



THE DUSTOFFER NEWSLETTER



DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION

DECEMBER 1992

14th ANNUAL REUNION OF THE DUSTOFF ASSN.

26, 27, 28, FEBRUARY 1993
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

'DUSTOFF - THE NEXT GENERATION'



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The year has quickly passed and the 14th Annual Reunion of the DUSTOFF Association is upon us-all too fast. It has been a special and rewarding experience to have been your President, a true honor. Thank you-members of the Association for selecting me.

Plan on the reunion being a memor-

able event. Plans have been finalized for the reunion and are highlighted a little further in the newsletter. The theme of "DUSTOFF-THE NEXT GENERATION" will be recognized Friday night with appropriate prizes for the most innovative costumes. Seems there are some different fetishes

that should be appropriately recognized. Door prizes will be drawn for the ladies luncheon and for the Saturday night dinner. We look forward to seeing a great turnout.

Names have been mentioned for the vacancies for the new officers: Bob Romines for vice-president, Chris Landers and Pat Sargent for secretary and treasurer, Brian Baldwin, Mickey Meis, Kevin Swenie for members at large. Think about others-we'll discuss the officers at the meeting.

Hats off to the 1992 recipients of the Lucas Aerospace Air/Seas Rescue Award. The 377th Medical Company (AA) with the crew of DUSTOFF 18 comprised of WO1 Christopher S. Latin, WO1 Tucker Rojas, Sgt. Anthony Robinson, and SPC Dwayne Means. A Super job! We have had many inquiries throughout the past few months as to why we don't seem to be able to keep track of the addresses. Diligence and tenacity will prevail to keep this to a minimum. I salute the great men and women of this organization for their commitment to the Dedicated Unhesitating Service To Our Fighting Force...DUSTOFF!!

ARMY WISES UP - ANOTHER DUSTOFFER TO BE GENERAL OFFICER

Colonel Jerry Foust was promoted on 4 November 1992 to the grade of Brigadier General and will serve as Chief, Medical Service Corps, for the next several years. Jerry's credentials and experience leading to the selection, long recognized by his fellow DUSTOFFers as superlative, certainly more than qualify him to lead the Corps in the uncertain and complex future. He has overcome the humble beginnings of birth in Arkansas to become an MSC Aviator, serving in Vietnam with the 54th Medical Detachment (Helicopter Ambulance) and on other flying tours with the 507th at Fort Sam Houston, the 421st in Europe, and, as battalion commander, the 326th Medical Battalion, 101st Airborne Division. He's had other assignments at Headquarters, Department of the Army; the Academy of Health Sciences; and Headquarters, Health Services Command. He was, of course, the commander of the 44th Medical Brigade in the Kuwaiti Theater of Operations for Desert Shield and Storm, directing the largest deployment and employment of medical forces since World War II in far less time than that previous effort. Jerry was, most recently, Installation Commander, Fort Sam Houston. The greatest contribution to his success has, of course, been his wife, Roz, without whom Jerry would probably still be peddling drugs in New Jersey.

Jerry's the first aviator selected to be Chief of the Medical Service Corps. Pat Brady, of course, reached two star fame after transferring branches. The coincidence of these two gentlemen's success do not end there. They were

assigned together first while Pat was commanding the 54th in Vietnam, during which tour he earned the Medal of Honor. Jerry's two Silver Stars and Distinguished Flying Cross emanated from that association as well...and he learned to fly sideways steep approaches, lights out, to jungle landing zones.

In the never-ending changes now rampant with the military structure of these times, Jerry will serve as Chief of the Corps and, additionally, as Deputy Commander of the Army Medical Department Center and School at Fort Sam Houston. Amidst great grumbling that such a move portends a waning influence for Medical Service Corps issues at Headquarters, Department of the Army level, current wisdom is that The Surgeon General knows what he's doing. In any case, there are very few people who'd prefer another assignment in the National Capitol Region as opposed to the luxury, comfort, and ambience of Southern Texas, which, after all, is the home of DUSTOFF.



DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION

FOUNDER: TOM 'EGOR' JOHNSON

DUSTOFF OFFICERS

AND

EXECUTIVE BOARD

PRESIDENT	ROGER OPIO
VICEPRESIDENT	ED BRADSHAW
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DAVID CAHILL

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
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The DUSTOFFER NEWSLETTER
EDITED BY JIM TRUSCOTT
With Technology Provided By
Medical Services International

'IF YOU AIN'T CAV, YOU AIN'T....'

Following correspondence between two duly-anointed members of the 1st Cavalry Division Association intercepted as worthy of notice by DUSTOFFers everywhere:

Letter from CW2 John B. Konek, USA-Ret, to Jim Ramsey, Member-at-Large -

'Wanted you to have the enclosed article from the 1st Cavalry Division Association on the 15th Medical Battalion. This is how my column will come out every other month. I hope to do our battalion justice.'

By the way, I just received word that my 'DEROS' date has been moved to 10/93. I cope the best I can and continue to 'hang in there'.

Before I forget, I will write the DUSTOFF Association's address in the next issue of my column. Should you or anyone else want something added to the column, just write and I'll include it. Hope some of the addresses of VN vets in the last 'DUSTOFFer' produced some results. I have a list of crewmembers that I'll send shortly.

My mission is not yet over, but,

when it is, I'll see you in San Antonio.

Extract of May/June 1992 issue of the 1st Cavalry's Division Association's **Saber** on the 15th Medical Battalion:

'This is a new section of the Association Newsletter in hopes that those who served with and are presently serving with the 15th Medical Battalion will share their proud history of a most unique battalion.'

At this time, your battalion writer is a proud member of not only the 1st Cavalry Division Association, but the DUSTOFF, 7th US Cavalry, and Vietnam Helicopter Pilot's Associations as well.

The Air Ambulance Platoon, 15th Medical Battalion, 1st Cavalry Division (Air Mobile), served in Vietnam from July 28, 1965 through April 15, 1971, under the motto "Sky Troopers".

Your battalion writer is proud to have served with the Sky Troopers while flying as a MEDEVAC pilot in 1971 from such places as Camp Holloway, Camp Evans, Camp Radcliff, and LZs Pony, English, Baldy, Stud, Laramie, Mobley, Grant, Stal-

lion, Bird, and Uplift with call sign 'MEDEVAC 24'.

If any Sky Trooper and 1st Cav Division Association member who reads this article was 'medevaced' while in service in Vietnam or the Gulf War, we would love to hear from you. Please send a short paragraph on MEDEVAC such as unit served with, date MEDEVACed, location and circumstances of wounding or injury. We've had very little opportunity to follow up on our patients and would like to know how you are doing. We were there for you then and we're here for you now.

Your battalion writer is looking for anyone who knew CW John Turner, a MEDEVAC pilot with the 15th Med in 1971.

Note: Article also featured unit insignia of the 15th Medical Battalion and the 1st Cav Division which is prominently displayed on the front of OJ's Grocery #1 in Copperas Cove, Texas, a flourishing business owned by Colonel Joe 'Doc' McNaney (USA-Ret) and CW2 Orva J. Webb.



Desert DUSTOFF discharges critically wounded soldiers to waiting HMMWV ambulance during Operation Desert Storm - The players and the machines change, but the mission and the DUSTOFF spirit remains the same.

SPOUSE'S LUNCHEON At ZUNI GRILL On The River 3 DOOR PRIZES

Choice of one

Grilled Salmon Salad Served on Spinach
Sesame-Cilantro Vinaigrette
Or

Pecan Crusted Chicken Salad Served
on Mixed Greens, Pepper Raspberry
Vinaigrette

Or
Anacheim Pepper filled w/shrimp &
smoked tomato sauce (hot), rice,
black beans & salad

Or
Grilled Chicken Breast (6-oz.)
W/mushroom Habenero Sauce,
rice, black beans & a small salad

+
Chocoholate Souffle Cake, fresh berry
Tea, coffee, 1 glass of house wine

'MEN, STRESS, AND VIETNAM'

Doctor Peter G. Bourne, of the Stanford University medical Center Department of Psychiatry, conducted a detailed scientific evaluation of a number of helicopter ambulance crewmen in early 1966. The study, published in 1970, made some noteworthy points about men chronically exposed to 'acutely stressful combat'. Extracts of Doctor Bourne's work follow. Also of some interest is that the author identifies the units as the 57th and '289th' Medical Detachments. Best we can tell, the 57th was certainly lurking about Tan Son Nhut during that period as was the 283d, thus we've taken the liberty of revising that part of his text.

'At one edge of the sprawling military complex on the grounds of Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport is an inconspicuous Quonset hut. Out of this unpretentious little building operates an organization to which many thousands of American and Vietnamese soldiers owe their lives. A small red-on-blue sign nailed over the door proclaims it as the headquarters of the 57th and 283d Medical detachments (Helicopter Ambulance), but it is better known to the fighting men in the field as the home of the "DUSTOFF Crews". These two units provide the spectacularly rapid evacuation of battle casualties which more than anything else has been responsible for keeping the survival rate of our injured so high in the war. This rate has remained around 98 percent.

Inside the building the desks, filing cabinets, and two pretty Vietnamese secretaries give it the outward appearance of any one of a hundred other offices dealing with the more mundane day-to-day operations of this, the busiest airport in the world. However, in one corner is a maze of radio equipment which is monitored twenty-four hours a day, keeping this office and the forty officers and enlisted men who work there in constant contact with the operational command for the III Corps area around Saigon. On the walls are intricate maps of the combat zones, and large charts on which a tally of all medical evacuations made by the units is kept, as well as a list of their own

casualties suffered in the process. The most arresting item on the wall is an enlargement of a color photograph taken by a Life magazine photographer. It shows a helicopter with big red crosses on it sliding down through the trees into a clearing where the ground is littered with the shattered remnants of an ambushed American unit. The air is still cloudy with the smoke of battle and the bullets are still flying. The picture, taken from the ground, shows the hope mixed with anguish on the faces of the wounded men, for whom the helicopter means the difference between death and survival. This photograph portrays the climactic moment - medical evacuation under fire - which has earned for the men who fly in the helicopters the respect and admiration of soldiers throughout Vietnam. Every man in these units knows what it feels like to fly into that clearing, and there have been times when this has been a daily occurrence for them. Sometimes several days elapse without significant contact being made with the enemy in the area, and there are no casualties to evacuate. At these times the only flights are made to resupply isolated medical units or to evacuate back to a hospital soldiers who have become ill from malaria or other diseases. Generally speaking, these are routine flights, with little stress attached to them. Sooner or later, however, the fighting resumes, and a call comes in for a 'medevac'.

Many writers have characterized the Vietnam War as the war of the helicopter. Without it the nature of the combat would be strikingly different, and we might well no longer be in Southeast Asia. The rapid mobility which the helicopter affords means that men can be transported from highly secure areas into the most intense combat and back to security again in a matter of minutes. In looking for suitable subjects in whom to study the effects of combat stress, I felt these helicopter ambulance crews exemplified better than any other group this unique type of acutely stressful combat exposure interspersed with longer periods of security and relaxa-

tion. They were, in addition, readily available for study, not only because of their willingness to cooperate, but also because they were based in Saigon, so that urine and blood samples for the measurement of adrenal cortical activity could be easily and rapidly transported to our laboratory for processing.

When initial contact was made with the 57th and 283d Medical Detachments in October of 1965, we found that although nominally two separate units, they operate with such close coordination - even to the extent of mixing crews - that they function essentially as one organization. This meant that with a single administrative contact we had access to a relatively large number of men.

At this stage, when we were not fully familiar with what was involved in medical evacuation and while we were still unsure that these crews would be appropriate for investigation, my technician and I accompanied them on several flights for our own edification. Subsequently, once the study was in progress, we flew on at least one mission with each of our subjects. The following is a description of one such flight in October of 1965, on which I was present as an observer.

It is 1830 hours when a call comes in on the radio from a platoon of the 173d Airborne Brigade. They are in a fire fight on the edge of the "Iron Triangle" and have two dead and two wounded. They have cleared an LZ (landing zone), but it is not entirely secure, and they are still receiving occasional bursts of small-arms fire from the jungle around their perimeter. However, the two wounded men, one shot in the legs and the other with shrapnel wounds of the face and shoulders - are in critical condition and the medic in the unit feels they will not survive the night unless they can be rapidly evacuated to a hospital for surgery.

As soon as the call is received, two pilots - a tall, lanky Lieutenant and a Graying warrant officer - are immediately up from their desks where they have been filling out reports. The transition

Continued on next page

'Men, Stress, and Vietnam' *Continued*

from desk soldier to combat pilot is amazingly fast and complete. Flak vests, which had been slung inconspicuously over the backs of their chairs, are put on and steel breastplates are strapped over their chests. With M16 rifles in one hand and flight helmets in the other, these men bear little resemblance to the relaxed office workers they had appeared to be a few moments earlier.

Two enlisted men - the medic, a balding father of two, and the crew chief, a quiet young Negro - make up the rest of the four man crew. I accompany them as an observer. We drive out to the flight line in a Jeep. The helmets we wear come with implanted earphones so that, despite the deafening roar of the turbojet engine of the helicopter, we can communicate at all times with the pilot and copilot. After we climb in and take our places on the red canvas seats, we plug in our cables from our helmets into an overhead line.

Minutes later we are skimming over the treetops at the edge of the airport and then past the neatly lined market gardens of Saigon's northern suburbs and across the wide, twisting Saigon River. As we fly higher the air becomes cooler and is a welcome change from the heat and humidity on the ground. Further away from the city the vegetation beneath us becomes a purplish brown, attesting to the success of the defoliation planes which fly daily over the area. Around us in every direction is a swarm of helicopters and planes on a myriad of other missions.

I am sitting in the back of the helicopter between the medic and the crew chief, both of who are gripping their weapons and staring wordlessly out of the open doors beside them. This is the hardest part of the flight for these men. The pilots are busy with the multiple demands of flying the helicopter and have little time to think of anything else, but there is no anxiety-relieving task on which those in the back can concentrate. Minutes ago they were drinking coffee in the comfort and security of the office; now they are flying into a jungle battle about which they know little except

that two men have already lost their lives, and all they can do is sit and wait and think about the impending danger. Not until they get there will they know how bad it is.

The ride is brief, and in twenty minutes we are approaching the grid coordinates which the beleaguered unit had called in as their position. Sometimes it takes many minutes to locate a small unit in this dense jungle, but today it is not a problem. The air strike which had been called in on the enemy is there ahead of us; after each pass by two low-flying jets, puffs of orange-yellow flame billow from the jungle carpet and immediately turn into little mushrooms of dense white smoke, marking the area of combat. Our pilot is in radio contact with the people on the ground, who advise him to approach the clearing from the north, where the trees are not so tall and the Viet Cong are in smaller numbers. The medic puts out his cigarette and unlocks the litters from their racks as we wind down toward the ground. We can see the men in the clearing crouching behind hastily constructed defenses of earth and felled trees. At first it seems peaceful enough, but as we come in on our final approach a hail of fire comes up at us from the trees. Because of the noise of the engine, enemy fire can often go unnoticed in the daytime unless rounds actually hit the craft. Now, in the darkening twilight of the evening, the readily visible tracer bullets, enlarging like fiery orange grapefruits as they come toward us, leave little doubt about their presence or the accuracy of the fire. The helicopter is jarred momentarily as two machine-gun rounds punch holes in the tail section.

As we touch down, raising a cloud of dust, the medic and the crew chief jump out with the litters. The distance they can move from the helicopter is limited by the cords of their earphones, which attaches them to the mother craft like long umbilicuses. As it is too noisy to talk, they converse with the infantrymen in sign language. The dead, wrapped in green plastic ponchos, are put into the helicopter first. Then the litters bearing the two wounded are

passed in and placed in the three-tier rack. Bottles of intravenous plasma running into the arms of both men are hooked to the vertical poles of the litter rack. One patient is a crewcut blond 18-year-man, a sergeant, with blood-stained field dressings covering half of his face and his right shoulder. He does not try to talk, but lies dragging on the end of a cigarette.

The firing from the tree line continues, but there is too much to do too quickly for us to return the fire. For the pilots every second on the ground is an age. There is nothing they can do during this time except to call on the intercom for greater haste. In the meantime they just sit and wait, vulnerable targets strapped into their seats, surrounded by plexiglass. Although they always complain that the time on the ground is too long, in this instance it is only a little over a minute. Then we are flying up through the trees again and are rapidly out of range of the pursuing bullets. We are cramped because of our four new passengers, but except for tending to the needs of the two wounded men, we are relaxed on the return flight. Flying back over the Saigon River we can see two small figures water-skiing only moments away by air from where men are dying. An ambulance from the 3rd Field Hospital meets us at the airport, and the patients and the two bodies are unloaded. A litter exchange is effected to replace in the helicopter the four litters that go into the ambulance. This is an important ritual for our medic, who must ensure that he is never left without adequate litters in the field.

Fifteen minutes later we are back in the office discussing the flight over a cup of coffee while the two pilots sit at their desks writing their report. In two hours we will have all gone our separate ways to the relative security of the bars and restaurants of Saigon.

There was little doubt that the "DUSTOFF" crews were ideally suited for a study of combat stress. Not only were they exposed to the dangers which exist in all wars, but their type of exposure exemplified the sort of combat which is characteristic of the war in

Continues on next page

'MEN, STRESS, AND VIETNAM'

Vietnam. Ideally we would have studied all the members of the crews. However, due to logistics and administrative considerations; we were forced to limit our selection. We finally decided to restrict our investigation to the medical aidmen, rather than the pilots or the crew chiefs. The medics were well accustomed to being subjects of medical research and being enlisted men, could more easily be controlled and imposed upon for the purpose of obtaining the necessary twenty-four hour urine specimens we required.

The study was conducted from January 10 through February 7, 1966. During the first week the majority of evacuations were made in support of the 173d Airborne Brigade and the 1st Infantry Division near a town called Trung Lap, approximately 30 miles northwest of Saigon. These units were engaged at the time in a sweep-and-clear operation to secure the area for the arrival of the 25th Infantry Division. Most of the subjects regarded this period as being more hazardous than usual, and most of them were flying more missions than usual. January 21, a Friday, was the beginning of the lunar new year, "Tet", in Vietnam. There was an unofficial ceasefire on both sides, and hostilities fell to a minimum. Throughout that weekend the units maintained only skeleton crews, with the majority of the men having a three-day vacation. During the next two weeks the level of hostile activity remained initially below average, but gradually picked up to its former level. However, even when not flying in support of combat operations, the men still flew a considerable number of relatively routine missions.

(Note: 'Methods' and 'Results' sections omitted - Basically descriptions of urinalyses, steroid and biochemical findings - Data available on request. Selected portions of the 'Comment' section are of some worth.)

The hormonal data obtained in this study indicate two major findings. First, and perhaps most important in terms of what might have been anticipated, the level of 24-hour urinary 17-OHCS excretion in these subjects bears no direct relationship to whether they were flying combat missions or

not. Secondly, the chronic mean level of steroid excretion of each man for the entire period of the study was significantly lower than that predicted by weight alone. These two features...suggest that combat flying versus nonflying cannot be interpreted alone as stress versus nonstress, nor can the threat of death and mutilation, a relatively absolute measure, be equated with stress without consideration of the manner in which each individual perceives the threat.

Intimate association with the subjects in this study as well as the formally collected behavioral data led to the conclusion that these men utilized very extensive and effective psychological defenses to enable them to minimize the affective response to the dangers of their job as well as to the suffering of others to which they were exposed. It appeared that in order to do this they perceived their environment in a manner which was quite distinct from the way in which less intimately involved observers viewed it. By so doing, they were able to cope with the frequently life-threatening events to which they were exposed without suffering a persisting increase in adrenal secretion. This adaptation allowed them to fulfill the military demands placed on them with at least a tolerable degree of comfort.

Interviews with the subjects revealed their general reluctance to discuss the inevitable dangers of combat. Most of the men denied that their job involved any real danger and readily named other units which they claimed had infinitely more hazardous duty. On the other hand, throughout Vietnam it is generally accepted that the members of "DUSTOFF" crews are exposed more consistently to more high risk situations than almost any other outfit. The apparent need to deny even the realistic danger of the job was emphasized to me by the statement of one helicopter pilot who said in all sincerity, "I just do not see what stress we are under which makes us worth studying."

When forced to face tangible evidence of the danger, such as the casualties in their own units, the men emphasized what they felt were unique circumstances under which their col-

leagues had been killed or wounded. One medic had recently lost his life on a pickup when the pilot had taken off without him, leaving him on the ground; when they had returned for him moments later he was dead. Although such an inadvertent mistake could easily happen again, the story was told as if to discount the danger when errors did not occur, with the assumption that the subjects themselves would never be victims of such an event.

While minimizing the danger they also tended to emphasize the rewards of the job in terms of the prestige they had among other troops because they were helicopter ambulance medics, as well as the frequent expressions of gratitude from the casualties they evacuated. The opportunities to win medals and the added pay for flying were also mentioned, particularly by the two younger non-career medics, as reasons for accepting what are in the final analysis volunteer jobs. Three of the subjects expressed strong desire to leave their units. One man stated there was little chance of a promotion in his present position; a second wanted to go to helicopter pilot school; and a third merely wanted to leave the Army and return to his father's business. All of them denied that the danger of the job played any part in their decision, and it was difficult to know to what extent this was true.

Defensive maneuvers, which seem to be a crucial factor in allowing these men to continue functioning satisfactorily day after day, take a variety of forms, all of which seem to be equally effective. The following are examples of some of the ways in which the men handled the situation.

One subject was a sincerely religious Catholic who believed that God would protect him no matter how great the danger. This belief was considerably reinforced by his successful survival throughout the Korean War, during which he claims to have been exposed to even more hazardous conditions. Despite his faith in his ultimate survival he described himself as a nervous person, and had a slight tremor, which he dated back to his Korean War days.

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NEW CHIEF, ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT AVIATION BRANCH, SAYS 'HOWDY'

Rapidly responding to the DUSTOFF Association's request for an update on AMEDD Aviation affairs, Colonel (Designee) Rich Beauchemin, penned the following note and article:

'Thanks for the letter. My making the Colonel's list just proves that, even in these traumatic times, the Army has a sense of humor.'

As the new Aviation Consultant and Chief, Aviation Branch, office of The Surgeon General, it's a great privilege and pleasure to be able to address all DUSTOFFERS on the life and times of AMEDD Aviation. As you all know, these are hectic times. The drawdown continues for both force structure (units) and personnel. Additionally, the AMEDD continues the restructuring to Medical Force 2000 (MF2K). Approximately 50% of the units have converted to the MF2K configuration with FY93 being the biggest year with over 130 units converting. For the Air Ambulance units, we hope to have all the active units converted to the 15 ship structure by FY94. This new TOE will provide for greater support to the AirLand Battle Army. It does offer some interesting challenges for peacetime support, especially in CONUS and in the Pacific.

Currently, the active Air Ambulance units sort out, or will, as follows:

* In Europe, the 45th Air Ambulance Company is stationed in Ansbach, the 159th at Wiesbaden Air Base, and the 236th is at Landstuhl Army Medical Center. All are 15-ship UH60 units under the 421st Evacuation Battalion, also located at Wiesbaden.

* The Republic of Korea is supported by the 25 ship, all UH60, 377th Medical Company, operating under the 52d Evacuation Battalion.

* The rest of the Pacific is covered by UH1V units, the 68th and 283d Helicopter Ambulance Detachments, in Hawaii and Alaska, respectively.

* The 214th Helicopter Ambulance Detachment, with UH60s, serves in the Republic of Panama.

* CONUS units and locations include:

- The 57th and 498th Air Ambulance companies, both UH60 units, are at Forts Bragg and Stewart, in that order. The 498th is finally all back together due to a lot of hard work on a lot of people's part over a number of years.

- Collocation of the 507th is also becoming a reality with its conversion to a 15 aircraft UH1V company at Fort Hood.

- Six detachments, the 237th at Fort Ord; 54th at Fort Lewis; 82d at Fort Riley; 36th at Fort Polk; 229th at Fort Drum; and 431st at Fort Knox are all UH1V units.

- The 571st is converting to a 15 aircraft company at Fort Carson to be equipped with UH1Vs.

- D Company of the 326th Medical Battalion, 101st Airborne Division, has become the 50th Medical Company

(Air Ambulance), still a part of the 101st, as the division has converted to multi-functional battalion structure. This unit still has 12 UH60s.

As conversions to MF2K continue, some of our units will inactivate to form the new 15 aircraft company structures.

We're hoping to be able to display the new UH60Q Blackhawk at the 14th Annual Reunion of the DUSTOFF Association. I think you'll agree it's a fantastic aircraft, certainly the first medical evacuation platform with state-of-the-art technology in both aviation and medical systems. The first 'Proof of Concept' aircraft will be capable of automatic hover; has a full pilot's night vision system; external rescue hoist; low altitude warning system; crewmember's individual intercommunications system; weather radar; storms scope; satellite and HF communications; position locating and reporting system; TACAN; a complete ASE package; and a specially-designed medical interior package.

Looking forward to seeing all of you great DUSTOFFers at the next Reunion.'



'Original DUSTOFF' Aircraft Commander Howard Huntsman (Left) and Pilot Jim Truscott prepare to launch in support of Operation Sherwood Forest featuring the US Air Force versus the wily Viet Cong in the Bo Loi Forest, Republic of Vietnam 1965.



14TH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION

26 February — 28 February 1993

REGISTRATION FORM

Member's Name _____

Spouse's Name _____

Home Address _____

Military Address _____

Home Phone _____

DSN _____

1. Dues:

Annual dues - \$10.

(If not paid earlier)

Life Member dues - \$100.

(One time payment)

Initiation Fee - \$10.

(New members only)

2. Reunion Registration

Number Attending Total Price

Member/Spouse costs - \$10. each

_____ _____

Non-member/guest costs - \$12.50 each

_____ _____

NOTE: Registration costs after 20 February will be \$20. each for members and spouses and \$12.50 each for non-members and guests.

3. Friday Night Mission Briefing

Number Attending Price

(Mexican Buffet - \$16.)

Number Attending

Number Attending Price

4. Spouse's Luncheon \$11. At Zuni Grill
On The River (Menu on page 3)

Number Attending Price

5. Chuck Mateer Memorial Golf
Classic — \$21. Non-Club members
\$12. Club Members
Golf Handicap _____

Number Attending Price

NOTE: Refunds in event of inclement weather.

Number Attending Price

6. Saturday Night Reunion Dinner

_____ _____

Cocktail Party - Cash Bar

Dinner - \$20.

Number Attending

Roast Prime Rib of Beef
or Chicken Dijon

Beef # _____ Chicken # _____ Total: _____

Please make check payable to DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION.

Refunds cannot be guaranteed for cancellations made after

20 February. Please mail this form with payment to:

The DUSTOFF Association
P.O. Box 8091 - Wainwright Station
San Antonio, Texas 78208

Reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn - Airport • 77 NE Loop 410 • San Antonio, Texas 78216 • (210) 349-9900 • Hotel reservations should be made directly with the Holiday Inn - Airport - Ensure that you tell them you're with the DUSTOFF Association to obtain our contracted room rate. The toll-free number is (800) 275-2847.

The DUSTOFF Association
P.O. Box 8091 — Wainwright Station
San Antonio, Texas 78202

The 14th annual reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn — Airport, 77 NE Loop 410, San Antonio, Texas 78216, (210) 349-9900. Hotel reservations should be made directly with the Holiday Inn - Airport. Ensure you tell them you're with the DUSTOFF Association to obtain the contracted room rate of \$61.00. The toll-free number is (800) 272-2847.

14th ANNUAL REUNION OF THE DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION

Holiday Inn — Airport, San Antonio, Texas
26 February — 28 February 1993

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Friday - 26 February

12-1800 Registration.....Main Lobby
13-1800 10th Annual Chuck Mateer Golf Classic...Fort Sam Houston Golf Course
15-1800 Hospitality Suite Open.....2nd Floor
19-2200 Cocktail Buffet...Main Ball Room
 *Cash Bar
 *Buffet - Mexican
 Marinated Vegetable Salad, Guacamole w/Tortilla Chips, Pico de Gallo, Chicken Fajitas w/Grilled Onions and Flour Tortillas, Cheese Enchiladas w/Ranchero Sauce, Fresh Tamales, Borracho Beans, Mexican Rice, Flour Tortillas and Butter, Coffee, Tea and Bunuelos.
2200 Hospitality Suite Open.....2nd Floor

Saturday - 27 February 1993

0900 PROFESSIONAL MEETING.....Main Ball Room
0900 Opening Remarks...Roger Opio, President, DUSTOFF Association
0905-1145 Professional Meeting
1145 Closing Remarks... Ed Bradshaw
1215-1430 SPOUSE'S LUNCHEON
1330 BUSINESS MEETING.....Main Ball Room
1330-1340 Opening Remarks.....President
1340-1350 Minutes, 13th Annual Business Meeting....Secretary
1350-1400 Financial Report....Treasurer
1400-1415 Old Business and report of Activities
1415-1500 New Business
1500 Adjournment.....President
1500-1800 Hospitality Suite Open

1830-2000 DUSTOFF Sociability Exercise.....2nd Floor
2000-2200 DUSTOFF Dinner.....Main Ball Room

MENU

Roast Prime Rib of Beef
or Chicken Dijon

2100 Remarks.. President
2115 Lucas Life-Saving Award.....TBA
2130 Guest Speaker.....TBA
2145 Introduction of New Officers
2155 Closing Remarks
2200 Hospitality Suite Open

Sunday - 28 February 1993

0900 Memorial Service.....Main Ball Room

NEWSLETTER FEEDBACK

For your viewing pleasure the UH-60Q and the CASA 212 Medical Evacuation Aircraft will be on display throughout the convention.

'33 DUSTOFF'

Bill Booth, motion picture writer extraordinaire, reports on his writing of the motion picture proposal tentatively titled '33 DUSTOFF':

'In the article, 'DUSTOFF - The Movie', you reported on the movie script I'm writing, which endeavors to capture and depict the DUSTOFF experience in Vietnam. To offer an update to your membership, I have completed the first draft of '33 DUSTOFF'. Although there are many, many mountains to conquer between a first rough draft script and, ultimately, a feature length motion picture, I remain increasingly enthusiastic and optimistic about this undertaking.

While this project is far from completion, I want to express my thanks to those of you who have helped me thus far. For sharing with me your Vietnam DUSTOFF memories and experiences, I am very appreciative. I would especially like to thank the DUSTOFF Association historian, Joe 'Doc' Kralich, and General Pat Brady for their invaluable assistance.

I am also deeply indebted to Colonel Jim Truscott for never failing to find the time to answer my never-ending supply of technical and historical questions. His graphic portrayals and colorful recollections, along with his expert technical advice, have provided me with a unique insight into Vietnam DUSTOFF.

On a more personal note, I would like to acknowledge the recent passing of the man who presented me with my first set of Nomex, then allowed me to fly as a medic on his helicopter. Colonel Michael G. Casey was a highly-decorated Army Aviator in Vietnam, who later became a member of the DUSTOFF community as commander of the Maine National Guard's 112th Medical Company (Air Ambulance). The inspiration for '33 DUSTOFF' was born during the months I flew with Mike, and I will forever be grateful for this experience. It saddens me that he will not be around to see this project come to fruition. He was loved by all, and I am a better person for having known him.

Again, thank you all for your kindness, your generosity, and your support. I hope to have the opportunity to speak with many more of you as I begin the script revision process.'

HAPNERS' HANDOUTS

Promotable Lieutenant Colonel Art (Sweet Cheeks) Hapner, former Aviation Consultant for the Army Medical Department, authored/compiled a document entitled "Aeromedical Evacuation Officer (67J) Handbook" during his stint with the Office of The Surgeon General which provides a good deal of background as well as current information on Army aeromedical evacuation, DUSTOFF aviators, and the career field itself. We'll include some of the historical summary in a later newsletter, but a few facts about DUSTOFF Aviators might be of interest, especially to those who're not closely associated with the field now:

— 390 active duty AMEDD Aviators are currently in the force against 230 required spaces...obviously others serve presently in other types of duty positions. The most popular secondary specialties are Operations, Health Care Administration, and Logistics.

— 20 of the 390 Aeromedical Evacuation Officers are female, of whom three are in command of detachments or companies.

— 130 AMEDD Aviators are graduates of Command and General Staff College and 14 are Senior Service College graduates or selectees.

— 199 DUSTOFF Pilots have a

Bachelor's Degree, 189 have completed Master's level work, and one has doctoral credentials.

— There are four Master's programs directly available to AMEDD Aviators, including Aviation Business Administration, Aviation Safety, Aviation Systems Management, and Systems Safety Management.

— There are medical aviation battalion command opportunities for AMEDD Aviators in Europe and Korea, and at Fort Campbell, Fort Hood, and Fort Lewis. 25 company and detachment-level commands are available for Majors and senior Captains.

— Senior AMEDD Aviators have historically been called upon to fill the truly critical positions in the Army Medical Department. In the last 'Big War', for instance, AMEDD Aviators commanded Medical Brigades, Medical Groups, Battalions, and Hospitals, in addition to strictly evacuation units. Other positions include: Chief, Health Care Operations Division, OTSG; Chief, Readiness and Reserve Affairs, OTSG; Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations, Health Services Command; Deputy Unified Command Surgeon, European Command, Central Command, and Forces Command; Chief of Staff, 7th Medical Command; Assis-

tant Chief of Staff for Operations, 7th Medical Command; Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations, 7th Medical Command; Deputy Commander, AMEDD Center and School; Chief, Medical Evacuation Proponency Division; and Commander, Fort Sam Houston.

MEN, STRESS, *Continued*

When off duty he had very little social life and spent most of his time in his room sleeping or writing letters.

Another subject exhibited what might be described as a statistical defense. From the number of flights he had flown, the number of casualties in the unit the previous year, and the length of time he had left in Vietnam, he had calculated the probability of his being killed on any given day. The figure he produced was reassuringly small. It is of interest that after narrowly escaping injury in a mine explosion in Saigon, he became extremely fearful of going into the city. In reality his job provided infinitely greater danger than the streets of Saigon. However, the city could be legitimately avoided and fear of it could be allowed, whereas there was no honorable escape from his job and fear would have made it intolerable.

The least intellectually capable of the group used well-ingrained ritualistic compulsive behavior which seemed to alleviate the stress of combat. This man, who was very committed to a career in the military, had experienced great difficulty in learning the skills the Army had taught him and performed all his tasks in a painstaking and systematic manner. While flying out to a battle area to pick up casualties he would mentally review in minute detail every single action he would perform from the moment the helicopter touched the ground. In some ways it was as though he had taken the old Army adage that if you do your job right you will stay out of trouble, and extended it to cover even the intransigencies of combat.

Two of the younger subjects did not
Continued on back page



'Original DUSTOFF' heroes Paul Bloomquist (Left) and Tom Christie vying for the driver's seat of 'Hel 3' at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Saigon, in 1965.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WAR SEPARATES A YOUNG FAMILY

Ladies' Home Journal carried the following article written by W.C. Heinz about a famous DUSTOFF family during their first Vietnam tour in 1964-1965. The story has much to say about the spouses who keep things alive at home while the warriors are thousands of miles off in wartorn lands.

'At 8 o'clock on the morning of last October 8, Army Captain Douglas Moore, 28, a medical helicopter pilot on his way to Vietnam, backed his black Thunderbird out of the short concrete driveway at the side of the small ranch-type house in Jonesboro, Arkansas. He and his family had just moved into the house the week before. In the seat next to him his wife Barbara, 26, held their seven month old son, Keith, and in the back seat was their daughter, Lizabeth Ann, about to be four.

The sun was shining and it was cool. At the airport, Doug Moore got out of the car, but his family did not get out with him. The last they saw of him, he stood there in his summer dress uniform with his bag in one hand and waving with the other.

"Doug was trying to smile," Barbara Moore recalls, "but Lizzie was crying and I was crying. When we got back home, Lizzie went out to play, and I heard a plane go over the house. I didn't go out to look at it, but I knew he was on it, and for those first five months I was sort of in a daze. It's not easy to explain now, but I almost didn't want to go on with my own life."

Barbara Moore's reaction is not easy to explain because she had been an Army wife for almost six years, and for months she had known that one day her husband would be leaving for Vietnam. She is a resourceful woman who, growing up in St. Louis, knew much loneliness after her parents were divorced and, at the age of nine, she went to live with her father. In those days, the telephone was a link to friendships. Now it became an object of fear.

"I used to dread even the thought of that phone ringing," she says, "and to

some extent I still do. There was so much on television and in the newspapers about helicopters being shot down, and when the phone rang my stomach would just tighten. I was afraid to hear that word "telegram". One day the phone rang and I heard the operator say "telegram" and I just froze. I was shaking all over and I didn't hear another word. Then I asked her to repeat it, and it was from the moving company. They had lost our king-sized mattress, and they had just found it."

"Then there was the time, just after Doug arrived in Vietnam, when the Bien Hoa Air Base was bombed. I didn't know then that he was stationed at Tan Son Nhut, and I was really frightened. For two days I kept trying to phone a Major here in Jonesboro, and when I finally got him, he said: 'Look, Mrs. Moore, if your husband were dead or wounded, you'd have been notified by now.' To me, that seemed so callous, like the telegram they send when your husband is killed. It's your whole family, your whole life that's involved, and there should be some better way for them to tell you."

Barbara Moore is five feet four and slim, has reddish-brown hair and pale blue eyes, and she is pretty enough that, at Arkansas State College near Jonesboro, where she took one year to study music and met her husband, she was voted ROTC Queen. In those first five months her husband was gone, and she faced up to Christmas without him and then the terrible fear of losing her son to pneumonia, her weight dropped from 114 to 104 pounds.

"Those were the two times," she says, "when I guess I was actually resentful. I really didn't want to go through with Christmas, but you do it for the children."

She had sent her husband a manicure set, a military comb and brush set, and slippers. The week before Christmas, because on Christmas Day she would be taking the children to Doug's folks in Trumann, Arkansas, and then to her relatives in St. Louis, she bought the tree and set it up in the small living

room of the three bedroom, pale green stuccoed house she rents for \$80 a month.

"On the morning of Christmas Eve," she says, "I heard on the radio that the Rex Hotel in Saigon had been bombed. It wasn't until the evening news that they explained the hotel is in downtown Saigon and I could reason that Doug wouldn't be there."

Right after she put the children to bed, she took down the tree. "Then I felt very lonely," she said, "and even bitter, because in one of his letters Doug had been so enthusiastic about a Christmas party they were arranging for an orphanage in Saigon. It was just self-pity, but sometimes you can't control it."

The worst month for Barbara Moore was February when she and the children were sick with the flu and then Keith came down with pneumonia. Several nights it was long after midnight before he stopped crying and went on off into sleep, and one night she was up with him until six o'clock in the morning. Then, after they X-rayed him, she heard the doctor say: "There's an awful lot of pneumonia there, more than I thought. We've got to get him to the hospital right away."

"They got him the last bed in the pediatrics ward at St. Bernard's," she says, "and there were three beds in each room and a sick child in each bed and the relatives slept in the room on the chairs. I found a pillow in a closet in the hall and slept on the floor."

"One woman was able to sleep in the bed with her daughter, but for two days they had Keith in an oxygen tent. That first day he cried from one o'clock in the afternoon until five because he was so dehydrated from the intestinal flu that they had to inject fluids into him."

"I remember I resented the other women in the room, because they had their husbands there and they were still bickering and complaining about how much they had to do. I also resented the Vietnamese, who were demon-

Continued on next page

YOUNG FAMILY *Continued*

strating over the Buddhist problem against whatever government was in power at the time. I just lost sight of why we Americans are over there and what Doug is doing there every day.'

On a typical day in Vietnam, Doug Moore is awakened by the ringing of the leather-covered travel clock bought at the post exchange at Fort Sam Houston and given him for his 28th birthday. He is in an air-conditioned but sparsely furnished room, its windows taped to prevent flying glass. He shares it with a first lieutenant in the one-story whitewashed, U-shaped officers' quarters inside the walled and barbed-wire compound not far from Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airfield. He has breakfast in the officers' mess, its Vietnamese waitresses in their bright-pantalooned ao dais. At 7:30 he is at the white-painted, tin-roofed operations shack of the 57th Air Medical Evacuation Detachment (Editor's Note: Technical inaccuracies are those of the author and not corrected as outlined in the editorial policy of the DUSTOFFer), compiling results of the previous day's missions and serving as assistant operations officer. The 57th has four helicopters and crews and they are available around the clock. They fly into the forward, often isolated, areas, bring out the wounded and the sick, and at least one aircraft accompanies every combat assault.

"We're like a doctor or the fire department in the States," Doug Moore says, "We sit until somebody wants us, and at night we usually keep our uniforms on because that's when the Viet Cong like to hit. About twenty-five percent of our flights are at night, so we've got a hot line right into our rooms and a jeep with a red light and siren on it, and we can move in a hurry."

With two months of his year in Vietnam to go, Doug Moore has flown more than 350 missions, logged more than 300 hours in the air, ferried more than 400 patients and picked up 11 Air Medals. He is just over six feet tall, about 190 pounds, with close-cut brown-blond hair and greenish-gray eyes.

"Roger," Doug Moore is saying now, answering a call to pick up two

sick American paratroopers with a brigade bivouacked near Bien Hoa Air Base, 16 miles north. "A big fat Roger, and I'll take it."

On the flight line, as they get into their Huey - the Bell UH-1B - the .45's on their belts, wearing their flak jackets and flying helmets, Moore has with him the pilot, First Lieutenant Mike Trader, 23, of Elm Grove, Wisconsin; the crew chief, Specialist Four Ronald Lewis, 19, of Palatka, Florida; and medic, Specialist Five Donald Chambers, 21 of Matewan, West Virginia. Inside the helicopter they check their AR-15 Armalite rifles, the litters and the plastic-coated maps.

"All clear," Moore says now on the intercom.

"Ready, sir." Lewis says.

"Dustoff Control," Moore says on the radio, "this is Dustoff seven-one. We're proceeding to Bien Hoa.... Saigon tower, request permission for takeoff."

When Barbara Moore - then Barbara Helms - was growing up living with her father, a maintenance man for a St. Louis brewery, attending Hancock High, cooking dinners and cleaning house, she had hoped that her singing voice might be strong enough to carry her onto the professional stage. Her one year at Arkansas State convinced her that this was no more than a hope, but by then she had met the man she thought she wanted to marry.

"Possibly because my parents had been divorced," she says, "I had never had the same attitude toward marriage as so many of my girl friends. They had hope chests and would show me their table linen and their embroidered pillow cases, and I thought that was wrong. I didn't just want to plan on marriage itself. I wouldn't think of marriage until I met the man."

She first saw Doug Moore late in August of 1957. It was during the orientation program for freshman girls at Arkansas State. They were gathered in the lounge of the girl's dormitory, and Doug Moore, going into his senior year and vice president of the student body, stood in front of them, good-looking, composed, with a sense of humor and - she laughed about this with some of the girls later - he talked about the dangers of coed relationships without quite mentioning pregnancy.

At the end of the 1957-58 year, Barbara Helms went to work, and, in the fall, Doug Moore went back to college to pick up some extra credits. Her first year out of high school she had worked first at the counter of a steak and shake restaurant from 5 p.m. until 2 a.m. and then in the pharmacy at Lutheran Hospital doing typing and filing. Then she got a job working with a payroll machine at a company manufacturing mesh and burlap bags for vegetables and fruit. She was still there when, on February 4, 1959, she and Doug stood before a Methodist minister in the living room of the minister's house in Hillsboro, Missouri, she in a light blue wool jersey sheath dress with gold cummerbund and he in a dark brown suit, with just the minister's wife as a witness.

In the next six and a half years they were to move eight times - Fort Hood, Fort Sam Houston, Wertheim (Germany), Fort Rucker, Camp Wolters, Fort Bragg, Fort Sam again and Jonesboro. She flew to Germany three months after Doug - 22 hours on a cold prop plane with GI's, Navy, and Air Force personnel; the woman who limped because one leg was shorter than the other and had two teenage daughters; the woman with seven children, all under 12, who had lost her luggage - but the three years there were the best. They had a Volkswagen and, on leaves, toured every country in Europe, including Andorra, and Lizzie was born there in an American post hospital.

"Last March," she says, "Doug wrote about the birth of a baby in his helicopter. They'd gone down to a village in some mangrove swamps southeast of Saigon where there was a pregnant woman with complications, and about halfway back the medical sergeant had to deliver the baby. After I read that, I thought that, well, maybe now he'll have some idea of what it's like to have a baby."

"It's especially bad in the Army because your husband just takes you to the hospital and then they close those big doors after you and they won't even let your husband wait. Going into that delivery room I didn't even know enough to be afraid, but I was five hours in there. They had a saddle block on me and I know I screamed plenty

Continued on next page

YOUNG FAMILY *Continued*

because Lizzie was two weeks overdue and weighed nine pounds, eleven ounces."

And yet the lives of Barbara and Douglas Moore are committed to the US Army. Originally growing up on his parent's farm in Marked Tree, Arkansas, and then at Arkansas State, Doug had wanted to become a teacher of agricultural science. But he had always been interested in flying, though, and when, in Germany, he got the chance to come back to Fort Rucker for flight school, he decided to re-enlist.

"At Rucker," Barbara Moore says, "Doug had to be out on the flight line at five-thirty, so we'd get up at four-thirty. I never eat breakfast, but the flight surgeon had gathered all of us wives together and lectured us about giving our husbands good breakfasts and avoiding all friction. He said they'd checked into flight accidents and they believed that poor breakfasts and domestic difficulties were factors, so I'd fix Doug his bacon and eggs and sit there too tired to smile while he wanted to have a second cup of coffee and talk."

Moore and his crew have delivered the two American paratroopers - the one needing X-rays and the other laboratory tests - at Tan Son Nhut. With Doug at the control, they are back at 5,000 feet, passing over the rugged, triple-canopied jungle country and then the bomb-scarred Iron Triangle and War Zone D, two Viet Cong strongholds, on their way to pick up two Americans wounded in action at Song Be, 65 miles north of Saigon.

"This is Six Six Hickory Smoke," the voice on the radio is saying. "Armed helicopters report fifty-caliber fire."

"This sounds like a Number Ten area," Doug Moore says.

In Vietnamese pidgin English "Number One" means "very good" and "Number Ten" means "very bad", and Doug Moore is aware now of the nervousness he always feels just before going in. His first mission was the worst, going in with an air strike near Duc Hoa, with the armed Hueys firing their .30-caliber machine guns and rockets, the ground fire coming back, the flares and the tracers stream-

ing by. It was all strange to him then, and he was very scared and remembers thinking: "Gee whiz, what have I gotten into?"

"Move the artillery right five zero zero," a crisp northern voice is saying on the radio now.

"Has that air arrived yet?", a deep southern voice is saying.

After a while, you begin to understand and to know what you can ignore. You can't ignore it, though, when it is coming right at you, like the time they were picking up Vietnamese wounded and the Viet Cong opened up from a tree line with automatic weapons and one bullet went under Doug Moore's seat and hit the fire extinguisher and bounced off and wounded the crew chief.

"Viper Three to Dustoff Seven One," the voice from the Army L-19 hovering over the Song Be area is saying, "your pickup coordinates are one-six-nine-zero-three-nine. It's a churchyard along the road south of the mountain."

"This is Dustoff Seven One," Moore is saying, "I can see you, Viper, but I don't see the churchyard."

"You're directly over it."

"OK, I've got it here, Mike," Moore is saying to Trader and then, on the intercom: "Open the doors. We've got bad guys around here, but don't shoot unless you get shot at."

They come in over the thatched huts, all of them in flames, and into the churchyard past the crude wooden belfry with the white cross. They can spot the US and Vietnamese personnel in dappled camouflage down in a ditch along the road waving them in, and they are down and Chambers and Lewis are out with the litter. A ranger advisor - First Lieutenant Lloyd T. Asbury, 24, of Utica, Michigan has been hit in the hip, and he doesn't want to lie down on the litter.

"Tell him he's got to lie down," Moore is shouting now over the roar of the rotor. "We've got another WIA pickup, so he's got to go on the top tier."

Moore has the helicopter climbing again, and two minutes later, next to a bombed-out church, Lewis and Chambers are out of the helicopter helping a 21-year-old Specialist Four named

Charles M. Davis, of Leesville, Louisiana, who has been hit in the shoulder, onto the second litter.

Dustoff, this is Wishing Well. Did you get the US WIA's out?"

"This is Dustoff and that's a big, fat affirmative," Moore says, taking the copter up, and then on the intercom: "How are those men?"

"They look OK, sir," Chambers says.

Doug Moore had thought of getting out to make sure the wounded lieutenant did lie down, but the pilot does not leave his aircraft except in an emergency. Sometimes, if there are a lot of wounded, everybody will try to get on and you have to enforce order, and two weeks before he had gotten out at the bad ambush near Dalat. They had heard there were two Americans with the Vietnamese unit and so, with the Firebirds from Bien Hoa flying cover, they had walked around among the burning vehicles and turned over more than 40 Vietnamese. Out of the whole company, they found just four wounded and took them out, and later another Dustoff found the two Americans, both dead.

Barbara and Doug Moore write each other about four times a week, and they exchange a voice tape once or twice a month. They used to exchange a tape a week, but now she notices that the length of her letters had dropped from four or five pages to two or three, and that Doug is often repeating himself.

"At first he told me about the scenery and about the Vietnamese people," Barbara Moore says, "that they are trustworthy and that they really like Americans. He told about the starch the laundry uses - a rice-type starch that smells - and last week I noticed that he told me that again. I want Doug to be frank about what's happening to him, but he's the type of person who won't tell his wife something if the Army tells him it's best not to. You can't hide the fact that it's bad over there, though, and when he does write me about something, I get so upset I wish he hadn't told me."

"On the tapes I start out by saying what day it is, what the weather is like

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YOUNG FAMILY *Continued*

and what we've been doing and we try to get Keith to make some sounds. Last month, while we were recording, all of a sudden Lizzie said: 'We're glad nobody was killed on the news tonight.' I erased that from the tape, but it showed me that I affect her even more than I thought."

Lizzie is a bright, active child who is destructive with her toys but gets along well with other children. Barbara Moore feels she is too permissive with her daughter, to make up for Doug's absence, but then, at the recital of Lizzie's dancing class, when the child saw that all of the other fathers were there and she began to cry, Barbara's resolution to be more stern dissolved.

Doug Moore's pay, with base pay, flight pay, combat, separation and housing allowances, as best Barbara can figure, comes to between \$900 and \$1,000 a month. Each month, after the money that goes to Doug, into taxes, government bonds and the savings account at Fort Sam Houston, she gets between \$565 and \$600, and she has had to learn how to handle the finances and to balance a checkbook.

While living on Army bases with others their age who had similar interests and similar problems, Barbara and Doug made many friends. In Jonesboro (pop. 24,000) Barbara joins

ed a small group of Army wives whose husbands are overseas. Members drop out as their husbands return and others join as their husband leave, and they meet on Friday evenings at one another's homes.

"We drink coffee and talk," Barbara says. "We exchange recipes and compare child problems and tell our experiences at different bases and talk about our husbands. I remember once I said I'd written a rather angry letter to Doug because he's been annoyed that I hadn't shifted an account we had and that he's just written back and said he was sorry. One of the other wives said she's written a bitter letter. Then we agreed that we shouldn't be writing letters like that anyway, adding to their worries."

Barbara Moore lives with her worries around the clock. She is awakened each morning at about 7:30 by Keith talking in his crib, and she knows that it is already 9:30 in the evening of that day in Saigon. She listens to the eight o'clock news on the radio, and at about 12:30 the squeaking of the brake on the mailman's truck lets her know that the mail has arrived. At about 3:30 the boy on his bicycle brings the Jonesboro Evening Sun, which, although it may have no more than 12 pages, does a better job with the Vietnam news, Barbara feels, than some of

the bigger papers. At 5:30 she watches the news on TV, and when she goes to bed at 10 o'clock she knows it is noon of the next day where her husband is, and she wonders once again what he is doing now.

It is 12:45 PM by the time they have transferred the two wounded Americans to the ambulance at Saigon, and now they are headed for Hau Nghia Province, 20 miles to the northwest, to pick up a wounded Vietnamese soldier. Below they can see the patchwork of rice fields, the paddy water shimmering between the wood lines the Viet Cong use for cover. Ahead they can see heavy rain clouds, and then Doug Moore spots the yellow smoke grenade marking the landing zone.

"OK, I've got it right below us," he says on the intercom. "The bad guys are supposed to be to the north, the good guys to the south. We're going to put our tail to the bad guys, so watch out that way."

He brings the helicopter low over a tree line and lands it close to the bright yellow smoke. Two Vietnamese soldiers are carrying a stretcher toward the copter, the wounded man lying on his stomach, a white bandage big on his back. Lewis and Chambers place him aboard, and Doug Moore takes the Huey back up.

"Dustoff Control, this is Dustoff Seven One," Moore is saying. "We have an Arvin pickup and we'll be there in eight or nine minutes.

They come in over the Vietnamese Military Cemetery, a sprawling plot of new graves, and sometimes when they bring in a load of Vietnamese dead the graves are already dug and they are buried immediately. They touch down now on the red cross in the middle of the Cong Hoa Hospital compound and, as the stretcher bearers remove the wounded man, the patients in the open rooms watch.

At 1:30 Doug Moore is back at the operations shack, having a hamburger and a cola for lunch, on duty until 5:15 as assistant operations officer. At 6:15 he eats dinner at the officers' mess with Mike Trader, at seven he attends the briefing on the next day's combat assault mission, at nine he is in his room, writing to his wife, listening to the news on Armed Forces Radio, Continued on next page

THAT'S JAKE



A cartoon some of you may have missed is certainly appropriate to a number of DUSTOFFers who hail from the President-elect's home state. This kind of dilemma brings to mind such notables as Doug Moore, Freddy Jim Mills, and, even more on the money, Bill Thresher, whose life-long love affair with razorback paraphernalia is well known and documented.

YOUNG FAMILY

Continued

reading the literature from the Career Officers' Advanced Course he hopes to attend at Fort Sam Houston for nine months when his year in Vietnam is over. At 11 o'clock he turns out the reading light attached to the headboard of his bed.

"I like what I'm doing here," he says, "because I think we are saving lives, and it's satisfying to be doing exactly what you are trained to do. It's a big boost for Americans to know what, if they get hit, we'll go in after them and get them out, and we're helping others - the wounded, the hurt and the sick."

"I miss my wife and the children, I'd like to be home watching baseball and football on television, but some of us have chosen the military as a profession, and it's our job to be here. There's no rah-rah or flag-waving about it, but I think the American way of life is the best I've seen around the world, and I want my kids to enjoy life as much as I have."

"I miss Doug most at night," Barbara Moore says, "and the first thing in the morning. Many times during the day I miss him, too, but I try to keep

busy so the time will pass. He used to wear suntans around the house a lot, and often when I see him in my mind he's playing with Lizzie, riding her on his back."

Barbara first heard of Vietnam, she says, in Germany, where it was mentioned occasionally, but did not seem important. At Fort Rucker, when Doug graduated from flight class, she was aware that some of the bachelors were being sent over there, and by then she knew it was in Asia, near Thailand. At Fort Bragg, where Doug was assigned to the air ambulance company, they both knew for weeks that he would be going at any moment, but she will never forget that evening when she and Lizzie went to the door and Doug got out of the car with that sorry grin

on his face and said: "It's happened."

"One woman I met there," she says, "was talking about it, and she said: 'It's just like our Civil War was, and I don't see what we're doing getting mixed up in it.' I don't know everything about it, but I don't see it that way at all. If we don't stop the Communists from taking over by force in Vietnam, we'll eventually have to stop them somewhere else and it could be worse. That's the way Doug feels, and he's over there.

She has saved all of his letters. I read one that she has read several times. He wrote:

"We went out and picked up some people at a Vietnamese village the other day and I saw a little fat baby like Keith, and I wanted to get out of the helicopter and squeeze him. These little babies are really cute, but they don't have much of a chance in life or anything to look forward to unless we can handle this situation over here. ... We Americans are fortunate to never have seen war at home, and all those fat, dumb Americans who complain about little discomforts should see what could happen unless they get off their duffs and realize what is going on here and that we must stop it now before we have the same thing."



THE DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Military Address _____

Spouse's Name _____

Home Phone () _____

Initial Membership and 1st Year's Dues - \$20

Yearly Renewal - \$10

Lifetime Membership - \$100

Members electing to renew membership annually will have their membership converted to Lifetime after 15 consecutive years. Renewals are due no later than the first day of each calendar year. Please make checks payable to the DUSTOFF Association and mail to: The DUSTOFF Association, Wainright Station, PO Box 8091, San Antonio, Texas 78208.

MEN, STRESS,

Continued

plan to make a career of the military and demonstrated slightly different attitude in the handling of the combat issue. After a mission both of these men would consistently describe how near the bullets had come, how close the Viet Cong had approached, and how miraculously they had been able to drive them off. These stories were accepted without question by the group, even though everyone present knew them to be considerably exaggerated. Discussions with these men made it apparent that they were capable of tolerating a higher conscious awareness of the possibility of death than the other subjects. By overemphasizing the dangers in those situations which they had successfully survived, they were able to enhance their own feelings of invincibility and omnipotence greatly. Their awareness of death was predicated on the belief that it was something that happened to someone else, and from which certain superior capabilities which they possessed kept them immune. It is of particular interest that the mean level of 17-OCHS excretion of these two subjects more nearly approached their weight predicted levels than did the

levels of the other five men. Also, these two medics were rated by the pilots as the best performers in the group.

From the standpoint of military effectiveness, these findings suggest that the individual who can more easily tolerate the realistic presence of death, allowing proportionately higher levels of 17-OCHS excretion, is likely to be a superior performer. The man who structures his perception of the environment to make it more acceptable may achieve greater comfort in his denial but may not perform as well. Those who tolerate the discomfort, emphasizing their own capabilities in dealing with it by action, as well as being motivated by positive rewards such as medals, higher pay, and prestige, are likely to perform best.

Perhaps the most important consideration is that these subjects are highly self-selected and their responses, both psychological and physiological, may not be representative either of the population as a whole or even of combat troops. It is certainly true that nobody acquires the job of helicopter ambulance medic entirely against his will, and in fact many of the men made three or four positive decisions to end up in this position. The suggestion has been made, perhaps with some validity, that certain individuals seek out oc-

cupations of this sort in order to associate with a peer group having personality characteristics similar to their own and with whom they feel particularly socially comfortable. One might expect then that such a group of men would handle stress in a similar manner, and perhaps demonstrate very similar and unique types of physiological responses. This argument is hard to refute, but the wide range of personality types, the variety of past histories, and the varying degree of enthusiasm for the job among the subjects in this study does not lend much support to it.

In summary, it can be said from the findings of this study that in an objectively stressful and life-endangering situation, physiological changes which might have been anticipated failed to occur. This could be explained in many ways, but the concepts which I have offered here seem to provide the most valid historical continuity with the many behavioral observations which have come out of the studies of men under stress in previous wars. The data reflect man's ability to adapt and suggest that with adequate time no environment or threat short of actual death or injury is so great that a psychological and physiological adjustment cannot be made to it.

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