments you can tell he graded Jay in that far right column.

Lieutenant Colonel Clinton L. Hubbard USMCR (Ret) told of his childhood and growing up with this

warrior, his father. Any parent would beam with pride to hear words of praise about them from their kids that Clint used to reminisce about his Dad. Although Jay, like most Marines, spent a good time away from the family his presence was always obviously felt and nurtured by Dorla. Dorla, of course, belonged to that very special breed of wife and mother, a Marine Wife. It was evident that Jay was not a 'Great Santini' type of father but one who led by his exemplary conduct. Clint's anecdotes were many and generally with a bit of humor mixed in, which was the way Jay lived, keep the humor.

General Mundy had quite a bit of time to think about his eulogy on the flight from Virginia.

Like Gay Thrash he mentioned Jay's hard work, efficiency, proficiency, reliability, and used the rest of the adverbs to say Jay did good work when he worked for him at Headquarters Marine Corps. That was Jay's way, get the job done quickly and completely.

This is getting lengthy but we're covering 80 years of a great Marine's life and you should have all the details.

MR. Robert Johnson related a bit of history about VMF-232, it's Red Devils and the Skipper, not just Skipper but THE Skipper. These weren't just sea stories heard at the customary lying contests but events which happened when THE Skipper commanded the squadron. When an FJ-4 fighter, with the name Jay Hubbard painted on it, was dedicated at the Naval Aviation Museum at NAS Pensacola, 39 of the 42 members of the Red Devils from 1957/1958, when Jay Hubbard commanded the squadron, were present for the cer-

emony. True allegiance to THE Skipper. When Robert Johnson finished a recording of Jay's favorite song was played, no, not the Marine's Hymn but "BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS."

The service in the Chapel terminated but not the Ceremonial Honors to Gen Hubbard. The congregation cleared the chapel and assembled on the North side where they saw not quite a squad of Marines in Blues, just seven with an NCO in charge, lined up abreast with their shoulder weapons at the Order. On the order of their Sergeant in Command they assumed a firing position and on order fired a volley in unison, the first of three for the customary '21 Gun' salute. Then, a lone bugler sounded the melancholy Taps, bringing that special lump to everybody's throat. The Sergeant in charge of the Honor Guard handed an American flag, properly folded into a triangle, to Major General (select) Jon A. Gallinetti, resplendent in his blues and traditional Sam Browne Belt, who then marched to the Hubbard family, sitting in a front row of seats, and presented the flag to Dorla. He told the family of Jay's worth to the Marine Corps and expressed the gratitude of all Marines for Jay's many years of devotion and service to his country. General Gallinetti, Commanding General of MCAS Miramar and the COMCABSWESTERNAREA, returned to a position several paces in front of the group. Meeting their ETA a division of four FA-18 Hornets from VMFA-232, Jay's Red Devils, approached from the East in a Blue Angel type diamond formation for their pass over the assembly, a fitting

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

# 2003 REUNION HOTEL REGISTRATION

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## Marine Corps Air Transport Association September 25, 2003 - September 28, 2003

Please complete reservation form and return with one night's deposit by: August 26, 2003.

**Note: Rooms will not be held for Marine Corps Air Transport Association after this date. Reservations will be taken on a space availability basis only.**

**Sent to:** CALLAWAY GARDENS, P.O. Box 2000, Highway 27 South, Pine Mountain, GA 31822.

Please indicate number of accommodations desired:

### Callaway Gardens Inn:

\_\_\_\_\_ \$103.00 + tax, Per Inn Room, Per Night, Based on Single or Double Occupancy

Gate admission into the Gardens not included in above rate. Tickets may be purchased for \$13.00 per person for the length of stay up to seven (7) days: \$6.50 per child 6-12 years of age.

Arrival Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Departure Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_ First: \_\_\_\_\_

Company Name Or Affiliation: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Day Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Name of roommate (if applicable): \_\_\_\_\_

Special Requests: \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Reservations will not be held without a one night's deposit.

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For everyone interested in learning more about the 2003 reunion go to [www.callawaygardens.com](http://www.callawaygardens.com)



## ADDRESS CHANGES

Herb Nusskern  
P.O. Box 202  
Fawnskin, Ca 92333

Ed Kachelein  
P.O. Box 15818  
Panama City, Fl 32406

## BUD YOUNT CONTINUED

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salute to a Marine combat pilot. As they passed over head the number 3 man pulled up sharp and crisp into the clear California sky, leaving a missing man formation, perhaps to fly on Jay's wing.

The group adjourned to the 'O' Club for a Reception where the folks could talk to the family members and relate little remembrances of their various associations with Jay. Many tales were exchanged between his many friends with a bit of sorrow tinting them all that Jay was not there to join the group Happy Hour. The old Devils and the present members of VMFA-232 planned to get together after the reception to have a devil of a time discussing the past and the present.

I mentioned this at the beginning, I heard Jay Hubbard recite a poem at a Marine Corps Birthday celebration at MCAF Tustin many years ago. He wrote a copy for me ...

Love

The wonderful look of a beautiful maid  
The love of a staunch, true man  
The love of a baby...unafraid  
Have existed since time began

But the greatest of loves,  
The quintessence of love,  
Even greater than that of a Mother  
is the tender, infinite, passionate love  
of one Marine for another!

Get a good grip on your Instrument  
Card and hit the Go Handle. Jay,  
you're cleared for Take Off, good  
hunting!

Bud Yount, Semper Fi

## MEMORIALS

**Charles "Dan" Gibson** passed away on September 30, 2002 in Las Vegas, Nevada. Wife Barbara can be reached c/o:

Lisa Campbell  
1303 Stratford Street  
Brea, Ca 92821

\*\*\*\*\*

### **J.K. "Jim" Boyle**

Retired Flight Engineer

Mali Hanna, J.K. Boyles daughter reports that J.K. "Jim" Boyle passed away on 16 October 2002. He was buried with full military honors in Boise Idaho. The family would like to thank everyone who sent all the memories to Jim to help brighten his days these past few years. The past few years were not too good for Dad as Mali reports, but, J.K. still remembered and had a special place in his heart for y'all.

Thank y'all, Mali Hanna, J.K.'s daughter.

C.C. Harris reports that, **Colonel Robert R. Weir**, USMC retired, has passed away in Jacksonville, Florida November 28, 2002. For you history buffs, Mount Weir in Antarctica was named for him for his assistance as being the pilot for Admiral Byrd on the Polar Expedition.

\*\*\*\*\*

From Moose Ditzel comes the news that, **Pete Freeman** passed away on 8 December 2002. No other details at this time.

## CONTACTS

Cliff Schilling  
8075 Soderlund Road  
Millington, Tn. 38053  
Mech, Crew Chief, Flight Engineer  
On SOES DC-9 Crew with KC Davis

# SICK LIST

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Dan O'Connor E-Mail him at danieloconnor@palm.net Understand that Dan had a triple bypass and Al Barta and Bob Davis and his daughters are busy nursing him back to the real world. Good Luck dan.

I thought you would like to know that Major Robert O. Arthur USMC (Ret) is very ill. He is confined pretty much to home and a bed/wheel chair. TSGT Bob Arthur, a member of VMF-211, was taken prisoner on Wake Island 61 years ago tomorrow, Monday the 23rd, when all the Marines, Navy and construction workers were overwhelmed by a superior Japanese force.

Con, I think a note on the web page and Transporter might be appropriate. Bob is a member of MCAA. His wife's name is Claire.

Old Bud

# NEW MEMBERS

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Hamlin P. Perkins  
3391 N.E. Hickory Lane  
Madras, Oregon 97741  
541-475-3703  
sheriff@pcez.com  
Maintenance, Squadron support  
1943-1948

Harry J.T. Ellzey  
1032 Decatur Road  
Jacksonville, NC 28540  
910-346-6014  
Pilot 1941-1962

Tim Koob  
11130 Ironwood Road  
San Diego, CA 92131  
858-549-9067  
timmynus@aol.com  
Navigator 1975-1979

Frank R. Storm  
29403 Hillcrest Drive  
Stacy, MN 55079  
651-462-0187  
frsams@alo.com  
Navigator 1962-1966



## E-MAIL ADDRESSES

---

C.J. McQueen is now:

Les Crawshaw is now:

Dave Sprott is now:

L.L. Lund is now:

Bernie Bersano is now:

Allen Williams is now:

scottie@ec.rr.com

crawshawles@starfishnet.com

dsprott@earthlink.net

llund5@juno.com

blbersano@cox.net

alwilliams@nistarr.com



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***Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world. But, the Marines don't have that problem.***

Ronald Reagan, President of the United States; 1985

***The Marines I have seen around the world have the cleanest bodies, the filthiest minds, the highest morale, and the lowest morals of any group of animals I have ever seen. Thank God for the United States Marine Corps!***

Eleanor Roosevelt, First Lady of the United States, 1945



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E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

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19\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_

I served in the following war or conflict during the period indicated (approx. years).

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