



**“Cleared Hot”**

By Lon Holtz

**2017 is over and 2019 is coming up!!!**

When our 50<sup>th</sup> ended in Rapid City, I breathed a sigh of relief looking back at its success. Then I looked forward to the year and a half of rest before the Board would have to get busy again planning for the next reunion in 2019. But situations and opportunities changed all that and here we are putting everybody back to work planning to meet new deadlines.

First the situation: As Jerry mentioned in the last newsletter, the Board was having a hard time trying to find a suitable place that was easy to get to, had good attractions, and one that we hadn't been to before. Faced with these problems, we tentatively selected Oklahoma City for the 2019 get-together. But, because of the lukewarm reception at the banquet of this selection and the poor seasonal weather, including the occasional tornado, we decided to go back to the drawing board and try and find an alternate site.

Now the opportunity: Also, at the Board meeting we mentioned the ongoing efforts to find a permanent place to display our accomplishments and admiration for our small aircraft. I urged our Board and membership to scour possible sites to see what they could find. In early January two of our guys (Ron Furtak and John Lamb) took up the task and researched a number of aviation museums and found five that we might want to look at. Four of them were lacking in some of the basic requirements we considered necessary, but  
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**While flipping through some of the first newsletters**

Ollie Maier published over 25 years ago, I read in the first edition (September 1991), then called the “Rap Reunion Report,” that the purpose of the publication was to inform everyone about reunions, maintain contacts with old friends, and encourage submission of war stories and photos. That’s what we are trying to do with “The Dragonfly,” essentially keeping alive memories of the A-37 and the people who crewed and supported the aircraft we all hold dear.

In this edition, Lon discusses how plans for a 2019 reunion are developing. Nothing is set in concrete yet, but we’re closing in on another chapter promoting the legacy of the aircraft.

Two war stories keep alive memories. One by Mel Ledbetter, who went west this past January, is in *Dragonfly: A-37s over Vietnam*, but I thought appropriate to include as it is the only story Mel submitted for the book. The other story, an excerpt from a longer article by Hank Keese, was not included in *Dragonfly*, but I believe reflects some of the thoughts most of us, both aircrew and support, probably have had about our Vietnam experience.

Many of you may have other stories and photos you would like to share: a Vietnam experience, your career after Vietnam, an interesting event in your life, etc. If so, please send to me via email at [dragonfly369@charter.net](mailto:dragonfly369@charter.net) or call me at 334-328-7575 to discuss.

Keeping a focus on unit histories, on page 4 is a wrap-up of the 604th SOS report for the last quarter of 1968, during which the squadron continued to cope with the loss in the previous quarter of experienced Combat Dragon personnel and issues with weapons reliability.

On page 3 is an update on sales of the book *Dragonfly: A-37s over Vietnam*. Bottom line is the hardback copy of the second edition is sold out, but a few soft covers remain. On page 6, the next installment of a chapter of Fred Long’s unpublished book, “And So It Began,” describes Fred’s experiences during an R&R in Thailand. Probably all of us have fond memories of a favorite R&R.

An enclosure lists memorabilia available for order. Caps, shirts, and mugs are in short supply, but there are plenty of lapel pins, patches, decals, and coins. Whether we reorder caps, shirts, and mugs will depend on demand, so let us know.

...Jerry Sailors

*“The A-37 Association is for those who flew, worked on/with, were saved by, or have high admiration for the great little fighter.”*



## ...the smallest fighter... the fastest gun

### Emails

In response to an email from JC Jones that Mel Ledbetter had passed on 27 January, the Association membership was notified on the 31st.

1/31/2018 From John Lamb

Mel was a genuinely great person. RIP

1/31/2018 From Wally Moorhead

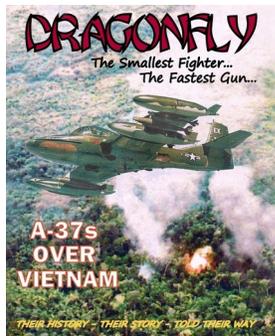
Col Ledbetter was a super Ops Officer during some tough times!! Also, a real gentleman!!

3/12/2018 From James Westberry

My father James N Westberry served a year in Nam 1967. He worked on the super tweet maintenance crew electrical shop etc. He passed away Nov 10 1987. He was 53 . I wish he was still here. He would sure enjoy your company. Your A-37 Reunion Association Newsletter is a good read as I have enjoyed reading it myself over the years, thanks to Ollie Maier . We appreciate your service, thank you  
3/13/2018 (Reply) James, thank you for your note. Those of us who were part of the Combat Dragon team were indeed proud of our record. Hopefully, that pride is being kept alive with *The Dragonfly*, the A-37 Association's newsletter, which I have been editing the last couple of years. Ollie retired from that responsibility in 2015. With your permission, I'd like to include your note in the next newsletter.

### Update on *Dragonfly: A-37s over Vietnam*

Hardcover copies of the second edition are sold out. Five copies of the second edition soft cover (\$19.95) are available as well as four copies of the first edition hardcover (\$39.95). See website (www.a-37.org) for order form.



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*The Dragonfly is a publication of the A-37 Association published quarterly (except when within three months of a reunion, then monthly), as a service to the membership, new contacts, and other interested parties.*

*The views expressed herein are those of the editors/authors and do not necessarily reflect any official position of the A-37 Association. The editors reserve the right to print any article/letter/email/photo deemed to be of interest to members.*

*We also reserve the right to edit any article to fit space available and to reject any material considered inappropriate. We invite and encourage members/contacts to submit articles/letters/emails/photos.*

Visit our website: [www.a-37.org](http://www.a-37.org)

and supplement to it: <https://thea37association.shutterfly.com/>

### Member Update

#### Gone West

Mel Ledbetter - 27 January 2018 (see email)

James N. Westberry - 10 November 1987 (see email)

#### Need updated emails on:

Dave Harnley  
Thomas Smith  
Wayne Lanphear  
Darrend McIntyre

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### “Cleared Hot”

(Continued from p. 1)

the fifth one was pure gold, and I recognized it immediately, as I had worked with their staff before on another subject.

It was the Robins AFB Museum of Aviation near Macon, Georgia. It is the second-largest aerospace museum of the United States Air Force and the fourth most visited museum in the Department of Defense. Additionally, it has one hangar dedicated to aircraft that served in Vietnam and has our A-37A (Tail Number: CK 525) already in that display. When I talked to the museum curator and told him of our search to display our memorabilia, he immediately said, “Why not here at Warner Robins?” I was thrilled at this, and so was the Board, when told about his offer. He also explained that while space may be limited for a full display at this time, they have plans for a much larger building and we would grow with that expansion.

This opportunity is like winning the lottery because we have been searching for a suitable location to exhibit our memorabilia for years without success. And now, potentially, we have a permanent home for our legacy to live on in Air Force history.

Not wanting to lose this opportunity, I immediately asked Judy to find a place where we could hang our hats and be our usual loud, obnoxious, unruly selves and enjoy this very special event. As the year progresses, we’ll keep you up-to-date on all times and places.

If you want to know more about the museum, go to the Internet and type in museumofaviation.org and take the tour. I think you will enjoy it and will want to attend Reunion 2019.

## War Story

(by Mel Ledbetter, adapted from *Dragonfly: A-37s over Vietnam*)

### 8th SOS and the A-37

My most memorable mission in Vietnam with the 8th SOS and the A-37 was toward the end of my second tour in 1972 when Gordon Weed was the CO and I was the Ops Officer.

A full colonel from 7th Air Force Headquarters in Saigon called and said he wanted to come over to Bien Hoa and fly with me on one of our CAS combat missions to Cambodia. Although I had never met him, I, of course, agreed, and he selected the



date. Time passed, and when he arrived, we were in a full-bore, all-out effort in Cambodia with CAS/TIC missions.

After the enemy launched a large-scale attack throughout South Vietnam on Easter Sunday 1972, we were very busy and going full speed. The North Vietnamese regulars came with lots of Gomers, as we called them (inspired by Gomer Pyle), in Russian tanks and APC carriers - the best the Communist bloc had to offer. Especially dangerous was a multi-barrel 37-mm anti-aircraft weapon and a smaller, but faster shooting dozier that fired lots of lead rapidly. Soldiers many times accompanied these shoulder-launched, heat-seeking anti-aircraft weapons similar to the US Army’s Redeye.

We often had visitors from Saigon headquarters, but they seldom stayed overnight as we had limited sleeping space, and they usually had their airplane or other transportation, plus we had frequent mortar and rocket attacks. Bien Hoa was not a tourist area, but it was home to us.

Before the colonel had called, we had had another visitor from Headquarters, a senior general officer with a handful of post-mission reconnaissance pictures showing a destroyed strip village on the Cambodian border. The village ran along both sides of a hard-surfaced road and was under total enemy control. Basically, the pictures showed large trucks, half-tracks, personnel carriers, fuel trucks, tanks, and sundry weapons burned or destroyed by the 8th SOS Raps and Hawks, our call signs.

Most of the tin-roofed buildings were burned to the ground. We had blown up a large petroleum storage area and a two- or three-story hotel that had a gun on top that made the mistake of firing on us. A couple of 750-pound bombs and some napalm rearranged the furniture.



RTB to Bien Hoa. Working primarily with Rash, Sundog, Rustic, and Covey FACs, the Raps and Hawks compiled an impressive BDA in Cambodia.

The pictures were solid proof of the effectiveness of the A-37B and the effects of well-placed ordnance. The general didn’t come to decorate me, nor did he compliment us on our tactics and success. He left without exchanging pleasantries, and I got the point. We were expected to destroy our targets, but not too successfully.

When the Headquarters colonel arrived, I was near the end of my tour and TACC had a special target for us in Cambodia. The FAC seemed very proper and marked the target that was obscured in the edge of a large tree area. I executed the high-angle approach we were told to use with a senior officer on board. The FAC was not impressed with my two runs, and neither was I. We had rules and I abided by them - the winds were strong and the drift was rapid.

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High angle, high altitude releases on a windy day were not the way to drill a pinpoint target. If I killed anyone on that run, it was an accident.

The colonel didn't comment, but he did some slow rolls on the way home to Bien Hoa. He liked the flight a lot more than I did and was very pleasant. I never saw him again. I later learned he was my OER endorsing official. When the colonel's list came out in 1972, I was on it, promoted below the zone and very surprised.

### From the Archives

(The following is adapted from the 604th SOS History, Oct - Dec 1968, continued from the December 2017 newsletter.)



In return, the 604th's officers return from the field with a deeper appreciation of the man on the ground. Unfortunately, some officers did not go to units that used tactical air support. Those officers who did visit supported units spread the word: targets that may seem unimportant to the pilot may well be important to the ground commander.

All A-37's have the right seats available for demonstration rides, which, at times has led to problems, such as the untrained right-seater, even though well-briefed, may pull on the wrong handle or suffer physiologically. Some pilots say these concerns are distracting. The squadron's mission, however, may call for an observer in the right seat, which means the 604th bears more than its share of burden in this kind of operation. Overall, however, the 604th terms "Operational Teamwork" a success.

On 14 December 1968, 604th Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Walter V. Woods, who arrived in the squadron on 22 May 1968, celebrated the end of his tour. During his stay, he had dealt with problems such as the transition from highly experienced Combat Dragons to a younger, less experienced force, engine compressor stall problems, and gross weight restrictions. He has kept the 604th on top.

On 17 December, Lieutenant Colonel David H. Auld, Jr., assumed command of the squadron. An experienced fighter pilot, Lt Col Auld indicated his desire to continue the progress made with the A-37.

On 17 December, Major General Gordon F. Blood, 7 AF DCS/Ops, visited Bien Hoa and flew with Major Donald E. Ellis on a combat sortie into IV Corps. General Blood was very impressed with the effectiveness of the A-37, specifi-

cally recognizing the superior maneuverability of the aircraft and the way it can stay right on top of the target. The squadron agrees and credits those characteristics for the relative few number of hits by ground fire. Its ability to work a target effectively in the minimum time gives the enemy forces little or no opportunity to react.

Maintenance has seen steady improvement throughout the quarter as reflected by the rising operationally ready rate, due primarily to experience gained by the maintenance personnel and more time spent on systems previously untouched. Manhours per flying hour remains high, but are spent more fruitfully. Compliance with T.C.T.O. 1A-37A-530 was completed with receipt of an axle drilling fixture and installation of longer spacers to increase the clearance between main landing gear wheels and brakes assemblies, which paved the way to return to the maximum gross weight of 14,000 pounds.

Quality control discrepancies were also down with one of the aircraft receiving zero defects. Maintenance contends manning continues below required strength due to the previously low man hours per flying hour marked up by Project Combat Dragon.

The Weapons Section is short nine men less than authorized, but problems are more in operations than in personnel. With technical data clarification, the CBU/rocket fire circuit has proven to be very reliable: not one inadvertent CBU release has been experienced by 604th aircraft. The fire-out rate of the 7.62 mm nose gun continues to improve due to supply support and experienced personnel. Reliability of drop stores overall has been at 98.5 per cent. The BLU-32, however, had only an 87 per cent reliability, leading the squadron to try a field modification of installing a single fuse initiator on either the nose or tail cap. The modification was unsatisfactory as, when the weapon dropped away from the aircraft, the arming wire swung back and punched holes in the wing. The modified BLU-32 was discontinued on 30 October.

In December, the squadron began carrying a newly designed LAU-59 rocket pod. First indications are the fire-out rate of the 2.75 inch rocket will be greatly improved.



CBU, rockets, Mk-82, and nape...some of the arsenal carried by the A-37A/B.

Photo:  
Cort Durocher Collection

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## War Story 2

(The following is adapted from an article submitted for, but not published in *Dragonfly: A-37s over Vietnam.*)

### Good Times, Bad Times

by Hank Keese

Flying in Vietnam was never routine. Even the few times it was boring, it still couldn't be classified as routine. Eventually, however, even the missions that were terrifying lost their sharp points and became part of a blur packed away in the mind under the heading of "Flying in Vietnam." As a result, after a few years, instead of being able to recount each minute of each mission in all its details, only the colossal mistakes and the most hairy of missions are vivid. It was the same with friends and social events. They, too, were remembered by tagging the more spectacular events and the least forgettable personalities. Without too much trouble, I can recall most of my squadron mates in the 8th Attack.

I can also remember some of my friends from other squadrons. One in particular was from our sister squadron, the "Raps," and he was called "Rock." If ever a guy did not merit the name "Rock," it was this guy. He looked like he was fifteen years old, sixteen tops. Medium height, lots of dark wavy hair, and what the ladies would call "sexy eyes." In spite of all his obvious charms, he still looked like a kid, a real young kid. Those who knew him back in the States told stories about how more than one lady had lost her honor trying to mother him.

I first saw Rock in the Rap bar during the Rap's monthly award ceremony. I walked in just as the last presentation was being made. He was being given the "Hamfist Award" for over stressing his airplane in pretty much the same manner as I had done with mine a few weeks earlier. The award was an empty ham can with stick grip wedged into the top of it.



Typical night at the Rap Bar

Rock accepted the award with grace amid the hoots and whoops of his mates and eased up to the bar to pay for a round of drinks.

I was admiring his award and thanking him for the free scotch when Rock's roommate, holding his arms out to the crowd, called for quiet.

When the room got quiet, he said, "I will do my best to get Rock to give us a moment of his precious time." He turned to Rock and they conferred in whispers. He then turned back to the crowd and announced, "He will do it." The bar broke into a loud cheer. Rock solemnly placed his drink on the bar and turned to the crowd.

"Quiet!" someone said, "Hold it down." I still had no idea what to expect, but judging from the crowd's silent attention, it was going to be interesting. I moved up further into the

crowd so I could see Rock's face more clearly. As all eyes watched him, the baby-faced kid started to grin. Slowly his face changed from the cute kid, that charm that made all the ladies want to mother him, into a man's face. But not just any man's face. No, sir. Standing before us was Rock Hudson!

"Well," I thought, "that explains his nickname."

He looked exactly like the movie star, an amazing performance and, for one of the few times in memory, a room full of happy, drinking pilots was relatively silent for at least ten seconds. That, by the way, is a long time in any squadron bar and, needless to say, all this took place before Rock Hudson's sexual proclivities were widely known.

When Rock turned back to the bar, the crowd began clapping and yelling for an encore. He turned to me and said, "Excuse me, my fans are calling." When he finished his encore, we drank a beer together and discussed the merits of not trying to jerk the A-37 out of a dive.

Rock and I became good friends. It was just one of the many good times that help dim the memories of the bad times. I thought about retrieving my camera and taking his picture, but we had lots of time left on our tours, and I knew that I would get another chance.

It wasn't easy to classify missions as good or bad. Sometimes even the bad ones were good just because they came out right. Sometimes you did everything right and the mission was still a disaster. Some were easy to remember because they were so hard. Not necessarily dangerous, but just damn hard. Being sent to a target with the wrong ordnance or with too little time over the target, or not being able to find the target in bad weather made for a difficult mission. Or the worst, being scrambled for troops in contact (TIC) and stretching every rule in the book and still not getting there in time and having to hold high and dry while the FAC tried to contact a friendly position that had been overrun. When that happened it was the worst feeling you could have, short of losing one of your own pilots.

One of the bad memories was a night mission when the FAC briefed that my flight would be bombing a friendly camp captured by the VC. Our job was to insure the camp was destroyed. Just before his position was taken, the Army ground commander had called in "arty" (artillery) on his own position. I was not looking forward to dropping weapons where our guys supposedly had been, and I was glad when Saigon canceled the mission, possibly on the slight chance that there could be friendly troops still alive in the area. As it turned out, the entire camp was destroyed and all friendlies supposed dead.

It is comforting to assume that most of our troops were killed fighting the enemy and that the U.S. artillery, which they had called in on themselves, killed the last few. This sad scenario made it into the press and joined other similar situations that have become legend in military history.



....And So It Began

(Continued, Chapter 8 of an unpublished book by Fred Long)

I soon hired transportation from one of the many *cyclo* drivers congregated in front of the hotel, selecting one that had his rickshaw attached over the front two wheels of his bicycle so I could see where I was going. He was in his mid-forties and had an adequate knowledge of the English language. I hired him for the duration and he was never out of reach, even spending the night out front of the hotel if I should need him. His fee was sixty Malaysian dollars. I don't remember how that translates into U.S. dollars, but I know it was substantially less, and his 24-7 service was well worth the money.

My next order of business was to hook up with a female escort that would show me the town and make my visit an enjoyable one. Her name was Annie Johorrie, an attractive twenty-year-old Malaysian with dark auburn hair, large eyes that shined, somewhat like twin stars if viewed from a telescope, and soft bronze skin. She was good company, with a musical voice that could speak four languages, and she did all she could to keep me entertained, taking me on extended breezy, carefree rides throughout various parts of the city. We passed by mansions, some standing magnificently behind gold-capped, decorative cast-iron fences, and others nestled behind heavy polished stone adorned with decorative Asian art. Quaint colonial structures (looking out of place amid other lavishly built edifices) sat peacefully along shadowy, narrow streets, where birds sang happily in the trees, accompanied by the click-clack spinning of our wheels on rough hardtop lanes. These quaint, slender lanes were traversed primarily by the typical Asian bicycle carts, breezy thoroughfares where pedestrians lingered lazily against structures on wooden-planked sidewalks reminiscent of old Mr. Moto movies.

We rode into the thriving metropolis, charmed by the hustle and bustle of an apparently profitable business district. I had my driver stop at one of the clothing stores, where Annie helped me select a new wardrobe consisting of several new shirts and a couple pair of pants, along with a good pair of well-made leather black dress shoes. One of the shirts was of a soft yellow tone, speckled sparingly with near domino-sized, bright-red rectangles with three modest black stripes running vertically down one side of each. I still have that colorful shirt, although I can't get into it anymore.

On one such excursion, we found ourselves converging alongside a Malaysian funeral procession. I had my driver pull to the side as we approached a throng of people

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marching toward us, some clapping hands and dancing, similar to the last half of a New Orleans Jazz funeral procession. Several men, dressed in white sandals and white shorts (cut halfway up the thigh) walked slowly in the midst of this parade of dancing mourners, their bodies naked from the waist up, their heads erect, their faces expressionless. Each of the men supported a large metal frame of eight curved tentacles that draped about their bodies from a square metal platform held above their heads. The platform was supported by two vertical arms resting on thick cloth pads positioned upon each of their shoulders. A multicolored floral arrangement was situated on the platform, a large decorated headdress of colorful flowers of white, red, yellow and blue, manipulated artfully around a delicately-framed photograph of the dearly departed. Each of the eight tentacles curved downward around their bodies, extending outward and downward like a domed cage to encircle their waist, each pierced with ten needle-like swords that were attached securely to the edge of each tentacle. These frightfully looking "swords" extended from the edge of the tentacles, where another colorful flower was attached, to his body; and, to keep the contraption from wobbling from side to side, penetrated the skin of its bearer with needle-like punctures inserted under the epidermis, inflicting red, swollen welts on both the front and back of each side of these sturdy bodies. A total of eighty stabbing, insidious punctures aiding in the support of this singular expression of grief.

I was awestruck by this unusual sight, questioning Annie as we watched the procession pass before us, but for her it was a routine occurrence that we had stumbled upon in a suburb of this Southeast Asia town.

We also went to a record shop where I bought a battery powered record player and several 45 rpm records, including The Beatles' "I Am the Walrus" backed by "Magical Mystery Tour," and Lulu's "To Sir With Love." I had picked up a couple of Elvis Presley records, but the guy waiting on me trenched his brow and with a quick move that startled me, jerked the records out of my hand. With his head shaking back and forth, he walked briskly to a ladder leaning against a side wall, climbed its height and placed them on the top shelf. I thought he must have wanted them for himself.

Annie and I went to a few movies, with English subtitles on the screen, and somewhere to eat every night, including once with Bill Dexter and his escort. All of us went to one of the very high-priced restaurants in the swanky part of town. The meal, for the four of us, was about sixty U.S. dollars, but it was absolutely out of this world.

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We also went to a few nightclubs where a stage band performed lively music, but we never danced and only one of them had a vocalist, a lovely Chinese singer who was dressed in a white gown with a deep plunging neckline. Her hair was long, falling gracefully to her hips, and about her neck hung a large flowing red necklace sparkling in the dimly-lit room and reflecting the stage lights. She did her best trying to sing The Mamas and the Papas' "California Dreamin'." She was not adept in the English language, but the song was appropriate for her audience as every GI there was dreaming of his ride home on that "Freedom Bird." She won their hearts and no one really cared she stumbled over some of the words.

My short-lived R&R to Penang went swiftly, with two days visiting one of the Buddhist temples, "Sleeping Buddha," where the cremated remains of thousands were tucked away in elaborately-detailed body containers set on shelves for display. We rode to the top of Penang Hill, 2,723 feet above sea level, for its spectacular view of the magnificent landscape, spent an afternoon at the municipal swimming pool, had an early-evening meal at Annie's house where she cracked fresh coconuts with a machete and we drank the milk from the shell under the shade around her little compact pleasure dome.

I started back to Vietnam the morning of April 10. Annie sat beside me in the *cyclo* on the way to the airport, and sat with me in the lounge until it was time to leave. When boarding was announced, she walked with me to the plane. I stopped to pay my driver and thank him. He gave me a newspaper so I would have something to read on the flight. Annie continued walking beside me across the apron to the plane. We hugged tightly as others started boarding, and, just before I walked up the airstair, we said our last goodbye with a kiss. I took a seat next to one of the windows and, when airborne, I opened the newspaper. Martin Luther King, Jr., had been killed.

He was assassinated on April 4, after walking onto the balcony outside his motel room in Memphis, Tennessee. Almost immediately, cities in the U.S. became witness to a destructive orgy of racial unrest, where mobs of angry rioters, mostly middle-class African-Americans, wrought havoc in the nation's capital and other large metropolitan cities because of the murder. It was described in the paper as the most widespread racial unrest in America's history. That same paper had a pencil drawing of King in one corner and a headline noting that his funeral, on April 9, was accompanied by at least fifty thousand who stood outside the Atlanta church where his services were held.

The destruction of property and businesses in cities like

Chicago and Washington, where 13,000 federal troops had been called out to defend the nation's capital, and the burning of entire neighborhoods in various cities, including a 20-square-block ghetto in Pittsburgh, gave me the impression that the U.S. was now engaged in a savage war over equality, justice, and human dignity. It had been a long time coming. It seemed racial tension had been growing for years, everywhere, and like a powder keg, it was just waiting to go off. The murder of King was the spark.

He was only 39, and, like Ghandi, tried to change social imbalance with peaceful demonstrations, and, like Ghandi, ended up in jail a few times. I thought it ironic he spent his life preaching nonviolence, and his murder would result in the destruction of many millions of dollars in property damage throughout the United States. I don't think he wanted that and would have been disappointed.

The plane landed at Bien Hoa with a booming, wrenching thud that bounced us back into the air and threw us back against our seats. The record player I had purchased (resting loosely on my lap) suddenly went flying onto the floor with a powerful, pounding collision. It slid down the aisle hitting another seat, spinning with a skidding stop as we bounced against the pavement again. I knew it had to be broken. We bounced into the air again, falling back onto the runway with another jolting thud that had the aircraft shaking like a spring-headed doll in the hands of a toddler. Finally, we leveled off and the pilot's voice came over the intercom system apologizing, saying he had "misjudged the landing."

I heard nervous laughter going down the aisle when I went for my record player, but I wasn't one of them laughing. It felt good to step back on solid ground. When I arrived at my barracks I tried the record player out. I was relieved to see that it still worked.

It was great getting back with the guys. I was eager to tell them about the trip and just as eager to hear from them what they had been doing. Leonard had all the news that soon brought me up-to-date on everything. The base had been hit on April 5 with twenty-five rockets; but, aside from that, no other attack had been made during my absence. Talk that an Airman's Club would be built in our area was the exciting news, and a welcomed improvement that most of us would look forward to with some enthusiastic anticipation. It would open Friday, May 17.

(Continued in next newsletter)

## A-37 Association Memorabilia



50th Anniversary Wine Stopper  
\$10 (includes shipping)  
5 remaining



A-37 Cap  
\$15 (plus \$5 shipping)  
Only 1 remaining



A-37 Polo Shirt  
\$24,  
(plus \$5 shipping)  
3 L, 5 XL, 1 XXL remaining



50th Anniversary Patch  
\$6 (includes shipping)



Lapel Pin  
1" sq  
\$8 (includes shipping)



2 1/4-inch Decal  
\$4 (includes shipping)



Commemorative (Challenge) Coin  
\$10 plus \$3 shipping (\$4 if ordering 2 or more)



50th Anniversary Commemorative Mug  
\$6 (plus \$5 shipping)  
5 remaining

To order, send a note saying what you want along with a check for payment to  
A-37 Association, 142 Arrowhead Drive, Montgomery, AL 36117.

-mailing label

Or if you prefer to receive newsletter by email, go to [www.a-37.org](http://www.a-37.org) and email Jerry Sailors

b. Take me off the mailing list.

a. Change my mailing address to \_\_\_\_\_

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*A-37 Association, Inc.  
142 Arrowhead Drive  
Montgomery, AL 36117*

The A-37 commemorative (challenge) coin

..... a memento you can carry with you at all times

..... a good way to get a freebie drink from your A-37 buddy who doesn't have one with him

For ordering information, contact Jerry Sailors at [dragonfly369@charter.net](mailto:dragonfly369@charter.net)

