



# The Straphanger Gazette



Volume 14 No. 2

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October—December, 2021

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**“Aerial Rocket Artillery”**....when called on by those who were in danger, our units were there laying it on the line.

We were proud of our Aerial Rocket Artillery Team then and still proud of it now.

The Straphanger Gazette is a quarterly publication of the Aerial Rocket Artillery Association. Issues will be published on or about the 1st of January, April, July and October. Members who have e-mail will receive a copy as an pdf attachment

## IT WAS ANOTHER TRAIN! THE COVID EXPRESS FORCED US ONTO A SIDING AGAIN—BUT WE ARE LOOKING AT A CLEAR TRACK FOR 2022



### *President's Corner*

Dear Members, Family Members, and Readers,

I understand that some members were disappointed that the 2021 Reunion, which was scheduled for August 30– September 3, 2021, was cancelled in August due to an unprecedented increase in the COVID-19 Pandemic in Georgia in mid-July. There are some who state that the Board of Directors made a hasty, ill-informed and poorly executed decision. Others say they completely understand, especially those who have experienced COVID-19 infection and don't want to again.

When the decision to proceed with the reunion was made in June COVID-19 infection rates were in the low/moderate category. This was determined by monitoring the COVID-19 Tracker for Chatham County Georgia. By mid-July the picture had changed and by early August the Rolling 7-Day Average, Recent Community Transmission Index, Historical Community Transmission Index, Percentage of Positive Tests, and Area Hospitalization Rates were climbing rapidly and had moved into the High Rate Classification. Coupled with the Savannah Mayor's Declaration of Emergency (which had already been in effect for about 18 months and which had been renewed every 30 days), the BOD (by majority vote) made the decision to cancel the Reunion for good.

Subsequent reviews of the COVID-19 situation in Chatham County shows that this was a prudent decision. These reviews showed an alarming increase in the aforementioned categories, peaking at 1400 new cases on August 17th. These figures are per 100,000 population. The population of Chatham County is 300,000 (+/-). You can do the math. A slight decline began on August 30th, but was still high. The Mayor' Declaration of Emergency which was set to expire on August 25th was renewed on August 23rd with additional restrictions.

On September 1st the Commanding General of the 3rd Infantry Division put all bars, night clubs and dance halls off limits to military personnel, regardless of vaccination status. Mask mandates were issued for Fort Stewart and Hunter AAF. Military personnel are also required to wear masks off-post when entering public buildings. Clearly the situation was/is alarming to those in positions of authority. We are also aware that another veterans organization had it's tour of Hunter AAF cancelled.

The BOD's decision was in fact timely, well researched, and implemented as best it could be under the circumstances. The information referenced was/is available to anyone searching for it. This was evidenced by the number of members calling to ask if the Reunion was still a go. Because it is posted on a daily basis, the oldest information rolls off and is replaced by newer information. Please be assured that your 2022 Host and the BOD will be monitoring the COVID-19 status for Fairfax County, Virginia and the surrounding area on a regular basis. It is our hope that this situation will improve and perhaps become something of the past by this time next year.

If you would like to know the status of COVID-19 in your city, county, or state -Google COVID-19tracker and enter the information you are seeking. It might be alarming!

Sources of information were:  
covid19.gachd/chatham-county  
usafacts>state>Georgia  
[savannahga.gov/3003/Emergency-Order](https://savannahga.gov/3003/Emergency-Order)  
[savannahnow.com/story/news/2021/08/17](https://savannahnow.com/story/news/2021/08/17)  
covid19protocols – Hunter AAF/Ft. Stewart

Please be mindful of the fact that there are “break through” infections occurring among fully vaccinated individuals. So please continue to be careful and vigilant regarding your health and well being.

The Celebration of Life Program for World Renowned Reporter Joe Galloway was held at the First Baptist Church, 200 Branchview Drive SE, Concord, NC 28025, September 18, 2021 at 1300 hours. Joe was the Keynote Speaker at our 2019 Reunion in San Diego, CA. I sent condolences and remembrances of Joe to his wife Gracie on behalf of the Aerial Rocket Artillery Association. Joe was very familiar with the ARA and the life saving support provided to the ground troops. This was one of the reasons that he agreed to be our Keynote Speaker. Additionally, he came with a team from The U. S. Vietnam War Commemorative and interviewed several of our members, insuring that their stories were captured and would be placed in the Library of Congress. Joe gave voice and context to the experiences of soldiers that many of us found difficult to articulate. Joe was a blessing to humanity through his trusted reporting.

I urge all of you to stay safe, well, healthy, prepared, and protected. Blessings to you, your family members, and Loved Ones.

Sincerely,

Clovis Jones, Jr.  
ARA 6

**“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.....”**

Charles Dickens from *A Tale of Two Cities*

*This is a response from Dr. Asa Talbot, Flight Surgeon HHB 20?20thARA 1st Cav Div.*

How true ring the author's words as we continue to writhe in the clutches of this viral pandemic; the likes of which have never been seen in recorded history. Measures of safety have caused us to cancel our reunion two years in a row. As we prepare for publication we know of at least two of our own who are victims of COVID-19, or its Delta Variant. Our Chaplain, Bruce Wilder, has succumbed to the disease, and Patti Wilder was homebound, but now doing well (save for the loss of Bruce).

If I may, allow me to rise in my “bully pulpit” and say a few words about this scourge which has impacted on all our lives, upon our Association, and wrecked havoc among friends of many years. This right can be claimed on the basis of nearly 60 years as a physician and surgeon, a history of watching over the health and safety of many of you as you valiantly served in “the worst of times”, and having served on the Board of this Association through “the Best and the Worst of Times” since 2008.

COVID-19 (and its variant strains) is a man-made virus, originating in China (we will limit our discussion to science and avoid politics and insinuations). As such, it acts, as do all viruses, by its own rules and is highly unpredictable, as well as being capable of changing its nature and susceptibility to treatment. It centers its attack on the respiratory system and, as with most diseases, is particularly dangerous for those who already have pre-existent comorbidities (the aged, those living in close quarters, people with diminished immune responses, such those on chemotherapy, and the generally debilitated). This describes a large segment of our population and our membership, and they cannot deal with the burden of COVID-19. Hence, the horrendous death toll in the general population (not to mention the logistical strain placed on the nin getting respirators and equipment, trained personnel, and isolation space for treatment).

Initially, in 2020, medicine was hampered by lack of knowledge about the virus and had little beyond supportive care available (at a tremendous cost in hours, dollars, lives, and manpower). As America did in the 1940's, industry and science attacked the problem and developed vaccines. These vaccines were slow in becoming available due to rigid safety testing, but when they did the tide was turned. Naturally, there were misstatements made, glitches in the distribution system, a statistically small incidence of deleterious side effects, and all the problems inherent in having to feel your way out of the darkness of uncharted

incidence of deleterious side effects, and all the problems inherent in having to feel your way out of the darkness of uncharted waters.

In the end, we have three vaccines that have proven extremely effective against this plague. The Pfizer version requires two doses, 30 days apart, and is 94% effective and totally approved by the FDA, even for children 16 years old and up,. The Moderna version is also a two dose regimen and is 92% effective. The Johnson & Johnson vaccine was the last to come on the scene, and while a single dose regimen can only claim about 88% effectiveness (altitude for airspeed). NOTE: These percentages show that there will be a small number of people who will contract a form of the virus in spite of having the vaccination, BUT THE DISEASE WILL BE LESS SEVERE AND PROBABLY SHORTER. Case in point, our friends the Wilders. They had the vaccine but, probably due to pre-existing conditions, fell victim to the recent surge of the Delta variant, but , in Patti's case, with a much more manageable infection. In Bruce's case, his age, (84) and pre-existing problems made his response less tenable. NINETY-NINE PERCENT OF THOSE DEVELOPING, AND DYING IN THIS RECENT SURGE ARE UNVACCINATED. They are, in turn, spreading it to the vaccinated but vulnerable.

Social media pundits, sensationalistic reporters and commentators, politicians with a cause, people with no real training or knowledge of the science, and the gullible who listen to such misinformation have lined up to jump on the slightest error in the medical profession presentation. They are joined by ardent anti-vaxxers who have been led to believe vaccines cause problems, people personally concerned about invasion of civil liberty, those who have come to distrust the government in general (hard to blame some of them), and those who love having a cause. THE SCIENCE IS SOLID AND RELIABLE. The statistics support the need for vaccination and the only hope for eradication of this problem is near universal vaccination. Vaccination wiped out polio, typhoid, measles, whooping cough and a host of killers in our nation. PLEASE YOU WOULD NOT ASK YOUR DOCTOR HOW TO FIX YOUR PLUMBING—OR VICE VERSA.

We, and those who fought before and after our conflict, believe in the right of anyone to make their own choice about what is put into their body. However, Government 101 teaches us that a group of independent individuals, when they find they have need of certain privileges (security, protection, orderly lives, and common utilities) agree to give up certain of their "rights" to obtain these social needs. There is no question that our government overreaches its authority regularly and intentionally, but this is not a question of politics. IT IS A MATTER OF PUBLIC SAFETY. Unless we get the vast majority of Americans protected by immunization, achieving "herd immunity", we will be fighting this epidemic for years. That is the nature of infectious disease.

The 'rumor' that this will evolve into an annual vaccination, as with "flu" is, as yet, unsubstantiated by data. It may be the case, but we do not know. We are just getting to the point where we can safely vaccinate young adults and teens. We must, as we are feverishly trying to do, get a safe handle on children as young as five, or our educational system will fail. Very young children seem less vulnerable and do not congregate as closely as school age children.

Pfizer Corp. has been testing doses of one-third on children As young as 5 years old and reports immunologic success. They will submit their data to the CDC and FDA, and hopefully, in a few weeks they will roll out vaccines for all school age children , as well as the boosters for we, the older and debilitated.

The bottom line is that vaccination is safe, necessary and should be obtained by all who cherish life and the lives of those around them. No one likes mandates and being told to be masked, distanced, unable to do and go where they wish, but until you have been at the bedside of the sick and dying, SUCK IT UP!. An independent board of 16 knowledgeable scientists, advising, not speaking for, the FDA has been unanimous in recommending booster shots for the aged and the debilitated. DO IT!



Let us now turn our attention to more corporate matters, ie. our unfortunate cancellation of our reunion—again. The Board labored over the news, statistics and waited as long as they dared without falling into a time of default and major expense. Every member of the Board hates that we had to cancel but we are charged with making the difficult decisions in the best interests of the Association and its members. No one was more disappointed than our hosts, Gerry and Ann Hipp, who did a terrific job of putting the reunion together—not once but twice, and we are deeply indebted to them.

Our President, Clovis Jones, has explained the Board's position and basis for the decision. There remain two matters which should be addressed for the sake of maintaining our group while striving to get mission accomplished. We are friends, family and fellow soldiers and must preserve our solidarity.

1. If the Board failed to consult with our hosts before making the decision, that is an egregious error in courtesy, leadership, procedure. For this any such action is deeply regretted.

2. It has been said that there have been comments about who can tell someone what can do based on former military rank. In this, our fraternity of former soldiers, we may fall back on what has been a mantra of the medical corps for centuries; ie. “Rank among doctors is like virginity among whore—there in none”. There are those of our group who have even attained flag rank, but that is historic rather than functional at this time.

As was the case for Mr. Lincoln, regardless of the many reasons for entering into the War Between the States, the prime goal is to preserve the Union.

Therefore, I relinquish my “bully pulpit “ to our host for 2022 and the plans he has made for us in the following.

## Aerial Rockets Artillery Association (ARA) 2022 Reunion Plans

This message is from your hosts, Joan and Jule Szabo, for the 2022 ARA Reunion in September 2022.

We will start with the Marriott Fair Oaks Hotel in Northern Virginia (link: <https://www.marriott.com/hotels/travel/iadmc-fairfax-marriott-at-fair-oaks/>) The dates of the reunion are September 14th (Wed) to September 17th (Sun). We have a choice of a Standard King at \$99/night plus 13% tax \$12.87 = total rate of \$111.87 or a Standard room (Double Beds) rate is \$109/night plus \$14.17 tax for total rate of \$123.47/night. There are 5 Standard double bed room and 35 Standard King rooms for total of 40 blocked rooms. The hotel address is: The Marriott Fair Oaks Hotel, 1787 Lee Jackson Memorial Hwy, Fairfax, VA 22033. The hotel is located just off of I66 and Route 50 exit, nearby the Fair Oak Mall with 160 stores and restaurants. Nearby is Fair Lakes and Fairfax Corner shopping centers which has several stores, restaurants and gas stations. The hotel has a large open area to sit and relax with the bar next to open area and it has a Starbucks included. The hotel will extend our rate if you are planning to come in two days early or stay after two days. There is no charge for parking for hotel guests. The hotel has created a special website for our reservation needs : (Cut & Paste) <https://www.marriott.com/event-reservations/reservation-link.mi?id=1630522625677&key=GRP&app=resvlink> You may also call the Reservations Department at 1-888-236-2427 and reference the group by name and date. The last date for reservations is **August 17, 2022**. Do not procrastinate as some did in Savannah and found themselves in an adjacent hotel.

On the Wednesday, registration/checking will start the day and conclude with a welcome dinner at the hotel starting at 6:30 pm.

On Thursday, we will depart the hotel at 09:30 AM. Our destination is the Vietnam Memorial for a wreath laying ceremony/ taps and viewing the wall and locating names. After a few hours at the Vietnam wall, we will travel to the National Army Museum just off the Fairfax County Pkwy, have a lunch in the museum. Vet Hall and spend the remainder of the afternoon touring the Army Museum, theatre, art gallery, Medal of Honor experience and store.

Friday we will depart the hotel at 9:45AM take a bus to the Smithsonian Air & Space Udvar-Hazy Center. Box lunch from Panera will be served at the museum during our visit.

On Saturday morning, we will hold business meetings between 10:00 AM to 12:00 noon. The afternoon is free time. The Farewell Banquet will be at the Hotel at 6:30 PM.

This will be a fun filled week in the Washington Metro/Fairfax area. Virginia is a special place with many sights (such as the Washington DC monuments, National Archives, Smithsonian museums, Mount Vernon, Arlington Cemetery, etc.) to visit and see, so plan ahead to take full advantage of your time here.

Airports: Dulles (IAD) is the closest to the hotel, next is Regan National (WAS), or BWI Baltimore/Washington International (BWI) (about 1:15 minutes travel time – 56 Miles).

We look forward to seeing everyone and sharing time together.



Friendly position



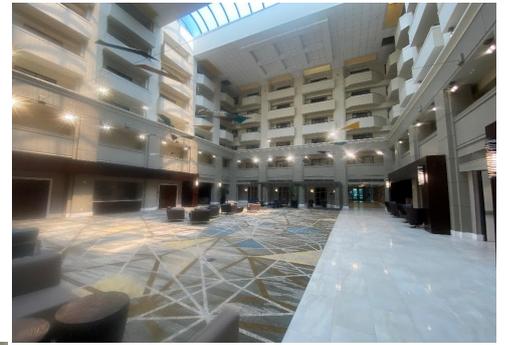
Hotel entrance



Front view of Hotel



View into bar area



Open area and view of rooms



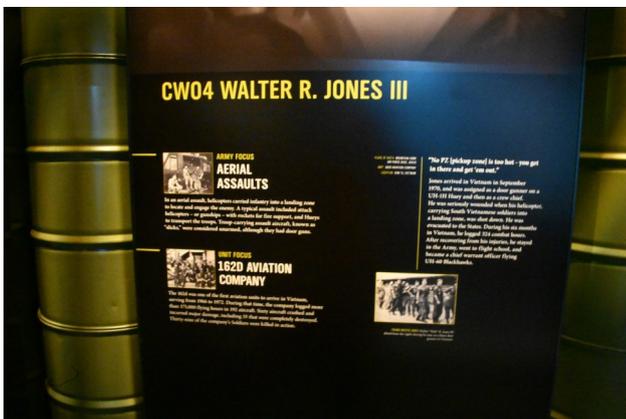
Open Area and door to dining room



Hospitality Room



Meeting & Board Room



Display about air assault units in Vietnam



The engine from the UH-60 Black Hawk downed in the battle of Mogadishu, Somalia



Blue Max! We need help. Can you assist.?



Here to serve. Pop green smoke.

# SR-71 Blackbird Breakup at Mach 3.2

*Here's one to curl your hair! - Editor*

By Bill Weaver

Among professional aviators, there's a well-worn saying: Flying is simply hours of boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror. And yet, I don't recall too many periods of boredom during my 30-year career with Lockheed, most of which was spent as a test pilot.

By far, the most memorable flight occurred on Jan. 25, 1966. Jim Zwayer, a Lockheed flight test reconnaissance and navigation systems specialist, and I were evaluating those systems on an SR-71 Blackbird test from Edwards AFB, Calif. We also were investigating procedures designed to reduce trim drag and improve high-Mach cruise performance. The latter involved flying with the center-of-gravity (CG) located further aft than normal, which reduced the Blackbird's longitudinal stability.

We took off from Edwards at 11:20 a.m. and completed the mission's first leg without incident. After refueling from a KC-135 tanker, we turned eastbound, accelerated to a Mach 3.2 cruise speed, and climbed to 78,000 ft., our initial cruise-climb altitude.

Several minutes into cruise, the right engine inlet's automatic control system malfunctioned, requiring a switch to manual control. The SR-71's inlet configuration was automatically adjusted during supersonic flight to decelerate air flow in the duct, slowing it to subsonic speed before reaching the engine's face. This was accomplished by the inlet's center-body spike translating aft and by modulating the inlet's forward bypass doors. Normally, these actions were scheduled automatically as a function of Mach number, positioning the normal shock wave (where air flow becomes subsonic) inside the inlet to ensure optimum engine performance.

Without proper scheduling, disturbances inside the inlet could result in the shock wave being expelled forward— a phenomenon known as an "inlet unstart." That causes an instantaneous loss of engine thrust, explosive banging noises, and violent yawing of the aircraft like being in a train wreck. Unstarts were not uncommon at that time in the SR-71's development, but properly functioning system would recapture the shock wave and restore normal operation.

On the planned test profile, we entered a programmed 35-deg. bank turn to the right. An immediate unstart occurred on the right engine, forcing the aircraft to roll further right and start to pitch up. I jammed the control stick as far left and forward as it would go. No response. I instantly knew we were in for a wild ride.

I attempted to tell Jim what was happening and to stay with the airplane until we reached a lower speed and altitude. I didn't think the chances of surviving an ejection at Mach 3.18 and 78,800 ft. were very good. However, g-forces built up so rapidly that my words came out garbled and unintelligible, as confirmed later by the cockpit voice recorder.

The cumulative effects of system malfunctions, reduced longitudinal stability, increased angle-of-attack in the turn, supersonic speed, high altitude, and other factors imposed forces on the airframe that exceeded flight control authority and the Stability Augmentation System's ability to restore control.

Everything seemed to unfold in slow motion. I learned later the time from event onset to catastrophic departure from controlled flight was only 2-3 sec. Still trying to communicate with Jim, I blacked out, succumbing to extremely high g-forces. The SR-71 then literally disintegrated around us. From that point, I was just along for the ride.

My next recollection was a hazy thought that I was having a bad dream. Maybe I'll wake up and get out of this mess, I mused. Gradually regaining consciousness, I realized this was no dream; it had really happened. That also was disturbing, because I could not have survived what had happened. Therefore, I must be dead. Since I didn't feel bad -- just a detached sense of euphoria -- I decided being dead wasn't so bad after all.

AS FULL AWARENESS took hold, I realized I was not dead, but had somehow separated from the airplane. I had no idea how this could have happened; I hadn't initiated an ejection. The sound of rushing air and what sounded like straps flapping in the wind confirmed I was falling, but I couldn't see anything. My pressure suit's face plate had frozen over and I was staring at a layer of ice.

The pressure suit was inflated, so I knew an emergency oxygen cylinder in the seat kit attached to my parachute harness was functioning. It not only supplied breathing oxygen, but also pressurized the suit, preventing my blood from boiling at extremely high altitudes. I didn't appreciate it at the time, but the suit's pressurization had also provided physical protection from intense buffeting and g-forces. That inflated suit had become my own escape capsule.

My next concern was about stability and tumbling. Air density at high altitude is insufficient to resist a body's tumbling motions, and centrifugal forces high enough to cause physical injury could develop quickly. For that reason, the SR-71's parachute system was designed to automatically deploy a small-diameter stabilizing chute shortly after ejection and seat separation. Since I had not intentionally activated the ejection system -- and assuming all automatic functions depended on a proper ejection sequence -- it occurred to me the stabilizing chute may not have deployed.

However, I quickly determined I was falling vertically and not tumbling. The little chute must have deployed and was doing its job. Next concern: the main parachute, which was designed to open automatically at 15,000 ft. Again I had no assurance the automatic-opening function would work. I couldn't ascertain my altitude because I still couldn't see through the iced-up face plate. There was no way to know how long I had been blacked-out or how far I had fallen. I felt for the manual-activation D-ring on my chute harness, but with the suit inflated and my hands numbed by cold, I couldn't locate it. I decided I'd better open the face plate, try to estimate my height above the ground, then locate that "D" ring.

Just as I reached for the face plate, I felt the reassuring sudden deceleration of main-chute deployment. I raised the frozen face plate and discovered its uplatch was broken. Using one hand to hold that plate up, I saw I was descending through a clear, winter sky with unlimited visibility. I was greatly relieved to see Jim's parachute coming down about a quarter of a mile away. I didn't think either of us could have survived the aircraft's breakup, so seeing Jim had also escaped lifted my spirits incredibly.

I could also see burning wreckage on the ground a few miles from where we would land. The terrain didn't look at all inviting—a desolate, high plateau dotted with patches of snow and no signs of habitation. I tried to rotate the parachute and look in other directions. But with one hand devoted to keeping the face plate up and both hands numb from high-altitude, subfreezing temperatures, I couldn't manipulate the risers enough to turn. Before the breakup, we'd started a turn in the New Mexico-Colorado-Oklahoma-Texas border region. The SR-71 had a turning radius of about 100 mi. at that speed and altitude, so I wasn't even sure what state we were going to land in. But, because it was about 3:00 p.m., I was certain we would be spending the night out here.

At about 300 ft. above the ground, I yanked the seat kit's release handle and made sure it was still tied to me by a long lanyard. Releasing the heavy kit ensured I wouldn't land with it attached to my derriere, which could break a leg or cause other injuries. I then tried to recall what survival items were in that kit, as well as techniques I had been taught in survival training.

Looking down, I was startled to see a fairly large animal -- perhaps an antelope -- directly under me. Evidently, it was just as startled as I was because it literally took off in a cloud of dust.

My first-ever parachute landing was pretty smooth. I landed on fairly soft ground, managing to avoid rocks, cacti, and antelopes. My chute was still billowing in the wind, though. I struggled to collapse it with one hand, holding the still-frozen face plate up with the other.

"Can I help you?" a voice said. Was I hearing things? I must be hallucinating. Then I looked up and saw a guy walking toward me, wearing a cowboy hat. A helicopter was idling a short distance behind him. If I had been at Edwards and told the search-and-rescue unit that I was going to bail out over the Rogers Dry Lake at a particular time of day, a crew couldn't have gotten to me as fast as that cowboy-pilot had.

The gentleman was Albert Mitchell, Jr., owner of a huge cattle ranch in northeastern New Mexico. I had landed about 1.5 mi. from his ranch house—and from a hangar for his two-place Hughes helicopter. Amazed to see him, I replied I was having a little trouble with my chute. He walked over and collapsed the canopy, anchoring it with several rocks. He had seen Jim and me floating down and had radioed the New Mexico Highway Patrol, the Air Force, and the nearest hospital.

Extracting myself from the parachute harness, I discovered the source of those flapping-strap noises heard on the way down. My seat belt and shoulder harness were still draped around me, attached and latched. The lap belt had been shredded on each side of my hips, where the straps had fed through knurled adjustment rollers. The shoulder harness had shredded in a similar manner across my back. The ejection seat had never left the airplane; I had been ripped out of it by the extreme forces, seat belt and shoulder harness still fastened.

I also noted that one of the two lines that supplied oxygen to my pressure suit had come loose, and the other was barely hanging on. If that second line had become detached at high altitude, the deflated pressure suit wouldn't have provided any protection. I knew an oxygen supply was critical for breathing and suit-pressurization, but didn't appreciate how much physical protection an inflated pressure suit could provide. That the suit could withstand forces sufficient to disintegrate an airplane and shred heavy nylon seat belts, yet leave me with only a few bruises and minor whiplash was impressive. I truly appreciated having my own little escape capsule.

After helping me with the chute, Mitchell said he'd check on Jim. He climbed into his helicopter, flew a short distance away, and returned about 10 min. later with devastating news: Jim was dead. Apparently, he had suffered a broken neck during the aircraft's disintegration and was killed instantly. Mitchell said his ranch foreman would soon arrive to watch over Jim's body until the authorities arrived. I asked to see Jim and, after verifying there was nothing more that could be done, agreed to let Mitchell fly me to the Tucumcari hospital, about 60 mi. to the south.

I have vivid memories of that helicopter flight, as well. I didn't know much about rotorcraft, but I knew a lot about "red lines," and Mitchell kept the airspeed at or above red line all the way. The little helicopter vibrated and shook a lot more than I thought it should have. I tried to reassure the cowboy-pilot I was feeling OK; there was no need to rush. But since he'd notified the hospital staff that we were inbound, he insisted we get there as soon as possible. I couldn't help but think how ironic it would be to have survived one disaster only to be done in by a rescue helicopter.

However, we made it to the hospital safely—and quickly. Soon, I was able to contact Lockheed's flight test office at Edwards. The test team there had been notified initially about the loss of radio and radar contact, then told the aircraft had been lost. They also knew what our flight conditions had been at the time, and assumed no one could have survived. I briefly explained what had happened, describing in fairly accurate detail the flight conditions prior to breakup.

The next day, our flight profile was duplicated on the SR-71 flight simulator at Beale AFB, Calif. The outcome was identical. Steps were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of our accident. Testing at a CG aft of normal limits was discontinued, and trim-drag issues were subsequently resolved via aerodynamic means. The inlet control system was continuously improved and, with subsequent development of the Digital Automatic Flight and Inlet Control System, inlet unstarts became rare.

Investigation of our accident revealed that the nose section of the aircraft had broken off aft of the rear cockpit and crashed about 10 mi. from the main wreckage. Parts were scattered over an area approximately 15 mi. long and 10 mi. wide. Extremely high air loads and g-forces, both positive and negative, had literally ripped Jim and me from the air-plane. Unbelievably good luck is the only explanation for my escaping relatively unscathed from that disintegrating aircraft.

Two weeks after the accident, I was back in an SR-71, flying the first sortie on a brand-new bird at Lockheed's Palmdale, Calif., assembly and test facility. It was my first flight since the accident, so a flight test engineer in the back seat was probably a little apprehensive about my state of mind and confidence. As we roared down the runway and lifted off, I heard an anxious voice over the intercom. "Bill! Bill! Are you there?"

"Yeah, George. What's the matter?"

"Thank God! I thought you might have left." The rear cockpit of the SR-71 has no forward visibility—only a small window on each side—and George couldn't see me. A big red light on the master-warning panel in the rear cockpit had illuminated just as we rotated, stating, "Pilot Ejected." Fortunately, the cause was a misadjusted microswitch, not my departure.

**Bill Weaver flight tested all models of the Mach-2 F-104 Starfighter and the entire family of Mach 3+ Blackbirds--the A-12, YF-12 and SR-71. He subsequently was assigned to Lockheed's L-1011 project as an engineering test pilot, became the company's chief pilot, and retired as Division Manager of Commercial Flying Operations. He still flies Orbital Sciences Corp.'s L-1011, which has been modified to carry a Pegasus satellite-launch vehicle (AW&ST Aug. 25, 2003, p. 56). An FAA Designated Engineering Representative Flight Test Pilot, he's also involved in various aircraft-modification projects, conducting certification flight tests**

## ONE FOR HISTORY BUFFS THAT I BET YOU DID NOT KNOW!

In 1975, President Ford was left to manage the difficult ending of the Vietnam War. President Ford went to Congress for a relief package to allow American personnel and our allies to evacuate. However, there was ONE US SENATOR who opposed any such support. The result was the embarrassing and hurried evacuation from the roof of the American embassy in Saigon.

This senator reveled in the embarrassment and did everything he could to leverage it politically against Ford. Despite the efforts of this U.S. Senator--President Ford managed to rescue 1,500 South Vietnamese allies prior to the country's fall. Had President Ford not acted quickly, these people would have been targeted and slaughtered for their support for America. When they arrived in America, President Ford asked Congress for a package to assist these refugees to integrate into American society.

That SAME troublesome SENATOR TORPEDOED ANY SUPPORT for these shell shocked, anti-communist, Americans and our helpers, the refugees.

Instead, President Ford had to recruit Christian organizations to offer assistance on a voluntary basis. As he did so, the Senator belittled those efforts. What kind of person would oppose President Ford's tireless work to do the right and humanitarian thing? Who would want to play politics with the well-being of innocent people who stood by America in the tragic Vietnam War?

THAT SENATOR WAS JOE BIDEN

From the book - "When the Center Held." by Donald Rumsfeld in 2018.(biography)

# *Déjà Vu—Again, Already*

Many of us are being besieged with mail seeking contributions to the erecting, or improvement, of museums and memorials; some to former presidents but mostly to the memory of those who fought and died so that we could build such monuments. Is this simply a ploy to raise money while the pain of the pandemic is fresh in our minds and we are more responsive? Or is it that, at last the nation is coming to the realization that we have forgotten those who bought our freedom and paid a price we never had to pay.

We were among those who were mocked, derided and sometime spit upon because we answered a call we did not want to hear and did a job we could have lived without. Tragically, we are not alone. In perhaps less drastic ways this has been repeated far too often. Furthermore, those who would reshape history to be more palatable or pleasing to their sensibilities have caused our children and grandchildren to have no concept of where we were or what we did, or why! Seventy-two per cent of today's schoolchildren can't even tell you who was fighting who in WW II.

There are none left from "The War to End All Wars" and a dwindling few from WW II and Korea - and we are not getting any younger. I doubt any of us want a statue, museum, memorial as much as we want to be remembered as those who put it on the line for a country we loved, regardless of whether we agreed with her.

To frame this matter in time, below is a poem written 130 years ago by a man who knew the common soldier well and had the courage to speak up for him.

## TOMMY ADKINS By Rudyard Kipling

I went into a public-house to get a pint o' beer,  
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."  
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,  
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:  
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";  
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play,  
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,  
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;  
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-halls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";  
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,  
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,  
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;  
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit  
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.  
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer  
soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,  
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,  
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,  
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;  
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;  
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind",  
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the  
wind,  
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,  
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:  
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face  
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the  
brute!"  
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;  
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;  
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool -- you bet that Tommy sees!

Efforts are being made to create memories of people like Harry Truman, "Ike" Eisenhower and even Herbert Hoover. This is as it should be. But more importantly than those who have automatic libraries and such, is the emphasis on remembering WW II, D-Day, The Battle in the Pacific, The Frozen Chosen, Tet, the deserts of Iraq and the mountains of Afghanistan. Remember also the "Redtail Airmen" of Tuskegee and the WASP's and all the countless women, WAC's, WAVES, SPARS and the gals who built the equipment which won WWII. This article will center on the WASP's.

As the storm clouds rolled over Europe and the smoke erupted from Pearl Harbor, men, women and children answered the country's call to engage the enemy as best they could. The men marched, sailed and flew into combat. The women laid aside their baking sheets and took up rivet guns and wrenches to roll planes, cannons and ships off the assembly lines which appeared all across the nation. Children salvaged tin foil, toothpaste tubes, newspapers, old tires, and anything which the war effort required. In the larger cities they wore a plastic "dog tag" around their neck in case of bombings. Food, shoes, gas and most of life's necessities were rationed and doled out according to coupons, tiny plastic chips and careful allocation.

So successful were these efforts that a need arose for a means to ferry the new planes from the factories to the bases where they would be flown overseas for combat. The thinking at that time was that it was inefficient to use able-bodied men who

could be flying them in combat. After all, women were incapable of mastering anything technical or scientific but necessity is the mother of invention. Thus was born the Women's Airforce Service Pilots (WASPs). The driving force was pioneer aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran who wrote to Elinor Roosevelt suggesting the idea. The combining of the existent Women's Flying Training Detachment and the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. The first classes were trained in Houston but then went to Avenger Field in Sweetwater, TX.

More than 25,000 women volunteered, 1879 were selected and 1,074 graduated. Before the program was terminated in 1944, these ladies, flew 25 different types of planes, towed targets for ground and aerial gunnery and flew disabled, captured and questionable aircraft with bolts and rivets flying from them because men were too valuable to risk. Of the nearly 1100 WASPs thirty-eight gave their lives for their country. The remains of one have never been recovered. When one was lost classmates chipped in to pay to have them transported home for burial as they were considered by the government to be civilians. When the program was abruptly ended in 1944, 60 million miles later, they got the "Thanks of a Grateful Nation". Their records were classified, and sealed, they received no veterans benefits, were disrespected, ignored and forgotten. Groups like the American Legion denied them membership. Less than 30 of the original 1100 are still alive.

Finally, in 1974 Congress gave them the status of veterans and in 2010 they were awarded a special Congressional Gold Medal.



Dorothy Olsen stands atop a P-38, one of the planes she ferried during World War II as a Women's Airforce Service Pilot. She felt the P-38 was a plane an old woman could fly and preferred the P-51 which "you had stay on top of". She died in August of 2019 at the age of 103. (Courtesy photo)



Women Airforce Service Pilots, left to right, Frances Green, Margaret Kirchner, Ann Waldner and Blanche Osborn at Lockbourne Army Air Field, Ohio, 1944. These women pilots were some of the first to ferry B-17 "Flying Fortress" bombers. Theirs was "Pistol Packing Mama" and they carried parachutes that were not fitted for them. If used, they might blow right off them.

## A Tale of Friendship and Fidelity

Elizabeth MacKethan Magid entered the September, 1943 class of the Women Airforce Service Pilots at Avenger Field in Sweetwater, TX. There she became very close to another WASP named Marie Michelle Robinson. There, in the perilous days of training and war they exchanged a promise—if anything happened to either of them, the other would go to be with the bereaved mother at the funeral. As youth will neither thought they would have to fulfill such a grim pact.

After graduation Elizabeth was sent to Cochrane Field, GA. There she flew overhauled basic and advanced trainers, risking her life to make sure it checked out—conventional wisdom holding that it the Army couldn't risk an able-bodied man's life testing a suspect plane. She remembers ferrying one with another WASP : "We were flying side-by-side, and nuts and bolts were literally popping off and flying by. All we did was hold our thumbs up and say, 'We're still here!' As long as she was giving me that sign, I knew we were ok."

Meanwhile, Marie had been stationed at Victorville Air Force Base in California flying twin-engine bombers. In October, 1944 , while piloting a B-5 with two male crewmembers, Marie's plane stalled, went into a flat spin and crashed, killing all aboard. Marie was only 20 years old. Elizabeth was devastated but as she continued to fly her missions she dreamed her friend was there with her amongst the cumulus clouds she flew through. While awaiting transportation to the Memorial Service she wrote *Celestial Flight* which has become required reading when a WASP makes her "final flight". It is also read at the annual Homecoming Memorial in Sweetwater after tolling the bell 38 times for those who paid it all during WW II. Elizabeth arrived at the funeral, fulfilling her promise to her dead friend, and gave the poem to Marie's mother. Marie gave her life for her country and was sent home in a simple box with the transportation paid by her family. She was not given a flag to drape her coffin and no military honors.

### CELESTIAL FLIGHT

She is not dead -  
But only flying higher,  
Higher than she's flown before,  
And earthly limitations  
Will hinder her no more.

There is no service ceiling,  
Or any fuel range,  
And there is no anoxia,  
Or need for engine change.  
Thank God that now her flight can be  
To heights her eyes had scanned,  
Where she can race with comets,  
And buzz the rainbow's span.

For she is universal  
Like courage, love and hope,  
And all free, sweet emotions  
Of vast and godly scope.

And understand a pilot's Fate  
Is not the thing she fears,  
But rather sadness left behind,  
Your heartbreak and your tears

So all you loved ones, dry your eyes,  
Yes, it is wrong that you should grieve,  
For she would love your courage more,  
And she would want you to believe

She is not dead.  
You should have known  
That she is only flying higher,  
Higher than she's ever flown.



Elizabeth MacKethan Magid, Veteran, Hero, and author of "Celestial Flight," which she penned for her friend who died for her country.



Marie Michell Robinson, who gave her life for her country at the tender age of 20.



Fifinella (Fifi)

The logo of the WASPs—created and copyrighted by Walt Disney



Some of the artifacts found at Marie Mitchell Robinson's B-25 crash site

# Final Flight:



## Col (Ret) W. Bruce Wilder

It is with great sadness in our hearts, but the joy and comfort of our faith, that we announce the passing of Col. (Ret) W. Bruce Wilder into a new life on Wednesday, September 15, 2021 at Holston Valley Medical Center. Bruce was born in Page, KY in a log house built by his father. They moved to Kingsport, TN in his early teens and he was a 1955 graduate of Dobyns-Bennett High School where his photo can be found in their Hall of Fame. He began his college years at Georgia Tech on a basketball scholarship but transferred to Davidson College where he was also blessed to receive a basketball scholarship. Following graduation and with a young son and wife, Bruce went on active duty in the Army where he spent 28 years flying in service to his country which included 2 combat tours in Vietnam flying attack helicopters. For his actions he received the Silver Star, the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross and 2 Air Medals with "V" Device. He retired in 1987 after serving as Director of Army Aviation Health and Safety.

Following retirement, Bruce attended Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary and upon ordination accepted a call to become the Mission Developer of what is today the growing and vibrant Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church in Haymarket, VA. His last call prior to full retirement was as senior pastor of St. Andrew Lutheran Church in St. Petersburg, FL. Bruce never met a stranger and folks were drawn to him everywhere he went. He loved to travel, play card games and work on his book for his boys! He was a very proud recipient of more than one Paul Harris Award and past president of his Kingsport Rotary Club. From his children (biological or step) through 26 grands and 24 ½ great-grands who called him 'granddad', he was beloved.

Bruce was a longtime member of the ARA, the Association Chaplain and member of the Board.

Bruce is survived by his wife, Patricia Wright Patten Wilder; sons, W. Bruce Jr. (Kirsten), R. Shannon, and Mark A. (Christy) Wilder; stepsons, George (Donna), Michael, Joel (Betsy), Steven (Tracey), and Mark Patten; his precious sisters, Barbara Gillespie and Jean (Gerald) Winstead; and many very special nieces and nephews.

A Memorial Service will be planned for March 2022 to honor what would be his 85th birthday.

In lieu of flowers, contributions would be gratefully recognized to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, 501 St. Jude Place, Memphis, TN 38105, [www.stjude.org/donate](http://www.stjude.org/donate), or to the Veterans organization of your choice.



## William "Bill" Foster Baskett

William Foster Baskett (Bill), age 74, died June 20, 2021 at Medical City Denton. He is now pain free after a long battle with cancer.

Bill was born on December 5, 1946 to Max and Dorothy Baskett. He married Catheryn Thien Nguyen on June 17, 1972 in Bedford, Texas. They have three children and five grandchildren.

He graduated high school from Pearland, Texas. He attended Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, Florida and graduated from there in 1976.

Bill served in the Army for 21 years as a pilot. He is a Vietnam War Veteran. Retired as a CW4 in 1990, then moved to Lake Kiowa where he lived for 31 years. He started a second career as a pilot with Delta Connection for 15 years.

Bill's hobbies included fishing, camping, wood work, 3D printing, reading and always willing to provide service to his neighbors when called upon.

He is survived by his loving wife of 49 years, Cathy Baskett, his older brother Robert Baskett, his younger brother Bruce Baskett (Emily Untermeyer); his children Joseph Baskett (Connie) and Brian Baskett; his grandchildren Jacob, Sarah, Matthew and Rachel Baskett; his sister-in-law Ngoc Tran (Chau Lam); his nephews Rob Baskett (Holly), their son Brady Baskett, and Brad Baskett.

He is preceded in death by his parents Max and Dorothy Baskett; his mother in-law, Ba T. Dang; his daughter, Sandy Baskett and grandson, Andrew Baskett.

He will be greatly missed by his family, friends and neighbors.

A memorial service was held at the First Baptist Church of Gainesville on Saturday, July 31, 2021 at 10:00 AM



Bill and I flew many missions together. He was Blue Max 18 and one of the truly great ones. He served with Blue Max C/2/20 Aerial Artillery and F Battery, 79<sup>th</sup> Aerial Artillery, First Air Cavalry Division.—Art Jetter

Bill is sitting on the wing of his Cobra We are pointing at 23mm cannon holes. Both of our Cobras were hit by it. Bill took out the 23mm site before heading for home. - Art



## Chaplain's Corner

*Editors Note: The untimely death of our beloved Chaplain creates a loss and a shortage. This "Corner" appeared in the last edition but it so captures the love and the spirit of our departed friend that I am running it again. Read it slowly, carefully and let its depth pour over you. Next month we will have one that he shared with Jesse Hobby before his tragic encounter with COVID.*

### "GRACE AFTER THE RAIN STORM"

I love to hear the rain. I envision God watering the earth and life continuing to be nourished as we see the growth of flowers, plants, and trees. Maybe you've heard the 1557 phrase of the English poet and farmer, Thomas Tusser, "Sweet April showers do bring May flowers." Sometimes the rain provides a reminder of God's grace. For others, rain may be equated with the 1971 Carpenters singing, "Rainy Days and Mondays always get me down." No matter how you view rain, we can all agree rain happens. It's part of life.



While a student at Davidson College in 1956, our on-campus married-student housing flooded and ruined all the flooring and had us living in other housing for several weeks. We even had shoes floating out of the bedroom into the hallway! In sharing this with my Bible professor, he reminded me of the words of the prophet Isaiah: "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you." (Isaiah 43:2). I felt overwhelmed while seeing and experiencing the damage the flood had caused. It was then I was reminded of a scripture reading from 2 Corinthians 12:9, "And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for you, for power is made perfect in weakness. So, I will boast all the more gladly of my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may dwell in me."

There is Grace after the rain storm. I believe we can all find joy before, during, and after the storms of life. Jesus promised to always be with us. Jesus knows what it is to suffer. His death on the cross has provided the hope we have in life eternal. So whether it is rain and hail or snow and sleet, Jesus life, death, and resurrection gives us the assurance that we may find happiness and peace through the celebration we share.

Peace and health,  
Chaplain Bruce Wilder

\*\*\*\*\*

As we have reported earlier, Gary Adams, of A/B Batt. "66-67, has been fighting a courageous and uncomplaining battle with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (Lou Gehring's Disease). It would be good if we who knew him, and those who might not, could send him a note of encouragement, friendship and a sincere promise for prayer for his last days.

As if ALS wasn't enough, Gary fell and was in great pain for a few days. Finally went to the hospital where they found a broken hip... surgery. Recovery has been slow and painful. On phone, he sounds weak and frail. His spiritual connection is as strong as ever., but his morale is failing, I fear. He is ready to go meet Jesus!

The last address we know of is 5150 E. Comish Drive, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.  
adamsinidaho@gmail.com (208) 522-3755



Rodger McAllister and Gary Adams are still flying (before the fall—not related to it).



Gary can still find a pretty girl!

Joe Galloway's Celebration of Life program was at 1300, Saturday, September 18th at:  
First Baptist Church 200 Branchview Drive SE Concord, NC 28025

# Ladies of the Association

Once again, at the request of our President and our esteemed Editor, I'm submitting some humor for the better half of our population.

## A TEST THAT MOST MEN WILL FAIL – MISERABLY!!!!

I got this from my local newspaper and edited it a good bit, perhaps more than a good bit, taking out the parts that weren't fit for a superior publication like the "Straphanger."

If you find this offensive, sexist or not funny, I accept no responsibility. If you find it hilarious, I take full credit.

Basically, below is a quiz that measures how well men are treating their special lady friend, using an easy-to-follow point system of merit/demerit that I really don't understand at all. He will be graded by you - that special lady friend! Feel free to combine scores from the various groups to arrive at his total score or whatever score you choose to give him.

### SIMPLE DUTIES:

He makes the bed .....	+1
He made the bed but forgot to add the decorative pillows....	0
He threw the bedspread over ruffled sheets.....	-1
He left the toilet seat up.....	-1
He actually replaced the empty toilet paper roll .....	+1
He resorted to Kleenex when the toilet paper roll was empty	-1
He used another bathroom that had toilet paper .....	-2
He checks out suspicious activity at night .....	0
He checks out a suspicious activity and it is nothing .....	0
He checks out a suspicious activity and it is something .....	+5
He pummels it with a six iron .....	+10
He pummeled one of your plants .....	-40

### AT A PARTY:

He stays by your side the entire party .....	0
He stays by your side for a while, then leaves to chat with an old college buddy .....	-2
The old college buddy is named Tiffany .....	-4
Tiffany is an exotic dancer .....	-10

### YOUR BIRTHDAY:

He remembers your birthday .....	+1
He bought you a card and flowers .....	+2
He takes you out to dinner .....	+5
He takes you out to dinner and it's not a sports bar .....	+8
He takes you out to dinner and it is a sports bar .....	-8
He takes you out to dinner, it is a sports bar and it's all you can eat night .....	-8
He takes you out to dinner, it is a sports bar, it's all you can eat night, and your face is painted the colors of his favorite team .....	-16

### HE HAS A NIGHT OUT WITH THE BOYS:

He goes out with a pal .....	0
The pal is happily married .....	+1
The pal is single .....	-7
He drives a Corvette .....	-10

### HE TAKES YOU OUT FOR THE EVENING:

He takes you to a movie .....	+2
He takes you to a movie you like .....	+4
He takes you to a movie that you hate .....	-6
He takes you to a movie that he likes .....	-2
It's called "Death Cop 3" .....	-3
It features Cyborgs that eat humans .....	-9
He lied and said it was a foreign film about orphans .....	-15

HIS PHYSIQUE:

- He has developed a noticeable belly ..... -15
- He has developed a noticeable belly and exercises to get rid of it ..... +15
- He has developed a noticeable belly and resorts to loose pants and baggy Hawaiian shirts ..... -30
- He says "It doesn't matter, you have one also"..... -800

THE BIG QUESTION:

- You ask "Does this dress make me look fat?" He hesitates in responding ..... 0
- He says "Where?" ..... -35
- He says "No, I think it's your butt." ..... -100
- Any other response he makes ..... -200

COMMUNICATION:

- You want to talk about a problem and he listens, displaying concern ..... +10
- He relates to your problem and shares a similar experience ..... +100
- He listens for over 30 minutes ..... +50
- He listens for more than 30 minutes without staring at the TV ..... +100
- You suddenly realize that the reason he appears to be listening intently is because he has fallen asleep ..... -200

My husband didn't fare to well – how about yours!

Gloria Hobby  
Falconess 6X

Email addresses for the ladies

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Replacement TBA

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\*\*\*\*\*

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 70 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car. The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant and I don't have acne. Life is great. I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now.

Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mothers. Now they drink like their fathers.

I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. I decided to stop calling the bathroom "John" and renamed it the "Jim". I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning.

Old age is coming at a really bad time.

When I was a child I thought "nap time" was a punishment. Now it feels like a small vacation.

The biggest lie I tell myself is... " I don't have to write that down, I'll remember it".

I don't have gray hair... I have "wisdom highlights"! I'm just very wise.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees.

Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet.

Why do I have to press one for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway?

Of course, I talk to myself. Sometimes I need expert advice.

At my age "Getting Lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.



ORDER FORM FOR APPAREL, CAPS, PATCHES, STICK-ONS

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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

CAPS, Men's, come in one size (has adjustable headband) and will have the ARA Logo embroidered on the front and can have your name on the right side and call sign on the left side, if desired. Cost will be \$10.00

Print name as you want it to appear: \_\_\_\_\_

Print call sign as you want it to appear: \_\_\_\_\_

CAPS, Women's, come in one size and in two (2) styles – Short brim and low profile or as a Headband (both have adjustable headband) and will have the ARA Logo embroidered on the front and can have your name on the right side, if desired. If you would like to give yourself a call sign such as DRAGON LADY, LADY TORO, GRIFFIN MISTRESS, BLUE MAX MISTRESS, FALCONESS that can be put on the left sign. Cost will be \$10.00

Print name as you want it to appear: \_\_\_\_\_

Print call sign as you want it to appear: \_\_\_\_\_

Shirts for men and women are available in sizes Small, Medium, Large, 2XL, 3XL, 4XL, and 5XL and will have the ARA Logo embroidered on the left side.

Men's Polo Shirt(s) - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$20.00 = \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
# ordered

Women's Polo Shirt(s) - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$20.00 = \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
# ordered

Women's Long or 3/4 Sleeve Button Shirt(s) - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$25.00 = \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
# ordered

Patches, Cloth - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$5.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
Specify Unit

Bumper Stickers - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$2.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
Specify Unit

Patches, Stickers - \_\_\_\_\_ X \$1.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
Specify Unit

Please add 7% GA ST and \$14.35 shipping charge to your order:

**TOTAL =** \_\_\_\_\_

**Send form and check(s) made payable to ARA ASSOCIATION to:**

**ARA ASSOCIATION**

**c/o Jesse Hobby**

**145 Oakdale Rd.**

**Cairo, GA 39828**



## AERIAL ROCKET ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

### Membership Application/Renewal Form

This form may be used for Applying for New Membership or for Renewing Existing Membership. Please circle that which is appropriate.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Wife's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Rank \_\_\_\_\_ Membership Number \_\_\_\_\_

(At time of service in ARA)

(If known)

Retired Rank (if applicable) \_\_\_\_\_ Service Number \_\_\_\_\_

List all ARA Units that you served in.

<u>Battery/Battalion</u>	<u>Dates of Service</u>	<u>Call Sign</u>
_____	From mo/yr to mo/yr	_____
_____	From mo/yr to mo/yr	_____

Current Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Street or PO Box

\_\_\_\_\_

City

State

Zip Code

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

Home

Work (if okay)

Cell

E-Mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_

**Association membership is on an annual basis (unless member opts for life membership) running from January 1 to December 31 and is past due on January 31.**

Annual dues are **\$25.00** regardless of when submitting.

Life membership (if paid in full) is **\$250.00**. Life membership may also be paid in **\$50.00** installments on a quarterly basis until paid in full.

Total amount enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ (Please indicate in remarks section of check whether this is Initial Membership, Membership Renewal, Life Membership in full, Life Membership payment #.

Mail completed application to:

Aerial Rocket Artillery Association

C/O Jesse Hobby

For Office Use Only

145 Oakdale Rd.

Cairo, GA 39828

Check # \_\_\_\_\_

Check Date \_\_\_\_\_

Amount \_\_\_\_\_

Date Rcvd \_\_\_\_\_

Web address – [www.araassociation.com](http://www.araassociation.com)