



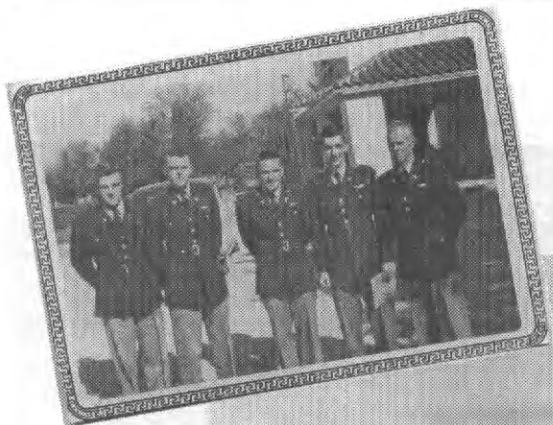
THE DUSTOFFER



DUSTOFF ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

FALL 1999

REUNION 2000 DUSTOFF HONORS ITS HEROES



President's Message

TO EACH OF our members and friends, greetings from your DUSTOFF Association. Imagine, we're just days from a new year, a new millennium, and the first reunion of the next century. The 2000 reunion has taken shape. After several years' absence, we're going back to the San Antonio Riverwalk. Many are surprised that we could make it back to the Holiday Inn at a reasonable price or that the Holiday Inn would want us back after some of the wild reunions we held there in the past. This year's Evacuation Conference will correspond with our reunion and will be held at the same hotel. In an effort to recruit new members, we are working to make our association known to our active and reserve component crewmembers. We have been marketing through our networks and intend to make a presentation at the Evacuation Conference. The nominations for Crewmember and Rescue of the Year have been voted on. All nominations were outstanding, and you don't need to worry about the quality of our soldiers or the courage and skill of our crews in today's army. We look forward to seeing you on the Riverwalk in February. While there, plan on attending the business meeting. We have some great issues to discuss and welcome your input.

DUSTOFF!
Merle Snyder

DUSTOFF Association

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21st Annual Reunion
— Register Early —
Send in your form today!
For Registration
Information see page 17

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Army Honors DUSTOFF Crews

This article, penned by San Antonio Express-News staff writer, Scott Huddleston, appeared in that publication shortly after our gathering earlier this year.

For those wounded on the battlefield, so-called DUSTOFF personnel have been angels of mercy for fifty years. Even today, soldiers in Bosnia and other war-torn lands know they can count on the selfless pilots, crewchiefs and medics who fly medical-evacuation missions for the U.S. Army Medical Department.

About 150 people gathered Sunday at Fort Sam Houston to honor the 245 men and women killed serving in units that evacuate wounded service members. The post's former chaplain, Jesse Thornton, told the crowd he wondered what it is like to go on a rescue flight, typically halfway around the world, knowing it might be one's last.

"There's nothing so disheartening as wondering if you'll make it when no one seems to care," Thornton said. "I wonder how often they feel as though they're alone."

Thornton assured those in attendance, including some with sons and daughters in medical-evacuation units, that even in their darkest hour, the service members are caressed by a caring God and the thoughts of those who know their despair.

"You surround them as 'a great cloud of witnesses,'" he said, using a biblical phrase.

Retired Maj. Gen. Spurgeon Neel of San Antonio, who first promoted using helicopters as ambulances in battle more than a half-century ago, was honored with the unveiling of a plaque calling him the "father of DUSTOFF aviation."

"There was the institutional resistance you'd expect," to efforts that led to use of early Aero-Medical evacuation units in 1949, Neel recalled after Sunday's ceremony. Some military officials questioned the efficiency of using choppers to transport wounded, especially if only one or two soldiers needed evacuation, Neel said.

"The transportation people wanted to have a full load both ways," he said. "We've always said this was a medical mission. The military medical community was always in agreement about that."

A UH-1 "Huey" helicopter, which for decades has been the workhorse of military air evacuations, occupies a plaza at Stanley and North Roads, dedicated to all members of DUSTOFF units. Most UH-1s have been replaced with more modern UH-60s.

"It's more than just the helicopter," said Neel, 79. "It's the can-do attitude. Putting someone else's welfare ahead of your own."

Prominently displayed in the plaza is the DUSTOFF acronym: "Dedicated Unhesitating Service To Our Fighting Forces."

Besides the plaque honoring Neel, another bears the DUSTOFF slogan, "When I have your wounded," a final response one pilot is said to have uttered when advised to leave a hostile area.

Neel developed training for medical evacuations, and as commander of the 30th Medical Group, put those operations in practice during the Korean War, said Maj. Gen. James B. Peake, commander of the Army Medical Department Center and School at the post.

"This is a group that has a special meaning to everybody," said Peake, who oversees the post. By using choppers to reach and carry wounded over rough terrain, the crews make sure "those golden moments" when an eye, a limb or even a life could be saved, aren't missed, he said.

The first U.S. air medical evacuation occurred in the Burma theater at the end of the World War II. But Neel's work prompted the Army during the Vietnam War to form the first units known as "DUSTOFF," the call sign soldiers used to radio for help, said retired Col. Dan Gower, a former DUSTOFF pilot and member of the DUSTOFF Association.

"It's been well-established that soldiers go into combat with a higher degree of confidence because they know if they're injured, those pilots and crew members will do whatever it takes to get to them," Gower said.

DUSTOFF units have evacuated an estimated 500,000 patients. Of the 245 deaths involving DUSTOFF units, 213 occurred in Vietnam from 1962 to 1972, and 28 have occurred since the war. A four-member crew was killed in Korea in 1969.



ON THE COVER

A real DUSTOFF hero, to be honored at this year's reunion, (center) John Temperilli (Ret.) flies a 57th Medical Detachment (helicopter ambulance) OH-13 during medical training in 1955. Surrounding photos (from lower left, clockwise) PVT Temperilli at Camp Pickett basic training; LT Temperilli (second from right) with the other members of his flight school graduating class at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, August 1954; 1LT Temperilli as his career ascended to stardom; and COL Temperilli receiving a Legion of Merit from MG Galloway at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, October 1976.

Classic Write-ups from our Sister Service

Clearly mirroring our pilot-maintenance interface, the Air Force reports a number of entries by pilots noting aircraft problems and the response by the unit's maintenance section. (P=problem; S=solution)

(P) Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.
(S) Almost replaced left inside main tire.

(P) Test flight OK, except auto land very rough.
(S) Auto land not installed on this aircraft.

(P) #2 propeller seeping prop fluid.
(S) #2 propeller seepage normal; #1, #3 and #4 propellers lack normal seepage.

(P) Something loose in cockpit.
(S) Something tightened in cockpit.

(P) Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.
(S) Evidence removed.

(P) DME volume unbelievably loud.
(S) Volume set to more believable level.

(P) Dead bugs on windshield.
(S) Live bugs on order.

(P) Autopilot in attitude hold mode produces a 200 fpm descent.
(S) Cannot reproduce problems on ground.

(P) IFF inoperative.
(S) IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

(P) Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.
(S) That's what they're there for.

(P) Number three engine missing.
(S) Engine found on right wing after brief search.

(P) Aircraft handles funny.
(S) Aircraft warned to straighten up, "fly right," and be serious.

(P) Target Radar hums.
(S) Reprogrammed Target Radar with words.



Bobby's Wisdom

Bobby McBride, a Vietnam-era crew chief, provides wartime observations with an unparalleled sense of perspective.

Once you are in the fight, it is way too late to wonder if this is a good idea.

Helicopters are cool!

It is a fact that helicopter tail rotors are instinctively drawn toward trees, stumps, rocks, etc. While it may be possible to ward off this natural event some of the time, it cannot, despite the best efforts of the crew, always be prevented. It's just what they do.

NEVER get into a fight without more ammunition than the other guy.

The engine RPM and the rotor RPM must BOTH be kept in the GREEN. Failure to heed this commandment can affect the morale of the crew.

MG Spurgeon Neel DUSTOFF Memorial Plaza

The following is an update on the MG Spurgeon Neel DUSTOFF Memorial Plaza:

Donations collected	\$12,133.00
Expenses	\$14,318.00
Total Outlay from Association funds	\$2,185.00

The installation recently replanted the memorial to replace dead trees and shrubs. Watering must continue aggressively for the first two years, or the landscaping will die again. Recommend close watch on it and a work day or someone to be responsible for watering periodically.

Dan Gower, Jr.
Memorial Chairman

1999 DUSTOFF CREWMEMBER OF THE YEAR SFC MARVIN BROADWATER, 236TH MEDICAL CO.

Editor's Note: The association Executive Council labored long and hard attempting to select the best of the best this year. While SFC Broadwater was named the Crewmember of the year, many of his contemporaries also richly deserve our praise and admiration. Below is the complete text of SFC Broadwater's recommendation, followed by brief summaries of the other nominees' exploits and achievements.

SFC MARVIN BROADWATER is recommended for the DUSTOFF Association Crewmember of the Year Award. SFC Broadwater is a Flight Medical Aidman responsible for the administration of emergency and routine treatment of patients in an international helicopter MEDEVAC unit. He is responsible for the en-route care of patients from accident scenes and inter-hospital transfers of patients, medical personnel, blood products and biologicals.



He performs duties as an aircrew member and Forward Support Medevac Team NCOIC.

In December 1995 he deployed his Forward Support Medevac Team to Bosnia-Herzegovina and served as the MEDEVAC NCOIC in Slavonski-Brod, Croatia. During this deployment, he coordinated Emergency Medical

Technician certification in Bosnia-Herzegovina for over fifty U.S. medical soldiers in need of the training. He assisted in the training of over 1,600 Implementation Force soldiers in the U.S. Army MEDEVAC and external hoist operations. SFC Broadwater participated in three separate minefield incidents and the rescue of several patients from active mine fields. He was awarded the U.S. Army Soldier's Medal for heroism during one of these rescues. His skill and abilities as an Air Ambulance NCO ensured the competent care of over thirty patients evacuated during the eleven-month deployment. He provided triage, assessment, treatment and evacuation without the assistance of more qualified medical personnel onboard. He also provided integration of senior Norwegian medical personnel into U.S. ARMY MEDEVAC operations.

In 1998 SFC Broadwater again deployed his Forward Support MEDEVAC Team to Bosnia-Herzegovina and served as the MEDEVAC NCOIC in Slavonski-Brod, Croatia. He was responsible for coordinating all activities for this remotely deployed unit element and again provided capable care to five patients evacuated during this four-month deployment.

SFC Broadwater's contributions to the unit include managing the Emergency Medical Technician medical training and recertification program for the eighteen enlisted medical personnel. He serves as an Enlisted Standardization Flight In-

structor and assisted with the training of thirty-two non-rated crewmembers in flight procedures, including hoist operations, night vision flying and sling load operations. He served as a Forward Support MEDEVAC Team NCOIC during the MEDECUR 97 Partnership for Peace in Skopje, Macedonia. He was selected to participate in the V Corp Desert Focus and Victory Focus computer simulation exercises and recently directed the preparation for deployment of his Forward Support MEDEVAC Team to Skopje, Macedonia, in support of Task Force Falcon.

SFC Broadwater is active in community activities and events. He placed first in the Spangdahlem, Germany, Eifel Open Power Lifting and Slavonski-Brod bench press Championships. He recently won the 7th annual Summer Slam bench-press competition in Heidelberg, Germany. He coordinated a Partnership for Peace event with the company's sister German Air Force unit and the German Schutzenschnur marksmanship event for the company. He is interested in his personal development, achieving an overall course average of 96% during National Emergency Medical Technician recertification. He completed the Pediatric Advanced Life Support course with a grade point of 92%. He completed the Instructor Training Workshop (Instructor Qualification Course) for 7th Army Training Command. He completed requirements for a civilian Criminal Justice degree. He was also awarded the Gold German Schutzenschnur badge for the highest degree of weapons marksmanship.

SSG David L. Hunt — 421st Medical Evac BN, Wiesbaden, Germany — Outstanding records in the 237th in California, 45th, 236th, and 159th in Germany, later attached to the 421st as Battalion Standards Instructor; important role in 421st's winning Ellis D. Parker Award four times; training efforts evident in battalion receiving forty commendable ratings in corps evaluation, highest in USAREUR.

SSG Gregory A. Patin — 812th Medical Company AA, New Orleans, Louisiana — Enlisted Standardization Instructor with over 800 hours of crewmember time in present and old unit, the 872nd; served as enlisted representative to Louisiana MAST committee; flight medic on numerous MAST and medical evacuation missions in Louisiana, Texas, Colorado, Central America, and the Arabian Peninsula.

SSG Chad Peltier — 50th Medical Company AA, Fort Campbell, Kentucky — First soldier to meet criteria for Eagle DUSTOFF Hall of Fame; developed division-wide Expert Field Medical Badge (EFMB) training program; developed and implemented Forward Support Medevac Team (FSMT) program; arranged Survival, Escape, Resistance, and Evasion (SERE) program with Special Forces and division Pathfinders.

SGT Jeffrey S. Sayles — 571st Medical Company AA, Fort Carson, Colorado — Trained over 100 soldiers and civilian Emergency Medical Service (EMS) personnel in Colorado Springs area; authored unit's medical protocols; appointed as the unit's Flight Instructor, training fifteen new medical aidpersons and crew chiefs in critical in-flight medical and crew skills; credited with personally participating in over thirty lifesaving missions, including first response trauma and mountain hoist missions.

SSG Craig L. Smith — 112th Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Bangor, Maine — Completed 1,318 accident-free flying hours in UH-1s and UH-60s in seventeen years as a crewmember; voluntary service in support of missions throughout the U.S., Canada, and the Arabian Peninsula; pioneered training programs in UH-60 transition, hoist, night vision goggles (NVG), and internal/external loads; instrumental in making the 112th a premiere air ambulance unit in the Army.

SGT Donald L. Steward — 159th Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Wiesbaden, Germany — Progressed from first Army assignment as Flight Medic with lifesaving missions throughout Germany and in support of Operation Restore Hope in Somalia; designated as Flight Instructor and ran numerous, accident-free Aerial Gunnery ranges; deployed to Bosnia and became multi-national trainer for aeromedical missions; selected as Standardization Instructor for Non-Rated Crew Members; deployed to Bosnia in support of Operation Allied Force and the Apache Deep Strike Mission; transitioned to support missions in Kosovo, providing aeromedical evacuation coverage for allied and enemy soldiers and to civilians.



Desert War Goes On and On

This article, penned by Fort Hood's Geoff Fink in 1995, chronicles a deployed operation in Kuwait by elements of the 507th Medical Company (Air Ambulance). DUSTOFF soldiers of every generation excel while learning the lessons that have challenged so many of those who flew before. DUSTOFF support operations have continued and continue now in a number of countries on the Arabian Peninsula since those first elements of the 421st Medical Battalion (Evacuation) from Germany self-deployed there in 1990.

While the 1st Cavalry Division deployed to Kuwait to train, a small group of 13th Corps Support Command soldiers deployed to perform their real-world mission—save lives. The 507th Medical Air Ambulance Company, 36th Medical Battalion, 1st Medical Group, 13th COSCOM, is a forward team deployed to assist the First Team by transporting patients via helicopter to medical facilities throughout Kuwait.

"We're responsible for all injured friendly forces in Kuwait, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week," said Chief Warrant Officer Robert C. Butler, crew commander. The team consists of twenty-two soldiers who range from the two MEDEVAC crews to the maintenance and support soldiers. The crews work in twenty-four-hour shifts, where one crew is on immediate standby and the other on secondary standby.

"A call comes in from either the forward support battalions or ground site commander to our operations here," said 1Lt. Michael G. Collins, copilot. "They notify the first-up crew, who then get the patient information and location. The crew plans the flight route, goes to the aircraft and launches. They then land at the site, and the medic takes over. Then they take the patient to the closest medical facility."

"We were in-country thirty-six hours when we had to evacuate a cardiac patient, and forty-eight hours later, we had to evacuate a spinal patient," said Sgt. A. Tyler Rodriguez, primary crew medic.

Both missions were a success, and so far, have been the only real ones the MEDEVAC soldiers have had to fly. The unique environment of Kuwait has proven to add a new degree of difficulty to the crews' jobs.

"The airflight conditions and maintenance are a lot more demanding here than at Fort Hood. With the heat and dust, we're flying in a lot of conditions that we're not used to," said Rodriguez.

"Navigation is hard to handle because there are no terrain features at all," said Rodriguez. "Terrain association here is nil."

"The heat plays a really big factor in everything we do," he said. "The temperature affects the number of patients we can carry." The hotter it gets, the fewer patients MEDEVAC helicopters can carry.

"This is very different, very different and more challenging," said Rodriguez. "These conditions are something I would never have imagined. You definitely have to pay more attention to detail here than at Fort Hood."

One of the problems they face is a condition called brownout. A brownout is when pilots lose sight of the ground because of dust kicked up when the aircraft is landing.

"It makes it a lot more interesting at night under NVG (night vision goggles) conditions when you have no terrain to look at and you're under brownout conditions," said Butler. "I had a big eye-opener when I first flew here at night," said Rodriguez. "You read up and are educated on the conditions, but you never actually understand it until you experience it."

Although flying in the desert is more difficult than at Fort Hood, the MEDEVAC crew is grateful for the training experience.

"We train every day, so when we actually have a real mission come up, we'll be more prepared for it," said Butler.

(Continued on page 18.)

OREGON DUSTOFF UNIT WINS COVETED RESCUE OF THE YEAR AWARD

The Oregon Army National Guard's 1042nd Medical Company (Air Ambulance) performed the 1999 Rescue of the Year, during the conduct of a mission described in detail below. Other nominees, involved in missions only marginally less exciting but professional, included the 50th Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Fort Campbell, Kentucky; the 159th Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Wiesbaden, Germany (two nominated missions); the 507th Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Fort Hood, Texas; and the 571st Medical Company (Air Ambulance), Fort Carson, Colorado (three nominated missions). Clearly, today's DUSTOFF warriors are upholding and in many cases exceeding the standards of their predecessors in the demanding and challenging field of medical support to our fighting forces.

THE OREGON ARMY National Guard's 1042 Medical Company (Air Ambulance) performed an extraordinarily hazardous rescue of a pilot whose small aircraft was lost in a rugged section of the Northern Oregon Cascade Mountain Range. The air rescue mission occurred on 7 May 1999. The pilot of the small aircraft, Mr. Richard Ramsey, had become disoriented after being caught in a zero-visibility snowstorm while flying through the region. After flying for some time, Mr. Ramsey's aircraft ran out of fuel, and he was lost to air traffic controllers at 1915 hours 6 May 1999.

Searchers immediately began to look for the downed aircraft, using the emergency beacon from the plane. Due to extremely poor flying conditions, the air search was impossible in the early part of the night. Ground searchers were unable to locate the plane due to the very steep terrain and the four-foot blanket of snow in the area. The 1042 Medical Company (AA) was alerted to the mission at 0100 hours on 7 May 1999, and despite the abysmal weather conditions, the air search began at 0300 hours. The crew had to abort the mission at 0400 hours, due to the driving snowstorm, and return to base.

As the weather improved temporarily a few hours later, a relief crew was launched from the Salem AASF at mid-morning. The pilot of the plane was located an hour later, just before noon. The PIC determined that a hoist rescue was the only possible means. The crew prepared for hoist operations. The flight medic, SGT Wellborn, was lowered 125 feet to the crash site. As SGT Wellborn reached the ground, he sank to his chest in the snow. It was determined that a second crewmember would be lowered to aid the medic in patient packaging and to assist in building a shelter and a fire, as the weather was deteriorating, and the PIC feared not being able to return for the pick-up. SGT Morris was lowered to the fifty-degree slope to assist SGT Wellborn. As the crewmembers ascended the steep slope with all the equipment, Mr. Ramsey was shivering and complaining of lower back pain. SGT Well-

born proceeded to begin treatment for back injury and hypothermia.

At that time the weather and low fuel levels caused the UH-60 to leave the area for refuel. Within an hour the helicopter arrived back on scene to continue the mission. The aircraft was positioned over the site by the crewchief and hoist operator, SGT James Tournay. Mr. Ramsey was lifted into the hovering helicopter. As SGT Wellborn gathered the equipment, SGT Morris was hoisted to the aircraft. At this time the weather had decreased to almost zero visibility. SGT Wellborn elected to leave the equipment at the site and was hoisted aboard the aircraft. CW4 Cataldo, the co-pilot, was now hovering using a lone treetop, visible only through the chin bubble of the helicopter, as his only reference. The hope for the crew now was that the driving snowstorm would lift before the aircraft ran out of fuel.

This stalemate lasted over an hour. As ice began accumulating on the aircraft, Mr. Frye contemplated his options and developed a further plan. He computed that Bingo fuel was 1200 pounds. His decision was to continue to hover, hoping for a break in the weather. Mr. Frye started planning for the inevitable instrument departure without the use of navigational aids or radar control. Using a topographical map, GPS, and knowledge of the terrain gained during the search, he developed an instrument departure procedure with headings, altitudes, and times that would provide mountaintop clearance.

As Mr. Cataldo continued to hover the aircraft, the crew anxiously watched the fuel gauge. As it reached 1200 pounds, Mr. Frye's plan was put into action. Mr. Cataldo applied power, and the aircraft ascended into the thick clouds. Mr. Frye began timing the climbs and directing the aircraft heading. As the aircraft reached 7500 feet, they turned to a heading of 270 degrees, thus avoiding all mountains. Seattle Center was contacted and given priority handling for the flight back to Salem.

Once back at Salem, the patient was transferred into a Life-Flight helicopter and taken to Providence Emanuel Medical Center in Portland. Mr. Ramsey was treated for hypothermia and a lower back fracture. At great personal risk these brave soldiers rescued a man who almost surely would have perished without their assistance. Every one of the crewmembers exhibited the kind of bravery that best exemplifies the traditions of DUSTOFF.



Memories in a Green Bag

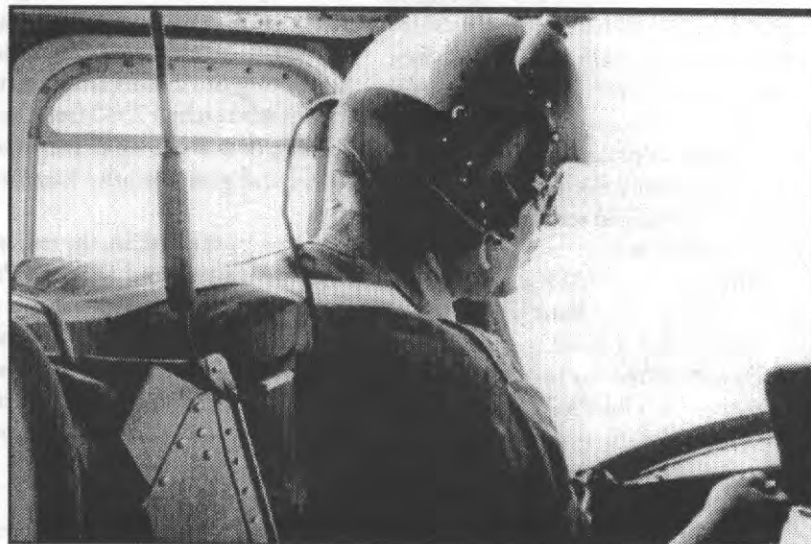
by 1LT Patrick Zenk, 542nd Med Co (AA)

GROWING UP, I remember a green bag in our garage. I knew little of my father's past, other than the green uniform with colorful ribbons, shiny metal insignia and gold buttons. I recall the old footlocker in our basement that was once the foundation of my secret fort. A treasure chest of sorts for a wide-eyed little boy. Musty smelling manuals, maps, old reel-to-reel tapes and boxes of slides were my treasures. But that green helmet bag captured my attention. Its patches with letters proudly announcing "57th Med Det (HA)," "82nd Med Det (HA)," and the one with black letters on a white tape with our last name. The white wings especially captured my imagination.

I knew so little of my father, but recall him looking up with great interest when he heard a helicopter in the distance, his eyes appearing to look into the past. As I grew older, I became more inquisitive and began to ask about that bag and the stories contained within its musty fabric. In time he would reminisce of his solo, the first in his flight class to be tossed into that Texas pond. He still displays a sheepish grin when he recalls that a man named Brady soloed second. His expression would change slightly as he relayed brief memories of a foreign land. Almost reliving in his mind the endless hours in the seat of a helicopter, responding to the cries for Dustoff. And I recall the look of sadness in his eyes when he remembered that they weren't always successful.

The pride in his voice when he told me he was once a young soldier gave me the desire to follow the same path. In high school I wasn't interested in college. While other boys dreamed of playing pro football or Friday night parties, I dreamed of wearing a uniform. Maybe even flying. Yet I chose a different road and wore a rucksack, camouflage paint and jungle boots. Still, he was proud.

I don't recall ever seeing my father cry until the day I came home. I surprised him at work wearing my own medals and a newly sewn patch on my right shoulder. We both cried that afternoon, and I felt comfort as he hugged me close, happy to have me safe at home. I wasn't a pilot, but he was proud just the same. I left the Army to return after college to chase a long-lost dream. We talked weekly, so he could share in my studies. He laughed as I spoke of my frustration in trying to hover and was moved when I pinned my wings. Today, I sit in another foreign land, eager to return home where I can relate to him my own tales over a cup of coffee and add my own patch to that old helmet bag. A Dustoff pilot filled with the pride of a generation past.



THE DUSTOFF LEGEND

Ace in the Hole

by John Blessing

Aircraft Commander Captain Al Dunn and pilot CW1 John Blessing went over the mission details at the radio shack. There was a problem. Captain Dunn stood before the Area of Operations (AO) wall map agonizing with the situation: Location, southwest of Camp Eagle high atop a mountain near the south end of the Ashaw Valley. Patrol's contact with the enemy since insertion, none. Elapsed time since the grunt had broken his leg, three days. Patrol's status, stranded in triple canopy jungle, exhausted from packing their buddy and running out of resources. Type of DUSTOFF mission, hoist. Weather? Ahh yes the weather. That was the problem.

The weather stank when Captain Dunn's crew first came on duty as fourth-up. Light, almost continuous rain alternated with a cloak of mist as the ceiling moved up and down from zero to 500 feet, sometimes as much as 1000 in the AO's valleys. It was then that a mid-morning call came into Eagle DUSTOFF: U.S. with a broken femur. The mountains were socked in. The stranded grunts could not see the sky and only knew of the mist that ebbed through their dismal spot on the mountain.

Each first-up crew for the past three days had flown to the mountain or as close as they could without going IFR. Each crew had waited for clearing weather. Now it was time for Dunn to try, and the grunts still reported mist and with it, a soldier's shared agony of taking care of a buddy. How long before Charlie would sniff them out?

Al internalized the conditions, grimaced, slammed a palm on the stranded patrol's position. Radio-Telephone Operator, Specialist Five Romero and WO Blessing jumped at the sound. Al turned on his heel, moving in quick strides toward the door, saying, "Come on, Blessing, Romero, tell 'em we're on the way."

Medical Service Corps Captain Dunn, of the 101st Screaming Eagles 326th Medical Battalion DUSTOFF Company pointed a finger one direction and another as he directed WO Blessing flying toward the mountain. The ceiling's lift exposed one-third of the objective. However, as beautiful as the cloud-draped, shadowed mountain was on that winter morning in 1968, its beauty was a lethal mask to the brave and unprepared. Al, a brave and experienced Army Aviator, knew this. He had flown into hot Landing Zones more times than he wanted to think about.

He stretched the envelope to do what DUSTOFF did. That was his job. He survived because he could make a helicopter dance, and he always came up with new executable ideas that made pucker missions possible. That is why he came to the mountain. He had grit, purpose of mission and an idea. That broken-bone grunt was coming out because three days in jungle slime was too long. If the game plan failed, he would rely on Blessing, the ace in the hole.

Al directed Blessing to fly at the mountain's slope nearest the patrol's coordinates. The Huey's interior grew dark nearer the mountain. Under Al's direction, Blessing slowed to a hover 300 feet down slope from the clouds' juncture with mountain green. Dark tree crowns shivered from rotor down-wash and

loosed a shower of leaf-captured rain into branched depths. Maybe some would reach the ground 200 feet below.

Time had come to apply Al's idea. "I have the aircraft." Dunn's light touch replaced John's heavier and certainly by now nervous grip on the controls.

"Stay on the controls with me Blessing. When we go into the soup, I want your eyes inside and on the instruments ready to go IFR if need be."

"Yes, sir. How you going to do this?"

"Easy. I've tuned the unit's radio signal to our radio direction finder. When their RTO talks to us, the needle tells us right, left, or straight on. I point the nose of the aircraft in their direction and hover right up and on top of them. All I have to do is swim this bird just above the trees to stay visual."

Al transmitted to the grunt unit on the ground, "Donald Duck, this is DUSTOFF. Give me a slow count like I told you. We're coming up the mountainside now. When you hear me, tell me right or left."

"Roger that, DUSTOFF."

Al gave John a big, confident smile and said, "Okay, here goes."

The bird's main rotor sucked at the cloud's bottom. In a moment what had looked like a cloud became swirling, churning, thick, misty fog. Fifty feet in all directions except down, the forest canopy disappeared into dirty white. Donald Duck counted, and the RDF needle slammed to the right. Dunn followed it with the aircraft's nose, while inching up the mountain over the tree tops. The needle slammed left. Turning left, Al had to hover up and over taller trees that mounded above the average canopy level. White swirl rushed under the aircraft, and the jungle top disappeared.

The Captain clenched the controls for the first time, sending a tremor into Blessing's light, riding along, touch. The collective dropped fast, and Al found tree tops again. The RDF needle slammed right and left as Dunn tried to center the needle while hovering much more carefully just above the trees. Donald Duck screamed into his radio, "You're way off to the left. Come back."

"What, left?" Dunn answered, confusion pulling his eyes from fog swirling about the limit of his vision with the tree-tops to the slam banging RDF needle and back to treetops.

"Your left, errr, wait one." A ten-second pause, then, "Ah, to the Whiskey, DUSTOFF, to the Whisky."

The Captain hovered east and up the ever-changing roundness of the mountain's steepening side. The RDF needle would not center, and its messages seemed to contradict Donald Duck's increasing incantations of, "You're Serria. Right, ah I mean November, Whisky, farther left, closer. . ."

The situation became more and more maddening, with Al trying to keep a visual on the treetops to avoid flying into them, fighting an increasing tendency of the fog's thickening and keeping track of the RDF needle. His eyes darted from outside contact to the instrument panel and back outside; not a fun way to fly.

The controls became more and more like a slippery worm that Blessing tried following like a dancer's partner who must not lead or restrict movement. He stole a glance at the Aircraft Commander's face and yanked his eyes back to instruments that flipped, bobbed and turned in erratic positions. Moisture made Dunn's face shine. Sweat beads channeled down his cheeks. The whiteness of his knuckles gave a clue to the twisting and knorring of his innards.

Finding the grunts became hopeless without altitude and airspeed to buffer and settle the RDF's needle. Al hover-flew through the canopy's convolutions like chasing a darting rabbit through arroyos and creek bottom channels. All the while playing tag with misty fingers that swirled down in attempts to snatch the aircraft up into a bosom of dirty white. Condensate rivulets streamed across the windshield like migrating bugs.

Exasperation mounted in the air and on the ground. In a down-slope hover, speed increasing probably induced by frustration, Dunn happened onto a saddle. A quick correction of collective put the aircraft into a shallow 40-knot climb to escape flying into the saddle's gentle curve upward toward the neighboring mountain. In an instant, thick fog slipped between the Huey and Al's visual connection with the canopy. His quick response dipped the aircraft into an upward saddle-following swoop, while also bringing the ground into visual again.

It is often said that God is a co-pilot. For the second Dunn pulled his head back into the cockpit for a quick glance at the RDF and raised his eyes again, a tree of all granddaddy trees loomed, thrusting out of the canopy like the Seattle Space Needle. God had allowed Al a second to realize the nearness of certain collision in zero-zero visibility.

The Captain uttered an epithet of alarm, and WO Blessing yanked his eyes off the instrument panel to see the windscreen filled with tree that was too wide, too tall, and with closure speed, too close to puddle-jump. Coming to a hovering stop was impossible because the tree was THERE! A maxim cyclic yank left or right was unthinkable, due to going into the soupy mountain slopes. The brain can work in nanoseconds. Both pilots acted as one brain. The only option was the elevator movement. Both pilots reacted in unison, each hoisting the paired collectives to maximum limit while pulling the cyclics into their stomachs. The aircraft's nose shot upward. The combined turbine-transmission noise level dipped in a momentary groan that none of the crew had ever heard before. As tree boughs slammed against lateral skid stabilizers and the craft's belly for what seemed an eternity, both pilots shot a look at the torque needle, which had rocketed past red line into the zone of extensive down-time for the aircraft.

Dunn immediately used his ace in the hole, screaming, "You have the aircraft!"

To say that John now had his hands and eyes full is a gross understatement. The instruments went crazy. Neither pilot had ever pulled so much torque, and peddle correction was an estimate. The aircraft's spin about its vertical axis increased rapidly, causing the compass card to turn like a potter's wheel. Crewchief and medic began screaming into the intercom. They hung onto litter posts for dear life while their legs pointed out

the doors, three feet above and parallel to the cargo deck. John tried lowering the collective; it would not budge. He tried moving the peddles; they were stuck, unmoveable. The cyclic acted as if there had been a hydraulic system failure. He looked at Al and realized that the Captain was frozen on the controls.

Blessing screamed above the crewmembers' din, "Al, let go of the controls; I have the aircraft!" without success. In desperation John released the collective and slammed a back-handed blow into the Captain's chest.

That captured Dunn's attention, and he looked at John who had to scream, "Stay off the controls or fly the son-of-bitch yourself."

Al's expression told only what he knew when he whacked the AO's map back at Eagle. Now John knew, too. Fresh out of flight school WO1 Blessing had a Tactical IFR Army rating and was Dunn's ace in the hole when the patient was safely aboard, or if they got in trouble.

Trouble reigned rampant as the Huey streaked upward, groaning in a 3,000-feet-per-minute ascent. It spun like a top without the proper amount of counter torque peddle applied. The nose moved in a terrible arc from high to low, giving John a view of the artificial horizon's black and white ball that only a few in-flight helicopter pilots ever see; the words visible on the ball—black on the white field, CLIMB; and white on the black field, DIVE. Everything had gone to hell in a basket. To live, John had to rely on what the Army Instrument Course had taught him and do it quick.

The words of an instrument training IP group supervisor, who officiated all preflight and postflight briefings, snapped into John's head, "Gentlemen, when you get into trouble—and note that I said when, not if—all you have to do is LEVEL THE WINGS FIRST. Then everything else will fall into place."

John began repeating to himself, shutting out the screams that filled his helmet, "Level the wings . . . level the wings . . . level the wings!"

An eternity flowed through the Huey as its ascent slowed to IFR standard, the roulette spinning wheel compass card stopped turning and became steady on a northern heading, and the needle/ball indicated trim; all after the wings were glued to the horizontal line where white meets black. The aircraft broke into sunshine somewhere north of Camp Evans approaching the DMZ. The altimeter read 12,000 feet, meaning that the vertical flight of terror took about three to four minutes, while aging the crew several decades.

A settled Captain Dunn had quieted the crew, and when the pure golden sunbeams flooded the flight deck, his usual quiet voice told John, "I have Phu Bai Approach Control on the horn for a VFR vector back to Camp Eagle. Relax, I have the aircraft . . . good work."

"You have the aircraft." John wiped sweat from his face. "Good work? Was that a test?"

Al's expression verified his sincerity. "What can I say? Instrument training was not part of flight school when I went through. Afterward, time and circumstance never gave me the chance."

That was thirty-one years ago. I remember Dunn, the crewchief, medic, and myself pulling our still-shaking bodies

out of that wonderfully built machine and throwing ourselves prostrate on the PSP, hugging the ground and letting the tears flow. Dunn asked us to remain with the ship for a bit.

He returned in fifteen minutes with a bottle of scotch for each of us and said, "You're on stand-down for two days. Now let's enjoy these and thank John for bringing us home alive!"

The poor grunt had to wait one more day before the ceiling lifted enough to effect an extraction. I flew many more post extraction IFR returns to Phu Bai and Camp Eagle, a couple with Captain Dunn. That is not his real name, of course, but back then there were a lot of Army pilots who did not have instrument training. Also, for the life of me, I cannot remember the crewmen's names. Perhaps if they and the real Captain read this, they will let me know and reminisce on how close we came to dying that foggy day in Vietnam.

John Blessing, Formerly Eagle Dust Off 999 (326 Med. Bn., Camp Eagle - Hue/PhuBai, 101 Airborne Div. I Corps, Sept. 68 - Aug. 69) www.blessjb@ibm.net
1640 West Wood Crest Court
Tucson, AZ 85746-3243



THANK YOU

What an honor to be an honorary member of the DUSTOFF family! I'm in awe of these fine individuals who have given so much to this country. I thank you for this recognition and hope I can make some small contributions to this wonderful organization.

Sincerely,
Barbara S. Hagen

Closing Out the Flight Plan

LTC James R. (J. B.) Hill, died of an apparent heart attack on August 25, 1999. J. B. served as a DUSTOFF pilot in Vietnam, Germany, and CONUS, and as an instructor and staff member in a number of units over his twenty-year U.S. Army career. He is survived by his wife, Karen Lee Hill.

SSG Charles Cowles passed away on June 17, 1999. He is survived by his wife, Shirley Cowles. Charles looked forward to our gatherings in Texas each year and was already making plans to attend the next one. His favorite unit was the 159th Med. 1968-70 and the 45th Med.

NEW ENTRIES ON THE FLIGHT MANIFEST

Craig Balbalian	Lorton, VA
James Becker	Moorpark, CA
Gary Brouillette	Baton Rouge, LA
Timothy Coogan	Carrville, IL
Daniel Dreher	Manhattan, NJ
Robert Day	West Jordan, UT
Patrick Flanagan	Tigard, OR
Barbara Hagen	San Antonio, TX
David Hertle	Fredericksburg, VA
Gary Kilker	Ozark, AL
Scot Linquist	Rapid City, SD
Rodney Marett	Bleck Mountain, NC
Sean McDonald	Savannah, GA
Allen Mytyk	Toledo, OH
James Phipps	Glen Burnie, MD
Alan Walsh	Peachtree City, GA

DUSTOFF on the World Wide Web

The DUSTOFF Association Web site at <http://www.dustoff.org> remains a very popular site for military aviation folks. The site receives about 1,000 visits a month, with an average of 30 unique (first-time) visits a day. The site is most frequented between 2100 and 2159 on Wednesday nights. Most people come to the site already knowing the address (by word of mouth). Those who come from a search engine mainly use Excite, Yahoo, or AltaVista. The only person's name typed into a search engine that brought them to the Web site was Merle Snyder. Go figure! The only units searched for by number were the 45th, 82nd, 57th, 498th, 542nd, and FLATIRON.

KFOR DUSTOFF

Making a Difference—One Mission at a Time

by MAJ Pete Smart, Commanding, 45th Medical Company

I was going to write this month about all the different things the unit's soldiers have been doing and how everyone is sort of settling into their own little routines. I mean, as much of a routine as you can get when deployed. Instead, I'd like to share with you a story about one lifesaving mission that we all played a big part in. And when I say "we," I'm not just talking about the aircrews, but the entire compliment of soldiers who make up this great organization. For without the support of all the soldiers who provide the fuel, maintain our communications, inspect and repair our equipment, order our supplies, and coordinate our operations, this story could not be told.

In this story names and faces are not important; but of great significance, the actions and dedication of numerous medical and technical professionals who all played a part in saving the life of a little boy who did nothing wrong in his young life, except to become a pawn of ethnic hatred and revenge.

Today (16 SEP) marked a milestone of sorts. On 16 AUG a call arrived at our Bondsteel site in Kosovo for an urgent MEDEVAC. A six-year-old boy had been shot in the chest. Today, that little boy went home.

Imagine enjoying a hot summer day with a couple of your friends at the local swimming hole. Nothing more than a small muddy pond, but when you're six years old, you really don't care. A couple of adults approach you and your friends, one of the men pulls out a pistol, aims it at your chest and pulls the trigger. They leave your friends alone; you were the target because you are ethnically different. Fortunately, your friends go to get help.

His lifeless body was transported to the nearest U.S. check-point and the URGENT MEDEVAC was called in. Four dedicated air crewmembers sprang into action. The powerful Sikorsky Air Ambulance was airborne in minutes and dashing to the scene at over 150 knots. The critically injured child was loaded, and the Blackhawk Chopper beat the air into submission making a return to the Army Combat Support Hospital at Camp Bondsteel in just a few minutes.

The Flight Medic rendered aid and completed medical assessments, radio calls were made, Air Traffic Control expedited arrival clearances, Emergency Room personnel scrambled, readying for the trauma patient.

Upon arrival, the Emergency Medical Team swarmed over the patient. The child was in severe shock from loss of blood and major damage to his liver. Doctors, nurses, OR techs, and medics worked quickly to patch the hole and replenish vital body fluids; the job made all the more difficult because military field hospital surgical equipment is designed for adults.

Another problem developed. The transfused blood was not clotting. The little boy needed whole blood. The call went out in the hospital, and several staff members donated blood on the spot. Privates to Colonels—all trying to save a young life. The boy's body fluid was replenished three times before his blood pressure finally stabilized. We all hoped for the best.

Will his young body be able to recover from such severe trauma?

He slowly recovered: watched over closely by the dedicated staff. Someone brought in one of the "camp puppies" for a visit and promised one to him when he recovers.

Mom and Dad were there day and night. He took a turn for the worse as pneumonia set in. Powerful antibiotics fought the infection, but it took a toll on his frail body.

On 25 AUG, DUSTOFF was called again to transfer him to Skopje University Hospital for further treatment of his pneumonia. His condition improved and he was periodically checked and provided medication by Army medical professionals from the Camp Able Sentry Health Clinic. He was ready to be discharged, but the hospital wouldn't accept the KFOR vouchers for payment. He became hostage to a cash-only medical system and his scheduled departure had to be delayed, much to the chagrin of the Task Force Falcon medical authorities.

Finally, the cash was acquired and the long-awaited time had come. He was transported by a ground ambulance team, also deployed from the 421st Medical Evacuation Battalion, to Camp Able Sentry, and flown by a DUSTOFF air crew to a local community hospital in Kosovo to begin his final recovery. A U.S. medical team working in the hospital will assist, and we continued to pull for the little guy. Someone would be bringing his puppy to him soon.

I had the good fortune, with a few of our DUSTOFF soldiers, to greet the little boy and his parents when they arrived for the transfer from ground to air ambulance. Although frail and a little tired, he managed to return everyone's waves and seemed happy to be going home. The DUSTOFF Crewchief provided some in-flight snacking by producing a lollipop; that garnered an approving smile.

I wish you could have seen the expressions of gratitude the child's parents had, the handshakes and hugs, that little boy's smile. When we presented him with a unit patch and coin, I must admit that smile raised a few goose bumps on me. I've been in this MEDEVAC business for over 12 years, but that day was definitely one of the most rewarding days in my career. As the aircraft flew over the horizon I had to wonder if maybe destiny was at work here. Who knows, maybe when that little boy grows up, he will be a major contributor to the peace and stability that his volatile homeland so sorely needs. We can only hope.



From the Wiregrass

by COL Johnny L. West

This edition of the DUSTOFF newsletter comes from beautiful, warm, and dusty Fort Hood, Texas. As many of you know I moved this past summer. I left Fort Rucker, Alabama, and moved to Fort Hood, Texas. As the Commander of the 1st, largest and most powerful Medical Group in the Army, my days are filled with more than counseling young aviators, battling the Aviation Center and School on the UH60Q, and many other issues for the AMEDD. Now I focus on the close-in battle of III CORPS, and trying to command the 1st Medical Group. It is a great job, many challenges, a truly superb staff and many things to keep this aviator busy. (I do still know where my roots are)

When I left Fort Rucker as the Director, Medical Evacuation Proponency, LTC David S. Heintz took controls very quickly and has outlined a great format for the upcoming Army Medical Evacuation Conference this February. I replaced another great DUSTOFFer here at the 1st Med GP, COL Emil Meis. The sixth aviator in a row! Hope we can keep that trend continuing in the future.

There was one change in our Medical Evacuation Battalion Commands this summer. LTC Pauline Knapp replaced LTC Thomas (Tom) Bailey as the commander of the 56th Medical Evacuation Battalion, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Tom stayed at Ft. Bragg, assuming the G3 duties at the 44th Medical Brigade. There were nine scheduled Medical Company (AA) changes of command this summer. The new commanders are: MAJ Bowley—Flatiron; MAJ Pemberton—542nd; MAJ Campbell—498th; MAJ Kueter—377th; MAJ Fristoe—246th; MAJ Foe—TDA Fort Drum; MAJ Parramore—214th; MAJ Grimes—68th; MAJ Houser—54th.

Congratulations to each new commander. I know you will enjoy each and every day of command. Keep your OR rate up, safety the number-one priority, and take care of those great DUSTOFF crewmembers. Those of you coming up for possible company command or battalion command, ensure your file is current, photo up to date, all awards and decorations annotated and documented correctly. Good luck to each one of you.

I have been canvassing several of our senior Medical Service Corps aviators (retired and active duty) to see if there are some essential elements they feel are important that our junior officers should know, learn and or be proficient at as they start on their careers as MS Aviators. I will continue to seek specifics during the AMEC and DUSTOFF reunion. I plan to publish this article on the AMEDD home page under the Consultant for 67J's. LTCs Scott Heintz, Ron Wilson, and Wayne Clark are the senior MS aviators assigned to Fort Rucker, Alabama. They see our great young leadets daily and offer mentorship, leadership and genuine advice on a daily basis. I thank each of you for all you do for the AMEDD and DUSTOFF.

If you have not been contacted lately by PERSCOM, MAJ(P) John Cook replaced MAJ Bob Mitchell as the assign-

ment officer for most of you. COL Doug Hewitt is still there as the senior assignment officer, and you need to contact them with your career plan. I will continue to serve as the aviation consultant for the next year or so, and please feel free to call, write, or e-mail me with any questions or career issues you have. I talk frequently with COL Hewitt and MAJ(P) Cook, and we will help you with assignments or other issues that need our assistance. My e-mail address is: WESTJL@hood-emh3.army.mil; phone, DSN 737-5355.

Now here is what's happening at Fort Rucker, Alabama:

I became the new Director of MEDEVAC Proponency in July. MAJ Gino Montagno, coming out of command at Ft. Drum, replaced LTC Ron Wilson as Deputy Director. Ron remains within arm's reach with his move to the Deputy Commander for Administration position at USAARL. Preparation for the 00 AMEC is ongoing. This year's theme is "Evacuation in the New Millennium." This year's conference will be from 21 to 25 February 2000 at the Holiday Inn Riverwalk. Registration will be held on 20 February at the hotel. Welcome/registration letters and e-mails were mailed the week of 12 October 1999. We will try to accommodate as many folks as we can with central funding.

I'm currently working with the Enterprise Consultancy office to build a MEDEVAC Proponency web page. The web page will be a "one-stop shopping" site for all things pertaining to medical evacuation. I will distribute the site address as soon as we have it up and running.

Gene Pfeiffer continues his outstanding work from his position as the UH60 PMO at AMCOM, in pushing the UH60Q through production and into the field. Four UH60Qs are currently fielded to the Tennessee National Guard. Four additional UH60Qs are under contract, with an estimated delivery date of January '01. The UH60Q cockpit serves as the baseline for the Army's UH60 modernization program. Among the current initiatives is the integration of a digital map display into the multifunctional display unit. LTC Pfeiffer will provide a comprehensive update for the UH60 program at the AMEC.

I look forward to working with all of you. I can be contacted at DSN 558-1166 (com 334 255) or e-mail me at David.Heintz@se.amedd.army.mil.

Fly safe!



Financial Statement

SUBJECT: Financial Status Update

SUBMITTED BY: COL Daniel Gower, USA (Ret.)

1. Following are the figures for the DUSTOFF Association for 1 May 99-18 Sep 99

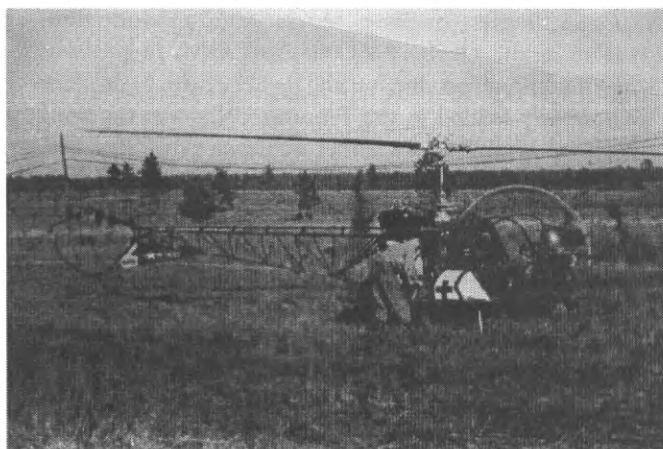
BEGINNING BALANCE (1 May 99)	\$10,673.42
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INCOME

Donations to Memorial Fund	2,525.00
Dues	770.00
Interest	61.73
CD Interest (not in Checking)	541.45
Reunion '98	00.00
Sales-Memorabilia	531.20
TOTAL INCOME	\$4,229.38

EXPENSES

Newsletter	1,319.16
Operating	659.61
Secretary	900.00
Sales Taxes	00.00
Reunion 2000	(500.00)
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$2,799.87
CHECKBOOK BALANCE	\$11,761.48
CD	\$11,597.22
TOTAL LEDGER BALANCE	\$23,358.70
STORE INVENTORY	\$5,606.00



MG Spurgeon Neel DUSTOFF Memorial Plaza Contributions

INS, a Sytex Company — Benjamin M. Knisely

How to Contribute Articles to The DUSTOFFer

The DUSTOFFer would like to publish your article. If you have a recollection of a particular DUSTOFF or MAST mission, please share it with our members. If your unit has been involved in an outstanding rescue mission or worthwhile program, please submit your essay about it to The DUSTOFFer. Send photographs with your article or attach them electronically to your e-mail.

Send typed, double-spaced hard copy to the address below or e-mail your article to Dustoff 23@aol.com.

Please send your contributions to:

The DUSTOFFer
P. O. Box 8091
San Antonio, TX 78208

The DUSTOFF Store

Item	Price	Size	Quantity	Total
Ball cap — Maroon	\$10		_____	\$_____
Ball cap — White	\$10		_____	\$_____
Golf shirt — Maroon (sm, med, lg, xl, xxl)	\$20	_____	_____	\$_____
T-shirt — Maroon (sm, med, lg, xl)	\$13	_____	_____	\$_____
To mail shirts and caps, add \$5 per order				\$_____
DUSTOFF Decal	\$1		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF Koozie	\$2		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF Directory	\$3		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF Pocketknife	\$4		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF Coin	\$5		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF 20th Reunion Poster	\$5		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF Tie Tac/Lapel Pin	\$5		_____	\$_____
DUSTOFF or Medevac Print	\$10		_____	\$_____
To mail coins, koozies, knives, posters, decals and directories, add \$3 per order				\$_____
TOTAL ORDER				\$_____

Send check or money order, payable to DUSTOFF Assn., to:

DUSTOFF Association
P. O. Box 8091
San Antonio, TX 78208

(Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery.)

*Visit DUSTOFF on-line at
<<http://www.dustoff.org>>*

21st Annual DUSTOFF Association Reunion

Tentative Schedule

February 18-20, 2000

Friday, February 18, 2000

1100-1200 Registration	Chuck Mateer Golf Classic, Fort Sam Houston Golf Course
1200-1700 Tee time	Chuck Mateer Golf Classic, Fort Sam Houston Golf Course
1200-1800 Registration	DUSTOFF Reunion Holiday Inn Riverwalk Flamingo Room (7th Floor)
1500-1800 Hospitality Suites Open	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Smoking Room #TBA Non-smoking Room #TBA Reunion nametag required for entry.
1900-2100 Buffet	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Tarantella Ballroom (7th Floor) Dress: Texas Casual
2100-0200 Hospitality Suites Open	(See Friday)

Saturday, February 19, 2000

0900-1230 Professional & Business Meeting	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Tarantella Ballroom (7th Floor)
TBA	Spouses' Luncheon Departs
TBA Spouses' Luncheon & Antique Shopping	Gruene Mansion Inn, Gruene, TX — Tentative
1500-1800 Hospitality Suites Open	(See Friday)
1800-1900 Cocktails	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Lobby (7th Floor)
1900-2130 21st Annual Reunion Banquet	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Tarantella Ballroom (7th Floor) Sirloin w/Brandy Peppercorn or Chicken Piccata Dress: Coat & Tie
2130-0200 Hospitality Suites Open	(See Friday)

Sunday, February 20, 2000

0930-1030 Memorial Service	Holiday Inn Riverwalk Tarantella Ballroom (7th Floor)
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21st Annual DUSTOFF Association Reunion

February 18-20 — Registration Form

Member's name _____ Spouse's name _____
 Home address _____
 Military address _____ e-mail address _____
 Favorite DUSTOFF Unit/Year _____

DUES:		TOTALS
New Member Dues	\$15 + \$10 initial fee	\$ _____
Annual Dues	\$15	\$ _____
Past Dues (Catch up)	\$15 per year owed as back dues	\$ _____
Life Member Dues	\$100 (one-time payment)	\$ _____

REUNION REGISTRATION:

Member/Spouse	\$15/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
Non-member/Guest	\$20/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
20th Anniversary Reunion t-shirt	\$10	_____ shirts	\$ _____
Number each size: _____small _____medium _____large _____X-large _____XX-large			

HOTEL RESERVATIONS:

Call Holiday Inn Riverwalk at 800-445-8475 or (800) 333-333 to reserve your room at \$91.00/night.
 Please mention you are with the DUSTOFF Reunion.

CHUCK MATEER GOLF CLASSIC:

Ft. Sam Houston Club Member	\$20/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
Non-member Military	\$32/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
Non-member Civilian	\$37/person	_____ persons	\$ _____

FRIDAY NIGHT:

Texas BBQ Buffet	\$25/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
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SPOUSES' LUNCHEON:

Gruene Mansion Inn (tentative)	\$16/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
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SATURDAY NIGHT REUNION:

Sirloin w/Brandy Peppercorn	\$25/person	_____ persons	\$ _____
Chicken Piccata	\$25/person	_____ persons	\$ _____

DUSTOFF STORE:

Ball cap — White or Maroon (choice)	\$10	_____ caps	\$ _____
DUSTOFF Golf Shirt	\$20	_____ shirts	\$ _____
Number each size: _____small _____medium _____large _____X-large _____XX-large			

DUSTOFF t-shirt	\$13		
Number each size: _____small _____medium _____large _____X-large _____XX-large			

• Add \$5 per order postage for caps and shirts. \$ _____

DUSTOFF Decal	\$1	_____ decals	\$ _____
DUSTOFF Koozie	\$2	_____ koozies	\$ _____
DUSTOFF Pocketknife	\$4	_____ knives	\$ _____
DUSTOFF Coin	\$5	_____ coins	\$ _____
DUSTOFF 20th Reunion Poster	\$5	_____ posters	\$ _____
DUSTOFF Tie Tac/Lapel Pin	\$5	_____ pins	\$ _____
DUSTOFF or Medevac Print	\$10	_____ prints	\$ _____

• Add \$3 per order postage for coins, koozies, knives, posters, prints, or decals. \$ _____

☐ Check here if you want to pick up your DUSTOFF Store items at the reunion during registration.

• Please allow 4-6 weeks per order for mail-order delivery.

TOTAL REUNION CHARGES: \$ _____

Registration deadline is February 1, 2000. Please send registration form and check to:
 DUSTOFF Association, P. O. Box 8091, Wainwright Station, San Antonio, TX 78208.

BULK RATE
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SAN ANTONIO, TX

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P. O. Box 8091
San Antonio, TX 78208