



# Mekong Express Mail

Volume 6, Issue 1

THE THAILAND LAOS CAMBODIA BROTHERHOOD, INC.

www.TLC-Brotherhood.org

## What one medic saw inside the 1973 bus-truck collision outside NKP

By Gary Beatty  
(All photos by the author)

I was a medic (AFSC 90270) assigned to the 56<sup>th</sup> USAF “hospital” at Nakhon Phanom (NKP) from July 1973-74. Calling the medical facility at NKP a “hospital” was a nice piece of military fiction. We had an emergency room, a “ward” consisting of four beds, two private rooms, and for part of my tour, two nurses - which earned us the “hospital” designation.

But that was on paper. Our actual capabilities were limited, so anyone truly in need of more than minor surgery or a couple of days hospitalization was evac-ed out to larger facilities at Utapao or Clark.. I rarely saw the nurses at the facility, and as far as I could tell, their duty was to pretend they were ‘Hotlips Hoolihan’, and date officers.



Medic Gary Beatty examining Thai child during MedCap. NKP province (1974).

Our primary mission was to keep the pilots, aircrew, and support personnel healthy so they could, in turn, keep the aircraft flying - and carry on whatever other secret activities went on. We accomplished our part of that mission. Unfortunately, treating GI’s for the clap seemed to be all we were known for - and why we were called “pecker checkers”!

Treating VD was such a prominent part of our job that our hooch bar was called the “Pair-O-Dice Lounge”. The sign by the door featured a pair of dice showing “snake eyes”, which resembled the microscopic appearance of gram negative, inter-cellular diplococcus (GNID) - the bacteria that caused gonorrhea (the clap). If you look at it under a microscope, it resembles red ‘snake eyes’.

While injecting penicillin (and not recording it in the GI’s medical records) seemed a disproportionate part of our duties,

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## How did that Beech 18 get to 25,000 feet?

by Les Strouse

In the interview with Hoppy in the December 2004 issue of the MEM he alluded to the Air America Beech 18 reported to be at 25,000 feet. He made mention of it being modified with turbo prop engines and pressurization. Here is a bit on the Beech 18/C-45 and the turbo prop modification.

The original Beechcraft model 18 had two round engines with two-bladed props and conventional landing gear. There were many modifications over the years both by Beechcraft and others.

In Air America we had many of these airplanes, from standard Beech 18/C-45 up to and including the Volpar Turbo Beech modification. In between was what we called the Beech 10-2. This was a Beech 18 modified to a higher gross weight and mainly distinguishable by its three-bladed props. The next modification that Air America had was the Volpar Turbo Twin

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**Reunion 2005—in DC (many details on page 4)**

**Dues News: 2004 memberships expire at the end of this month; this issue is a lucky bonus if your label reads 2004 instead of 2005 or later (see page 5)**



# VO-67 Veteran visits Nakhon Phanom, Thailand first time since 1968

## MEM Interviews Ed Witt

*Ed Witt and his wife Betty traveled to Thailand last October with the TLCB group. In Mukdahan, Ed talked with MEM staffer Bill Tilton about his days with the legendary VO-67 Navy squadron.*

Ed told MEM that he was stationed at Nakhon Phanom Royal Thai Air Force Base (NKP) with VO-67, the only Navy squadron at NKP. He was serving with VP-47 squadron in California when he got a set of orders, “that just told me to go for training. It didn’t say where I was going, what squadron or anything like that.

Ed had previous experience with the P-2V Neptune, a retired submarine chaser, which was exactly the experience his next unit wanted. However, his current unit’s XO had a different idea about where Ed would go next and told him “I’m going to get your orders cancelled.”

Ed told him, “Please don’t do that because I want to go. It sounds like a good outfit, even though I don’t know what it is.” The XO was unable to cancel the orders because, said Ed, “All the VO people were selected by a group of people and many people got interviewed before they got selected; all the officers did.”

All those called to the unknown unit were “pre-selected, with P-2 experience. I had flown them out of Adak, Alaska.”

MEM: Why did they choose the Neptune for this mission?

Ed: Well, we had a bunch of them in the desert, and we pulled them out of Davis Monthan [Air Force “Bone Yard” storage and reclamation facility at Tucson, Arizona]. They had them modified at Martin Marietta, in Baltimore, specifically for the mission.

MEM: And the mission was?

Ed: To drop the Sensors for Task Force Alpha, or Igloo White. They picked a bunch of guys. Probably I got my orders in September of 1966, and I picked up the squadron in about May. I had to do through a bunch of training—weapons school—I had to learn about all the weapons.

MEM: Did they tell you anything about the mission then?

Ed: No. The mission did not come up until we started flying out of Eglin Field. Then they started filling us in on what we were going to be doing. The mission was to drop the sensors at 500 feet, no more than 250 knots—because the computers could not keep up if you were going better than 250 knots—

MEM: And they had to know exactly where they were?

Ed: Yes; the sensors had to be within “X” meters apart. It did not matter whether you dropped them from South to North or North to South, but if you dropped them “backward” they had to know that number 1 was where number 25 was supposed to be.

MEM: It occurs to me that no matter how you did it, your sensors would not be any good unless you dropped them in the most dangerous areas of Laos.

Ed: You are right.

MEM: It must have resulted in some casualties.

Ed: Yes, we lost three aircraft. Each aircraft carried a nine-man crew—four officers and five enlisted. We lost two complete crews and two guys out of the third crew, in three weeks. All the crews have been recovered except Commander (Paul) Milius, the commander of Crew Seven. He was the last guy to come out of the airplane. He was on the ground and they were talking to him. He said he was running and they tried to see which way he was going. The next day all they could get was the beeper. They could not get his voice, but they went in and tried to get him anyway. They sent two Jollies in and one got shot up pretty good, [“Jolly” refers to the CH-3 rescue helicopter, “Jolly Green Giant”], so they abandoned the mission. Out of 20 [men lost], the other 19 have been accounted for. In 2002 we buried the last crew at Arlington. A guided missile destroyer [DDG 69, a destroyer of the Arleigh Burke class] has been named after Commander Milius.

We, (the VO-67 Association), are going to have our next reunion in San Diego and the ship is supposed to be in. A lot of the guys have already visited the ship. The CO will come to our reunion.

MEM: How many crews were there?

Ed: Twelve; and I was on Crew Six

MEM: What was your first impression of NKP when you arrived?

Ed: Well we landed on that steel stuff, PSP, and looked around. No hangars; there was not much there. We had been told it was going to be pretty primitive. We had a briefing just before we left the states by an admiral. He told us for the aircrews to expect fifty percent attrition.

MEM: Yes, you were prepared a lot more than most people who went to NKP I think.

Ed: Yes, when we got to Eglin and started flying the simulated missions we figured out that this was going to be a hot son of a gun.

MEM: When you look back now and think about all that happened—your expectations—was it what you expected? Did it turn out, the base and the mission, the way you expected?

Ed: Yes, it did. It was low and slow, and when you’re flying the trail and in those valleys you’re going to get shot at. We expected that. There’s ground below and ground above you too, and they are shooting from up there too, down at you.

see Witt, continued on page 7

Medic, continued from page 1

it was really only a minor part. Most of our time was spent dealing with routine health maintenance, problems commonly seen on sick call, or treatment of injuries.

One unique aspect of being a medic is that (like firemen) the less often we have to do our job, the better. As an ER night-shift medic team leader, I started each shift hoping I'd be bored to death all night - because no one got sick or injured during my shift. That rarely occurred. Medics were not the only ones working the graveyard shift, so we usually had a steady stream of GI's who either could not make it to regular sick call, or got



The 56th USAF "hospital" at NKP (1973)

hurt on the job. But, treating on-the-job injuries was not the only trauma we had to contend with.

I know this may come as a surprise, but GI's at NKP would often go into town at night and some of them would even drink! If you mix GI's with enough alcohol, it is just a matter of time before someone gets hurt. It was not unusual for the SP town patrol to bring us a GI who got hurt while in town, usually while being *mach mach keemow*! I could write a whole article about the fascinating ways drunk GI's managed to get hurt, which sometimes defied the physical laws of science. They usually defied common sense.

Most of what we encountered we could handle in our facility. But because of our limitations, when we got anything real serious, we merely stabilized the patient and got him to the nearest true hospital ASAP. So, another of my duties was to accompany patients on emergency evacs. We would fly out on anything that was available, from a general's personal jet, to a C-47. This meant I got frequent unscheduled R & R.

I had open orders to return to NKP by the *first available transport*. I interpreted *first available* to mean the first one I could catch when I became available - and my availability depended on where I went. If it was Utapao, I usually was not available until I had done an inspection tour of the beach - to make sure all the GI's there were using sunscreen, of course!

I managed to stretch one such "inspection" to several days, until Dr (Col) Santacroce, the hospital commander back at NKP, noticed I was not around, a downside of being his protege. I am still amazed at how easily the my First Shirt was able to get the

First Shirt at the Utapao hospital to find me on the beach. My escape and evasion training let me down when it really mattered.

None of what we encountered as medics was fun and games, though most of it became routine enough that there was rarely any real excitement. But sometimes things got *too* exciting.

One such episode happened in September 1973. A civilian bus ran from the base to the town of NKP. One evening a bus full of GI's and Thais collided with a truck full of ordnance parked on the side of the road outside the base - a bad combination.

What happened next is described by Woody Freeman in "The Road" on the TLC website ([www.tlc-brotherhood.org/road](http://www.tlc-brotherhood.org/road)). Woody was on the bus when the accident happened. I was the first medic to arrive at the scene. Here, as Paul Harvey used to say, is "the rest of the story" that picks up from Woody.

At night the "hospital" was staffed by a two-medic team in the ER, and an MOD (medical officer of the day) on call, who usually stayed at the officers' hooches. There was also a back-up team of two medics on call. The night of the bus accident, Lance Johnson and I were the back-up team.

Lance and I got a call to report to the hospital. We were told there had been a traffic accident on the road to town, and that we should report to the front gate. Ordinarily we did not respond to civilian accidents off base, but Col Santacroce had ordered us to check it out and report back. Since we only had one ambulance operational at night, and it had to remain at the hospital to cover the base, we were told to take the MOD's jeep. All we knew as we headed for the front gate, without any medical supplies (or, as it turned out, a functional radio), was that there was a traffic accident.

At the front gate, an SP directed us down the road toward town, about 200 yards away, to a bus with the side peeled back like a sardine can. Once inside the bus, it was immediately apparent there were multiple serious injuries (both GI's and Thais).

see Medic, continued on page 5



The enlisted medic hooch at NKP (1973), with the "GNID Pair-O-Dice Lounge" sign out front.

# 2005 Annual Meeting and TLCB Reunion In Washington, D.C. July 8—9—10

The program plans were still in draft as we went to press, but we are very excited about this summer's reunion offerings. We can tell you quite a bit about it at this point. As the time draws closer we will publish changes and final plans on the TLCB website, [www.tlc-brotherhood.org](http://www.tlc-brotherhood.org). In the envelope with this issue of MEM you will find a registration form, with full hotel information and registration fee. Reunion shirt information will come out later, via internet.

(Note: While the official opening date is July 8<sup>th</sup>, we know that many reunion participants like to come early and take advantage of touring opportunities, visit with DC area friends and relatives, etc., and we will do everything we can to accommodate you folks).

**Day 1, Friday.** We plan an informal meeting at breakfast with an orientation to using the Metrorail subway system, which is a new feature of this year's reunion. It is a way of saving costs in this very expensive area. We will explain how to use the system and answer FAQs about it. In the morning we plan to have three choices of local tours: 1) the Smithsonian Institution museums on the National Mall, 2) the Udvar-Hazy Air and Space Museum annex at Dulles airport, and 3) a historical tour of Ft. Myer, which is near the hotel and rich in features of current and historical interest. In the afternoon we are planning seminars and presentation at the hotel on VA benefits, Agent Orange exposure information, and one-on-one interviews with aural history collectors (such as Texas Tech, the National Archives, etc.). These will be given by Washington

officials who would not be available at other sites—a real opportunity. After dinner at your choice of dozens of local restaurants (in all price ranges and featuring cuisine from just about anywhere), we will travel to Henry Bacon Drive for a spectacular night visit to the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial and the TLCB wreath presentation there. You can also visit the Korean War, World War II, and Abraham Lincoln memorials from that spot, within short walking distance.

**Day 2, Saturday.** The official Annual Meeting, and corporate elections, will be held in the morning at the hotel, presided over by our new president, Dick "Hoppy" Hopkins. At noon we'll have a barbecue cookout on the hotel terrace, and then we will travel by Metro to Arlington National Cemetery for an after-

noon tour of that massive and fascinating hallowed ground. You will have time to look up special gravesites, and there will be Tourmobile transportation with narrated information about

the interesting areas you pass through, and of course plenty of time to watch in silence while the sentries pace their solemn footsteps at the Tomb of the Unknowns. After ample time to freshen up and rest your dogs we will have the President's Banquet at a nearby restaurant, followed by the famous Assistance Auction (you never know what will turn up there—it's way better than eBay). At this writing we have lined up one of the earliest POWs of the Vietnam War as our speaker. This promises to be very special!

**Day 3, Sunday.** We will start the morning with a memorial service right after breakfast. We hope to get a permit to hold it in an open area right across the street from the hotel, or in the

Ft Myer chapel. Watch the website for firm plans on this. For those who can stay for it, we are working on another interesting presentation at the hotel following the memorial service. This is strictly TBA right now.

**Location:** Hilton Garden Inn; Arlington, Virginia, located at 1333 North Courthouse Road. Desk: (703) 528-4444

**Access:** Courthouse Road exit off Route 50 near Rosslyn and Ft. Myer; on Metro: Courthouse Station on the Orange Line (Blue Line from National Airport to Rosslyn and then one stop on Orange Line in direction of Vienna). Limo access from BWI and Dulles airports.

**Registration:** at the Nipa Hut suite. Ask at desk.



We had no supplies and our damn radio didn't work!

We yelled to the SP's to call back to the hospital; to tell them to activate the mass-casualty plan, and to send both ambulances. We then went about rendering what aid we could, and getting the injured out of the bus.

It was chaos inside that bus. Some of the seats were crushed together, with people trapped in between. Several had traumatic amputations of arms, or legs. I had to use my belt as a tourniquet on a woman with an amputated arm. Lance and I kept pulling people out of the bus, and taking them to a triage point where the ambulances were waiting.

We kept going back into that bus, and wondered why no other medics came to help. It was only after we got the last of the injured out, and got back to the hospital, that we were told about the bombs. Because of the danger, none of the other medics were allowed close to the bus. My reaction was "WHAT \*#% @ BOMBS?"

I remember the odor of gasoline while inside the bus, and noticing some Thais were walking around smoking cigarettes. But we were so busy with the injuries that we just did not have time to think about the danger. I have since learned (from TLC member Terry Minarcin) that the truck was part of an ordnance convoy stretching for nearly a klick [kilometer]. Had there been an explosion, a whole corner of the base would have likely been destroyed. There would not have been enough left of us to "bag and tag." I am glad I did not know that while I was inside the bus!

There was only one time when I realized I was directly involved in "the war." Sometime around late 1973, early 1974 (CRS

about the exact time frame) there was a big battle involving the Hmong in central Laos. A couple of us medics, and one of the Docs were flown to "a classified location." I never knew exactly where, because apparently I did not "need to know" that to perform my job. I was not even told I was in Laos. But since we flew east from NKP over a wide river, and I can read a map, I figured it out myself. What we *were* told was not to talk about where we went, or what we did there. What we did for two days was treat Hmong battle casualties.

Fortunately, it was not "the war" that I remember most vividly. It was another part of my duty, the part I'm most proud of. I worked with the Medical Civic Action Project (MedCap) run by the 56<sup>th</sup> SOW throughout NKP province. Each week a team of medics, Docs, and dentists, would go to a village somewhere in the province and hold sick call for the villagers. Sometimes we would drive, often over unpaved roads. Other times we would fly by helicopter, and twice we took Thai navy boats from NKP city to villages on the Mekong.

One time we drove to a Catholic church and school, or, at least, we drove most of the way. It was during the rainy season, and because the road had washed out we could only get within a half-mile of the place. We could see it across the paddies, but the only way to get there was hump across the dykes.

As we were waiting for the last truck to come up with the gear, we were tossing rocks into a puddle in the road. The truck came by, bounced into the puddle, and a whole bunch of small snakes splashed out around us. We jumped back, and the snakes quickly slithered off. Hard to say who was more startled. That made humping out across the paddies more interesting. Only later did we learn how venomous those little snakes were,

see **Medic**, continued next page

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<p><b>(monument donations)</b> TLCB Monument Fund PO Box 425 Springfield, VA 22150</p>	<p><b>Reunion 2005</b> July 8-10 Arlington, Virginia Hilton Garden Inn, Courthouse <b>(703) 528-4444</b></p>

**TLCB tax return and board minutes:** On *Assistance* page, in *members only* section. Password, 4/1/05: **Claudine**

**MedicBeech 18**, continued from page 1, continued from page 1  
 a fact I am happy not to have known at the time. In my memory I can still see that Catholic church among the trees, across the paddies - and those little snakes.

Through a strange sequence of events, I ended up as the hospital MedCap NCOIC and liaison with the 56<sup>th</sup> SOW. That glorified title actually meant I was responsible for keeping the medical supplies current, and finding other medics to “volunteer” to go along each week. However, MedCap was Dr (Col) Santacroce’s pet project, so being the Colonel’s man for that



Thai mother who brought her children to be seen at MedCap visit to her village. NKP province (1974)

job got me out of some other duties - like taking my turn in the VD clinic as often as others. But a GI with the clap was minor compared to what I saw on a typical MedCap mission.

The medical situations we encountered in the villages during MedCap were unlike anything I experienced anywhere else. Those rural villagers simply had no access to even the most minimal levels of the medical care we take for granted. We saw disease in stages rarely encountered elsewhere, because in our modern society the disease would have been treated before it progressed so far. We did what we could for as many as possible, but the cold fact of life was that sometimes we could do nothing except let nature take its course.

We saw many old injuries that had healed without medical intervention. Old bone fractures that had never been set properly. Scars from lacerations that had been closed with a red-hot iron rather than sutures. No matter how much there is to complain about our medical standards in the US - and there is plenty to complain about - you do not realize how relatively well off we are until you experience how things are elsewhere.

I cannot tell the sort of ‘war stories’ many of you guys can. I was not dropping bombs, or listening to sensors, on the Ho Chi Minh Trail - or, other than my two day “excursion” into Laos, any of that other secret stuff. But in some village in NKP province today there is a Thai, now grown up, who remembers when he was a child that an American medic came to his village one day, and put some ointment in his eye that cured the infection which would have blinded him.

For me, the present mission of the TLC is a continuation of what I was doing 30 years ago. Helping kids grow up healthy, and seeing that the USA are the good guys. Winning hearts and minds.



Gary Beatty is now an Assistant State Attorney on the East Coast of Florida, who is about to retire to his hilltop in Colorado. He can be contacted at [beattygb@yahoo.com](mailto:beattygb@yahoo.com).

**Beech 18**, continued from page 1

Beech. We referred to it as the VTB (Very Terrible Beech).

To digress just a bit, the Volpar company had a license to modify the Twin Beech to tricycle landing gear before they came up with the turbo prop mod. The landing gear modification was used by Beechcraft during the late production run of the venerable Beech 18. Continental Air Services had two of the late Beech H-18s with tricycle landing gear operating out of VTE for VIP transport.

Anyway, Air America obtained the rights and probably kits to modify some of our large fleet of Twin Beech aircraft to the Volpar Turbo Beech standard. This included adding the tricycle landing gear and two Garrett TPE331 turboprop engines as well as some other modifications that went with it. The overall performance of the Volpar was astounding compared to the standard airplane. It took off and landed in a shorter distance, cruised at redline airspeed, climbed and handled like a fighter. It was fun to fly.

The only drawback was that the airplane was NOT pressurized. The poor guys flying the radio relay that Hoppy men-

tioned had to suck on oxygen during their long stint at 18,000 to 25,000 feet. It was truly not a fun flight. I don’t remember the duration of the flights but seem to remember it being an all night affair.



Above is a standard Twin Beechcraft.  
 Below is a Volpar Turbo Beechcraft.



We came in at 5000 feet to the IP [initial point], and when you hit the IP you dropped down to 500 feet above the ground, and we used to drop down below 500 feet—get real low, in the tree tops—and then just before you dropped your first sensor, pop up to 500 feet.

MEM: How many missions did you fly, and what position were you on the crew?

ED: I flew twenty-five missions. I was what they called the plane captain or the crew chief. I handled the throttles, kept the power set—like the flight engineer [in the Air Force].

MEM: That was a couple of R-3350s or R-2800s [referring to the size of reciprocating engines on the P-2]?

ED: 3350s, and we had two J-34s to augment them [small jet engines]. And we had them all running all the time on the mission. I was an E-6 and it was my job to maintain the airplane, too.

MEM: Did you have any spectacular failures out there, speaking now about mechanical problems?

Ed: Yes, but not on my aircraft. We had another guy, an E-5, same position as me. He had a prop run away. They thought they were going down, but somehow they got it caged and brought it back. And another time, one of the crewmembers actually bailed out over Thailand because they thought they were going to go in. It was because one of the spoilers came up in flight, on one side. But the guy who had my position went down into the hydraulic service center and opened a hydraulic line. This bled the pressure and the spoiler went down; but in the meantime one of the junior officers had already bailed out.

MEM: Did your plane get shot up any?

Ed: Yeah, we picked up couple of holes; small arms, mostly. Just about every airplane took small arms damage. The only thing you had to worry about was if it was going to hit you, or hit a hydraulic line or one of the control cables.

MEM: At that time, did they tell you anything about how useful or successful the mission was?

Ed: No, they did not tell us. They did not get that deep and I

**Editor: the following is quoted from a website for GlobalSecurity.ORG:**

At 1157 local time on February 27, 1968, Commander Milius and the crew of his OP-2E aircraft were on an operational surveillance mission over Laos when the aircraft was hit in the radar well by a large explosive projectile, presumed a 37MM antiaircraft fire. One crew member was mortally wounded by the initial blast and fire broke out in the aircraft. As it became clear that the aircraft could not be saved, Captain Milius took the controls from the pilot, Lieutenant Bernie Walsh, and gave the crew the order to bail out. Captain Milius continued to control the aircraft to enable his crew to escape. Of eight surviving crew members of the initial blast, all but Captain Milius were safely rescued on the ground by the 37th Air Rescue Recovery Squadron Jolly Green Giants. Although Captain Milius was seen exiting the burning aircraft, heavy enemy fire in that area led to search efforts being discontinued before he could be recovered. He was subsequently declared Missing In Action in Southeast Asia in 1968. Captain Milius' status was changed to Presumed Killed In Action ten years later. He was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross in 1978

The warship Milius's motto, *Alii Prae Me*, or "Others Before Myself," was chosen to reflect the personal ethic held throughout Captain Milius' military career and his selfless act under fire.

did not know how successful we were.

MEM: Of course we know now that it was quite successful.

ED: Yes, we flew Khe Sanh. There's a book out about that, by the chaplain at Khe Sanh. He says they faced about fifty percent more casualties if it had not have been for us. Of course, we were not the only ones dropping sensors. There were helos out there dropping sensors, too.

M: Have you ever heard how much help it was on the Trail [the Ho Chi Minh Trail, used to get supplies to Communist forces within South Vietnam]?

Ed: Not really. As I say, there probably was a lot of feedback, but not that I ever saw.

MEM: OK; now here you are, your first time back at NKP since those days. How about it? Did you see things you recognized?

Ed: Yes, a couple of things, like the tower's still there. But downtown NKP—that's

completely changed. I'm going to have to go back and look at my pictures to see where things were on the base. I got up in the tower and I figured out about where my hooch would have been.

MEM: Tell us something about your unit; VO-67.

Ed: It was the best squadron I was ever in. It was tight, the officers and the enlisted, it was just like a family.

MEM: Well, you were hand-picked

Ed: Yes, the whole unit was hand-picked

MEM: We have heard people say that it was the best tour of their career.

Ed: I don't think anything could equal that. It was the best there is.



**Time to give a little back**

Many TLCB members reacted to the tsunami disaster in the South Asian region by donating generously to help save the region and its people. MEM is proud to serve this group, with our instinct for helping those we know to be in great need.

And please remember our Assistance programs in Thailand and Laos. The need is always greater than our resources but your generous donations are going right straight to where help is needed.. See page 5 for donation address.

# Secretary's Notes: our rich website

by Dave MacDonald (DC), TLCB Secretary

Whether you are a new member or a longtime member you are likely, at some time, to have a question or questions that you would like to get an answer to. You can always ask a board member. You can also find answers to most questions about the TLCB by checking our richest resource, the website. Thanks to our Webmaster, Bob Norway, the site is constantly being updated and improved. It has an amazing store of information for you at [www.tlc-brotherhood.org](http://www.tlc-brotherhood.org).

Bob has it well organized so that you can start your information hunt on the Home Page. Want to know how to be added to, or removed from, Mission and Brotherhood when you have to travel? Check the box top center. Want to know the latest on Reunion 2005? The info is right below that box. Want to know how to navigate the site? Check the drop-down selection at the top left of the Home Page. Interested in checking out the items

the IRS or Minutes of Board meetings? A box at the foot of the Home Page, for TLCB members only, starts that journey. You have to use the current password, found on Page 5 of the Mekong Express Mail, to gain access. Want to check who is a member, or to get in touch with a member whose email address you have lost? Find our Roster in the "Choose Your TLCB Destination" drop-down at the top of the Home Page, or use the Site navigation Bar at the foot of the page. If you want facts and figures on our Assistance Program, it is number 6 on the drop-down bar. Would you like to get a feel for the

## Site Navigation Bar

<i>Home</i>	<i>Reunions</i>	<i>Photos</i>	<i>Roster</i>	<i>The Wall</i>	<i>Assistance</i>	<i>Bases</i>	<i>Patches</i>
<i>Web Ring</i>	<i>The Road</i>	<i>Why?</i>	<i>Stories</i>	<i>Links</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Reading</i>	
<i>The Brotherhood BX</i> <i>(Back Issues)</i>			<i>Web History</i>	<i>Official Documents</i>		<i>Mekong Express Mail</i>	

available for purchases in our BX? Click on The Brotherhood Exchange to go right there. Want to know the names of the TLCB board members and committee chairmen and how to contact them by email? Use the drop-down selector or scroll down the Home Page and click on the bar that has that info. Curious about exactly what our Server Regulations say? Click on the bar that will take you to that info. You will also see there a bar to which you can refer potential members, which will take them to key Membership Committee people. Under that is a bar for those who know they want to become members. It takes them to a page that describes what is involved and how to apply.

If you want to know exactly what our Articles of Incorporation and our Bylaws say, and want to read the first letter from the IRS that granted us provisional non-profit status, click on "Official Documents."

Do you want to see our most recent tax reports to

effect of a visit to the Wall in Washington? Go to that section of the site to read about the earliest visits to the Wall by TLCBers.

You can find historical information about the base you served at by clicking on Bases. The Photos section has photos of bases, of people and planes. If you want to read some of the interesting stories by members that have appeared in previous editions of the MEM, one click will take you there. Another click, on Patches, will take you to our formidable collection of unit patches in electronic form. There are fascinating tales by members to be found when you click on Stories. Go to our Reading List to see the books about the SEA experience that we recommend, the ones in red being by TLCB members. You even get a list of websites where you can obtain the books. Want to know what others think of our site? Click on Awards. Good hunting!

