

VP-1 POPs



PatRon One P-3 Orion Pioneers

NEWSLETTER #10

NOVEMBER 2001

SQUADRON FLAG

ADJC Jim Hamilton

Origin of the VP-1 Squadron Flag and the associated flag pole caper.

When we arrived at MCAS Iwakuni in the winter of 1970 we relieved VP-17. I was the Line Division Chief at that time. During turnover VP-17's Line Chief mentioned to me that someone had swiped their squadron flag. They had flown their flag from a tree branch near the Line Shack. Our Line Shack now. That started my gears grinding, as VP-1 didn't have a squadron flag.

I decided that, by golly, our squadron should have a flag. And that the flag ought to fly every day out by our flight line where our aircraft were parked. (*A picture of this flag flying from its pole out by the Line Shack is in our 1970 cruise book on the "Line" page, just below and to the right of Chief Taylor's picture.*) Furthermore, I thought we ought to have a formal function for the enlisted men to participate in during change-of-command ceremonies. Something besides just standing in ranks for inspection. More about this later.



Jim Hamilton '71 lettering, and our squadron emblem in the center. The original flag had gold fringe around the edges.

There's a picture of the flag above, in the upper left-hand corner of page one of this newsletter. It has appeared there on all of our VP-1 POPs newsletters since February of 2000. This picture of the flag was taken at our 1997 reunion picnic at Rich and Ruth Hunt's place in Bellingham,

Washington.

This flag was raised by the line crew each morning at dawn, and lowered each evening at sunset. It was closely guarded by the line division guys so that no transient sister squadron people could make off with it. But, how did we fly our flag? From a tree branch? No way — we weren't pikers! We had a nice white flag pole set in the ground, ringed with painted rocks, from which to fly our squadron flag. But — where did the flag pole come from?

The flag pole caper. On liberty one day, near the outer fringes of Iwakuni, I spotted what I thought was a derelict wooden pole lying near a benjo ditch. It was fresh wood, not creosoted, and it looked to be in pretty good shape. So one afternoon soon thereafter Chief Hayes (ADRC Jim Hayes) and I rode our bicycles (*main mode of transport in the Iwakuni area*) out the main gate and into town. We located and retrieved this long wooden pole for important duty with VP-1. I put the butt of the pole over the handlebars of my bike and the top of the pole over Chief Hayes' handlebars. We rode back to MCAS Iwakuni that way — still in uniform! Through the main gate we went. The marine sentries shook their heads, one uttering "I don't believe what I'm seeing".

squadron "white hat" would present the flag to the departing C.O. The flag would note the number of days that squadron personnel served under his command. We did this for the first time when "Tex" Coleman left the squadron. It brought humble tears to that fearless warrior. The flag was presented to Cdr Coleman by AMH1 Ken ("K. C.") Hill. A picture of this presentation can be seen on page 10, (the change-of-command section), of our 1970 cruise book.

At both of our reunions, the '97 reunion at Bellingham, and the Y2K gathering at Pensacola, it did my heart good to see three of our former C.O.'s displaying their VP-1 "command" flag.

YET ANOTHER AIO BRIEF !!

Lt. Charlie "Whammo" Budenz

Okay — we didn't 'apologize' to China for our essential surveillance flights in international air space over international waters. (Spying? Us?) This is not subject to negotiation, primarily because it has actually already been negotiated. There are international treaties that are diplomatically recognized for this purpose.

We proceeded directly to our hangar where we painted the pole white. The base of our pole was about 6" across and it was about 18-20' tall. While the pole was drying we had a hole dug for it to set in. We ringed this hole with small painted rocks. When the paint had dried on our pole we installed a pulley, line, and clips. By golly, we were just about in business. We sat the pole in the hole and packed it in solidly. Then we raised our squadron flag. Mission accomplished!

Two hours later some local Japanese police came aboard the Marine Corps base looking for a misappropriated telephone pole! They searched the base for hours, then left empty-handed. They never suspected our VP-1 flag pole out by the line shack.

The ceremonial function concerning this flag was that upon a C.O.'s transfer, the senior

The *Real Deal* will come as no surprise to VP-1 personnel who served during the late sixties and into the mid seventies. The *Real Deal* is that the U. S. will never apologize for these missions, and/or their alleged intrusions, because of a Chinese agenda that has not been addressed in the media. It is not a hidden agenda, or even obscured, but the news media has apparently missed it.

China, along with seven other nations bordering the South China Sea, claims a 200 nautical mile limit for its continental shelf, because of the reasonable expectation of — ta da! — **OIL**. Remember all of those Market Time tracks we flew that took us over the Spratly and Paracel Island groups?

Now, just think back to some of our missions in the 'good old days'. Thirty years ago VP-1 personnel could have been caught up in international intrigue such as the recent EP-3 crew of

VQ-1! There, but for the grace of God, went one of our aircraft and crews.

This brings me to an episode I'll never forget, because I participated in this exact exchange. In the mid-summer of 1992 I was assigned to the USDAO at the U.S. Embassy on Roxas Boulevard (*previously Dewey Blvd.*) in Manila. This was the time when we were preparing to close our Philippine bases at Subic and Clark. As the Assistant Naval Attaché, (between accredited Attachés), I was detailed to greet Secretary of State James Baker's aircraft on the tarmac early one morning — about 0445 as I recall. (This was the same Boeing 707-720B that carried President Kennedy's body from Dallas to Washington).

Secretary Baker was returning to Washington, D.C., but had been invited to speak at an Association of South East Asian Nation's conference hosted by the Philippines. (Although the U. S. is not a member nation). The primary topic of their discussions was regarding the conflicting claims of eight nations, all of whom were concerned about protecting their 'oil rights' under the South China Sea.

Secretary Baker's aircraft arrived at Manila as scheduled and was parked at the base of the old burned-out passenger terminal and control tower (still utilized) so as not to block the congested international air terminal. A Marine Security Guard contingent from the U.S. Embassy was in place at the foot of the old-style aircraft embarking ramp. As Secretary Baker came down the ramp we became aware of approaching vehicles, with lights flashing and sirens blaring. They were roaring-in from the Philippine Air Force side of the airport.

It was Philippine President Ramos, (educated at West Point), and his entourage, unexpectedly arriving to greet our Secretary of State. Pleasantries were exchanged. Then President Ramos asked our Secretary Baker if the United States would abide by the letter and spirit of the 1947 treaty that liberated the Philippines. Without a moment's hesitation, Secretary Baker gave his one word reply. An emphatic, "Yes!"

Well, the joke at our Embassy was that Secretary Baker knew what the treaty specified, whereas President Ramos evidently did not. Seems that treaty called for recognition of a 12 nautical mile international limit, rather than the 200-NM limit then being claimed by the Philippines. Keep in mind that the 1947 treaty was formulated at a time when a 3 nautical mile limit was the standard. So that treaty was quite liberal in its implications.

So to the bottom line, folks. The *Real Deal*, is that the U. S. can not apologize to China for our flights over international waters. To do so would be perceived by the Chinese as a 'de facto' acknowledgement of their official position — claiming 'rights' for 200-NM from their shores! This simply will not be allowed to hap-

MILITARY SERVICE & SOCIAL SECURITY

Vice President Rich Hunt

I wasn't aware of the need for each and every DD-214 when applying for social security benefits until recently speaking with Jim Melton (AWC). Jim had just experienced the process. Thinking that there may be others who aren't aware of how social security and military service dovetail, I dug-up the following info. This applies to all who served honorably in the military, not just career personnel.

When one who has served honorably in the United States military applies for social security old age benefits he needs to provide the social security office with each of his DD-214's. If one has been discharged more than once, as most career enlisted personnel have, showing social security officials just the final cumulative DD-214 will not suffice. You won't receive all the extra credits for military service that you should.

Honorable active military service garners one extra credits on your social security account. To receive these credits one needs to provide social security officials with each and every one of the DD-214's he was issued. We were provided a DD-214 each time we were discharged. The social security people will then compute your military service credits. These credits accumulate differently in different years, so they need to know exactly during which years you served.

You may receive up to \$1200 per year as additional credit to your income record on your social account. If you were to receive the full \$1200 credit for every year you served, you could receive from \$10 to \$100 more per month in your social security benefit than you would without the military credits. It would depend on when and how long you served. Based on a 20 year career you could receive around \$70 per month extra in old age benefits. For a 30-year career it might be closer to \$100 more per month.

If you're missing a needed DD-214 you should contact the National Personnel Records Center at St. Louis, MO, to obtain it. Their new customer service telephone numbers are: (314) 538-4122; (314) 538-4142; (314) 538-4144; and (314) 538-4218.

You'll also need to provide the social security folks with your birth certificate when applying for benefits.

For more info on military service and social security go to the web site, "<http://www.ssa.gov/pubs/10017.pdf>". You'll need the Acrobat Reader program to read this "PDF" file. For those who don't already have it, Acrobat Reader may be downloaded from the internet free-of-charge.



Rich Hunt
1997 reunion



Charlie at Sarajevo in 1998.
What's the aircraft behind him
with the large red star?

pen. But you haven't read this in the newspapers or seen it on CNN!

Back to Manila — July 1992. The original game plan concerning Secretary Bakers' visit, as formulated by yours truly, was that after disembarking the VIP's, I would accompany the aircraft and its crew on a short flight to their pre-arranged 36-hour layover at NAS Cubi Point. (Clark AFB was still under layers of ash from Mt. Pinatubo's belching). By doing so, security for the aircraft, as well as refueling with good JP-5, plus fresh provisions from the base commissary (to include 300 lbs. of dry ice and 300 lbs. of wet ice) would be immensely simplified. Not to mention ease of crew housing and ground transport — to include tours of Cubi, Subic, and, of course, Olongapo.

Seems the Air Force Major, the PIC (Pilot in Command), didn't like my plan. He called, from the 707, to his boss at Andrews AFB. This resulted in an order from a USAF Brigadier General to me, a mere NAVY Commander, to keep this aircraft at Manila. Well, all previous plans immediately went out the window. So, at 0530, I had to arrange hotel rooms and ground transportation (Jeepneys?). Plus acquire all needed fresh provisions, with only limited refrigeration on board. Of course, all I had to do for this very sensitive aircraft, at a very public FOREIGN airport, was to arrange 'triple-layer' 24-hour security, get it refueled with correct

grade, clean, moisture-free JP, and provide a phone link to the U. S. Embassy.

I personally walked over 1/4 mile to plug in a telephone line. I placed the phone on the front seat of our USMC armored suburban (HAV) parked at the foot of the aircraft loading ramp. This was to be their phone booth! True story.

FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Cdr Don Hanson

It seems you guys have got all the sea stories. I've got some, but I never get to tell them. ~~Some can't be told! Some shouldn't be told,~~ and some are just dying to bust out. Here's one of mine that can be told.

I was the "senior man" at SERE school — that's the escape and evasion school down in San Diego and Warner Springs, Calif. I sat in the orientation class unaware of school procedures. When they broached the subject of "senior man", I couldn't imagine I would be the "senior man". Lcdrs were plentiful. Then — they called my name. My life change!

Things started slowly — trying to find something to eat down on the beach. The highpoint there was boiling an unlucky, dispatched, federally-protected seal. I tasted the greasy fluid and backed off. Then, I had about 50 sea-story crises. That started by my "enemy" captors punishing me (crawling, until I had bloody elbows) for not falling out of "ranks" to protest bad treatment of another "captive". (They knew who I was, and baited me — good lesson).



Don Hanson
VP-1 1970

Later, in a "time-out" for me, I had to join them in searching for a missing student. We finally found him huddling under a bush. They asked me what to do with him. The young sailor seemed really shook-up. I said, "You guys are running this show. I'm not qualified to say that he can handle the course. You decide." They removed him from our group.

I had to watch while guys were punished until they stepped forward and onto the flag. They marched me around to see all the goings-on. Later, they got me involved with them having our guys doing push-ups. They wanted them to count out the number loudly as they completed them. (Now, we were taught not to verbalize so they couldn't tape record us for propaganda uses). When I wouldn't tell a sailor to count out loud, they made him start over. I don't remember how that scenario ended; they must have dragged me off.

My most comfortable time was when they stuck

me in the black-box. It was peace and quiet; the only time they let me alone.

One of my most vivid memories was near the end of the whole deal. They had us all fall-in into ranks, with me, the "senior man", out in front, I saluted to present our unit. Bad thing! The "enemy" guy standing in front and above me on a small rise came flying down, yelling something about saluting. He hit me on each shoulder with hands. I flew backwards. But, this guy was good; he kept me from going splat on the ground; he had complete control of himself and me, all the way down to a soft landing.

I learned a lot, but especially that one should always go to school with his "skipper". Let him be the "senior man".

Remember TRICARE for LIFE (TFL) — it's here — it's real. If you're retired military and on Medicare, or soon will be, try to get a copy of the TROA (The Retired Officers Association) magazine explaining TFL. It lays it out really well — TROA has even stopped offering their MEDIGAP policy to members — they acknowledge that TFL is really a free MEDIGAP policy.

God Bless America!

NORTHWEST GATHERING

Ruth Hunt, Membership Chairperson

On a sunny Sunday in mid-August a gaggle of us old gobs and gobettes got together for a mid-summer picnic at our northwest homestead. The Ruth and Rich northwest ranch is just a few miles northeast of Bellingham, in beautiful Whatcom County, Washington.

Carolyn & Paul Morasch and Donna & Tom Browning spent that weekend with Rich and I. We were joined on Saturday morning by Karen and Rich Rundle. We had nice Saturday brunch and then headed for the Northwest Washington Fair at Lynden. Saw the cows, horses, pigs, and all the stuff in between.

Ate some junk food and topped it off with a giant ice cream cone. That's a "have to have" when I go to the fair. We came home for a short rest, then headed to Black Angus for an enjoyable dinner. What a blast! Needless to say we had a good time. (It's a good thing they seated us way in the back corner!).

Sunday, picnic day, dawned rainy. But it cleared up fairly early and quite a few VP-1 POPers showed up. As usual I was busy in the kitchen — my newly remodeled kitchen, that is. It's now much easier for me to work in. More counter space, ovens, cabinets, refrigerator room, etc.

We had squadronmates at this Sunday gathering from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, California, and of course the Morasches from South Carolina. Paul Morasch couldn't raise his right arm very high due to the recent surgery on his shoulder, but said he was recuperating as scheduled.

Everyone sat around in our den or out on the balcony deck above the pool, jawing and enjoying the company. (Yes, that's the same deck that Tom Browning, Mike Glenn, and a few others hammered and nailed on back in '97 so it would be in tip-top shape by the time everyone arrived for our first VP-1 POPs reunion).

The pool below was very inviting, shimmering in reflected sunlight, but alas, the only one who jumped in for a dip was Hannah, our quite rotund dog. Of course she had to come, dripping wet, and visit all of us after she emerged from doing her lap!

Everyone said the chow was great; I enjoyed the company even more. We hope to make the VP-1 POPs Nor'wester Picnic an annual occurrence at the Hunt ranch. We enjoy so much having everyone here! If any of you are ever up in this neighborhood, please stop by, picnic or no. We're always able to find room at the table and maybe even a bed.

Those attending this year's get-together, and I hope I remember everyone, were: Rich & Ruth Hunt, of course; Paul & Carolyn Morash; Tom & Donna Browning; Steve & Tina Palmer; Jim & Pat Harvey; Fritz Fink and his son (Finnina was off on a business trip); Jim & Gail Melton; Larry Manaro and his daughter, Kimberly; Don & Ellen Grove; Don & Fay Hanson; and Rich & Karen Rundle. Many, many stories from the good old days! Did anyone feel a burning sensation in their ears that day?

A Jimmy Lee Tale From the Past. One day while Mike Taylor was riding his motorcycle in Olongapo he missed a turn on a back road and ended up in a drainage ditch. Now here's "Grumpy" in the ditch with his motorcycle on top of him and looking for some help. He was reaching his hand up for assistance when some locals came running over to where he lay. With an arm extended and expecting some help one of the locals grabbed his wrist watch and departed the scene at a fast trot. There wasn't much Mike could do but kiss that watch goodbye. ~~Some of the other locals were kind enough~~ to give him a hand getting from under the cycle and out of the ditch.

NEWS FROM SQUADRONMATES

AW3 Dave BETZ (8/19) — Thanks for all your work. I really enjoy the newsletter. Could you



email me the Find Guys List? Hope this note finds you in good health and spirits.

Lt Ed CASHMAN (9/6) – Thanks for getting in touch. Here are my dues for membership. I'm looking forward to catching up with some old squadronmates. Kindest regards.

Jonni & ATR3 Mike CREGER (10/12) –

Thanks for your letter requesting us to correct our email address. We don't want to miss the news from VP-1 POPs and all of our Navy friends. Mike and I were in the Navy for 6 years. In that time we made friends that neither of us will ever forget. Along that line, I would like to ask anyone that reads this newsletter if they remember a fellow sailor by the name of Joseph Miller. Joe was attached to VP-42 at NAS Whidbey in 1969. Joe, his wife Kaye, and their sons made this new and somewhat homesick bride know that Navy folks stick together and are all one big family. But, as sometimes happens due to moves and our busy lives, we have lost track of Joe and Kaye. We would really like to connect with them again. This is what we know: Joe & Kaye were from either North or South Carolina; when we knew them they had two sons, Joe Jr. and Nick; they later had another son, Michael; Kaye, although she wasn't working then, was a school teacher; after Whidbey they went to Pax River

for duty. We last heard from them shortly before our daughter Mary was born, which was December, 1972. Should anyone know the whereabouts of these good folks please let us know. We would really like to get back in contact with them.

Beverly & SD2/AMS2 Eddie DAYRIT (10/4) –

Enclosed are my dues. I want to be a member. I was in "The Fleets Finest" for quite a few years, almost eight. Started out working at the BOQ as an "SD". Then in the mid-1970's I changed rate to "AMS", and then worked in the Airframes Shop. I retired from the Navy in May 1993 at Atsugi, Japan, as an AMSC. Probably not too many of our squadronmates will remember me as I didn't work in the squadron area until I changed rate. Jack Bachhofer and I were the only guys who were in the squadron for such a long time — we found a home! I'm very excited about an opportunity to again see all the squadron C.O.'s and X.O.'s, along with the rest of the people that I knew. I worked at a Lowe's Home Improvement Center for the past four years, but recently quit. I am now a successful "BUM". (And lovin' it!).



The Cregers at the Y2K Pensacola reunion



AWC Mike GLENN (9/8) – I have a new address — again! I'm in Birmingham now, and doing fine. I'm still plagued with back problems but somehow still make it. We old-timers sure have our share of medical problems. It sure is nice to receive the VP-1 POPs newsletter. Thanks for all the hard work on that — "BZ" for a great job!

Betty & CS1 Gus GOLDENPENNY (7/31) –

Our address has changed. It is now 6317 Happy Lane, Milton, FL 32570. We live in the same house at the same place but the city decided to give us a new house number. I'm now back to work part time. My open-heart surgery went well. I'm playing golf again, and just about ready to take some of Mardy's money when we get to Memphis. Betty and I will be leaving soon for Spain to visit our son. He is a true airdale, a PR1. We're anxious for him to make chief. Of course, all you CPO's from VP-1 are invited to attend his initiation ceremony.

Linda & AW3 Dick HAGLUND (8/3) –

Here's something you may use in our newsletter. I'm including my dues for 2002-2003, along with a little extra to help with all the great work you folks do in putting together the newsletter. I always get a big kick out of reading it! I'm still hoping to locate Bryant Berk, (AW3). I last heard from him in '75 when he sent a nice wedding gift to Linda and me. Since then I have tried on several occasions to find him, but have come up short each time. If any of our squadronmates can help me find Bryant I'd sure appreciate it. I remember that Bryant and I gave fits to Lcdr Nedry, our crew-3 PPC. I'd like to publicly state now that I'm sorry if I'm responsible for any gray hairs on his head. It's interesting how one's perspective changes once one gets some life behind him.

Myrna & ADJC Jim HAMILTON (8/14) –

Yo shipmates! We recently returned from 2 weeks at Lake Guntersville, Alabama. We had spent two weeks there in June as well. The state park there is a great place to camp. We pulled the boat behind our motor-home and did some serious fishing. Great fun! In June I caught bass, croppie, ocean stripes, panfish, and six catfish of approximately 20 pounds each. This last trip I caught pretty much the same grouping, except that this time I had an additional 50 pound and 60 pound catfish! Caught the catfish "noodling". (I'll share that technology with y'all some day). Great news-grams!

Diana & AMH3 Carson HUNT (8/17) –

Having enjoyed the July newsletter very much, I'd like to congratulate you for a job (or is that jobs) well done. Things are going fine with us, although we have friends and relatives that are quite ill. Our older son, Alex, graduated from high school this spring and leaves for college next



Jim - with his catch

Thursday. He will be attending Ohio Wesleyan University, which is about a three and a half hour drive from here at Delaware, Ohio. His little brother, Evan, started high school today. If all goes well and the good Lord wills it, we'll have two graduations to celebrate in four years. Will you send me via e-mail, a new roster and the list of names of those that need to be found? On the 25th of this month (August) we celebrate both our 22nd wedding anniversary and the 30th anniversary of my joining the Navy!

Patty & Cdr Bill JOHNSON (7/30) –

I got back from Oshkosh yesterday — what a show!! Thousands of airplanes — all shapes and sizes. Some notable ones were the Vickers Vimy, a huge twin engine biplane with open cockpits that took 37 hours to fly from Calif.

And a Boeing Stratoliner! The Stratoliner was the first pressurized airliner and was built around the B-17 design; the wings, empennage, and undercarriage were B-17, but the fuselage was like a big round sausage. It was in the Pan Am livery. It was restored by volunteer Boeing workers. Also a restored Super Constellation with her triple tails standing high. One of our EAA Chapter guys flew his ultra-light from here to Oshkosh — via Point Barrow, Alaska. It took him about six weeks but he made it. Said he saw lots of scenery at 60 mph and 300' alt. As usual there were lots of warbirds that put on daily flyovers — nothing like the sound of radial piston engines or the snarl of a P-51's V-12. There must have been 18 P-51's there. Also three Spitfires, including one very rare two-place Spit. There was a beautifully restored F4F Wildcat that flew — and was for sale — \$945,000. Any takers?

Three of us flew up in a Beech Baron. Four hours non-stop to Appleton, WI, where we landed to avoid the crowd at Oshkosh. Besides, no one wants to see a Baron at an airshow. Appleton, about 18 miles north of OSH, was also covered with hundreds of airplanes. I don't know the actual count, but when I went two years ago there were 10,500 airplanes at OSH. We dodged thunderstorms coming home.

Virginia & HM1 Grant KEELER (7/30) –

Bonnie, our son Wade's wife, delivered twins 27 July 2001 at 6 15 p.m. The girls names are Ashley, and Brittainy. Ashley was 16 1/2 inches long and weighed 4 lbs. 2 oz. Brittainy was 17 inches long and weighed-in at 3 lbs., 12 oz. Mother and babies are doing fine.

Shirley & "Mac" McCOMAS (9/14) –

During these trying times I thought it might be appropriate to revisit the following quotation. *"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight; noth-*

ing he cares about more than his own personal safety; is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself". I

have always liked this quotation. I sent it to the Honolulu daily newspaper back in 1973 or 74 in response to an article they had printed. The paper published it in their "Letters to the Editor" section. A few days later, in my office, I answered when my phone rang. A female voice said, "Please hold for Admiral John McCain." At that time Admiral McCain was CinCPac. His son, the current senator, John McCain, was at that time being held in Hanoi as a POW. Admiral McCain came on the line and said, "Master Chief McComas, I enjoyed your letter to the editor of the paper. That line has always been a favorite of mine also, and I wondered if you knew where it came from". I didn't. He proceeded to tell me that it was written by John Stewart Mills in the London Times in 1862. It was part of an article entitled "*The Contest in America*" that Mills had written after returning from observing our Civil War. When the Admiral finished, I thanked him. In closing he invited me to come over to Pearl Harbor sometime for breakfast or lunch with him. I accepted, but never did get to do that.

Julia & Lt Van McCULLOUGH (8/16) – Got your note. By the way, the last POPs newsletter was superb! A lot of interesting stories by a lot of different guys. I keep meaning to send you some "material" but time just keeps slipping by and I never get to it. Anyway, to your question about VP-8 manpower (or, to be "politically correct" — personpower). The squadron doesn't have only 150 people, but that is probably all they have at Keflavik, Iceland. Kef is a "split site" deployment with the rest of the squadron down in the Caribbean area doing counter drug ops. They keep 3 to 4 aircraft around the Caribbean Sea and that's where the other 125-150 VP-8 people are. Those folks may be spread out from Rosey Roads to Panama, and even some places in South America. The only full squadron deployment from the east coast these days is to Sigonella, Sicily. And while deployed there about half the squadron is in the Adriatic supporting Kosovo ops. (Market Time with ISAR). You remember Kosovo. Bill, our fearless former leader, said we

were only going to be there one year — and initially any officer who said differently got fired. Now here we are 5 years later, and... Oh well.



McCulloughs at the Y2K reunion

Gail & AWC Jim MELTON (8/19) – At our Northwest get-together in

Bellingham I asked Jim how his job was going — his employment as a court bailiff in Idaho. He informed me that he had retired from his court position. He said he was receiving his monthly Navy pension, his state retirement check, and that he soon would become a triple-dipper. His monthly social security benefits

would begin flowing into his bank account in just a few months. Way to go, Jim! You not only survived, you're ridin' first class.

AEC Dave NASS (8/19) – I've been rather busy lately. My youngest, 18 years old, is starting college next week at East Tennessee State University. That's at Johnson City, TN. It's about 250 miles from here in Sweetwater, but you'd think she was going on six month WestPac deployment. Oh, to be that young again. Yes,

we'll be at Memphis when the time is right for the next big gathering. Sandra has relatives in that area so we go over there every once in awhile. So, see y'all at Memphis!

The Meltons at the Y2K reunion

Tina & AE2 Steve PALMER (8/20) – It was

great to see all who attended the Northwest mini-reunion in August. I'm so glad we could make it this time. We had a good time, even though my wife thought she just wouldn't have anyone to talk with. She had an enjoyable day. She and Gail Melton had a really nice chat. Now we're looking forward even more to the next big VP-1 POPs reunion at Memphis in 2003. On returning home we drove into our garage at 2338 hours and managed to get a few winks of sleep before heading off for work this morning. And many thanks to Rich Hunt! I really appreciate the sacrifice you made in giving me your VP-1 POPs ball cap. It means a lot to me. Again, we had a great time.

AWC Virgil PATTIN (7/18) – Chief Pattin recently came by 'Grove's Grove' — on a Wednesday afternoon. I was surprised — no advanced notice — just a knock on the door and there he was. It was good to see him after so long. I think the last time I conversed with him in person was in the Philippines back in the mid-seventies. He's been doing quite a bit of traveling since his wife, Joanne, passed away. I knew he'd been in Florida not too long ago as he had stopped and visited "Willie" and Tina Williams. He was here in the Puget Sound area to visit his newly-born granddaughter. Virgil had his oxygen tank with him, and was driving a van that he had completely reconditioned. He was having a bit of a problem with breathing here in our cooler, damp air. Said he'd be heading home to the dry, warm, Arizona air in just a few days.

Lois & Ltjg Bob SCHOONOVER (8/15) – Please remove me from the mailing list. I appreciate your efforts to keep us all informed, but I've decided to not participate in POPs anymore.

Gail & AMCS Mike TAYLOR (8/21) – We just returned from our run up to the big motorcycle gathering at Sturgis, South Dakota. Had a fine time there this year. Gail went with me this time. We trailerd so we could take both our bikes. Gail didn't want to ride that far. The first two days were very hot, the next two very wet.



The Meltons at the Y2K reunion

We still rode a lot up in the hills and had a grand time. We ate with many of the civil groups and really enjoyed ourselves. Everyone was very friendly. I plan on attending the Harley doings in Milwaukee this Labor Day weekend. Will leave the 28th, attending a one day road race school. Also plan to ride up to Oshkosh while in the area. We are busy redrawing our commission lines for the county. I chair that committee. Many irons in the fire. When do I have time to grow old?

Ann & ADR2 Rick WATSON (8/1) – Thought I'd let you know that Rick has had a slight set back. Nothing serious — we hope — but doctors have ordered him not to fly until he is completely recuperated. So, our vacation trip to Maine is off for a while. Rick had a fluid build up in his lung. They drained off the excess fluid. The health care people are going to keep a close watch on the situation. Rick's home and on a special diet. I'll keep in touch and let you know how he's doing.

Sina & AMSC Dan WALDROP (10/9) – I finally got a chance to write. Had a recent golf game scheduled with D. R. White, but had to cancel as I turned my ankle getting off of a "want-to-be aircraft" (an SH-60B). I won't have to do that much longer. I've made up my mind to retire at the end of this year — December 31st. I can hardly wait for the next reunion. I wish they came around every other year. I'm enclosing a check for my 2002-2003 dues. Tell everyone that Dan and Sina said hello and God bless. Looking forward to the next newsletter.

YN2 Charlie YOUNG (10/9) – Real glad that my good buddy Denny Gruwell called me after he spoke with Jack Bachhofer on the phone concerning joining VP-1 POPs. Enclosed are my dues for membership. Being stationed with "airdales" at VP-1 was a whole lot better than the "blackshoe" Navy. Those airdales did a real professional job on those planes. After duty with VP-1 I was assigned to the Naval Courier Service at Hickam, then to CBU-413 at Pearl Harbor. From there I went to NAF Midway Island; then got my sea legs back aboard the USS Rathburne (FF-1057) and the USS Harold E. Holt (FF-1074). My final tour was with HC-11 at North Island. I retired from the Navy on 30 June 1984. I've worked as a security guard most of the time since then. Currently I

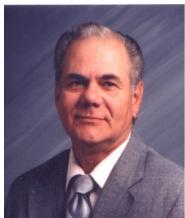
own a grass mowing business in Waldorf, Maryland, and work during the winter season as a security guard. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the Memphis reunion. You were a great bunch of guys!



Dan & Sina Y2K reunion

STRIPED ENGINE??

AE2 Steve Palmer



The current
Charlie Young

Here's the lowdown on VP-1's only "striped engine". Once upon a time, (this is a true story, ya know), while the squadron was operating from its island haven at Iwakuni, Japan, Jack Forte and I were part of a small crew sent to Atsugi where one of our birds was "down" for an engine change. "Chips light", I think.

Anyway, someone had determined that the engine needed changing before the aircraft could return to roost at MCAS Iwakuni. An engine was provided by Atsugi's AIMD, a black one. It had been built-up to power a VQ-1 P-3 "spook" bird.

As I recall, we arrived about the middle of the day and were instructed to get to it and work until the job was finished. S-O-P, right? I set about disconnecting all the electrical connectors and Jack, and whomever else was with us, got going on the rest of the job. I know others were there with us, but I no longer recall who they were. Seems that one of them could've been Jack Bachhofer, but I'm not sure. I think there were four or five of us on the team.

We worked straight on into the night. Some-where around 0200 or 0230 we were putting the finishing touches on the new engine. After completing the job we planned to stay with the aircraft and sack out somewhere on the deck, the tactical seats, or the aft bunks. Someone in the crew had painted the new engine with some gray paint or primer — the engine was all black when we got it from supply. We were told the engine would get repainted back at Iwakuni, so we decided to spruce it up a bit. We found a couple of cans of bright orange spray paint and went to work. With this paint and some masking tape we put some orange racing stripes around the engine as shown in the accompanying picture. We agreed on a cover story, should one be needed — that the stripes weren't there when we sacked out — we must have been "zapped" by someone at Atsugi.

Well, when the O-in-C of our little det saw those stripes he got really ticked off. I don't recall now who it was. Perhaps one of the others in the crew may remember. As I recall, ComFairWestPac got involved and there was

somewhat of a ruckus raised about "someone doing that to one of our aircraft". We had no idea that it would be such a big deal and had intended to fess-up when we returned to Iwakuni. The engine had to be repainted there anyway.

When we got back to Iwakuni I got my camera and had Jack Forte take my picture standing next to the orange striped

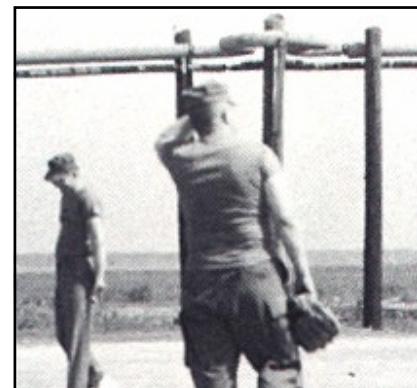
engine. Then I took his picture by the engine. In so doing, I thereby preserved the record of VP-1's only striped T-56 engine! I don't think Forte ever got his copy of the picture — so now, 31 years later, I'm going to send it to him via e-mail attachment.

There's been many a day that I wish I had made the Navy my career. I loved the aircraft and had hoped to get into something like that in civilian life. I almost joined an Air National Guard unit after I stopped going to Naval Air Reserve meetings with VP-69 at NAS Whidbey Island. My last trip to Whidbey as a reservist was in January of 1978. I flew over Whidbey Island in September 2000 when my company sent me to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, to do some work on a line of machinery that we have in a mill up there

wouldn't suspect anything.

I spent quite a few days in that hospital but I never lacked for a supply of Hiram Walker's to help make the stay tolerable. Evidently the word spread — it seemed that just about everyone stopping by for a chat brought me some "Listerine". The other in-patients wondered how a guy in traction could be in such good spirits, and how he could enjoy those evening movies shown on the ward so much.

Whoever cleaned out the cabinet next to my bed probably thought I had a bad case of halitosis what with all those empty Listerine bottles that were left behind.



On the mound at Iwakuni, Groovy watches the ball fly, fly away over the left field fence. At his left, Willie, the grounder-gobbling shortstop, hangs his head in wonderment.

MARINE HOSPITAL

AMSC "Willie" Williams

Now it can be told! The statute of limitations has run out! Back in 1970, while we were enjoying the spring rains at Iwakuni, the CPOs challenged the officers to a slowpitch softball game. Groovy Grove was our CPO team pitcher, (he sure gave up a lot of long balls!), and I was the grounder-gobbling shortstop.

Moving right along with this true sea story, I hurt my back during the ball game but didn't have enough sense to quit playing. Later it was found that I'd ruptured a disc in my back. I wound up stuck in the base hospital for the next few days. The MD's put me in traction flat on my back. My feet were elevated with weights connected to them, the attaching lines draped over pulleys.

My Division Officer, (Lt Vorwald — wonder where he is these days?), came to visit me my first morning on the hospital ward. I wondered what he was lugging around in the AWOL bag he had with him. He said, "Chief, I brought you something for the pain". Lo and behold! —

When he opened that bag there lay six glistening bottles of cold beer, all neatly wrapped-up in towels (no telltale clinking). Those cool brews sure looked good, but I was hurting too bad at the time to take him up on the generous offer.

Later, that same afternoon, my right hand man, AMH1 K.C. Hill, came by for a visit and asked me if I needed anything. I said, "a good shot of whiskey would hit the spot". Well good old K.C. returned later with a 14 ounce bottle of Listerine for me. Only there wasn't any Listerine inside. The bottle was full of Hiram Walker's Ten High bourbon! Since I wasn't on any antibiotics the duty corpsman brought me a cup with water and ice cubes to mix with my drink. I used a spray can of Right Guard deodorant to cover the smell of booze so the other patients on the ward, gung-ho Marines all, YB's, a small maintenance crew, and a pack-up

I've spent very little time in military hospitals, but that experience is one that I'll never forget. Thanks K.C., for keeping my spirits up — and to all you other guys who brought me the "Listerine", (Hiram Walker's in disguise).

Most of all I'll never forget those great people we had in VP-1 — guys that helped a shipmate keep his spirits up when I would have really been feeling low. That Airframes Branch that I served with during the Iwakuni deployment was the best group of people I ever knew. I'd sure like to hear from any of them and find out how they're doing these days. Better yet, I'd love to see them all at our next reunion.

KODIAK DET

AMHC Bob Giddings

Let's see now, how do I want to start this tale? "Once upon a time" — or — "This is no s - - t". Take yer pick, guys and gals — you know I wouldn't BS you none.

Sometime back in the early '70s, crew #5 and another crew, which'll go unnamed cause I no longer remember which one it was, took two YB's, a small maintenance crew, and a pack-up



Note the stripes
on the engine
just above
Steve's head

kit on a det to Kodiak. ATC "Swede" Erickson was the Det Chief.

By then the Navy didn't have much left at Kodiak anymore. In fact in a year or so the USN presence would be completely gone and Kodiak would become a Coast Guard base. With no assistance available from a functioning NAS, no AIMD support, and no P-3 supply support available, we had to set up to operate in an area that was completely sealed off. Swede, do you remember kicking in a wall to gain access to some old aircraft maintenance spaces? What a welcome.

First, let me tell you about crew-5's experience roaring down an icy ~~runway~~ with only three functioning engines ~~and~~ and a mountain in front of us. The starter for our #2 engine had died. We didn't have a spare starter in our kit, or up our sleeve, and we had an important mission to perform. The other YB with our little det was scheduled to launch a bit later on their assigned mission, so we couldn't cannibalize from there. So there we were — figuratively in the middle of nowhere with an engine that wouldn't start. What now?

We reviewed the NATOPS manual on "windmill starting". That sounded like a good option. We positioned our other P-3 in front of our bird and ADJ2 Jack Forte cranked her up. With Jack running at high power in front of us the max we could get from this windmilling procedure was 55%. Due to the necessary positioning of our aircraft we just couldn't get enough air blast. And the ramp was pretty much a sheet of ice. What now?

How about a runway windmill start? We poured over our NATOPS manual again, reading up on that tactic. It was determined this was the only option left for getting our #2 engine going and making our mission. (Remember, we were all young and "gung ho" back then).

Here we go! The runway was very slippery, braking conditions were terrible, and we were headed right toward a mountain. Down the runway we roared on three engines, picking up speed — faster and faster we went — #2 was turning. We got that engine started with only a smidgen of runway left. Needless to say, (we're here, aren't we?) we got airborne — and completed our mission. Crew 5 always made their missions!

Later, the VP squadron at Adak flew us in a starter, and a few other necessary items. Outside of our pack-up kit, that was our supply support.

Any of you guys remember the enlisted club there? It was a hellofva walk and climb up those stairs — was that ever steep. The worst part, though, was going back down after dinner and a few cold ones. Very dicey, (hmmm, rhymes with icy!).

While at Kodiak our crew went on a fishing trip

in the back woods — bear country! We were required to stay together, and we had to be armed. So, Jeff Barclay, our crew-5 ordnance-man, checked out a weapon to take along. Pete Drees missed out on that fishing trip — something to do with returning the vehicle, or only allowing so many at a time into the restricted area — don't remember for sure anymore. Anyway, the fishing was great. Trout (dolllies), silver salmon, and so forth. In just three hours we got 72 keepers that we luggered out. On our way back out from this "fishin' hole" we came upon a fresh pile of bear dung — still steaming! (Cross my heart!).

I've always felt bad that Pete Drees couldn't make the fishing excursion with us. Pete's a great person and was a great PPC. He showed lots of compassion and caring for his crew.

Not only did we have important missions to fly on that det; we also had the mission of filling a host of orders for seafood from squadronmates. If I remember correctly, we accomplished that task also. However, it was a bit tricky getting everything to fit into the bombay. We had to sling a cargo net under the rack we already had in there. Lots of seafood!

We had a tough time closing the bombay doors, but finally managed, with a rare difference from the norm. A salmon head was sticking out. We flew our Orion back just like that. If any Ruskies had spotted us that day they would have wondered what that new antenna was protruding by our bombay.

REUNIONS

A member of our organization recently mentioned that one of his old squadron buddies, and the friend's wife, haven't attended a VP-1 POPs reunion yet because they think these gatherings are nothing more than an old-time squadron beer party. Well, as you folks that have been to one of our reunions know, it is far from that.

More than anything it is a gathering of old squadronmates, friends, buddies, wives. Guys who used to work together, fly together, deploy together. Guys who lived in close quarters. Gals who minded the home-fires, raised the kids, kept the vehicle chugging, and took care of all the necessities on the home front.

Our reunion is a chance for these folks to see each other again after passage of a large chunk of life. A chance to look back at our old times in The Fleet's Finest. A chance to catch up on

what's transpired with folks we were close to 30 years ago. For myself, I can tell you that it's just great seeing so many folks from those early P-3 days in VP-1. I enjoyed the second reunion at Pensacola just as much as that first great get-together in Bellingham. At these reunions plenty of free time was left for people to just visit, gab, and enjoy being with each other.

To get things rolling we've so far had a meal together

EDITOR'S CORNER



on Friday evenings. I believe our committee for the upcoming Memphis gathering is planning a "down-home" southern fish fry for the Friday evening kickoff event. After that folks can pretty well do as they please.

On Saturdays we've been having afternoon picnics, which so far have been top-notch. At the '97 bash Rich Hunt had plenty of grilled salmon, along with some mighty tasty ribs. Don Swendsen provided a heap of cracked crab and oysters for our seafood lovers. Our local northwest ladies supplied a variety of salads, corn-on-the-cob, and delicious desserts.

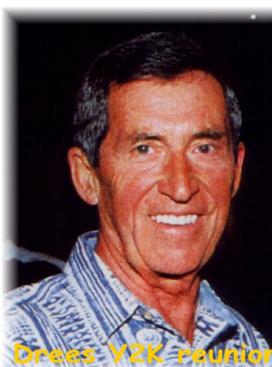
Our Pensacola picnic was along the shores of beautiful Bayou Grande — on a lovely sunny afternoon. "Willie" Williams even arranged for a P-3 to take-off from NAS and climb out over the bayou while we were assembled. Well, maybe he didn't arrange it, but it brought a lump to the throats of those who hadn't seen a P-3 fly by at low level for a number of years. Willie had a great crew doing all the cooking — all we had to do was enjoy the chow, the companionship, and the beautiful day.

People have used Saturday mornings for golfing, sightseeing, or whatever. At Pensacola many of us visited the Naval Air Museum. At both reunions those who wanted to golf got in a full 18 holes.

Saturday evening has so far been free for folks to get-together, visit, do their own thing, if you will. Free time! Use it as you wish.

Sunday mornings have been the time for a leisurely brunch together. In '97 at the NAS Whidbey Island CPO Club on top of the hill overlooking Ault Field. The C.O. of VP-1 was our guest speaker at that affair. In Y2K the Sunday brunch was at the CPO Club aboard NAS Pensacola — right beside the Gulf of Mexico. A Navy Enlisted Pilot (AP), a fellow who flew many combat missions in the Pacific during World War II, was our guest speaker.

We held our business meeting after the Y2K brunch and elected our current slate of officers. During this meeting we also decided where and when to hold our next big get-together. Mike Taylor's bid for a reunion in Tennessee nar-



Drees Y2K reunion

The below listed persons currently are members-in-good-standing of our elite P-3 Orion Pioneers. Those whose names appear in bold italics have already paid their membership dues for the next biennium, 2002 and 2003. All other members, your dues are due at the end of this current calendar year. Dues for our next two-year period are \$15, (\$7.50 per year). Our dues are collected only every two years — at the beginning of even numbered years. Please remit your payment to our treasurer as soon as you're able. See below for check and address information. If a pal of yours from our old squadron days is not on the below list, he/she is not a member of our group. Please urge them to get on board. Membership in the VP-1 P-3 Orion Pioneers is open to all who were attached to VP-1 during the years 1969 through 1974. This includes tech reps, widows, spouses, and ex-spouses. We'd like to be able to get the word to everyone eligible about our organization and our reunions. Some who have been contacted have declined to associate with our group. They're listed on our "roster" in smaller, lighter type. If you'd like an up-to-date copy of our roster contact me. Printed copies are \$1 each — electronic copies sent via e-mail attachment are free. Here's our current membership list:

Jerry ADAIR; Jack ADAMS; Jack BACHHOFER; Jeff BARCLAY; ***Marty BECKER***; Gary BENNER; John BERGER; Jack BERRY; Dave BETZ; Dave BEVINGTON; Gary BLOCKER; Ross BONNY; John BOYD; Gene BRENNAN; Tom BROWNING; Charlie BUDENZ; Al BURCHI; Cotton BURDEN; John BYCZEK; Mike CALLIHAN; Bruce CARPENTER; Steve CARY; ***Ed CASHMAN***; Tom CHAMBLISS; Ernie CHIUCCHI; Spence CLOSSON; Jackie COBB; Lex COBB; Mike COLE; "Tex" COLEMAN; ***Frank CONKLE***; ***Eddie DAYRITT***; "Spade" COOLEY; Bob COONS; John COY; Mike CREGER; Brian CRONYN; Doug CROWE; Bill CROWLEY; Lois DAUBE; Mark DEICHERT; John DeTHOMAS; Doug DEVINEY; Bob DEVRIES; "Pete" DREES; Judy DUDLEY; Donna DVORAK; Jim DVORAK; Jim ELLIOTT; Don ELOWER; Doug ELSTON; "Swede" ERICKSON; Paul ESCHENFELDER; Bill FIELDING; Fred FINK; Jack FORTE; Russ FREDRICK; ***Cliff FREUND***; R. Don FRNKA; Stan FROS BUTTER; Bob FULLER; Ray FUNK; Charlie GARDINER; Greg GARDNER; "Kris" GARRICK; ***Mike GARRICK***; ***Dan GARRISON***; John GAUKEL; Vance GAY; "Pat" GESLING; Bob GIDDINGS; Todd GILBERT; Mark GILSDORF; Jon GISLASON; Mike GLENN; Rocky GMEINER; Gus GOLDENPENNEY; Bob GRAY; Earl GREENMAN; Bob GREGOR; Jim GROMELSKI; Don GROVE; Ray GROVE; ***Denny GRUWELL***; ***Dick HAGLUND***; Jim HAMILTON; Don HANSON; Joe HART; Jim HARVEY; Phil HAWKINS; Chuck HIGHTOWER; Billy HILL; Ken HILL; Bill HOLMAN; Mike HOLPUCH; Bert HOWARD; Bill HOWARD; Carson HUNT; Rich HUNT; George HUNTER; Ricky HUNTER; "Fooths" HUSTON; Bill JOHNSON; "Ben" JOHNSON; Gary JOHNSON; Paul JOHNSTON; John JUNK; C. K. KAUABI; Grant KEELER; Mike KELLEIGH; Dave KIASKI; Ron KLIMECKI; George KONETCHY; Mel KOSSEN; Bill LANSING; Dave LARSON; Jack LAUTENSCHLAGER; Jim LEE; "Cliff" LEISINGER; Rob LERSCH; Mardy LEWIS; Roland LILLYBLAD; Steve LINN; Cliff LOY; Jim LUPER; Paul LUSK; Larry MANARO; Dave MARZOLA; Jim McALLISTER; "Mac" McCOMAS; Bob MCCOY; Van McCULLOUGH; Bill McDONOUGH; Paul McFARLAND; Donn McKINNON; John McLAURIN; Jim McNINCH; Mike McQUAID; Jim MELTON; Bob MILLER; Jim MILLIGAN; Tom MITCHELL; Ron MONTGOMERY; Jorge MORALES; Paul MORASCH; Walt MORSE; Doug MURDOCK; "Doc" MYERS; Dave NASS; Bob NEDRY; Tom NUNNO; Bobby OLIVER; Tom OLSON; Peter OLSSON; Joe OSANI; Steve PALMER; Virgil PATTIN; Larry PERDUE; Johnny PEREZ; Vic PESCE; Greg PIERCE; Gene POOLE; Pat POTTER; Keith PRITCHARD; Dave QUAYLE; Jim RADIGAN; Frank RAYNOR; Harry RECTOR; Barkley REED; Rick REIDHEAD; Mike RELLO; Larry RICKMAN; Ed RISINGER; Curt ROBERTS; Rich RUNDLE; Gary RYAN; Rick SALAS; Dave SANDERS; Bill SARVER; John SCANLON; Rich SCHANTINI; Don SEGUR; Ken SHERMAN; Rod SKOGE; Ward SMITH; Greg SMOCK; Dave SRITE; Stu STEBBINGS; Jeff STINSON; Tom STRUTZ; Kingsley SUMNER; Don SWENDSEN; Ron SWITZER; Lou TAFOYA; Mike TAYLOR; John THOMLEY; Jerry THORNBURG; Dan TORFIN; Richard TOWNER; Dan TRUAX; Dan TURBEVILLE; Ron VANDERGRIFT; Tom VANDERHORST; Jerry VONRONNE; ***Dan WALDROP***; Rick WATSON; Don WAUGH; "Lance" WEDELL; D. R. WHITE; Ed "Willie" WILLIAMS; J. B. WILLIAMS; Ken WILLIAMS; Dave WITT; Jim WOOTEN; ***Charlie YOUNG***; and Mike ZINS.

If you spot any mistakes or note any omissions in the above list please let me know so that I can make necessary corrections.

VP-1 P-3 ORION PIONEERS OFFICERS:

President — Don Hanson
 Vice President — Rich Hunt
 Secretary and Treasurer — Don Grove
 Membership Chairperson — Ruth Hunt
 Finance Committee — Don Swendsen & Gene Poole
 Internet Information Coordinator — Jack Bachhofer
 Newsletter Editor — Don Grove
 2003 Reunion Committee Chairman — Mike Taylor



The below listed members **owe only the amount listed** for their 2002-2003 dues payment. This is due to previous overpayments which have been credited toward 2002-2003 dues.

Al BURCHI — \$13
 Judy DUDLEY — \$5
 Dave LARSON — \$5
 Cliff LEISINGER — \$10
 Mac McCOMAS — \$5
 Kingsley SUMNER — \$10

Make your treasurer a happy guy — get your dues payments in early. Wouldn't it be nice if we could get 100% of our members paid-up before the holidays are upon us. Do it now, while you're thinking about it. Make checks or money orders payable to "VP-1 POPS". Mail your payments to:

VP-1 POPS
C/O DON GROVE
2024 BRIARWOOD DR
OAK HARBOR WA 98277-8546

My phone number is: (360) 679-6161
 My e-mail address is: groovy@whidbey.net

Original art work by Jan Giddings, F/E Bob's spouse

rowly won-out over Rich Hunt's proposal for another gathering in the Pacific Northwest.

From what Mike Taylor and his committee of volunteers have relayed to me so far, it seems they'll have a generally similar schedule to what we've had in the past. But, that's still almost two years down the pike — we'll know for sure when they finalize the plans.

The point I'm aiming to make with all this is that our VP-1 POPs reunions are far from a "beer bust" or drinking exercise. Lots of folks attending don't even imbibe. It's a gathering of long-ago squadronmates, friends, and acquaintances. Don't miss it unless you absolutely can't get there. Some of us are getting a bit "long-in-the-tooth" now-a-days, and may not be able to make many future gatherings. These old "lifers" would like to see you — and if you'd like to see some of them — while they're still here — BE THERE.

VP-1 PLAQUE

Those of you who attended the farewell brunch at our Pensacola reunion will remember Charlie Budenz's moving remarks revealing that the Naval Air Museum didn't have a VP-1 plaque with the squadron logo from our era. There was a VP-1 "crew" plaque hanging on the wall by their Cubi Point Lunchroom, but it had the newer "screaming eagle" VP-1 logo attached.

"Willie" Williams, a Pensacola resident, responded by stating that he'd take the ball and run. Willie said he'd have a plaque made-up and personally deliver it to the museum.

Willie first spoke with the folks at the museum. The person he conversed with informed him that the museum did in fact have a VP-1 plaque with our logo, but that plaque was out on temporary loan to a museum at New Orleans. Willie was persistent, though. With a little more digging he found out that in fact the air museum did not own a plaque with "our" emblem. The "loaner" had a different logo.

Willie then persuaded his brother to hand-make the polished wooden base for our logo to rest upon. But — where oh where to obtain the "eagle-globe" emblem to mount on his brother's handiwork. Trophy shops told Willie they could make the needed emblem, but only if ordered in lots of one-hundred.

Jack Adams to the rescue. Jack provided Willie with a VP-1 squadron emblem from a plaque he had. Thanks, Jack!

Willie mounted the emblem on the base, and had an appropriate brass plate engraved and affixed. He then personally took this "Fleet's Finest" plaque out to the Pensacola Naval Air Museum and presented it. Mission completed. Thanks, Willie!



Pat Harvey, Ellie Johnson, & Jim Harvey at the Y2K brunch



Cliff Freund enjoys a cold coke & some good conversation

1997 REUNION VIDEO

At this summer's Northwest mini-reunion I finally got a report from Rich Rundle about the video tape of our 1997 reunion. The tape that he duplicated for all of us that ordered one. As you'll recall Rich charged us \$8 for a copy of the reunion video. It turns out that the cost to him for doing each video was \$7.96. That's the price of the tape plus the cost for mailing it out. He didn't charge us anything for dubbing the tapes. Nice guy! He cleared four cents on each tape. He told his wife, Karen, "If we can get orders for ten million of these we'll be doing all right." Thanks from all of us Rich.

COLD WAR CERTIFICATE

If you served on active duty, as a DoD employee, or in the national guard or reserves from Sept. 2, 1945 to Dec. 26, 1991, you are authorized to receive a Cold War Recognition Certificate. To obtain one you must:

- 1) Provide proof of service, such as a DD 214 (send a copy – no originals)
- 2) Write and sign a letter requesting the award of a Cold War Recognition Certificate.
- 3) Submit the letter and your proof of service to: CDR Perscom, Cold War Recognition Hoffman II, Attn: TAPC-CWRS 3n45, 200 Stovall St., Alexandria, VA 22332-0473

Be patient! It may take up to six months to get your certificate.

GOLDEN AGE PASSPORT

A *Golden Age Passport* is a lifetime entrance pass to national parks, monuments, historic sites, recreation areas and national wildlife refuges that charge entrance fees and are under the administration of the federal government. It is issued to citizens or permanent residents of the United States who are 62 years of age or older. It also provides a 50 percent discount on federal use fees charged for facilities and services such as camping, boat launching, parking, and so on. The *Golden Age Passport* does not cover fees charged by private concessionaires.

This *Golden Age Passport* admits the permit holder and any accompanying passengers in a single party, private, noncommercial vehicle. Where entry is not by private car, the passport admits the permit holder, spouse and children. For more information go to the following web site: "www.fs.fed.us/recreation/recinfo/passports.shtml".

COLA INCREASE

This year's COLA increase in military retirement pay, social security old-age benefits, and disabled veterans compensation is scheduled to be 2.6%. The increase is effective on 1 DEC 01, and will be reflected in checks received the end of December or beginning of January. The cost of Medicare Part B coverage will increase on 1 January from \$50 per person to \$54.

As your newsletter editor I'm still soliciting stories, sea-stories, shipmate updates, tales of harrowing experiences, anecdotes, and so forth for inclusion in our newsletter. Pictures too! If you have a photo you'd like to see in the newsletter please send it in. Send photos via e-mail attachment or U. S. mail. If you mail a photo I'll scan it into the computer for use in a newsletter. If you'd like to have the picture back, just say so. I'll mail it back to you. Send your stories by either e-mail or snail-mail. Without your inputs the newsletter would go belly-up.

MY TOUR IN VP-1

ADJC Jimmy Lee

VP-1 was one of my most enjoyable and rewarding tours of duty. After completing boot camp at San Diego in 1958, I attended Airman school at Norman, Oklahoma, followed by mech school at Memphis. I served with HT-8, VP-30, VP-10, VP-31, VP-19, and VP-49 prior to arriving at VP-1. Along the way I became a P-3 flight engineer.

I was with VP-49 for a couple years just before my tour in PatRon ONE. In 1968 VP-49 deployed to Sangley Point. The deployment working environment in VP-49 was quite different from what I later experienced in VP-1. VP-49 enlisted personnel reported for work seven days a week. There were few off days during the deployment. While we were at Sangley the Manila area was hit with a very destructive earthquake. VP-49 provided working parties to help local residents recover from the disaster.

About a year after this 1968 WestPac I received orders to report to VQ-1. While home on leave enroute to VQ-1 I received a modification of orders to report to VP-1 at Whidbey Island. While still on PCS leave, now enroute to Whidbey, I received another order modification. Now I was to report to VP-1 at Barbers Point. While still home I also found out, via Navy Times, that I had been selected for promotion to Chief.

Being in northern Mississippi at that time, I telephoned my ex-shipmates in VP-49 and invited them to the NAS Memphis CPO club to participate in my initiation to Chiefdom. A good time was had by all who attended this initiation ceremony.

After that it was on to Barbers Point, and my new squadron, "The Fleets Finest". But, upon arrival at the Hawaiian paradise I found there was no VP-1 at Barbers Point. The Wing staff immediately cut me new orders to report to PatRon ONE at MCAS Iwakuni, Japan. This was early 1970 and the squadron was on its first deployment with P-3 Orions.

Finally reaching Japan and VP-1 with no further modifications of my orders, I proceeded to report aboard. I was happy to find that the squadron really existed, and that it was packed with professional people and lots of Navy tradition. I got a real good start as a Navy Chief with the help of Mike "Grumpy" Taylor. I loved the CPO barracks at Iwakuni. It was the first time in my Navy career that, in a Navy barracks, I had a bunk in a big room with some privacy, not to mention a huge closet and a dresser with drawers for my clothes. My laundry was taken care of, uniforms washed and hand ironed, as

well as my shoes shined. I didn't even have to do any barracks cleaning chores!

These things were all taken care of by the barracks staff, local Japanese, for a nominal fee. I found that Iwakuni was an enjoyable place to be stationed because of its size and its layout. One could get around the base or get to town with ease on a three-speed bicycle.

I started out in the Line Division working for Chief Taylor and flying with crew 8. While we were deployed to Iwakuni a World's Fair was

being held in Osaka. Lots of squadron personnel took advantage of the opportunity and made a visit to this World's Fair. We were also close to Hiroshima and were able to visit the site of the original WW-II nuclear bombing, and the Atomic Memorial. Some even made it to Nagasaki. Although VP-1 flew more hours in the P-3 than were flown while I was in VP-49 we had a relaxed working tempo and enough time off to go places and see the sites.

Upon return to Barbers Point I was reassigned to the Check Crew Branch of the Aircraft Division. Later on I went to the Quality Assurance Division working for Don Grove. Living in Hawaii was fascinating and enjoyable.

We next deployed to Sangley Point and during that 1971 deployment we relocated to NAS Cubi Point at the Navy's Subic Bay complex. Again in 1972-73 we made another deployment to Cubi Point.

I became a member of the Cubi Point Flying Club and had an opportunity to do lots of Cessna flying over the Philippines. This private flying experience in the Philippines was fantastic. I made many trips to Manila to drop people off and also to pick up arriving dependents. I, and other flying club members, flew folks up to Baguio for R&R, to Clark Air Base, Corregidor, and Santa Cruz.

In the fall of 1973 my time in VP-1 came to an end. That September, after nearly six years continuous sea duty, I received orders to report to the staff of Patrol Wings Pacific, at Moffett Field, Calif. After an exciting tour with ComPatWingsPac I transferred to VP-48 for a short time and then retired from active duty.

I decided to retire at that time as I received a good employment offer from the Hamilton Standard Company. I was to work for them as a field representative. However, that job didn't pan-out as I had expected. So, I returned to my home turf and taught Naval Science as an NJROTC Instructor at Canton, Mississippi.

Later I left the NJROTC program and joined Lockheed at their Burbank, CA, plant. In 1991 Lockheed relocated me to Marietta, GA, where

I'm still gainfully employed at what is now the Lockheed-Martin Co. But, I haven't been involved with the P-3 program for many years.

I've attended both the VP-1 P-3 Orion Pioneers' 1997 Pacific Northwest gathering and the Y2K Pensacola get-together. I thoroughly enjoyed both events. I plan to be at the 2003 Memphis reunion, and hope to see even more of our Fleets Finest people there. Y'all come on down, ya hear!

17th Training Wing, Goodfellow AFB

Contributed by Carol
& Jack ADAMS
(they received it from
"Fooths" HUSTON)



I've talked a lot about military spouses — how special they are and the price they pay for freedom too. The funny thing about it is most military spouses don't consider themselves as different from other spouses. They do what they have to do, bound together not by blood or merely friendship, but with a shared spirit whose origin is in the very essence of what love truly is. Is there truly a difference? I think there is. You have to decide for yourself.

Civilian spouses get married and look forward to building equity in a home and putting down family roots. Military spouses get married and know they'll live in base housing, or rent, and their roots must be short so they can be transplanted frequently.

Civilian spouses decorate a home with flair and personality that will last a lifetime. Military spouses decorate a home with flare tempered with the knowledge that no two base houses have the same size windows or same size rooms. Curtains have to be flexible and multiple sets are a plus. Furniture must fit like puzzle pieces.

Civilian spouses have living rooms that are immaculate and seldom used. Military spouses have immaculate living room/dining room combos. The coffee table got a scratch or two moving from Florida, but it still looks pretty good.

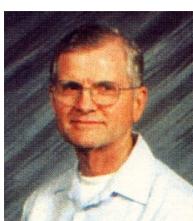
Civilian spouses say good-bye to their spouse for a business trip and know they won't see them for a week. They are lonely, but can survive. Military spouses say good-bye to their deploying spouse and know they won't see them for months. They are lonely, but will survive.

Civilian spouses, when a washer hose blows off, call Maytag and then write a check out for getting the hose reconnected. Military spouses will cut the water off and fix it themselves.

Civilian spouses get used to saying "hello" to friends they see all the time. Military spouses get used to saying "good-bye" to friends made over the past couple years.

Civilian spouses worry about whether their child will be class president next year. Military spouses worry about whether their child will be accepted in yet another new school next year and whether that school will be the worst in town — again.

Civilian spouses can count on spouse participation in special events like birthdays, anniversaries, concerts, football games, graduation, and even the birth of a child. Military spouses only



Jimmy Lee
Y2K Reunion

count on each other; because they realize that the Flag has to come first if freedom is to survive. It has to be that way.

Civilian spouses put up yellow ribbons when the troops are imperiled across the globe and take them down when the troops come home. Military spouses wear yellow ribbons around their hearts and they never go away.

Civilian spouses worry about being late for mom's Thanksgiving dinner. Military spouses worry about getting back from Japan in time for dad's funeral.

I would never say military spouses are better or worse than other spouses are. But I will say there is a difference. And I will say that our country asks more of military spouses than is asked of other spouses. And I will say, without hesitation, that military spouses pay just as high a price for freedom as do their active duty husbands or wives. Perhaps the price they pay is even higher.



Dying in service to our country isn't near as hard as loving someone who has died in service to our country, and having to live without them. God bless our military spouses for all they freely give. And God bless America.

order modification, and reinstating the original orders. With fingers crossed, my family and I headed up to Whidbey. I checked-in to VP-1, and began the best three years of my Navy career.

I still chuckle whenever I read of someone reminiscing about the CPO's "unauthorized erection" at MCAS Iwakuni. That's what the Marines called our big tent outside the CPO barracks. And yes, Groovy, it was you and I and 'Spade' Cooley that added a star to our collar devices at the same time in 1972. The three of us then pitched-in and ~~lived~~ ^{lived} the big "Bash on the Beach" at Barbers Point in celebration. I

know we had a great time, but the thing that sticks in my memory most is the next day. I had an early pre-flight and takeoff scheduled. That was the toughest flight I think I had to make while in good old VP-1.

Now, to life after VP-1. I checked-out of the squadron in the fall of '72, (kicking and screaming, I might add). I tried to extend in VP-1 but my efforts were in vain. We left the Hawaiian islands heading east for NAS Alameda, CA. By the way, I never did thank our skipper, Capt. Bill Johnson, for having me scheduled as the flight engineer on a squadron flight to Washington D.C. A belated "thank you", skipper. Capt. Johnson was making the trip to converse with BuPers folks to find out if he was going to have enough men to make the next deployment. He knew I was trying to convince BuPers that I should be one of those men. I guess his trip was successful — mine wasn't.

UPDATE

ASCS AI BURCHI

I was told from my first days in the Navy that the best outfit a sailor was ever in was the one he just left; his worst ever was the one he was serving in at present. But let me tell you, after arriving at VP-1 that statement was proven to be totally false. Thinking back I remember that I even had a hard time getting to VP-1.

First, BuPers informed me that although I was a qualified P-3 flight engineer, since I had changed my rate to Aviation Ground Support Equipment (AS) I was no longer eligible to fly as a flight crewman. Therefore, no orders to a VP squadron could be had. My O-in-C where I was an instructor went to bat for me and I finally received orders to VP-1, NAS Whidbey Island.

Second, while still thanking my lucky stars for the orders, I was informed that VP-1 was being decommissioned. My orders were being changed for me to report to VP-40 at Moffett Field. So Melba and I made arrangements to have our mobile home towed to a lot in San Jose.

Then, in came another message canceling the

At NAS Alameda I was the AIMD Aviation Ground Support Equipment Division Chief. The duty and the people were all right, but I and my family just didn't warm-up to the local area. So, seeking a chance for a different location, I applied for recruiting duty in the Chicago Recruiting District — close to home turf. The orders came through and off we went. It didn't take long for me to realize that I wasn't cut out to be a Navy recruiter. Checking all my options, I found the best one to be retirement. I left Naval Service on 30 Dec 1976 and returned to my hometown.

Two weeks later I was working at Peabody Coal Mine #10. Most of the time at the mine I was a preparations plant mechanic/electrician. I spent 18 years there — until the mine shutdown. Not wanting to relocate, I took early retirement from Peabody on 1 May 1995. After

that I drove a school bus for handicapped children for six years, with my wife, Melba, riding as the bus aid. Now we have decided to try full retirement and just do whatever we want, with no time schedule to keep.



Al Burchi — 1971

Melba and I had two boys, Alan and Jackie. While at Alameda, our daughter Robin was born. They are now all married and residing here in Kincaid, IL. We have five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter, with a great-grandson on the way (*due in August 2001*).

At the time of this writing, (July 2001), we have been on the internet, a total of four days. Our e-mail address is: "joybells@ctitech.com". Melba and I are into southern gospel singing. We sing at churches, nursing homes, and most anywhere else they will have us. Hence, the e-mail "handle".

Except for the normal aches and pains that come with being senior citizens, we are in fairly good health. We're sure sorry that we missed the last two reunions. However, we do plan to attend the next one. Memphis is not far from our neck-of-the-woods. I have many cherished memories of my VP-1 days. We look forward to each newsletter and definitely plan to see all the "POPs" in 2003.



While we were in VP-1



The aircraft was withdrawn from service in August 1993 after heavy corrosion was discovered. It was eventually cut-up for scrap metal at Alverca, Portugal. In the above photo it has the Hawaiian Rainbow on the vertical stabilizer root, and the VP-1 "screaming eagle" on the vertical stabilizer. It proudly traversed the world's skies for over 26 years.

This P-3 was a light-weight "bravo" that entered service with the U. S. Navy in March 1967 with the VP-47 *Golden Swordsmen*. The aircraft moved on to the VP-4 *Skinny Dragons* in 1970, and came in to VP-1's custody in December, 1971. It flew with VP-1 as YB-7 and YB-9 until transferred to duty with a reserve squadron in 1985, the VP-68 *Blackhawks*. This Orion spent a bit over 13 years serving *The Fleet's Finest*. The aircraft was modified and re-designated as a UP-3B (utility P-3) in the summer of 1992 and served in that capacity with the VQ-2 *Dons* at Rota, Spain.

I recently asked Mike Taylor if he had a name for our late summer 2003 reunion yet. You know — a "handle" — like "Y2K Reunion". Mike said they hadn't decided on anything yet. Anyone have a suggestion? If so please contact Mike. I suggested we call it the "Memphis Muster". Mike said he'd talk it over with his reunion crew and let me know what's decided. That name just sort of grabs me — "Gotta muster at Memphis" — "Better make muster at Memphis or you'll be on report". The Memphis Muster. It flows! (Don G., editor)

THE END

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