

DATE	FLIGHT		AIRCRAFT FLOWN					DUAL TIME						SOLO TIME			REMARKS OR INSTRUCTOR'S SIGNATURE, LOGBOOK NUMBER AND RATING
	FROM	TO	MAKE OF AIRCRAFT	TYPE	REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE NUMBER	MAKE OF ENGINE	H. P. OR TURNS	AS PILOT-IN-COMMAND			AS CO-PILOT			AS STUDENT			
								INSTRUMENT	DAY	NIGHT	INSTRUMENT	DAY	NIGHT	INSTRUMENT	DAY	NIGHT	
<h1>AIR AMERICA LOG</h1>																	
<p>I CERTIFY THAT THE ENTRIES ARE TRUE AND CORRECT.</p> <p>INSTRUCTOR'S SIGNATURE: _____</p> <p>LOGBOOK NUMBER: _____</p> <p>TOTAL FLIGHT HOURS: _____</p>																	



## CAPTAIN RALPH ADAMS RETIRES

by: Homer Little, FOTD/OKO

On July 31, just before his 60th birthday, Captain Ralph Adams (affectionately known as Pancho), retired from Air America.

Captain Adams' aviation and military career started with the U.S. Marine Corps in Nicaragua in 1929. He later joined the Army Air Corps; then went into the barnstorming and crop dusting business.

During World War II, he was commissioned in the Royal Air Force and rapidly rose from the rank of Squadron Leader (Major) to Group Captain (Colonel).

He was the first American to ferry a bomber from the United States to Great



Captain Ralph (Pancho) Adams (right) with Captain Don Teeters, SCP (Systems Chief Pilot), at Pancho's farewell party held at the Officer's Club, Tachikawa Air Base, Japan on July 31, 1971.

Britain — a Lockheed Hudson in 1941. In the five years from 1941 to 1946, Captain Adams made 356 crossings of both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Moreover, he has flown in virtually every part of the world with the exception of the South Pole area.

"Pancho" is married and is the proud father of five children. He joined the Company in 1960, has accumulated an enviable and impressive total of 26,000 accident-free hours. He plans to retire in San Jose, Costa Rica. We wish him good luck, continued success and happiness in his new home and we thank him for a job well done.



## AAM VTE EMPLOYEES

**Above:** Yaganagi Faiz, Iranian Technical Instructor (left) in AAM's Vientiane Technical Training Division, explains a point to Lao Aircraft Mechanic Trainee Keo Vilay Hong (right).

**Below:** Senior Staff Nurse V. N. Luang-praseuth smiles engagingly for this pix.



# AIR AMERICA LOG ★ エア・アメリカ・ログブック



## FLYING DIVISION

Captain F. F. Walker, Air America's Chief Pilot, Don Muang Airport, BKK.



One of Air America's C-47s at Don Muang Airport, BKK. The aircraft is air-conditioned.



## AIRPLANE/SAMLOR DRIVERS-AAM STYLE

The three intrepid gentlemen shown on the right, aboard their trusty Samlors, are "waiting at the gate" to start a Samlor race held yearly at Vientiane, Laos. (AIR AMERICA LOG, VOL. V, No. 6, p. 5.) Although the tricky-to-drive Samlors cause many accidents, fortunately none of them result in anything but the most minor injury to the drivers. Shown are (l. to r.): Pete Lavin, Joe Conde, and Bud Wienker — all First Officers, C-123/VTE.



**"YOU CANNOT FLY WITHOUT SUPPLY"**



## A POEM

The poem below was written by a Vietcong soldier who addressed it to his mother. It was found on his dead body at Due Co recently. The poem was translated by Ton That Thien, Editor, SAIGON DAILY NEWS. Courtesy: DSS/TPE.

This poem might be sub-titled: "HOW ONE VIETCONG THINKS" — ED.

Mother, sweet and dear,  
 You remember that morning bright and clear,  
 When I bid you farewell, without sorrow,  
 Outside the gate of our little house?  
 I was moved, but so proud,  
 I was going to the South.  
 With my comrades I walked through Laos,  
 And then, day after day, ever deeper into the South,  
 Through jungles green and deep  
 And down mountains blue and steep,  
 Scorched by the sun on the sand along the sea,  
 Drenched by the rains pouring down the forest through the trees.  
 It was hard, but what did it matter?  
 We were young, our life was like blooming flowers.  
 For Peace we were fighting,  
 For Peace we accepted suffering.  
 Day after day, month after month, we marched,  
 Our stomachs were empty, our throats parched,  
 Our feet were wet, our shoulders cold;  
 Against rocks and thorns neither shoes or shirts could hold.  
 Beloved and respected mother,  
 When dusk falls and I have nothing other  
 Than the complete silence of the "Throng-Son" for company  
 Then before my eyes floats the image of our village and family.  
 The blue smoke drifting lazily in the breeze,  
 The lovely pumpkin plants spreading their luxuriant green leaves,  
 The small butterfly fluttering happily about,  
 The curved roof of the village temple, so old and proud.  
 Oh! How much I wish to be there, to smell and touch and see,  
 The thousand little things that mean so much to me!  
 And now, here I am, in the South, land of our dream and our aim,  
 Where to me peoples' faces are unfamiliar, and things do not look the same.  
 Yet, it is our country,  
 For here also grows the coconut tree,  
 Here also the roads smell sweetly  
 Of ripen golden paddy.  
 Here, blue smoke also drifts with the breeze  
 Over the fences and through the trees.  
 Here too, at dusk, the sniffing buffalo slowly treads his dusty way home,  
 While his little master plays a plaintive tune  
 On his bamboo flute,  
 The way our boys at home also do.  
 What then is liberation?  
 I searched my mind for reasons, fiercely and with desperation,  
 But round me, what do I hear and see?  
 Market crowded and merry, rice fields vast and green like the sea,  
 The sounds of bells from the nearby pagoda carrying the holy message,  
 Singing children filling the schools with their voice loud and happy,  
 And in the cabbage field, atop the golden flowers,  
 Little butterflies murmuring in each other's ear: drink, my dear, drink of the sweet nectar.  
 From one end to the other of the village, life flowing rich and full.  
 Then why burn and destroy? Why was I ordered to pull  
 The trigger that would make of a happy child an orphan and his mother a widow?  
 There were times when my hands shook like a willow  
 On laying the mine that would spill  
 The blood of people like you, me, our kin;  
 Those were nights when my face was wet with streaming tears,  
 When I twisted and turned on my couch, haunted by a thousand nightmares.

Air America's flag flapping in the breeze atop our hangar at AAM's Base at Tan Son Nhut Airport.



Miss Trieu Thi Ngoc Lan, Secretary to Base Manager/SGN, wearing her native "ao dai."





## UDORN



## HENLEY GETS CERTIFICATE

by: C. L. Lane, AABM/UTH

Mr. Willie D. Henley, Superintendent, Quality Control, Udorn, recently received a Certificate of Scholarship from the University of Maryland.

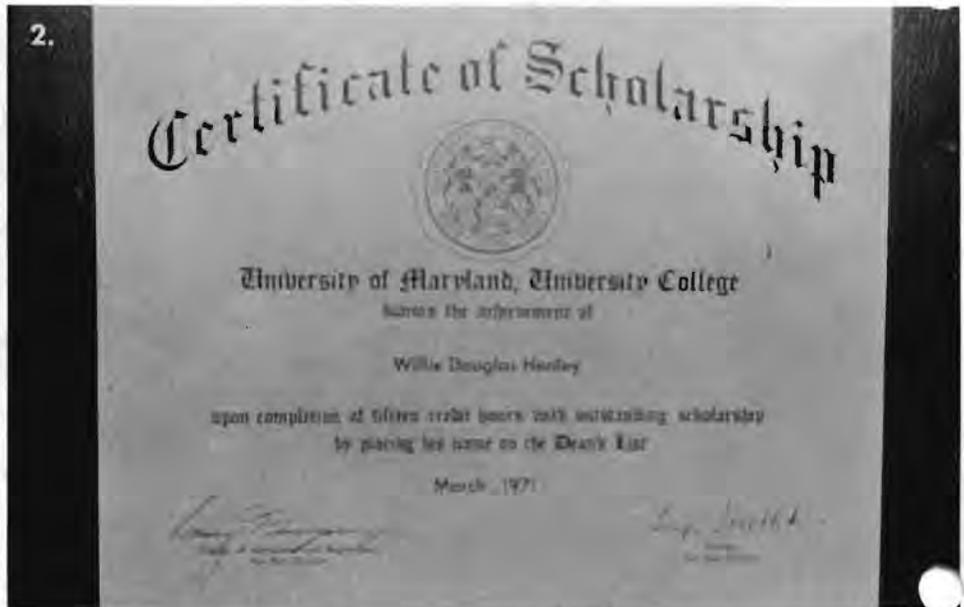
Mr. Henley, a veteran of 24 years' service with the U.S. Navy, started working on his college degree at night school in 1957; however, these studies were interrupted by tours of sea duty.

After retiring from the Navy in 1966, Mr. Henley found himself faced with the need to educate three daughters. So he sought a second career with Air America which he joined in 1967 in Saigon; he was transferred to Udorn in 1969.

The scholastic award achieved by Mr. Henley is one of 14 given by the University of Maryland in all of Southeast Asia and one of only five handed out in Thailand.

Mr. Henley served on aircraft carriers during World War II, in both the Atlantic and Pacific Theatres; later he served in Korea and Vietnam. He advanced through all Navy ratings and ranks from Apprentice Seaman to Lieutenant. He also holds several Federal Aviation Administration licenses including licenses of an A & P (Aircraft & Powerplant) Mechanic, Ground Instructor and Commercial Pilot.

Mr. Henley is continuing his studies with the ultimate goal of earning an advanced degree in Aviation Management and all the ratings, flight and ground, offered by the U.S. FAA.



### Photo Captions:

1. Captain C. J. Abadie, Jr., BM/UTH, (l.) presents Certificate of Scholarship to Mr. W. D. Henley. Mr. Jackson L. Forney, DTS/UTH, is at right.
2. Close-up of the Certificate of Scholarship presented to Mr. Henley.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Pimsaeng Chaianont, Clerk III, DTS Office/UTH, smiles prettily while working at her typewriter.



**AAM PHOTO ALBUM**



**DHC-4A**

**AIR AMERICA, MISS AMERICA IN VIETNAM**



Recently, Miss America, 1970, and her entourage were flown in an Air America Volpar (background) to several U.S. military bases in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam where she and her troupe put on U.S.O.-sponsored shows for the troops. Shown above are Miss America (right) and two of her identically-dressed troupers (center) arriving at Nha Trang. A second AAM Volpar was used to fly the rest of Miss America's performing troupe around South Vietnam. (Both pix and the text on this page by J. Clemente, RMD Mech. I/c, NHA.)

**"FIND A WAY YOU CAN—NOT A REASON YOU CANNOT"**

## AIR AMERICA MEDICAL MEMO

### HYPERVENTILATION

Courtesy: Medical Department

Hyperventilation is defined as lung ventilation in excess of the body's normal requirement. The increased lung ventilation which accompanies moderate exercise keeps pace with body oxygen requirements and carbon dioxide production and is not therefore hyperventilation.

Hyperventilation occurs to a greater or lesser extent during the following circumstances:-

- (a) During any form of excitement including fear and anxiety.
- (b) During pressure breathing, because of the reversal of normal active and passive phases of respiration, passive inflation tends to result in over inflation of the lungs followed by rapid active exhalation and so the ventilation rate rises.

**Note:-** During anoxia\* a subject may hyperventilate for a short period in response to the anoxic stimulus but this alternates with a period of underventilation and the subject is unlikely to experience any symptoms of hyperventilation.

During hyperventilation, carbon dioxide is 'blown off' from the lungs in excess of the normal amount and the alveolar pressure of carbon dioxide drops. Because carbon dioxide is readily soluble in water to form a weak acid (carbonic acid), there is an accompanying shift in the acidity of the body towards the alkaline due to this loss of carbon dioxide. The body is very sensitive to changes in acidity and this results in the symptoms of hyperventilation which are as follows:

- (a) Vague feeling of unreality.
- (b) Vertigo — serious as it tends to produce disorientation.
- (c) Faintness.
- (d) 'Pins and Needles' or tingling in extremities (e.g. hands and feet).
- (e) Tremors leading to spasm of the hands and feet.
- (f) Finally, if hyperventilation continues long enough, unconsciousness will result.

It will be seen that these symptoms are very similar to those of anoxia and in flight, could be misinterpreted.

The treatment of hyperventilation is simple — merely hold the breath. The aviator suspecting that he is suffering from hyperventilation must FIRST however verify that he is not, in fact, suffering from anoxia which is very unlikely if the flight is below 10,000 ft.

\*Anoxia: This is a term used to denote the condition of the body that exists when the oxygen supply to the tissues is insufficient to meet their needs.



"LOOKING FOR ME?"

## AIR AMERICA LOG

Editor

George L. Christian, III

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"CAUTION IS THE OLDEST CHILD OF WISDOM"

### EDITOR'S EDEN

(or: shortie squib from here and there)

#### LIMP BLIMP

A football-field-sized blimp drifted helplessly at 3,000 feet with a crew of 10, unable to descend. The craft had been abled due to structural failure on takeoff and a crashing touchdown which wiped out both of the blimp's engines.

Its savior, after several anxious hours in which the crew was virtually written off, was a H-19 helicopter which literally "blew" the limp blimp earthward with its rotor's downwash.

Courtesy: ROTOR & WING



#### SAY AGAIN

The first sleeper version of the Douglas DC-2, known as the DST, drew a frown from Donald Douglas. He showed up at the aircraft's first public display and exhibited considerable displeasure at the big sign in front of the shiny new plane. It read: "14 births, 21 seats."



#### ANONYMOUS PREDICTION

"A crew that can preflight in 10 seconds flat, is apt to be buried in much less than that."



#### HOW TRUE .

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

R. W. Emerson



#### PERPETUAL BEAUTY

After enough time has passed, all memories are beautiful.

August Strindberg