



The Straphanger Gazette



Volume 3 Issue 3

Find us on the web @<http://www.aerial-rocket-artillery.org>

Jan., Feb., Mar., 2011



“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. A copy can also be obtained from the “members only” section on the web site.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL GOD BLESS US EVERYONE

“ President’s Corner



The final quarter of 2010 is rapidly drawing to a close and only the Christmas Holidays and New Year’s remain. It’s hard to believe that 45 years ago many of us were spending that first Christmas in Vietnam and that six more would follow before the Griffins, Dragons, Toros, and Blue Max came home to stay. So, I would like to say “Merry Christmas” to all and hope that you have a “Happy New Year” and “See you in Charleston.”

Reunion 2011 is rapidly approaching and we already have some members signed up. We are having some technical difficulties with www.ara-reunion.org web site, so for information go to the “**Reunion Extra**” at www.aerial-rocket-artillery.org or contact me by phone or e-mail (see BOD Directory). Since publication of the “Reunion Extra” we also have additional information to pass on to members.

First – We will have two (2) Guest Speakers - MG (Ret) Morris J. Brady and LTC (Ret) Larry McKay. MG Brady was XO, 3/377/11th AAD, XO and Cmdr 2/20/1st Cav Div, and Cmdr Div Arty, 1st Cav Div. He will speak on early history of ARA at Ft. Benning and early actions of ARA in Vietnam. LTC McKay was Cmdr of F/79th during the pivotal battle of An Loc in 1972 where ARA blunted the NVA Spring Offensive.

Second – We are attempting to initiate a Silent Auction at the final gathering on Saturday night. So far we have the following items: Two (2) Certificates for two night stays in Suites at the Best Western Downtown Inn Charleston (valued at \$400 - \$600 each), some Original Landscape/Seascape Prints donated by Ray Hatfield (how many of you knew that he was an artist?) and a forty-five (45) year old bottle of “Crown Royal” donated by Asa Talbot. We hope to have some other items by Reunion Time. Monies raised will go to the Association.

Third – For you baseball fans, the Hotel Manager has secured four (4) box seat tickets to the Charleston River Dogs games each night during the Reunion. The stadium is just around the corner from the hotel and gives a wonderful view of sunsets over the Ashley River. These will be available on a **first COME** basis.

It has been brought to the Board of Directors attention that several Articles of the Aerial Rocket Artillery Association By-Laws are in need of revision.

The first of these is **ARTICLE II – Organization: Section 1.**

This Section currently reads: The Association is organized under the provisions of Section 501(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986, as amended, and will abide by all conditions therein pursuant of the purposes in Article. I.

This Section shall be changed to read: The Association is organized under the provisions of **Section 501(3)(c) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954**, as amended, and will abide by all conditions therein pursuant of the purposes in Article. I.

Second revision is to **ARTICLE II – Membership: Section 1. A.**

This Section currently reads: **Regular Membership** is expressly and primarily reserved for those who served in the United States Army Aerial Rocket Artillery units during the Vietnam Era – including 3rd Battalion/377th Artillery, 11th Air Assault Division from 1963 – 1965, 2nd Battalion, 20th Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division from 1965 – 1971, 4th Battalion/77th Artillery, 101st Airborne Division from 1968 – 1972, “F” Battery, 79 Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division from 1971 through 1972 and 1974.

This Section shall be changed to read: **Regular Membership** is expressly and primarily reserved for those who served in the United States Army Aerial Rocket Artillery units during the Vietnam Era – including “C” Battery, 2nd Battalion/42nd Artillery, 11th Air Assault Division 1963, 3rd Battalion/377th Artillery, 11th Air Assault Division from 1963 – 1965, 2nd Battalion, 20th Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division from 1965 – 1971, 4th Battalion/77th Artillery, 101st Airborne Division from 1968 – 1972, “F” Battery, 79 Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division from 1971 through 1972 and 1974.

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Jesse Hobby

ARA 6

Sugar Cookies

1 ½ c sugar
1 c butter
2 egg yolks
1 tsp cream of tartar or ½ tsp cream of tartar and 1/4 tsp of nutmeg
1 tsp baking soda
2 c flour
1 tsp vanilla
Cream butter and sugar.. Add egg yolks. Beat well. Add sifted flour, cream of tartar and baking soda.. Add vanilla. Roll into small balls and dip into sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 - 15 min. Yield:: 6 dozen small cookies or 3 dozen large cookies.

Our beloved Secretary is sharing his culinary secrets for the Christmas season. For a man of small stature he has a large appetite. Sugar cookies are his favorite.

Chocolate Chip Cookies

1 ½ cup Crisco
¾ cup brown sugar
1 ½ cup white sugar
2 tsp vanilla
3 eggs (beaten)
3 cups flour
1 ½ tsp baking soda
1 ½ tsp salt
12 oz Chocolate chips
Bake at 375 for 10 min

Cowboy Cookies

Blend together 2 cups shortening
2 cups white sugar
2 cups brown sugar
2 tsp vanilla
Add 4 eggs
Beat
Add 4 cups flour
2 tsp baking soda
1 tsp salt
1 tsp baking powder
4 cups rolled oats
12 oz. Chocolate chips
Drop or roll in balls
Bake at 350 for 15 min.

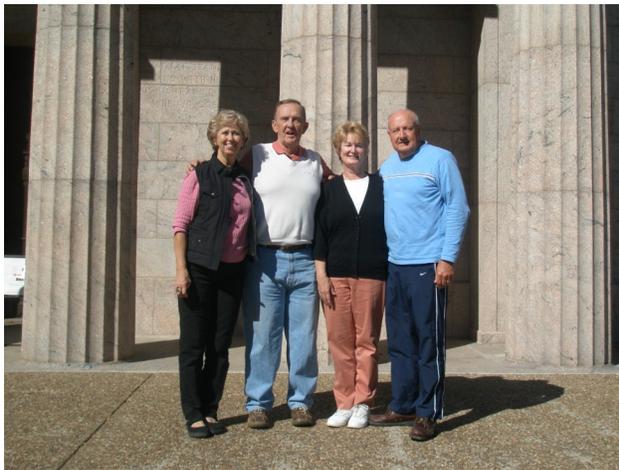
Past President Holiday Letter –

Another time—Another Place

Reunions aren't just for once a year...

Ray Hatfield – An Khe April 1966

Since Ft. Rucker, I have been enriched by the memories of our flying days, our enduring friendships, and the opportunity to once again serve the ARA.....this last time as your President. My biggest personal joy at the reunions is seeing the men I served with, and subsequently staying in contact with them throughout the year. As a result, Marilyn and I had a great visit from California to the Bluegrass State by Allan and Kay Klinker. We ate and laughed and talked and, of course, indulged in the southern hospitality of Kentucky including a visit to **Abe Lincoln's birth place in Hodgenville, KENTUCKY**. Yes, Kentucky -NOT Illinois. They claim him and I think have a much better marketing department with their license plate business. In the photo are Allan and Kay along with Marilyn and me. These personal reunions get me charged up to see everyone again in May.



Tent Living – An Khe 1965-66



We wish you all the happiest Christmas and look forward to 2011 when we will spend time together in Charleston .

Rodger McAlister

.....The Wisdom of Experience and Survival
Contributed by Larry Mobley

1. As an aviator in flight, you can do anything you want—as long as it is right—and we will let know if it is right after you get down.
2. You can't fly forever without getting killed.
3. As a pilot only two bad things can happen to you.....and one of them will. One day you will walk out to the aircraft knowing it will be your last flight in an airplane.

One day you will walk out to the aircraft not knowing it is your last flight in an airplane.

To be continued



ARA Flight Line An Khe 1965-66

Photo by Jerry Barnes

It Really Did Work!—the proving of a difficult weapon system.

Editor's Note: This story was told by LTC Jim Ford in an article in the VHPA magazine, and this is the tale told by the missileman himself. Both sources are used. We are grateful for the service and the story.

Old photos bring back old memories and I would like to dedicate this story to the three men who flew it with me and ultimately gave all in the crash of Dave Borgeson's aircraft.

In March of 1966 I joined the A Batt. 2/20th ARA just about the time that many of the "originals" were getting short. I was an artillery officer and worked hard learning to fly gunships in Vietnam.

In late April or early May, we received some French SS-11 anti-tank missiles which were wire guided. Somehow, they were assigned to my section and it became my job to make them work. Although an effective weapon, the SS-11 was a bear to maintain and to shoot accurately, depending on a steady hand and hundreds of feet of steel wire to get it was supposed to go. Our maintenance and avionics people spent hours reading wiring diagrams. Then we would take them up to see what would happen.

The original design installation of the SS-11 required removal of the 24-rocket pods from an UH-1B and replacement with three SS-11 wire guides. This was



“ The Maxwell system on a “hog”

from B Batt. 2/20th, developed what was dubbed the Maxwell system which allowed a mix of 18 rockets and two SS-11's on each side.

I'd fired about 30 or 40 missiles, mostly in training or against some old bunkers, when on October 9, 1966 we received what proved to be a very “dicey” mission.

The target was an alleged enemy CP located on a rocky peninsula north of Quin Nhon. Naval patrol ships had been taking fire from the area and there had been considerable VC activity seen. A First Cav LRRP team was sent in to investigate. While moving along the beach front they were engaged with fire from above and pinned down, clinging to the rocky ledges for cover. The Air Force was called in but could not engage the narrow “pillbox” without endangering the LRRP's. Our BN Cmdr, LTC Morris J. Brady sent us in with the advisory to be careful of the LRRP's.

CWO Alex (Alejanro) Makintaya flew the aircraft, Robert Smith was the CE and James Herrera was the gunner, and I flew the wire guided missile.

We orbited about 1/2 mile out until we had a



positive ID and clearance to fire. We were looking at a rectangular opening about 3 ft. high and 8 ft. wide in the face of

a solid rock cliff several ft. high.

We launched the first missile from about 800 meters out and tracked the course from the exhaust and the direction of the wires for what seemed an eternity. We stayed on track until the last minute, when a sudden bit of turbulence caused the rocket to impact about a foot high and a foot to the right of the opening. All this time we had to keep the aircraft as level and stable as possible because the missile control gyros and the joy stick are in our aircraft. That critical teamwork between pilot and missileman are what make the SS-11 so tricky to use.

Naturally, all this time the VC are shooting at us, plus knowing the LRRP's were in deep “stuff” and with a cast of thousands watching (sphincter wrenching situations always attract “brass”): well, it was anything but dull in that Charlie model.

Alex and I roused each other for many months after that about the mild turbulence vs. who flinched and what caused the first shot to miss, but he was a very good pilot and was cold as ice that day.

On our second pass Smith and Herrera knew where to fire so they tried to suppress the 12.7mm gunners with their M60's. Alex went on instruments ...so we know for sure who flinched. The second shot ran hot and straight and normal. Smitty, Herrera and I all saw the tail fins shear off as the round entered the mouth of the natural bunker...but...nothing happened.

After forever and lot of swearing “Oh no, a dud”

this “Guns of Navarrone” type fireball appeared and Herrera took this picture and later talked with the LRRP's when they returned.



The LRRP's got into the cave. Apparently, the

missile went clear to the back wall—in the midst of their ammo cache—and the carnage was horrendous. They reported 102 body count and 55 VC in a neighboring cave surrendered and became “Chieu Hoi’s”. (See p 137 of the 1st Cav History, 1965-1969 publication). There were no heroes that day—simply soldiers all willing to go back a second time and do it right.

Smitty and Herrera were still on that same aircraft on January 24, 1967 when it was flown by CPT William Hingston, a West Pointer and a good friend. I was flying wing on them that day helping check Bill out as a team leader. The front of the ship took a lot of fire, they crashed and only the badly injured co-pilot, CPT Dave Borgeson, survived. Sometime before, Herrera had given me the roll of film to get developed and that is how I came to have the pictures. Sadly, Alex was killed on Sept. 11, 1971, during his second tour. So, you see, I am the only one left to narrate this history, share these pictures, and dedicate it to those brave men who have gone ahead. Rodger McAlister, Falcon 27A
March 1966-67

Footnotes.

In the early days of the war there were few SS-11 missions. However, this one created a popularity which led to many calls for the tricky but deadly SS-11.

One day Rodger was in a supermarket in Louisville, KY when he noted a man wearing a 1st Cav baseball cap. Rodger mentioned that he had been a member of the ARA with the Cav in 1966-67 and the stranger started telling Rodger about the SS-11 mission he had witnessed on the coast of Vietnam in 1966. His name was Jesse Glance and he had been a CPT with the 1/9th blue team and actually went into the cave. He was flabbergasted when Rodger told him he had fired the missile. Small world.

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NOTICE: Membership is on a calendar year basis. If you have not re-up'd by 1/31/11 you will have “expired”. Send your dues in now and beat the rush! Applications are on p. 15 & 16

.....More Wisdom of Experience and Survival

4. Any flight over water in a single engine airplane will absolutely guarantee abnormal engine noises and vibrations.

5. There are Rules and there are Laws. The rules are made by men who think that they know better how to fly your airplane than you. The Laws (of Physics) were made by the Great One. You can, and sometimes should, suspend the Rules but you can never suspend the Laws.

To be continued:

**DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING-----
NAPOLITANO SAID JUST LAST WEEK
THAT OUR BORDERS ARE SAFER THAN ANY
OTHER TIME IN HISTORY!**

JANET INCOMPETANO ARE YOU LISTENING?

Helloooooooooooooooooooooo Is there ANYONE at TSA with a brain???????????

As the Chalk Leader for my flight home from Afghanistan, I witnessed the following:

When we were on our way back from Afghanistan, we flew out of Baghram Air Field. We went through customs at BAF, full body scanners (no groping), had all of our bags searched, the whole nine yards.

Our first stop was Shannon, Ireland to refuel. After that, we had to stop at Indianapolis, Indiana to drop off about 100 folks from the Indiana National Guard. That's where the stupid started.

First, everyone was forced to get off the plane—even though the plane wasn't refueling again. All 330 people got off that plane, rather than let the 100 people from the ING get off. We were filed from the plane to a holding area. No vending machines, no means of escape. Only a male/female latrine.

It's probably important to mention that we were ALL carrying weapons. Everyone was carrying an M4 Carbine (rifle) and some, like me, were also carrying an M9 pistol. Oh, and our gunners had M-240B machine guns. Of course, the weapons weren't loaded. And we had been cleared of all ammo well before we even got to customs at Baghram, then AGAIN at customs.

The TSA personnel at the airport seriously considered making us unload all of the baggage from the SECURE cargo hold to have it re-inspected.

Keep in mind, this cargo had been unpacked, inspected piece by piece by U.S. Customs officials, resealed and had bomb-sniffing dogs give it a one-hour run through. After two hours of sitting in this holding area, the TSA decided not to re-inspect our cargo—just to inspect us again: soldiers on the way home from war, who had already been inspected, re-inspected and kept in a SECURE holding area for 2 hours. Ok, whatever!

So we lined up to go through security AGAIN.

This is probably another good time to remind you all that all of us were carrying actual assault rifles, and some of us were also carrying pistols.

So we're in line, going through one at a time. One of our soldiers had his Gerber multi-tool. TSA confiscated it. Kind of ridiculous, but it gets better.

A few minutes later, a guy empties his pockets and has a pair of nail clippers. Nail clippers. TSA informs

the Soldier that they're going to confiscate his nail clippers. The conversation went something like this:

TSA Guy: You can't take those on the plane.

Soldier: What? I've had them since we left country.

TSA Guy: You're not suppose to have them.

Soldier: Why?

TSA Guy: They can be used as a weapon.

Soldier: [touches butt stock of the rifle] But this actually is a weapon. and I'm allowed to take it on.

TSA Guy: Yeah but you can't use it to take over the plane. You don't have bullets.

Soldier: And I can take over the plane with nail clippers?

TSA Guy: [awkward silence]

Me: Dude, just give him your damn nail clippers so we can get the hell out of here. I'll buy you a new set.

Soldier: [hands nail clippers to TSA guy, makes it through security]

To top it off, the TSA demanded we all be swabbed for "explosive residue" detection. Everyone failed, [go figure, we just came home from a war zone], because we tested positive for "Gun Powder Residue". Who the HELL is hiring these people?

This might be a good time to remind everyone that approximately 233 people re-boarded that plane with assault rifles, pistols, and machine guns-but nothing that could have been used as a weapon.

Can someone please tell me What in the HELL happened to OUR country while we were gone?

Sgt. "Mad Dog" Tracy

Any one of those 233 Soldiers could have made mince meat out of that TSA person with just their bare hands, in about three to four seconds flat. They do not need a nail clipper or anything else when push comes to shove.

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.....More Wisdom of Experience and Survival

6. More about Rules

The rules are a good place to hide if you don't have a better idea and the talent to execute it. If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance (e.g., if you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge).

7. The pilot is the highest form of life on earth.

8. The ideal pilot is the perfect blend of discipline and aggressiveness.

9. About check rides

The only real objective of a check ride is to complete it and get the bastard out of your airplane. It has never occurred to any flight examiner that the examinee couldn't care less what the examiner's opinion of his flying ability really is.

To be continued .

VP's THOUGHTS

"Old Acquaintances Renewed"

Recently I had the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances from my Vietnam, Command and General Staff College, and Pentagon days. The first was when LTC Larry McKay accepted a telephone request to be our Guest Speaker at our Charleston Reunion on May 18-22, 2011, and the second was when I received an acceptance from General and Mrs. (Jo) Morris J. Brady to be our Honored Guests.

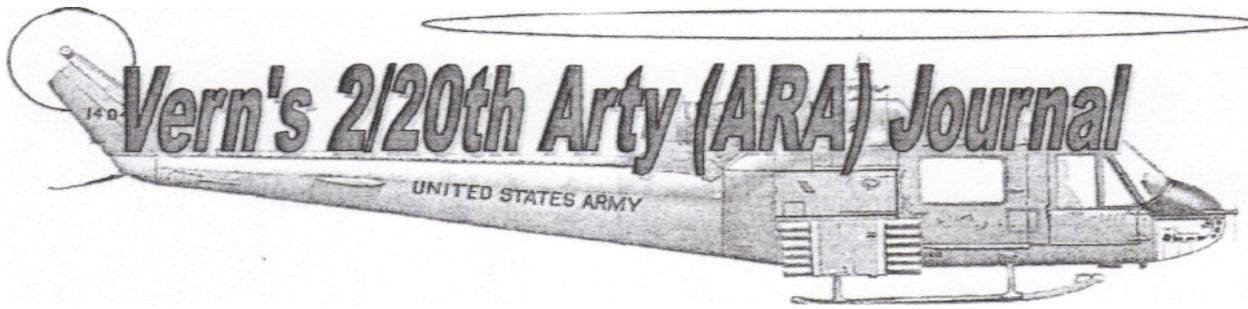
It had been over 35 years since I had seen General Brady. We shared a spot at the Pentagon Athletic Center as our lockers were across from each other. During our lunch break work outs we would reminisce about the early days of ARA at Fort Benning, GA and An Khe, South Vietnam. This recent contact brought to mind the fact that General Brady was one of the few of us who was present during the early formation and development of the innovative tactics and techniques for employment in our first combat engagements. He always spoke highly of this time in ARA.

I can remember the afternoon in 1966 when we were called for a fire mission east of An Khe and south of Bong Son where the Viet Cong had ambushed an infantry unit and were taking soldiers prisoner. When I arrived on station with my old friend from Korea, Jim Ford, who was on one of his first combat missions, we began a battle that lasted until almost midnight. General Brady was on station the entire mission with time down only to refuel and rearm. The details of that memorable mission could be the beginning of a wonderful evening listening to General Brady speak of early ARA days and the last commander of ARA in Vietnam, LTC Larry McKay, our Guest Speaker, talking about the last major battle at An Loc.

These become the bookends of ARA South Vietnam. I know that I am anxiously awaiting my next exchange with my ARA Commanding Officer, General Brady and my long time military friend, LTC Larry McKay.

Make your reservations now to be a part of this great event!

**Bruce Wilder
Vice President and Chaplain**



Editor's Note: This article was submitted by CWO Vern Estes after the 1010 Reunion in Bozeman, MT. The Association is extreme grateful to CWO Estes for what is not a remembrance but an actual journal that he kept during his tour in 1965-1966 as a member of the First Team. Names and places are presented which are the history of one of the most unique units ever to serve in the U.S. Army. There was never one like it before and probably will never be one like it again.

If there are other journals in existence, please share these with the Straphanger and George Govignon, Association Historian.



I transferred from HQ & HQ Company, 1st Brigade, 2nd Infantry Division to "B" Battery 3/377th Artillery, 11th Air Assault Division (Test) June 30, 1965. The 11th Air Assault Division was deactivated in July 1965. The 1st Cavalry Division colors were transferred from Korea and reactivated at Fort Benning, Georgia as the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) (commonly referred to as the Air Cav Division) in July 1965.



My unit became "B" Battery 2/20* Artillery and was "Armed Falcon" and our aircraft nose art ing bolt in one paw and a 1st Cav Div patch in known to protect precious materials; I thought seemed appropriate to me.



I remained in the unit until April 1966. The unit call sign was a yellow Griffin with silver wings holding a red light-the other paw. The Griffin is a mythical beast that is that I qualified as precious material so the description

The entire Division deployed to the Republic of Vietnam (RVN) in August 1965. The troops, aircraft and material departed from several ports along the Atlantic coast; our unit departed from Savannah, Georgia and did not arrive at Qui Nhon, RVN until the 12th of September 1965.

A funny incident happened shortly after we left Savannah, there were several units on the ship and personnel were assigned to a cabin without regard to his unit. There was a young red headed Medical Service Corp lieutenant in our compartment and he slept for days. All personnel were required to report for roll call each morning on deck. The first few mornings the Lieutenant was absentafter about four days our compartment mate was present for roll call. When the Major conducting the roll call called the Lt's name and he heard the Lt say present. The Major controlled his frustration very well and said LT I have been reporting you AWOL then ask him; where the hell were you hiding? He replied that no one had told him there was going to be a roll call.

Our float plan was to sail through the Panama Canal, on to Hawaii and then to Vietnam. During the stop in Hawaii a "drunk front" moved through the area resulting in a few of us almost getting thrown into the Brig at Pearl Harbor. The problem was that about four of us wanted to borrow an admiral's launch that was tied up at the same pier as our ship. The Navy Petty Officer on the boat showed us the error of our ways and we only suffered hangovers the next day.

During the 30 days enroute to RVN, I gained several pounds. When it came time to disembark the ship my web belt could not be fastened but this condition was soon corrected; "C" rations were probably the most effective diet I have ever experienced. In fact after a couple of months I had lost so much weight that the Platoon Leader was worried that I had contracted some weird kind of Vietnamese bug.

The Division base camp was located at An Khe, RVN, which was in the II Corps Tactical Zone. The troops fondly name the base camp the "Golf Course" (later to be named Camp Radcliff). Our unit was transported by CH-47 Chinook Helicopters to the "Golf Course." Upon our arrival my first question was; where are the general purpose (GP) medium tents we were expecting to be set up by the advance party.

The sad fact was that we were packing our immediate housing, called "Pup Tents", and would remain in these fine military shelters for approximately 90 days. I am sorry that I did not take photos of the area after the good old American ingenuity surfacedthe area looked like a somewhat organized gypsy or hobo camp. I believe that in my 26 year military career this was the only time I observed two story pup tents.

After the unit received the GP medium tents the pilots agreed to buy wood from the Vietnamese and construct wood sides and floors. Because of the monsoon season it became necessary to elevate the tent floors and we used rocket packing casings to accomplish this. After a period of time we had added creature comforts like electricity which leads to my humorous story.

I decided that I would like to have wall plugs for a stereo system that I had; so I wired my area. I did not know much about wiring and wired a direct short into the system; so when I plugged the stereo into the wall socket all the lights in our area went out. I heard yelling and suddenly Bob Maxwell appeared and asked me what the hell I had done. I told him and he took one look at my work and said that if I needed any more plugs to make sure that I called him first.

A few days after arriving at An Khe some of the unit's crews were sent to Qui Nhon to pick up our aircraft and ferry them back to An Khe. Most of the aircraft were on board a jeep (small) carrier (I believe it was the USNS Croatan). The aircraft had been cocooned in a white plastic material and when they removed it part of the paint came off and it looked like either some weird camouflage scheme or that they had bad skin diseases. On the trip back we flew through An Khe Pass and there was aircraft wreckage on one side of the pass...never did find out if it was one of our aircraft or a French airplane.

We started flying unit training missions shortly after getting the aircraft airworthy. I remember that my first weapons firing was a disaster in that the first pair of rockets I fired missed the mountain I was trying to hit; maybe they fell on a VC after the fuel was expended.

Our aircraft was placed on standby next to the An Khe Airport runway and we responded from that position for the first few months at An Khe. Around October 1965, we started receiving fire missions and then the fun began. Our Battery Commander (Maj Norman Leikam) was killed within 45 days of us arriving in Vietnam. He was not killed by the VC but, by a US sentry near Pleiku.

On 6 October 1965 Captain Ken Williams and I were escorting other aircraft. During the mission we needed to refuel our aircraft (64-14053). After refueling we began our take-off. The aircraft commander Captain Williams decided that we would take-off over a 15 foot river embankment instead of our normal departure path. It was around noon time and the density altitude was high; therefore maintaining engine RPM was a problem in a hover.

When we flew over the embankment we lost the ground cushion effect (requiring less power) and the RPM began to decay resulting in a forced landing on a sand bar in the river. The touchdown was smooth. However, the left skid settled into an erosion ditch running across the sand bar causing the main rotor to hit the ground. After the dust settled the aircraft was laying on its left side and the engine was still running. Captain Williams was in the left seat and had to break out the windscreen to exit the aircraft. When he was clear, I released my safety harness and the armored seat (150 lbs) fell crashing into Captain Williams's seat. I exited the aircraft and discovered that the door gunner had disregarded his emergency training and released his seat belt prior to impact resulting in a major injury to his right arm ... no one else was injured.

To be continued:

More Remembrance of One Of Our Own.

Editors Note: In the last issue we remembered CPT Winston Terry Robinson, who died in a crash in 1968. The following came to me from Jerry Barnes, now of Plano, TX.

Terry Robinson was from Rector, AR. We met in flight school 66-14 in January, 1966. We graduated in September from Rucker and went immediately to Vietnam about October 19. From Camp Alpha we were assigned to the 1st Cav. On reaching An Khe we were both assigned to the 2/20th ARA.

Robbie was Infantry and as far as I know, the only non-artillery pilot in the BN. He said it was strange.

We drew C Batt. assignments. I went to the 1st Plt. and Robbie went to the 2nd Plt. Since Robbie was a CPT he became Plt. Ldr. (68). I was a 1LT. In early 1967 I went to 2nd Plt. as a section leader (68 0). We were in An Khe on Sept. 6, 1967. I had two reel-to-reel tape recorders and some prerecorded tapes. Robbie and I bunked together and he asked me to copy the tapes for him. I was blue section that day and was recording the tapes when OPS called and said the red section had launched and we were now hot. I was going to go to the flight line, but Robbie said he would go and sit hot while I continued copying. I heard them crank and leave.

In a little while someone from Ops. came in and said Robbie had been shot down and was at the hospital. Our S-3, Major Ralph Floyd, got me a jeep and driver and sent me to the hospital. When I got there and inquired, I was told Robbie had been killed. I was asked to ID the body and was taken to the morgue. They rolled out a slab and I identified my bunkmate. There was a hole about the size of a quarter right in the center of his forehead. The doctor, our Flight Surgeon, CPT Asa Talbot, said he had taken off his helmet and was getting ready to get out of the aircraft, 64-14028, when the bird exploded driving his head forward into the gun sight on the pilot's side. Dr. Talbot then showed me a boot with a foot still in it and a glove with three fingers of a hand still in it. He asked if I saw any markings I could recognize. I couldn't. He said the Peter Pilot had been taken to another hospital with back injuries. The Crew Chief was never found. They believed he was under the wreckage and burned to death.

The story was told that they were in a rocket run when the tail rotor and or 90 degree gear box separated from the aircraft. Robbie autorotated into the trees and rolled over on the left side. The bird caught fire. There was an insertion of blues from 1/9 in the LZ and several ran over to the aircraft to help, and as many as five died in the attempt when the bird exploded. You can read an eyewitness account by a pilot from 1/9 in his book, "Born in Brooklyn, Raised in the Cav."

I have thought about that day since it happened... the old story of "why him and not me". That day has

convinced me that everyone's life has a plan and when it is your time, you will go. I have a good friend, a two-tour Marine, who had a similar experience. He was standing next to fellow Marine when a sniper got his buddy. He said six inches more and it would have been him that got it. No use worrying about it, you can't do anything to alter the plan—just be ready.

Thanks for your interest and remembering and letting me tell my story.

Do You Know What This is or Where This is?



This statue currently stands outside the Iraqi Palace, now home to the 4th Infantry Division. It will eventually be shipped home and put in the memorial museum in Ft. Hood, TX.

The statue was created by an Iraqi artist named Kalat, who for years was forced by Saddam Hussein to make the hundreds of busts of Saddam which dotted Baghdad. Kalat was so grateful to the American's liberation of his country that he melted down three of the heads of the fallen Saddam and made the statue as a memorial to the American soldiers and their fallen warriors.

Kalat worked on this memorial night and day for several months.

To the left of the kneeling soldier is a small Iraqi girl giving comfort to the soldier as he mourns the loss of his comrade in arms.

Do you know why we don't hear about this in the news? Because it is heartwarming and praiseworthy.

The media avoids it because it does not have the shock effect. However, it means much to us that someone for whom great sacrifice has been made is at least a little grateful.

In keeping with the preceding story and this blessed season, this statement from an unlikely source speaks volumes about what we fought for and why we did it.

On Saturday, July 24th, the town of Prescott Valley, AZ, hosted a Freedom Rally. Quang Nguyen was asked to speak on his experience of coming to America and what it means. He spoke the following in dedication to all Vietnam Veterans.

“Thirty-five years ago, if you were to tell me that I am going to stand up here speaking to a couple thousand patriots, in English, I'd laugh at you. Man, every morning I wake up thanking God for putting me and my family in the greatest country on earth.

I just want you all to know that the American dream does exist and I am living the American dream. I was asked to speak to you about my experience as a first generation Vietnamese-American, but I rather speak to you as an American.

If you hadn't noticed, I am not white and I feel pretty comfortable with my people.

I am a proud US citizen and here is my proof. It took me 8 years to get it, waiting in endless lines, but I got it and I am very proud of it. Guess what, I did it legally and it ain't from the state of Hawaii.

I still remember the images of the Tet offensive in 1968, I was six years old. Now you might want to question how a 6 year old boy could remember anything. Trust me, those images can never be erased. I can't even imagine what it was like for young American soldiers, 10,000 miles away from home, fighting on my behalf.

Thirty-five years ago, I left South Vietnam for political asylum. The war had ended. At the age of 13, I left with the understanding that I may or may not ever get to see my siblings or parents again. I was one of the first lucky 100,000 Vietnamese allowed to come to the US. Somehow, my family and I were reunited 5 months later, amazingly, in California. It was a miracle from God.

If you haven't heard lately that this is the greatest country on earth, I am telling you that right now. It is the freedom and the opportunities presented to me that put me here with all of you tonight. I also remember the barriers that I had to overcome every step of the way. My high school counselor told me that I cannot make it to college due to my poor communication skills. I proved him wrong. I finished college. You see, all you have to do is to give this little boy an opportunity and encourage him to take and run with it. Well, I took the opportunity and here I am. This person standing tonight in front of you could not exist under a socialist/communist environment. By the way, if you think socialism is the way to go, I am sure many people here will chip in to get you a one way ticket out of here. And if you didn't know, the only difference between socialism and communism is an AK-47 aiming at your head. That was my experience.

In 1982, I stood with a thousand new immigrants, reciting the pledge of allegiance and listening to the National Anthem for the first time as an American. To this day, I can't remember anything sweeter and more patriotic than that moment in my life.

Fast forwarding, somehow I finished high school, finished college, and like any other goofball 21 year old kid, I was having a great time with my life. I had a nice job and a nice apartment in Southern California. In someway and somehow, I had forgotten how I got here and why I am here.

One day I was at a gas station, I saw a veteran pumping gas on the other side of the island. I don't know what made me do it, but I walked over and asked if he had served in Vietnam. He smiled and said yes. I shook and held his hand. The grown man began to well up. I walked away as fast as I could and at that very moment, I was emotionally rocked. This was a profound moment in life. I knew something had to change in my life. It was time for me to learn how to be a good citizen. It was time for me to give back.

You see, America is not a place on the map, it isn't a physical location. It is an ideal, a concept. And if you are an American, you must understand the concept, you must buy into this concept, and most importantly, you have to fight and defend this concept. This is about Freedom and not free stuff. And that is why I am standing up here. Brothers and sisters, to be a real American, the very least you must do is to learn English and understand it well. In my humble opinion, you cannot be a faithful patriotic citizen if you can't speak the language of the country you live in. Take this document of 46 pages - last I looked on the internet, there wasn't a Vietnamese translation of the US constitution. It took me a long time to get to the point of being able to converse and until this day, I still struggle to come up with the right words. It's not easy, but if it's too easy, it's not worth doing.

Before I knew this 46 page document, I learned of the 500,000 Americans who fought for this little boy. I learned of the 58,000 names scribed on the black wall at the Vietnam Memorial. You are my heroes. You are my founders.

At this time, I would like to ask all the Vietnam veterans to please stand. I thank you for my life. I thank you for your sacrifices, and I thank you for giving me the freedom and liberty I have today. I now ask all veterans, firefighters, and police officers, to please stand. On behalf of all first generation immigrants, I thank you for your services and may God bless you all.”

Quang Nguyen
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HO, HO, HO, FROM MANY YEARS AGO

The following was written by, then CPT Bruce Wilder in 1965, and shared with the A Battery so they would have a Christmas letter to send home. Note that it ends rather abruptly to allow everyone to personalize their own.

Greetings from An Khe:

We, the members of "A " Battery, 2nd Battalion, 20th Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division, would like to share some of our experiences with you.

The departure from Fort Benning brings familiar names to mind: USNS UPSHUR, DARBY, BUCKNER, BOXER, KULA GULF, CARD, GEIGER, CROTAIN, and even WAIKIKI BEACH at HONOLULU, HAWAII for the very fortunate aboard the UPSHUR. A few will remember Long Beach and the slight delay. But the one thing felt the most during the entire trip were the dear Gamma Globulin shots!

MAJOR SMITH was a little restless waiting for number 272 on the new majors list to come up. It did and a few received drinks from him in Hawaii.

We arrived in Viet Nam on 15 September 1965 and were greeted by the advance party at the "GOLF COURSE". How we all envied the sunbathers on Captains UTZ and ARNOLD. They were good enough to show us our plot of earth where we would sleep in a very crowded pup tent. CWO HOBBY and SP6 JENKINS arrived on the 14th and spent 2 hours looking for our location because the layout was turned upside down. SFC HOWLAND had a birthday party the first night - a pound cake from the C Rations was served after he blew out the candle made from a rolled up piece of tissue from the same rations. The following were present, MAJOR LAHNSTEIN, CAPTAIN SCHMID, CWO BEVERLY, SFC DUNLAP, SFC RAYMOND, SSG BROWN, SSG WALKER, SP6 JENKINS, SP6 MORTON, SP6 (PCELS), SP4 ILLES, and SP4 WRIGHT.

Sleep was a stranger to most of us the first week as we listened to the sounds of combat along the outer perimeter. Since it was a new life for most of us, fatigues and boots were left on or close by during the hours of darkness. CAPTAIN FURNEY was always ready to hit the foxhole bunkers that we built. He says that as long as he keeps his fatigue pants on, "Charlie won't attack the Golf Course." He has been right so far.

CWO HARBOLD and CWO PULLANO had the privilege of firing our first mission and at night. Their crew was SP5 RUPLEY and SP4 WRIGHT.

Our thanks go out to SP4 ELKINS, SP4 (PUPPE), PFC FLEMING and PVT E2 CLUTE, for their outstanding refueling services at An Khe airfield. They cleaned the windshields fine but where are the S&H Green stamps?

No tour overseas is successful without someone growing a mustache. Our Battery decided to control it by having a contest, which ends Christmas Day. There are many varieties ~ Bushiest: Captain Beck, LT Mimbs, CWO Harbold, CWO Freeman, WO Bailey and SP4 Himely. Handlebar: Captain Wilder. Genghis Khan: Captain Capener; and those seen by the aid of magnifying glasses- SP4 Wright, CWO Leatherwood had a 30 day early start and is running behind the starters, but in addition to becoming a celebrity in Douglasville, Georgia. He was awarded his Senior Army Aviator Wings on 31 October 1965. We congratulate him.

Some of our missions have been interesting but two stand out in our memory, the first was a landing zone pre-strike near Binh Khe, the following crews flew through rain showers and clouds to place the fires on the LZ just as the lift ships were on short final: CAPTAIN UTZ, CWO ROTH, SFC RAYMOND, SP4 BUSHART, CAPTAIN BECK, WO BAILEY, PFC REHNELT, PFC CABRERA, 1LT MIMBS, CWO RUEHLING, SP5 ER-ETH, PFC CAVANAUGH, CAPTAIN FURNEY, CAPTAIN HIPPE, SSG WALKER, SP4 REBEN, CAPTAIN WILDER, WO COCHRAN, CAPTAIN ARNOLD, CWO COX, PFC SERVIS, SP4 WINTERHALTER, CAPTAIN GOODSPEED, CAPTAIN CAPENER, PFC GORCZYCA, SFC DUNLAP, MAJOR LAHNSTEIN, WO HATFIELD, PFC MCFADDEN, SGT HASTINGS. The pilots in the right seat said that a lot of thanks should be given to the aircraft armament repairmen, SP5 MAZANEK, SP4 HOLLIS, SP4 GEIGER, PFC AMPARAN, for keeping the sights corrected.

The second mission was the night the Plei Me Special Forces Camp was under Viet Cong attack. The Operations Sergeant, SSG Tuneburg said that the following crews have been recommended for an award for heroism as the result of the success of the mission: CAPTAIN FURNEY, CAPTAIN HIPPE, SP5 VOELTZ, PFC MURDOCK, CAPTAIN WILDER, CWO LEATHERWOOD, SP4 WRIGHT, PFC LITZ, CWO PULLANO, CWO HARBOLD, SP4 UNZICKER, PFC HARP, CAPTAIN GOODSPEED, CAPTAIN CAPENER, PFC NORRIS, SP4 WINTERHALTER, CAPTAIN ARNOLD, WO PATERSON, PFC GORCZYCA, SFC

DUNLAP, CWO HOBBY, WO HATFIELD, PFC SRAVIS, SGT HASTINGS, CAPTAIN BECK, WO BALLEY, SP5 WITTS, SFC RAYMOND, CWO FREEMAN, CWO ROTH, SP4 ERETH, AND PFC CAVANAUGH.

In addition to MAJOR SMITH'S promotion, many have advanced in rank since our arrival. They are MAJOR SWAN, CAPTAIN HIPPI, CWO RUEHLING, SFC E7 HOWLAND, SSG WILSON, SP5 RUPLEY, SGT E5 COLQUITT, SP6 JENKINS, SP6 MORTON: and SP4s are ALBERGA, ALTORFER, BOSSERT, BRYLHART, BUSHART, CARSON, CRISSY, ELKINS, GEIGER, HORNER, HOUSLEY, ILLES, MORRIS, REABEN, ROCCI, ROMO, SALCIDO, SPENCER, THOMPSON, UNZICKER, WALKER B.

Along with promotions came change of jobs for MAJOR SMITH- Battery Commander, replacing MAJOR LAHNSTEIN who moved up to Battalion XO, MAJOR SWAN-Executive Officer, Captain FURNEY- Operations officer, CAPTAIN BECK -2ND PLATOON LEADER, CWO ELDRETH from 3rd to 1st Platoon, CAPTAIN CAPENER-3RD TO 1ST Platoon, LT NIMBS- 1ST TO 3RD PLATOON.

No place is home without the family and little animal friends, so a few were able to do something about the latter, four pigs were bought by 1st SGT OWENS, SP4 ELKINS, SP4 ROCCI, and PFC WESTBROOK, The runt was given to the local French Mission, three puppies by SP4 HINELY, CAPTAIN SCHMID, AND A PARROT PURCHASED BY SP4 ROCCI. 1ST SGT OWENS mentioned a baby elephant to MAJOR SMITH, but he said no, POSITIVELY NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

After a short delay we were able to take a cool refreshing shower in our own area thanks to the fine work of SSG Hampton and his construction crew of SP4 CARSON, SP4 ALTORFER, SP4 B. WALKER, SP4 BRILHART, PFC HARP, PFC FLEMING, PFC GILL.

Our recently constructed washroom houses 2 automatic washers (wringer-type) and the barber SP4 HORNER, who says the only difference between a good and bad haircut is 10 days. Most of the construction crew helped build some picnic tables to improve our eating conditions but without the fine food prepared by CWO HOBBY'S mess section life would be pretty miserable.

The pilots were relieved to know that the battery was being augmented by door gunners for the aircraft, these new gunners came from field artillery units within the division and have done an outstanding job for ARA. The two not mentioned in the two fire missions, PFC MACK and PFC (HCGHCE) were mistakenly carried on a morning report as AWOL while on a battalion detail at Qui Nhon. I believe our Battery clerks SP4 JONES and SP4 TORRES will have to count that as 5 days R&R.

We usually don't have too much confusion within the battery except distinguishing between SP4 WEST, D and SP4 WEST, O. Even though they look nothing alike, one day we made two trips to get the right one over to Pleiku.

Many times we find ourselves located near an artillery unit or a mortar position in the field. On one occasion a mortar round was fired short in our position. The only casualty was the latrine. The only visible damage seen from our 2.75in rocket system was the 2 holes in the door of helicopter 027 while reloading at Pleiku on Oct. 65. For further details contact SP4 UNZICKER or CWO HARBOLD.

Our radio communication is still outstanding. A few transmissions are not recognized, by SGT ANHIE, SP4 RODRIGUCZ, and PVT E2 BLANCHARD, but are worth remembering. CWO FREEMAN acknowledgment of 'I'll be there baby!'

MAJOR LAHNSTEIN 's favorite encouraging transmission to his wingman, "Where are you?" as the flight continued closer to the Cambodian border. One could hear from CWO HARBOLD to CAPTAIN WILDER, "Are you sure that we are going to the same place that we were in yesterday?" It is thought by our avionics men, SP4 DAWSON and SP4 HAWKINS, that these clever transmissions are the reason we have few problems with our aircraft radios.

Our secret service team is still investigating the mysterious aircraft that made a night approach to the mess hall; rumor has it that MAJOR SMITH and CAPTAIN FURNEY were looking for a cup of coffee. No unit could operate without a good supply and parts system. SP4 PAYTON, our aircraft supply specialist, has done such a fine job that SFC HOWLAND, is trying to get him assigned as his aide for the rest of his career. PFC SCZYTKO, our parts specialist, keeps all the aviators reminded that they have equipment signed out. He has been such a success that we are pulling for his request for a tour in Germany so he can be with his wife. WO HATFIELD'S chest is still expanded since the day American Red Cross notified him of the birth of a daughter, Pamela Grace on 26 Oct. 65.

Ladies of the Association

I hope that everyone had a great “Thanksgiving,” and that a very “Merry Christmas”, and a “Happy New Year” will be had by all.

And now I wish to share with everyone a very moving experience from our Thanksgiving weekend. Jesse and I had spent that Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday with my brother, and were traveling home on Saturday. About twenty miles from home we spotted an ambulance and several law enforcement vehicles along the road ahead of us and assumed that there had been an accident. As we got closer we saw more vehicles and numerous personnel standing alongside the road, all holding American Flags. American Flags had also been strung from the bucket lifts of two power company trucks across the road and there were linemen in the buckets holding flags. Then we spotted a group of motorcycles and their riders, also holding American Flags, lining the driveway of a small church alongside the road and then it dawned on us that this was the funeral of a young soldier from Thomasville, GA (located just east of us). The soldier’s name was Shannon Chihuahua and he was the second recent KIA from Thomasville and had left a young widow and two children. The motorcycle riders were from the Georgia Chapter of the Patriotic Guards and I immediately thought of our encounter with them at Bozeman, MT and what that meeting meant to us. I’m sure that they were there to pay their respects and also to make sure that no one disturbed the family in their time of grief. Judging from the number of people who were lining the highway for miles leading to the church, I don’t think that anyone in their right mind would have attempted it.

I later learned that when his body arrived in Tallahassee, FL that the road between Tallahassee and Thomasville had been lined with people as he made his last journey home and that the reception in Thomasville, where funeral services had been held, had been the same. His final journey to the small church cemetery was one of about sixty miles.

It was truly gratifying to be among people like these and realize that patriotism is still alive and well in our country and that people will turn out to pay their respects to those who make the ultimate sacrifice for freedom.

When we got home I dug through the files of things that we collect and keep and found this item which sums it all up.

IT IS THE SOLDIER

It is the soldier, not the reporter, who has given us freedom of the press.

It is the soldier, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the right to demonstrate.

It is the soldier, not the lawyer, who has given us the right to a fair trial.

It is the soldier, not the pastor, who has given us the right to worship.

It is the soldier, not the politician, who has given us the right to vote.

It is the soldier, who salutes the flag, serves under the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who gives the protester the right to burn the flag.

I thank all of you who served our country.

Gloria Hobby

Falconess 6

gloriahobby@yahoo.com

How Do You Earn the Right to Sit at a Desk in School?

A lesson that should be taught in all schools and colleges

Back in September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School in Little Rock , did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom.

When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks.

'Ms.. Cothren, where're our desks?'

She replied, 'You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk.'

They thought, 'Well, maybe it's our grades.'

'No,' she said.

'Maybe it's our behavior.'

She told them, 'No, it's not even your behavior.'

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom. By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms.Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the deskless classroom, Martha Cothren said, 'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it.

Twenty-seven (27) U.S. Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, 'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'

By the way, this is a true story.

.....More Wisdom of Experience and Survival

10. The medical profession is the natural enemy of the aviation profession.

11. The job of the Wing Commander is to worry incessantly that his career depends solely on the abilities of his aviators to fly their airplanes without mishap and that their only minuscule contribution to the effort is to bet their lives on it.

12. Ever notice that the only experts who decree that the age of the pilot is over are people who have never flown anything? Also, in spite of the intensity of their feelings that the pilot's day is over I know of no such expert who has volunteered to be a passenger in a non-piloted aircraft.

13. It is absolutely imperative that the pilot be unpredictable. Rebelliousness is very predictable. In the end, conforming almost all the time is the best way to be unpredictable.

To Be Continued

Chaplain's Corner



Is it a Noun or a Verb?

Thanksgiving has become a much adored noun with all the celebration that accompanies that special milestone of a new fall season – temperatures dropping, a little nippy feeling in the air, school breaks, turkey and all the trimmings, trips to the family home, sometimes to Grandparents, and finally, NFL and college football games. I remember gathering at Mom and Dad's for that wonderful day and the annual touch football game in the backyard, but the thing that stands out most in my mind is the leftovers – they were great!

After celebrating the season of Thanksgiving, what is “left over” for us as human beings striving for peace? During the season we greet almost everyone with “Happy Thanksgiving!” but after that great day, do we remember to continue to remain in a thanksgiving mood?

Last month Patti and I attended the “Miracle of Christmas” in Branson, MO, which depicted the drama of the birth of Jesus and the peace he would bring to the world as the Messiah. At the end of the show attendees appeared to be moved by the experience. They were friendly with each other; however, that was short lived. Upon exiting the parking lot I was in a left lane which was merging into one lane with other vehicles. A young woman driving an Explorer was dead set against letting me merge as the others were doing. As she pulled up to the bumper of the car in front of her, I honked my horn. She immediately gave me the “International Sign of Friendship!” She flipped me the bird! I knew instantly that the mood had changed!

I got to thinking, “What if the world was thankful for all that we have – our freedom and our health, and all that goes with it?” Wouldn't it be a better world? Maybe, it would not be just another holiday, but a way of life.

May God grant us the desire to be thankful people; not just on a November Thursday, but always ~ 24/7. Let Thanksgiving become a verb of action as opposed to a proper noun. Especially, during this time of “Peace on Earth!”

Peace,
Bruce Wilder
Chaplain

ARA CHARLESTON RENDEZVOUS

14TH ARA REUNION, CHARLESTON, SC *MAY 18 - 22, 2011*****

Reunion Registration Form

Information	Arriving	Departing	Driving Yes/No	Flying Yes/No
Name/Membership #				
Wife/Guest name(s)				
Additional Guest(s)				
Street Address				
City, State, Zip Code				
Telephone/e-mail				
Any special assistance/needs required				

Please list name(s) as you would like for them to appear on NAME TAG(S)	Where From
Member	
Spouse/Guest	
Units(s)	
Dates	

REGISTRATION/EVENT FEES	Details	Price	# In Party	Total
Registration prior to April 15	per adult in party (over 15)	\$25.00		
Registration after April 15	per adult in party (over 15)	\$35.00		
Thursday 5/19/- Patriot's Point	per adult in party (over 12)	\$14.00		
	per child in party (6-11)	\$10.00		
Fort Sumter	per adult in party (over 12)	\$14.00		
	per child in party (11 and under)	\$9.50		
Low Country Boil and BBQ **	per adult in party	\$22.30		
Friday 5/20 - Hunley Museum	per adult in party	\$15.00		
Sat 5/21 - Farewell Banquet	per adult in party	\$34.80		
Membership Renewal (2011)		\$20.00		
Total for Reunion				

**** Please contact host if you are bringing children under age 15 so that we can get number and ages and coordinate with the caterer for the cost of their meals. Can be paid at time of check-in.**

Please fill out and return by April 18 to finalize plans and secure set prices for events. Please send a confirmation of attendance to reunion host for head counts. Thanks and hope to see you all in May in "Charleston—Where History Lives." Other events and tours can be arranged through the reunion hosts.

E-mail address for Jesse Hobby is jesse_hobby@hotmail.com phone # 229-378-2281

Please make checks payable to **ARA ASSOCIATION and mail to:**

**ARA ASSOCIATION
c/o Larry Mobley
779 County Road 106
Ozark, AL 36360**

AERIAL ROCKET ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

Membership Application

This form may be used for New membership or for Renewing existing membership. Please circle that which is appropriate.

Referred by: _____

Name _____ Wife's name _____

Rank (at time of service in ARA) _____ Membership Number _____

Retired Rank (if applicable) _____ Service # _____

Btry & Bn in which you served _____

Date of Service - From _____ To _____ Call Sign in ARA _____

mo/yr mo/yr

Current Address: _____

Street or PO Box _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Phone: _____

Home _____

Work (if OK) _____

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.

If joining or renewing during the 1st quarter (Jan - Mar) dues are \$20.00.

If joining or renewing during the 2nd quarter (Apr - Jun) dues are \$15.00.

If joining or renewing during the 3rd quarter (Jul - Sep) dues are \$10.00.

If joining or renewing during the 4th quarter (Oct - Dec) dues are \$5.00.

Life membership (if paid in full) is \$250.00.

Life membership may 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 Larry Mobley

779 County Road 106

Ozark, AL 36360

For Office Use Only

Check # _____

Check Date _____

Amount _____

Date Rcvd _____

