

Please type or use pen to provide the requested information. This data will be used for the Ranch Hand History Project and then placed in the Archives at Texas A&M. It is your information. If you wish to restrict any part of this material, please indicate so:

I hereby authorize the scholarly use of the following information, except as indicated.

Name (last first middle) KNOTHE, William C Signature William C. Knothe Date 2 Feb 82

Specific Information

Please answer the following questions in the spaces provided. Be specific.

1. Ranch Hand service: From Nov 66 to Nov 67. Where? Bien Hoa, Tan Son Nute (spelling) Da Nang
2. RH/C-123 training: Where/when? Hurlbert & Langley
3. Rank while in RH? Major Present/retired rank? 1st Lt (ret)
4. Duty(s) while in Ranch? Flight Commander dates? Dec 66-Nov 67
5. Other Vietnam service? Where/when? none
6. If aircrew member:
 - a. Number of missions: RH 316 Other (specify) none
 - b. Combat flying hours: RH 471.6 Other (specify) none

Narrative Information

On a separate sheet(s) of paper, please answer the following questions with as much detail as possible. Write too much, rather than too little. Use names and dates, if possible. If you want a name "blacked out" before this goes in the archives, just circle the name. On the sheets, indicate the number of the question you are answering, and put your last name and the form number in the upper right-hand corner of each sheet.

7. Special missions/operations participated in? (name, when, where, what, who else)
8. Decorations? (If Purple Heart, DFC, or above, give date and details of the act. If you have a copy of the narrative justifying the medal, please attach a copy.)
9. Were you present during an attack against the base, Ranch site, or quarters? Explain.
10. Were you present when a Ranch aircraft was shot down or crashed? Give all details.
11. Were you present when a Ranch crew member was killed or wounded? Give as much data as possible, even if you didn't directly observe it or are not sure of date or names.
12. Did you ever see or repair unusual battle damage (more than routine skin holes)?
13. Did you ever help plan RH missions? If so, what was the procedure?
14. How did you get into the Ranch? What did you know about the mission beforehand?
15. What were you told about the chemicals used? In Vietnam? Before Vietnam?
16. Other than something already discussed (or going home), what is your happiest memory of the Ranch (or Vietnam)? What is your unhappiest (saddest)?
17. What unusual, odd-ball, weird, funny, etc., thing happened to you in VN or training?
18. Same as question 17, but you saw it happen to another person(s).
19. What were your quarters like? Your routine day? Your parties? Anything else?
20. We know that the Ranch was unique. What should I tell the reader that will help him understand why this was a special outfit of special people? What or who should I not talk about?

Other data: Do you have any good pictures (especially of RH members), any journals, notes, diaries, letters, briefing notes, maps, etc., that I could copy? If so, DO NOT SEND THEM with this form. Repeat...DO NOT SEND THEM!!!! Describe the items on a separate piece of paper, with your name and form number on it. I will write and give you instructions on when to send them, or how to get them copied, at a later date. All materials will be protected and returned to you!!! Thank you for your help and time.

Please return this form and the narrative sheets in the enclosed envelope to Texas A&M.

Q-7. My flight was the first to spray the DMZ (Southern half). We had special reporting procedures because of the "political" aspects. As soon as we got off of target I was to report by radio that the target had been sprayed. Supposedly the news was released at once. One thing that I remember about this mission strikes me as funny. Just as I was about to start engines Charley Hubbs (another flight commander) stuck his head in the cockpit to tell me that intelligence had just reported that the bad guys had moved SAM's into the area that I was about to spray. Needless to say we didn't encounter any SAM's but the tension certainly was high.

Pink Rose I think it was called. Some one got the idea that if we could spray enough of a jungle to make it dry out we might be able to start a big forest fire. We sprayed one area of the forest with this in mind. The plan was to have B-52's dump tons of incendiaries into the area after it dried out. I was an observer of the B-52 attack. The Ranch had one aircraft near the area at the time to allow the Commander and others to watch. It didn't work. There was a lot of smoke that rose thousands of feet but the fire would not sustain itself. Some where I have some pretty good slides of this.

Q-8. I have three DFC's. The dates for these are 26 Dec 66, 28 Jan 67, 31 Jan 67. The first one says that while on target an oil line was hit by ground fire. The spraying was continued until the end of the run and the engine had to be shut down then because the oil pressure began to drop off as the oil quantity reached toward zero. The aircraft climbed on one engine very slowly and was recovered at an emergency field. The second one states that the aircraft continued to attack the target despite severe ground fire. The aircraft returned to base after receiving extensive damage over the Ho Chi Min. The third one states that the aircraft returned to an emergency field after getting hit in the prop oil can. When the prop loses its oil the blades go to the low pitch stop which results in a run away prop. If power is left on, the engine exceeds its max RPM, provides no thrust, and will destroy itself. On the other hand, if the engine is shut down the drag is so great that the aircraft does not have enough power to stay in the air. The trick is to slow the aircraft down to 125 K and keep the engine running with almost no throttle where it will reach but not exceed its max RPM. In this condition it is possible to keep the aircraft in the air. This was the day that I lost one of my crews, just seconds before I noticed my problem.

Q-9. I was at Ben Hoa when we received rockets one night. I find it difficult to remember if I was there for one or two of these attacks. I often wondered if I would recognize an attack, that is, I wondered if it would sound any different

than the stuff our guns were sending out every night. It was a noisey place at night. Mortars and guns and parties exploding all night. I am happy to relate to you that there was no doubt in my mind, that shit was comming in looking for me. I could hear some of it landing on the roof. We ran to the bunker at the end of the hooch, which was at the farrrrrr end of the hooch, naturally. Some one had the presence of mind to bring a bottle of booze. The attack was very short, all over in a minute or two. Immediately afterwards we could see a Puff TMD firing at someone on the ground a few miles away.

A funny thing happened; just before the all clear sounded one of the security guards (they could not go under any cover during the attack because they are required to look for infiltrators) threatened to shoot some of the Ranch guys (Cowboys) because they were coming out of the bunkers too see the show. I can see the headlines now; Cowboy shot by security guard to save him from the VC.

Q-9. One night while at Da Nang we were awakened by some big explosions and gun fire. It was very close and some of the guys thought we were under attack, which was a reasonable thought when being suddenly awakened from a sound sleep. There were no bunkers to head for either; this may be hard to understand unless you are familiar with how the Air Force thinks, every time a new base commander came in or every time the base had not been attacked for three weeks or so, the base commander would decide it was time to unlimber the base beautification program. And bunkers were the first thing to go, they looked like hell and got way less than one percent utilization. This was one of those times just after a new base commander arrived. Of course the day after an attack everyone was out filling sand bags and putting up bunkers again. Even the base commander. Luckily this was not an attack. It seems that the tower had cleared a Navy jet which was loaded with bombs and other good stuff to take off while a C-141 was crossing the runway. The fire of the burning acft caused the bombs and ammo to go of.

Q-10. I lost an acft and crew over the trail on 31 Jan 67. We were operating out of Da Nang. For a week we had been receiving heavy ground fire, so much that after every mission we had to stand down a day for repairs. On this day it didn't seem like we were getting any ground fire at all, at least none of us heard any nor saw muzzle flashes. We were making repeated passes on the trail. I was flying the third acft of a three shipper because I was taking a flight check from Jim Tanner. Roy Kubley was flying lead. On all of the other missions while at Da Nang I flew with Roy, but not this day due to the flight check. We were following Roy around a steep turn when Roy leveled out on target, turned on his spray, immediately turned it off again, and went into the trees. There was no hope of any survivors. The acft exploded and burned. It was Roy's 500th mission with the Ranch. He had just recently

returned from a leave that he received for extending his tour of duty in Viet Nam. Immediately after the crash I noticed that I had serious troubles of my own. One of my prop cans had been hit and the loss of oil allowed the prop to go to the low pitch stop whereupon it ran away. (see Q-8). I had to worry about getting over the moutains between me and Kay San (spelling). We never learned what caused the crash because the acft went down in enemy controled territory. I had seen Roy do this before, i.e., turn the spray on and then off at once. He did this when he encountered heavy ground fire; he would then pull off of the target and direct the supporting fighters to suppress the ground fire before returning to spray the target. I think that he himself was disabled by ground fire and unable to control the acft. He was too good of a pilot to stall the acft as someone said. There was some ground fire as testified to by the one projectile that hit my acft. This loss hit me very hard and made it difficult to continue. Such are the fortunes of war!

Q-14. I asked to get into the Ranch while training at Hurlbert. I didnot volunteer to go to Viet Nam but since I was going I thought that I might as well go first class. I liked the mission, flying low, and I liked the challenge. It took a lot of skill to fly in the Ranch. I did not enjoy being the pigeon in the skeet shoot tho.

Q-15. I was told that the chemicals were harmless. I sometimes washed grease and krud off of my hands with the stuff from puddles on the ramp. The acft parking area was saturated with the stuff and the inside of the acft was covered with it also. The air was filled with the fumes. I didn't hear that the stuff might be harmful until I was transferred to the Air Force Armament Laboratory in 1970. Here I had access to all of the studies, information, and even the scientists who had been working in the area. In circa 1972 I came down with Parkinson's disease which really started me thinking. (Parkinson's is a progressive disease of the central nervous system that ends in paralysis). I read everything I could get my hands on and discussed the topic with several of the scientests. I wrote some letters on my findings, which seemed to indicate that the dioxin could be the cause of my disease. I obtained a signed statement from the neurologist at the Eglin AFB hospital that says that this is a likly possibility and should be looked into. Of course the Air Force ignored this and did nothing. This all took place in 1972-1974. Now ,on 18 Jan 1982, I was interviewed in regard to the study that the Air Force has finally started. I tend not to believe that my disease was caused by the dioxin because I have not heard of any other Cowboys comming down with the problem. However, neither the Air Force nor I know for sure whether there are any others or not because the Air Force has delayed as long as possible the agent orange health study. Any one with any brains at all could have forseen what was going to happen; every GI with any problem at all was going to blame his problem on the mysterious agent orange. Every bit of criticism and bad publicity that the Air Force gets is well earned by the long procrastination.

Q-16. My unhappiest was the loss of one of my crews and several other people who worked for me; also the loss of several good friends. The happiest is probably the work I did as Squadron Civics Actions Officer. The two major projects that we participated in were the planting of fruit trees (we gave a whole mess of fruit trees to a village between Long Ben and Ben Hoa) and the dollars for scholars project. In the D for S project we paid the tuition for young vietnamese to attend school in one of the Nrw Life villages near Ben Hoa. The Squadron really took this project to heart with many contributions. If I remember correctly, it cost \$25 to send one child to school for one year. I picked one boy and one girl to send to school for two years. I arranged it so the guys could meet the children at the school. This was followed by a tour of the village. (Yes. We carried our M-16's). Those kids were beautiful and all the guys seemed to enjoy themselves. I have a bunch of slides somewhere and a few feet of Super-8 film. Also have a couple of letters from the two kids I sponsored.

Q-17. I had several unusual, if not funny, incidents happen. First of all, when I arrived at Tan Son Nut (spelling) I got hold of a telephone and called the Ranch. The guy who answered turned out to be an old flying buddy of mine. We had flown KC-97 tankers together from about 1955 to 1959 and hadn't seen nor heard of each since. He had an other surprise for me when he informed me that there was no place to live on base and that I had to find a place off base. I finally ended up at the Airport Motel on "one Hundred P alley", named for the price a person had to pay if he should respond to any of the ladies who seemed to be waving goodby to every male who passed by. In Viet Nam the by-by wave meant come hither.

Q-17. It wasn't long after I arrived at Saigon that the Ranch was moved to Ben Hoa. On the day that we moved the aircraft I was flying the lead acft of a three shipper. We thought it would be nice to bid the base farewell so we circled around and set ourselves up for a low pass down "C" row (where the Ranch corral and operations was located, which was inside the Vietnamese compound and right next to Pres Key's house.) Upon entering the field boundary I called the tower to ask for permission to make the low pass down "C" row. The tower granted permission with the reservation "not below 500 Ft". Well, we were already down to about 50 ft. So we made the pass at about 50 ft and turned on the purple smoke. (we had tied a number of smoke grenades of the proper color, purple, to the spray booms and set them off on our farewell pass.)

Q-17. When we left Saigon for Ben Hoa we had to leave a few acft behind because they needed to be worked on. The Sq Commander and a few of us then drove back to Saigon with

the intention of flying an acft or two to Ben Hoa. When we got there we found that one of the acft needed a test hop. The Commander assigned me and another guy to conduct the test hop. When we got to the acft the other pilot rushed into the acft and took the co-pilot's seat without a word of explanation. I knew that this pilot had been in Viet Nam for some time so I assumed that he was an instructor pilot. So I climbed into the left seat determined to demonstrate that I could conduct a test hop as well as anyone. We took off, went through the test hop procedure, including engine shut down in flight and came back and landed. On closing down the form my co-pilot asked me if I was an instructor pilot. I told him that I am not yet checked out as a pilot. He then told me that he wasn't checked out yet either.

Q-17. One day while spraying near the southern tip of Viet Nam a flock of about 200 birds jumped up in front of our formation. I managed to hit several of these. One cracked the windshield in front of Robin. When we back to corral the crew chief found that one of the birds had broken thru a plastic antenna cover and lodged next to the nose wheel. The bird turned out to be a bat with 48 inch wing spread. The PIO thought this was great news so he took our picture with the bat and also interviewed us on tape for public release. He did not seem to be interested in any of the other crews who had rather significant battle damage. My co-pilot and I were known from that day on as Bat man and Robin. I still have the pictures and a copy of the tape someplace.

Q-17. Once upon a time, while leading a six shipper near the southern tip of Viet Nam and not far from Batvill, we had an Australian FAC. As usual we had fighters with us. The FAC asked me where I wanted the fighters to prestrike. I outlined several places in the target area from which we received ground fire on previous missions. He approved all areas except one. I advised him that I considered this one the most important because that was where we received the worst fire during a previous mission. The FAC came back with the comment: "The point in question is in allied hands so the ground fire jolly well must have been friendly ground fire." I have puzzled over that one for years and concluded that it must have been a case of mistaken identity; our spray planes looked too much like those of the VC airforce.

Q-17. On another mission in the south the F-100's were criss-crossing in front of us as we were spraying. They were spreading bomblets. On this day they dropped them so close that we were right on top of them when they went off. My acft had 12 skin punctures from them and the guy off my wing had 32. The roar of the explosions was deafening. I have some super-8 movies that I took of this, somewhere.

Q-18. One day we went into Ash Shaw (speeling, ha!) valley. In the past it had been a well defended target. In addition, it was considered bad because the only way to get out of the valley was to climb over some mountains; a bad situation if one should lose an engine. We were somewhat apprehensive and our fighter escort surmised this. While we were approaching the target the fighters were bombing the known gun positions. We had twice as many fighters as usual. Their conversation was designed for our benefit. "The woods ~~is~~ full of troops. Wow! Look at those tracers. There are several 50 cals in that bunker. Joe, you get that quad 50 on the left and I'll get the one on the edge of the woods." This "con"versation ended abruptly after a voice said; "Cowboy lead, this is Cowboy 4. Do you suppose that our escort has that flight of MIG-21's in sight?"

Q-17. No matter how bad the weather was we always flew VFR. IFR was unknown. Often during the winter months the weather at Da Nang was especially bad. That is, it was bad at the air base but on the other side where we were spraying the weather was good. Several times when returning from a mission we followed the following procedure, all the time being carried VFR; when coming back above the clouds we would take up an easterly heading until radar told us our "feet were wet", meaning that we had left the coast and that we were over water. We then let down until we could see the water. Some times we could not see the water until we were less than 100 feet above it. We then headed in on the 90 degree radial of the VOR. Just after coasting in we would see the river. Depending on which runway was in use we would turn either right or left for our down wind leg. I can recall several times when I could not see the runway until I was almost on top of it.

Q-17. Often when we rotated in or out of Da Nang we choose to make the trip over water, that is, a few feet or inches above it. Some of the guys liked to buzz any ships that we passed. On this occasion one of the acft left the formation to buzz a destroyer. Just as he was about to pass over the ship the destroyer let loose with a broadside at some inland target. The acft appeared to be visibly shaken, a rare sight in the Ranch.

Q-19. When I first arrived in Viet Nam I lived in Saigon, about a block or two from the main gate of Tan Son Nute (Spell). I believe that this area was not Saigon but carried the same name as the base. I lived in the "Airport Motel". The property was fenced and there was always someone at the gate to see that only guests entered the compound. The gate guard was usually a child or young person who would have been unable to prevent anyone from gaining entry by force. I do not remember much about the facilities except that they were adequate. There were several military messes within easy walking distance. Altho most of us had Hondas or simular transportation. On the days that I flew I had to

get up awfully early but even then the streets were a beehive of activity, Vietnamese were everywhere rushing about, venders were selling food from mobile restaurants that had not been there during the day time. Often they were carried on a pole resting over the shoulder. The vender would pick a spot on the ground, unload the pole, and start cooking something almost at once. At first I was a bit apprehensive about walking through the dark streets alone with so many vietnamese rushing about. But I soon got used to it. Once I got to the base I could get a ride in one of the taxies (a Lambretta motor scooter that had three wheels and could carry about eight vietnamese or six americans). If I remember correctly the price was about 7 P. I do not recall the price of a room at the Airport Motel. The owner lived in a house on the property. He seemed very friendly. When I left for Ben Hoa he deducted several dollars from my bill as an act of friendship. Every evening when I went to eat at an officer's mess down the street there was a small boy with a blind old man begging on one of the corners. I always gave him a coin and a piece of candy and enjoyed "talking" with him. There seemed to be very few beggers in Viet Nam as compared to other countries I have been to.

Q-17. I recall one time when I was trying to purchase a tire for my Honda. I stopped at a gas station and was asking about the tire. The owner could not speak English so a young vietnamese acted as interpretor. He was about 17 and worked for the owner. The interpretor told me what the owner said and then added; "Don't buy. He wants too much."

Q-19. When we arrived at Ben Hoa our quarters looked atrocious. The hooch was along low "building" with no sides save for a screen nailed to 2 by 4's. It was very dirty. The bathroom was in another building. The water was not potable. We soon improved things tho. We got a truck and drove into town (Ben Hoa) and purchased some chairs, tables, and rice straw mats for the floors. Later the base put up partitions and we filled the screened area with styrafoam fillers from flare cases. This insulation was good enough to allow the two airconditioners that we had "procured" to keep the place reasonably cool. We hired a Ma Ma Son to keep the place clean and to wash our clothes. We ate at the officers club or at a mess hall nearby. Those of us that had Handas often drove into town to eat at some local restaurants or at the Army's Train Compound. This greatly relieved the monotony. I built a desk for myself and extended and added some electrical outlets. I had a footlocker and a couple of metal wall lockers.

Ma Ma Son seemed like a nice lady, about middle aged and from the poorer class. She probably did the best she could to get our clothes clean. We furnished the soap and bleach. I think she washed the clothes by hand and then hung them on a barb wire fence to dry for some times there were unexplained holes. It was disasterous to give them bleach until you were sure that they know how to use it. One of the guys had a brand new brightly colored shirt, until it was washed for the first time.

Q-19. Most of the time the quarters at Da Nang were pretty good. Two story concrete buildings. Here we ate at the officer's club but more often than not we drove into town to eat at the Navy's officers mess where the food was very good. The Navy officers were a bunch of stuffed shirts; did not like these rough characters frequenting their mess so they made a rule that to eat in the mess one had to dress; couldn't come in flying suits nor fatigues no more. The Ranch was unique at Da Nang in that we were the only outfit that I know of that had the privilege to go off base. We had a truck that had an off-base pass and we took advantage of it. The one night that we never went off base was on Fridays. This was the night that we had our Dining In at the officer's club on base. Everyone wore their Ranch shirt (our formal attire), made a lot of toasts, insulted guest speakers by refusing to listen to any speech, and sang the Ranch songs, and raised hell and the ire of many of the none participants. I guess they thought that we were crazy and they were right. (I think that I probably have a copy of the ranch songs around someplace).

Q-17. I got to know the base Commander at Da Nang when I was the detachment commander while up there. It was a rather unpleasent experience. Before I left Ben Hoa the Ranch Commander advised me that the most important task I had to accomplish during my two week tour at Da Nang was to ascertain that the work being done by the base to update the herbicide loading facilities would be finished in time for a big mission that was scheduled in the near future. When I arrived at Da Nang I went to see the base Commander. He assigned his Director of Operations to work with me to get the Civil Engineer to get the job done. The Civil Engineer told me that our plans would not work and "furthermore don't give a damm if the job ever gets finished". It was obvious to me that the work was not going to be done unless some one lit a fire under the engineer and the DO didn't seem to have any control over him. At this time I received a TWX telling me of the planned date of the mission and reiterating the urgency of building the loading system. I decided to answer this TWX with a message to My CO with an info copy to 7th AF HQ in Saigon. I laid the whole story out with advising the info addressee of the problem, because I knew that the job would be accomplished if Saigon got in the act. Within a few hours after the TWX was sent I received a visit from the base CO. A few days later he dropped by my quarters at 0200 to tell me that the task was finished. From then on it became more difficult to send out TWX's. I don't know what happened to the engineer but the base commander was promoted to general.

I am writing this last. Looking at all the BS I have typed makes me think that I must have diarrhea of the typewriter. So far most of what I have enclosed leaves out most of the routine stuff for I have assumed that you already know or have all of that. Maybe I will mention some of the routine stuff anyway because it may bring some more important stuff to mind. At least I have found that the more I think about it the more I remember.

Q-13. I do not recall participating in mission planning. However, I did fly one or two survey flights designed to look over the areas that we had already sprayed or that we planned to spray. This was done every so-often to determine the effectiveness of the spraying and to see if the areas to be sprayed presented any unusual difficulties such as terrain abnormalities. I also flew some people to a meeting with some Vietnamese province chiefs. The purpose was to agree on areas to spray. I flew into a small Vietnamese landing strip out in the middle of no-where. The place looked deserted and had no radio. On my first final approach I observed muzzle flashes coming from one corner of the field. I made a go-around only to see that the ground fire was coming from a welding torch that flashed as posts moved between us. Soon after landing a bunch of Vietnamese drove up in jeeps, loaded us on board, and drove for quite a while to the meeting place. The ride thru the country side was quite interesting. I did not understand much of what went on at the meeting which was all in Vietnamese except that the province chief, who was in uniform, kept everyone in stitches by his antics. Whatever he was saying must have been very funny. After the meeting we were taken back to the airstrip and we flew back to Ben Hoa. The "ground fire" was just as severe on take off as it had been on landing.

Q-21. Some of the Ranch missions were not as dull as others. A few were straight runs with no mountains, no obstacles, mountains, nor ground fire. On the other hand, following roads or rivers always presented a challenge and add in mountains and or ground fire and things could get pretty exciting. The procedure used to follow rivers was interesting. In some areas there were channels going every which way. It was very difficult to follow the correct channel when flying so low because side channels were every where and came up so quickly. One way was to sketch a map and pin this up right in front of you as you flew the route. A better method seemed to be to have another acft flying high above you and have him talk you thru the route from his vantage point. On occasion I had a FAC use this procedure to guide us from one small VC garden to the next. More than one FAC expressed amazement (+e) at our maneuverability with such a large acft so close to the ground. The secret of this performance was the sharing of duties in the cockpit. The pilot kept his eyes out of the cockpit and on the terrain knowing that the copilot would maintain airspeed with the throttles no matter what stupendous or stupid, depending on your point of view, maneuver he would go thru (some times spelled through Ø. The copilot also monitored all engine instruments.

In order to maintain the swath width while making small changes in direction we often skided around the turn by using the rudder and holding the wings level. If we would have banked to turn the swath would have become very narrow. The acft didnot turn very well by this method, it only worked well when the turn was very gradual. For sharper turns we shut off the spray and performed the turn off of target so that we didn't leave a gap unsprayed, e.g., to make a 90 degree right turn we would turn left thru 270 degrees.

A great many of the runs were straight or nearly so. On these we would spray until the tank was empty. When the run was short we would often reverse direction and make another run parallel to the first. When the lead acft reached the end of the first run he would perform a Plum Tree maneuver. This consisted of a steep 90 degree turn in one direction followed by a steep 270 degree turn in the opposite direction. This resulted in placing the acft 180 degrees from the original direction on a parallel to the first swath. The turn was done in trail formation which made prop wash a problem. The maneuver was named after an island near Langley AFB where it was practiced before going to Viet Nam.

What made the Ranch so special? Certainly ingenuity played a part; the Cowboy call sign, the Corral where the acft were parked, the Purple scarf, the Sq flag flown on the lead acft, the Sq shirts and later purple flight suits, the "Only You Can Prevent a Forest" posters lifted from Smoky the Bear, the 360 degree over head approach for landing, the dining in's and other wild parties, the Sq songs, and the mission itself. It was always a thrill to hug the earth and under these conditions once you have experienced it there just ain't no more. You had seen it all. The fact that the Ranch was all volunteer (until about 67) didn't hurt the spirit any either. Primarily it must have been the people for the Ranch is people. The Ranch is composed of all kinds of people and for the life of me I can't see any differense between these people and a lot of others but when these people got together they became the Ranch and something special. There will never be another Ranch. It's unique. It's special. It's the ultimate. It's the RANCH.