



“Cleared Hot”

By Lon Holtz

With all the hurricanes and floods, and possibly more to come along the East Coast, along with the fires in the Western states and all the trials and tribulations in Washington, I am hoping this newsletter might relieve some of our frustrations.

Here we are about six months away from our next reunion scheduled for 28 April – 1 May 2019, in Wichita, KS, and things are starting to come together. Judy is again working her magic and has contracted with the historic Drury Hotel, right in downtown Wichita, with a larger hospitality suite than we have had recently. The hotel is also fairly central to a number of notable sites you may want to visit. The tentative schedule includes a tour of the Cessna plant with a possible viewing of the Scorpion, their new close-air-support candidate, and a lunch at Stearman Airport in Benton, KS. We’ll be updating possible events as we go along, so standby to be prepared.

Drury Plaza Broadview Hotel
 400 W Douglas Avenue
 Wichita, KS 67202
 Reservations: (800) 325-0720
 Online: www.druryhotels.com
 Group Code: 2348715

Tom McCallum is also practicing his auctioneer’s skills as a number of you have mentioned bringing items for auction. If you have something for auction, we ask that you bring no more than two items per member; otherwise, we may be there all night. So, bring lots of money!!!

And we are still working with local officials to give us as much publicity as possible in order to
 (continued on p. 3)

Inside:	Page
Member Update	2
Articles	2
Opinion	3
From the Archives	4
War Story	5
“And So It Began”	6

2019 reunion will be in Wichita, KS, next spring,

28 April - 1 May, but, to facilitate scheduling, we need feedback from those who are planning to attend. Specifically, I refer you to Lon’s “Cleared Hot” column and the “Witness to War” article on page 2 asking whether you would be interested in being interviewed at the reunion about your experiences in combat.

I had the opportunity to visit the Robins AFB Museum of Aviation in July to discuss with Curator Mike Rowland the possibility of placing the A-37 Association's memorabilia at the Museum. Bottom line is the Museum would welcome the opportunity to work with the Association, which would promote the Museum’s goal as a place that “honors our veterans and their families and reminds our Airmen of their legendary Air Force heritage.” The Museum has an impressive display of aircraft from all eras of aviation, including an A-37A #14525, which I had an opportunity to actually sit in (much to the envy of Lon Holtz, whose name was on the aircraft in Vietnam). Mike Rowland was a superb host and provided me with a personal tour of the entire facility, including a close-up view of the restoration hangar where a B-17 and other aircraft are being outfitted for future display. The Museum plans a major expansion in the future, which could include an expanded A-37 display.

As part of the visit, the A-37 Association got some television and radio exposure from local stations. One of the interviews, an audio podcast, can found at www.thegreatestmemories.com. (Scroll down to the August 2018 entry and click on the arrow just below the song playlist. Great music from our era with the interview starting at 6:50 to 11:03.)

On page 3, John Lamb has submitted an opinion piece about the need to develop a weapon system for the “low-intensity combat” environment. We in the A-37 Association should have an abiding interest in this discussion as we regard our aircraft as the forerunner of the current CAS aircraft, the A-10 Warthog.

Continuation of Hank Keese’s article about one of his eventful missions in the Delta is a good read on page 5, and Fred Long is preparing for his return to the CONUS at the end of his Bien Hoa tour...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.”



**A-37 Association
Board of Directors**

President Lon Holtz
Vice President Eric Jackson
Secretary/Treasurer Jerry Sailors
Lou Gonzalez
Vic Grahn
Hank Hill
Hank Hoffman
Tom McCallum
John Serlet

Membership: Jerry Sailors 334-328-7575
dragonfly369@charter.net

Newsletter: Jerry Sailors 334-328-7575
dragonfly369@charter.net
Barbara Holtz 702-804-4232
amscom@embarqmail.com

The Dragonfly is a publication of the A-37 Association published quarterly (except when within two 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

Member Update

News

Vic and Judy Grahn - On October 5, Vic and Judy's ATV trailer fishtailed and caused their RV and 5th-wheel pickup to overturn into the median of I-40 near Conway, AR. Judy received bruises, but Vic sustained a broken C-2 vertebrae, which will require him to be in a neck collar for at least three months. Email: vicnjudy@cox.net.

Gone West

Rolland (Ken) Spring, Jr. - 30 December 2017
(See email.)

Emails

10/08/2018 From Judy Grahn

Got a beautiful bouquet from the gang. Could you please pass on our thanks to all? Thanks.

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

07/23/2018 From Chris Spring

Please remove Rolland Spring from your mailing list as Rolland (Ken) Spring passed away December 30, 2017. He always enjoyed reading the A-37 newsletter. He had been housebound from 2013, but he loved all the connections to his flying and, of course, that included the A-37. Thank you for sending the newsletter so long.

08/26/2018 From Johnny Drury, President, Rustics FACs

Lon, Thanks for contacting the Rustics. I want to add a couple of things to Claude's comments re the Witness to War interviews.

I think Witness to War.org allows the capture of personal stories that we might have thought insignificant at the time to write down in books. Mr. Madert certainly allows everyone to tell their story in a way they wish. But he also asks additional questions to capture more information that we might consider unimportant. Additionally, he often ends the approx. 1 to 1 1/2 hr interview exploring each persons career after VN. I would highly recommend the Raps inviting him. We lose many stories each year as our ranks get thinner and this is a great way to preserve history.

It usually takes WW a few months to edit the video interview before making it available to the public on their website. Additionally, with the permission of the interviewee, a DVD of the video is also given to the U.S. National Archives.

On another subject, is your next RAP Reunion in Wichita limited to just the Raps, or can old FACs attend? I would love to attend if possible and see you guys again.

Witness to War

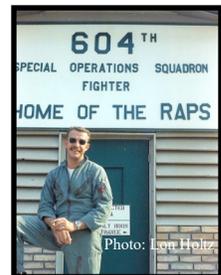
At our 2019 reunion in Wichita we have an opportunity to visually record our personal combat experiences for posterity and our own family history. **We need to know**, however, how many of you would like to participate in this program as we want to make it worthwhile for Witness to War to travel to Wichita.

During the week of 22-26 October, we will be sending out an inquiry by email asking for feedback on your interest in the Witness to War project as part of our Wichita reunion. That feedback will tell us whether to follow through with a formal invitation. (For those who do not have email, phone Jerry Sailors at 334-328-7575.) Visit www.witnesstowar.org for more information about Witness to War.

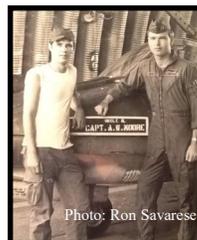
Footlocker Photos (from A-37 Association member files)



John Serlet with #14525
Robins AFB Museum of Aviation



Stud with Cigar



Ron Savarese & Al Moore
1971-72



Rap Bar 1968

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

“Cleared Hot”

(continued from p. 1)

meet the main purpose of visiting Wichita, which is to bring the spirit of the A-37 back to Wichita and to honor the men and women who used their professional skills to build it.

We are also considering an event the Rustics have had great success with at their reunions: inviting an organization called “Witness to War,” whose purpose is to tell the stories and experiences of members of the armed forces who have stood in harm’s way and their pre- and post-combat experiences. “Witness to War” conducts up to 90 minutes of videotaped interviews with members at the reunion and then provides those members with three unedited DVDs. An edited version is placed on the Witness to War website and in the Library of Congress’ Vietnam History Project in the National Archives in Washington, D.C. The interviews are done at no expense to either the sponsoring organization or the interviewee. What a great way to leave a keepsake presented by you to your family and for generations to come. To learn more about this activity and organization, go to witnesswar.org. I think you’ll find it rewarding.

If there is an interest in the membership to be part of this interview process, let me or Jerry know as all interviews will need to be scheduled for a specific time. We will then develop the process of how this happens and present it to you in one of our upcoming newsletters.

With all that, be safe out there and we hope to see you in Wichita.



Does USAF Need a Light Combat Aircraft?

In a paper entitled “Light Combat Aircraft: Looking at O/A-X and Beyond” published by the Mitchell Institute for Aerospace Studies in May 2018, the authors called for USAF to develop a new light combat aircraft to operate in a low-intensity combat environment, missions currently serviced by a “constrained supply of high-end fourth and fifth generation aircraft.”

Supporting that recommendation, the authors concluded that the “continuous use of scarce fourth and fifth generation fighter aircraft to support US ground forces in low-intensity conflicts has dangerously eroded US Air Force readiness.”

A-37 Association member John Lamb reviewed the paper and submitted comments below for thought. (Suggest reading the entire Mitchell Institute point paper to place his comments in context. Go to www.mitchellaerospacepower.org. Click the drop-down menu under “Publications” and then on “Mitchell Policy Papers.”)

John’s comments: *(Full disclosure. I worked with AirLand Enterprises, LLC, on the Scorpion program. The plane Textron built is not the Scorpion design we sold to them.)*

I agree with some points in the Mitchell paper:

- RPA’s are better suited for ISR (Intelligence, Surveillance, and Reconnaissance) and we will always need ISR.
- Attack aircraft can simultaneously do the ISR mission while enhancing the overall communication and situational awareness spectrum.
- Turbo-props can be a good Foreign Military Sales tool and assist in transitioning UPT grads into advanced platforms.
- B-52’s dropping PGM’s from 40,000 feet is not CAS.

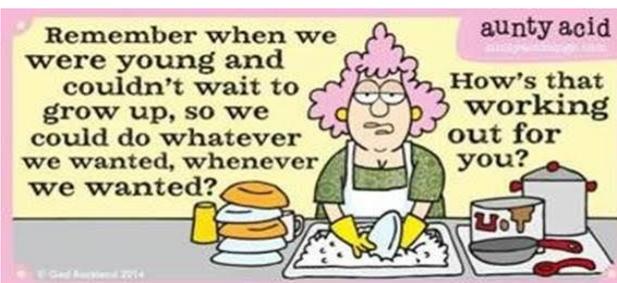
Other points not directly related to the Mitchell Institute paper:

- We continue to try to get the acronym CAS out of our vocabulary. We need a CAS aircraft to do the job, and you can’t do CAS without a gun!
- USAF tactical doctrine should clarify the blurry line between CAS and low-intensity conflict to guide strategies (e.g., weapons systems) used in that part of the warfighting spectrum.
- Single engine turbo-prop aircraft are not a proper match for the task whether the acronym is LIC or CAS.
- The Mitchell paper’s purpose was not to recommend any particular aircraft or platform, but to educate the reader on the aircraft and issues being evaluated.

I have written a three-page document on the Mitchell paper to share if anyone would like to discuss further.

John H Lamb, Major [ret], USAF jhlambo@hotmail.com 520-241-3016

Laff Corner





From the Archives

(The following is adapted from the 604th SOS History, Apr - Jun 1969, with an excerpt from the 3rd TFW history from the same period.)



During the period 1 April 1969 through 30 June 1969, the 604th Special Operations Squadron continued flying close air ground support and interdiction missions from Bien Hoa AB RVN. Living up to its motto of flying the "Closest Air Support," the 604th flew 2,966 combat sorties without the loss of a single aircraft. The high point of the quarter came on 9 June when the squadron commander, Lt Col Auld, accompanied by the 3rd Tactical Fighter Wing Commander, Colonel Lane, logged the 25,000th combat sortie for the A-37 in the Vietnam conflict. The squadron is proud of its accomplishments and outstanding record.

The limitation of the one-year tour in SEA requires every squadron to face a constant changeover in personnel and during this quarter proved to be no exception for the 604th, when 16 pilots departed and 16 arrived. The transition has been smooth as the more experienced combat pilots passed on all the tricks of the trade before their return to the United States. The new pilots included an influx of field grade officers, the highest ranking of which was Lt Col Stanley N. Day who has taken over as Assistant Operations Officer. Lt Col Emmett T. Taylor of the Wing Plans section has also become a combat ready pilot and is now flying regularly with the squadron.

On 10 May, the Maintenance section moved from the center ramp to the east end of the fighter ramp. Presently, only 16 revetments are assigned with 9 having concrete covers. The Maintenance section lost 26 personnel and gained 29 through reassignments.

At 0200L on 6 June, the squadron operations building was struck by a VC rocket, inflicting moderate structure damage to the rear of the building. Fortunately, there was only one slight injury by concussion of the weapon.

During May and June, eight additional A-37A aircraft were transferred from England AFB to the 604th. When aircraft 14504 returns from analytical teardown and inspection at SAAMA, the squadron will possess all 28 A-37A's in the USAF inventory. Effective 15 May, the Weapons section was transferred to the 303rd MMS.

Engine problems with the J-85 have been reduced in scope during this period. Since completing the TO 2J-85-731, no first stage rotor blade failures have been encountered and engine rollback problems have decreased.

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

A significant change directed by 7 AF during this period has been a reduced daily sortie rate from 2.0 to 1.5 as the number of aircraft possessed increased from 19 to 27.

The winners of the squadron "Top Gun" award for April, May, and June respectively were Captain Richard T. Ryer, 1/Lt Charles M. Carter, and 1/Lt Louis J. Losordo. Lt Carter also took honors for the entire wing in May.

The Weapons shop, although no longer an integral part of the squadron, still has a place in this history and continues to do an outstanding job for the 604th. Even though manned at only 90%, the shop has been able to support the squadron with no sign of a letdown. The GAU -2B/A 7.62 mm minigun, which in the past has had some problem with jamming, had a 95% fire out rate with 184,595 rounds expended. Overall, the A-37's weapons system effectiveness was even better with a 98.3% effectiveness ratio for the 11,858 pieces of ordnance expended.



Weapons crew at work.

(From the 3rd TFW History, Apr - Jun 1969)

The A-37 Conversion Program. Logistical planning continued for activation of four additional squadrons. The A-37 Weapons Systems Logistics Officer, Mr. Fred G. Webster, worked daily with maintenance and supply personnel to insure adequacy of the revised Initial Spares Support Listing. Supply personnel developed additional equipment requirements while maintenance squadron submitted additional vehicle requirements. Manpower provided information on authorized personnel strengths. It is noteworthy that A-37 Maintenance manning will be based on 14 man-hours per flying hour instead of the former rate of seven man-hours per flying hour, reflecting almost one year of effort to have CSAF recognize these valid requirements.

During April and May, efforts were devoted primarily to investigating A-37 nosewheel tie bolt failures, self-sealing fuel cells, and foam kits. The NORS-G rate for April was 1.4%, well below the PACAF standard of 5%. The eight remaining A-37A's in the USAF inventory were sent to Bien Hoa where they were assembled by a 7-man Rapid Area Maintenance Team with no major problems.

(continued in next newsletter.)

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



War Story

(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

“Hawk 3, arm them up, and take spacing, lights off now.” With that call my wingman and I turned off our position lights and rotating beacons. Now blind to each other, we would have to keep up a steady stream of talk in order to know where the other was. I broke to my left and descended. Several seconds later, Two did the same, giving us a half-mile separation and flying at different altitudes. “Our Blind Nighttime Ballet” had started.

The FAC came up on the radio as the flare gave him a better look at the target area. “Your target is just north of that line of B-52 craters. The good guys are hiding in two of them, but I don’t know which ones anymore. They say your flare is drifting toward them right now. Keep your run-in headings east-west and you should be OK on separation from the friendlies. Let me know when you’re in and I’ll tell them to pull their heads into their shells.”

He added, “The ‘Good Guys’ are telling me that since you lit them up, the Gomers have stopped shooting.”

I am now south of the flare at 2,000 feet. Winds are out of the southwest at about 5 knots at ground level so that shouldn’t be a problem. The FAC called, “If you are ready, you are cleared in hot.”

“Good copy, Tilly. I’ll be east-west and a base of 3,000. Napalm will be first. Hawk 3 Lead is in from the west.”

I rolled to my left again and pulled the bird into a tight, descending turn toward the circle of light under the flare. Completing the turn, I was wings level descending through 1,000 feet as the flare’s harsh light lit me from above throwing a dark, perfect shadow of my A-37 on the rocky ground below. I verified I had selected a single station on my right wing to drop and that the Master Arm switch was on. At 500 feet in a flat approach to the target, it was easy to see the rough terrain flatten out into a small clump of shrubs. I was after those small trees which were providing cover for the VC as they fired at the friendlies pinned down in the bomb craters 100 or so yards in front of them.

Bottoming out at 300 feet and just in front of the line of brush, I pressed the red pickle button on the stick, releasing one can of napalm from the right wing. The instant it fell I slapped the Master Arm switch off and faked a right turn off target to get the enemy gunners to lead me in that direction and then snapped to the left and zipped up above the flare light into the safety of the darkness above.

Arcing up to 3,000 feet, I glanced over my left shoulder to see the long splash of burning napalm light up the target

area with reddish-yellow glow. Splotches of nape scattered a pattern around the main burn, setting fire to small shrubs and grass. The scene looked bleak and colorless under the magnesium flare except for the burning red patch of nape.

Tilly told my wingman to hit east of my nape and he rolled in. I was able to pick him up visually at the bottom of his dive as he flashed under the flare and released his Mk-82 500-pound bomb. The shock wave from the Snake Eye was visible in the wet night air as it radiated out from the flash of the hit. He was back above the flare in a second as I maneuvered for my second run and, this time approaching from the east, put my second nape near Two’s bomb strike.



Ten-ft nape cans provide a resting place on a hot day in Nam.

According to the FAC, the Army troops were cheering us over the radio. They couldn’t see everything going on, but they knew that instead of having someone to the north shooting at them, there were bombs going off out there and that made them happy.

Our flare was getting too low to work under so I popped up to 4,000 feet and dropped a second one. When the first flare hit the ground, it continued to burn among the rocks and shrubs, casting weird shadows radiating out like the spokes on a wagon wheel.

On his second pass, Hawk 3 Two was slightly off line and had to go through dry. This seemed to confuse the Gomers. So far, they had been quiet while we worked them over, but I guess they thought we were out of bombs because Two had gone through dry. The FAC said we were hitting where he wanted and were not getting shot at, so I rolled in for my last nape drop without being too worried about taking ground fire. The Gomers had to know that my wingman was still out there with bombs and I thought that would discourage them from shooting at me. Wrong!

As I leveled out on my run, tracers came at me from head-on. At first just a few, then all at once in a whole bunch! The flashes from 20 or 30 rifles directly in front made me think twice about continuing the attack, but I was close to release so I pressed in on the largest concentration of ground fire.

Twice I heard the loud “thwack” of rounds hitting the aircraft close to the cockpit.

The FAC called: “Hawk Lead, you’re taking heavy ground fire!”

(continued in next newsletter)



....And So It Began

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

The reason for my transfer, like others, was because we had all deployed together in one big unit. It was reasonable for some of us to be transferred to another squadron to open slots in the 604th for replacements. This way the entire 604th squadron would not rotate with a complete group of new recruits at the same time. (Sergeant Birdsong would soon join the work group along with several of the munition guys with the 604th.)

I was in the cafeteria on June 6, eating supper, when the announcement came over the radio that Bobby Kennedy had been killed. It was a shock that nearly stopped my breathing. He had just won the California primary and I was hopeful that he would win the Democratic nomination for president, and change the course this war was on. My hopes died with him.

I still have a tinge of sadness when I think about how things might have been different if Robert Kennedy had made it to the presidency. Johnson had but six more months to go and it was obvious the peace talks were getting us nowhere. Johnson still believed a peaceful agreement could be reached. We felt it was all a political game and we were the pawns on the giant chessboard of life. Sacrifice the pawns and advance forward until one side captures the king for a checkmate. The only problem was, we weren't advancing forward. Our leaders? were just sitting back hoping for a peaceful solution that was never going to come unless we started taking the war to the enemy. And if we weren't going to do this, why continue? Why not just say, "It's your war. We've done all we can do. You have to be the one to win it, or lose it." But maybe we were in too deep to do that. But I think that is how Bobby Kennedy felt. I think if he had been elected we would have started withdrawing from Vietnam almost immediately. In a year or so we would be providing them with equipment and financial aid only. We would no longer be fighting their war, and dying, for them.

On June 9 the base was hit again, this time with seventy-nine mortars. My thoughts, while huddled with the other guys in the bunker, were getting back home. I was afraid that June was going to be another month like May, with an attack every few days. I really didn't want to spend

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

another month running to the bunker. None of us did. We were getting "short." Almost everyone was talking about how short they were getting, meaning in a short time we would be leaving. Pete Schindler came up with the phrase that he was "so short he had to step up to stand on a piece of paper." We all felt that way. I began counting the days.

I had also started painting. I went to the hobby shop and bought a canvas, a variety of oil paints, brushes, a palette and a palette knife. It was the basic kit. Pete also took up the hobby. I did a few paintings and gave one to Leonard. Only one of them made it home. It is still hanging on the wall in my old bedroom.

By mid-June I was feeling homesick, thinking about some of the good times and wishing the days were going faster. On June 15 we suffered another pounding, this time with fifty 107-mm rockets. Four aircraft in the Vietnamese section and two in the F-100 section were damaged. A Vietnamese man was injured.

It's hard to imagine what it is like to have about a month to go and have fifty rockets hammer the ground all around you. I wasn't shocked, or frightened, just disappointed that it was still going on. Two attacks in six days. One hundred and twenty-six rockets and mortars aimed at us and I don't think we did one single thing to try and stop it. But these would be the last attacks before my day of departure. I didn't know that at the time, and still felt I would be running to the bunker every few days, still apprehensive that one day my luck would run out.

The Airmans Club, actually called the Airmans Annex, was now open and doing a brisk business. Opening night had been packed, and rowdy. An Asian band was performing and a girl was suppose to do a striptease. She backed out, becoming fearful when seeing the large disorderly crowd that seemed to grow lustfully wild with uncontrollable screaming every time she removed a piece of clothing. She ran off the stage after removing everything but a brightly-colored red bikini; the manager ran after her. When he came back the crowd was still booing loudly. He held up his hands, apologizing, saying she would be back another night. When she did she would take everything off, he told everyone. She did, and she did remove everything, standing about two seconds bare-ass naked before running off the stage. It was comical.

The building was spacious, air-conditioned, and filled with sturdy tables and chairs that faced a large platformed stage. The entire place was brightly lighted not only by the ceiling lights but by the attractive Vietnamese women in short skirts that went about waiting on the customers. Drinks flowed freely from the bar, and bar fights, to my



Original A-37 weapons shop at Bien Hoa.

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



knowledge, were none. They served a great cheeseburger for thirty-five cents, and a band performed nearly every night I was there.

Shortly after the club opened, a rumor circulated that if you asked for a pack of Benson & Hedges “extra strong,” they would give you cigarettes filled with marijuana. I went in and asked for a pack, stressing the words “extra strong,” but I think all I got was a pack of stale lousy-tasting cigarettes. I gave them away. But I think, in the first few weeks, perhaps without management’s knowledge, the girl behind the counter had a short-lived business on the side.

With more free time, I was going to the movies, finally getting to see them from the beginning. When I wasn’t at the movies, I was at the club enjoying a coke and listening to the band. The best was an Australian band that sounded remarkably like Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons. The Asian bands were from good to fair. They always had at least one female dressed in a short hip-hugging skirt, one that had guys on the front seats leaning over trying to get a look up their shapely legs.

On July 5, I was told to move out of my cubicle so my bed would be available for a new guy that arrived that day. Leonard wasn’t any happier about me moving out of our cubicle than I was. He actually put up an argument, saying I would be leaving in a few weeks anyway, but it didn’t do any good. Leonard wasn’t leaving until August and they wanted him to help train the new guy. I didn’t have a lot of stuff to move, and it was just upstairs, but the little space they gave me was just big enough for me to get in, and I didn’t have any sheets or a pillowcase. I decided I wouldn’t bother to get them. After what I had been through, I could make it without them, but I felt some humiliation by this ill treatment.

I don’t know if it was because I was in a cubicle by myself, or if it was just because I was getting short, but I found myself jumping in the bed every time the guns went off, just like I did when I first arrived. I would laugh at myself for doing it, but I would still jump when the next round fired. Our artillery went off every night and by this time



Spooky east of Bien Hoa

it should not have bothered me any more than a passing truck. But we had not come under attack since June 15 and every night when I climbed into my bunk, and turned on my side so my back would be to the wall, I would fall

asleep thinking tonight would be the night—the night another rocket would crash against the barracks—the night my time would be up.

My last day of work was July 15. I really didn’t work that day, but I had to report for duty and sign out of the squadron. You really wouldn’t think it would take long, but it took nearly all morning because so many other people were doing the same thing. It was the first step in processing off base, a job I did not intend to hurry like some of the others were doing. I thought if I waited a few days I might not be standing in such long lines again. I decided to spend the remainder of the day packing the last of my belongings so I would only have one small bag to carry with me on the flight home. I had bought a new duffle bag several days earlier (the old one had dry-rotted) and packed all I could into it. What remained would stay here when I left. I shipped the bag off and went to get my boarding pass. It was Wednesday, July 17. I was told boarding passes were only available on Saturday and Monday, that I would have to come back.

The only major thing I had to do was to get my shots updated and turn in my tools. Dexter and I got together at lunch and talked about the possibility of going home together. We were both leaving the same day and I thought it would be nice if he came to Hinton with me. He could stay over for a day or two if he wanted and maybe see some of the sights. He said he would think about it.

We went to the shop, gathered up our tools and walked to supply to turn them in. I had lost about twenty tools and was fearful I would have to pay for them. But the guy just took them from me and checked me out as if none was missing at all. It didn’t take long, not nearly as long as it did when we first got them. Actually, losing a few tools over the course of a year was expected. People would borrow one and forget to give it back, or just take one with no intention of giving it back. I only know of one time that someone actually stole a tool from me. I didn’t even know it was missing when he returned it to me. Some of the guys painted their tools so they would know them from other tools and this one was painted a light green. He said I was such a nice person that he felt bad about taking my tool and wanted to give it back. It was one of the nicest things anyone had ever said to me. I thanked him and dropped the tool in my box. I knew it took a lot for him to admit he had stolen from me; he could have slipped it in my box without me ever knowing it, but he wanted to say he was sorry. I never mentioned the incident to anyone and we continued to get along as if nothing had happened.

(continued in next newsletter)

A-37 Association Memorabilia



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



A-37 Cap
\$15 (plus \$5 shipping)
9 in stock



A-37 Polo Shirt
\$24,
(plus \$5 shipping)
3 L, 4 XL 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

or

Send an email to dragonfly369@charter.net with your order request and then use Paypal to send payment to dragonfly369@charter.net.

-mailing label

Or if you prefer to receive newsletter by email, go to www.a-37.org and email Jerry Sailors

b. Take me off the mailing list.

a. Change my mailing address to _____

Circle choice:

Inside is the October 2018 newsletter of the A-37 Association. You have indicated a preference to receive this publication by postal mail. If you wish to continue receiving the newsletter by post, you don't have to do anything. If you wish to change your preference, please circle option a or b below and send this page to the return address above.

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

