

22 October 1965

**To : MFD/SGN**

**From : J. R. DEAKIN, R/CAPTAIN**

It has been my observation that flying «big birds» in S. E. Asia presents many and varied problems, which test and tax the skill, ingenuity and airmanship on frequent occasions.

What do you suppose would be THE most unfortunate time to discover that TRAFFIC had neglected to furnish any toilet paper for the lavatory of a C-46? Give some careful thought to this seemingly innocuous question, and you should be able to come up with a vivid picture of the unfortunate position I recently found myself in.

The most hasty look about me revealed nothing that could possibly be construed as any sort of substitute for this suddenly vital material.

Being more or less psychologically tethered in place, I began to cast about for some way to attract the attention and enlist the assistance of my loyal, experienced, resourceful Co-pilot, K. M. Chow. K. M. was at this time occupying the left seat and keeping an eye on the T/FO in the right seat, Y. T. Yu. Shouting with my loudest voice, and stamping as hard as I could produced no response.

Becoming desperate, I removed one shoe, (my left) took careful aim at the open cockpit door, and threw with all my strength. As my throw was nearing its point of release, the knuckles of my right hand impacted with the door frame. Through the resulting red haze of agony, I observed my left shoe arc forward beautifully, bounce off the cargo about half way up the cabin, and get sucked out the open waist hatch, to fall into the Vietnam jungles far below.

Picture me if you will, enthroned in all my glory, one shoe missing, the knuckles of my right hand bleeding all over my pants, and tears of rage and frustration coursing down my face. I began to have visions of what K. M. might do when we neared our destination without me in the cockpit.

Feeling around at arms length outside my new cage, my clutching fingers encountered the cargo door push stick. Removing it from its brackets, I began beating a lusty tattoo on the floor and sides of the airplane. This produced the desired result. K. M. turned around, and upon observing my frantic gesticulations laughed, waved back at me, and turned his attention to what he must have thought were more important things than observing what he thought I was doing. He did not seem surprised at the sight I presented, which leads me to wonder how many of our pilots perform this duty with one shoe off, blood on their knuckles, and the cargo door push stick in their hands.

At this point I figured that no shoes were no worse than only one shoe, so using all due caution, I threw my remaining shoe, this time aiming right at the back of K. M.'s head. I missed his head, but it did slide into the cockpit, making enough noise in doing so to attract attention. K. M. observed the shoe, apparently decided that it was not in itself one of the normal appurtenances of the aircraft, deduced where it must have come from, and this time transferred his full attention to me. I finally got it across to him that it was my most earnest desire that he proceed to the rear of the aircraft without further undue delay.

As he approached me with a curious expression, I showed him the empty roll. He took it from me, examined it carefully, then looked back at the piteous picture I presented. The light of comprehension dawned upon his face.

Now, as we all know, K. M. Chow laughs at anything anyone says to him, I suppose because he figures this will make people like him, which it does. However, on this occasion there was absolutely nothing to justify the loud, continuous, incapacitating attack of giggles and guffaws which issued from the convulsed and amused K. M. Chow. Fortunately for his physical safety, his rolling about the aisle was confined to an area outside the reach of the cargo door push stick.

I must admit that at this point I became somewhat incoherent and irrational. After all, anyone has his breaking point, and I had reached and far surpassed mine.

As K. M. regained some semblance of control over himself, he began to search the aircraft for something to alleviate my difficulty, giggling to himself all the while. My request, nay, my order that he give me the shirt off his back, and lend me his knife was met with further gales of laughter. I finally had to settle for the cargo manifest, including the carbon paper. It was the first time in my life that I was glad there were seven copies of anything. After finishing and having used only six of the copies, I glanced at the remaining one, and noted that the cargo consisted of 12,224 pounds of green, blue, yellow and white toilet paper for the troops at Qui Nhon.

Please, oh please, Mr. Rohrbough, procure some of this stuff and have it installed on a regular basis in these aircrafts.